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Sarah E. Willard

a gift from her

Aunt Mary Willard

Aug. 15th 1855.

Origin of Uncle Sam 221

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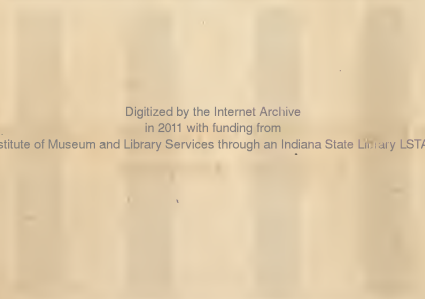
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TALES OF HUMOUR

THE HISTORY OF THE



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TALES OF HUMOUR:

A

SCRAP-BOOK

OF

CHOICE STORIES OF WIT, INTERESTING FABLES, AND
AUTHENTIC ANECDOTES.

PHILADELPHIA:

J. & J. L. GIBON,

No. 98 CHESTNUT STREET.

1875

1875

PREFACE.

COMPILATIONS like the following, have too often been made with the sole view of furnishing amusement for an idle hour; and often has this object been pursued without regard to the moral or immoral tendency of the anecdotes selected—from this fault the present work is totally free. The articles contained in it will be found, we trust, interesting; at the same time that they possess the higher recommendation of conveying to the reader some useful information, holding forth some virtue to be imitated—or exposing to merited shame, some vice which is to be avoided.

It may also be remembered, that the stories here given, are well authenticated as true; they will, therefore, it is hoped, be perused with an additional pleasure, which fiction can never produce.

THE HISTORY OF

CHAPTER I

The first part of the history of the world is the history of the human race. It is a history of progress, of discovery, of invention, and of the struggle for existence. It is a history of the human mind, of its powers, of its limitations, and of its achievements. It is a history of the human soul, of its yearnings, of its aspirations, and of its triumphs. It is a history of the human world, of its joys, of its sorrows, of its hopes, and of its dreams. It is a history of the human race, of its past, of its present, and of its future. It is a history of the human condition, of its nature, of its destiny, and of its glory.

The second part of the history of the world is the history of the human race. It is a history of progress, of discovery, of invention, and of the struggle for existence. It is a history of the human mind, of its powers, of its limitations, and of its achievements. It is a history of the human soul, of its yearnings, of its aspirations, and of its triumphs. It is a history of the human world, of its joys, of its sorrows, of its hopes, and of its dreams. It is a history of the human race, of its past, of its present, and of its future. It is a history of the human condition, of its nature, of its destiny, and of its glory.

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Study for a Head, after TOM CRIBB, one
of the old Masters.

THE
SCRAP BOOK.

BRITISH CARPENTER.

ON the surrender of Lord Cornwallis in the revolutionary war of America, the crew of the *Loyalist*, a frigate of twenty-two guns; was immediately conveyed to the Count de Grasse's fleet. Of that fleet, the *Ardent*, captured off Plymouth, made one, but she was in a very leaky condition. The Count being informed that the carpenter of the *Loyalist* was a clever fellow, and perfectly acquainted with the chain pump, of which the French were then quite ignorant, ordered him on board the *Ville de Paris*, and said to him, "Sir, you are to go on board the *Ardent* directly; use your utmost skill, and save her from sinking; for which service you shall have a premium, and the encouragement due to the carpenter of an equal rate in the British navy. To this I pledge my honour; but if you refuse you shall have nothing but bread and water during your captivity." The tar, surprised at being thus addressed in his own language by the French admiral, boldly answered: "Noble Count, I am your prisoner; it is in your power to compel me; but never let it be said, that a British sailor forgot his duty to his king and country, and entered voluntarily into the service of the enemy. Your promises are no inducement to me: and your threats shall not force

me to injure my country." To the eternal disgrace of Count de Grasse, he rewarded this noble conduct by wanton severity as long as he had it in his power to inflict it; but on his exchange, Admiral Rodney appointed him carpenter of his own ship, and which the Board of Admiralty confirmed.

THE POETICAL BUTCHER;

OR, MEAT AND METRE.

ONE Saturday night, as I was passing through the neighbourhood of Newport-market, the rain came down in such Niagarian falls, that being unprovided with an umbrella, I was glad to seek shelter in the shop of a celebrated vender of beef and mutton, known by the name of the poetical butcher. This man was most passionately fond of literature, especially poetry, and knowing that I dabbled a little in *the line*, he gave me a most hearty welcome. The rain had given over a few minutes after I had entered his shop; yet going was an absolute impossibility. He was determined to have a long chat, but he made it an invariable rule, never to allow pleasure to interfere with business, which will in some measure account for the following curious jumble:—"Ah, Mr. Rigmarole! how are ye my—(buy, buy, buy, buy)—I'm *werry* glad to see you. I'm afeard though, it was the rain that made you come dropping in upon us just now; but I am delighted to see you; sit down. Well, how goes on literature, eh, bad as ever? Ah, I'm sadly afeard its but a poor starving trade! Never was sich times, Mr. Rigmarole! Poetry, now-a-days, is—(tenpence per pound, Ma'am)—very low, very low indeed. I fear we soon

sha'nt have an author worth speaking on. All the old ones are going, you know; we see nothing now, as Elia says, of 'the old familiar faces'—(that's a beauti-



ful piece of lamb, that, Ma'am); Crabbe, poor fellow; has gone; and what few remain are almost as good as dead. Moore, you know, gives us, now-a-days, no Lalla Rookhs—(that's a nice *tail*, that, Ma'am, make fine soup!)—and we've no Byron's now, Mr. Rigma-
role—(there's a neck for ye, Ma'am!)—Ah, Sir, as Rogers says,—no it ar'nt Rogers, are it? no. its Camp-

bell says, "coming events cast their shadows before"—(that's a fine *line*, that, Ma'am; take it wi' you). We shall soon have nothing but aristocratic authors,—fellows who can afford to let their writings go for—their proper value—nothing. We've got enough on 'em as it is, God knows! There's my Lord Porchester, Lord Gower, Lord Nugent—(there's a fine rump, there, Ma'am!)—and Lord knows who. Ah, Sir, the Muse is in a most deplorable condition. I'm sure I pities you poor authors, from my soul—(there's a fine heart, Ma'am!)—Thank God, I only rides my Pegasus for pleasure—(I ar'nt got a saddle, I'm sorry to say, Ma'am). I've got, up stairs, a long epic poem—(that weighs nine pounds and three quarters, Ma'am),—that I wrote some time ago. I recollect I took it to Mr. Murray, and I said to him, says I—(buy, buy, buy, buy!)—Mr. Murray, I've brought you an epic,—(I can let you have it, at five pence ha'penny)—in six books, Sir,—(make a fine hash, that!)—but he said the book trade was then so bad, he could not have it at any price; and that's five years ago. Now I've just finished a tragedy,—(killed yesterday, Ma'am)—and, tho' I says it that should not say it, sich a tragedy!—(I can't take no less than ninepence for it, Ma'am). I think, when I reads it to you, Mr. Rigmarole, you will say,—(make a fine stew, that, Ma'am!)—you never heard the like; the heroine is sich a creature!—(do very nice with carrots, Ma'am)." This was part of the learned oration that proceeded from my friend, the poetical butcher, and which, reader, if you are inclined to hear repeated, you have only to visit his shop, in Newport-market, on a Saturday night, when you will be certain to be gratified.



DROPPING AN ACQUAINTANCE.

B

MURDERERS DISCOVERED BY TWO DOGS.

* A LABOURING man of Tobolski, in Siberia, who had deposited in a purse skin which he wore at his breast, the hard-earned savings of his life, was murdered by two of his companions, for the sake of his little treasure. The murderers escaped to a neighbouring forest, followed by two dogs belonging to the deceased, which would not quit them. The wretches did every thing to appease them, but in vain. They then endeavoured to kill them, but the dogs were upon their guard, and continued to howl dreadfully. Reduced to despair, the murderers, at the end of two days, returned to Krasnojarsk, and delivered themselves into the hands of justice.

BANDIT OF GOELNITZ.

A JUDGE of the name of Helmanotz, in the department of Zips, sent a young female peasant with a sum of money to Goelnitz, a small town situated among the mountains. Not far from the village a countryman joined her, and demanded where she was going? The girl replied, that she was journeying with a sum of 200 florins to Goelnitz. The countryman told her that he was going there also, and proposed that they should travel together. At the wood the countryman pursued a path which he told the girl would shorten their journey at least two leagues. At length they arrived at the mouth of an excavation, which had once been worked as a mine; the countryman stopped short, and in a loud voice said to the girl, "behold your grave; deliver me the money instantly." The girl, trembling

with fear, complied with his demand, and then entreated him to spare her life; the villain was inflexible, and he commanded her to prepare herself for death; the poor girl fell on her knees, and while in the act of supplicating for life, the villain happened to turn away his head, when she sprang upon him, precipitated him into the cavity, and then ran and announced to the village what had happened. Several of the inhabitants, provided with ladders, returned with her to the spot. They descended into the hole, and found the countryman dead, with the money which he had taken from the girl in his possession. Near him lay three dead female bodies in a state of putrefaction. It is probable that these were victims to the rapacity of the same villain. In a girdle which he had round his body, was discovered a sum of 800 florins in gold.

YOUTH BETRAYED.

A FEW years ago, the green of a rich bleacher in the North of Ireland, had been frequently robbed at night to a very considerable amount, notwithstanding the utmost vigilance of the proprietor and his servants to protect it, and without the slightest clue being furnished for the detection of the robber.

Effectually and repeatedly baffled by the ingenuity of the thief or thieves, the proprietor at length offered a reward of 100*l.*, for the apprehension of any person or persons detected robbing the green.

A few days after this proclamation, the master was at midnight raised from his bed, by the alarm of a faithful servant, "there was somebody with a lantern crossing the green." The master started from his bed,

flew to the window, it was so; he hurried on his clothes, armed himself with a pistol, the servant flew for his loaded musket, and they cautiously followed the light. The person with the lantern (a man) was, as they approached, on "tip-toe," distinctly seen stooping and groping on the ground; he was seen lifting and tumbling the linen. The servant fired; the robber fell. The man and master now proceeded to examine the spot. The robber was dead; he was recognised to be a youth of about nineteen, who resided a few fields off. The linen was cut across; bundles of it were tied up; and upon searching and examining farther, the servant, in the presence of his master, picked up a penknife, with the name of the unhappy youth engraved upon the handle. The evidence was conclusive, for in the morning the lantern was acknowledged by the afflicted and implicated father of the boy, to be his lantern. Defence was dumb.

The faithful servant received the hundred pounds reward, and was, besides, promoted to be the confidential overseer of the establishment.

This faithful servant, this confidential overseer, was shortly after proved to have been himself the thief, and was hung at Dundalk for the murder of the youth whom he had so cruelly betrayed.

It appeared upon the clearest evidence, and by the dying confession and description of the wretch himself, that all this circumstantial evidence was preconcerted by him, not only to screen himself from the imputation of former robberies, but to get the hundred pounds reward.

The dupe, the victim he chose for this diabolical purpose, was artless, affectionate, and obliging. The boy had a favourite knife, a penknife, with his name

engraved upon its handle. The first act of this fiend, was to coax him to give him that knife as a' keepsake. On the evening of the fatal day the miscreant prepared the bleach green, the theatre of this melancholy tragedy, for his performance. He tore the linen from the pegs in some places, he cut it across in others; he turned it up in heaps; he tied it up in bundles, as if ready to be removed, and placed the favourite knife, the keepsake, in one of the cuts he had himself made.

Matters being thus prepared, he invited the devoted youth to supper, and as the nights were dark, he told him to bring the lantern to light him home. At supper, or after, he artfully turned the conversation upon the favourite knife, which he affected with great concern to miss, and pretending that the last recollection he had of it, was using it on a particular spot of the bleach green, described that spot to the obliging boy, and begged him to see if it was there. He lit the lantern which he had been desired to bring with him to light him home, and with alacrity proceeded upon his fatal errand.

As soon as the monster saw his victim was completely in the snare, he gave the alarm, and the melancholy crime described was the result.

Could there have been possibly a stronger case of circumstantial evidence than this? The young man seemed actually caught in the fact. There was the knife with his name on it; the linen cut, tied up in bundles; the lantern acknowledged by his father. The time, past midnight. The master himself present, a man of the fairest character; the servant, of unblemished reputation.

THE CURATE OF LOUVAINE.

IN February, 1818, a curate in the suburbs of Louvaine, was sent to fulfil the last duties with a sick person. Having discharged them, he returned to his own habitation. It was night. In passing near a house he perceived a light, and the door open. He entered, and what was his surprise at seeing a bloody corpse stretched near the entrance! He recognised it to be the body of the master of the house. A little farther he observed that of his unfortunate wife, killed in the same manner. At length, by the assistance of a light, he discovered in the chimney place legs, which gave several convulsive movements. It was the female servant suspended by the neck, in the last agonies of death. He hastened to cut the cord, and, with much difficulty, restored her to the use of her senses. He interrogated the girl respecting the circumstances of this horrid deed; she hesitated for some time to give any explanation. At last she told the curate, that the principal author of these assassinations was his own nephew; she gave such an account of him, that the curate could not misconceive her description, and she also described the villains that accompanied him. Furnished with this information, the curate pursued his way to his own residence, resolved to cause his nephew, with the murderers, to be arrested. Before he reached home, he applied to the mayor, declared to him what he had seen and heard, and requested him to assist him by every means which his functions would admit of, to succeed in his plan. The mayor, with much prudence, employed the measures necessary in such a case; and having arranged the plan with the curate,

the latter returned home. He there found his nephew, who appeared watching for his return. "I have had a painful visit," said he to him, "and I want some refreshment; go down into the cellar, and bring me a bottle of wine, that we may partake of it."

The nephew hesitated, and endeavoured to persuade his uncle that he would do better to go to bed. "Well, then, I will go to the cellar myself," said the curate, "since you fear to put yourself out of the way to do me a service." In effect, he rose to execute his design, when the nephew, with an eagerness accompanied with excuses, told him he was going to do what he desired. He descended, but scarcely had he entered, when the curate closed the door upon him. The nephew thought at first, that it was only a trick; but, soon after, the mayor arrived with an escort, and the cellar door was opened. They found there the nephew, with fifteen brigands, companions of his crimes. They recognised them to be the individuals that the servant had described. They were disarmed, bound, and conducted to the neighbouring prisons—tried and hung.

AVARICE OUTWITTED.

THE case of John Eyre, Esq., who, though worth upwards of 30,000*l.*, was convicted at the Old Bailey, and sentenced to transportation, for stealing eleven quires of common writing paper, was rendered more memorable, by the opportunity which it gave Junius to impeach the integrity of Lord Mansfield, who was supposed to have erred in admitting him to bail. An anecdote is related of Mr. Eyre, which shows in a striking manner the natural depravity of the human

heart; and may help to account for the meanness of the crime of which he stood convicted. An uncle of his, a gentleman of considerable property, made his will in favour of a clergyman, who was his intimate friend, and committed it, unknown to the rest of his family, to the custody of the divine. However, not long before his death, having altered his mind with regard to the disposal of his wealth, he made another will, in which he left the clergyman only 500*l.*, leaving the bulk of his large fortune to go to his nephew and heir at law, Mr. Eyre. Soon after the old gentleman's death, Mr. Eyre, rummaging over his drawers, found this last will, and perceiving the legacy of 500*l.* in it for the clergyman, without any hesitation or scruple of conscience, put it in the fire, and took possession of the whole effects, in consequence of his uncle's being supposed to have died intestate. The clergyman coming to town soon after, and inquiring into the circumstances of his old friend's death, asked if he had made any will before he died. On being answered by Mr. Eyre in the negative, the clergyman very coolly put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out the former will, which had been committed to his care, in which Mr. Eyre had bequeathed him the whole of his fortune, amounting to several thousand pounds, excepting a legacy of 500*l.* to his nephew.

WHICH IS THE HEIR? INGENIOUSLY DETERMINED.

A JEWELLER who carried on an extensive trade, and supplied the deficiencies of one country by the superfluities of another, leaving his home with a valuable

assortment of diamonds, for a distant region, took with him his son and a young slave, whom he had purchased in his infancy, and had brought up more like an adopted child than a servant. They performed their intended journey, and the merchant disposed of his commodities with great advantage; but while preparing to return he was seized by a pestilential distemper, and died suddenly in the metropolis of a foreign country. This accident inspired the slave with a wish to possess his master's treasures, and relying on the total ignorance of strangers, and the kindness every where shown him by the jeweller, he declared himself the son of the deceased, and took charge of his property. The true heir of course denied his pretensions, and solemnly declared himself to be the only son of the defunct, who had long before purchased his opponent as a slave. This contest produced various opinions. It happened that the slave was a young man of comely person, and of polished manners; while the jeweller's son was ill-favoured by nature, and still more injured in his education by the indulgence of his parents. This superiority operated in the minds of many to support the claims of the former; but since no certain evidence could be produced on either side, it became necessary to refer the dispute to a court of law. There, however, from a total want of proofs, nothing could be done. The magistrate declared his inability to decide on unsupported assertions, in which each party was equally positive. This caused a report of the case to be made to the prince, who having heard the particulars, was also confounded, and at a loss how to decide the question. At length a happy thought occurred to the chief of the judges, and he engaged to ascertain the real heir. The two claimants being

summoned before him, he ordered them to stand behind a curtain prepared for the occasion, and to project their heads through two openings, when, after hearing their several arguments, he would cut off the head of him who should prove to be the slave. This they readily assented to; the one from a reliance on his honesty, the other from a confidence of the impossibility of detection. Accordingly, each taking his place as ordered, thrust his head through a hole in the curtain. An officer stood in front with a drawn cimeter in his hand, and the judge proceeded to the examination. After a short debate, the judge cried out "Enough, enough, strike off the villain's head!" and the officer, who watched the moment, leaped towards the two youths; the impostor, startled at the brandished weapon, hastily drew back his head, while the jeweller's son, animated by conscious security, stood unmoved. The judge immediately decided for the latter, and ordered the slave to be taken into custody, to receive the punishment due to his diabolical ingratitude.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF A GOOD CHARACTER.

At the age of ten, Dan Dawson entered into the service of Farmer Tarrant, in the humble capacity of ploughboy. For seven years Dan behaved in the most exemplary manner, but obtained no increase of wages, so that being unable to keep up a decent wardrobe, Dan's elbows, knees, and heels, were as naked and well-known as his face. The squire and the parson

would have been glad of his services, but they could not think of depriving his master—a poor man with a large family—of so excellent a servant. The more opulent farmers in the neighbourhood refused to employ him on the same plea: Dan had now become head-man; and without him, poor Davy Tarrant and his nine children would, in their opinion, become a burden to the parish. When Dan ventured to ask for more money, Davy pointed to his half-clad, meager little brats, poked a tear or two out of his eye, shook Dan cordially by the hand, and hurried off, cursing high rents, assessed taxes, and parsons' tithes.

One day a couple of gentlemen, in a military undress, to decide a trifling wager, as to their skill in shooting, fired at the scarecrow, set up in a field opposite to the village inn, where they had stopped to dine on their way to the coast. Luckily they both missed, for the supposed scarecrow was Dan, meditating on the misfortune of having obtained so excellent a character. This incident alarmed his dormant pride, and the next morning he quitted his native village, on the bar of the chaise, in which the two officers travelled, with a bunch of ribands in his hat. Before he went off he gave ten shillings out of his bounty money to a blind beggar-woman, who had, as long as it was possible, darned his hose, and sent the remainder to his distressed master with a solemn injunction to lay out two-and-sixpence of it, in buying "a heart with a knife stuck in it, at next Bilberry Fair," and give it as a keepsake to his second daughter, Miss Kitty.

Dan went abroad, and though assiduous in his duties as an Artilleryman, lived a most miserable life: being an object of jealousy to six or seven of the officers, each of whom wanted him for a servant. Dan's cha-

racter was unimpeachable; but, if either of the lot vouchsafed him a favour, the others thought proper to evince their indignation by persecuting him. Dan wished himself dead: he rushed headlong into danger; "Every bullet has its billet," said he, "and perhaps I may have the luck to get one."

Dan escaped; and a bright change came o'er his prospects. He was stationed for three months—far from his comrades and superiors—at a Dutch farmhouse. The fair Wilhelmina Poggendorf—his host's niece—soon made him forget poor Kitty Tarrant. She cleaned his horses, greased his shoes, cooked his dinner, and was his fairy—his household Goddess—his blooming familiar—his every thing. Before he could think, what he wished was done—Wilhelmina doated on him, and forestalled his wishes. They made love in kisses.

A hive of honey is in time exhausted, and Dan found that bliss must have an end. He was compelled to tear himself from Wilhelmina and go elsewhere. Her uncle's character was so good, that Dan's superiors ventured to displace him by a ruffian, and to billet Dan on account of his known excellence, on a blackguard. "Curse my known excellence!" exclaimed Dan; but his natural humour still prompted him to behave well.

The corps to which he was attached returned to England; and nine hundred and fifty, out of the thousand which composed it, were ordered to be discharged. Dan vehemently desired to be set free, to return to Wilhelmina, and become a Dutch farmer. Day after day the corps was drawn up, and behind—beside him were men picked out for manumission—known rascals—and very fine fellows.—Dan's charac-

ter was capital, and his person far from belligerent; still he remained in the ranks.

At last Dan ventured to step forth and speak to the inspecting general. "Sir," said he, "I wish very much to get my discharge." "Indeed, my man!" replied the colonel, looking at his figure, "why really then I don't see any reason why you shouldn't have it: we don't wish to keep any man in the service against his will—what's your name?" "Daniel Dawson, sir." "Daniel Dawson! Eh! oh, that makes a great difference! We can't part with you, Dawson—can't indeed!—you've too good a character! I'm told you're the best soldier in the corps! No, no, Dan!—we mustn't lose you, my man! Go back!—go back!

Dan fell in again, exclaiming against his good character, and determining, if possible, to obtain a bad one; but from his natural disposition he failed. Napoleon returned from Elba, and war was again kindled. Dan, partly through an appetite for renown, but more perhaps, with a desire to get billeted near the still blooming and beloved Wilhelmina, earnestly entreated that he might be permitted to accompany that portion of his corps which had been ordered abroad. "No," replied the colonel, "we cannot afford to make a man of so capital a character, mere food for powder. You will be of more service at home, to assist the corporals in drilling recruits."

Heavy-hearted, and wishing sincerely that he had it in his heart to be a rascal, and so acquired an opportunity of distinguishing himself, or seeing Wilhelmina, Dan heard of the battle of Waterloo, and bemoaned the medal which might have been his had he but misconducted himself. In spite of all he could do, his reputation increased: and, at length, he was sent into

his native village in the capacity of coachman to his colonel's son, a raw lieutenant in the regiment.

Long absence and the utter hopelessness of ever seeing Wilhelmina again, the sight of his first love, just bursting into the beauties of womanhood, brought the soldier to the feet of Kitty Tarrant again. She had worn his heart and dagger in her bosom, from the first Bilberry fair that occurred, after he had gone away—when she put it into his hand there seemed to be seven years warmth in it—and he loved her better than ever. She vowed that she had lain awake o' nights and heard the guns in Flanders, trembling for her hero,—Dan was dying to be discharged and married to her.

His character still stood in his way; the service could not afford to lose so good a man. First rate, steady, sober, brave soldiers were scarce, and England might still need her natural defenders.

This Dan thought was too bad; and having a sister who was lady's maid to an influential metropolitan banker, Dan wrote to her on the subject. The lady's maid spoke to her mistress, and her mistress spoke to the banker, and the banker spoke to the colonel. "My dear sir," said the latter, "I should be most happy to oblige you; but the man's character is so perfectly pure—so utterly irreproachable, that I positively dare not discharge him. He is well known, worse luck! or we might do something! But, unfortunately, it is almost a proverb that among a thousand recruits there isn't a Dawson!"

Two days after, Dan was ordered to doff his livery and repair to head quarters. He parted, full of hope, from Kitty Tarrant, telling her to get her wedding favours ready, for that he should certainly return, within a week—discharged and independent—to marry her.

“ So, sirrah !” said the colonel, as Dan was ushered into the room of his commanding officer, “ you have thought proper to exert influence, have you ? But I’ll teach you—hark’ye, a score of artillery-men are ordered to Sierra Leone. You shall be one of them. Retire—you will march with your comrades in an hour !”

Hopeless and heartbroken, poor Dan departed, and in an affray with the natives, he received a brace of bullets in his breast. Both were extracted ; but Dan died. He lived, however, long enough to scratch his name on each : and both reached England. One has displaced the heart and dagger on the virgin bosom of Kitty Tarrant : and the other—having been used by the banker in a duel on Dan’s account—obtained a permanent billet in the colonel’s brain !

A MALEFACTOR SAVED TO GOOD PURPOSE.

A FRENCH Abbé was sent for to prepare a hardened highwayman for death. They were shut up together in a little dim sort of a chapel, but the Abbé perceived, that amidst all his arguments and exhortations, the man scarcely took any notice of him ! “ Strange !” said he, “ friend, do you think that in a few hours you are to appear before God ? What can divert your thoughts from such an inexpressible concern ?” “ You are right, father,” replied he, “ but I cannot get it out of my mind, that it is in your power to save my life, and well may that divert my thoughts.” “ I save your life ! How can that be ? Besides, I should then be the instrument of your doing more mischief, and in-

creasing your sins." "No! No! father, nothing of that you may take my word for it; my present danger will be an effectual security. I have been too near a gallows, ever to run a second risk!" The Abbé did as most persons, perhaps, would have done on a like occasion; he yielded to entreaties, and all the business now was to know how to set about the deliverance. The chapel received light only through one window, which was near the ceiling, and above fifteen feet from the floor. "Why, father," said the malefactor, "only remove the altar, as it is portable, to the wall; set your chair upon the altar, and stand you upon the chair, and I will stand upon your shoulders, and I being thus within reach of the window, the business is done." The Abbé closed with the expedient; the malefactor was out in a trice; and the kind father having put all things to rights, placed himself composedly in his chair. An hour or two after, the executioner growing impatient, knocked at the door, and asked the Abbé what had become of the criminal? "Criminal! on the word of a priest, out of that window did he take his flight." The executioner being a loser by the escape, asked the father if he thought to make a fool of him so, and ran to report the matter to the judges. They repaired to the chapel, where the father was sitting in his chair, and pointing to the window, assured them, on his conscience, that the man had gone out that way, and that, were he a criminal, which he could not conceive after what he had seen him do, he was not made his keeper. The magistrates, who were not able to keep their countenances at this personated composure, finding it impossible to recover the fugitive, and obliged to acknowledge that they themselves should have guarded

the prisoner better, went away. The Abbé, twenty years after, going through the Ardennes, (a woody country in the N. E. borders of France,) happened to be bewildered at the close of the day. A person in the garb of a peasant viewed him very fixedly, asked him whither he was going, and assured him that the roads were extremely dangerous; but that on following him, he would carry him to a farm-house hard by, where he might be safe and have a night's lodging. The Abbé was not a little perplexed at the attention of the man in looking at him, but considering that there was no escaping if he had any bad design, he followed the rustic, though with a heavy heart. This uneasiness, however, was soon removed by the sight of the farm-house, and superseded by joy, on his guide, the master of it, saying to his wife, "kill a choice capon, and some of our best fowls, to entertain this guest I have brought you." The farmer, whilst supper was getting ready, came in again with eight children about him, to whom he said, "There, children, go and pay your respects to that good father, for without him you would not have been in the world; nor I either, for he saved my life." Here the father recollected the man's features, so far as to perceive him to be the very robber whom he had helped to escape. All the family flocked about him with their thanks, and every mark of the most fervent respect and gratitude; when the farmer and he were by themselves, he asked by what means he became so well settled? "I have kept my word, father, and being resolved to live honestly, I immediately on my escape set off, and begged my way down hither, where I was born. The master of this farm took me into his service, and by my diligence and honesty, I so far gained his good

will, that he bestowed his daughter, his only child, on me. God has so prospered my honest endeavours, that I have laid by something, and a great joy it is to me that I can show you my gratitude." "The service I did you is over paid," said the Abbé, "by the good use you have made of your life, and don't talk of any presents." He complied, however, with the farmer's entreaties to stay a few days with him; after which, the grateful man obliged him to make use of one of his horses to go through his journey, and would not leave him till he was out of danger from the brigands who used to infest these roads.

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

IN 1812, a young woman of the name of Frances Sage, was under sentence of death in Newgate. A benevolent Israelite, whose compassion had been deeply excited by an inquiry into the circumstances of her crime, resolved on writing a letter to the late lamented Princess Charlotte, to supplicate her intercession for the unfortunate criminal. The letter was such, as did equal honour to his head and heart. It was in these terms:

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,

"To give a few moments attention to the most humble advocate that ever volunteered in the cause of an afflicted family. And as I seek for no reward except the hallowed consolation of success, let your indulgence be proportional to my zeal.

"The interest which the public prints have taken in the fate of Frances Sage, a young English woman,

now under sentence of death in Newgate, induced me yesterday to visit a dwelling which her crime had made desolate, and at least to pour the healing balm of condolence upon the wounds of her distracted friends.

“ A finished scene of the distress I witnessed, must not agonize your royal bosom. Every thing proclaimed distress and desolation; one tear was forced from her parents' eyes only to make room for another, and they looked as if, at that moment, they had experienced a most melancholy confiscation of all their family honours.

“ I found that the same breeze on which your welcome voice first floated on the ears of a joyful people, was burdened with the cries of this unhappy girl, for she is just your age. That the innocence of her youth had been assailed by the artifices of an accomplished villain, who had deserted her at the moment of her utmost need; that she had never before been guilty of a crime, except when she submitted to the wiles of her seducer; that an ignominious death awaited her; that no effort was making for her safety; and that she was enveloped in contrition.

“ Smooth and sudden is the descent from virtue. When the despoiler of her honour had induced the first step towards degradation, it was easy for him to coerce a second; but there is an elasticity in the human mind, which enables it to rebound even after a fall more desperate than hers. In such an effort, oh! royal lady, assist her; and let the harsh gratings of her prison hinge be drowned in the glad tidings of your father's mercy. The eloquence of a Trojan monarch gained, in a hostile camp, the body of his devoted Hector; and the force of royal advocacy was evinced at the memorable siege of Calais, when an

enraged and stern king had firmly set his heart upon the execution of St. Pierre. Where then is the difficulty to be apprehended, when an only daughter, and a nation's hope, asks from a generous prince and an indulgent father, the life of a fallen but repenting woman. I have known the exquisite luxury of saving life, and announcing pardon; and I beseech you to lay such holy consolation to your heart, by raising your powerful voice in the advocacy of human frailty; snatch her not only from untimely death, but also from the contagion which surrounds her, from the infectious aggregation of the vices of a prison, where precept and example are rivals in the cultivation of depravity.

“ I humbly ask it for her parents, because it will heal their bleeding hearts; and for her sea-beaten brother, for it will strengthen his arm against the enemies of your house; I solicit it for the empire, because she is a reclaimed subject; I ask it for the honour of that throne which you are destined to adorn; and I implore it for the sake of that God whose favourite attribute is mercy.

“ Grant then, this humble prayer, illustrious favourite of my prince, and may the ‘divinity which hedges thrones,’ may ‘He who wears the crown immortal,’ bless you with long, long life, and end it happy.

“ JOSEPH.”

Along with this letter, the generous writer transmitted the following petition from the wretched girl herself.

“ *To His Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, &c., &c.*

“ *The most humble Petition of Frances Sage,*

“ SHEWETH,

“ That at an age when judgment was imperfect,

and seduction strong, she was drawn from her father's house by the artifices of a villain.

"That degraded by her crime in the estimation of her family, when the hour of repentance came, no friendly door invited her return.

"That her dependance on her seducer was increased, while his attentions to her abated; and that in a distracted hour she purchased the continuance of his protection by a breach of the law.

"That her life must be forfeited for her crime, unless that contrition which she hopes has appeased her God, may obtain for her the compassion of her prince. And that she is not now more solicitous for life, than her prayers shall ever be devout for the generous author of her pardon.

"FRANCES SAGE."

"*London, Nov. 15, 1812.*"

Her Royal Highness was moved by the pathetic energy of these appeals. She made inquiry into the circumstances of the girl's case; and finding that they had been fairly and honestly represented, she did not hesitate to intercede with her royal father in her behalf, and had the happiness not to plead in vain. The life of the criminal was saved, and the worthy "Joseph" had once more "the exquisite luxury of saving life, and announcing pardon."

DISINTERESTED POVERTY.

In the hard frost of the year 1740, the benevolent Duke of Montague went out one morning in disguise, as was his favourite practice, in order to distribute his bounty to his afflicted fellow creatures. He descended

into one of those subterraneous dwellings of which there are many in London, and accosting an old woman, inquired, "How she lived in these hard times, and if she wanted charity?" "No," she replied; "she thanked God, she was not in want; but if he had any thing to bestow, there was a poor creature in the next room almost starving." The duke visited this poor object, made her a donation, and then inquired of the old woman, "If any more of her neighbours were in want?" She said, "Her left hand neighbour was very poor, and very honest." "Sure," replied the duke, "you are very generous and disinterested; pray, if it is no offence, let me know your own circumstances." "I owe nothing," said the good woman, "and am worth thirty shillings." "Well, but I suppose a little addition would be acceptable." "Yes, certainly, but I think it wrong to take what others want so much more than I do." The duke took out five guineas, and desired her acceptance of them. The poor creature was quite overcome by this mark of generosity, and when able to express herself, exclaimed, "Oh! sir, you are not a man but an angel."

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

THE town of Bresse having revolted against the French, was attacked, taken and sacked, with an almost unexampled fury. The Chevalier Bayard, who was wounded at the beginning of the action, was carried to the house of a person of quality, whom he protected from the fury of the conquerors, by placing at the door two soldiers, whom he indemnified with a

gift of eight hundred crowns, in lieu of the plunder they might have lost by their attendance at the door.

The impatience of Bayard to join the army without considering the state of his wound, which was by no means well, determined him to depart. The mistress of the house then threw herself at his feet, saying, "The rights of war make you master of our lives and our possessions, and you have saved our honour. We hope, however, from your accustomed generosity, that you will not treat us with severity, and that you will be pleased to content yourself with a present more adapted to our circumstances than to our inclinations." At the same time she presented him with a small box full of ducats.

Bayard, smiling, asked her how many ducats the box contained. "Two thousand five hundred, my lord," answered the lady, with much emotion; "but if these will not satisfy you, we will employ all our means to raise more." "No, madam," replied the Chevalier, "I do not want money; the care you have taken of me more than repays the services I have done you. I ask nothing but your friendship; and I conjure you to accept of mine."

So singular an instance of generosity, gave the lady more surprise than joy. She again threw herself at the feet of the Chevalier, and protested that she would never rise until he had accepted of that mark of her gratitude. "Since you will have it so," replied Bayard, "I will not refuse it; but may I not have the honour to salute your amiable daughters?" The young ladies soon entered, and Bayard thanked them for their kindness in enlivening him with their company. "I should be glad," said he, "to have it in my power to convince you of my gratitude; but we soldiers are

seldom possessed of jewels worthy the acceptance of your sex. Your amiable mother has presented me with two thousand five hundred ducats; I make a present to each of you of one thousand, for a part of your marriage portion. The remaining five hundred I give to the poor sufferers of this town, and I beg you will take on yourselves the distribution."

The Chevalier having at another time learnt that the great captain, Gonsalvo de Cordova, who commanded the Spaniards in the kingdom of Naples, was in expectation of receiving a considerable sum of money for the payment of his troops, resolved to intercept it. As the treasure could not reach the place of its destination, except by two narrow passes, the Chevalier and twenty of his men lay in ambuscade in one of them, and he placed Tardieu with twenty-five men in the other.

Chance happened to lead the Spaniards through the pass in which Bayard lay in ambush, when he fell upon them sword in hand. The enemy, without considering by what a small number they were attacked, were so frightened, that they precipitately fled, and left the treasure behind them. The chests were carried to a neighbouring village, and on being opened, and the contents counted on a large table, the victors found themselves in possession of fifteen thousand ducats.

Tardieu arrived at this instant, and viewing the mountain of gold with greedy eyes, he said that one half of it belonged to him, as he had a share in the enterprise. "I agree," replied the Chevalier, who was not pleased with Tardieu's tone of voice, "that you had a share in the enterprise; but you were not at the taking of the money. Besides, being under my orders, your right is subordinate to my pleasure." Tardieu

forgetting what he owed to his benefactor and chief, went immediately to complain to the general.

Every one was surprised to hear a friend of the Chevalier accuse him of injustice and avarice—a man whom even his enemies extolled for his justice and generosity. The matter was heard, and Tardieu was censured for his conduct. Indeed, he became himself ashamed of what he had done. “I am more unhappy,” said he to Bayard, “for thus proceeding against you, than I am for the loss of what I attempted to gain. How could I be unhappy in seeing you rich? Did I not know that your fortune is always an advantage to your friends, and has been so to me in particular?”

The Chevalier smiling, embraced him, and a second time counted over the ducats in his presence. Tardieu was not master of his transports on the sight of so much money. “Ah, you enchanting pieces!” he exclaimed, “but you are not my property! Had I but one half of you, I should be happy all the rest of my life!” “God forbid,” said Bayard, “that for so small a matter I should make a gentleman unhappy! Take half the sum. With joy I voluntarily give you that which you should never have extorted from me but by force!” The Chevalier then assembled the garrison, and distributed the other half among them.

The Spanish treasurer, who was taken in company with the convoy, and in whose presence all this passed, could not but admire so much disinterestedness; but he feared that the conqueror, after having given away every thing, would reserve to himself the price of his ransom, and would consequently make him pay extravagantly. Bayard, who perceived his inquietude, soon relieved his mind. “My trade,” said he, “as a soldier obliged me to take you. I will not dissemble

but assure you, that I am happy of the occasion, since that success has enabled me to be of service to my companions, and what I took from you belonged to your master, who is the enemy of mine. As to every thing regarding yourself, I release you with joy; you are at liberty, and may depart as soon as you please." At the same time he ordered a trumpet to attend him to the enemy's quarters.

GOOD CURATE OF LANEBOURG.

THE celebrated Mrs. Miller of Batheaston, who travelled in Italy in the years 1770, 1771, gives the following interesting account of Pere Nicolas, whose purity of manners and charitable conduct, so endeared him to the inhabitants of Lanebourg, that they looked on him as their common father, and spoke of him only by the enviable title of the Good Curate of Lanebourg.

"Pere Nicolas, who is now far advanced in years, had lived for some time in the mountains of Savoy, when his sanctity of life, his charitable and moral disposition, at length reached the ears of his sovereign, who sent for him to court. The king took such a liking to him, that upon his entreaty, he granted a perpetual exemption to the Lanebourgians from the quartering of troops, and from furnishing either men or money for the militia even in time of war. So little did Pere Nicolas consult his own interests, that he never asked any thing for himself; and although he goes to court from time to time, and is always exceedingly well received by the king, he has never, in any instance, sought his own promotion, but employs

all the interest he has to relieve his poor neighbours and parishioners from any difficulties they may be exposed to, either by the accidents of bad seasons, storms, or above all, a threatened tax which, by his interposition, they are free from to this day. The Lanebourgians, through gratitude, immediately after the first favour the king was pleased to bestow on Pere Nicolas, presented him with the rent of the lake for seven years. By this he made a considerable sum; but, in the year 1737, he augmented his fund, and served his country at the same time, by selling cattle to the Swiss army; which cattle he bought up cheap from the Savoyards, who with difficulty could prevent their being taken from them by the Spaniards, and were glad to get rid of them at any price.

“Pere Nicolas dedicates his money entirely to the use of the Lanebourgians and his other neighbours, as far as it can go, in lending it to them whenever they want, in small sums, particularly at the season for purchasing cattle. He never takes any interest, nor ever requires payment till they can with ease return it to him; which they rarely fail to do at the ensuing season for disposing of their corn and cattle. It is scarcely credible of how much use this one man has been, by thus devoting himself and his interests to the public good.”

MONKS OF ST. BERNARD.

THE following is a recent instance of those charitable offices which the pious Monks of St. Bernard, from a sense of duty, as well as from the locality of their establishment, are in the habit of performing. A poor

soldier travelling from Siberia to the place of his nativity in Italy, set out from the village of St. Pierre in the afternoon, in the hope of reaching the monastery before night fall; but he unfortunately missed his way, and in climbing up a precipice, he laid hold of the fragment of a rock, which separating from the mass, rolled with him to the valley below, which the poor man reached with his clothes torn, and his body sadly bruised and lacerated. Being unable to extricate himself from the snow, and night having come on, he remained in that forlorn situation till morning. The weather was uncommonly mild for the season, or he must have perished. He spent the whole of the two following days in crawling to a deserted hovel, without having any thing to eat. Two of the Monks of St. Bernard, on their way to the village about sunset, were warned by the barking of their dog, and descrying the man at a distance, they hastened to his succour. They found him at the entrance of the hovel, where he lay as if unable to cross the threshold, and apparently in a dying state, from hunger, fatigue, and loss of blood. They raised him on their shoulders, and carried him to the village, a distance of five miles, through the snow. The man was above the middle size, and robust; so that, independently of his helpless condition, it required a considerable portion of strength, as well as management, in the brethren, to reach their destination. At the village of St. Pierre, the poor traveller received every attention and assistance that his situation required.

THE hospitality of the convent of St. Bernard, and the unwearied humanity of the Monks, on every occa-

sion that can possibly call for its exercise, have long been proverbial, and numerous instances occur every season, of persons saved by their interference, or relieved by their bounty. In the year 1818 alone, the meals furnished to travellers by this convent, amounted to no fewer than 31,078.

An enterprising English party, consisting of men and women, took shelter in the convent of St. Bernard during a fall of snow. The monks fed them and their horses as long as they could, giving up their bread to the beasts, when they had no more crude grain to bestow on them. The guests had then no other alternative but that of departing; but how were they to get the horses over the snow, which was yet too soft to support them? The ingenuity and activity of the monks found an expedient. They turned out with their servants, and placing blankets before the animals, which were carried forward and extended afresh, as soon as passed over, conducted men, women, and beasts, in safety over the mountain.

The breed of dogs kept by the monks to assist them in their labours of love, has been long celebrated for its sagacity and fidelity. All the oldest and most tried of them were lately buried, along with some unfortunate travellers, under an avalanche; but three or four hopeful puppies were left at home in the convent, and still survive. The most celebrated of those who are no more, was a dog called Barry. This animal served the hospital for the space of twelve years, during which time he saved the lives of forty individuals. His zeal was indefatigable. Whenever the mountain was enveloped in fogs and snow, he set out in search of lost travellers. He was accustomed to run barking until he lost breath, and would frequently venture on the

most perilous places. When he found his strength was insufficient to draw from the snow a traveller benumbed with cold, he would run back to the hospital in search of the monks.

One day, this interesting animal found a child in a frozen state, between the bridge of Dronaz and the ice-house of Balsora ; he immediately began to lick him ; and having succeeded in restoring animation, by means of his caresses, he induced the child to tie himself round his body. In this way he carried the poor little creature, as if in triumph, to the hospital. When old age deprived him of strength, the Prior of the convent pensioned him at Berney, by way of reward. After his death, his hide was stuffed and deposited in the museum of that town. The little phial, in which he carried a reviving liquor for the distressed travellers whom he found among the mountains, is still suspended from his neck.

HEROISM OF COMPASSION.

ON the 26th of May, Mr. William Tewksbury, of Deer Island, and his son, Abijah R. Tewksbury, a lad seventeen years old, were at work on the eastern part of Point Shirley, near Winthorp's Head. About four P. M. a boy came running from the Point, and informed him that a pleasure-boat had upset in a direction between Deer Island and Long Island. Without waiting for further information, he immediately took his son into his canoe, set a small foresail, and run through Pulling's Point gut, towards Broad Sound. The wind was so high, that with the smallest sail the canoe nearly buried herself under water. Having re-

lieved her, he stood in a direction for Long Island, for nearly half a mile, without discovering any indication of the object of his search. He then observed his wife and children on the beach of Deer Island, running towards Sound Point. This induced him to keep on the same course, and in a short time he discovered the heads of several men in the water; and as they rose and fell on the sea, he was impressed with the belief that there were more than twenty buffeting the waves, and contending against death. Being perfectly aware of the little burden and very slight construction of his canoe, which was one of the smallest class, the wind blowing a violent gale, his apprehensions for his son's and his own safety, had almost caused him to desist from the extreme peril of exposing his frail bark to be seized on by men agonized to despair in the last struggles for life. He, however, prepared for the event, took in his sail, rowed among the drowning men, with a fixed determination to save some, or perish in the attempt. By an exertion of skill, to be equalled only by an aboriginal chief in the management of a canoe, he succeeded in getting seven persons on board; and was attempting to save the eighth, when his son exclaimed, "Father, the canoe is sinking—we shall all perish." This exclamation calling his mind from the purpose on which it was bent, exposed to him his most perilous situation. Six inches of water in a canoe, nine in number on board; the upper part of her gunwale but three inches above water; the wind high; a heavy sea running, and constantly washing on board, and nearly a mile from the nearest land. That *nine* might have a chance of being saved, he was obliged to leave one unfortunate man hanging on the stern of the jolly belonging to the pleasure boat.

Of the men saved, one was so little exhausted that he could assist in bailing; another could sit up; and the others lay motionless, and apparently lifeless, on the bottom of the canoe. There not being room to row, Mr. T. had no alternative but to paddle before the wind, and was but able to reach the extremity of Sound Point. The instant she struck, she filled with water from the violence of the sea. Exertions were still necessary to save the five helpless men in the bottom of the canoe. In giving her assistance at this time, Mrs. Tewksbury was much injured by the convulsive grasp of one of the men, apparently in the agonies of death. They were all conveyed to Mr. T.'s house, and by the application of hot blankets, tea, and medicine, they were recovered. Four did not recover, so as to be able to speak, for more than three hours. Eleven persons were in the pleasure boat when she overset, two of whom attempted to swim to the shore, and were seen by the survivors to perish thirty or forty rods from the boat. One was drowned in the cabin. After landing those saved, Mr. T. returned with all possible expedition to the relief of the man left on the jolly boat. He was gone! The distance from the place where Mr. Tewksbury and his son were at work, to the place of the accident, is one mile and a half.

The above facts being made known to the Trustees of the Humane Society of New York, they voted that seventy dollars in money, and a silver medal of the value of ten dollars, with suitable inscriptions, should be presented Mr. T.; thirty-five dollars to his son; twenty dollars to Mrs. Tewksbury; and five dollars to the boy who ran with the information of the boat having upset.

THOMAS LORD CROMWELL.

A FLORENTINE merchant, of the name of Francis Frescobald, who was descended of a noble family in Italy, and had an ample fortune, was ever liberal to all who were in necessity. This being known to others, though he would willingly have concealed it, a young stranger one day addressed him in Florence, to ask some assistance. Frescobald seeing something in his countenance more than ordinary, overlooked his tattered clothes, and pitying his circumstances, inquired "Who he was, and of what country?" "I am," said the stranger, "a native of England; my name is Thomas Cromwell, and my father-in-law is a poor shearman. I left my country to seek my fortune; came with the French army that was routed at Gatylion, where I was a page to a footman, and carried his pike and burgonet after him." Frescobald commiserating his misfortunes, and having a particular respect for the English nation, clothed him genteelly; took him into his house till he had recovered strength; and at his taking leave, mounted him upon a good horse, with sixteen ducats of gold in his pockets. Cromwell expressed his thankfulness in a very grateful manner, and returned to England. On his arrival he entered the service of Cardinal Wolsey, and after his death he so effectually gained the favour of Henry VIII. that he was made a baron, afterwards a viscount, and after passing through several high and confidential offices, was appointed Lord High Chancellor of England.

While the fortunes of Cromwell were advancing so rapidly, Frescobald, from repeated losses by sea and

land, was reduced to poverty. Without thinking at all of Cromwell, he recollected that some English merchants were indebted to him in the sum of fifteen thousand ducats, and he set off for London to look after the money. Travelling in pursuit of his business, he fortunately met with the Lord Chancellor as he was riding to Court, who recognising him to be the gentleman who had rendered him such essential service in Italy, immediately alighted, embraced him, and with most anxious joy inquired, "Are you not Signor Francis Frescobald, a Florentine merchant?" "Yes, sir," he replied, "and your Lordship's most humble servant." "My servant!" said the Chancellor; "No; you are my special friend, who relieved my wants, and laid the foundation of my greatness; and as such, as a dear and obliging friend and benefactor, I receive you: the affairs of my sovereign will not permit a longer conference at present; but I conjure you, my dear friend, to oblige me this day with your company to dinner, in expectation of which I now take my leave of you."

Frescobald was surprised and astonished, and for some time could not think who this great man should be who acknowledged such obligations, and so passionately expressed a kindness for him; but contemplating his voice and person, he at length concluded that he must be the Cromwell whom he had relieved at Florence, and therefore, not a little overjoyed, went to his house at the appointed hour. His lordship arrived soon after, and had no sooner dismounted than he again embraced his early benefactor; and holding him by the hand, turned to the Lord High Admiral, and other noblemen who were present, and said, "Do not your lordships wonder that I am so

glad to see this gentleman? This is he who first contributed to my advancement." He then proceeded to narrate the story, and leading Frescobald into the dining room, placed him next himself at table. After dinner, and the guests had retired, the Chancellor inquired of Frescobald what business had brought him to England? He in a few words stated his circumstances, when Cromwell said, "I am sorry for your misfortunes, and will make them as easy as I can, by bearing a share in your affliction like a true friend; but because men ought to be just before they are generous, it is fit that I should repay the debt I owe you." The Chancellor then took him by the hand, and conducted him into his closet; where opening a coffer, he took out some ducats, and delivering them to Frescobald, said, "My friend, here is the money you lent me at Florence, with ten pieces you laid out for my apparel, and ten more you laid out for my horse; but considering you are a merchant, and might have made some advantage by this money in the way of trade, I insist on your taking these four bags, in each of which are four hundred ducats, and wish you to enjoy them as the grateful gift of your friend." The modesty of Frescobald would have refused these great gifts, but they were forced upon him. The Chancellor then inquired the names of all his debtors, and the sums they owed; and the account which he received of them he transmitted to one of his servants, with a charge to find out the men, and oblige them to pay him in fifteen days, under the penalty of his displeasure. The servant so well discharged his duty, that in a short period the whole sum was paid. All the time he remained in England, Frescobald lodged in the Lord Chancellor's house, where he was entertained

according to his merits; he was urged to stay in England, and offered the loan of sixty thousand ducats, if he would continue to trade there; but he wished to return to Florence; which he did, with extraordinary presents from the Lord Chancellor. He enjoyed the revival of his prosperity only a short time, and died a few months after his return to Italy.

THE HINDOOS.

HOSPITALITY to travellers is a national characteristic of the Hindoos: a traveller is sure to find an asylum and entertainment in a private house at any village where he may happen to arrive. Munoo says, "No guest must be dismissed by a housekeeper; he is sent by the returning sun, and whether he come in a fit season or unseasonably, he must not sojourn in the house without entertainment. Let not the host eat any delicate food without asking the guest to partake of it; the satisfaction of a guest will assuredly bring the housekeeper wealth, reputation, long life, and self-satisfaction." Hospitality is so far made a religious duty among the Hindoos and the Shastru orders, that it is decreed, "that if a family are unable, through poverty to entertain a guest, they shall beg for his relief." The traveller, when he wishes to get rest for the night, goes to a house, and says, "I am to be entertained at your house." The master or mistress gives him water to wash his feet; a seat, tobacco, water to drink, &c. After these refreshments, they give him fire, wood, a new earthen pot to cook in, rice, split peas, oil, spices, &c. The next morning the stranger departs.

The planting of trees by the way side to afford shade, and the digging of pools to supply the thirsty traveller with water, in a hot climate like that of Hindostan, deserve to be classed among actions that are in the highest degree commendable. The cutting of these ponds, and building flights of steps in order to descend into them, is in many cases very expensive; four thousand rupees are frequently expended in one pond, including the expense attending the setting it apart to the use of the public; at which time an assembly of priests are collected, and certain formulas from the Shastrus read by one of them; among which, in the name of the offerer, he says, "I offer this pond of water to quench the thirst of mankind." It is unlawful for the owner ever after to appropriate this pond to his own private use. A person of Burdwan, of the name Ramu-palu, is mentioned as having prepared as many as a hundred pools in different places, and given them for public use. Persons inhabiting villages where water was scarce, used to petition this public benefactor to cut a pool for them; and he bestowed upon them this necessary blessing.

About twenty years ago, a landowner of Patudupu, about fourteen miles from Calcutta, planted an orchard by a public road, placed a person to keep it, and dedicated it to the use of travellers of all descriptions, who are permitted to enter it, and take as much fruit as they can eat.

A native of Serampore, who was formerly Sirkar to the Danish East India Company, has particularly distinguished himself in the present day as the most eminent Hindoo in Bengal for his hospitality to strangers. Upon an average, two hundred travellers were fed daily at and from his house, and it is said

that he expended in this manner fifty thousand rupees annually, or above six thousand pounds.

WAR FOUNDLING.

IN the retrograde movements made by the British army in Spain after the battle of Talavera, a medical officer belonging to the 23d light dragoons, was, with some brother officers, made prisoner at Placentia, and conducted to Madrid. While there, by the exercise of his professional skill, he rendered such service to the French wounded, that Bonaparte, upon his subsequent arrival in France, not only gave him his liberty without exchange, but presented him with a gratuity of twelve hundred francs from the public purse. The prisoners, both Spanish and English, after remaining at Madrid two months, early in October, 1809, marched for France, under a strong escort appointed to convey them to the frontiers. In passing over the Sierras de Guardarama, by St. Ildefonso, to Segovia, the attention of this officer was attracted by the interesting appearance of a little boy, about six or seven years old, riding in a wagon, apparently under the care of a Spanish woman, who appeared to act the part of a mother to him. Observing that there was something in the child's countenance and complexion which indicated that he was a native of a more northern climate than Spain, he asked a few questions in Spanish, and to his surprise was answered in the same language; but, upon further inquiry, it appeared that he was under the protection of the French officer commanding the escort; that he was the orphan child of a Serjeant McCullen, of the 42d regiment, (Highlanders,) who

fell in the battle of Corunna ; and that the mother, in the retreat from Salamanca upon Lugo, had died upon the road, through excessive privations and fatigue, when the poor child fell into the hands of the enemy's advanced guard, fortunately commanded by this humane officer. Upon learning this story, which was fully corroborated on every hand, the British prisoners unanimously petitioned the French officer to give up the child to them, as its more natural protectors, that they might forward it to England, where its forlorn case would claim for it an asylum from some humane institution. The French officer, however, refused to part with the boy, but promised to take care of him and use him well : and the English, in their own destitute situation, as prisoners of war, had, of course, for the present, no alternative but to submit. On their arriving at Tolosa, in the Pyrenees, an order met them, which directed that the English prisoners should be marched into France, but the Spanish conducted to the fortress of Pampeluna ; and the French officer who had taken the child under his protection, being ordered upon the latter duty, the British officers with much regret parted from the little orphan. Not long after a Captain H——, of the 23d light dragoons, on passing through Tolosa, found the child in the most forlorn condition, forsaken by both his foster-father and mother. The former, it appears, had found a difficulty in conveying his prisoners to Pampeluna, as ordered, from the enterprising spirit of the Spanish Guerillas under Espoz y Mina ; and the Spanish woman, dreading their resentment for attaching herself to a Frenchman, had fled. Under such circumstances, Captain H——, had, without hesitation, brought the child with him to Paris, where he now

providentially met the very officer who had been the first to identify and interest himself for it, just obtaining his passport for London: it was agreed, therefore, that the poor little boy should go to his native land with him, and Captain H—— wrote letters to the war office, to the Duke of York, and also to the Marquis of Huntly, (the colonel of the 42d regiment,) on the subject. Arriving in London with his little orphan, Mr. —— immediately left the letters at the Horse Guards and Richmond House, and that same evening received a note, intimating that the Duke of York would be happy to see him and his little charge on the following morning at ten o'clock; accordingly they went to York House at that hour, and were very graciously received. The Duke of York condescendingly conversed with the child in German and French, both of which languages, as well as Spanish, he had learnt; the first he had acquired from his foster-father, the second from a Saxon servant, and the last from the Spanish woman. His Royal Highness was altogether so much pleased with the child, and so affected with his interesting story, that he resolved to put him into the Military Asylum, under his own patronage. He had about this time resigned the office of commander-in-chief, but with that humanity and condescension for which his Royal Highness is distinguished, he wrote to Sir David Dundas, drawing his notice to the circumstance, with a view that the parties might, with the least possible delay, be furnished with the necessary certificates, and pursue their respective interests. At length, nothing was wanting for the admission of the child into the school for soldier's orphans, but a certificate from the Marquis of Huntly; when Mr. ——, and the poor little fellow, in proceeding one

morning to Richmond House for this document, overtook, near the Horse Guards, a serjeant of the 42d regiment, with a letter in his hand addressed to the Marquis of Huntly. Under an impression that the man might give him some information which would assist him in his interview with the Marquis, Mr. — inquired whether he had served in the late campaign in Spain; and being answered in the affirmative, then asked if he knew his comrade, Serjeant McCullen, who was killed at Corunna? The man, evidently much agitated, replied that he knew no comrade of that name killed at Corunna; but begged to know why the gentleman asked this question? "Because," said Mr. —, "this is his orphan child, whom I found in Spain." He was soon interrupted with the simple but emphatic exclamation of, "Bless your honour, sir, I am the man! 'tis my child! Then turning to the child, who had still a faint recollection of his father, he was deeply affected. The feelings of each party may be better imagined than described. It afterwards proved, that the unsealed letter which the soldier was carrying to the Marquis of Huntly, was from Colonel Stirling, commanding the regiment, then lying at Canterbury, informing him that Serjeant McCullen was not (as supposed) killed at Corunna, but wounded, and got safe off; and that he had sent the man to London, that the man might personally answer any questions which might be put to him. The child was placed in the military asylum.

PROVIDENTIAL GUEST.

A widow at Dort in Holland, who was very industrious, was left by her husband, an eminent carpenter,
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with a comfortable house, some land, and two boats for carrying merchandise and passengers on the canals. She was also supposed to be worth about ten thousand guilders in ready money, which she employed in a hempen and sail cloth manufactory for the purpose of increasing her fortune, and instructing her children, a son and two daughters, in useful branches of business.

One night about nine o'clock, in the year 1785, a person dressed in uniform, with a musket and broad sword, came to her house and requested lodging. "I let no lodgings, friend," said the widow; "and besides, I have no spare bed, unless you sleep with my son, which I think very improper, on account of your being a perfect stranger to us all." The soldier then showed a discharge from Diesbach's regiment, signed by the major, who gave him an excellent character, and a passport from Count Maillebois, governor of Breda. The widow, believing the stranger to be an honest man, called her son, and asked him if he would accommodate a veteran, who had served the republic thirty years with reputation, with part of his bed. The young man consented; the soldier was accordingly hospitably entertained; and at a seasonable hour withdrew to rest.

Some hours afterwards, a loud knocking was heard at the street door, which roused the soldier, who moved softly down stairs, and listened at the hall door, when the blows were repeated, and the door almost broken through by a sledge, or some heavy instrument. By this time the widow and her daughters were much alarmed by this violent attack, and ran almost frantic through different parts of the house, exclaiming "murder! murder!" The son having joined the soldier

with a case of loaded pistols, and the latter screwing on his bayonet and fresh priming his piece, which was charged with slugs, requested the women to keep themselves in a back room out of the way of danger. Soon after the door was burst in, two ruffians entered, and were instantly shot by the son, who discharged both his pistols at once. Two other associates of the dead men immediately returned the fire, but without effect, when the intrepid and veteran stranger, taking immediate advantage of the discharge of their arms, rushed on them like a lion, ran one through the body with a bayonet, and whilst the other was running away, lodged the contents of his piece between his shoulders, and he dropped dead on the spot. The son and the stranger then closed the door as well as they could, reloaded their arms, made a good fire, and watched till daylight, when the weavers and spinners of the manufactory came to resume their employment, who were struck with horror and surprise at seeing four men dead on the dunghill adjoining the house, where the soldier had dragged them before they closed the door.

The burgomaster and his syndic attended, and took the depositions of the family relative to this affair. The bodies were buried in a cross road, and a stone erected over the grave with this inscription: "Here lie the remains of four unknown ruffians, who deservedly lost their lives in an attempt to rob and murder a worthy woman and her family. A stranger who slept in the house, to which Divine Providence undoubtedly directed him, was the principal instrument in preventing the perpetration of such horrid designs, which justly entitles him to a lasting memorial, and the thanks of the public. John Adrian de Gries, a dis-

charged soldier from the regiment of Diesbach, a native of Middleburgh in Zealand, and upwards of seventy years old, was the David who slew two of these Goliaths, the rest being killed by the son of the family.

In commemoration, therefore, of the event, and in gratitude to Almighty God, the rewarder of piety and of innocence, the magistracy and town council of Dort, have caused this tablet to be erected, Nov. 20th, A. D. 1785.

The widow presented the soldier with a hundred guineas, and the city settled a handsome pension on him for the rest of his life.

LACONICS.

A BLACK man should never take to the business of picking pockets, as it is evident nature never intended him for one of the *light-fingered* gentry.

An hypochondriac will sometimes conjure up to his imagination the most frightful forms. To indulge such a melancholy propensity, may be said, in one sense, to *raise the spirits*.

Bonnets worn at a theatre, when they intercept the view of the stage, give much offence to those that are prevented by them from seeing, and who often declare such bonnets should be *cap-sized*.

Madame Catalani, though paid an enormous sum to perform by *the night*, used, it is well known, invariably to sing by the (*y*) ear.

A hackney coachman has constantly cause to complain of the hardness of his lot, for at the best of times his business is *at a stand*.

The sea presents in its waves a very remarkable

paradox: for when it is in a state of the greatest agitation its appearance is the most *tide-y*.

Singers are habitually addicted to getting deeply in debt, for with them it is a mere matter of business to run up *very high scores*.



IN THE JUG'LAR VEIN.

EMPEROR JOSEPH II.

THE Emperor of Germany, Joseph II., had once a petition presented to him in behalf of a poor superannuated officer, who lived, with a family of ten-children, in an indigent condition, at some distance from Vienna. The emperor inquired of several old officers whether they knew this man, and received from all of them an excellent character of him. His majesty gave no answer to the petition, but went, without any attendants, to the house of the poor officer, whom he found at dinner, with eleven children, upon some vegetables of his own planting. "I heard you had ten children," said the emperor, "but here I see eleven." "This," replied the officer, pointing to the eleventh, "is a poor orphan I found at my door; and though I have done all I could to engage some persons more opulent than myself, to provide for him, all my endeavours have proved in vain; I have therefore shared my small portion with him, and brought him up as my own child." The emperor admired the noble and generous humanity of this indigent man, to whom he discovered himself, and said, "I desire that all these children may be my pensioners, and that you will continue to give them examples of virtue and honour. I grant you 100 florins per annum for each of them, and 200 florins in addition to your pension. Go to-morrow to my treasurer, where you will receive the first quarter's payment, with a commission of lieutenancy for your eldest son. Continue to be your children's careful tutor, and I will henceforth be their father. The old man, with all his family, threw himself at the feet of his sovereign, which he bedewed with

tears of gratitude. The emperor shed tears himself, and after giving some small presents to the children, retired. When he joined his retinue he said to Count Colleredo, "I thank God for this day's favour. He hath guided me to discover a virtuous man in obscurity."

SINGULAR DETECTION.

At Delft, a servant girl was accused of being accessory to the robbery of her master's house, on a Sunday when the family were gone to church. She was condemned on circumstantial evidence, and suffered the severe punishment allotted by the laws of Holland to servants who rob their masters. Her conduct whilst confined, was so exemplary, and her character had stood so fair previous to the imputed offence, that her master not only interceded to shorten her imprisonment, but received her again into his service.

Some time had elapsed after her release, when a circumstance occurred which led to the detection of the real criminal, and consequently to the complete vindication of her innocence.

It happened as she was passing through the butcher's market at Delft, that one of them, tapping her on the shoulder, whispered in her ear some words of very remarkable import. She instantly recollected having used these very words on the fatal Sunday of the robbery for which she had suffered, while she was surveying herself in a glass in her dressing-room, and when as she supposed no one was near. With a palpitating heart she hastened to her master, and told him what had occurred. He was a magistrate, and

immediately instituted an inquiry into the circumstances of the suspected person, from which it appeared that he had suddenly got up in the world subsequent to the robbery, nobody could tell how. This circumstance was deemed sufficient to justify a search being made, and the measures of the police were so arranged, that it was made at one and the same time in his own house, and that of his nearest kindred. The result was, that various articles which had been stolen from the magistrate's house, at the time the maid servant had been accused, were found and taken away.

It seems that the robber had concealed himself in the turf-room, or garret where the turf was stowed away, adjoining which was the servant's chamber; and whilst the poor girl was dressing, the villain overheard the words which led to his detection, effected the robbery, and got off unperceived.

He was broken alive upon the rack, and the city gave a handsome portion to the sufferer, by way of compensation for the wrong she had suffered.

RIGHTS OF HOSPITALITY.

“ I HAVE been assured,” says Chenier, in his ‘ Present State of Morocco,’ “ that a Brebe who went to hunt the lion, having proceeded far into a forest, happened to meet with two lion's whelps that came to caress him : the hunter stopped with the little animals, and waiting for the coming of the sire or the dam, took out his breakfast, and gave them a part. The lioness arrived unperceived by the huntsman, so that he had not time, or perhaps wanted the courage, to take to his gun. After having for some time looked

at the man who was thus feasting her young, the lioness went away, and soon after returned, bearing with her a sheep, which she came and laid at the huntsman's feet.

“ The Brebe thus become one of the family, took this occasion of making a good meal, skinned the sheep, made a fire and roasted a part, giving the entrails to the young. The lion in his turn came also; and, as if respecting the rights of hospitality, showed no tokens whatever of ferocity. Their guest the next day having finished his provisions returned, and came to a resolution never more to kill any of those animals, the noble generosity of which he had so fully proved. He stroked and caressed the whelps at taking leave of them, and the dam and sire accompanied him till he was safely out of the forest.”

EMPEROR FRANCIS II.

ONE arm of the Danube separates the city of Vienna from a large suburb, called Leopold-stadt. A thaw inundated this suburb, and the ice carried away the bridge of communication with the capital. The population of Leopold-stadt began to be in the greatest distress for want of provisions. A number of boats were collected and loaded with bread; but no one felt hardy enough to risk the passage, which was rendered extremely dangerous by large bodies of ice. Francis the Second, who was then emperor, stood at the water's edge; he begged, exhorted, threatened, and promised the highest recompenses, but all in vain; whilst on the other shore, his subjects famishing with hunger, stretched forth their hands and supplicated relief.

The monarch's sensibility at length got the better of his prudence ; he leaped singly into a boat loaded with bread, and applied himself to the oars, exclaiming, "Never shall it be said that I made no effort to save those who would risk their all for me." The example of the sovereign, sudden as electricity, inflamed the spectators, who threw themselves in crowds into the boats. They encountered the sea successfully, and gained the suburb, just when their intrepid monarch, with the tear of pity in his eye, held out the bread he had conveyed across at the risk of his life.

CONFLICT OF AFFECTION AND DUTY.

A GROCER of the city of Smyrna had a son, who with the help of the little learning the country could afford, rose to the post of Naib, or deputy of the Cadi ; and as such visited the markets, and inspected the weights and measures of all retail dealers. One day as this officer was going his rounds, the neighbours, who knew enough of his father's character to suspect that he might stand in need of the caution, advised him to remove his weights ; but the old cheat, trusting to his relationship to the inspector, laughed at their advice. The Naib, on coming to his shop, coolly said to him, " Good man fetch out your weights that we may examine them." Instead of obeying, the grocer endeavoured to evade the order with a laugh ; but was soon convinced that his son was serious, by his ordering the officers to search his shop. The instruments of his fraud were soon discovered ; and after an impartial examination, openly condemned and broken to pieces. He was also sentenced to a fine of fifty piastres, and to

receive a bastinado of as many blows on the soles of his feet.

After this had been effected on the spot, the Naib leaping from his horse, threw himself at the feet of his father, and watering them with his tears, thus addressed him: "Father, I have discharged my duty to my God, my sovereign, and my country, as well as to the station I hold; permit me now, by my respect and submission, to acquit the debt I owe a parent. Justice is blind; it is the power of God on earth; it has no regard to the ties of kindred. God and our neighbour's rights are above the ties of nature; you had offended against the laws of justice; you deserved this punishment, but I am sorry it was your fate to receive it from me. My conscience would not suffer me to act otherwise. Behave better for the future; and instead of censuring me, pity my being reduced to so cruel a necessity."

So extraordinary an act of justice gained him the acclamations and praise of the whole city; and a report of it being made to the Sublime Porte, the Sultan advanced the Naib to the post of Cadi, and he soon after rose to the dignity of Mufti.

MORE FAITHFUL THAN FAVOURED.

SIR HARRY LEE of Dichley, in Oxfordshire, ancestor of the Earls of Lichfield, had a mastiff which guarded the house and yard, but had never met with the least particular attention from his master, and was retained from his utility alone, and not from any particular regard. One night, as his master was retiring to his chamber, attended by his *faithful* valet, an Italian, the

mastiff silently followed him up stairs, which he had never been known to do before, and, to his master's astonishment, presented himself in his bed-room. Being deemed an intruder, he was instantly ordered to be turned out; which being done, the poor animal began scratching violently at the door, and howling loudly for admission. The servant was sent to drive him away. Discouragement could not check his intended labour of love, or rather, providential impulse; he returned again, and was more importunate than before to be let in. Sir Harry, weary of opposition, bade the servant to open the door, that they might see what he wanted to do. This done, the mastiff with a wag of his tail, and look of affection at his lord, deliberately walked up, and crawling under the bed, laid himself down as if desirous to take up his night's lodging there. To save farther trouble, but not from any partiality for his company, the indulgence was allowed. About the solemn hour of midnight the chamber door opened, and a person was heard stepping across the room; Sir Harry started from his sleep; the dog sprung from his covert, and seizing the unwelcome disturber, fixed him to the spot! All was dark; and Sir Harry rang his bell in great trepidation, in order to procure a light. The person who was pinned to the floor by the courageous mastiff, roared for assistance. It was found to be the valet, who little expected such a reception. He endeavoured to apologize for his intrusion, and to make the reasons which induced him to take this step appear plausible; but the importunity of the dog, the time, the place, the manner of the valet, all raised suspicions in Sir Harry's mind; and he determined to refer the investigation of the business to a magistrate. The perfidious Italian, alter-

nately terrified by the dread of punishment, and soothed with the hopes of pardon, at length confessed that it was his intention to murder his master, and then rob the house. This diabolical design was frustrated only by the instinctive attachment of the dog to his master, which seemed to have been directed on this occasion by the interference of Divine Providence. A full length picture of Sir Harry, with the mastiff by his side, and the words, "More faithful than favoured," are still to be seen at the family seat at Dichley, and are a lasting monument of the gratitude of the master, the ingratitude of the servant, and the fidelity of the dog.

RICHARD REYNOLDS.

THE late Richard Reynolds, one of the most beneficent private individuals that ever lived, was a member of the Society of Friends, and resided in Colebrookdale. He was largely concerned in the iron works there established, and amassed a princely fortune by his industry and perseverance. As he was thus blessed by Divine Providence in his worldly estate, he looked upon himself from that moment as merely the steward of his Master. He made it the business of his life, to search out and to relieve objects of charity; and was not satisfied in his own conscience, unless the whole of his income, after having deducted the very moderate expenses of his family, was expended in this way. After devoting his fortune to the service of benevolence, he still thought that his round of duty was incomplete; he devoted his time likewise; he deprived himself of slumber to watch beside the bed of sickness and pain, and to administer consolation to the heart bruised

by affliction. Thus, until his hand grew cold, it was constantly employed in distributing benevolence, or in wiping the tears from the eyes of anguish and of sorrow. Let us descend to particular instances of his benevolence. On one occasion, he gave five hundred guineas to one charitable purpose, and afterwards one thousand to another. This was repeated several times; so that in one year he gave twenty thousand pounds in charity. Not content with this, he purchased two estates in Monmouthshire, which he settled on trustees for the benefit of certain charities in that city. When a subscription was open for the relief of the distresses in Germany, he enclosed a bank bill to the committee appointed for that purpose, for five hundred pounds. On another occasion, he addressed a letter to some of his friends in London, desiring them to search out proper objects of charity, and to draw on him for what sum they thought proper. They accordingly did, by two drafts, draw for the sum of twenty thousand pounds. Having gone thus far, it becomes necessary now to point out the particular character of this benevolence. These large donations were generally enclosed in blank envelopes to the persons to whom they were addressed, bearing the modest name of "*A Friend*," so anxious was he to conceal the hand that distributed so much munificence. In one of the above enumerated instances, when the subscription paper was presented, he subscribed a moderate sum, to which he affixed his name; it was in a blank envelope that the bill for five hundred pounds was transmitted. He wrote on one occasion to a friend in London, requesting to know what objects of charity remained, and stating *that he had not spent the whole of his income*. His friend informed him of the distresses of a number

of persons confined in prison for small debts; he cleared the whole of their debts; and swept this miserable mansion of all its wretched tenants. But it may be thought, that although he endeavoured to veil such munificence from the eyes of man, he deemed that he was arrogating to himself merit in the eyes of heaven. Let facts speak for themselves. When a lady applied to him for charity in behalf of an orphan, and he had liberally contributed, "When he is old enough," exclaimed this lady, "I will teach him to name and to thank his benefactor." "Stop," replied this good man, "thou art mistaken; we do not thank the clouds for rain; teach him to look higher, and to thank him who giveth both the clouds and the rain. My talent," said he, "is the meanest of all talents, a little sordid dust; but the man in the parable who had but one talent, was accountable; for the talent that I possess, I am accountable to the *great Lord of all*." His charitable distributions amounted to two hundred thousand pounds. That his benevolence was confined to no sect or party, will be evident from the following affecting testimony of respect to his memory:

"At a general meeting of the inhabitants of Bristol, held in the Guildhall of that city, on Wednesday, the 2d of October, instant, the right worshipful the Mayor in the chair.

"*It was unanimously resolved*—That in consequence of the severe loss which society has sustained by the death of the venerable *Richard Reynolds*, and in order to perpetuate, as far as may be, the great and important benefits he has conferred upon the city of Bristol and its vicinity, and to excite others to imi-

tate the example of the departed philanthropist, an association be formed under the designation of

“ *Reynolds' Commemoration Society.*”

“ That the members of the society do consist of life subscribers of ten guineas or upwards, and annual subscribers of one guinea or upwards; and that the object of this society be, to grant relief to persons in necessitous circumstances, and also occasional assistance to other benevolent institutions in or near the city, to enable them to continue or increase their usefulness, and that special regard be had to the *Samaritan Society*, of which Richard Reynolds was the founder.

“ That the cases to be assisted and relieved, be entirely in the discretion of the committee; but it is recommended to them, not to grant any relief or assistance without a careful investigation of the circumstances of each case; and that in imitation of the example of the individual whom this society is designed to commemorate, it be considered as a sacred duty of the committee, to the latest period of its existence, to be wholly uninfluenced in the distribution of its funds, by any considerations of sect or party.”

Thus lived, and thus died, in the most emphatic sense of the term, a good man; he was alarmed at the detection of his own benevolence, and blushed when he was rewarded by the approbation of his fellow men; he shrunk from the spectacle of his own glory, satisfied that the presence of the Deity was to be found, not in the “whirlwind of popular applause,” but “in the small still voice of his own conscience.”

MARINERS IN DISTRESS.

A VESSEL bound to Greenock, was in a severe gale blown among the western isles, and was so long detained there, as to be entirely run out of provisions. In this dilemma it became necessary for some of the crew to go ashore for a supply; but as there were only English sailors on board, none of them would go from fear of being plundered, an occurrence which too often happens when ships run ashore in distress in some places on the western coasts of our islands. They therefore cast lots among the whole of the people on board, both passengers and sailors; and one of the lots fell on a man of fortune who had been in the West Indies. He accordingly, along with some others, took the boat, and venturing to land, proceeded to a small cottage, where he found a poor woman, who, for want of chairs, was sitting on the side of a bed, spinning at her wheel. He immediately informed her of the situation of the ship's crew, when, instead of showing any reluctance, she with the greatest alacrity offered them some potatoes, and what else was in the house for their relief. She had a pot of potatoes boiling on the fire, which she put upon a plate, and presented to the gentleman, who partook of them with the greatest relish. They observed abundance of game on the island, and went immediately to the proprietor, requesting permission to shoot for the supply of the crew. The gentleman in question received them with the greatest kindness and hospitality, and gave them liberty to kill as much game as they chose, and sent an invitation to all the passengers to dine with him. They received a very sumptuous entertainment; and

the gentleman from the West Indies found, in the course of conversation, that their landlord was proprietor of some estates there, with which he was well acquainted. Thus, in place of the barbarity and plunder which they had been afraid of, they met with the most polite attention, and left Jura with the liveliest impression of gratitude, for the generosity and kindness with which they had been treated.

THE PRINCE REGENT.

A CAPTAIN FUNICANE, of the Gloucestershire militia, died at Brighton in the Autumn of 1800. The troops stationed there attended his funeral, and nothing could be more mournfully impressive than the procession to his grave. The chief mourner walked with a charming boy in each hand, the one seven, the other eight years old, sons of the deceased. Fortunately for these infants, and the disconsolate mother, the Prince of Wales happened to be a spectator of the touching scene. His highness felt like a *man* for their bereavement, and like a *prince* he endeavoured to assuage its bitterness by adopting the boys as his own.

DROPPING IN.

AN ICE TALE.

“Skate—a flat fish.”—Johnson’s Dictionary.

I WAS once, and only once, tempted to try my hand, or rather my feet, at skating, and then I got in for it: but I shall ever give myself credit for undergoing my

going under like a hero; for, considering the extreme frigidity of the water, I do not think I can be accused of boasting when I say I took it extremely cool.

The frost on the year of my coming out and going in as a skater, was rather late in its vacation; that is to say, the little boys were returning to school just as it was *breaking up*. It was towards the end of the season that I ventured *forth*, or, more properly speaking, *first* upon the ice. The snow was resolving itself into its *parent* state, insomuch as it was becoming *pappy*, but the *hoar-frost* was doubtlessly the *hoar-thaw* (author) of it all.

The day was remarkably fine, and had attracted a great concourse of people to the Park; the *women* assembled were very *men-y*; *skates* were extremely plentiful, but *flounders* were even more so; every figuranté complained of there being no *drawing-room*, and numbers had a *second or third floor*.

Although a beginner, after a few tumbles, (all of which, by-the-bye, were attributable to the flaws on the ice) I got to understand my skates, or, in other words, I got my skates to understand me, and, when once I got up to them, I found I very seldom got down.

However, in the midst of all my success there was one difficulty to me insurmountable—I could never stop myself. The skates, from a brotherly fish-feeling, as it were, seemed determined not to go upon the *heels*; and if ever I attempted to overcome that, I was sure to come over. If I tried a pirouette, they appeared decidedly to think one good turn deserved another—or rather one would have imagined them infected with the *revolution* mania of the times;—in fact, whenever I attempted a whirl " " was sure to be " *World without end.*"

I was well aware, that to put a stop to my goings on was of the utmost importance. Accordingly I commenced practising, but, alas! the sight of a particular member of the *soft* sex, who for me, be it known, felt a little *hardour*, drew me from my labours.

I was naturally desirous of proving to her the progress I had made, and could make, on my skates, and determined to perform grace before *meating*. Accordingly, striking out with all my elegance, I was proceeding most delightfully along the ice, my eyes actively superintending my legs, and myself becoming more and more pleased with my *feat*, when I was suddenly roused from my self-satisfaction by a most disheartening hiss; I raised my eyes to see from what indiscriminating object it could proceed; when, to my horror, I discovered it came from a number of swans, towards whose *quarters*, or rather *wholes*, I was rapidly advancing.

To stop myself I knew was impossible. Each skate seemed to be eager to enter its own element. Into it I was aware I must go; and, apparently, as calmly as if it were a matter of choice—so I did; and, consequently, my plunge was accompanied with a burst of laughter. All sympathy for my situation was exceedingly scarce, for it was not until I had given two *bobs* that I was offered the least assistance. It was then a philanthropic individual tried to save me from drowning by a rope, but it was certainly not his *line*. I gave another bob; and, upon making what must have been my last appearance, the first thing that *caught* my eye was a thing with a *hook*; in which horrid situation I was dragged ashore, taken to the Receiving House, where, in about *three* or *four* hours, I was brought *to*.

PRINCE HENRY AND CHIEF JUSTICE GASCOIGNE.

A FAVOURITE servant of King Henry V., when Prince of Wales, was indicted for a misdemeanor; and notwithstanding the interest he exerted in his behalf, was convicted and condemned. The prince was so incensed at the issue of the trial, that forgetting his own dignity and the respect due to the administration of justice, he rushed into court, and commanded that his servant should be unfettered and set at liberty. The Chief Justice, Sir William Gascoigne, mildly reminded the Prince of the reverence which was due to the ancient laws of the kingdom; and advised him, if he had any hope of exempting the culprit from the rigour of his sentence, to apply for the gracious pardon of the king, his father, a course of proceeding which would be no derogation to either law or justice. The prince, far from being appeased by this discreet answer, hastily turned toward the prisoner, and was attempting to take him by force out of the hands of the officers, when the chief justice, roused by so flagrant a contempt of authority, commanded the prince on his allegiance instantly to leave the prisoner and quit the court. Henry, all in a fury, stepped up to the judgment seat, with the intention, as every one thought, of doing some personal injury to the chief justice; but he quickly stopped short, awed by the majestic sternness which frowned from the brow of the judge as he thus addressed him: "Sir, remember yourself. I keep here the place of the king, your sovereign lord and father, to whom you owe double allegiance. In his name, therefore, I charge you to desist from your dis-

obedience and unlawful enterprise, and henceforth give a better example to those who shall hereafter be your own subjects. And now, for the contempt and disobedience you have shown, I commit you to the prison of the King's Bench, there to remain until the pleasure of the king your father be known."

Henry, by this time, sensible of the insult he had offered to the laws of his country, suffered himself to be quietly conducted to jail by the officers of justice. His father, Henry IV., was no sooner informed of this transaction, than he exclaimed in a transport of joy, "Happy is the king who has a magistrate possessed of courage to execute the laws; and still more happy in having a son who will submit to the punishment inflicted for offending them."

THE DOG OF MONTARGIS.

THE fame of an English dog has been deservedly transmitted to posterity by a monument in basso relievo, which still remains on the chimney-piece of the grand hall at the Castle of Montargis in France. The sculpture, which represents a dog fighting with a champion, is explained by the following narrative.

Aubri de Mondidier, a gentleman of family and fortune, travelling alone through the forest of Bondi, was murdered and buried under a tree. His dog, an English bloodhound, would not quit his master's grave for several days, till at length, compelled by hunger, he proceeded to the house of an intimate friend of the unfortunate Aubri, at Paris, and by his melancholy howling, seemed desirous of expressing the loss they had both sustained. He repeated his cries, ran to the

door, looked back to see if any one followed him, returned to his master's friend, pulled him by the sleeve, and with dumb eloquence entreated him to go with him.

The singularity of these actions of the dog, added to the circumstance of his coming there without his master, whose faithful companion he had always been, prompted the company to follow the animal, who conducted them to a tree, where he renewed his howl, scratching the earth with his feet, and significantly entreating them to search that particular spot. Accordingly, on digging, the body of the unhappy Aubri was found.

Some time after, the dog accidentally met the assassin, who is styled, by all the historians that relate this fact, the Chevalier Macaire, when instantly seizing him by the throat, he was with great difficulty compelled to quit his prey.

In short, whenever the dog saw the chevalier, he continued to pursue and attack him with equal fury. Such obstinate virulence in the animal, confined only to Macaire, appeared very extraordinary; especially to those who at once recollected the dog's remarkable attachment to his master, and several instances in which Macaire's envy and hatred to Aubri de Mondidier, had been conspicuous.

Additional circumstances created suspicion; and at length the affair reached the royal ear. The king (Louis VIII.) accordingly sent for the dog, who appeared extremely gentle, till he perceived Macaire in the midst of several noblemen, when he ran fiercely towards him, growling and attacking him as usual.

The king, struck with such a collection of circumstantial evidence against Macaire, determined to refer

the decision to the chance of battle; in other words, he gave orders for a combat between the chevalier and the dog. The lists were appointed in the Isle of Notre Dame, then an unenclosed, uninhabited place, and Macaire was allowed for his weapon a great cudgel.

An empty cask was given to the dog as a place of retreat, to enable him to recover breath. Every thing being prepared, the dog no sooner found himself at liberty, than he ran round his adversary, avoiding his blows, and menacing him on every side, till his strength was exhausted; then springing forward, he griped him by the throat, threw him on the ground, and obliged him to confess his guilt, in the presence of the king and the whole court. In consequence of this, the chevalier, after a few days, was convicted upon his own acknowledgment, and beheaded on a scaffold in the Isle of Notre Dame.

The above recital is translated from a French work of merit, and is cited by many critical writers, particularly Julius Scaliger, and Montfaucon, who has given an engraved representation of the combat between the dog and the chevalier.

JOHN, DUKE OF BEDFORD.

IN one of the morning excursions of John, Duke of Bedford; about the year 1765, he observed a woman at a short distance from him wringing her hands, weeping aloud, and discovering every mark of the deepest distress. Moved with sympathy, he immediately approached her, desired her to dry up her tears, and tell him the cause of her sorrow; promising at the same

time to do her all the service in his power. Seeing a man in a plain genteel dress, looking at her with an air of benignity, and interesting himself in her sufferings, and being entirely ignorant of his rank, she communicated her story to him without reserve. "I have," said she, "a large family; my husband is sick, and being unable to pay our rent, the Duke of Bedford's steward has seized our stock, and left us nothing but the dismal prospect of unavoidable ruin; and I came out to this field, to take my last sad sight of my poor cows, which are still feeding in the park there." Deeply affected with her melancholy tale, he advised her to drive the cows home, and offered to set open the gate for her for that purpose. At this proposal she started, burst again into tears, and absolutely refused to meddle with them. "They are no longer my husband's," said she, "and if I drive them home, I shall be looked upon as a thief; and for any thing I know, I may be hanged for it!" Forcibly struck with the justice of her reasoning, and the honest simplicity of her language, he gave her some money, told her that he heartily pitied her, and would take the liberty to recommend her and her family to the Duke of Bedford, whom he knew to be a good natured sort of man, and he hoped he would do something valuable for her. Accordingly, he desired her to call next day at Woburn Abbey, and ask for John Russel, and he would introduce her to the duke, and speak to him in her behalf. The good woman having returned him many thanks, and promising to meet him at the time and place appointed, they parted.

Next day, dressed in her best clothes, the poor woman went to the Abbey, and asked for John Russel; she was shown into a room, and told that Mr. Russel

would be with her immediately. She had not waited long, when several gentlemen richly dressed, entered the room. She knew at first sight the features of him who had conversed with her the day before: and strongly impressed with the idea of his being the duke himself, she was ready to faint with surprise; but his Grace walked up to her with a look of condescension and goodness, which reanimated her drooping spirits, while he assured her that she had no cause to be afflicted, but might keep herself perfectly easy. He then called his steward, ordered him to write her a receipt in full, and to see every thing returned that had been taken from her husband. His Grace then put the receipt into her hand, and told her that he had inquired into her husband's character, and found that he was a very honest man, and had long been his tenant; and giving her thirty guineas, he desired her to go home and rejoice with her family.

FRIENDLY NEIGHBOURS.

IN the parish of Kirkmichael, in Scotland, when any one of the poor people is reduced to distress, or meets with losses or misfortunes of any kind, a friend is sent to as many of the neighbours as is thought necessary, to invite them to what they call *a drinking*. This drinking consists of a little small beer, with a bit of bread and cheese, previously provided by the needy persons or their friends. The guests convene at the time appointed, and after collecting a shilling a-piece, and sometimes more, they divert themselves with music and dancing, and then go home. Such as cannot attend, usually send their contribution by some

neighbour. These meetings sometimes produce five, six, or seven pounds to the needy person or family.

COLONEL HILL.

IN the summer of 1819, the yellow fever committed dreadful havoc among the British troops in Jamaica, particularly among some regiments recently arrived. The contagion, like that at Malta, was so virulent, that nobody could attend on the sick without becoming infected by it; and great numbers fell victims solely to their humanity, in administering to the wants of their afflicted comrades. The soldiers at length appalled at the inevitable destiny which awaited every man who entered the hospital as an assistant, refused in a body to supply the service of the sick any longer. Their officers represented to them in moving terms the claims which every soldier in affliction has on his brothers in arms. After a short pause, four privates of the grenadiers stepped forward, and offered their services. Two of these in a short time fell under the pestilence, and the other two instantly withdrew their assistance. In this hopeless state of things, Colonel Hill of the 50th regiment, heroically exclaimed, "Then, my men, we must change our coats; since I cannot find a man in my regiment to attend a sick soldier, I must do it myself." Many days had not elapsed, ere this noble-minded officer was himself attacked with the malady, and added one more to the number of its victims. Colonel Hill was the oldest officer in the corps, and had served for forty-seven years.



THE STAFF AT HEAD QUARTERS.

POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

DR. FORDYCE, in his Dialogues on Education, relates the following striking incident, which he says occurred in a neighbouring state. A jeweller, a man of good character and considerable wealth, having occasion to leave home on business at some distance, took with him a servant. He had with him some of his best jewels and a large sum of money. This was known to the servant, who, urged by cupidity, murdered his master on the road, rifled him of his jewels and money, and suspending a large stone round his neck, threw him into the nearest canal.

With the booty he had thus gained the servant set off to a distant part of the country, where he had reason to believe that neither he nor his master were known. There he began to trade; at first in a very humble way, that his obscurity might screen him from observation; and in the course of many years seemed to rise by the natural progress of business into wealth and consideration; so that his good fortune appeared at once the effect and reward of industry and virtue. Of these he counterfeited the appearance so well, that he grew into great credit, married into a good family, and was admitted into a share of the government of the town. He rose from one post to another, till at length he was chosen chief magistrate. In this office he maintained a fair character, and continued to fill it with no small applause, both as governor and a judge; until one day as he presided on the bench with some of his brethren, a criminal was brought before him, who was accused of murdering his master. The evidence came out fully; the jury brought in their verdict

that the prisoner was guilty, and the whole assembly waited the sentence of the president of the court with great suspense.

The president appeared to be in unusual disorder and agitation of mind; his colour changed often; at length he arose from his seat, and descending from the bench, placed himself close to the unfortunate man at the bar, to the no small astonishment of all present. "You see before you," said he, addressing himself to those who had sat on the bench with him, "a striking instance of the just awards of heaven, which, this day, after thirty years concealment, presents to you a greater criminal than the man just now found guilty." He then made a full confession of his guilt, and of all its aggravations. "Nor can I feel," continued he, "any relief from the agonies of an awakened conscience, but by requiring that justice be forthwith done against me in the most public and solemn manner."

We may easily suppose the amazement of all the assembly, and especially of his fellow judges. However, they proceeded upon his confession to pass sentence upon him, and he died with all the symptoms of a penitent mind.

THE BROKEN HEART.

A FEW days before the fall of Robespierre, a revolutionary tribunal in one of the departments of the North of France, condemned to death M. des R——, an ancient magistrate, and a most estimable man, as guilty of a conspiracy. M. des R. had a water spaniel, ten or twelve years old, of the small breed, which had

been brought up by him, and had never quitted him. Des R. saw his family dispersed by a system of terror: some had taken flight; others were arrested and carried into distant jails; his domestics were dismissed; his friends had either abandoned him, or concealed themselves; he was himself in prison, and every thing in the world was silent to him, except his dog. This faithful animal had been refused admittance into the prison. He had returned to his master's house, and found it shut; he took refuge with a neighbour who received him; but that posterity may judge rightly of the times in which we have existed, it must be added, that this man received him with trembling, and in secret, dreading lest his humanity for an animal should conduct him to the scaffold. Every day at the same hour, the dog left the house, and went to the door of the prison. He was refused admittance, but he constantly passed an hour before it, and then returned. His fidelity at length won upon the porter, and he was one day allowed to enter. The dog saw his master, and clung to him. It was difficult to separate them, but the jailer forced him away, and the dog returned to his retreat. He came back the next morning, and every day; once each day he was admitted. He licked the hand of his friend, looked him in the face, again licked his hand, and went away of himself.

When the day of sentence arrived, notwithstanding the crowd, notwithstanding the guard, the dog penetrated into the hall, and crouched himself between the legs of the unhappy man, whom he was about to lose for ever. The judges condemned him; he was reconducted to the prison, and the dog for that time did not quit the door. The fatal hour arrives; the prison

opens ; the unfortunate man passes out ; it is his dog that receives him at the threshold. He clings upon his hand, that hand which so soon must cease to pat his caressing head. He follows him ; the axe falls ; the master dies ; but the tenderness of the dog cannot cease. The body is carried away ; the dog walks at its side ; the earth receives it ; he lays himself upon the grave.

There he passed the first night, the next day, and the second night. The neighbour in the mean time unhappy at not seeing him, risks himself in searching for the dog ; guesses, from the extent of his fidelity, the asylum he had chosen ; finds him, caresses him, and makes him eat. An hour afterwards the dog escaped, and regained his favourite place. Three months passed away, each morning of which he came to seek his food, and then returned to the grave of his master ; but each day he was more sad, more meager, more languishing, and it was evident that he was gradually reaching his end. An endeavour was made, by chaining him up, to wean him, but nature will triumph. He broke his fetters ; escaped ; returned to the grave, and never quitted it more. It was in vain that they tried to bring him back. They carried him food, but he ate no longer. For four and twenty hours he was seen employing his weakened limbs in digging up the earth that separated him from the remains of the being he had so much loved. Passion gave him strength, and he gradually approached the body ; his labours of affection vehemently increased ; his efforts became convulsive ; he shrieked in his struggles ; his faithful heart gave way, and he breathed out his last gasp, as if he knew that he had found his master.

GENEROUS REVENGE.

A YOUNG man, desirous of getting rid of his dog, took it along with him to the Seine. He hired a boat, and rowing into the stream, threw the animal in. The poor creature attempted to climb up the side of the boat, but his master, whose intention was to drown him, constantly pushed him back with the oar. In doing this, he fell himself into the water, and would certainly have been drowned, had not the dog, as soon as he saw his master struggling in the stream, suffered the boat to float away, and held him above water till assistance arrived, and his life was saved.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER OF RUSSIA.

A YOUNG woman of German extraction, waited once for the Emperor Alexander on the stair-case by which he was accustomed to go down to the Parade. When the emperor appeared, she said, "Please your majesty, I have something to say to you."—"What is it?" demanded the monarch, and remained standing with all his attendants. "I wish to be married, but I have no fortune; if you would graciously give me a dowry"—"Ah, my girl," replied the emperor, "were I to give dowries to all the young women in Petersburg, where do you think I should find the money?" The girl, however, by his order, received a present of fifty roubles.

On another occasion, at the very moment when the emperor was giving the word of command, and the guard on the parade was just on the point of paying

him the usual military honours, a fellow approached him in ragged garments, with his hair in disorder, and a look of wildness, and gave him a slap on the shoulder. The monarch, who was standing at the time with his face to the military front, turned round instantly, and beholding the wretched object before him, started back at the sight; and then inquired with a look of astonishment what he wanted? "I have something to say to you, Alexander Paulowitz," said the stranger, in the Russian language. "Say on then," said the emperor, with a smile of encouragement, clapping him on the shoulder. A long, solemn pause followed; the military guard stood still; and none ventured, either by word or motion, to disturb the emperor in this singular interview. The Grand Duke Constantine alone, whose attention had been excited by this unusual stoppage, advanced somewhat nearer to his brother. The stranger then related that he had been a captain in the Russian service, and had been present at the campaigns, both in Italy and Switzerland; but that he had been persecuted by his commanding officer, and so misrepresented to Suwarrow, that the latter had turned him out of the army. Without money and without friends, in a foreign country, he had afterwards served as a private soldier in the Russian army; and being severely wounded at Zurich, (and here he pulled his rags asunder, and showed several gun shot wounds) he had closed his campaign in a French prison. He had now begged all the way to Petersburgh, to apply to the emperor himself for justice, and to entreat an inquiry into the reason why he had been degraded from his rank in the army. The emperor listened with great patience, and then asked in a significant tone, "If there was no exaggera-

tion in the story he had told?"—"Let me die under the knout," said the officer, "if I shall be found to have uttered one word of falsehood." The emperor then beckoned to his brother, and charged him to conduct the stranger to the palace, while he turned round to the expecting crowd. The commanding officer who had behaved so harshly, though of a good family, and a prince in rank, was very severely reprimanded; while the brave warrior, whom he had unjustly persecuted, was reinstated in his former post; and besides had a considerable present from the emperor.

The city of Liebau, before it was incorporated with Russia, was in the receipt of an annual revenue of eleven thousand crowns, for maintaining the schools and churches, and generally for the benefit of the community. On the union of Courland to the empire, Liebau ceased to receive the accustomed grant, and for six years was much distressed in consequence. The Emperor Alexander, on learning the circumstance, not only restored the revenue for the future, but paid them the arrears of seventy thousand crowns.

HONESTY REWARDED.

THE curate of a country village in Derbyshire, who supported himself, a wife, and seven children, on a small stipend of forty pounds a-year, once found a purse of gold at a time when he was much distressed. His wife, who looked upon his good fortune as a gift of Providence, solicited him to consider it as his own property, and appropriate some portion of it to the relief of their more pressing wants. He refused; and after many inquiries, at length he discovered the

owner of the purse, to whom he restored it; but the gentleman gave him no other reward than thanks, and inquired his name and place of residence.

Some months elapsed, when the curate received an invitation to dine with the gentleman; who after he had entertained him with friendly hospitality, gave him the presentation to a living of three hundred pounds a year, with a present of fifty pounds for his immediate necessities.

POOR MAN'S MITE.

THE fire at Ratcliffe, in July, 1794, was more destructive, and consumed more houses, than any conflagration since the memorable fire of London in 1666. Out of one thousand two hundred houses where the fire raged, not more than five hundred and seventy were preserved. The distress of the miserable inhabitants was beyond description, not less than one thousand four hundred persons being thrown on the public benevolence; nor was it slow in their support. Government immediately sent one hundred and fifty tents for the wretched sufferers. The city subscribed 1000*l.* for their relief, and Lloyd's 700*l.* The East India Company also gave 210*l.* But more remarkable traits of that universal charity which is almost peculiar to this country, were exhibited on the Sunday immediately after the fire. On that day the collection from the visitants who crowded to see the encampment amounted to upwards of *eight hundred pounds*, of which 426*l.* was in copper, including thirty-eight pounds, fourteen shillings, in FARTHING! Each a poor man's mite!

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A MAN was tried for and convicted of the murder of his own father. The evidence against him was merely circumstantial, and the principal witness was his sister. She proved that her father possessed a small income, which with his industry enabled him to live with comfort; that her brother, who was his heir at law, had often expressed a great desire to come into possession of his father's effects; and that he had long behaved in a very undutiful manner to him, wishing, as the witness believed, to put a period to his existence by uneasiness and vexation; that on the evening the murder was committed, the deceased went a small distance from the house to milk a cow he had for some time kept, and that the witness also went out to spend the evening and to sleep, leaving only her brother in the house; that returning home early in the morning, and finding that her father and brother were both absent, she was much alarmed, and sent for some of the neighbours to consult with them, and to receive advice what should be done; that in company with these neighbours she went to the hovel in which her father was accustomed to milk the cow, where they found him murdered in a most inhuman manner; that a suspicion immediately falling on her brother, and there being then some snow upon the ground, in which the footsteps of a human being, to and from the hovel, were observed, it was agreed to take one of her brother's shoes, and to measure therewith the impressions in the snow; this was done, and there did not remain a doubt that the impressions were made with his shoes. Thus confirmed in their suspicions, they then imme-

diately went to the prisoner's room, and after diligent search, they found a hammer in a corner of the private drawer, with several spots of blood upon it.

The circumstance of finding the deceased and the hammer, and the identity of the footsteps, as described by the former witness, were fully proved by the neighbours whom she had called; and upon this evidence the prisoner was convicted and suffered death, but denied it to the last.

About four years after, the sister who had been chief witness was extremely ill; and understanding that there were no hopes of her recovery, she confessed that her father and brother having offended her, she was determined they should both die; and accordingly when the former went to milk the cow, she followed him with her brother's hammer, and in his shoes; that she felled her father with the hammer, and laid it where it was afterwards found; that she then went from home to give a better colour to the horrid transaction, and that her brother was perfectly innocent of the crime for which he had suffered.

She was immediately taken into custody, but died before she could be brought to trial.

In the year 1736, Mr. Hayes, a gentleman of fortune, in travelling, stopped at an inn in Oxfordshire, kept by one Jonathan Bradford. He there met with two gentlemen with whom he supped, and in conversation unguardedly mentioned that he had then with him a considerable sum of money. Having retired to rest, the two gentlemen, who slept in a double bedded room, were awakened by deep groans in the adjoining cham-

ber. They instantly arose and proceeded silently to the room whence the groans were heard. The door was half open, and on entering they perceived a person weltering in his blood, in the bed, and a man standing over him with a dark lantern in one hand and a knife in the other. They soon discovered that the gentleman murdered was the one with whom they had supped, and that the man who was standing over him was their host. They instantly seized him, disarmed him of the knife, and charged him with being the murderer. He positively denied the crime, and asserted that he came there with the same intentions as themselves; for that hearing a noise, which was succeeded by groans, he got up, struck a light, and armed himself with a knife in his defence, and was but that minute entered the room before them.

These assertions were of no avail; he was kept in close custody until morning, when he was taken before a neighbouring justice of the peace, to whom the evidence appeared so decisive, that on writing out his mittimus, he hesitated not to say, "Mr. Bradford, either you or myself committed this murder."

At the ensuing assizes at Oxford, Bradford was tried, convicted, and shortly after executed, still, however, declaring that he was not guilty of the murder. This afterwards proved to be true; the murder was actually committed by Mr. Hayes's footman, who immediately on stabbing his master, rifled his pockets, and escaped to his own room, which was scarcely two seconds before Bradford's entering the chamber. The world owes this knowledge to a remorse of conscience of the footman on his death-bed, eighteen months after the murder; and, dying almost immediately after he had made the declaration, justice lost its victim.

It is however remarkable, that Bradford, though innocent, and not at all privy to the murder, was nevertheless a murderer in design. He confessed to the clergyman who attended him after his sentence, that having heard that Mr. Hayes had a large sum of money about him, he went to the chamber with the same diabolical intentions as the servant. He was struck with amazement; he could not believe his senses; and in turning back the bed clothes to assure himself of the fact, he in his agitation dropped his knife on the bleeding body, by which both his hand and the knife became stained, and thus increased the suspicious circumstances in which he was found.

In the year 1742, a gentleman in travelling was stopped by a highwayman in a mask, within about seven miles of Hull, and robbed of a purse containing twenty guineas. The gentleman proceeded about two miles further, and stopped at the Bull Inn, kept by Mr. Brunell. He related the circumstances of the robbery, adding, that as all his gold was marked, he thought it probable that the robber would be detected. After he had supped, his host entered the room, and told him a circumstance had arisen which led him to think that he could point out the robber. He then informed the gentleman that he had a waiter, one John Jennings, whose conduct had long been very suspicious; he had long before dark sent him out to change a guinea for him, and that he had only come back since he (the gentleman) was in the house, saying he could not get change; that Jennings being in liquor, he sent him to bed, resolving to discharge him

in the morning; that at the time he returned him the guinea, he discovered it was not the same he had given him, but was marked, of which he took no further notice until he heard the particulars of the robbery, and that the guineas which the highwayman had taken were all marked. He added, that he had unluckily paid away the marked guinea to a man who lived at some distance.

Mr. Brunell was thanked for his information, and it was resolved to go softly to the room of Jennings, whom they found fast asleep; his pockets were searched, and from one of them was drawn a purse containing exactly nineteen guineas, which the gentleman identified. Jennings was dragged out of bed and charged with the robbery. He denied it most solemnly; but the facts having been deposed to on oath by the gentleman and Mr. Brunell, he was committed for trial.

So strong did the circumstances appear against Jennings, that several of his friends advised him to plead guilty, and throw himself on the mercy of the court. This advice he rejected; he was tried at the ensuing assizes, and the jury without going out of court found him guilty. He was executed at Hull a short time after, but declared his innocence to the very last.

In less than twelve months after this event occurred, Brunell, the master of Jennings, was himself taken up for a robbery committed on a guest in his house, and the fact being proved on his trial, he was convicted and ordered for execution.

The approach of death brought on repentance; and repentance, confession. Brunell not only acknowledged having committed many highway robberies,

but also the very one for which poor Jennings suffered. The account he gave was, that after robbing the gentleman, he arrived at home some time before him. That he found a man at home waiting, to whom he owed a small bill, and not having quite enough of money, he took out of the purse one guinea from the twenty which he had just possessed himself of, to make up the sum, which he paid to the man, who then went away. Soon after the gentleman came to his house, and relating the account of the robbery, and that the guineas were marked, he became thunder-struck! Having paid one of them away, and not daring to apply for it again, as the affair of the robbery and the marked guineas would soon become publicly known, detection, disgrace, and ruin, appeared inevitable. Turning in his mind every way to escape, the thought of accusing and sacrificing poor Jennings at last struck him; and thus to his other crimes he added that of the murder of an innocent man.

MURDER WILL OUT.

MR. MARTIN, receiver of taxes, at Bilguy, in France, having, in the year 1818, been out collecting the taxes, was returning home along the high road, when he was shot through the heart, at one o'clock in the afternoon. He had only one hundred francs about him, of which he was robbed, as well as of his watch and ring. The manner in which the murderer was discovered, was extremely singular. The charge of the gun had been rammed down with a written paper; part of this wadding had been found, and carefully carried away with the body: the writing was still legible. On this piece of paper there were phrases which are used in

glass manufactories, and a date of near fifteen years previous. Upon this single indication the judge went to the owner of the glass manufactory at Bilguy, examined his books, and succeeded in finding an entry relative to the delivery of some glass, of which the paper in question was the invoice. The suspicion immediately fell on the son-in-law of this individual; the latter had been out of the country for ten years. Orders were given to arrest the person suspected. When the officers came to him, he was on his knees praying. In his fright he confessed the deed; and even showed where the watch and ring were concealed, under the thatch of his house.



NAPPING IT.



BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

BEAR AND CHILD.

LEOPOLD, Duke of Lorraine, had a bear called Marco, of the sagacity and sensibility of which we have the following remarkable instance. During the winter of 1709, a Savoyard boy, ready to perish with cold in a barn, in which he had been put by a good woman, with some more of his companions, thought proper to enter Marco's hut, without reflecting on the danger which he ran in exposing himself to the mercy of the animal which occupied it. Marco, however, instead of doing any injury to the child, took him between his paws, and warmed him by pressing him to his breast until the next morning, when he suffered him to depart to ramble about the city. The Savoyard returned in the evening to the hut, and was received with the same affection. For several days he had no other retreat, and it added not a little to his joy, to perceive that the bear regularly reserved part of his food for him. A number of days passed in this manner without the servants knowing any thing of the circumstance. At length, when one of them came one day to bring the bear his supper, rather later than ordinary, he was astonished to see the animal roll his eyes in a furious manner, and seeming as if he wished him to make as little noise as possible, for fear of awaking the child, whom he clasped to his breast. The animal, though ravenous, did not appear the least moved with the food which was placed before him. The report of this extraordinary circumstance was soon spread at court, and reached the ears of Leopold; who, with part of his courtiers, was desirous of being satisfied of the truth of Marco's generosity. Several of them

passed the night near his hut, and beheld with astonishment that the bear never stirred as long as his guest showed an inclination to sleep. At break of day, the child awoke, was very much ashamed to find himself discovered, and fearing that he would be punished for his rashness, begged pardon. The bear however caressed him, and endeavoured to prevail on him to eat what had been brought to him the evening before, which he did at the request of the spectators, who conducted him to the prince. Having learned the whole history of this singular alliance, and the time which it had continued, Leopold ordered care to be taken of the little Savoyard, who would doubtless have soon made his fortune, had he not died a short time after.

NUPTIAL FETE.

ON the marriage of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, they gave an entertainment to the inhabitants of the vicinity of Bagshot, which well deserves to be held in remembrance, for many features of good old English hospitality which it presented. The cloth was laid for a thousand persons, on the lawn near the royal mansion. An excellent dinner loaded the temporary table erected for the occasion, consisting of roast beef and plum pudding, with abundance of fine old ale. After the assemblage had taken their seats, the royal couple walked arm in arm round the table, to view the enjoyment of their neighbours, who with due respect were rising from their seats to pay their grateful homage of respect, when the royal pair condescendingly insisted upon

their not disturbing themselves, as they wished to see them all comfortable and happy. The healths of the royal pair were then drunk with enthusiasm, and fervent wishes expressed, that long life and happiness might attend them. Several bands of music attended; and after dinner the lads and lasses turned out and danced merrily on the lawn. The assemblage consisted of young and old of various degrees. Among the latter was a lady of ninety-eight years of age, who came in a chaise some distance, to pay her respects to the duke and duchess. She appeared highly gratified at having the honour of speaking to them, and their royal highnesses were marked in their attention to their venerable guest. The entertainment was kept up till a late hour.

THE ICELANDERS.

DR. HENDERSON, in his travels in Iceland, frequently experienced the hospitality of the inhabitants, particularly at Holum, where he was treated with the utmost kindness and attention, in the house of a Mr. Jonson. He says, "When the hours of rest approached, I was conducted by my kind host and hostess into a back apartment, where was an ancient but excellent bed, on which I had every reason to conclude more than one of the Holum bishops had reposed. A ceremony now took place, which exhibits in the strongest light the hospitality and innocent simplicity of the Icelandic character. Having wished me a good night's rest, they retired, and left their eldest daughter to assist me in pulling off my pantaloons and stockings, a piece of kindness, however, which I would a thousand times rather have dispensed with, as it was so repugnant to

those feelings of delicacy to which I had been accustomed. In vain I remonstrated against it as unnecessary. The young woman maintained it was the custom of the country, and their duty to help the weary traveller. When I got into bed, she brought a long board, which she placed before me to prevent my falling out; and depositing a basin of new milk on a table close to my head, bade me good night, and retired. Such I afterwards found to be universally the custom in Icelandic houses. When there are no daughters in the family, the service is performed by the landlady herself, who considers it a great honour to have it in her power to show this attention to a stranger.

“Both at meeting and parting, an affectionate kiss on the mouth, without distinction of rank, age, or sex, is the only mode of salutation known in Iceland, except sometimes in the immediate vicinity of the factories, where the common Icelander salutes a foreigner, whom he regards as his superior, by placing his right hand on his mouth or left breast, and then making a deep bow. When you visit a family in Iceland, you must salute them according to their age and rank, beginning with the highest, and descending according to your best judgment to the lowest, not even excepting the servants; but on taking leave, this order is completely reversed; the salutation is first tendered to the servants, then to the children, and last of all to the mistress and master of the family.”

FOUR GREAT MEN.

IN a small private chapel in Bristol, there is a marble tablet, on which there is the following inscription,

to the memory of four of the greatest friends of humanity that perhaps ever lived. It was written by a late worthy individual, John Birtel, on hearing of Lord Nelson's victory off Trafalgar.

“ John Howard,
Jonas Hanway,
John Fothergill,
Richard Reynolds.

“ Not unto us, O Lord ! but unto thy name be the glory.

Beneath an ample, hallowed dome,
The warrior's bones are laid ;
And blazon'd on the stately tomb,
His martial deeds displayed.
Beneath an humble roof we place
This monumental stone,
To names the poor shall ever bless,
And charity shall own.

To soften human wo their care,
To feel its sigh, to aid its prayer ;
Their work on earth, not to destroy ;
And their reward, their Master's joy.”

GEORGE THE THIRD.

AN application was once made to the benevolent compassion of George III. out of the due order, by a person who was reduced, with a large family to extreme distress. It succeeded far beyond his hopes. He was so overpowered by the graciousness and extent of the benefaction, as, upon receiving it, to fall on his

knees, and with a flood of grateful tears, to thank and bless the donor for his goodness. "Rise," said the condescending sovereign; "go and thank God for having disposed my heart to relieve your necessities."

When one of the Sheriffs of London, who had announced the formation of a fund for the relief of the wives and children of prisoners, was at a levee, the king called him aside; and after stating his pleasure at the plan, gave the sheriff a bank note of fifty pounds, desiring that it might be appropriated to the purposes of the fund, but that the name of the donor might not be suffered to transpire.

EDWARD COLSTON.

"He feeds yon alms-house, neat but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans, blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest."

POPE.

THE celebrated Edward Colston, who was a native of Bristol, and died in 1721, devoted his life and fortune to the noblest acts of Christian benevolence. On his monument there is recorded a list of the public charities and benefactions given and founded by him, which amount to 70,695*l.*; but his private donations were not less than his public ones; he sent at one time 3000*l.* to relieve and discharge the debtors in Ludgate, by a private hand; and he yearly freed those confined for small debts in Whitechapel prison and the Marshalsea; he sent 1000*l.* to relieve the poor of Whitechapel; and twice a week had a quantity of beef and broth dressed, to distribute to all the poor around him. If any sailor

suffered, or was cast away in his employment, his family afterwards found a sure asylum in him.

How solicitous he was of doing good, and having his charities answer the design of their institution, appears from a letter of his, dated Mortlake, 8th December, 1711, to Mr. Mason, the master of the Society of Merchants in Bristol, the trustees of his charity. "Your letter was received by me with great satisfaction, because it informs me, that the Merchant's Hall have made choice of so deserving a gentleman for their master, by whom I cannot in the least think there will be any neglect of their affairs; so neither of want of care, in seeing my trust reposed in them religiously performed; because, thereon depends the welfare or ruin of so many boys, who may in time be made useful, as well to your city as to the nation, by their future honest endeavours; the which, that they may be, is what I principally desire and recommend unto you, sir, and the whole society. Edward Colston."

During the scarcity of 1695, Mr. Colston, after relieving the wants of his immediate neighbourhood, sent in a cover to the London Committee, with only these words, "To relieve the wants of the poor in the metropolis," and without any signature, the sum of 20,000*l*. A donation almost past belief, but established on the best authority.

When some friends urged Mr. Colston to marry, he replied, "Every helpless widow is my wife, and her distressed orphans my children." What adds greatly to his character as a charitable man, is, that he performed all these works of beneficence, great and splendid as they are, in his life time; he invested revenues for their support in the hands of trustees; he lived to see the trusts justly executed; and per-

ceived with his own eyes the good effects of all his establishments. That his great fortune might the less embarrass him with worldly cares, he placed it out chiefly in government securities; and the estates he bought to endow his hospitals, were chiefly ground rents. And notwithstanding all these public legacies, he provided amply for all his relations and dependants, leaving more than 100,000*l.* amongst them.

THOMAS GUY.

BEFORE Thomas Guy had founded the hospital to which he gave his name, he had contributed 100*l.* annually to St. Thomas's Hospital, for eleven years; and had erected the stately iron gate with the large houses on each side. Guy was seventy-six years of age when he formed the design of building his own hospital, which he just lived to see roofed in. The expense of erecting this hospital was, 18,793*l.*, and he left 219,499*l.* to endow it; being a much larger sum than had ever been dedicated to charitable uses in England by any one individual.

The beneficence of Guy was not limited to the building and endowing of this hospital; he was a great benefactor to the town of Tamworth in Staffordshire, where his mother was born; and not only contributed towards the relief of private families in distress, but erected an alms-house in that borough for the reception of fourteen poor men and women, to whom he allowed a certain pension during his life; and at his death, he bequeathed the annual sum of 125*l.* towards their future support. To many of his relations he gave, while living, annuities of twenty pounds a year; and to

others, money to advance them in the world. At his death, he left to his poor aged relations the sum of 870*l.* a year during their lives; and to his younger relations and executors he bequeathed 75,589*l.* He also left a perpetual annuity of four hundred pounds to the Governors of Christ's Hospital, for taking in four children annually, at the nomination of the governors; and bequeathed 1000*l.* for discharging poor prisoners in the city of London, and in the counties of Middlesex and Surrey, by which above six hundred poor persons were set at liberty within the bills of mortality.

CRUELTY PUNISHED.

At Abo, in Finland, a dog that had been run over by a carriage, crawled to the door of a tanner in the town; the man's son, a lad of fifteen years of age, first stoned, and then poured a vessel of boiling water on the miserable animal. This act of diabolical cruelty was witnessed by one of the magistrates, who informed his brethren of the fact. They unanimously agreed in condemning the boy to punishment. He was imprisoned till the following market day; then, in the presence of the people, he was conducted to the place of execution by an officer of justice, who read to him his sentence. "Inhuman young man! because you did not assist the animal that implored your aid by its cries, and who derived its being from the same God who gave *you* life; because you added to the torments of the agonizing beast, and murdered it, the council of this city has sentenced you to wear on your breast the name which you deserve, and to receive fifty stripes."

He then hung a black board about his neck with this inscription : " a savage and inhuman young man ! " And after inflicting on him twenty-five stripes, he proceeded : " Inhuman young man ! you have now felt a very small degree of the pain with which you tortured a helpless animal in its hour of death. As you wish for mercy from that God who created all that live, learn humanity for the future." He then executed the remainder of the sentence.

DISAPPOINTED COMPASSION.

In the year 1783, a poor woman in Dungannon, Ireland, went to a house where oatmeal was sold, and offered to pledge an essential article of female dress for some oatmeal for herself and children, of which she had four, one of them at her breast. The shop-keeper was not at home, and his wife refused to let the poor woman have any ; but at night, and when in bed, told her husband of the circumstance, adding, that she feared the family was in a distressed situation. The husband got out of bed instantly, and hastened to the poor woman with a bowl of oatmeal ; but it was too late. The unfortunate woman was dead in her wretched cabin, the infant lying by her side, and the other children crying around her !

NEGRO BEGGAR.

EXTRACT of a letter from a lady in Jamaica, dated June 14, 1765.

" I cannot help relating to you, on account of its

singularity, a circumstance which happened to me not long ago in the midst of my distress, which affected me greatly at the time, nor do I think I shall soon forget it.

“ One morning taking an airing along the piazzas leading from Kingston to the fields, an old negro who was sitting there dressing his sores begged alms of me. I passed by him without taking any notice of him ; but immediately reflecting on the poor fellow’s situation, I turned back and gave him a bit, telling him at the same time, that I had got but a few more remaining to myself.

“ Some days afterwards, having occasion to walk the same way, I again saw the same negro. As I was passing him, he called after me, and begged earnestly to speak to me. Curious to hear what the man had to say, I turned back, when he delivered himself to the following effect. That as soon as I had left him the other day, he concluded from what I had said when I relieved him, that I was myself in distress ; it grieved him much to see a lady in want, nor could he have been happy without seeing me again. He then pulled out a purse, containing, as he said, twenty-eight doubloons, and begged me to take it, telling me that he had collected this by begging, and that he could beg more to make him live ; but that a lady could not beg, but must die for want of yam yam, if she had no money. I thanked the poor fellow for his generosity and told him that I had got more money since I saw him, and that I did not want it. I then asked him how his master suffered him to beg, seeing he was so old ? He told me that now he could work no more, his master had turned him out of doors to beg or starve ; that he had been a slave from his infancy, and that his

sores had been occasioned by constant hard labour. After giving him another bit, and cautioning him not to discover his money to any body, lest he might be robbed of it, I left him."

IMPROBABLE, YET TRUE.

IN the reign of Charles the Second, a French refugee of the name of Du Moulin, was tried for coining, and never perhaps was evidence from circumstances more conclusive of a man's guilt. It was proved beyond all doubt, that he had been often detected in uttering false gold; and that he had even made a practice of returning counterfeit coins to persons from whom he had received money, pretending that they were among the pieces which had been paid him. When the officers of justice went to arrest him and search his premises, they found a great number of counterfeit coins in a drawer by themselves; others packed along with good money in different parcels; some aqua-regia, several files, a pair of moulds, and many other implements for coining.

Du Moulin solemnly denied the charge. The bad money, he said, "which was found in a heap, he had thrown together, because he could not trace the person from whom he had received it; the other parcels of money he had kept separate, in order that he might know to whom to apply, should any of it prove bad; as to the implements of coining, he knew nothing of them, and could not possibly account for their being found where they were." A likely story, truly! So thought the jury, and so whispered every person who

heard it. Du Moulin was found guilty, and received sentence of death.

A few days before Du Moulin was to be executed, a person of the name of Williams, a seal engraver, met with his death by an accident; his wife miscarried from the fright, and sensible she could not live, she sent for the wife of Du Moulin, and revealed to her that Williams, her husband, had been one of four whom she named, who had for many years lived by counterfeiting gold coin; that one of these persons had hired himself as a servant to Du Moulin; and being provided by the gang with false keys, had disposed of very considerable sums of bad money, by opening his master's escrutoire, and leaving the pieces there instead of an equal number of good ones which he took out. The wife of Williams appeared in great agony of mind while she gave the account, and as soon as it was finished, fell into convulsions and expired.

The parties she had named, were, on the information of Madame Du Moulin, instantly apprehended, and after a short time one of them turned king's evidence. The one who had been servant to Du Moulin persisted in asserting his innocence, until some corroborating circumstances were produced, so unexpected and decisive, that he burst into tears and acknowledged his guilt. On being asked how the instruments for coining came into his master's escrutoire? he replied, "that when the officers came to apprehend his master, he was terrified lest they should be found in his (the servant's) possession, and hastened to his box in which they were deposited, opened the escrutoire with his false key, and had just time to shut it before the officers entered the apartment."

Du Moulin was of course pardoned, and the servant and his associates most deservedly suffered in his stead.

WINNING A LOSS.

IN the canton of Schweitz, many years ago, a man named Frantz came one evening to Gaspard, who was working in his field, and said to him, "Friend, it is now mowing time: we have a difference about a meadow, you know, and I have got the judges to meet at Schweitz, to determine the cause, since we cannot do it for ourselves; so you must come with me before them to-morrow."—"You, see, Frantz," replied Gaspard, "that I have mown all this field; I must get in this hay to-morrow; I cannot possibly leave it." "And," rejoined Frantz, "I cannot send away the judges now they have fixed the day; and besides, one ought to know whom the field belongs to before it is mown." They disputed the matter some time; at length Gaspard said to Frantz, "I will tell you how it shall be; go to-morrow to Schweitz, tell the judges both your reasons and mine, and then there will be no reason for me to go."—"Well," said the other, "if you choose to trust your cause to me, I will manage it as if it were my own." Matters thus settled, Frantz went to Schweitz, and pleaded before the judges his own and Gaspard's cause as well as he could. When sentence was pronounced, Frantz returned to Gaspard. "Gaspard," said he, "the field is yours; I congratulate you, neighbour; the judges have decided for you, and I am glad the affair is finished." Frantz and Gaspard were friends ever after.



COME OF AGE.

JUST OF AGE,

A Parody on "Had I a Heart," &c.

(BY BERTIE VYSE, ESQ.)

Had I a shilling left to spare,
 I should not pay it you ;
 For, though arrest you did not dare,
 You've dunn'd me like a Jew.

Nor hope to prove my friends more kind
 To thy complaining tongue ;
 For, misers in the old you'll find,
 And beggars in the young.

Know that of age I soon shall be,
 And of the *ready* flush ;
 All bowing then you'll come to me
 And for this rudeness blush :

So, with my custom, lest you learn
 Another I have blest,
 Let *now* a civil tongue return,
 And saucy dunnings rest.

 HONEST POVERTY.

IN the report of the House of Commons on Mendicity, Mr. John Doughty, a gentleman much in the habit of visiting the habitations of the needy, was

asked, "In your opinion, do many worthy, honest, industrious persons have recourse to begging; or does this class of society consist chiefly of the idle and profligate?" Answer: The instances in which worthy, honest, industrious persons have recourse to begging, are extremely rare. They will in general rather starve than beg. A person of veracity, who some time ago visited one thousand five hundred poor families in the neighbourhood of Spitalfields, affirms, "that out of full three hundred cases of *abject poverty and destitution*, and at least one hundred of LITERAL WANT AND STARVATION, not a dozen had been found to have recourse to begging. Many of the most wretched of these cases had been not long before able to support themselves in some comfort; but want of employment had completely ruined them. They were at that moment pressed by landlord, baker, and tax-gatherer; had pawned and sold every thing that could be turned into money; were absolutely without a morsel of food for themselves or family; but still had not recourse to begging. As a general fact, the decent poor will struggle to the uttermost, and even *perish*, rather than turn beggars.

What an admirable foundation of virtue must be laid in those minds, which will even thus endure the horrors of death, approaching with all the torments of hunger and cold, rather than seek to relieve themselves by courses reputed disgraceful.

GRANVILLE SHARP.

THIS distinguished philosopher, and friend to the liberties of mankind, first became known to the public in the case of a poor and friendless negro of the name

of Somerset. This person had been brought from the West Indies to England by a master, whose name we would, if in our power, gladly hand down to the execration of posterity; and falling into bad health, was abandoned by him as a useless article of property, and turned into the streets, either to die, or to gain a miserable support by precarious charity. In this destitute state, almost, it is said, on the point of expiring on the pavement of one of the public streets of London, Mr. Sharp chanced to see him. He instantly had the poor creature removed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, attended to his wants, and in a short time had the happiness to see him restored to health. Mr. Sharp now clothed him, and procured him comfortable employment in the service of a lady. Two years had elapsed, and the story and name of the poor negro had almost escaped the memory of his benefactor, when Mr. Sharp received a letter from a person, signing himself Somerset, confined in the Poultry Counter, entreating his interference, to save him from a greater calamity even than the death from which he had before rescued him. Mr. Sharp instantly went to the prison, and found the negro, who in sickness and misery had been discarded by his master, sent to prison as a runaway slave. The excellent patriot went immediately to the Lord Mayor, Nash, who caused the parties to be brought before him; when, after a long hearing, the upright magistrate decided, that the master had no property in the person of the negro in this country, and gave the negro his liberty. The master instantly collared him in the presence of Mr. Sharp and the Lord Mayor, and insisted on his right to keep him as his property. Mr. Sharp now claimed the protection of the superior tribunals; caused the master

to be arrested; and exhibited articles of the peace against him for an assault and battery. After various legal proceedings supported by him with the most undaunted spirit, the twelve judges unanimously concurred in opinion, that the master had acted criminally. Thus did Mr. Sharp emancipate for ever the race of blacks from a state of slavery while on British ground.

“ Among the heroes and sages of British glory,” says an eminent review, “ we can think of few whom we should feel a greater glow of honest pride in claiming as an ancestor, than the man to whom we owe our power of repeating with truth,

“Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free:
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.”



DISTRESS FOR RENT.

JOHN TIMS,

A BALLAD—BY FIGARO IN LONDON.

Tims was an *orphan*;—his, too, was a case
 That very *often* happens, as I fear;
 For when a *parent* will not show his face
 He's not *apparent*, since he don't *appear*!

Unto a free school Tims in time was sent
 To stock his brains;—although, the truth to say,
 Many, *who go for nothing*, are content
 To carry *nothing* in their heads away!

His teachers, as 'tis natural they might,
 Dealt their *free knowledge* out with frequent thumps;
 For all *phre-nologists*, we know, delight
 In seeing on one's head enormous bumps!

They taught him *spelling* (quite a magic trick!)
 Indeed he gladly drank of learning's cup;
 But of arithmetic he soon grew sick,
 And, for accounts, *he fairly cast them up*!

Harshness was practised; but, alas! the plan,
 Spite of the thrashings he received, was vain;
 They doomed unhappy Tims, like fallen man,
 To bear upon his back the mark of *Cane*!

He soon left school, and—lo!—a sum was paid
 To bind him to a hosier;—which, no doubt,
 He did not mind, as 'tis a pleasant trade,
 Though in apprenticing, they *put him out*.

But soon his master miserly he found,—
 A man who wanted money but to hoard;
 And, though poor Tims was like a book *whole bound*,
 He felt that he had got into *half board*!

And yet he would not from his duty swerve,
 But to a resolution came sublime ;
 Although himself his time would never serve,
 He'd, giving good for evil, *serve his time !*

At length, five years were gone, and for himself
 He started hosier,—but had no commands
 All his book muslins rested on his shelf,
 And all *his stockings were upon his hands !*

He found, at last, his business could not pay,
 And that no living he could get by trade ;
 So, in despair, turned footman t'other day,
 By which he came to be a servant *made !*

JONAS HANWAY.

“This was the friend and father of the poor.”

Epitaph on Mr. Hanway's tomb in Westminster Abbey.

IN the year 1764, a time of great public scarcity, a letter appeared from the benevolent Jonas Hanway, pointing out to the poor how cheaply they might live well. “When I was at school,” he says, “at an obscure village in Hampshire, at a charge not more than double the value of three pints of porter a day for maintenance and education, I remember a person who had eight young children, and he maintained them all for less than one shilling and three-pence a day, in prime health and spirits. I once,” he remarks farther on, “fed on rice and parched peas for forty-eight days and did not consume a penny each day ; and yet I was travelling, and in health, strength, and spirits. Do

not imagine," he observes in conclusion, "that I am insensible of the wants of others. I neither insult an hungry belly nor flatter a full one. I wish to see with all my heart parks of deer converted into grazing grounds for oxen; and lands on which only horses are fed, into fields of wheat for the food of men. If there were fewer buckskin breeches for jockies to ride horses for pleasure, we should be provided so much the cheaper with shoes. If there are fewer venison feasts, there will be greater plenty of good beef for our support, and tallow for candles to work by. If we draw in less money for horses for foreign use, and kill fewer by driving them wantonly to an end, we shall save more money in the price of the bread we eat, as well as keep our national riches in gold and silver at home for the great emergencies of war, which are now draining off for corn." The final words of this letter deserve to be written in letters of gold: "Let us indulge the noble passion of doing the most good to mankind with the least mixture of evil. We cannot long remain a free people without a large portion of virtue; or continue to be rich and happy without freedom."

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

"A soul more spotless never claim'd a tear;
A heart more tender, open, and sincere;
A hand more ready blessings to bestow,
Belov'd, lamented, and without a foe.
How prized in life say ye who knew her well
How wept in death, a nation's tears may tell."

Epitaph on H. R. H. Princess Charlotte.

DURING the last illness of an old female attendant, formerly nurse to the Princess Charlotte, she visited

her every day, sat by her bed side, and with her own hand administered the medicine prescribed; and when death had closed her eyes, instead of flying in haste from an object so appalling to the young and gay in general, she remained, and gave utterance to the compassion she felt on viewing the remains in that state from which majesty itself cannot be exempt. A friend of the deceased seeing the princess much affected, said, "If your royal highness would condescend to touch her, perhaps you would not dream of her." "Touch her," replied the amiable princess; "yes, poor thing, and kiss her too, almost the only one I ever kissed, except my mother!" Then bending her graceful head over the coffin of her humble friend, she pressed her warm lips to the clay cold cheek, while tears of sensibility flowed from her eyes.

When on the marriage of the princess she retired with her consort to Claremont, she found a poor old woman, Dame Bewley, who had formerly lived with several families who had successively occupied this estate; but who, worn down with age and infirmity, was unable to labour any longer. She was now living on the occasional charity of the mansion, and the small earnings of her aged husband. No sooner did the princess hear of this, than she visited Dame Bewley, whom she found endeavouring to read an old Bible, the small print of which to her enfeebled eyes was almost undistinguishable. The next day, the princess sent her a new Bible and a Prayer Book of the largest print; her shattered cottage was soon after rebuilt, and she no longer lived on the precarious bounty of the successive lords of Claremont.

MYSTERIOUS BENEFACTOR.

In the year 1720, celebrated for the bursting of the South Sea Bubble, a gentleman called late in the evening at the banking-house of Messrs. Hankey and Co. He was in a coach, but refused to get out; and desired that one of the partners of the house would come to him; into whose hands, when he appeared, he put a parcel, very carefully sealed up, and desired that it might be taken care of till he should call again, which would be in the course of a few days. A few days passed away; a few weeks; a few months; but the stranger never returned. At the end of the second or third year, the partners agreed to open this mysterious parcel, when they found it to contain 30,000*l.* with a letter, stating that it had been obtained by the South Sea speculation; and directing that it should be vested in the hands of three trustees, whose names were mentioned, and the interest appropriated to the relief of the poor. A direction which, it is needless to say, has been most faithfully obeyed.

EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

THE emperor in one of his journeys through Poland being considerably in advance of his attendants, saw several persons assembled on the banks of the little river Willa, and approaching the spot, found that they had just dragged out of the water a peasant who appeared to be lifeless. He instantly alighted, had the man laid on the side of the bank, and immediately proceeded to strip him, and to rub his temples, wrists,

&c. The emperor was thus employed when his suite joined him, whose exertions were immediately added to those of the emperor. Dr. Wyly, his majesty's physician, attempted to bleed the patient, but in vain; and after three hours' fruitless attempts to recover him, the doctor declared that it was useless to proceed any further. The emperor, much chagrined, and fatigued with the continued exertions, entreated Dr. Wyly to persevere, and to make a fresh attempt to bleed him. The doctor, though he had not the slightest hope of being successful, proceeded to obey the positive injunctions of his imperial majesty, who, with Prince Woulkousky and Count Lieven (now ambassador at the British court,) made a last effort at rubbing, &c. At length, the emperor had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing the blood make its appearance, while the poor peasant uttered a feeble groan. The emotions of his imperial majesty at this moment could not be described; and in the plenitude of his joy, he exclaimed, "Good God! this is the brightest day of my life;" while tears involuntarily stole down his cheek. Their exertions were now redoubled; the emperor tore his handkerchief, and bound the arm of the patient, nor did he leave him until he was quite recovered. He then had him conveyed to a place where proper care could be taken of him, ordered him a considerable present, and afterwards provided for him and his family.

BRITISH BENEVOLENCE.

WHEN the revolution of France made exiles of all the clergy of the country who did not perish on the

scaffold, some thousands of them found refuge in England. A private subscription of 33,775*l.* 15*s.* 9*d.*, was immediately made for them. When it was exhausted, a second was collected under the auspices of the king, which amounted to 41,304*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*, nor is it too much to say, that the beneficence of individuals, whose charities on this occasion were known only to God, raised for the sufferers a sum much exceeding in amount the larger of the two subscriptions. When at length the wants of the sufferers exceeded the measure of private charity, government took them under its protection; and though engaged in a conquest exceeding all former wars in expense, appropriated, with the approbation of the whole kingdom, a monthly allowance of about 8000*l.* for their support: an instance of splendid munificence and systematic liberality, of which the annals of the world do not furnish another example.

THE SKELETON OF THE WRECK.

WHILE Sir Michael Seymour was in the command of the Amethyst frigate, and was cruising in the Bay of Biscay, the wreck of a merchant ship drove past. Her deck was just above water; her lower mast alone standing. Not a soul could be seen on board; but there was a cubhouse on deck, which had the appearance of having been recently patched with old canvass and tarpauling, as if to afford shelter to some forlorn remnant of the crew. It blew at this time a strong gale; but Sir Michael, listening only to the dictates of humanity, ordered the ship to be put about, and sent off a boat with instructions to board the wreck,

and ascertain whether there was any being still surviving, whom the help of his fellow man might save from the grasp of death. The boat rowed towards the drifting mass; and while struggling with the difficulty of getting through a high running sea close along side, the crew shouting all the time as loud as they could, an object resembling in appearance a bundle of clothes was observed to roll out of the cub-house, against the lee shrouds of the mast. With the end of a boathook they managed to get hold of it, and hauled it into the boat, when it proved to be the trunk of a man, bent head and knees together, and so wasted away, as scarce to be felt within the ample clothes which had once fitted it in a state of life and strength. The boat's crew hastened back to the Amethyst with this miserable remnant of mortality; and so small was it in bulk, that a lad of fourteen years of age was able with his own hands to lift it into the ship. When placed on deck, it showed for the first time, to the astonishment of all, signs of remaining life; it tried to move, and next moment muttered in a hollow sepulchral tone, "*there is another man.*" The instant these words were heard, Sir Michael ordered the boat to shove off again for the wreck. The sea having now become somewhat smoother, they succeeded this time in boarding the wreck; and on looking into the cub-house, they found two other human bodies, wasted like the one they had saved to the very bones, but without the least spark of life remaining. They were sitting in a shrunk up posture, a hand of one resting on a tin pot, in which there was about a gill of water; and a hand of the other reaching to the deck, as if to regain a bit of raw salt beef of the size of a walnut, which had dropped from its nerveless grasp. Unfortunate

men! They had starved on their scanty store, till they had not strength remaining to lift the last morsel to their mouths! The boat's crew having completed their melancholy survey, returned on board, where they found the attention of the ship's company engrossed by the efforts made to preserve the generous skeleton, who seemed to have had just life enough left to breathe the remembrance that there was still "another man," his companion in suffering, to be saved. Captain S. committed him to the special charge of the surgeon, who spared no means which humanity or skill could suggest, to achieve the noble object of creating anew, as it were, a fellow creature, whom famine had stripped of almost every living energy. For three weeks he scarcely ever left his patient, giving him nourishment with his own hand every five or ten minutes; and at the end of three weeks more, the "skeleton of the wreck" was seen walking on the deck of the Amethyst; and to the surprise of all who recollected that he had been lifted into the ship by a cabin boy, presented the stately figure of a man nearly six feet high!

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

THE following account of this useful animal, is given by one who had the opportunity of personal observation; and has given the result with great fidelity and ability. "The animal I am about to describe was, beyond all comparison, the best dog I ever saw. He was of a surly, unsocial temper, disdaining all flattery, and refusing to be caressed; but his attention to his master's commands and interests, will never again be equalled by any of the canine race. The first time that I saw

him, a drover was leading him in a rope; he was hungry and lean, and far from being a beautiful cur, for he was almost all over black, and had a grim face, striped with dark brown. The man had bought him of a boy for three shillings somewhere on the border, and doubtless had fed him very ill on his journey. I thought I discovered a sort of sullen intelligence in his face, notwithstanding his dejected and forlorn situation; so I gave the drover a guinea for him, and, I believe, there never was a guinea so well laid out; at least I am satisfied that I never laid out one to so good a purpose. He was scarcely then a year old, and knew so little of herding, that he had never turned sheep in his life; but as soon as he discovered that it was his duty to do so, and that it obliged me, I can never forget with what anxiety and eagerness he learned his different evolutions. He would try every way deliberately till he found out what I wanted him to do; and when once I made him to understand a direction, he never forgot or mistook it again. Well as I knew him, he often astonished me, for when hard pressed in accomplishing the task that he was put to, he had expedients of the moment that bespoke a great share of the reasoning faculty."

Mr. Hogg goes on to narrate the following among other remarkable exploits in illustration of the sagacity of Sirrah, this was the dog's name. About seven hundred lambs, which were once under his care at weaning time, broke up at midnight, and scampered off in three divisions across the hills, in spite of all that the shepherd and an assistant lad could do to keep them together. "Sirrah," cried the shepherd in great affliction, "my man, they're a' awa'." The night was so dark, that he did not see Sirrah; but the

faithful animal had heard his master's words—words such as of all others were sure to set him most on the alert; and without more ado, he silently set off in quest of the recreant flock. Mean while the shepherd and his companion did not fail to do all that was in their own power to recover their lost charge; they spent the whole night in scouring the hills for miles around, but of neither the lambs nor Sirrah could they obtain the slightest trace. "It was the most extraordinary circumstance," says the shepherd, "that had ever occurred in the annals of the pastoral life. We had nothing for it (day having dawned,) but to return to our master, and inform him that we had lost his whole flock of lambs, and knew not what was become of one of them. On our way home, however, we discovered a body of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine, called the Flesh Cleugh, and the indefatigable Sirrah standing in front of them, looking all around for some relief, but still standing true to his charge. The sun was then up; and when we first came in view of them, we concluded that it was one of the divisions of the lambs which Sirrah had been unable to manage, until he came to that commanding situation. But what was our astonishment, when we discovered by degrees that not one lamb of the whole flock was wanting! How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark, is beyond my comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself, from midnight until the rising of the sun; and if all the shepherds in the forest had been there to assist him, they could not have effected it with greater propriety. All that I can further say is, that I never felt so grateful to any creature below the sun, as I did to my honest Sirrah that morning."

FRIEND IN NEED.

As a gentleman of the name of Irvine was walking across the Dee when it was frozen, the ice gave way in the middle of the river, and down he sunk, but kept himself from being carried away in the current by grasping his gun, which had fallen across the opening. A dog who attended him, after many fruitless attempts to rescue his master, ran to a neighbouring village, and took hold of the coat of the first person he met. The man was alarmed, and would have disengaged himself; but the dog regarded him with a look so kind and significant, and endeavoured to pull him along with so gentle a violence, that he began to think there might be something extraordinary in the case, and suffered himself to be conducted by the animal, who brought him to his master just in time to save his life.

A SLY COUPLE.

A GENTLEMAN in the county of Stirling kept a greyhound and a pointer, and being fond of coursing, the pointer was accustomed to find the hares, and the greyhound to catch them. When the season was over, it was found that the dogs were in the habit of going out by themselves, and killing hares for their own amusement. To prevent this, a large iron ring was fastened to the pointer's neck by a leather collar, and hung down so as to prevent the dog from running, or jumping over dikes, &c. The animals, however, continued to stroll out to the fields together; and one

day the gentleman suspecting that all was not right, resolved to watch them, and to his surprise, found that the moment when they thought that they were unobserved, the greyhound took up the iron ring in his mouth, and carrying it, they set off to the hills, and began to search for hares as usual. They were followed, and it was observed, that whenever the pointer scented the hare, the ring was dropped, and the greyhound stood ready to pounce upon poor puss the moment the other drove her from her form, but that he uniformly returned to assist his companion after he had caught his prey.

NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

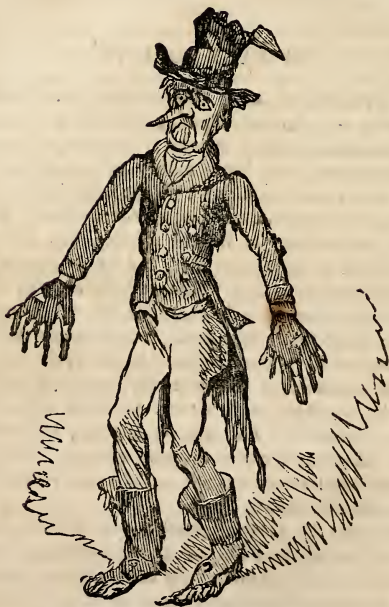
ONE of the magistrates in Harbour Grace, in Newfoundland, had an old dog of the regular web-footed species peculiar to this island, who was in the habit of carrying a lantern before his master at night, as steadily as the most attentive servant could do, stopping short when his master made a stop, and proceeding when he saw him disposed to follow. If his master was absent from home, on the lantern being fixed to his mouth, and the command given, "Go fetch thy master," he would immediately set off, and proceed to the town, which lay at the distance of more than a mile from the place of his master's residence: he would then stop at the door of every house which he knew his master was in the habit of frequenting, and laying down his lantern, growl and strike the door, making all the noise in his power until it was opened; if his master was not there, he would proceed further in the same manner, until he had found him. If he

had accompanied him only once into a house, this was sufficient to induce him to take that house in his round.

HUMANE SOCIETY.

DR. PERCIVAL, in his "Dissertations," mentions the following singular and affecting instance of that sagacity and social feeling by which the race of rooks is characterized. "A large colony of rooks had subsisted many years in a grove on the banks of the river Irwell, near Manchester. One serene evening I placed myself within view of it, and marked with attention the various labours, pastimes, and evolutions of this crowded society. The idle members amused themselves with chasing each other through endless mazes; and in their flight they made the air sound with an infinitude of discordant noises. In the midst of these playful exertions, it unfortunately happened that one rook by a sudden turn, struck his beak against the wing of another. The sufferer instantly fell into the river. A general cry of distress ensued. The birds hovered with every expression of anxiety over their distressed companion.

Animated by their sympathy, and perhaps by the language of counsel known to themselves, he sprang into the air, and by one strong effort reached the point of a rock which projected into the river. The joy became loud and universal; but, alas! it was soon changed into notes of lamentation, for the poor wounded bird, in attempting to fly towards his nest dropped again into the river, and was drowned, amid the moans of his whole fraternity."



SHOCKING EXTREMITIES.

THE SUICIDE PUNSTER; OR WIT
REDUCED TO EXTREMITIES.

STRETCHED on a bank an old fat wit reposed,
Dreamily peering at the setting sun—
So dreamily, you would have said he dozed;
But that the memory of some aged pun,
Uttered in far-off years, did show his cheeks
Upon the swell jocose; how came it there
At such a time, that jest so rich and rare?
For such its nature grin so full bespeaks.
In sooth, such grin, unto the prime of youth
Better belongs, than to that wrinkled brow:—
But soft! In strains though hoarse, not all uncouth,
The Punster, lying, breathes his lay—his last, I trow.

“ To-morrow, and to-morrow;—and to that
Add morrows four; 'tis then again to day!
Conclusion strange, which all may yet come at
Punlessly as myself.—

Thou fading ray
Wooing the earth with thy expiring smile,
Thus o'er my spirit, waning to decay,
Doth Momus fling his drollest gleams, the while
Setting death on the giggle;—be it so,
'Twill stop his damned preliminary faces!—
Shaksperian thought!—and of his well-arched bow
Perchance the firmness mar with still more arch
grimaces.

Grimaces, said I? Ah! methinks a vista
Opes for a pun; my dim old brains revive
Beneath the word, as if a mental blister
Did from their depths updraw them;—let me strive!

Grimaces——yes, there's something in the word,
 That other ears, and other years have heard:
 A gaming table at the sound appears,
 And 'red or black?' is whispered in my ears.
 'Red!' I reply, 'the card!—the ace of clubs!'
 Well, red again, (a fig for fortune's rubs!)
 What's the cut now?—a solitary spade,
 With its white speckless wildness around,
 Mocking the calculations I had made:
 Out, damn'd spot, out! disgusting unit, hence!
 Thus, as I madly dash upon the ground,
 Myself and stakes—'Hold, hold!' the winner cries,
 Tip me my cash, and ere again you rise,
 Let these few puns assuage your vehemence:
 Yon lonely spade has dug your gold a grave,
 Your hopes a knock-down blow your lone club gave,
 Well may such aces black and grim appear,
 But that you've won as much as lost is clear,
 For sure you'll own, whilst making those wry faces,
 That tho' I've beat you *with*, you beat me *at*, *grim-aces!*
 'Tis over—madness seizes me;—a knife
 To put an end unto my puns and life!
 Yet, to be staked in the cross roads—despair!
 Or shoved, perchance, down yonder *lime-pit* there,—
 Be that my act! I go;—and should men come
 Unto the spot I make my final home,
 Let them thus write my epitaph and crime,
 'In life ridiculous, in death *sub-LIME!*' "



BURKE ON THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL

CHILD SAVED

A SHEPHERD who inhabited one of those valleys or glens which intersect the Grampian Mountains, in Scotland, in one of his excursions to look after his flock, happened to carry along with him one of his children, an infant of three years old. This is not an unusual practice among the Highlanders, who accustom their children from their earliest infancy to endure the rigours of the climate. After traversing his pastures for some time, attended by his dog, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of ascending a summit at some distance, to have a more extensive view of his range. As the ascent was too fatiguing for the child, he left him on a small plain at the bottom, with strict injunctions not to stir from it till his return. Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the horizon was darkened by one of those impenetrable mists which frequently descend so rapidly amidst these mountains, as, in the space of a few minutes, almost to turn day to night. The anxious father instantly hastened back to find his child; but owing to the unusual darkness, and his own trepidation, he unfortunately missed his way in the descent. After a fruitless search of many hours, he discovered that he had reached the bottom of the valley, and was near his own cottage. To renew the search that night was equally fruitless and dangerous; he was therefore compelled to go home, although he had lost both his child and his dog, who had attended him faithfully for many years. Next morning, by break of day, the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbours, set out in search of his child; but after a day spent in fruitless fatigue,

he was at last compelled by the approach of night to descend from the mountain. On returning to his cottage, he found that the dog which he had lost the day before, had been home, and on receiving a piece of cake, had instantly gone off again. For several successive days the shepherd renewed the search for his child, and still, on returning home disappointed in the evening, he found that the dog had been home, and, on receiving his usual allowance of cake, had instantly disappeared. Struck with this singular circumstance, he remained at home one day; and when the dog, as usual, departed with his piece of cake, he resolved to follow him, and find out the cause of this strange procedure. The dog led the way to a cataract at some distance from the spot, where the shepherd had left his child. The banks of the cataract almost joined at the top, yet separated by an abyss of immense depth, presented that appearance which so often astonishes and appals the travellers that frequent the Grampian mountains. Down one of those rugged, and almost perpendicular descents, the dog began, without hesitation, to make his way, and at last disappeared by entering into a cave, the mouth of which was almost level with the torrent. The shepherd with difficulty followed; but, on entering the cave, what were his emotions, when he beheld his infant eating, with much satisfaction the cake which the dog had just brought him; while the faithful animal stood by, eyeing his young charge with the utmost complacency! From the situation in which the child was found, it appeared that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or scrambled down till he reached the cave. The dog by means of his scent had traced him to the spot; and afterwards prevented

him from starving, by giving up to him his own daily allowance. He appears never to have quitted the child by night or day, except when it was necessary to go for food; and then he was always seen running at full speed to and from the cottage.

RETRIBUTION.

IN the park of Lord Grantley at Wonersh, near Guilford, a fawn, drinking, was suddenly pounced upon by one of the swans, which pulled the animal into the water, and held it under until quite drowned. The atrocious action was observed by the other deer in the park, and did not long go unrevenged; for shortly after, this very swan, which had hitherto never been molested by the deer, was singled out when on land, and furiously attacked by a herd, which surrounded and presently killed the offender.

CONSTANCY OF AFFECTION.

A GENTLEMAN who had a dog of a most endearing disposition, was obliged to go a journey periodically once a month. His stay was short, and his departure and return very regular, and without variation. The dog always grew uneasy when he first lost his master, and moped in a corner, but recovered himself gradually as the time for his return approached; which he knew to an hour, nay, to a minute. When he was convinced that his master was on the road, at no great distance from home, he flew all over the house, and if the street door happened to be shut, he would suffer

no servant to have any rest until it was opened. The moment he obtained his freedom, away he went, and to a certainty met his benefactor about two miles from town. He played and frolicked about him till he had obtained one of his gloves, with which he ran or rather flew home, entered the house, laid it down in the middle of the room, and danced round it. When he had sufficiently amused himself in this manner, out of the house he flew, returned to meet his master, and ran before him, or gambolled by his side, till he arrived with him at home. "I know not (says Mr. Dibdin, who relates this anecdote) how frequently this was repeated, but it lasted till the old gentleman grew infirm, and incapable of continuing his journeys. The dog by this time was also grown old, and became at length blind; but this misfortune did not hinder him from fondling his master, whom he knew from every other person, and for whom his affection and solicitude rather increased than diminished. The old gentleman, after a short illness, died. The dog knew the circumstance, watched the corpse, blind as he was, and did his utmost to prevent the undertaker from screwing up the body in the coffin, and most outrageously opposed its being taken out of the house. Being past hope, he grew disconsolate, lost his flesh, and was evidently verging towards his end. One day he heard a gentleman come into the house, and he ran to meet him. His master, being old and infirm, wore ribbed stockings for warmth. The gentleman had stockings on of the same kind. The dog perceived it, and thought it was his master, and began to exhibit the most extravagant signs of pleasure; but upon further examination finding his mistake, he retired into a corner, where in a short time he expired.

WILD HERDS.

IN the province of Cumana, there are immense numbers of wild horses in the forests. They live there in societies, generally to the number of five or six hundred, and even one thousand; they occupy immense savannas, where it is dangerous to disturb, or to try to catch them. In the dry season, they are sometimes obliged to go two or three leagues, and even more, to find water. They set out in regular ranks, four abreast, and thus form a procession of an extent of a quarter of a league. There are always five or six scouts, who precede the troop by about fifty paces. If they perceive a man or an American tiger, they neigh, and the troop stops; if avoided, they continue their march; but if an attempt be made to pass across their squadron, they leap on the imprudent traveller, and crush him under their feet. The best way is always to avoid them, and let them continue their route. They have also a chief, who marches between the scouts and the squadron; a kind of adjutant, whose duty consists in hindering any individual from quitting the ranks. If any one attempts to straggle, either from hunger or fatigue, he is bitten till he resumes his place, and the culprit obeys with his head hanging down. Three or four chiefs march in the rear guard, at five or six paces from the troops.

The wild asses, when they travel, observe the same discipline as horses; but males, though they also live in troops, are continually fighting with each other, and it has not been observed that they have any chief. At the appearance of a common enemy, however, they unite, and display still more tricks and address than

the horses, in avoiding the snares which are laid for catching them, and also for escaping when taken.

SONNET.

“ This is the *long* and *short* on't.”—Old Play.

LADY, excuse me, but in my idea
 Your marriage is extremely indiscreet
 You're but a little *biped*, while, it's clear,
 Your husband *runs about upon six feet!*
 And, I am confident, one moment's thought
 Would have betray'd the folly of the whim;
 For it's quite evident that you're too *short*
 A gentlewoman to *be-long* to him.
 Yet, doubtlessly, he holds you very *dear*;
 And if he doesn't, it's extremely funny—
 For, though you'd twenty thousand pounds a *year*,
 You'd still be *very little for the money*:
 And one like him to marry, I declare,
 A *little lady*, isn't a *tall fair*.

NEWSMAN EXTRAORDINARY.

ONE of the carriers of a New York paper, called the Advocate, having become indisposed, his son took his place; but not knowing the subscribers he was to supply, he took for his guide a dog which had usually attended his father. The animal trotted on ahead of the boy, and stopped at every door where the paper was in use to be left, without making a single omission or mistake.

SAVING FROM DROWNING.

A NATIVE of Germany, fond of travelling, was pursuing his course through Holland, accompanied by a large dog. Walking one evening on a high bank which formed one side of a dyke or canal, so common in that country, his foot slipped, and he was precipitated into the water, and being unable to swim soon became senseless. When he recovered his recollection, he found himself in a cottage on the contrary side of the dyke, to that from which he fell, surrounded by peasants who had been using the means generally practised in that country for the recovery of drowned persons. The account given by the peasants was, that one of them returning home from his labour, observed at a considerable distance a large dog in the water, swimming and dragging, and sometimes pushing, something that he seemed to have great difficulty in supporting; but which he had at length succeeded in getting into a small creek on the opposite side to that on which the men were.

When the animal had drawn what the peasant now perceived to be a man, as far out of the water as he was able, he began to lick the hands and face of his master, until the man hastened across, and procuring assistance, had the body conveyed to a neighbouring house, where the resuscitating means used, soon restored him to sense and recollection. It appeared that the dog had swam with his master upwards of a quarter of a mile, holding him by the nape of the neck, and thus keeping his head above water.

DISINTERESTED INFORMER.

A LADY walking over Lansdown, near Bath, was overtaken by a large dog, which had left two men who were travelling the same road with a horse and cart, and followed by the animal for some distance, the creature endeavouring to make her sensible of something by looking in her face, and then pointing with his nose behind. Failing in his object, he next placed himself so completely in front of the object of his solicitude, as to prevent her proceeding any farther, still looking steadfastly in her face. The lady became rather alarmed; but judging from the manner of the dog, who did not appear vicious, that there was something about her which engaged his attention, she examined her dress, and found that her lace shawl was gone. The dog, perceiving that he was at length understood, immediately turned back; the lady followed him, and he conducted her to the spot where her shawl lay, some distance back in the road. On her taking it up, and replacing it on her person, the interesting quadruped instantly ran off at full speed after his master, apparently much delighted.

THE VOYAGER.

“VELL, arter all, there is nothing like a sea woyage. I always says to my wive, vomen are not fit for sea, because vhy—they are so wery nerwous. What an inwention is steam; ve are no sooner out of sight of Vappin than ve comes in sight of Voolich. An’t it astonishin!” said a simple untravelled east-ender to the commander of a Thames steamer bound for Ramsgate. “It’s a wery dangerous woyage to the Isle of Thanet all along that ’ere coast; I’m not frightened, but if there *be* any danger, would you be kind enough to let me know.”—“Oh there is *no danger* but a great deal of *fear*,” answered the bluff captain. “Vell, that’s wery terrific; now how deep is it here?” asked the curious one. The Captain thinking to amuse himself with the cockney, answered “ten fathom and a half and three quarters.”—“La! vhat a depth, and how many miles are ve from London?”—“Thirteen and a half.”—“Oh! how wery particler; vhat is the vheel for?”—“To steer by.”—“Then I suppose ve goes round and round in the vater. Vell, I vont go down stairs, for a sort of all-owerishness comes ower me vhen I do, and vwhile I stays on deck I always gits a happitite. But if that ’ere vheel should bring about a vhirlvind, then vhere should ve be?”—“At the bottom, to be sure,” answered the Captain, who finding he was doomed to the horrors of the Inquisition, had recourse to a *ruse* to get rid of the offender, and began to prepare himself for his next question. Just off the North Foreland the cit was making another sally with some other silly remark, but with rather a *sickly* cast of countenance.—“Ar’n’t you well, Sir?” said the Cap-

tain. "Not wery," was the reply. "Well, I don't like to alarm you, but as you wished to be apprised of any danger, don't you perceive the chimney leans a little, and don't you hear a sort of cracking noise in the boilers?"—"Vell, Sir?" replied he, terrified. "Then you go down below immediately, be silent, as you value the safety of the vessel, any noise will interfere with my commands; in the mean time there is some pease soup and a mutton chop, and with that you can amuse yourself until we are out of danger."

The frightened gentleman now descended: on the very first glimpse of the above mentioned viands, he prostrated himself upon the cabin floor, a prey to the credulity of his disposition, and a victim to that superlative of all horrors, *sea-indisposition*; the commander of the vessel was benefited by the change, and the poor cit alarmed by the idea of its becoming squally.

GOING TO MARKET.

A BUTCHER and cattle dealer, who resided about nine miles from Alston, in Cumberland, had a dog which he usually took with him when he drove cattle to the market to be sold, and who displayed uncommon dexterity in managing them. At last, so convinced was the master of the sagacity, as well as the fidelity of his dog, that he made a wager that he would entrust him with a fixed number of sheep and oxen to drive alone to Alston market. It was stipulated, that no person should be within sight or hearing, who had the least control over the dog; nor was any spectator to interfere, nor be within a quarter of a mile. On the day of trial, the dog pro-

ceeded with his business in the most dexterous and steady manner; and although he had frequently to drive his charge through the herds who were grazing, yet he never lost one, but conducted them into the very yard to which he was used to drive them with his master, and significantly delivered them up to the person appointed to receive them, by barking at the door. What more particularly marked the dog's sagacity was, that when the path the herd travelled lay through a spot where others were grazing, he would run forward, stop his own drove, and then driving the others from each side of the path, collect his scattered charge and proceed. He was several times afterwards thus sent alone for the amusement of the curious or the convenience of his master, and always acquitted himself in the same adroit and intelligent manner.

INFALLIBLE THIEF CATCHER.

AN English gentleman, visiting a public garden at St. Germain, in France, accompanied by a large mastiff, was refused admittance for his dog, whom he therefore left to the care of the body guards, who were stationed at the gate. Some time after, the gentleman returned, and informed the guards that he had lost his watch, and told the serjeant that if he would permit him to take in the dog, he would soon discover the thief. His request being granted, he made the dog understand by a motion what he had lost; the animal immediately ran about among the company, and traversed the garden for some time. At length it seized hold of a man; the gentleman insisted that he was

the person who had got the watch, and on being searched, not only that watch, but six others, were discovered in his pockets. What is more remarkable, the dog possessed such perfection of instinct, as to take his master's watch from the other six, and carry it to him!

SNAKE DESTROYERS.

MR. PERCIVAL, in his account of the Island of Ceylon, speaking of the Indian ichneumon, a small creature in appearance between the weasel and the mongoose, says it is of infinite use to the natives from its inveterate enmity to snakes, which would otherwise render every footstep of the traveller dangerous. This diminutive creature on seeing a snake ever so large, will instantly dart on it, and seize it by the throat, provided he finds himself in an open place, where he has an opportunity of running to a certain herb, which he knows instinctively to be an antidote against the poison of the bite, if he should happen to receive one. Mr. Percival saw the experiment tried in a close room, where the ichneumon, instead of attacking his enemy, did all in his power to avoid him. On being carried out of the house, however, and laid near his antagonist in the plantation, he immediately darted at the snake, and soon destroyed it. It then suddenly disappeared for a few minutes, and again returned, as soon as it had found the herb and ate it.

The monkeys in India, knowing by instinct the malignity of the snakes, are most vigilant in their

destruction ; they seize them when asleep, by the neck, and running to the nearest flat stone, grind down the head by a strong friction on the surface, frequently looking at it, and grinning at their progress. When convinced that the venomous fangs are destroyed, they toss the reptiles to their young ones to play with, and seem to rejoice in the destruction of the common enemy.

SAGACIOUS BRUIN.

THE captain of a Greenland whaler being anxious to procure a bear, without wounding the skin, made trial of the stratagem of laying the noose of a rope in the snow, and placing a piece of roast meat within it. A bear ranging the neighbouring ice, was soon enticed to the spot by the smell of burning food. He perceived the bait, approached, and seized it in his mouth ; but his foot at the same time, by a jerk of the rope, being entangled in the noose, he pushed it off with his paw, and deliberately retired. After having eaten the piece he had carried away with him, he returned. The noose, with another piece of meat, being then replaced, he pushed the rope aside, and again walked triumphantly off with the prize. A third time the noose was laid ; but excited to caution by the evident observations of the bear, the sailors buried the rope beneath the snow, and laid the bait in a deep hole dug in the centre. The bear once more approached, and the sailors were assured of their success. But Bruin, more sagacious than they expected, after snuffing about the place for a few moments, scraped the snow away with his paw, threw the rope aside, and again escaped unhurt with his prize.

THE STRAY SHEEP.

“I ONCE witnessed,” says the Ettrick Shepherd, “a very singular feat performed by a dog belonging to John Graham, late tenant in Ashiesteel. A neighbour came to his house after it was dark, and told him that he had lost a sheep on his farm, and that if he (Graham) did not secure her in the morning early, she would be lost, as he had brought her far. John said he could not possibly get to the hill next morning, but if he would take him to the very spot where he lost the sheep, perhaps his dog Chieftain would find her that night. On that they went away with all expedition, lest the traces of the feet should cool; and I, then a boy, being in the house, went with them. The night was pitch dark, which had been the cause of the man losing his ewe, and at length he pointed out a place to John by the side of the water where he had lost her. ‘Chieftain! fetch that,’ said John; ‘bring her back sir.’ The dog jumped round and round, and reared himself upon an end; but not being able to see any thing, evidently misapprehended his master, on which John fell to scolding his dog, calling him a great many hard names. He at last told the man that he must point out *the very track* that the sheep went, otherwise he had no chance of recovering it. The man led him to a gray stone, and said, he was sure she took the bray (hill side) within a yard of that. ‘Chieftain, come hither to my foot, you great numb’d whelp,’ said John. Chieftain came. John pointed with his finger to the ground. ‘Fetch that, I say, sir—bring that back; away.’ The dog scented slowly about on the ground for some seconds; but soon began to mend his pace,

and vanished in the darkness. 'Bring her back; away, you great calf!' vociferated John, with a voice of exultation, as the dog broke to the hill. And as all these good dogs perform their work in perfect silence, we neither saw nor heard any more of him for a long time. I think, if I remember right, we waited there about half an hour; during which time all the conversation was about the small chance which the dog had to find the ewe, for it was agreed on all hands, that she must long ago have mixed with the rest of the sheep on the farm. How that was, no man will ever be able to decide. John, however, still persisted in waiting until his dog came back, either with the ewe or without her; and at last the trusty animal brought the individual lost sheep to our very feet, which the man took on his back and went on his way rejoicing.

BEAR CUBS.

IN the month of June, 1812, a female bear, with two cubs, approached near a whaler, and was shot. The cubs not attempting to escape, were taken alive. These animals, though at first evidently very unhappy, became at length in some measure reconciled to their situation, and being tolerably tame, were allowed occasionally to go at large about the deck. While the ship was moored to a floe, a few days after they were taken, one of them having a rope fastened round his neck, was thrown overboard. It immediately swam to the ice, got upon it, and attempted to escape. Finding itself however detained by the rope, it endeavoured to disengage itself in the following ingenious way. Near

the edge of the floe was a crack in the ice of considerable length, but only eighteen inches or two feet wide, and three or four feet deep. To this spot the bear turned; and when on crossing the chasm, the bight of the rope fell into it, he placed himself across the opening; then suspending himself by his hind feet, with a leg on each side, he dropped his head and most part of his body into the chasm; and with a foot applied to each side of the neck, attempted for some minutes to push the rope over his head. Finding this scheme ineffectual, he removed to the main ice, and running with great impetuosity from the ship, gave a remarkable pull on the rope; then going backwark a few steps, he repeated the jerk. At length, after repeated attempts to escape in this way, every failure of which he announced by a significant growl, he yielded himself to his hard necessity, and lay down on the ice in angry and sullen silence.

SOLICITING SUCCOUR.

A PARTY of a ship's crew being sent ashore on a part of the coast of India, for the purpose of cutting wood for the ship, one of the men having strayed from the rest was greatly frightened by the appearance of a large lioness, who made towards him; but on her coming up, she lay down at his feet, and looked very earnestly first at him, and then at a tree a short distance off. After repeating her looks several times, she arose, and proceeded onwards to the tree, looking back several times, as if wishing the man to follow her. At length he ventured, and coming to the tree, he perceived a

huge baboon with two young cubs in her arms, which he supposed were those of the lioness, as she couched down like a cat, and seemed to eye them very steadfastly. The man being afraid to ascend the tree, decided on cutting it down, and having his axe with him, he set actively to work, when the lioness seemed most attentive to what he was doing. When the tree fell, she sprung upon the baboon, and after tearing him in peices, she turned round and licked the cubs for some time. She then returned to the man and fawned round him, rubbing her head against him in great fondness; and in token of her gratitude for the service he had done her. After this, she took the cubs away one by one, and the man returned to the ship.

REV. W. MOMPESSEON.

WHILE France justly boasts of "Marseilles' good bishop," who was the benefactor and preserver of his fellow creatures, England may congratulate herself on having cherished in her bosom a parish priest, who without the dignity of character, and the extent of persons over whom M. de Belsunce distributed the blessings of his pastoral care, watched over the smaller flock committed to his charge at no less risk of life and with no less fervour of piety and benevolence.

The Rev. W. Mompesson was Rector of Eyam in Derbyshire, in the time of the plague that nearly depopulated the town in the year 1666. During the whole time of the calamity, he performed the functions of the physician, the legislator, and the priest of his afflicted parish; assisting the sick with his medicines, his advice, and his prayers. Tradition still shows a

cavern near Eyam, where this worthy pastor used to preach to such of his parishioners as had not caught the distemper. Mr. Mompesson entreated his wife to quit Eyam at the time of the plague, and to take her two children with her; but although she suffered the children to be sent away, she would not quit her husband; but remaining, caught the infection, and died. Mr. Mompesson, in a letter to his children, says, "She never valued any thing she had, when the necessity of her poor neighbours did require it, but had a bountiful heart to all indigent and distressed persons."

FRIENDSHIP A GUIDING STAR.

Mr. BLAINE, in his "Canine Pathology," relates, that a gentleman brought from Newfoundland a dog of the true breed, which he gave to his brother, who resided in the neighbourhood of Thames Street; but who having no other means of keeping the animal except in close confinement, preferred sending him to a friend living in Scotland. The dog, who had been originally disembarked at Thames Street, was again re-embarked at the same place, on board a Berwick smack. During his stay in London, he had never travelled half a mile from the spot where he was landed. He had, however, contracted an affection for his master; and when he arrived in Scotland, his regret at the separation induced him to take the first opportunity of escaping; and though he certainly had never before travelled one yard of the road, yet he found his way back in a very short time to his former residence in London, but in so exhausted a state, that he had only time to express his joy at seeing his master, and expired within an hour after his arrival.

REMONSTRANCE TO A PERSON DRIVING FAST.

“Go draw the *bolt*, and make all *fast*.”—BEN JONSON.

WHY, Mister, why
Such a rate from town ?
If you drive like that,
You'll very soon *get down*.

Why, Mister, why
Give your neck a risker ?
Can a dennet run
As briskly as a *briska* ?

Why, Mister, why
Not more caution take ?
Such a horse must be
Accustom'd to a *break*.

Why, Mister, why
Has he sent you flying ?
Well, I thought he seem'd
Addicted, Sir, to *shying*.

ASSISTING THE AGED.

M. DE BOUSSANELLE, captain of cavalry in the regiment of Beauvilliers, mentions, that a horse belonging

to his company, being, from age, unable to eat his hay or grind his oats, was fed for two months by two horses on his right and left who ate with him. These two horses, drawing the hay out of the rack, chewed it, and then put it before the old horse, and did the same with the oats, which he was then able to eat.

DUTY BEFORE REVENGE.

A GENTLEMAN residing in the City of London, was going one afternoon to his country cottage, accompanied by Cæsar, a favourite Newfoundland dog, when he recollected that he had the key of a cellaret which would be wanted at home during his absence. Having accustomed his dog to carry things, he sent him back with the key; the dog executed his commission, and afterwards rejoined his master, who discovered that he had been fighting, and was much torn about the head. The cause he afterwards learned, on his return to town in the evening. Cæsar while passing with the key, was attacked by a ferocious butcher's dog, against whom he made no resistance, but tore himself away without relinquishing his charge. After delivering the key in town, he returned the same way, and on reaching the butcher's shop from which he had been so rudely assailed, he stopped and looked out for his antagonist; the dog sallied forth; Cæsar attacked him with a fury which nothing but revenge for past wrongs could have animated; nor did he quit the butcher's dog until he had laid him dead at his feet.

BEARS IN JEOPARDY.

A GREENLAND bear, with two cubs under its protection, was pursued across a field of ice by a party of armed sailors. At first she seemed to urge the young ones to an increase of speed, by running before them, turning round, and manifesting by a peculiar action and voice, her anxiety for their progress; but finding her pursuers gaining upon them, she carried, or pushed, or pitched them alternately forward, until she effected their escape. In throwing them before her, the little creatures are said to have placed themselves across her path, to receive the impulse, and when projected some yards in advance, they ran onwards until she overtook them, when they alternately adjusted themselves for another throw.

AN ASS CAST AWAY.

IN March, 1816, an ass belonging to Captain Dundas, R. N., then at Malta, was shipped on board the Ister frigate, Captain Forrest, bound from Gibraltar for that island. The vessel struck on some sands off the Point de Gat, and the ass was thrown overboard, in the hope that it might possibly be able to swim to the land; of which, however, there seemed but little chance, for the sea was running so high, that a boat which left the ship was lost. A few days after, when the gates of Gibraltar were opened in the morning, the guard were surprised by Valiant, as the ass was called, presenting himself for admittance. On entering, he proceeded immediately to the stable of Mr. Weeks, a

merchant, which he had formerly occupied. The poor animal had not only swam safely to the shore, but without guide, compass, or travelling map, had found his way from Point de Gat to Gibraltar, a distance of more than two hundred miles, through a mountainous and intricate country, intersected by streams, which he had never traversed before; and in so short a period, that he could not have made one false turn.

FAITHFUL NEGRESS.

IN the dreadful earthquake which made such ravages in the Island of St. Domingo in the year 1770, a negress of Port au Prince, found herself alone in the house of her master and mistress, with their youngest child, whom she nursed. The house shook to its foundation. Every one had taken flight; she alone could not escape, without leaving her infant charge in danger; she flew to the chamber, where it lay in the most profound sleep; at that moment the walls of the house fell in; anxious only for the safety of her foster child, she threw herself over it, and serving as a sort of arch, saved it from destruction. The child was indeed saved; but the unfortunate negress died soon after, the victim of her fidelity.

AFFECTIONATE RECOGNITION.

A FEW years ago, in working to establish a new communication between two shafts of a mine at Fahkin, the capital of Dalecarlia, the body of a miner was

discovered in a perfect state of preservation, and impregnated with vitriolic water. It was quite soft, but hardened on being exposed to the air. No one could identify the body; it was merely remembered that the accident by which he had thus been buried in the bosom of the earth, had taken place above fifty years ago. All inquiries about the name of the sufferer had already ceased, when a decrepid old woman, supported on crutches, slowly advanced towards the corpse, and knew it to be that of a young man to whom she had been promised in marriage more than half a century before. She threw herself on the corpse, which had all the appearance of a bronze statue, bathed it with her tears, and fainted with joy at once more beholding the object of her affections. It is easier to conceive than trace the singular contrast afforded by that couple; the one buried above fifty years ago, still retaining the appearance of youth; while the other, weighed down by age, evinced all the fervency of youthful love.

CONCEALED TREASURE.

DURING the reign of terror in France, a lady of Marseilles, about to emigrate, wished, before her departure, to place a considerable property, in plate, linen, and other articles in a place of safety. To bury property in cellars had become so common, that they were now among the first places that were searched on any suspicion of concealed treasures; and to convey the things out of the house, even by small portions at a time, without being discovered, was not to be hoped for. The lady consulted with an old and faith-

ful servant, who, during a great number of years that he had been in the family, had given such repeated proofs of his fidelity and attachment to it, that she placed unbounded confidence in him. He advised her to pack the things in trunks, and deposit them in a garret at one end of the house; then to wall up the door into it, and new plaster the room adjoining, so as to leave no traces by which it could be discovered that it had any communication with another apartment. This advice was followed, and the plan executed without the privacy of any other person than the servant who walled up the door-way, and plastered over the outer room; and when all was finished, the lady departed, leaving the care of the house entirely to him.

Soon after her departure, the servant received a visit from the municipal officer, who came with a party of his myrmidons to search the house, as belonging to an emigrant, and suspected of containing considerable property. They examined every room, every closet, every place in the house; but nothing of any value was to be discovered: some large articles of furniture, which could not conveniently be disposed of, and which it was judged best to leave in order to save appearances, were the only things found. The officer said it was impossible the other things could be conveyed away, and threatened the servant with the utmost severity of justice if he did not confess where they were concealed. He, however, constantly refused to give any information, and was carried before the commune. Here he was again interrogated, and menaced even with the guillotine if he did not confess where his mistress's property was concealed; but he still remained unshaken in his resolution, and faithful

to his trust ; till at length the officers believing it impossible, that if he really were in possession of the secret, he could retain it with the fear of death before his eyes, were persuaded that he was not in his mistress's confidence, and dismissed him. They obliged him, however, to quit the house, and a creature of their own was placed in it. Again and again it was searched, but to no purpose : nor was the real truth ever suspected. But when the reign of the terrorist was closed, by the fall of the leaders, the faithful servant, who beheld their downfall with exultation as his own triumph, on a representation of his case to the new magistracy, was replaced in the house of his mistress.

BROTHERS IN BATTLE.

IMMEDIATELY after the taking of Fort Napoleon, in Portugal, during the Peninsular war, a soldier of the 50th regiment was observed occasionally bending over the lifeless trunk of one of his comrades, and now and then wiping away the tears as they trickled down his furrowed cheek. An officer stepped up, and ventured to divert his attention by inquiring the name of the deceased. Till then he had imagined that he was pouring out his grief in secret ; for when spoken to, he looked abashed, and began to wipe away the tears from his eyes. On the question being repeated, he said, that the name of the deceased was Paddy Carey, and his own brother ; that he was the third of that family that had given up their lives for their country ; and that he was now left alone, to mourn the loss of those who had gone before him. He regretted much

That circumstances prevented him from bestowing decent burial on the deceased; and when he was left alone, the noble fellow began to dig a hole with his bayonet, to receive the mangled remains of his beloved relative.

GENTOO PALANQUIN BOYS.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM, in his evidence given to the House of Commons, on the affairs of India, states, that he has known innumerable instances of honour among the natives, particularly the military tribes, which would in England be considered more fit for the page of romance than of history. "There is," he observes, "a large class of menials, such as Gentoo Palanquin boys, at Madras, who amount to twenty or thirty thousand, a great proportion of whom are employed by the English government, or the individuals serving it, who, as a body, are remarkable for their industry and fidelity. During a period of nearly thirty years, I cannot call to mind one instance being proved of theft, in any one of this class of men, whose average wages are from three to eight rupees a month, or from seven shillings and sixpence to one pound. I remember hearing of one instance of extraordinary fidelity, where an officer died at the distance of nearly three hundred miles from the settlement of Fort St. George, with a sum of between two and three thousand pounds in his palanquin. These honest men, alarmed at even suspicion attaching to them, salted him, brought him three hundred miles to Madras, and lodged him in the town major's office, with all the money sealed in bags."

OLD SCRANNY.

SOME years ago, the Shawano Indians being obliged to remove from their habitations, in their way took a Muskoghe warrior, known by the name of Old Scranny, prisoner; they bastinadoed him severely, and condemned him to the fiery torture. He underwent a great deal without showing any concern; his countenance and behaviour gave no indication of the pain he suffered. He told his persecutors with a bold voice, that he was a warrior; that he had gained the most of his martial reputation at the expense of their nation; and was so desirous of showing them in the act of dying, that he was still as much their superior, as when he headed his gallant countrymen against them, that although he had fallen into their hands, and forfeited the protection of the Divine Power, by some impurity or other, when carrying the holy ark of war against his devoted enemies, yet he had so much remaining virtue as would enable him to punish himself more exquisitely, than all their despicable ignorant crowd possibly could! and that he would do so, if they gave him liberty by untying him, and handing him one of the red-hot barrels out of the fire. The proposal and his method of address appeared so exceedingly bold and uncommon, that his request was granted. Then suddenly seizing the red-hot barrel, and brandishing it from side to side, he found his way through the armed and astonished multitude; leaped down a prodigiously steep and high bank into the river; dived through it, and ran over a small island, and passed the other branch amidst a shower of bullets; and though numbers of his enemies were in close pursuit of him,

he got into a bramble swamp, through which, though naked and in a mangled condition, he reached his own country.

COMPOSING AND DE-COMPOSING.

“Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.”

THE soothing powers of music have been celebrated from the remotest ages, when David played before Saul; and in profane history we are told that the art, as practiced by Orpheus, possessed the charms of consigning even the lynx-eyed guardian of the infernal regions, into the arms of M-Orpheus. In our days the effects are much the same, for cast your eyes round the King's Theatre during the performance of Rossini's most elaborate recitativos, and you will find many of the dilettanti wholly unconscious of the floating sounds, and tasting the sweets of “great nature's second source.” If, therefore, the Italian Opera, the fountain head of music in this country, where neither pains nor expense are spared to obtain performers of the greatest celebrity, administers to part of the auditory a gentle opiate, can we wonder, when Lord B. granted an interview to Signor Solini, and suffered the infliction of some sixty pages of recitativos and arias (not very airy,) of a new opera which he wished to force down John Bull's throat, that, on turning to ask his Lordship's opinion of the opening chorus of the third act, just concluded, Solini should find his noble patron, insensible to the beauties of melody, enjoying a very comfortable nap.

But music does not always act thus; if it has its

piano, it has also its forte, and very frequently a piano-forte. A bag-pipe has been known to revive the ardour and re-kindle the courage of a regiment of Highlanders, when their defeat and retreat seemed inevitable, and to make them fight like lions. The dying war-horse will start from the ground, in the agonies of death, on hearing the brazen trumpet sound the well-known charge; and the scraping of a three-stringed fiddle at a wake, will set Paddy's heart in a blaze, and, in the pleasures of a lilt, efface the remembrance of the loudest sorrow. I say loudest, because, in Ireland, the quantum of sorrow is measured by the howls of the mourner.

Sir Charles fancied himself a first-rate violinist, and if the old adage be true, that "practice makes perfect," he certainly had arrived at perfection. One morning, when in the midst of one of Mori's Pot Pourris, his ears were very unceremoniously assailed, by the scratching of an old blind fiddler, *executing* Maggie Lauder in flats and sharps, immediately under his window, in the most unnatural manner. It was but the impulse of a moment to ring the bell, and desire John to drive the utterer of counterfeit notes away from the door. This was not, however, so easily accomplished. The scraper demurred to this summary sentence of transportation, and would not be kept at bay, for though out of sight, he was *not* out of mind, and continued so long within hearing, that the amateur wished him hanged, and was obliged to suspend his performance.

The next day, at the same hour, while Sir Charles was practising the same subject, came the itinerant scraper of cat-gut;—the same orders were repeated with the addition, that he was to evacuate the street altogether. This however the melodious murderer

declined doing--alleging, "that he was a poor old man, who subsisted upon the charity awakened by his fiddle,—that many benevolent ladies and gentlemen lived in that street, who were in the habit of throwing him half-pence, the loss of which would to him be a very great privation."—Sir Charles was glad to purchase an honourable peace, on the terms prescribed by his enemy,—viz. six-pence per week, being satisfied that one scraper at his door was sufficient.

P. L. DUMONT.

AMONG the persons liberated by Lord Exmouth, on his glorious triumph over the Algerines, was a Frenchman of the name of Pierre Joseph Dumont, who had endured a slavery of thirty-four years in Africa. He was one of the crew of *La Lievre*, which was wrecked by a storm on the coast of Africa, between Oran and Algiers. Sixty individuals perished in the waves; eighty escaped to land; out of these, about fifty were almost instantly massacred by the Koubals, a ferocious race, who were watching the effects of the tempest, and in the dead of the night, rushed down on the helpless mariners, armed with sabre, lance, pistol, and musket. All who escaped death from the first assault of the savages, were seized by them next morning, while vainly endeavouring to find a place of shelter along the sandy beach; each prisoner had his arms bound across, and was then attached with a long cord to the tail of one of the Arab's horses. In this manner the unfortunate captives were dragged along for eight days, without being allowed any other subsistence than bread and water.

At length they reached the mountain Felix, and were brought before the Sheik Osman. He inquired what country they they were of; and being told France, exclaimed, "Let them be chained." The order was put into immediate execution. They were first stripped of their clothes, and supplied with nothing more than a sort of petticoat or trowsers. They were then bound together, two and two, to a large chain ten feet in length, and weighing about sixty pounds; and thus, half naked and in irons, they were taken to the prison appropriated for slaves.

"A little straw," says Dumont, "was allowed us to lie on, with a stone for a pillow, and permission to sleep, if we could."

"Although I felt my wounds extremely painful, particularly one inflicted by a lance, I was compelled to labour with the rest at six every morning, dragging along my chain. Our food for the day was three ears of Indian corn, which were thrown to us as if we were dogs."

All the time the slaves were at work, the Koubals formed a circle round them, not so much to prevent their running away, as to protect them from the lions and tigers who would otherwise devour them. "There are always," says Dumont, "a hundred and fifty armed men to watch over the safety of a hundred slaves. But though the Koubals are incessantly on the look out, it will not prevent the lion from sometimes carrying off its prey, if greatly pressed by hunger. One remarkable circumstance is, that the shouts and outcries of men will drive the wild beasts back into the woods; whereas, peals of musketry draw numbers of them out of the forest, as if curiosity formed some part of their instinct."

“But nothing,” continues Dumont, “could exceed the horrors of what we endured one day, from the prison taking fire, with all the slaves shut up in it. Though no lives were lost, our beards and hair were partly consumed. The water intended for our use was turned off, to extinguish the flames. The heat and the torrents of smoke were suffocating, so that we foamed at the mouth; and, at one time, we were in apprehension of being burnt alive. No one thought of unloosing us, probably from a dread of some confusion and disorder; and only the usual quantities of water were dealt out to us, at the usual times: nor was this all; for a liberal distribution of the bamboo ensued, applied to some for setting fire to the place from negligence, to others, for not foreseeing the accident, and to others, for an imputed criminal intention, as if they would take an advantage of such an opportunity to effect their escape.”

After being thirty-three years in slavery, Dumont was one of five hundred Christians who were exchanged for the two sons of Osman, taken prisoners by the Bey Titre. Dumont now became the slave of a new master, but received much better treatment; his irons were struck off, he was clothed, and had two black loaves, of five ounces each, and seven or eight olives, allowed him daily.

At Algiers he remained eight months. At length, the great deliverer, Lord Exmouth, appeared before Algiers and obtained the surrender of all the Christian slaves of every nation. Dumont adds,

“We were taken in by a number of English boats, and there it was that our last chains fell off, not without the deep sighs and regrets of three thousand renegades, who despaired of obtaining deliverance, and

lamented the day wherein they had apostatized from the Christian faith."

TRIUMPH OF HUMANITY.

THE piratical aggressions of the Algerines, and the cruel slavery to which they were for ages in the custom of dooming their Christian captives, had, at different times, provoked the indignation of European powers, and brought heavy inflictions of vengeance upon the barbarians. But to the united fleets of Britain and the Netherlands, under the command of Lord Exmouth, was reserved the glorious task of completing the triumph of humanity, by forcing the Algerine government to make a solemn renunciation for ever of the practice of Christian slavery.

Most truly was it observed by Lord Exmouth, in his official despatch, announcing the victory of Algiers, that "To have been one of the humble instruments in the hands of Divine Providence, of bringing to reason a ferocious government, and destroying, for ever, the insufferable and horrid system of Christian slavery, could never cease to be a source of delight and heartfelt comfort to every individual happy enough to be employed in it."

M. Salame, who accompanied the expedition in the capacity of interpreter, thus describes the anxiety of the slaves to escape from bondage.

"When the British boats came inside the Mole, the slaves began to push and throw themselves by crowds, ten or twenty persons together. 'It was, indeed, says M. Salame, 'a most glorious and ever memorable

merciful act for England, over all Europe, to see these poor slaves, when our boats were shoving with them off the shore, all at once take off their hats, and exclaim in Italian, ' Long live the King of England, and the English Admiral who delivered us from slavery.' "

The number of slaves liberated by Lord Exmouth, was in all, 3,003, viz. Neapolitans and Sicilians, 2,056; Sardinians and Genoese, 463; Piedmontese, 6; Romans, 184; Tuscans, 6; Spaniards, 226; Portuguese, 1; Greeks, 7; Hamburghers, 4; Dutch, 28; French, 2; Austrians, 2; and of the English, 18.

What a noble consummation to the glory of the British arms! Thousands of captives restored to homes which they had probably despaired of ever seeing; to bosoms which they never hoped to press; many a father to the arms of a long-lost wife and children; many an only son to those of a widowed mother; and this after years of oppression, indignity, and indeed of ceaseless agony!

ZERAH COLBURN.

IN 1812, the attention of the philosophical world was attracted by the most singular phenomenon in the history of the human mind, that perhaps ever existed. It was the case of a child under eight years of age, who, without any previous knowledge of the common rules of arithmetic, or even of the use and power of the Arabic numerals, and without giving any particular attention to the subject, possessed, as if by intuition, the singular faculty of solving a great variety of arithmetical questions, by the mere operations of the

mind, and without the usual assistance of any visible symbol or contrivance.

The name of the child was Zerah Colburn, who was born at Cabot, Vermont, in the United States, on the 1st of September, 1804. In August, 1810, although at that time not six years of age, he first began to show those wonderful powers of calculation, which have since so much astonished every person who witnessed them. The discovery was made by accident. His father, who had not given him any other instruction than such as was to be obtained at a small school established in that unfrequented and remote part of the country, (and which did not include either writing or arithmetic,) was much surprised one day, to hear him repeating the products of several numbers. Struck with amazement at this circumstance, he proposed a variety of arithmetical questions to him, all of which the child solved with remarkable facility and correctness. The news of this infant prodigy soon circulated throughout the neighbourhood, and persons came from distant parts to witness so singular a circumstance. The father, encouraged by the unanimous opinion of all who came to see him, was induced to undertake the tour of the United States with his child; and afterwards to bring him to England, where he exhibited his astonishing powers before thousands in the metropolis. It was correctly true as stated of him, that he would not only determine, with the greatest facility and despatch, the exact number of minutes or seconds in any given period of time, but would also solve any other question of a similar kind. He would tell the exact product arising from the multiplication of any number, consisting of two, three, or four figures, by any other number consisting of an equal number of figures; or

any number consisting of six or seven places of figures being proposed, he would determine with equal expedition and ease all the factors of which it is composed. This singular faculty consequently extended not only to the raising of powers, but also to the extraction of square and cube roots of the number proposed; and likewise to the means of determining whether it be a prime number (a number incapable of division by any other number,) for which case there does not exist at present any general rule amongst mathematicians.

On one occasion, this child undertook, and completely succeeded in raising the number 8 progressively up to the sixteenth power; and in naming the last result, viz. 281,474,976,710,656, he was right in every figure. He was then tried as to other numbers, consisting of one figure; all of which he raised (by actual multiplication, and not by memory) as high as the tenth power, with so much facility and despatch, that the person appointed to take down the results was obliged to enjoin him not to be so rapid. He was asked the square root of 106,929; and before the number could be written down, he immediately answered 327. He was then required to name the cube root of 268,336,125; and with equal facility and promptitude he replied 645. One of the party requested him to name the factors which produced the number 247,483, which he immediately did, by mentioning 941, and 236, which are the only two numbers that will produce it. Another gentleman proposed 171,393, and he almost instantly named the only factors that would produce it. He was then asked to give the factors of 36,083; but he immediately replied that it had none; which in fact was the case, as it is a prime number. One of the gentlemen asked him how many minutes there were in

forty-eight years? and before the question could be written down, he answered it correctly, and instantly added the number of seconds contained in the same period.

No information could be gained from the child of the method by which he effected such astonishing results, although it appeared evident that he operated by certain rules known only to himself.

DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND AMERICAN GIRL.

THE following interesting account appeared in an American paper of the year 1817.

“I heard a benevolent lady mention the name of Julia Brace, a girl about eleven years old, living in the vicinity of Hartford, who is afflicted with the triple calamity of blindness, deafness, and dumbness, having lost the senses of sight and hearing by the violence of a typhus fever, at the age of four years. On visiting her, I learned the following facts and little anecdotes, which I relate for your amusement.

“Her form and features are regular and well proportioned. Her temper is mild and affectionate. She is much attached to her infant sister; often passes her hand over the mouth and eyes of the child, in order to ascertain whether it is crying, and soothes its little distresses with all the assiduity and success of a talkative or musical nurse. All objects which she can readily handle she applies to her lips, and rarely fails in determining their character. If any thing is too large for examination in this way, she makes her

fingers the interpreters of their texture and properties, and is seldom mistaken. She will beat apples or other fruit from the tree, and select the best with as much judgment as if she possessed the faculty of sight. She often wanders in the field and gathers flowers, to which she is directed by the pleasantness of their odour. Her sense of smelling is remarkably exquisite, and appears to be an assistant guide with her fingers and lips.

“A gentleman one day gave her a small fan. She inquired of her lips what it was; and on being informed, returned it to the gentleman’s pocket. The mother observed, that Julia already possessed one fan; she probably thought that another would be superfluous. The gentleman gave the same fan to a neighbouring girl, whom Julia was in the habit of visiting. She went a few days after to visit her companion, whose toys she passed under the review of her fingers and lips, and among other things the fan, the identity of which she instantly discovered, and again restored to the pocket of the gentleman, who happened to be present.

“She feels and admires mantelpiece ornaments, and never breaks nor injures the most brittle furniture, even in a strange room.

“A gentleman once made several experiments, with a view of satisfying himself whether she really had the discernment which she was reported to possess. Among other arts for effecting his object, he pretended to carry away her infant sister. She immediately detected the cheat, by ascertaining that his umbrella remained on the table. She then went out of the door, and picked the head of a large thistle in full bloom, brought it in, smelling it as she came, and offered it to

the gentleman, apparently as a nosegay.—He reached out his hand: but instead of giving it, she archly pricked his hand, by way of retort for his freedom in testing her sagacity.”

GEORGE BIDDER.

THE American boy, Zerah Colburn, whose astonishing talents at calculation we have already noticed, appears to have been since surpassed by George Bidder, the son of a labouring peasant in Devonshire. Bidder began to exhibit his astonishing powers at an early age; and when not more than twelve, the following question was proposed to him at the Stock Exchange, which he answered in the short space of *one minute*.

If the pendulum of a clock vibrates the distance of nine inches and three quarters in a second of time, how many inches will it vibrate in the course of seven years, fourteen days, two hours, one minute, and fifty-six seconds, each year of three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, forty-eight minutes, and fifty-five seconds? Answer: two thousand, one hundred, and sixty-five millions, six hundred and twenty-five thousand, seven hundred and forty-four inches, and three quarters. In miles, thirty four thousand, one hundred and seventy-eight miles, four hundred and seventy-five yards, two feet, and three quarters of an inch.

CALCULATING GIRL.

IN the spring of 1819, a little girl about eleven years old appeared at the Royal Exchange, and made

some very extraordinary calculations. Several gentlemen asked her some intricate questions, and while they were calculating it, she gave a correct answer. She was asked to multiply 525,600 by 250; which she answered in one minute, 131,400,000. A second question was, how many minutes there are in forty-two years? Answer, 22,075,200. She was next desired to multiply 525,000 by 450? Answer: 236,250,000. Several other questions equally difficult were put, all of which she answered very correctly. It is remarkable, that the girl could neither read nor write. She stated herself to be the daughter of a weaver, living in Mile-End New Town, of the name of Heywood.

FERGUSON.

THIS eminent practical philosopher and astronomer was born in an humble station at Keith, a small village in Scotland, in the year 1710. He learned to read by merely listening to the instructions which his father communicated to an elder brother. He was afterwards sent for about three months to the grammar school at Keith; and this was all the scholastic education he ever received. His taste for mechanics appeared when he was only about seven or eight years of age; by means of a turning lathe and a knife, he constructed machines that served to illustrate the properties of the lever, the wheel, and the axle. Of these machines, and the mode of their application, he made rough drawings with a pen, and wrote a brief description of them. Unable to subsist without some employment, he was placed with a neighbouring farmer, and occupied for some years in the care of his sheep. In

this situation he commenced the study of astronomy, devoting a great part of the night to the contemplation of the heavens; while he amused himself in the daytime with making models of spinning wheels, and other machines which he had an opportunity of observing. By another farmer, in whose service he was afterwards engaged, he was much encouraged in his astronomical studies, and enabled by the assistance that was afforded him in his necessary labour, to reserve a part of the day for making fair copies of the observations which he roughly sketched out in the the night. In making these observations, he lay down on his back, with a blanket about him, and by means of a thread strung with small beads, and stretched at arm's length between his eye and the stars, he marked their positions and distances. The master who thus kindly favoured his search after knowledge, recommended him to some neighbouring gentlemen, one of whom took him into his house, where he was instructed by the butler in decimal arithmetic, algebra, and the elements of geometry! Being afterwards deprived of the assistance of this preceptor, he returned to his father's house, and availing himself of the information derived from Gordon's Geographical Grammar, he constructed a globe of wood, covered it with paper, and delineated upon it a map of the world; he also added the meridian ring, and horizon, which he graduated; and by means of this instrument, which was the first he had ever seen, he came to solve all the problems in Gordon. His father's contracted circumstances obliged him again to seek employment; but the service into which he entered was so laborious as to affect his health. For his amusement in this enfeebled state, he made a wooden clock, and also a watch,

after having once seen the inside of such a piece of mechanism. His ingenuity obtained for him new friends, and employment suited to his taste, which was that of cleaning clocks, and drawing patterns for ladies' needle-work; and he was thus enabled not only to supply his own wants, but to assist his father. Having improved in the art of drawing, he was induced to draw portraits from the life, with Indian ink on vellum. This art, which he practised with facility, afforded him a comfortable subsistence for several years, and allowed him leisure for pursuing those favourite studies, which ultimately raised him into eminence.

“ HE NEVER TOLD A LIE.”

MR. PARK, in his Travels through Africa, relates that a party of armed Moors having made a predatory attack on the flocks of a village at which he was stopping, a youth of the place was mortally wounded in the affray. The natives placed him on horseback, and conducted him home, while his mother preceded the mournful group, proclaiming all the excellent qualities of her boy, and by her clasped hands and streaming eyes, discovered the inward bitterness of her soul. The quality for which she chiefly praised the boy formed of itself an epitaph so noble, that even civilized life could not aspire to a higher. “*He never,*” said she, with pathetic energy, “*never, never, told a lie.*”

FILIAL DUTY.

AMONG the American Indians, one of the first lessons they inculcate on their children, is duty to their parents and respect for old age; and there is not among the most civilized nations any people who more strictly observe the duty of filial obedience. A father needs only to say, in the presence of his children, "I want such a thing done; I want one of my children to go upon such an errand; let me see who is the *good* child that will do it." This word *good* operates as it were by magic, and the children immediately vie with each other to comply with the wishes of their parent. If a father sees an old decrepid man or woman pass by, led along by a child, he will draw the attention of his own children to the object by saying, "What a *good* child that must be, which pays such attention to the aged! That child indeed looks forward to the time when it will likewise be old!" Or he will say, "May the Great Spirit, who looks upon him, grant this *good* child a long life!"

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

A NOBLEMAN travelling in Scotland, about six years ago, was asked for alms in the high street of Edinburgh, by a little ragged boy. He said he had no change; upon which the boy offered to procure it. His lordship, in order to get rid of his importunity, gave him a piece of silver, which the boy conceiving was to be changed, ran off for the purpose. On his return, not finding his benefactor, whom he expected

to wait, he watched for several days in the place where he had received the money. At length, the nobleman happened again to pass that way; the boy accosted him, and put the change he had procured into his hand, counting it with great exactness. His lordship was so pleased with the boy's honesty, that he placed him at school with the assurance of providing for him.

THE SECRETARY FALCON.

M. LE VAILLANT gives an account of a remarkable engagement of which he was a witness, between the secretary falcon and a serpent. The serpent is the chief enemy of the falcon in all the countries which it inhabits, and the mode in which it wages war against it, is very peculiar. When the falcon approaches a serpent, it always carries the point of one of its wings forward, in order to parry off its venomous bites; sometimes it finds an opportunity of spurning and treading upon its antagonist; or else, of taking him upon its pinions, and throwing him into the air. When by this system it has, at length, wearied out its adversary, and rendered him almost senseless, it kills and swallows him at leisure. On the occasion which Vaillant mentions, the battle was obstinate, and conducted with equal address on both sides. The serpent, feeling at last his inferiority, endeavoured to regain his hole; while the bird, apparently guessing his design, stopped him on a sudden, and cut off his retreat by placing herself before him at a single leap. On whatever side the reptile endeavoured to make his

escape, the enemy still appeared before him. Rendered desperate, the serpent resolved on a last effort. He erected himself boldly to intimidate the bird, and hissing dreadfully, displayed his menacing throat, inflamed eyes, and a head swollen with rage and venom. The falcon seemed intimidated for a moment, but soon returned to the charge; and covering her body with one of her wings as a buckler, struck her enemy with the bony protuberance of the other. M. Vaillant saw the serpent at last stagger and fall; the conqueror then fell upon him to despatch him, and with one stroke of her beak laid open his skull.

THE SLAVES' COMPLAINT TO PARLIAMENT.

KIND Members of the House of Commons, pray
 With some redress for all our wrongs supply us!
 Shall we be purchas'd still from day to day?
 'Tis wrong to suffer 'gainst us such a *buy us!*

We are abus'd! 'tis said we rob and steal,
 Wherever we contrive to make an entry!
 'Tis false, nature has put on us her seal,
 To show we cannot be *light-finger'd gentry!*

Must every Negro be a wretched wight,
 While Liberty 'mongst you pursues it track;
 Since Freedom you've in England brought to *light,*
 Can you not bring some freedom to *the black?*



GOING A BLACK BERRYING.

Say, is it right our prayers should be refused?
 That our petitions should be sent in vain?
 Are Nature's bounteous gifts to be abus'd?
 Shall master's have *the sugar*, we *the cane*?

Oh! Messrs. Fowell Buxton and the rest
 Of those who take the name of negro freers,
 Tell all in England how our backs are dress'd,
 Here over seas, by tyrant *overseers*.

If you don't aid us, 'mongst our other evils,
 We in appearance shall be zebras quite;
 For though by nature all as black as devils,
 Our bodies get vast *stripes of cruel white*!

At breakfast, when your coffee's fragrant smelling,
 Think of our treatment where its luscious tree grows!
 And oh! each English fop, *id est, white swelling*,
 Will you not own a kindred with the *knee-grows*!

OSTRICH RIDING.

MR. ADAMSON, in his "Voyage to Senegal," &c. mentions two ostriches, which, though young, were of gigantic size, and afforded him a very remarkable sight. "They were so tame, that two little blacks mounted both together on the back of the largest. No sooner did he feel their weight, than he began to run as fast as possible, and carried them several times round the village, as it was impossible to stop him otherwise than by obstructing the passage. This sight pleased me so much, that to try their strength, I

directed a full grown negro to mount the smallest, and two others the largest. This burden did not seem at all disproportioned to their strength. At first they went at a tolerably sharp trot, but when they became heated a little, they expanded their wings as though to catch the wind, and moved with such fleetness, that they scarcely seemed to touch the ground. The ostrich moves like the partridge, with the advantage of greater fleetness; and I am satisfied that those I am speaking of, would have distanced the fleetest race horses that were ever bred in England. It is true they would not hold out so long as a horse; but they would undoubtedly go over a given space in less time. I have frequently beheld this sight, which is capable of giving one an idea of the use it might be of, had we but the method of breaking and managing it as we do a horse."

AMERICAN INDIANS.

THE American Indians consider that hospitality is not a virtue, but a strict duty. Hence they are never in search of excuses to avoid giving, but freely supply their neighbour's wants from the stock prepared for their own use. They give and are hospitable to all, without exception, and will always share with each other, and often with the stranger, even to their last morsel. They would rather lie down themselves on an empty stomach, than have it laid to their charge that they had neglected their duty, by not satisfying the wants of the stranger, the sick, or the needy. The stranger has a claim to their hospitality, partly on account of his being at a distance from his family and

friends, and partly because he has honoured them by his visit, and ought to leave them with a good impression upon his mind; the sick and the poor, because they have a right to be helped out of the common stock: for if the meat they have been served with was taken from the woods, it was common to all before the hunter took it; if corn or vegetables, it had grown out of the common ground, yet not by the power of man, but by that of the Great Spirit. Besides, on the principle that all are descended from one parent, they look upon themselves as but one great family, who therefore ought, at all times, and on all occasions, to be serviceable and kind to each other, and by that means make themselves acceptable to the head of the universal family, the great and good Supreme.

In every American Indian village, there is a vacant dwelling called *the Strangers' House*, for the reception of travellers. It is reckoned uncivil to enter a village abruptly, without giving notice of one's approach. As soon as travellers arrive within hearing, they are expected to stop and halloo, and remain till invited. Two old men usually come out to them, and lead them in. They are placed in the Strangers' House, while the old men go round from hut to hut, acquainting the inhabitants that strangers are arrived, who are probably hungry and weary; and every one sends them what he can spare of victuals and skins to repose on. When the strangers are refreshed, pipes and tobacco are brought; and then, but not before, conversation begins, with inquiries who they are? whither bound? what news? &c.; and it usually ends with offers of service. Nothing whatever is exacted for the entertainment.

The same hospitality which is esteemed among the

American Indians as a public virtue, is equally practised by private persons. The following interesting instance of this was communicated by Conrad Weiser, a British interpreter to Doctor Franklin. He had been naturalized among the Six Nations, and spoke well the Mohoc language. In going through the Indian country, to carry a message from the British Governor to the Council of Onondaga, he called at the habitation of Canassetego, an old acquaintance, who embraced him, spread furs for him to sit upon, placed before him some boiled beans and venison, and mixed some rum and water for his drink. When he was well refreshed and had lit his pipe, Canassetego began to converse with him, asked him how he had fared the many years since they had seen each other, whence he then came, what had occasioned the journey, &c. Conrad answered all his questions; and when the discourse began to flag, the Indian to continue it, said, "Conrad, you have lived long among the white people and know something of their customs; I have been sometimes at Albany, and have observed that once in seven days they shut up the shops, and assemble all in the great house; tell me what it is for? What do they do there?" "They meet there," says Conrad, "to hear and learn *good things*." "I do not doubt," says the Indian, "that they tell you so; they have told me the same, but I doubt the truth of what they say, and I will tell you my reasons. I went lately to Albany to sell my skins, and buy blankets, knives, powder, rum, &c. You know I generally used to deal with Hans Hanson; but I was a little inclined this time to try some other merchants. However, I called first upon Hans, and asked him what he would give for beaver. He said he could not give more than four shillings a pound, but, says he

I cannot talk on business now; this is the day when we meet together to learn *good things*, and I am going to the meeting. So I thought to myself, since I cannot do any business to-day, I may as well go to the meeting too, and I went with him. There stood up a man in black, and began to talk to the people very angrily; I did not understand what he said, but perceiving that he looked much at me and at Hanson, I imagined that he was angry at seeing me there; so I went out, sat down near the house, struck fire, and lit my pipe, waiting till the meeting should break up. I thought too that the man had mentioned something of beaver, and I suspected it might be the subject of their meeting. So when they came out, I accosted my merchant.—‘Well, Hans,’ says I, ‘I hope you have agreed to give more than four shillings a pound? ‘No,’ says he, ‘I cannot give so much, I cannot give more than three shillings and sixpence.’ I then spoke to several other dealers, but they all sung the same song, three and sixpence, three and sixpence. This made it clear to me that my suspicion was right; and that whatever they pretended of meeting to learn good things, the real purpose was to consult how to cheat Indians in the price of beaver. Consider but a little, Conrad, and you must be of my opinion. If they met so often to learn good things, they certainly would have learned some before this time; but they are still ignorant. You know our practice. If a white man in travelling through our country, enters one of our cabins, we all treat him as I treat you; we dry him if he is wet, we warm him if he is cold, and give him meat and drink that he may allay his thirst and hunger; and we spread soft furs for him to rest and sleep on; we demand nothing in return. But if I go into a white man’s

house in Albany, and ask for victuals and drink, they say, 'Where is your money?' And if I have none, they say, 'Get out you Indian dog.' You see they have not yet learned those little good things that we need no meeting to be instructed in, because our mothers taught them to us when we were children; and therefore it is impossible their meetings should be as they say, for any such purpose, or have any such effect; they are only to contrive the *cheating of Indians in the price of beaver.*"

PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BRUNSWICK.

IN the year 1785, Prince Leopold of Brunswick, son of the reigning duke, lost his life in endeavouring to relieve the inhabitants of a village that was overflowed by the Oder, which had burst its banks in several places, and carried away houses, bridges, and every thing that opposed its progress. This amiable Prince was standing by the side of the river, when a woman threw herself at his feet, beseeching him to give orders to some persons to go and rescue her children, whom, bewildered by the sudden danger, she had left behind in the house. Some soldiers who were in the same place, were also calling out for help. The prince endeavoured to procure a flat-bottomed boat, but none could be found to venture across the river, although he offered large sums of money, and promised to share the danger. At last, moved by the cries of the unfortunate inhabitants of the suburbs, and being led by the sensibility of his disposition, he took the resolution of going to their assistance himself. Those who were about him, endeavoured to dissuade him from the

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hazardous enterprise ; but touched to the soul by the distress of these miserable people, he nobly replied, " What am I more than either you or they ? I am a man like yourselves, and nothing ought to be attended to here, but the voice of humanity." Unshaken, therefore in his resolution, and in spite of all entreaties, he immediately embarked with three watermen in a small boat, and crossed the river ; the boat did not want more than three lengths of the bank, when it struck against a tree, and in an instant they all, together with the boat, disappeared. A few minutes after, the prince rose again, and supported himself a short time by taking hold of a tree ; but the violence of the current soon overwhelmed him, and he never appeared more. The boatmen, more fortunate, were all saved, and the prince alone became the victim of his humanity.

SELF DEVOTION.

My friend F. thus writes to me, July 12, 1788. " One instance of courage exerted in the cause of humanity, is more interesting to me, (and so I know it is to you) than all the details of all the sieges and battles that ever happened since the creation of the world. Tuesday last presented a memorable confirmation of this truth in the neighbourhood of St. Cloud, where, while a young man of the name of Francis Potel, twenty-two years of age, was at work in the fields, with his father and brothers, a cart with six persons in it by accident overset, and fell into the river. Moved by the cries of the seemingly devoted victims, he instantly plunged into the water, and being an excel-

lent swimmer, brought one of them safely on shore. He then returned to save, if possible, the rest. In this attempt he was equally successful, though he experienced more danger; for on reaching two more of the party (a woman and a man,) the former unfortunately seized him by the hair, the latter by the arm, and with both, in their despairing struggles, he thus sunk to the bottom. At length, however, he rescued himself from their grasp; when having again reached the shore, and perceiving the unhappy creatures again floating upon the surface of the water, he boldly plunged back to their relief, and brought them also on shore, though not without a perilous struggle, which lasted at least three quarters of an hour. Overcome with fatigue, he now found himself obliged to desist from his godlike enterprise. On this, his father, though much advanced in years, resolutely plunged in, and had the good fortune to save another woman and a boy. Of the whole number, only one little girl was drowned; and she, it is supposed, must have sunk under the horse, which, together with the cart, had sunk to the bottom of the river. An action like this requires no comment; for to a breast of sensibility amply does it illustrate its own glory."

MRS. FRY.

"How few, like thee, inquire the wretched out
And court the offices of soft humanity;
Like thee reserve their raiment for the naked,
Reach out their bread to feed the crying orphan,
Or mix their pitying tears with those that weep."—Rowe.

THIS pattern of active goodness, was so early inspired with a desire to be of use to her fellow creatures,

that in her eighteenth year she prevailed on her father, Mr. John Gurney, of Earlham Hall, in the county of Norfolk, to convert one of the apartments of Earlham Hall into a school room. Here Mrs. F. daily received four and twenty poor children, to whom she read and explained the Bible. She assumed the simple garb of the Quakers, and renounced all kinds of amusement. In 1800, she married Mr. Fry, who, far from opposing her benevolent labours, does every thing to facilitate them, and affords her ample means of relieving the unfortunate, by annually placing at her disposal a considerable sum, which she applies entirely to the benefit of the poor. "Mrs. Fry's life," says a female author, "is devoted to acts of virtue, and her time is almost wholly occupied in charitable missions. She makes no distinction of persons; the unfortunate are her brothers, whatever be their country or religion. Mrs. Fry is at once a physician to the body and soul; she comforts and feeds the poor, and supplies them with clothes and with Bibles, and thus she explains and teaches the gospel. She even administers succour to criminals; she regards vice merely as a disease; and from the sick she never withholds assistance."

The exertions of Mrs. F. in reclaiming the female prisoners in Newgate, from the deplorable state into which they were plunged, cannot be more appropriately explained than in her own words:—"I soon found," says Mrs. F., "that nothing could be done, or was worth attempting, for the reformation of the women, without constant employment; as it was, those who were idle, were confirmed in idleness; and those who were disposed to be industrious, lost their good habits." As she had then no hopes of any

provision of labour, her design was confined to about thirty children, whose miserable condition much affected her. They were almost naked, and seemed pining away for want of food, air, and exercise; but their personal sufferings was the least part of their wretchedness; what, but certain ruin, must be the consequence of education in this scene of depravity? At her second visit, she requested to be admitted alone, and was locked up with the women without any turnkey, for several hours; when she mentioned to those who had families, how deplorable she considered the situation of their offspring, and her desire to concur with them in establishing a school, the proposal was received, even by the most abandoned, with tears of joy. They said they knew too well the misery of sin, to wish to have their children brought up in it; and they were ready to do any thing which she might direct; for it was horrible, even to them, to hear their infants utter oaths and filthy expressions, amongst the first words they learned to articulate. She desired them maturely to consider the plan, for that she would not undertake it without their full and steady co-operation; but that if they were determined to persevere in doing their part, she would do hers, and that the first step would be to appoint a governess. This she left entirely to them, and they were to consider who was the most proper person for that appointment.

Consideration served only to confirm their desire for the instruction of their children. At her next visit, they had selected a young woman as schoolmistress, and her conduct does credit to their discernment, for she has behaved throughout with singular propriety, and in no instance has she been known to transgress any rule. The elder women repeated

their promises of entire obedience, if the trial was only made; and several of the younger ones came to her, and entreated to be admitted to the intended school, saying how thankful they should be for any chance of reformation.

Having thus obtained the consent of the females, her next object was to secure the concurrence of the governor. She went to his house, and there met both the sheriffs and the ordinary. She told them her views, which they received with the most cordial approbation; but, at the same time, unreservedly confessed their apprehensions that her labours would be fruitless. At the next interview they stated, that they had thoroughly examined the prison, and were truly sorry to say, they could not find any vacant spot suitable for her purpose, and therefore feared the design must be relinquished. Conclusive as this intelligence appeared, her heart was then too deeply engaged in the work, and her judgment too entirely convinced of its importance, to allow her to resign it, while one possibility of success remained. She again requested to be admitted alone among the women, that she might see for herself; and if her search then failed, she should be content to abandon her project. She soon discovered a cell which was not used, and this cell is the present school-room. Upon this, she returned to the sheriffs, who told her she might take it if she liked, and try the benevolent but almost hopeless experiment.

The next day she commenced the school, in company with a young lady, who then visited a prison for the first time. The railing was crowded with half clothed women, struggling together for the front situations with the most boisterous violence, and begging

with the utmost vociferation. The young lady who accompanied Mrs. F. has said, that she felt as if she was going into a den of wild beasts, and she well recollects quite shuddering when the door closed upon her, and she was locked in with such a herd of novel and desperate companions. This day, however, the school surpassed their utmost expectations; their only pain arose from the numerous and pressing applications made by young women, who longed to be taught and employed. The narrowness of the room rendered it impossible to yield to these requests, whilst a denial seemed a sentence of destruction, excluding every hope, and almost every possibility of reformation.

These ladies, with some others, continued labouring together for some time, and the school became their regular and daily occupation; but their visits brought them so acquainted with the dissipation and gross licentiousness prevalent in the prison, arising, as they conceived, partly from want of certain regulations, but principally from want of work, that they could not but feel earnest and increasing solicitude to extend their institution, and to comprehend, within its range, the tried prisoners; they proposed therefore to open a school for the employment of the tried women, and to teach them to read and to work.

When this intention was mentioned to the friends of these ladies, it appeared at first so visionary and unpromising, that it met with very slender encouragement; they were told that the certain consequence of introducing work would be, that it would be stolen. It was strongly represented that these prisoners were of the very worst description; that a regular London female thief, who had passed through every stage and every scene of guilt; whose every friend and connex-

ion were accomplices and criminal associates; was of all characters the most irreclaimable.

Novelty, indeed, might for a time engage their attention, to the rules of the school; but the time would come when employment would be irksome; subordination would irritate them deep-rooted habits would resume their ascendancy. That these ladies were enabled to resist the force of these reasons, and to embark and to persevere in so forlorn and desperate an enterprise, in despite of many a warning without, and many an apprehension within, is not the least remarkable circumstance in their proceedings; but intercourse with the prisoners had inspired them with a confidence which was not easily to be shaken; and feeling that their design was intended for the good and the happiness of others, they trusted that it would receive the guidance and protection of HIM, who often is pleased to accomplish the highest purposes by the most feeble instruments.

With these impressions, they had the boldness to declare, that if a committee could be found who would share their labour, and a matron who would engage never to leave the prison, day or night, they would undertake to find employment for the women, procure the necessary money, till the City could be induced to relieve them from the expense, and be answerable for the safety of the property committed into the hands of the prisoners.

This committee immediately presented itself; it consisted of the wife of a clergyman, and eleven members of the Society of Friends. At first, every day in the week, and every hour in the day, some of them were to be found at their post, joining in the employments, or engaged in the instruction of their pupils;

and even when the necessity of such close attendance was much abated, the matron states, that, with only one short exception, she does not recollect the day on which some of the ladies have not visited the prison; that very often they have been with her by the time the prisoners were dressed; have spent the whole day with them, sharing her meals, or passing on without any; and have only left the school long after the close of day.

As soon as the necessary preparations had been made for the purpose, and the tried prisoners had been assembled, one of the ladies began, by telling them the comforts derived from industry and sobriety, the pleasure and the profit of doing right, and contrasted the happiness and the peace of those who are dedicated to a course of virtue and religion, with that experienced in their former life, and its present consequences; and describing their awful guilt in the sight of God, appealed to their own experience, whether the wages even here, were not utter misery and ruin; showing the truth of the proverb, that honesty is the best policy. She then dwelt upon the motives which had brought the ladies into Newgate; they had left their homes and their families, to mingle amongst those from whom all others fled; animated by an ardent and affectionate desire to rescue their fellow creatures from evil.

She then told them, that it was not intended that the ladies should command, and the prisoners obey; that not a rule should be made, or a monitor appointed, without their full and unanimous concurrence. That for this purpose, each of the rules should be read, and put to the vote; and she invited those who might feel any disinclination to any particular, freely to state

their opinion. A set of rules were then read to them; and as each was proposed, every hand was held up in testimony of their approbation.

In the same manner, and with the same formalities, each of the monitors was proposed, and all were unanimously approved.

When this business was concluded, one of the visitors read aloud the 15th chapter of St. Luke,—the parable of the barren fig tree, seeming applicable to the state of the audience. After a period of silence, according to the custom of the Society of Friends, the monitors, with their classes, withdrew to their respective wards in the most orderly manner.

During the first month, the ladies were anxious that the attempt should be secret, that it might meet with no interruption; at the end of that time, as the experiment had been tried, and had exceeded even their expectations, it was deemed expedient to apply to the Corporation of London; and the next day an answer was received, proposing a meeting with the ladies at Newgate.

In compliance with this appointment, the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and several of the Aldermen, attended. The prisoners were assembled together, and it being requested that no alteration in their usual practice might take place, one of the ladies read a chapter in the Bible, and then the females proceeded to their various avocations. Their attention during the time of reading; their orderly and sober deportment; their decent dress; the absence of every thing like tumult, noise or contention; the obedience and the respect shown by them; and the cheerfulness visible in their countenances and manners, conspired to excite the astonishment and admiration of their visitors.

The magistrates, to evince the sense of the importance of the alterations which had been effected, immediately adopted the whole plan as a part of the system of Newgate, empowered the ladies to punish the refractory by short confinement, undertook part of the expense of the matron, and loaded the ladies with thanks and benedictions.

About six months after the establishment of the school for the children, and the manufactory for the tried side, the committee received a most urgent petition from the untried, entreating that the same might be done amongst them, and promising strict obedience. In consequence, the ladies made the same arrangements, proposed the same rules, and admitted in the same manner, as on the other side, the prisoners to participate in their benefits.

The effect wrought by the advice and admonitions of the ladies, may, perhaps, be evinced more forcibly by a single and a slight occurrence, than by any description. It was a practice of immemorial usage, for convicts on the night preceding their departure for Botany Bay, to pull down and to break every thing breakable within their part of the prison, and to go off shouting with the most hardened effrontery. When the period approached for a late clearance, every one connected with the prison dreaded this night of disturbance and devastation. To the surprise of the oldest turnkey, no noise was heard, not a window was intentionally broken. They took an affectionate leave of their companions, and expressed the utmost gratitude to their benefactors; the next day they entered their conveyances without any tumult; and their departure, in the tears that were shed, and the mournful decorum that was observed, resembled a funeral pro-

cession; and so orderly was their behaviour, that it was deemed unnecessary to send more than half the usual escort.

A PUNSTER'S NARRATIVE.

"The man who'd make a pun would pick a pocket."—*Johnson*.

My name is Somerset. I am a wretched man: not because I am a bachelor, though I have been crossed in love; for, how could I hope to prevail on a young lady, with any sense of delicacy to *turn a Somerset*;—no, gentle reader, it is not that, but because I am cursed with a quality which many would be glad to possess. I can make a pun with such facility, that one frequently slips out of my mouth in spite of my teeth. I began the practice when very young, and fear I shall not be able to relinquish it when I am old, though I know it to be *bad-in-age*. At first I indulged myself at the expense of my *particular* friends;—bad policy, I own, to take a liberty with a friend who is *particular*.

As I would apply myself to nothing, my mother feared I should in consequence be a vagabond, and a disgrace to my *forefathers*; I replied by telling her she ought to be ashamed of herself for talking about my *four fathers*, and that, if she had been an honest woman, I should never have had but *one*.

The irregularities of my youth often gave rise to a lecture from my father: he said I was bringing him to the *grave*, and I recommended him to get up his Latin and Greek, as he would find the *dead languages* useful. My father died at the age of *eighty*, (an age at which he was twice *forti-fied* against disease) by *falling down*

in an apoplectic fit in his own garden, which I thought was by no means surprising, as he went out in his *slippers*. On the day of the burial, having a funeral to perform, I requested a *rehearsal* of the ceremony, and being reproved by the mute who stood at the door I called him a *black-guard*. I said I doubted whether my father was not still *living*, for his countenance was *livid*; though, I continued, a man that *dyes* generally *changes colour*. The procession started:—nothing particular occurred on our way, except that I pulled the check-string of the coach I occupied, in *Bury-street*, and, on arriving at the church, I remarked, that the large window was a much more *paneful* sight than the mourners. When the clergyman began to read with a slow voice I bid him make haste, or he wouldn't get through the service till the *mourning* was over. Two or three gentlemen, to whom my father left legacies and who were assuming particularly doleful aspects eyed me, as if they thought that what I said was intended for them. Time went on, and, being left without means of support, I advertised to give lessons in writing, thinking I should then be sure to *flourish*:—my speculation failed, and I was pressed into the *fleet*, where I am now residing!

LONDON CHARITIES.

AMONG the moral features of the British metropolis, is the multitude of its institutions for the relief of the indigent and the sick in their various wants. Independently of the two hospitals supported at the public charge at Greenwich and Chelsea, London has twenty-two hospitals, or asylums for the sick, lame, &c.; one

hundred and seven alms-houses, for the maintenance of old men and women; twenty institutions for indigent persons of various other descriptions; twenty-two dispensaries for gratuitously supplying the poor with medicine and medical aid at their own dwellings; forty-one free schools, with perpetual endowments for educating and maintaining three thousand five hundred children of both sexes; twenty other public schools for deserted and poor children; one hundred and sixty-five parish schools, supported by their respective parishes, with the aid of occasional voluntary contributions, which on an average, clothe and educate six thousand boys and girls.

But this ample list of public charities does not include the whole account; in the City of London, belonging to its corporation, there are ninety-four public companies, who distribute about 7500*l.* in charity annually; and the metropolis has, besides, many institutions for the education or relief of those who are actually distressed, of a less public and prominent nature, but which immensely extend aid to the indigent. The sum annually expended in the metropolis in charitable purposes, independently of private relief to individuals, has been estimated at 850,000*l.*

Most of the hospitals and asylums were founded by private munificence; of these some are endowed with perpetual revenues, and others supported by annual or occasional voluntary contributions. The alms-houses were built and endowed either by private individuals, or corporate bodies of tradesmen, and many of the free schools sprang from the same origin.

The administration of the public charities in the metropolis, is generally good; and splendid as the buildings often are, the wards of a London hospital do

not form a contrast with their exterior magnificence by any niggardly measure of the aid afforded to the unfortunate inmates. The medical assistance is the best which the profession can supply ; their attendance, which is in most instances gratuitous, is ample, humane, and considerate ; the rooms are cleanly, and as wholesome as care can render the dwelling of a multitude of diseased persons ; and the food is of the best kind.

Such is the British metropolis ; the community at large will view it as the glory of the united kingdom ; and those, if any there be, who would cast a veil over its splendour and extent, will, when they review its munificence and charity, hail with exulting pride its foundation, its grandeur, and its fame ; and not suffer institutions to decline, which have been formed “ to preserve all sick persons and young children ; to provide for the fatherless and widows in their affliction ; to raise up the broken-hearted, and to be the friends of the desolate and oppressed.

SMUGGLERS' GLEE.

WILD as the bird, the smugglers fly
To distant parts for gain,
And like the eagle's is their eye
When scudding o'er the main.
Let others boast they're lords on land,
As great as lords can be,
The smugglers are a nobler band—
They lord it o'er the sea.
Let winds blow high, or tempests wage,
Or treach'rous quicksands draw ;

They heed not more the ocean's rage,
 Than customs, or the law.
 Wild as the bird, the smugglers fly, &c.

Swift o'er the waves the smugglers fly,
 Nor fear the rocks or sea,
 Beneath the cliffs at night to lie,
 And land their cargoes free.
 Sometimes upon the briny wave
 They float like corks about ;
 And whilst they try their freight to save,
 Their lives are placed in doubt.
 Then on the shore, with wistful eye,
 Their comrades true are found,
 Who quickly on the coast descry
 The boat which runs aground.
 Swift o'er the waves the smugglers fly, &c.

Bold o'er the waves the smugglers fly,
 As merry as can be ;
 Their canopy a cloudy sky,
 Their home a boat at sea ;
 And now the thund'ring cannon's roar,
 Proclaim a foe's command ;
 They run before the wind ashore,
 And anchor on the strand ;
 But soon another foe they meet,
 Whose glittering arms display'd,
 Forbids the hope of safe retreat—
 It is " the coast blockade."
 Still o'er the waves the smuggler's fly,
 As merry as can be ;
 Their canopy the azure sky
 Their home a ship at sea

LOGAN, THE INDIAN.

LOGAN, the celebrated Indian chief, who had long been a zealous partisan of the English, and had often distinguished himself in their service, was taken prisoner, and brought before the General Assembly of Virginia, who hesitated whether he should be tried by a court martial as a soldier, or at the criminal bar for high treason. Logan interrupted their deliberations, and stated to the assembly that they had no jurisdiction to try him; "that he owed no allegiance to the king of England, being an Indian chief, independent of every nation." In answer to their inquiries, as to his motives for taking up arms against the English, he thus addressed the assembly:

"I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and I gave him not meat? if ever he came cold or naked, and I gave him not clothing? During the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his tent, an advocate for peace; nay, such was my love for the whites, that those of my own country pointed at me, as they passed by, and said, Logan is the friend of white men. I had ever thought to live with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cressap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, cut off all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbour the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He

will not turn his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

This pathetic and affecting speech, touched the sensibility of all who heard him. The General Assembly applauded his noble sentiments and immediately set him at liberty. Every house in Virginia vied with each other which should entertain him the best, or show him the most respect; and he returned to his native country, loaded with presents and honours.

HEROIC NEGRO.

GREATER cruelty was perhaps never exercised than by the Europeans to the negroes of Surinam. Stedman relates, that nothing was more common than for old negroes to be broken on the wheel, and young ones burnt alive; and yet the fortitude with which they suffered, was equal to that of the most ardent patriot, or enthusiastic martyr. One of the fugitive, or revolted slaves, being brought before his judges, who had condemned him previous to hearing what he had to say in his defence, requested to be heard for a few minutes before he was sent to execution; when leave being granted, he thus addressed them:

"I was born in Africa; while defending the person of my prince in battle, I was taken prisoner, and sold as a slave on the coast of guinea. One of our countrymen, who sits among my judges, purchased me. Having been cruelly treated by his overseer, I deserted, and went to join the rebels in the woods. There also I was condemned to become the slave of their chief, Bonas, who treated me with still more cruelty than the

whites, which obliged me to desert a second time, determined to fly from the human species for ever, and to pass the rest of my life innocently and alone in the woods. I had lived two years in this manner, a prey to the greatest hardships, and the most dreadful anxiety, merely attached to life by the hope of once more seeing my beloved family, who are perhaps starving, owing to my absence. Two years of misery had thus passed, when I was discovered by the rangers, taken, and brought before this tribunal, which now knows the wretched history of my life."

This speech was pronounced with the greatest moderation, and by one of the finest negroes in the colony. His master, who, as he had remarked, was one of his judges, unmoved by the pathetic and eloquent appeal, made him this atrocious laconic reply: "Rascal, it is of little consequence to us to know what you have been saying; but the torture shall make you confess crimes as black as yourself, as well as those of your detestable accomplices." At these words, the negro, whose veins seemed to swell with indignation and contempt, retorted: "These hands," stretching them forth, "have made tigers tremble, yet you dare to threaten me with that despicable instrument! No; I despise all the torments which you can now invent, as well as the wretch who is about to inflict them." On saying these words, he threw himself on the instrument, where he suffered the most dreadful tortures without uttering a syllable.

DESCRIPTION OF A TIGER FIGHT IN INDIA.

ALTHOUGH the Gentoos of India are amongst the gentlest of the human race, and particularly careful not to destroy animal life, the Mahomedan natives are by no means so scrupulous, but take a delight in those ferocious sports which once formed the chief amusement of the Romans, and keep elephants, tigers, and other savage beasts, for the sake of seeing them tear each other in pieces, in an arena constructed for the purpose. The following description of one of these spectacles, will serve to give some insight into the character of a people who can take pleasure in such pastimes, reminding us in some respects of the bull, bear, and badger baiting of our ancestors. May the progress of true religion and philosophy humanize and refine their tastes, as it has, in a degree done ours, and 'cause them to prefer intellectual gratifications to the demoniacal satisfaction afforded by the rage and sufferings even of brutes!

In front of an open building or banqueting room, called Sungi Baraderi, a space about fifty feet square was inclosed by a strong bamboo railing, to secure the spectators on the outside from danger, as it not unfrequently happens that a tiger, when pressed by his antagonist, attempts to leap over the barrier amongst the people.

A tiger, which seemed, by his reluctance to leave his cage, to have a presentiment of the fate that awaited him, was at length driven from it by fireworks,—he took several turns round the arena, attentively regarding the crowd. On a buffalo being driven

in, he appeared to shun the combat, and retired quietly into a corner. Recourse was again had to fire-works to compel him to the attack, but whenever the buffalo advanced towards him, he retired and laid down. Seven other buffaloes were introduced, but nothing could overcome their reluctance to engage, and so cowardly was the tiger, that a dog which had been thrown into the arena, drove him from one corner to another by snarling at him.

On an elephant being brought forward, the tiger uttered a cry of terror, and attempted to spring over the fence. Failing in this, the elephant, urged on by his mohout or rider, made up to him, and endeavoured to crush him by kneeling on him, but the tiger by his agility avoided the danger, and ran to another part of the arena. No efforts of the mohout could induce the elephant to make a second attack; on the contrary, hastening to the gate, he forced his way through and retired, while the tiger, too much alarmed to take advantage of the opening, lay panting in a corner. A second elephant was now introduced, which made a similar attack, but with no better success, and the tiger sprang on his forehead, where he fixed by his teeth and claws. Stung with the pain of this infliction, the elephant dashed him with such violence to the ground, by a sudden jerk of his head, that he lay stunned and motionless. The former, however, did not follow up his advantages, but rushed against the barrier, lifted up the whole frame work with his tusks, loaded as it was with spectators, and made his way through the people, who fled on all sides. The tiger was too much bruised to follow.

How melancholy is it to reflect, that man appears to delight in blood and carnage. To satisfy the cra-

vings of hunger, to secure the favours of the female, to defend their young, and to prevent encroachment on their territories, brutes will engage in sanguinary combat; but man alone tortures without provocation, and for pleasure.

THE FOX AND THE STORK.

[FROM DODSLEY.]

THE FOX, though in general more inclined to roguery than wit, had once a strong inclination to play the wag with his neighbour, the STORK. He accordingly invited her to dinner in great form; but when it came upon the table, the STORK found it consisted entirely of different soups, served up in broad shallow dishes, so that she could only dip in the end of her bill, but could not possibly satisfy her hunger. The FOX lapped it up very readily; and every now and then, addressing himself to his guest, desired to know how she liked her entertainment; hoped that every thing was to her mind; and protested he was very sorry to see her eat so sparingly.

The STORK, perceiving she was jested with, took no notice of it, but pretended to like every dish extremely; and, at parting, pressed the FOX so earnestly to return her visit, that he could not, in civility, refuse.

The day arrived, and he repaired to his appointment; but, to his great mortification, when dinner appeared, he found it composed of minced meat, served up in long narrow-necked glasses; so that he was only tantalized with the sight of what it was impossible for him to taste. The STORK thrust in her long bill, and

helped herself very plentifully ; then, turning to Reynard, who was eagerly licking the outside of a jar where some sauce had been spilled,—“ I am very glad,” said she, smiling, “ that you seem to have so good an appetite ; I hope you will make as hearty a dinner at my table, as I did, the other day, at yours.” Reynard hung down his head at first, and looked very much displeased ; but when he came to take his leave, he owned ingenuously, that he had been used as he deserved ; and that he had no reason to take any treatment ill, of which himself had set the example.

MORAL.

If a jest you cannot take,
Then a jest you should not make.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

SOME hypochondriacs have fancied themselves miserably afflicted in one way, and some in another ; some have insisted that they were tea-pots, and some that they were town-clocks ; one that he was extremely ill, and another that he was actually dying. But, perhaps, none of this blue-devil class ever matched in extravagance a patient of the late Dr. Stevenson, of Baltimore.

This hypochondriac, after ringing the change of every mad conceit that ever tormented a crazy brain, would have it at last that he was dead, actually dead. Dr. Stevenson having been sent for one morning in great haste, by the wife of his patient, hastened to his bed-side, where he found him stretched out at full length, his hands across his breast, his toes in contact,

his eyes and mouth closely shut, and his looks cadaverous.

"Well, sir, how do you do? how do you do, this morning?" asked Dr. Stevenson, in a jocular way, approaching his bed. "How do I do!" replied the hypochondriac faintly; "a pretty question to ask a dead man."—"Dead!" replied the doctor. "Yes, sir, dead, quite dead. I died last night about twelve o'clock."

Dr. Stevenson putting his hand gently on the forehead of the hypochondriac, as if to ascertain whether it was cold, and also feeling his pulse, exclaimed in a doleful tone, "Yes, the poor man is dead enough; 'tis all over with him, and now the sooner he can be buried the better." Then stepping up to his wife, and whispering to her not to be frightened at the measures he was about to take, he called to the servant: "My boy, your poor master is dead; and the sooner he can be put in the ground the better. Run to C—m, for I know he always keeps New England coffins by him ready made; and, do you hear, bring a coffin of the largest size, for your master makes a stout corpse, and having died last night, and the weather being warm, he will not keep long."

Away went the servant, and soon returned with a proper coffin. The wife and family having got their lesson from the doctor, gathered round him, and howled not a little, while they were putting the body in the coffin. Presently the pall-bearers, who were quickly provided, and let into the secret, started with the hypochondriac for the church-yard. They had not gone far, before they were met by one of the town's people, who having been properly drilled by Stevenson, cried out, "Ah, doctor, what poor soul have you got there?"

"Poor Mr. B——," sighed the doctor, "left us last night."

"Great pity he had not left us twenty years ago," replied the other; "he was a bad man."

Presently another of the townsmen met them with the same question, "And what poor soul have you got there, doctor?"

"Poor Mr. B——," answered the doctor again, "is dead."

"Ah! indeed," said the other; "and so he is gone to meet his deserts at last."

"Oh villain!" exclaimed the man in the coffin.

Soon after this, while the pall-bearers were resting themselves near the church-yard, another stepped up with the old question again, "What poor soul have you got there, doctor?"

"Poor Mr. B——," he replied, "is gone."

"Yes, and to the bottomless pit," said the other; "for if he is not gone there, I see not what use there is for such a place." Here the dead man, bursting off the lid of the coffin, which had been purposely left loose, leaped out, exclaiming, "Oh you villain! I am gone to the bottomless pit, am I? Well, I am come back again, to pay such ungrateful rascals as you are."

A chase was immediately commenced, by the dead man after the living, to the petrifying consternation of many of the spectators, at sight of a corpse, in all the horrors of the winding sheet, running through the streets. After having exercised himself into a copious perspiration by the fantastic race, the hypochondriac was brought home by Dr. Stevenson, freed from all his complaints; and by strengthening food, generous wine, cheerful company, and moderate exercise, was soon restored to perfect health.

MAKING A SCOTCHMAN.

IN the year 1797, when democratic notions ran high, it may be remembered that the king's coach was attacked as his majesty was going to the House of Peers. A gigantic Hibernian, on that occasion, was conspicuously loyal in repelling the mob. Soon after, to his no small surprise, he received a message from Mr. Dundas to attend at his office. He went, and met with a gracious reception from the great man, who, after prefacing a few encomiums on his active loyalty, desired him to point out any way in which he would wish to be advanced, his majesty having particularly noticed his courageous conduct, and being desirous to reward it. Pat scratched and scraped for a while, half thunderstruck; "The devil take me if I know what I'm fit for."—"Nay, my good fellow," cried Harry, "think a moment, and dinna throw yoursel out o' the way o' fortun." Pat hesitated a moment, smirking as if some odd idea had strayed into his noddle, "I'll tell you what, mister, make a *Scotchman* of me, and by St. Patrick there'll be no fear of my getting on." The minister gazed awhile at the mal-apropos wit; "Make a *Scotchman* of you, sir! that's impossible, for I can't give you *prudence*."

INDIAN'S REVENGE.

To the South of the Mississippi there dwelt some years since, the brave and warlike tribe of the Dalcoltals; their fertile territory was bounded on the north

by this noble river, and to the south, by a thick and majestic wood of pines; and beyond this dwelt the cunning and cruel Sioux tribe. Between these two tribes there had existed for some years, a deadly and bloody war, the calumet and tomahawk had long since been unburied, and, if one of each tribe happened to meet in the forest, in pursuit of game, a contest ensued, which could only be settled by the death of the adversary; and sometimes they fought with such assiduity, that both remained lifeless on the earth.

At the commencement of the summer on which our narrative begins, the youth of the Dalcotah tribe had gone out into the forest, to hunt the swift deer, or else, guiding the light canoe on the surface of the majestic river, with certain aim, to spear the finny tribe below. The Sioux informed of their absence, by their numerous scouts, in the dead of the night, by forced and secret marches, arrived at the village of their enemies; where, finding as they had anticipated, none but the defenceless women and children, they slew all, except those who took refuge in the caverns and hollow trees; and then left their mangled corpses to meet the eyes of their relatives on their return from the chase.

The next day, the unfortunate youths came back, laden with the spoils of the forest, but they were astonished to hear no joyful sounds, no glad voice to welcome their approach, to see no signs of human life, no smoke curling through the trees—Alas! all was still, death had done its work; the innocent children lay bleeding in the arms of their murdered mothers, who had fallen victims to their parental attachment.

The Dalcotah chieftain entered his cabin in silence, he wept not, he saw his wife, his children, mangled and torn, he mourned not, he knew that no more

would his infants at his return, laden with the spoils of the chase, come to welcome him; no more would his moccasins or his belt be woven by the hand of his wife, yet, sternly he viewed the appalling scene before him, without shedding a tear; No—Mogan had never been known to weep; his brother, and Alcah, the brother of his wife followed—they vowed revenge—they swore that before another sun had rolled over their heads, they would wash their hands in the blood of their enemies. Accordingly, as soon as night had spread her sable mantle over the nether world, the graceful and manly forms of Mogan and his companions, might be seen by the pale light of the moon, as they mounted their sable coursers, their moccasins bound to their feet by thongs of deer hide; their rifles were slung loosely at their backs, a fur mantle, carelessly thrown over well formed shoulders, their tomahawks and scalping knives in their belts, they wound along the skirts of the dark forest, till arriving at an archway formed of the branches of the trees which overhung their path; no sound escaped their lips, slowly and noiselessly they advanced for some hours, till by the road side, in a thick bush, two glaring eyeballs fixed upon them, as if ready to start from their sockets, watched their every movement, when Alcah, levelling his piece with a steady aim, sent his foe into the land of spirits, who still preserving his sturdy and inflexible character to the last, allowed no sound, no groan to escape his lips, to announce his death. Alcah dismounting, entered the brush wood by the road side, and returning, hung the reeking scalp on his saddle bow; still his companions uttered no remark, so completely had the passion of revenge taken possession of their minds, and so completely can the Indian govern

his passions, that to an outward observer, there is no clue to his mind.

'Twilight had now begun to shed her gray light over the country, and they had arrived at the precincts of the Sioux camp; halting, therefore, and tying their horses to the trunk of a sturdy elm, they continued their course upon their hands and feet, along the low wood and jungle, for fear of discovery; till they reached the top of a mound, which commanded a full view of the Sioux camp; they concealed themselves in the bushes till evening again had shaded the earth in her mantle, when leaving their hiding places, they entered silently into the village.

Here the work of slaughter began, the affrighted inhabitants thinking they were surprised by a host of foes, slew one another in the contest that ensued; till dawn at length appearing, discovered Mogan, alone and unsupported, in the midst of his mortal enemies;—from being just now an exulting victor, behold him a captive, bound and awaiting a lingering death. The stake was soon fixed in the ground, and he was soon chained to it; while every torture which savage ingenuity could invent, was at hand, to add to the excruciating anguish of his last moments. When assembled round him, at the place of execution, the enraged Sioux loaded him with taunts and abuses, in hopes of exciting his anger. With a cool and composed demeanour, he thus addressed them; “Cowardly foxes, and unworthy the name of men, you entered into our camp when we were hunting; you met with helpless women, old men, and innocent children; and these you slew, because you dared not face men—when did you ever know the brave Dalcotahs murder children and women? if you were afraid to fight men,

why not remain at home? Think you that Mogan was ever terrified! think you that he cares for your tortures!—No—he despises alike your tortures and yourselves. He entered with two companions into your village; like a tiger he slew the best of your tribe, look at the heaps of slain; see there if you will find one infant, one woman, or one old man; No; he slew those who could defend themselves, he has satisfied his revenge; prepare your severest tortures, tear the flesh from his bones, you will never see him flinch. never hear the groan escape him; he will show you how a man ought to die, prepare the pile, but his death shall be revenged by the death of your chief.” These words had the desired effect, for, unable further to restrain their rage, they heaped the blazing faggots round his limbs, while some pierced him with the points of their arrows, heated in the flames; others stabbed him with their knives, and tore his nails from his hands; at length the Sioux chief advanced with his raised tomahawk, and was in the act of striking, when the wary Mogan, snapping asunder the half burnt cords with which his hands were bound, wrested the tomahawk from his grasp, and in a moment brained him to the eye. “Take that,” he cried, “and now I die contented;” when a Sioux, wishing to avenge the death of his chief, stabbed him to the heart, and he, who but lately was a brave and undaunted warrior, became

“a thing o'er which the raven flaps her funeral wing.”

THE MISER.

THE true and real miser is he who not only has no enjoyment of his money, but who finds and feels money to be a source of pain; who feels in every payment a pang which penetrates his inmost soul; whose money quits his purse as reluctantly as a three pronged tooth parts from its bony and agonized socket; who is always meditating some plan of saving expense, and is as constantly thwarted in his schemes; who is really miserable because he has not the courage to be what the world calls a miser; who endeavours to be generous, but has not the heart to be really so; who at the sight of a beggar sickens with a sadness, miscalled sympathy, and pities his own pocket more than his neighbour's poverty; who buys every thing as cheaply as he can, and then, after all, has the pleasure of cursing his stars that he has paid sixpence more than was absolutely necessary. Your genuine miser has often a very good coat to his back, and may even dwell in a waterproof house; but he has haggled with his tailor till he has lost his temper, and he fidgets his very life out to see the gloss departing from the broad cloth; and when he pays his rent, he writhes like a baby with a blister on its back, at the thought that another house in the same street is let for five pounds a year less than his. He is a great bargain hunter, and of course is often bit; he buys advertised wine, and smacks his lips over Cape. He has not the spirit to spend money, nor the courage to hoard it. He will buy, but it is all trash that he buys. He will be charitable in his way, but it is in a little way; he praises the Mendicity Society, and reads MALTHUS on popular

tion. He cannot bear to be cheated of a farthing. So he says, but he means that he never parts with a farthing but with reluctance. He has no notion of buying golden opinions. He has some little regard, however, to opinion, and wishes to have it without buying; if, however, it must be bought, he will endeavour to buy it as cheaply as possible. He has an eye to quantity, not quality. He has abhorrence of all public amusements which are not accessible without payment; and if ever driven by a strong impulse of curiosity to visit a theatre, he will spend a whole day in hunting after a free admission, and if, after all, he must pay for admittance, he will have as much as he can for his money, and sit to the last dregs of a drowsy farce, though he is as weary as a horse, as sick as a dog, and as sleepy as a cat. Whatever he has bought and paid for, he will use and consume, however much against the grain. If he has hired a stupid novel, he will read it throughout; if he has paid a fare in a stage coach, he will ride in it as far as it will carry him; if he has taken lodgings at a watering place, he will stay till the last moment, let the weather be as bleak as December; if he has subscribed to a cold bath, he will have his quantum of dips at the risk of his life; if he be a member of a club, he will read every newspaper; and if he sees and hates himself in this portrait, he will peruse it to the end because he has a right to do so.

HOW TO PAY FOR A FARM.

A MAN in the town of D—, some twenty years ago, went to a merchant in Portsmouth, N. H. who was

also president of a bank, and stated that he lived on a farm, the home of his fathers, which had descended to him by right of inheritance: that this, his only property, worth two thousand dollars, was mortgaged for one thousand, to a merciless creditor, and that the time of redemption would be out in a week. He closed by asking for a loan to the amount of his debt, for which he offered to re-mortgage his farm.

Mer. I have no money to spare; and if I could relieve you now, a similar difficulty would probably arise in a year or two.

Far. No, I would make every exertion: I think I could clear it.

Mer. Well, if you will obey my directions I can put you in a way to get the money; but it will require the greatest prudence and resolution. If you can get a good indorser on a note, you shall have money from the bank, and you can mortgaga your farm to the indorser, for his security. You must pay in one hundred dollars every sixty days. Can you do it?

Far. I can get Mr. — for indorser, and I can raise the hundred dollars for every payment but the first.

Mer. Then borrow a hundred dollars more than you want, and let it lie in the bank: you will lose only one dollar interest. But mind—in order to get along, you must spend nothing—buy nothing: make a box to hold all the money you get, as a sacred deposit.

He departed. The note was discounted and the payment punctually made. In something more than two years he came again into the store of the merchant, and exclaimed, "*I am a free man—I don't owe any man ten dollars—but look at me.*" He was embrowned with labour, and his clothes, from head to foot, were a tissue of darns and patches. "My wife

looks worse than I do.”—“ So your have cleared your farm,” said the merchant.—“ Yes,” answered he, “ and now *I know how to get another.*”

Thus, good advice, well improved, rescued a family from poverty, and put them in possession of a competency which we believe they yet live to enjoy. Thus may any one retrieve a falling fortune, if he will. And by using the same amount of self-denial, and making as great exertions to the way of heaven, we may secure an “ inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, that fadeth not away.”

THE HERMIT AND THE BEAR.

(FROM LA FONTAINE.)

ONCE ON a time, a mountain BEAR
Liv'd in a forest drear, with no Bears near him;
Fat, fierce, and sulky.

Nor man, nor other beast, approach'd his lair;
His neighbours all despise, or hate, or fear him.

'Tis good to talk,—to hold one's tongue,
Though either in excess be wrong:—

Our hermit bulky,
So shaggy, sullen, taciturn, and rude,
Bear as he was, grew sick of solitude.

At the same time, by chance, retir'd
Far from the world, a man advanc'd in age,
But stout and healthy.

Not with devotion's flame his heart was fir'd;
Not prayer and fasting occupied the sage;
Though on mankind he shut his door,
No vows of poverty he swore:—

The wight was wealthy.

But by some treacherous friend, or fair, betray'd,
He liv'd with plants, and commun'd with his spade.

High priest of Flora you might call him ;
Nor less was he the fav'rite of Pomona.

But one day, walking,
He found it dull ; and should some ill befall him,
In his sweet paradise, he felt alone,—Ah
For neither rose, nor pink, nor vine,
Except in such a lay as mine,
Are given to talking. (on ;
His head, old Time had now long years heap'd many
So he resolved to look for some companion.

On this important expedition,—
But fearing his researches would be vain,—

The sage departed :

Revolving deeply his forlorn condition,
He slowly mused along a narrow lane ;

When, on a sudden,—unawares.—

A nose met his :—it was the BEAR'S !

With fright he started.

Fear is a common feeling : he that wise is,
Altho' his fright be great, his fear disguises.

Prudence suggested—“ Stand your ground,
'Tis hard to turn, and harder still to dash on.”

Prudence prevails.—

'Twixt kindred minds a sympathy is found
Which lights up oft at sight a tender passion,

Where sexes are of different kind ;

And oft 'twill ties of friendship bind,

Between two males :

These magic signs our hermits, at a glance, see :
 Each found he strongly pleas'd the other's fancy.

Bruin at compliments was awkward,
 But was not long his sentiments in telling—

“ Old man, I like you !”

The man replied, “ Fair sir, you need not walk hard,
 In half an hour you'll reach my humble dwelling.

I've milk, and various sorts of fruit,

If any should your palate suit,

Take what may strike you ;

On me it will confer the highest pleasure

To spread before you all my garden's treasure.”

On jogg'd the human HERMIT with the BEAR,
 Like smoking Germans, few words interlarding

Though little said,

Finding their tempers suited to a hair,

They grew firm friends before they reach'd the garden.

Each took his task, their moods the same,

One dug, the other hunted game,

And often sped ;

And Bruin, o'er his friend a strict watch keeping,

Chas'd off the flies that haunted him when sleeping.

One afternoon, as in the sun

The weary HERMIT took his usual nap,

And at his post

The faithful BEAR his daily work begun,

Giving full many a brush and gentle slap,

With a light whisp of herbs sweet-scented,

And thus the teasing flies prevented,

That buzzing host

From fixing on his sleeping patron's visage
Sunk in the deep repose so fit for his age.

One blue-bottle his care defied ;—
No place could please him but the old man's nose,
Quite unabash'd.

The BEAR, provok'd, no means would leave untried ;
At last, a vigorous, certain mode, he chose :—
Extended wide his heavy paw,
And thrusting hard each crooked claw,
The fly was smash'd :—
But his poor patron's face, so roughly patted,
All stream'd with blood, and smooth his nose was
flatted.

The BEAR sneak'd off to humble distance
Seeing the damage he had done his friend ;
Who rag'd with smart ;
But calling in philosophy's assistance,
Anger, he thought, his wounds would never mend,
So, coolly said, " Farewell, friend Bruin !
Since you have laid my face in ruin,
'Tis time to part."

MORAL.

All those must such mishaps expect to share,
Who, for a friend, think fit to take a Bear.

 ORIGIN OF "UNCLE SAM."

MUCH learning and research have been exercised in tracing the origin of odd names, and odd sayings,
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which, taking their rise in some trifling occurrence or event, easily explained or well understood for a time, yet, in the course of years, becoming involved in mystery, assume an importance equal at least to the skill and ingenuity required to explain or trace them to their origin. "The Swan with two necks"—"The Bull and Mouth"—"All my eye, Betty Martin," and many others, are of this character—and who knows but, a hundred years hence, some "learned commentator" may puzzle his brain to furnish some ingenious explanation of the origin of the national appellation placed at the head of this article. To aid him, therefore, in this research, I will state the facts as they occurred under my own eye.

Immediately after the declaration of the last war with England, Elbert Anderson, of New York, then a Contractor, visited Troy, on the Hudson, where was concentrated, and where he purchased, a large quantity of provisions—beef, pork, &c. The inspectors of these articles at that place were Messrs. Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson. The latter gentleman, (invariably known as "*Uncle Sam*") generally superintended in person a large number of workmen, who, on this occasion, were employed in overhauling the provisions purchased by the Contractor for the army. The casks were marked E. A.—U. S. This work fell to the lot of a facetious fellow in the employ of the Messrs. Wilson, who, on being asked by some of his fellow workmen the meaning of the mark, (for the letters U. S., for United States, were almost then entirely new to them) said "he did not know, unless it meant *Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam*"—alluding exclusively, then, to the said "Uncle Sam" Wilson. The joke took among the workmen, and passed currently; and "Uncle

Sam" himself being present, was occasionally rallied by them on the increasing extent of his possessions.

Many of these workmen being of a character denominated "food for powder," were found shortly after following the recruiting drum, and pushing toward the frontier lines, for the double purpose of meeting the enemy, and of eating the provisions they had lately laboured to put in good order. Their old jokes of course accompanied them, and before the first campaign ended, this identical one first appeared in print—it gained favour rapidly, till it penetrated and was recognised in every part of our country, and will, no doubt, continue so while the United States remain a nation. It originated precisely as above stated; and the writer of this article distinctly recollects remarking, at a time when it first appeared in print, to a person who was equally aware of its origin, how odd it would be should this silly joke, originating in the midst of beef, pork, pickle, mud, salt and hoop-poles, eventually become a national cognomen.

THE HERMIT.

A TALE OF THE SAXON ERA.

"FATHER," said a Danish maiden as she looked intently on his features, "would you slay him? would you kill him, merely because he did that which the Dane would do to the Saxon; I say would you slay him because he did his duty?" The Sea King looked steadfastly at his daughter, as if weighing the effect of what he was about to utter; "The whole Danish camp cries for his death, and would you, the daughter

of a sea king, supplicate for pardon! It cannot be; by the Danish law he is doomed to die, he hath dealt out death to a sea king, and that sea king was thy kinsman; and yet you sue for pardon; it cannot be; I say it cannot be."—"I ask," replied the maiden, still on her knees, "if Alfred would put to death the Danish prisoner, because he had slain the Saxon chieftain? No.—The Saxons are more merciful, they treat their prisoners, not as brutes, but as men; they are taught by their God to be merciful, and their God is the only true God."—"The only true God!" exclaimed the warrior, starting from his position; "what have you seen him so often that he has prevailed on you to renounce the great and mighty Odin? but he shall die, and as a sacrifice to that God, whom he despises. And tell me, Marian, for what purpose was it, that he came disguised to our camp, was it to meet you, or was it as a menial spy? I half suspect it was for you he came."—"It was," answered the maiden timidly; "but look you father, you have said that he shall die, and the moment which he dies, so also dies your daughter."—"I care not," was the stern answer of the sea king, (striving to hide the feelings of a father,) and then beckoning his attendants, he ordered the weeping Marian to be conveyed away.

A group of Danes were now seen advancing towards the sea king, and in the midst a youthful warrior, bound hand and foot. "Saxon," said Sidroc, "there is pardon for you."—"I asked not for pardon," was the contemptuous answer of the youth, "for if I had it, I know well the conditions would be disgraceful!"—"These are the conditions, that you renounce your country, and become as a Dane, and that you also renounce your God." The youth replied not, but the

smile of contempt which played upon his features told his mind. "To the stake," continued the sea king, and the youth was instantly bound to it. The awful mandate to apply a light to the faggots, had well nigh fallen from the lips of Sidroc, when a cry of "the Saxons—the Saxons," rent the air, and a body of horsemen waving the Saxon banner, was seen riding fast towards them. In an instant the whole troop of Danes (excepting one) were mounted and riding to meet their supposed enemies; one alone was left to guard the Saxon, but his vigilance was not enough, for he stood gazing on his countrymen, instead of his prisoner. The Danes soon returned, for instead of finding, as they had expected, enemies, it was a victorious party headed by the sea king Rollo, who, having captured the Saxon banner, waved it in triumph.

"Where is your prisoner," cried Sidroc on his return, for the Saxon was not at the stake. "I know not," replied the guard, for the first time looking round, no man has passed here, excepting an old decrepid hermit. There was no time for parley, and the Danes, when they had uttered a few curses, and called down the vengeance of Odin upon the man, assembled to devise means for the recapture of so valuable a prisoner. Suddenly the fugitives were discovered, mounting a hill at some little distance, and the Danes were as quickly in their saddles to pursue them, as they were to meet the supposed enemy. A few bounds of the Danish war horse would have brought them alongside of the hacknied beasts on which the hermit and his companion rode. "Hold," cried Sidroc, who seemed to have more power than even his fellow sea king, Rollo, and who, for his daughter's sake, wished rather the escape than the recapture of the youth, for

although when in his power, he would not in the slightest degree deviate from his duty as a Dane, yet as a father, knowing it was likely to cause the death of his only child, now that he had escaped, he wished him safe in the camp of his country.

“Why hold?” asked Rollo. “How know we,” asked Sidroc, (wishing to delay the pursuit) but a messenger may even now be on his way to apprise us of a battle, and is it not better to let the Saxon escape than be late on the field. “But that is not likely,” replied Rollo, and as his opinion was supported by the whole of the troop, Sidroc found it useless to oppose him. The Danes were again mounted, and quickly on their way in pursuit of the fugitives; again Sidroc commanded them to halt, and this time they cheerfully returned, for a messenger was indeed hurrying towards them to inform them that a battle had already commenced, and Sidroc and his party were particularly wanted.

But a stop was now put to their progress towards the field, for Marian was nowhere to be found; the sentinel who watched her tent, declared that she had not passed nor had any one, except the before mentioned hermit, and how he had entered the man knew not. Without commenting on these mysterious circumstances, we leave the reader to guess who personated the hermit, as also who aided the Saxon in his escape.

We will now (with the reader's permission,) proceed to the field. The Saxon chieftians were assembled, in the spacious tent of their king, who was giving them directions, but when the Earl of Wiltshire was called, he was not to be found, and had been missing since the setting of the sun, the preceding

day; another chieftain was however, soon appointed to fill his station, but it was evident Alfred considered him inferior to the Earl, for turning to one who stood near, he whispered, we shall have no match for Sidroc.

On the other hand, the Danes were regretting the absence of that very Sidroc, whom the Saxons so much feared; they considering there was not amongst all the sea kings, a match for the Earl of Wiltshire. The numbers of the Danes were far superior to those of their enemies, but, in discipline and courage, the Saxons were at least their equal.

The battle was fierce and determined, on both sides, for, although in some parts the Danish ranks were often broken, they as often rallied, and the Saxon lines, in their turn were repulsed. It long remained doubtful, for neither of the hostile armies seemed inclined to submit to the force of the other; until the little band, with Sidroc and Rollo at their head appeared, winding down the hills, to the support of their countrymen. The very name of Sidroc, was enough to cheer the spirits of the fatigued Danes, as also to spread dismay into the heart of the Saxon; and the latter's bravery, was not proof against his fresh and vigorous troops; wherever he appeared the Saxons were routed, and to all appearances the scale of the battle was decided: but there was yet a powerful rescue for the well nigh vanquished Saxons, though it consisted only of one man; that man was Edmund, the youthful Earl of Wiltshire, whose name as a warrior, was equal to that of the far-famed sea king, and capable of the same effects. He called on the disordered army to rally, and the cry was not in vain, then placing himself at the head of the men of

Wiltshire, (for so they were designated from their usually owning his generalship,) he led them forward against the exulting Danes, and such was the suddenness of his appearance, that the courage of the enemy forsook them, and they were beaten back on every side. The example of the Wiltshire men was not long being followed by the rest of the Saxon army, under the command of their king, who met with much the same success as the Earl. But Sidroc was not as yet vanquished, and against him, Edmund now led his men; personally he tried rather to avoid the sea king, yet not from cowardice, but from the affection he bore his daughter, but when he found that either Sidroc or himself must die, or be disabled, before the battle could be decided; for his country's sake he hastened to meet him. His wish was either to make his enemy prisoner, or to disable him; Sidroc, knowing the treatment which the Earl had suffered at his hands, had reason to suppose that his purposes were deadly; and therefore fought with more obstinacy; a desperate thrust from his sword, however, soon decided the combat, for the Saxon jumping nimbly aside, avoided the blow, and quickly returning it, split the helmet of the sea king, and laid him senseless on the sod. In an instant the victory was decided, for the Danes thinking their champion dead, fled in all directions.

By order of the young Earl, the proud Dane was borne to his tent, and his daughter (still in the garb of a hermit,) was soon by his side. "Saxon," said the dying warrior, "There is no Dane with whom I can trust my daughter, and as there is good prospect of peace, to you I bequeath her." Having said this, he raised his eyes to the heavens, and uttered a prayer to Odin, but a something seemed to whisper that he

was the false god, for he turned abruptly to the prelate who stood by the side of his couch; the worthy minister was not long in discovering to him the only sure way to heaven, and Sidroc, the sea king, died happy.

It is unnecessary to add more, for every person who has read the history of his country, must know that after this victory, peace became the inhabitant of Britain: and surely the reader will conclude for her or himself, that the Danish maiden and the Saxon warrior, were not long in becoming man and wife.

THE TRAVELLED MONKEY.

[FROM GAY.]

A MONKEY, to reform the times,
 Resolv'd to visit foreign climes;
 For men in distant regions roam
 To bring politer manners home.
 So forth he fares, all toil defies:
 Misfortune serves to make us wise.

At length, the treach'rous snare was laid;
 Poor Pug was caught, to town convey'd,
 There sold. How envied was his doom,
 Made captive in a lady's room!
 Proud, as a lover, of his chains,
 He, day by day, her favour gains.
 Whene'er the duty of the day
 The toilet calls, with mimic play
 He twirls her nots, he cracks her fan,
 Like any other gentleman.
 In visits, too, his parts and wit,
 When jests grew dull, were sure to hit.

Proud with applause, he thought his mind
In every courtly art refin'd ;
Like Orpheus, burnt with public zeal
To civilize the public weal :
So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
And sought his native woods again.

The hairy sylvans round him press,
Astonish'd at his strut and dress.
Some praise his sleeve ; and others glote
Upon his rich embroider'd coat ;
His dapper periwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending
His powder'd back, above, below,
Like hoary frost, or fleecy snow ;
But all with envy and desire,
His flutt'ring shoulder-knot admire.

“ Hear and improve,” he pertly cries ;
“ I come to make a nation wise.
Weigh your own words ; support your place,
The next in rank to human race.
In cities long I pass'd my days,
Convers'd with men, and learnt their ways ;
Their dress, their courtly manners see ;
Reform your state, and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive ? in flattery deal ;
Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal.
Seem only to regard your friends,
But use them for your private ends.
Stint not to truth the flow of wit ;
Be prompt to lie when'er 'tis fit.
Bend all your force to spatter merit :
Scandal is conversation's spirit.

Boldly to ev'ry thing pretend,
 And men your talents shall commend.
 I knew the great. Observe me right ;
 So shall you grow, like man, polite."

He spoke, and bow'd: with mutt'ring jaws
 The wond'ring circle grinn'd applause.
 Now, warm with malice, envy, spite,
 Their most obliging friends they bite ;
 And, fond to copy human ways,
 Practise new mischiefs all their days.

MORAL.

Thus the dull lad, too tall for school,
 With travel finishes the fool ;
 Studious of ev'ry coxcomb's airs,
 He drinks, games, dresses, lies and swears ;
 O'erlooks, with scorn, all virtuous arts ;
 For vice is fitted to his parts.

 CURIOUS TYPOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTE.

It is well known to literary people, that, in preparing works for the press, it is usual for the printer, after the proof sheets have been seen by the author, to go over them again, and clear them of what are called typographical errors, such as wrong spellings, inaccuracies of punctuation, and similar imperfections. In performing this office for a celebrated nothern critic and editor, a printer, now dead, was in the habit of introducing a much greater number of commas than it

appeared to the author the sense required. The case was provoking, but did not produce a formal remonstrance, until Mr. W—n himself accidentally afforded the learned editor an opportunity of signifying his dissatisfaction with the plethora of punctuation under which his compositions were made to labour. The worthy printer, coming to a passage one day which he did not understand, very naturally took it into his head that it was unintelligible, and transmitted it to his employer, with a remark on the margin, that “there appeared some obscurity in it. The sheet was immediately returned, with this reply, which we give *verbatim*. “Mr. J. sees no obscurity here, except such as arises from the villanous quantity of commas, which Mr. W——n seems to keep in a pepper-box beside him, for the purpose of dusting all his proofs with.”

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

[FROM CROXALL.]

A CERTAIN man had two children, a Son and a Daughter. The boy handsome enough; the girl not quite so comely. They were both very young; and happened, one day, to be playing near the looking-glass, which stood on their mother's toilet: the boy, pleased with the novelty of the thing, viewed himself for some time, and in a wanton, roguish manner, observed to the girl, how handsome he was. She resented the insult, and ran immediately to her father, and, with a great deal of aggravation, complained of her brother; particularly for having acted so effeminate a part as to look in a glass and meddle with

things which belong to women only. The father, embracing them both, with much tenderness and affection, told them, that he should like to have them both look in the glass every day; "To the intent that you," says he to the boy, "if you think that face of yours handsome, may not disgrace and spoil it, by an ugly temper and a bad behaviour; and that you," added he, addressing the girl, "may make up for the defects of your person, by the sweetness of your manners and the excellence of your understanding."

MORAL.

A well-informed mind is better than a handsome person.

DR. JOHNSON'S PUDDING.

LAST summer I made another excursion to Scotland, with the intention of completing my series of views, and went over the same ground described by the learned tourists, Dr. Johnson and Boswell. I am in the habit of taking very long walks on these occasions, and, perceiving a storm threaten, I made the best of my way to a small building. I arrived in time at a neat little inn, and was received by a respectable looking man and his wife, who did all in their power to make me comfortable. After eating some excellent fried mutton-chops, and drinking a quart of ale, I asked the landlord to sit down, and partake of a bowl of whisky punch. I found him, as the Scotch generally are, very intelligent, and full of anecdote, of which the following may serve as a specimen:—

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“Sir,” said the landlord, “this inn was formerly kept by Andrew Macgregor, a relation of mine; and these hard-bottomed chairs, in which we are now sitting, were, years ago, filled by the great tourists, Doctor Johnson and Boswell, travelling like the lion and jackal. Boswell generally preceded the doctor in search of food, and being much pleased with the look of the house, followed his nose into the larder, where he saw a fine leg of mutton. He ordered it to be roasted with the utmost expedition, and gave particular orders for a nice pudding.” ‘Now,’ says he, ‘make the best of all puddings,’ Elated with his good luck, he immediately went out in search of his friend, and saw the giant of learning slowly advancing on a pony. ‘My dear sir,’ said Boswell, out of breath with joy, ‘good news! I have just bespoken, at a comfortable, clean inn here, a delicious leg of mutton; it is now getting ready, and I flatter myself we shall make an excellent meal.’ Johnson looked pleased—‘And I hope,’ said he, ‘you have bespoken a pudding.’ ‘Sir, you will have your favourite pudding,’ replied the other. Johnson got off the pony, and the poor animal, relieved from the giant, smelt his way into the stable. Boswell ushered the doctor in the house, and left him to prepare for this delicious treat. Johnson feeling his coat rather damp, from the mist of the mountains, went into the kitchen, and threw his upper garment on a chair before the fire: he sat on the hob, near a little boy who was very busy attending the meat. Johnson occasionally peeped from behind his coat, while the boy kept basting the mutton. Johnson did not like the appearance of his head; when he shifted the basting ladle from one hand, the other hand was never idle, and the doctor thought at the same time he saw some-

thing fall on the meat; upon which he determined to eat no mutton that day. The dinner announced, Boswell exclaimed, 'My dear doctor, here comes the mutton; what a picture! done to a turn, and looks so beautifully brown!' The doctor tittered. After a short grace, Boswell said, 'I suppose, sir, I am to carve, as usual;—what part shall I help you to?' The doctor replied, 'My dear Bozzy, I did not like to tell you before, but I am determined to abstain from meat to-day.' 'Oh dear! this is a great disappointment,' said Bozzy. 'Say no more; I shall make myself ample amends with the pudding.' Boswell commenced the attack, and made the first cut at the mutton. 'How the gravy runs! what fine flavoured fat!—so nice and brown, too! Oh, sir, you would have relished this prime piece of mutton.' The meat being removed, in came the long wished-for pudding. The doctor looked joyous, fell eagerly to, and in a few minutes nearly *finished all the pudding*. The table was cleared, and Boswell said, 'Doctor, while I was eating the mutton, you seemed frequently inclined to laugh; pray, tell me, what tickled your fancy?' The doctor then literally told him all that had passed at the kitchen fire, about the boy and the basting. Boswell turned as pale as a parsnip, and, sick of himself and the company, darted out of the room. Somewhat relieved, on returning, he insisted on seeing the dirty little rascally boy, whom he severely reprimanded before Johnson. The poor boy cried: the doctor laughed. 'You little, filthy, snivelling hound,' said Boswell, 'when you *basted the meat*, why did you not put on the cap I saw you in this morning?' 'I couldn't sir,' said the boy. 'No! why couldn't you?' said Boswell. 'Because my mammy took it from me to boil the pud-

ding in!' The doctor gathered up his Herculean frame, stood erect, touched the ceiling with his wig, started or squinted—indeed, looked any way but the *right way*. At last, with mouth wide open (none of the smallest,) and stomach heaving, he with some difficulty recovered his breath, and looking at Boswell with dignified contempt, he roared out, with the lungs of a Stentor, 'Mr. Boswell, sir, leave off laughing; and under pain of my eternal displeasure, never utter a single syllable of this abominable adventure to any soul living, while you breathe.'—And so, sir," said mine host, "you have the positive fact from the simple mouth of your humble servant."

A SEA-SIDE STORY.

SOME years since there lived on the coast of Devonshire a fisherman, his name was Ralph Hudson; he was of a robust and hardy constitution, possessed rather handsome features, over which his dark hair hung in thick curls; he was considerably above the middle stature. His rude dwelling was situated on a shelving ledge of the cliff, whose base was washed by the foaming surge, and whose lofty crest overhung the beautiful bay below; a narrow pathway cut in the rock led to the cottage the sole inhabitants of which were Ralph and his inseparable companion, a fine Newfoundland dog, to whom he was devotedly attached in consequence of his having been instrumental in saving his life more than once.

Ralph was of a brave and undaunted disposition, but charitable and humane; if ever the wearied

traveller wandered from his road, and chanced to enter his humble cabin, he was welcome to all that it contained; if he were hungry he might share the coarse though wholesome food of its owner, were he thirsty, the water that flowed down the rocky steep would supply him with a beverage as wholesome as it was pure; if he were tired he might stretch himself before the cheerful hearth secure from danger, lulled to repose by the fresh and cooling sea breeze: in short if it were in his power, he never suffered the unfortunate to pass by unpitied or unrelieved. Such was the character of this benevolent and worthy man, who passed an obscure though happy life, in a remote district many miles from any village.

One stormy night, after the labours of the day were ended, he had retired to rest with his faithful dog at his side. The wind beating violently against his cottage, the breakers dashing their heads against the shore, the lightning flaming through the dark and starless sky, rendered by their combined efforts, a scene that might almost baffle description. Yet amid this fearful warfare of the elements, at intervals the loud sound of the signal gun might be distinguished by an experienced ear, and as the frequent flashes of lightning shed their pale lustre over the troubled surface of the ocean, from afar the dismasted hull of an Indiaman might be seen bearing down with a fearful rapidity upon the rocky shore, where certain destruction awaited her; the piercing cries of distress, died upon the midnight air alike unheeded and unheard. Suddenly Ralph was awakened from his sleep by a tremendous shock. The devoted vessel had struck upon a rock—the crew having previously trusted themselves to the frail protection of the long

boat, which, unable to withstand the violent sea, with the weight of the numbers that crowded into her, was swamped, and sank to rise no more.

The first emotion that occurred to the mind of Ralph upon perceiving the melancholy event, was to descend the precipice, and endeavour to rescue those who might still cling to the shattered wreck. He accordingly arose, took a lantern in one hand and a piece of rope with a hatchet in the other; it was with difficulty he found the spot where the vessel lay, and climbed her slippery side, having however arrived upon the deck, over which the sea broke, as if exulting in the work of devastation, the scene was truly appalling. Some unhappy wretches, who to prolong the thread of their existence, had lashed themselves to those parts of the ship most elevated from the water, remained cold and lifeless in the spot which they had chosen. Others to prevent the pang of death from being so severely felt, had broken open the spirit room, and fallen victims; others again, preferring a speedy to a lingering death, had put a period to their precarious existence with their own hands. He went below, a similar sight met his eyes; mothers with their children clasped to their bosoms, lay covered with water, lifeless on the deck. He passed on; at length in the corner of a cabin, in a small cot, he perceived the body of an infant, apparently about two or three years of age, but cold and stiff. Yet a benignant and placid smile played upon its pale features, the eyes were closed and the colour had fled its cheeks. His heart was struck at the sight, and he, from whom no pain, no anguish, could extract a tear, wept, a token of his generous and charitable disposition. He then raised the poor infant to his bosom,

ascended upon deck and quitted the vessel. He went with all haste to his cabin, and kindling a fire placed his charge before it and chafed its cold temples with his hands, what was his joy at length to trace the wonted colour returning to her cheeks. The eyes at length opened, the pulse began to move, and animation returned—his heart beat with delight at the pleasing thought that he had saved at least one human being from death, from a dreadful death.

He returned to the wreck to see whether his efforts might again be successful. The violence of the wind had by this time considerably abated, the first bright rays of the sun illuminated the eastern heavens, and the waves no longer impelled by the wind, rolled with a heavy swell upon the shore; the bodies of many who had perished on the preceding day lay strewed upon the sand, or floated on the deep. The vessel had sunk considerably lower and thus rendered the approach to it more dangerous. Ralph, however, undaunted, once more entered the cabin where he had found the child, and on the same cot he perceived a ring with the name E. Denham, engraved upon it. He preserved this carefully, in hopes that it might be the means of discovering a clue to the relations of his little stranger, whom he named Ellen, from the name of the vessel in which she was discovered. Upon his return she was sufficiently recovered to welcome his approach in the tender accents of infancy. He adopted his little guest, and treated her as tenderly as if she had been his daughter, and in return she repaid his care with the love and respect due to a father. She would at night hang the lantern at his door to guide his bark over the deep. If he were ill she would perform numberless little offices to mitigate and relieve

his pain. When he returned with the spoils which his industry had procured she would joyfully trim the cheerful fire on his hearth and prepare his frugal repast.

Twelve years had elapsed in this manner since the day on which he had snatched her from a watery grave—twelve years had she dwelt an inmate under his humble roof, when the arrival of a stranger was announced at the Manor Hall. This was a venerable mansion that had for ages withstood the iron hand of time—had smiled upon the tempest and defied its destructive power; it stood in the midst of a large and noble park, and overlooked the bay below; workmen were busily employed in making preparations for the arrival of the lord of this stately domain, which had been long uninhabited. He was an aged and infirm man, who had passed the last twenty years of his life in India, and during that time, having accumulated an immense property, was returning to spend the remainder of his days in ease and opulence. He had not been long established at his mansion, when happening to walk out one fine summer's evening, he strolled towards the shore, and in endeavouring to ascend the cliff, in order to reach his home by a shorter rout, he trod upon a prominent piece of rock, which giving way beneath his foot precipitated him with some violence upon the beach below. The accident was observed by Ellen from her cottage—she called her father, and by their united assistance they raised the sufferer and conveyed him to their lowly dwelling. He had been stunned by the fall, and it was some time before he recovered the shock, during which time every attention was paid to him which his situation required.

When he had in some measure recovered he saw the gentle form of Ellen bending over him and anxiously anticipating his wants. As he gazed upon her he perceived on her hand a ring of peculiar form; he recognised it, and uttering a faint cry sunk back upon his couch, he inquired hastily, how she had become possessed of the gem, and Ralph, in his blunt but honest manner related faithfully the circumstance, and observed the settled melancholy fly from his brow. "'Tis she!" he cried, "'tis my long lost daughter."

The fact was that he had sent his daughter at an early age to be educated in England, when the vessel in which she had embarked was wrecked as we before related, and she was received by the hospitable fisherman. The sick man ordered her to be instantly removed to his mansion, and rewarded handsomely her humble protector, for the care bestowed upon his little guest, who then discovered in her real parent the rich, the illustrious Sir Francis Denham.

SINGULAR ADVENTURES OF A SPANISH FEMALE.

WHEN the Spaniards first laid the foundation of Buenos Ayres, in 1535, the new colony wanted provisions. All who attempted to procure them, were murdered by the savages; and it became necessary to forbid any one, upon pain of death, from going beyond the limits of the new settlement.

A woman, whom hunger had certainly inspired with resolution to brave the fear of death, eluded the

vigilance of the guards who were posted around the colony, to preserve it from the dangers to which it was exposed, in consequence of the famine.—MALDONATA, for such was the name of the fugitive, having wandered about some time in unknown and unfrequented roads, entered a cave to repose herself.

She had no sooner done so, than she perceived she had intruded into the retreat of a lioness; and was filled with extreme terror, which, however, was soon changed into surprise, when this formidable animal approached her with signs of fear, and began to caress and lick her hands, with mournful cries, calculated to excite compassion rather than dread.

Maldonata soon perceived that the lioness was with whelp, and that her groans were the complaints of a dam who calls for help to get rid of her burden. The woman, inspired with courage, assisted the lioness, who, being thus safely delivered, soon went out in quest of provision: which, having found, she brought and laid at the feet of her benefactress. Maldonata now daily shared the food provided for the little whelps, who brought into life by her assistance, and bred up with her, seemed by their playful and harmless caresses, to acknowledge an obligation which their dam repaid with the tenderest marks of attention. But when they grew larger, and found themselves impelled by natural instinct to seek their own prey, and sufficiently strong to seize and devour it, the family dispersed into the woods, and the lioness, who was no longer called to the cave by maternal tenderness, disappeared likewise to roam about the forest, which her hunger daily depopulated.

Maldonata, alone, and without sustenance, was forced to quit a cavern which was an object of terror

to so many living creatures, but which her pity had made a place of safety for her.

She now felt the want of a society that had been of such signal service to her : she did not wander for any considerable time, before she fell into the hands of the savages.

Maldonata had been fed by a lioness; and was now made a slave by men. She was soon after retaken by the Spaniards, who brought her back to Buenos Ayres. The commandant, more savage than the lions or the wild Indians, did not think her sufficiently punished for her flight by the dangers and miseries she had endured ; but had the cruelty to order her to be tied to a tree in the middle of a wood, and there left to starve, or to be devoured by wild beasts. Two days after, some soldiers went to see what was become of the unhappy victim : they found her alive, surrounded by hungry tigers, who, however, were kept at a distance by a lioness and her whelps, that lay at her feet.

The sight struck the soldiers motionless with pity and terror. When the lioness saw them, she withdrew from the tree, as if to make room for them to unbind her benefactress ; but when they took her away the animal followed slowly at some distance, endeavouring to confirm by her caresses and tender complaints, the wonder of gratitude which the woman was relating to her deliverers.

The lioness, with her whelps, for some time followed her footsteps, showing all the same marks of regret and affliction, that a disconsolate family express when they attend a beloved relative, who is about to depart to a distant place.

The commandant was informed of the whole adventure by his soldiers ; and this example of gratitude

in an animal so ferocious, awakened in him those feelings which his savage heart had undoubtedly lost in crossing the seas, and he suffered a woman to live, who had been so visibly protected by heaven.

PARODY ON THE ARCHER BOY.

BY FIGARO IN LONDON.

Oh! chide him not the Archer boy,
Since he's his mother's richest treasure.
His random shots are quite her joy,
His misses but an urchin's pleasure.
And what if into some one's eyes
A transient arrow wandering flies!
Though he cannot direct the feather,
Who would his gentle sport destroy,
That nose and chin connects together;
Oh! blame him not, sweet Archer Boy.

Oh! think not, though his aims deceive,
That 'tis for mischief altogether,
That sometimes he a nose will cleave,
Or sometimes pierce a coat of leather;
Though jaws are widely open seen,
While hops an arrow in between—
Then chide him not, the Archer Boy.
Though he cannot direct the feather,
Who would his simple sport destroy,
Though nose and chin he keeps together;
Oh! chide him not, the Archer Boy!

THE OLD MAN AND HIS SONS.

(FROM CROXALL.)

AN old MAN had many SONS, who were often quarrelling with one another. When the father had exerted his authority, and used other means to reconcile them, but all to no purpose, he at last had resource to this expedient: he ordered his SONS to be called before him, and a short bundle of sticks to be brought; then commanded them each to try if, with all his might and strength, he could break it. They all tried, but to no purpose; for the sticks being closely and compactly bound up together, it was impossible for the force of man to do it.

After this, the father ordered the bundle to be untied, and gave a single stick to each of his SONS, at the same time bidding him try to break it; which, when each did it with all imaginable ease, the father addressed them to this effect; "O, my SONS, behold the power of unity! For, if you, in like manner, would but keep yourselves strictly conjoined in the bonds of friendship, it would not be in the power of any mortal to hurt you; but when once the ties of brotherly affection are dissolved, how soon you become exposed to every injurious hand that assaults you!"

MORAL.

Union is strength.

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

(FROM CROXALL.)

A CROW, having stolen a piece of cheese from a cottage-window flew up into a high tree with it, in
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order to eat it; which the Fox observing, came and sat underneath, and began to compliment the Crow upon the subject of her beauty. "I protest," says he, "I never observed it before, but your feathers are of a more delicate white than any that ever I saw in my life! Ah! what a fine shape and graceful turn of body is there!—and I dare say you have a beautiful voice. If it be but as fine as your complexion, I do not know a bird that can pretend to stand in competition with you."

The Crow, tickled with this very civil language, nestled and wriggled about, and hardly knew where she was; but thinking the Fox a little dubious as to the particular of her voice, and having a mind to set him right in that matter, she began to sing, and, in the same instant, let the cheese drop out of her mouth. This being what the Fox wanted, he snapped it up in a moment; and trotted away, laughing to himself at the easy credulity of the Crow.

MORAL.

It is a maxim in the schools,
 "That Flattery's the food of fools;"
 And whoso likes such airy meat,
 Will soon have nothing else to eat.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

(FROM COWPER.)

WITHIN the garden's peaceful scene,
 Appear'd two lovely foes,
 Aspiring to the rank of queen,—
 The LILY and the ROSE.

The ROSE soon reddened into rage ;
And, swelling with disdain,
Appealed to many a poet's page,
To prove her right to reign.

The LILY's height bespoke command,
A fair imperial flower ;
She seem'd design'd for Flora's hand,
The sceptre of her power.

This civil bickering and debate,
The goddess chanc'd to hear ;
And flew to save, ere yet too late,
The pride of the parterre.

" Yours is," she said, " the nobler hue,
And yours the statelier mien ;
And, till a third surpasses you,
Let each be deem'd a queen."

MORAL.

Let no mean jealousies pervert your mind,
A blemish in another's fame to find ;
Be grateful for the gifts that you possess,
Nor deem a rival's merit makes your's less.

THE DOG AND THE WOLF.

(FROM CROXALL.)

A LEAN, hungry, half-starved WOLF, happened, one moonshiny night, to meet with a jolly, plump, well-fed MASTIFF ; and, after the first compliments were passed,

says the WOLF, "You look extremely well: I protest, I think I never saw a more graceful, comely person; but how comes it about, I beseech you, that you should live so much better than I? I may say, without vanity, that I venture fifty times more than you do, and yet I am often ready to perish with hunger." The DOG answered, very bluntly, "Why, you may live as well, if you will do the same for it that I do."—"Indeed! What is that?" asked the WOLF. "Why," says the DOG, "only to guard the house a-nights, and keep it from thieves."—"With all my heart," replies the WOLF; "for at present, I have but a sorry time of it; and I think, to change my hard lodging in the woods, where I endure rain, frost, and snow, for a warm roof over my head, and a belly-full of good victuals, will be no bad bargain."—"True," says the DOG; "therefore you have nothing more to do than to follow me."

Now, as they were jogging on together, the WOLF spied a crease in the DOG's neck; and, having a strange curiosity, could not forbear asking him what it meant. "Pugh! nothing," says the DOG. "Nay, but tell me," says the WOLF. "Why," say the DOG, "if you must know, I am tied up in the day-time, because I am a little fierce, for fear I should bite people, and am only let loose a-nights. But this is done with a design to make me sleep a-days, more than any thing else, and that I may watch the better in the night-time; for, as soon as ever the twilight appears, out I am turned, and may go where I please. Then, my master brings me plates of bones from the table, with his own hands; and whatever scraps are left by any of the family, all fall to my share; for you must know I am a favourite with every body: so you see how you are to live.—Come, come along. Why, what's the matter with

you?"—"No," replied the WOLF; "I beg your pardon: keep your happiness all to yourself. Liberty is the word with me; and I would not be a king, upon the terms you mention."

MORAL.

The man that's noble, just, and brave,
 Will never live a pamper'd slave ;
 A peasant poor he'd rather be,
 With homely fare and liberty.

THE SENSITIVE-PLANT AND THE PALM
 TREE.

(FROM DODSLEY.)

THE SENSITIVE-PLANT, being brought out of the green-house, on a fine summer's day, and placed in a beautiful grove, adorned with the finest forest-trees, and the most curious plants, began to give himself great airs, and to treat all that were about him with much petulance and disdain.

"Lord!" says he, "how could the Gardener think of setting me among a parcel of trees! gross, inanimate things; mere vegetables, and perfect stocks! Sure, he does not take *me* for a common plant, when he knows, that I have the sense of feeling in a more exquisite degree than he has himself: it really shocks me to see into what wretched low company he has introduced me. It is more than the delicacy of my constitution, and the extreme tenderness of my nerves, can bear. Pray, Mrs. Acacia, stand a little farther off, and do not presume quite so much upon your idle pretence of being

my cousin. Good Mr. Citron, keep your distance, I beseech you ; your strong scent quite overpowers me. Friend PALM-TREE, your offensive shade is really more than I am able to support."

The lofty PALM-TREE, as he was shooting up his head with the more vigour under the weight that was hung upon it, condescended to rebuke the impertinent creature in the following manner : " Thou vegetable fribble ! learn to know thyself, and thy own worthlessness and insignificance. Thou valuest thyself on a vicious softness, a false delicacy ; the very defect and imbecility of thy nature. What art thou good for, that shrinkest at a touch, and droopest at a breath of air ; feeble and barren, a perpetual torment to thyself, and wholly useless to others ? Whereas we, whom thou treatest with such disdain, make a grateful return to man for his care of us : some of us yield him fruit, others are serviceable to him by our strength and firmness ; we shade him from the heat of the sun, and defend him from the violence of the winds ; I am particularly distinguished for my hardiness and perseverance, my steadiness and constancy ; and, on account of those very qualities which thou wantest, and affectest to despise, have the honour to be made the emblem of conquest, and the reward of the conqueror."

MORAL.

Some seek distinction even in a failing,
And like to seem fastidious, weak, and ailing ;
Give me the youth, that's hardy, brave, and kind,
His honest face the index of his mind.

THE GRATEFUL GUEST.

IN the summer of the year, towards the end of the eighteenth century, we took up our abode in one of the Pyrenean Mountains to the north of Leon, which afforded a barrier to the remains of Spanish liberty, and where, indeed, my father had sought refuge from the persecutions of a most powerful enemy. We had been in our habitation but a few weeks, when, one evening as we were seated around the dying embers of the fire, a loud and repeated knocking at the door aroused us from our meditations; my father arose, and opened the door, when a tall figure walked, or rather staggered into our presence, who almost instantly sunk upon a block of wood, which served as a substitute for a chair. His appearance threw us into a little confusion, and some moments elapsed ere we attempted to ascertain the cause of his apparent weakness; my father approached him, unfastened a cloak in which he was enveloped, and discovered blood flowing from a wound in his left shoulder.—No time, therefore, was lost in conveying him to rest, and dressing the incision. In a few days Vivaldo—for that was the name of our guest—began to feel the good effects of our attention, and my father ventured to ask him how he became wounded, when he replied, “In passing a rock which overhangs a rugged path, near the summit of a mountain, a man, dressed in the garb of a soldier, rushed from a hollow, where he was secreted, and aimed a blow at my breast, which would have buried his poniard to the hilt, had I not been prepared by the rustling his approach occasioned. Foiled in his attempt, he instantly drew, and notwith-

standing all my endeavours to defend myself from his impetuosity, he wounded me, and I certainly should have fallen a victim to his murderous design, had he exercised more patience; for the loss of blood so weakened me, that I could only act the defensive.—But observing my inability to continue the conflict much longer, he thought to finish it by one decisive stroke; and for that purpose he grasped his weapon with both hands and made a desperate cut at me, but in so doing, his footing gave way, and he slipped down, thus offering me an opportunity that I could not lose sight of, and mustering all my strength, by a well directed thrust I pinned him to the earth, and I there left the wretch to God and his conscience; and thanking Providence that I had escaped the hands of the assassin, I hastened on, thinking to reach the next town, but seeing a light in this spot, I hobbled hither with difficulty.—The rest you know; and to your hospitality and kindness am I indebted for my recovery, a debt," exclaimed he, with energy, "that can never be liquidated!—your generosity will be engraven on my heart in characters indelible; and when I think on my mountain friend, it will be with feelings of indescribable pleasure and gratitude." My father, perceiving that he had exerted himself with the recital, requested him to rest, which he accordingly did. In eight days afterwards he told us that he was sufficiently recovered to pursue his journey, and at day-break on the following morning he departed.

A few months after Vivaldo had left us, I set off to the nearest village to procure provisions; and being detained longer than I expected, it was quite dark ere I reached the foot of the mountain, and unfortunately I mistook the road. After wandering about for a

considerable time in the hope of regaining the track which I had lost; and whilst passing through a thicket, a ruffian stepped up: *sans ceremonie* eased me of my burden, and in an instant afterwards, I was handcuffed, and a bandage placed over my eyes, and seizing me firmly by the arm, he hurried me onwards. As we proceeded, I repeatedly interrogated him as to the object of such usage, but he remained dumb to my inquiries, and only thrust me forward more roughly for my natural inquisitiveness. We had proceeded thus for a considerable time, when a voice, which appeared familiar to my ear, demanded my leader to stand! He did so; and quitting my arm, drew his sabre, and a combat ensued, which, to judge by the clashing of their weapons, must have been furious. In the mean time, I suffered the most agonizing suspense; for being unable to loosen the cords which bound my hands, I consequently remained in perfect ignorance as to the cause of their fighting. At length one of the combatants fell with a horrid groan, and all was still for a moment, when I was again led forward, but with more care. This appeared to me very strange, but thinking that I should gain no information, resolved on putting no more questions. I therefore walked on in silence until I was seated on the ground, my hands liberated, and the bandage removed from my eyes. By my side was placed my provisions! not thirty yards distant stood my father's rude dwelling, and before me I beheld the grateful Vivaldo! Ere I could collect my scattered thoughts to thank my deliverer, he shook me heartily by the hand, exclaiming, "God bless thee and thy parent," and quickly descended the mountain's side.

MRS. RICHARD SHUBRICK.

HERE was, indeed, a heroine to be proud of. Her eyes sparkled with feeling and vivacity, while her countenance so plainly bespoke her kindness and benevolence, that sorrow and misfortune instinctively sought shelter under her protection. There was an appearance of personal debility about her, that rendered her peculiarly interesting; it seemed to solicit the interest of every heart, and the man would have felt himself degraded who would not have put his life at hazard to serve her. Yet, when firmness of character was requisite, when fortitude was called for to repel the encroachments of aggression, there was not a more intrepid being in existence. The following is a noble instance of it. An American soldier, flying from a party of the enemy, sought her protection, and was promised it. The British pressing close upon him, insisted that he should be delivered up, threatening immediate and universal destruction in case of refusal. The ladies, her friends and companions, who were in the house with her, shrunk from the contest, and were silent; but, undaunted by their threats, this intrepid lady placed herself before the chamber into which the unfortunate fugitive had been conducted, and resolutely said,—“To men of honour the chamber of a lady should be as sacred as the sanctuary! I will defend the passage to it though I perish. You may succeed and enter it, but it shall be over my corpse.”—“Indeed,” said the officer, “if muskets were only placed in the hands of a few such women, our only safety would be found in retreat. Your

intrepidity, Madam, gives you security ; from me you shall meet no further annoyance."

Nor is this the only instance of her unconquerable fortitude. At Brabant, the seat of the respectable and patriotic Bishop Smith, a Serjeant of Tarleton's Dragoons, eager for the acquisition of plunder, followed the overseer, a man advanced in years, into the apartment where the ladies of the family were assembled, and on his refusal to discover the spot in which the plate was concealed, struck him with violence, inflicting a severe sabre wound across the shoulders. Aroused by the infamy of the act, Mrs. Shubrick, starting from her seat, and placing herself betwixt the ruffian and his victim, resolutely said, "place yourself behind me, *Murdoch* ; the interposition of my body shall give you protection, or I will die:" then, addressing herself to the Serjeant, exclaimed, "O what a degradation of manhood—what departure from that gallantry which was once the characteristic of British soldiers. Human nature is degraded by your barbarity ;—but should you persist, then strike at *me*, for till I die, no further injury shall be done to *him*." The Serjeant, unable to resist such commanding eloquence, retired. The hope, however, of attaining the object in view, very speedily subjected the unfortunate *Murdoch* to new persecution. He was tied up under the very tree where the plate was buried, and threatened with immediate execution unless he would make the discovery required. But although well acquainted with the unrelenting severity of his enemy, and earnestly solicited by his wife to save his life by a speedy confession of the place of deposit, he persisted resolutely, that a sacred trust was not to be betrayed, and actually succeeded in preserving it. When compli-

mented at an after period on his heroic firmness, he asserted, that he was strengthened in his resolution by the recollection that a part of the plate belonged *to the church*, and that he should have considered it as *sacrilege*, had he suffered it, through a weakness of disposition, to fall into the hands of robbers.

MERCANTILE INDIGESTION,

WITH THE PRESCRIPTIONS OF AN EDINBURGH PROFESSOR.

Scene—Doctor's Study. Enter a douce-looking Glasgow Merchant.

Patient.—Good morning, Doctor; I'm just come in to Edinburgh about some law business, and I thought, when I was here at ony rate, I might just as weel tak your advice, anent my trouble.

Doctor.—And pray what may your trouble be, my good sir?

P.—'Deed, doctor, I'm no very sure; but I'm thinking it's a kind of weakness that makes me dizzy at times, and a kind of pinkling about my stomach—just no right.

Dr.—You're from the west country I should suppose, sir?

P.—Yes, sir, from Glasgow.

Dr.—Ay. Pray, sir, are you a gourmand—a glutton?

P.—God forbid, sir! I'm one of the plainest men living in all the west country.

Dr.—Then, perhaps, you're a drunkard?

P.—No doctor; thank God, no one can accuse me

of that: I'm of the dissenting persuasion, doctor, and an elder; so ye may suppose I'm nae drunkard.

Dr.—(*Aside*—I'll suppose no such thing till you tell me your mode of life.) I'm so much puzzled with your symptoms, sir, that I should wish to hear in detail what you eat and drink. When do you breakfast, and what do you take to it?

P.—I breakfast at nine o'clock. I tak a cup of coffee, and one or two cups of tea; a couple of eggs, and a bit of ham or kipper'd salmon, or may be both, if they're good, and two or three rolls and butter.

Dr.—Do you eat no honey, or jelly, or jam, to breakfast?

P.—O yes, sir; but I don't count that as any thing.

Dr.—Come, this is a very moderate breakfast. What kind of dinner do you make?

P.—Oh, sir, I eat a very plain dinner indeed. Some soup, and some fish, and a little plain roast or boiled; for I dinna care for made dishes; I think, some way, they never satisfy the appetite.

Dr.—You take a little pudding, then, and afterwards some cheese?

P.—Oh yes; though I don't care much about them.

Dr.—You take a glass of ale or porter with your cheese?

P.—Yes, one or the other, but seldom both.

Dr.—You west country people generally take a glass of Highland whiskey after dinner?

P.—Yes, we do; it's good for digestion.

Dr.—Do you take any wine during dinner?

P.—Yes, a glass or two of sherry; but I'm indifferent as to wine during dinner. I drink a good deal of beer.

Dr.—What quantity of port do you drink?

P.—Oh, very little ; not above half a dozen glasses or so.

Dr.—In the west country, it is impossible, I hear, to dine without punch ?

P.—Yes, sir ; indeed 'tis punch we drink chiefly ; but, for myself, unless I happen to have a friend with me, I never tak more than a couple of tumblers or so, —and that's moderate.

Dr.—Oh, exceedingly moderate indeed ! You then, after this slight repast, take some tea, and bread and butter ?

P.—Yes, before I go to the counting-house to read the evening letters.

Dr.—And, on your return, you take supper, I suppose ?

P.—No, sir, I canna be said to tak supper ; just something before going to bed : a rizzer'd haddock, or a bit of toasted cheese, or half a hundred of oysters, or the like o' that ; and, may be, two-thirds of a bottle of ale ; but I tak no regular supper.

Dr.—But you take a little more punch after that ?

P.—No, sir ; punch does not agree with me at bed-time. I tak a tumbler of warm whisky toddy at night ; it's lighter to sleep on.

Dr.—So it must be, no doubt. This, you say, is your every day life ; but, upon great occasions, you perhaps exceed a little.

P.—No, sir, except when a friend or two dine with me, or I dine out, which, as I am a sober family man, does not often happen.

Dr.—Not above twice a-week ?

P.—No ; not oftener.

Dr.—Of course you sleep well, and have a good appetite ?

P.—Yes, sir, thank God, I have; indeed, any wee harl o' health that I hae is about meal-time.

Dr.—(Assuming a severe look, knitting his brows, and lowering his eye-brows.) Now, sir, you are a very pretty fellow, indeed; you come here and tell me that you are a moderate man, and I might have believed you, did I not know the nature of the people in your part of the country; but, upon examination, I find, by your own showing, that you are a most voracious glutton; you breakfast in the morning in a style that would serve a moderate man for dinner; and, from five o'clock in the afternoon, you undergo one almost uninterrupted loading of your stomach till you go to bed. This is your moderation! you told me, too another falsehood—you said you were a sober man; yet, by your own showing, you are a beer swiller, a dram drinker, a wine bibber, and a guzzler of Glasgow punch; a liquor, the name of which is associated, in my mind, only with the ideas of low company and beastly intoxication. You *tell me* you eat indigestible suppers, and swill toddy to force sleep—I *see* that you chew tobacco. Now, sir, what human stomach can stand this? Go home, sir, and leave off your present course of riotous living—take some dry toast and tea to your breakfast—some plain meat and soup for your dinner, without adding to it any thing to spur on your flagging appetite; you may take a cup of tea in the evening, but never let me hear of haddocks and toasted cheese, and oysters, with their accompaniments of ale and toddy at night; give up chewing that vile, narcotic, nauseous abomination, and there are some hopes that your stomach may recover its tone, and you be in good health like your neighbours.

P.—I'm sure, doctor, I'm very much obliged to you

—(taking out a bunch of bank notes)—I shall endeavour to——

Dr.—Sir, you are not obliged to me—put up your money, sir. Do you think I'll take a fee from you for telling you what you know as well as myself? Though you are no physician, sir, you are not altogether a fool. You have read your Bible, and must know that drunkenness and gluttony are both sinful and dangerous; and, whatever you may think, you have this day confessed to me that you are a notorious glutton and drunkard. Go home, sir, and reform, or, take my word for it, your life is not worth half a year's purchase.

Exit Patient, dumbfounded and looking blue.

Dr.—(*Solus.*) Sober and temperate! Dr. Watt tried to live in Glasgow, and make his patients live moderately, and purged and bled them when they were sick; but it would not do. Let the Glasgow doctors prescribe beef-steaks and rum punch, and their fortune is made.

A SCOTCH ANSWER.

THE Rev. Ralph Erskine, one of the fathers of the secession from the Kirk of Scotland, paid a visit to his venerable brother, Ebenezer, at Abernethy. "Oh! man," said the latter, "but ye come in gude time; I've a diet of examination to-day, and ye maun tak it, as I have matters o' life and death to settle at Perth." "With all my heart," quoth Ralph. "Noo, Billy," says Ebenezer, "ye'll find a' my folk easy to examine but ane, and him I reckon ye had better no meddle wi'. He has an auld, fashious, Scotch way of answer-

ing ae question by putting another ; and may be he'll affront ye."—" Affront me !" quoth the indignant theologian ; " do ye think he can foil me wi' my ain natural tools ?"—" Aweel," said his brother, " I'se gie ye fair warning ; ye had better no ca' him up." The recusant was one Walter Simpson, the smith of the parish. The gifted Ralph, indignant to the last degree at the bare idea of such an illiterate clown chopping divinity with *him*, determined to gravel him at once with a grand, leading, unanswerable question. Accordingly, after putting a variety of simple preliminary interrogatories to the senior clodhoppers, he all at once, with a loud voice, cried out, " Walter Simpson !"—" Here, sir," says Walter, " are ye wanting me ?"—" Attention, sir ! Now, Walter, can ye tell me how long Adam stood in a state of innocence ?"—" Ay—till he got a wife," cried the anvil-hammerer, in an instant ; " but can you tell me, sir, hoo lang he stood after ?"—" Sit down, Walter," said the discomfited divine.

THE TWO BEES.

(FROM DODSLEY.)

ON a fine morning in May, two BEES set forward in quest of honey ; the one, wise and temperate ; the other, careless and extravagant. They soon arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs, the most fragrant flowers, and the most delicious fruits. They regaled themselves for a time on the various dainties that were set before them : the one loading his thigh at intervals with provisions for the hive against the dis-

tant winter; the other revelling in sweets, without regard to any thing but his present gratification.

At length, they found a wide-mouthed vial, that hung beneath the bough of a peach-tree, filled with honey ready tempered, and exposed to their taste in the most alluring manner. The thoughtless Epicure, spite of all his friend's remonstrances, plunged headlong into the vessel, resolving to indulge himself in all the pleasures of sensuality. The Philosopher, on the other hand, sipped a little with caution, but being suspicious of danger, flew off to fruits and flowers; where, by the moderation of his meals, he improved his relish for the true enjoyment of them.

In the evening, however, he called upon his friend, to inquire whether he would return to the hive; but found him surfeited in sweets, which he was as unable to leave as to enjoy. Clogged in his wings, enfeebled in his feet, and his whole frame totally enervated, he was just able to bid his friend adieu, and to lament, with his latest breath, that though a taste of pleasure may quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence is inevitable destruction.

MORAL.

Moderation and intemperance reward and punish themselves.

THE HUSBANDMAN AND HIS SONS.

A CERTAIN HUSBANDMAN, lying at the point of death, and being desirous his SONS should pursue that innocent, entertaining course of agriculture, in which him-

self had been engaged all his life, made use of this expedient to induce them to follow it. He called them to his bed-side, and spoke to this effect:—"All the patrimony I have to bequeath to you, my Sons, is my farm and my vineyard, of which I make you joint-heirs. But I charge you not to let it go out of your own occupation: for, if I have any treasure besides, it lies buried somewhere in the ground, within a foot of the surface."

This made the Sons conclude that he talked of money which he had hidden there: so, after their father's death, with unwearied diligence and application, they carefully dug up every inch, both of the farm and vineyard. From which it came to pass, that though they missed of the treasure which they expected, the ground, by being so well stirred and loosened, produced so plentiful a crop of all that was sowed in it, as proved a real, and that no inconsiderable treasure.

MORAL.

Industry is itself a treasure.

THE FOX WHO HAD LOST HIS TAIL.

(FROM CROXALL.

A Fox, having been unwarily caught in a trap, disengaged himself, at length, with much struggling and difficulty; not, however, without being obliged to leave his tail behind him. The joy he felt at his escape was somewhat abated when he began to consider the price he had paid for it; and he was a good deal mortified, by reflecting on the ridiculous figure he should

make among his brethren, without a tail. In the agitation of his thoughts, upon this occasion, an expedient occurred to him. which he resolved to try, in order to remove this disgraceful singularity.

With this view, he assembled his tribe together ; and set forth, in a most elaborate speech, how much he had at heart whatever tended to the public weal. " He had often thought," he said, " on the length and bushiness of their tails ; and was verily persuaded that they were much more burdensome than ornamental ; besides rendering them an easier prey to their enemies. He earnestly recommended them, therefore, to rid themselves of so useless and dangerous an incumbrance."

" My good friend," replied an old Fox, who had listened very attentively to his harangue, " we are much obliged to you, no doubt, for the concern you express upon our account: but, pray, turn about before the company; for I cannot, for my life, help suspecting, that you would not be quite so solicitous to ease us of our tails, if you had not unluckily lost your own."

MORAL.

The knave, who falls into disgrace,
And scarcely dares to show his face,
To make his neighbours share his shame,
Would fain persuade them to the same.

THE OLD HOUND AND THE HUNTSMAN.

(FROM CROXALL.)

AN old HOUND, who had been an excellent good one in his time, and given his master great sport and satisfaction in many a chase, at last, worn out by age, be-

came feeble and unserviceable. However, being in the field, one day, when the Stag was almost run down, he happened to be the first that came in with him, and seized him by one of his haunches; but his decayed and broken teeth not being able to keep their hold, the Deer escaped, and threw him quite out. Upon which, his master, being in a great passion, and going to strike him, the honest old creature is said to have barked out this apology:—"Ah! do not strike your poor, old servant; it is not my heart and inclination, but my strength and speed, that fail me. If what I now am displeases you, pray recollect what I have been."

MORAL.

Past services should never be forgotten.

FEMALE PATRIOTISM.

THE following anecdote, which is too well authenticated to be disputed, furnishes one instance, among thousands, of that heroic spirit, and love of liberty, which characterized the American females during the struggle for independence.

"A good lady, in 1775, lived on the sea-board, about a day's march from Boston, where the British army then was. By some unaccountable accident, a rumour was spread, in town and country, in and about there, that the *regulars* were on a full march for that place, and would probably arrive in three hours.

"This was after the battle of Lexington, and all, as might be well supposed, was in sad confusion: some

were boiling with rage, and full of fight; some, in fear and confusion, were hiding their treasures; and others flying for life. In this wild moment, when most people, in some way or other, were frightened from their propriety, our heroine, who had two sons, one about nineteen years of age, the other about sixteen, was seen preparing them to discharge their duty. The eldest she was able to equip in fine style: she took her husband's fowling-piece, 'made for duck or plover,' (the good man being absent on a coasting voyage to Virginia) and with it the powder-horn and shot bag. But the lad thinking the duck and goose shot not quite the size to kill regulars, his mother took a chisel, cut up her pewter spoons, hammered them into slugs, and put them into his bag, and he set off in great earnest, but thought he would call one moment and see the parson, who said, 'Well done, my brave boy! God preserve you!' and on he went in the way of his duty. The youngest was importunate for his equipments, but his mother could find nothing to arm him with, but an old rusty sword. The boy seemed rather unwilling to risk himself with this alone, but lingered in the street, in a state of hesitation, when his mother thus upbraided him: "You John H——, what will your father say, if he hears that a child of his is afraid to meet the British?—go along: beg or borrow a gun, or you will find one, child: some coward, I dare say, will be running away: then take his gun and march forward; and if you come back, and I hear you have not behaved like a man, I shall carry the blush of shame on my face to the grave." She then shut the door, wiped the tear from her eye, and waited the issue. The boy joined the march. Such a woman could not have cowards for her sons.

Instances of refined and delicate pride and affection occurred, at that period, every day, in different places; and, in fact, this disposition and feeling were then so common, that it now operates as one great cause of our not having more facts of this kind recorded. What few are remembered should not be lost. Nothing great or glorious was ever achieved, which women did not act in, advise, or consent to."

THE FOX, THE RAVEN, AND THE DOVE.

(From the Dutch.

A Fox, who was half-starved with hunger, stretched himself all along upon the ground, and lay as if he were dead, that he might entice the harmless birds to come within his reach, and then leap of a sudden upon them, and make them his prey; but it happened that a RAVEN, who was hovering near him, observed that he fetched his breath; and, by consequence, found it to be only a trick in him to catch the birds. She, therefore, instantly gave them notice of it; and forewarned them, as they valued their own lives, not to come within reach of the Fox, who only feigned himself to be dead.

The Fox, finding his plot to be discovered, was obliged to go away hungry; but soon bethought himself of another invention: which was, to go and kennel himself in a hollow tree, upon which a Dove had her nest, and was breeding up her young ones. Having done this, he called to her, that, unless she would throw down to him sometimes one of her eggs, and sometimes one of her young ones, he would climb up the tree, take away all her eggs, kill both her and her young, and break her nest to pieces.

The harmless DOVE, thinking of two ills to choose the least, did as the FOX required her; and threw him down, now one of her eggs, and then one of her young ones. Having done so, for some time, with a great deal of grief and sorrow, and the FOX continuing still to demand it of her, she, at last, made her complaint to the RAVEN, who chanced to come and perch herself on the same tree; grievously bemoaning her fate, that she, like a good mother, to provide for her children, was at last obliged to make them a sacrifice to such a villain. But the RAVEN, who was not so timorous as she, advised her, whenever the FOX threatened her again, that he would kill both her and her young, if she would not throw one of them down to him, to answer him roundly,—“If you could have flown or climbed up the tree, you would not have been so often contented with one of my eggs, or of my young; but would, long since, according to your ravenous and blood-thirsty nature, have devoured both me and them.” In short, the next time the FOX came, and threatened her as before, she replied as the RAVEN had instructed her.

The FOX, hearing her answer, and knowing very well that she was not so wise and cunning of herself, resolved to find out the truth of the matter; and, at length, came to understand that it was the RAVEN who had been her counsellor. He, therefore, vowed to be revenged on her, who had now, the second time, hindered him from getting his prey. Not long after, he espied her, sitting on a high thorn-tree; and, going to her, began to praise her at a mighty rate,—magnifying her good fortune above that of all other beasts, who could neither fly like her, nor tread the ground with so majestic a gait: adding, withal, that it would be a

great pleasure to him to see her lordly walk ; that he might, from thence, be certain whether she were indeed so divine and prophetic a bird, as men had always held her to be.

The RAVEN, transported to hear herself thus praised to the skies, flew down ; and, pitching upon the ground, walked to and fro, in mighty pomp and state. The Fox seemed highly delighted ; and said, that he extremely wondered how the RAVEN could keep upon the ground, when the wind blew her feathers over her eyes, and hindered her sight ; but chiefly when it blew before, behind, and on all sides of her. “ I can very well provide against that,” said the RAVEN ; “ for then I hide my head under my left wing.”—“ How !” cries the Fox ; “ hide your head under your left wing ! So wonderful a thing I can never believe, till I see it.” Immediately the RAVEN put her head under her left wing, and held it there so long, that the Fox caught hold of her, and killed her for his prey.

MORAL.

So must they fare, who give good advice to others, but have not discretion enough to follow it themselves.

THE SHEEP-BITER AND THE SHEPHERD.

(FROM CROXALL.)

A CERTAIN SHEPHERD had a DOG, upon whose fidelity he relied very much. for, whenever he had an occasion to be absent himself, he committed the care of the flock to the charge of his DOG ; and, to encourage him

to do his duty cheerfully, he fed him constantly with sweet curds and whey, and sometimes threw him a crust or two extraordinary: yet, notwithstanding this, no sooner was his back turned, but the treacherous cur fell foul upon the flock, and devoured the SHEEP, instead of guarding and defending them. The SHEPHERD, being informed of this, was resolved to hang him.

The DOG, when the rope was about his neck, and he was just going to be tied up, began to expostulate with his master,—asking him, why he was so unmercifully bent against him, who was his own servant and creature, and had only committed one or two crimes; and why he did not rather execute revenge upon the WOLF, who was a constant and declared enemy. “Nay,” replies the SHEPHERD, “it is for that very reason that I think you ten times more worthy of death than he:—from him, I expected nothing but hostilities; and, therefore, could guard against him; you, I depended upon as a just and faithful servant, and fed and encouraged you accordingly; and, therefore, your treachery is the more notorious, and your ingratitude the more unpardonable.”

MORAL.

A known enemy is better than a treacherous friend.

THE FIR-TREE AND THE BRAMBLE.

(FROM CROXALL.)

A TALL, straight, FIR-TREE, that stood towering up in the midst of a forest, was so proud of his dignity

and high station, that he overlooked the little shrubs which grew beneath him. A BRAMBLE, being one of the inferior throng, could by no means brook this haughty carriage; and, therefore, took him to task, and desired to know what he meant by it. "Because," says the FIR-TREE, "I look upon myself as the first tree, for beauty and rank, of any of the forest. My spring top shoots up into the clouds, and my branches display themselves with a perpetual beauty and verdure; while you lie grovelling upon the ground, liable to be crushed by every fool that comes near you, and impoverished by the luxurious droppings which fall from my leaves."

"All this may be true," replied the BRAMBLE; "but when the woodman has marked you out for public use, and the sounding axe comes to be applied to your root, I am mistaken if you will not be glad to change situations with the very worst of us."

MORAL.

In every condition we should be humble; for the loftier the station, the greater the danger.

THE YOUNG MAN AND SWALLOW.

(FROM CROXALL.)

A PRODIGAL young spendthrift, who had wasted his whole patrimony, was taking a melancholy walk near a brook. It was in the month of January; and happened to be one of those warm days, which sometimes shine upon us, even at that wintry season of the year; and, to make it more flattering, a SWALLOW, which had

made his appearance, by mistake, too soon, flew skimming along upon the surface of the water.

The giddy youth, observing this, without any farther consideration, concluded that summer was now come, and that he should have little or no occasion for clothes, so went and sold them, and ventured the money for one stake more, among his gaming companions.

When this, too, was gone the same way with the rest, he took another solitary walk in the same place. But the weather being severe and frosty, had made every thing look with an aspect very different from what it did before; the brook was quite frozen over; and the poor SWALLOW lay dead upon the bank of it: the very sight of which cooled the young spark's brains; and coming to a kind of sense of his misery, he reproached the deceased bird, as the author of all his misfortunes: "Ah! wretch that thou wert!" said he; "thou hast undone both thyself and me, who was so credulous as to depend upon thee."

MORAL.

Who spends more than he should,
Hath none to spend when he would.

EARLY CHARACTER OF HANNIBAL.

(BY LIVY.)

HANNIBAL being sent to Spain, on his arrival there, attracted the eyes of the whole army. The veterans believed Hamilcar was revived and restored to them; they saw the same vigorous countenance

the same piercing eye, and the same complexion and features. But in a short time his behaviour occasioned this resemblance of his father the least towards his gaining their favour; and, in truth, never was there a genius more happily formed for two things, most manifestly contrary to each other—to obey and to command. This made it difficult to determine, whether the general or soldiers loved him most. Where any enterprise required vigour and valour in the performance, Asdrubal always chose him to command at the executing it; nor were the troops ever more confident of success, or more intrepid, than when he was at their head. None ever showed greater bravery in undertaking hazardous attempts, or more presence of mind and conduct in the execution of them. No hardship could fatigue his body, or daunt his courage: he could equally bear cold and heat. The necessary refection of nature, not the pleasures of his palate, he solely regarded in his meals. He made no distinction of day and night in his watching, or taking rest; and appropriated no time to sleep, but what remained after he had completed his duty: he never sought for a soft or retired place of repose, but was often seen lying upon the bare ground, wrapt in a soldier's cloak, amongst the sentinels and guards. He did not distinguish himself from his companions by the magnificence of his dress, but by the quality of his horse and arms. At the same time, he was by far the best foot and horse soldier in the army; ever the foremost in a charge, and the last who left the field after the battle was begun. Those shining qualities were, however, balanced by great vices; inhuman cruelty; more than Carthaginian treachery; no respect for truth or honour; no fear of the gods; no regard

for the sanctity of oaths; no sense of religion. With a disposition thus chequered with virtues and vices, he served three years under Asdrubal, without neglecting to pry into, or perform any thing that could contribute to make him hereafter a complete general.

THE MISER AND HIS TREASURE.

(FROM DODSLEY.)

A MISER having scraped together a considerable sum of money, by denying himself the common conveniences of life, was much embarrassed where to lodge it most securely. After many debates with himself, he at length fixed upon a corner, in a retired field, where he deposited his TREASURE, in a hole, which he dug for that purpose. His mind was now, for a moment, at ease; but he had not proceeded many paces on his way home, when all his anxiety returned, and he could not forbear going back, to see that every thing was safe. This he repeated so often, that he was, at last, observed by a man, who was looking over a hedge in an adjacent meadow. The fellow, concluding that something extraordinary must be the occasion of the frequent visits, marked the spot; and, coming in the night, and discovering the prize, carried it away.

Early the next morning, the MISER renewed his visit; when, finding his TREASURE gone, he broke out into the most bitter exclamations. A traveller, who was passing by, being moved by his complaints, inquired the cause. "Alas!" replied the MISER, "I have sustained the most irreparable loss!—Some villain has robbed me of a sum of money which I buried under this

stone."—"Buried!" returned the traveller, with surprise; "why did you not rather keep it in your house, that it might be ready for your daily occasions?" "Daily occasions!" replied the Miser, with an air of much indignation; "Do you imagine I so little know the value of money? On the contrary, I had prudently resolved not to touch a single shilling of it." "If that was your wise resolution," answered the traveller, "it is but putting this stone in the place of your TREASURE, and it will answer all your purposes quite as well."

MORAL.

The miser, who conceals his wealth,
 But robs himself of peace and health;
 Far happier he, whose generous mind,
 To charitable deeds inclin'd,
 Has felt, when succouring the distress'd,
 That then he is supremely blest.

 MIRA AND CRIBB, OR, THE GAMING
 TABLE.

MIRA was the only daughter of a nobleman, who had bravely served his country; and his estate being but just sufficient to provide for his sons, Mira had her education under an aunt, who afterwards left her fifty thousand pounds. The old lady was what we call a very good sort of woman, but being very infirm, she led, in Mr. Pope's words, "an old age of cards;" and Mira, being her darling, she always made one of the set. By this she contracted an early love for play,

which at first disguised itself under the plausible appearances of willingness to oblige her company, and doing somewhat to pass away the time: but when Mira became mistress of herself and fortune, she found this passion so strongly confirmed, that it gained an absolute ascendancy over her mind; though in all other respects she was frugal, prudent, and virtuous. Her husband, who filled a place by which he had opportunities of knowing very secret transactions, loved her to distraction; and she had every indulgence that fortune or nature could bestow. Her passion, however, for play, led her some time ago into a set, of which Count Cribb was one; and she lost five hundred pounds. The frequent demands of that kind she had made upon her husband, and the many solemn promises she had given not to renew them, rendered it worse than death for her to apply to him; yet the money, be the consequence ever so disagreeable, nay, fatal, must be obtained. The Count was a secret agent for the enemies of this country, who spare no money to procure intelligence. Though every way disgustful and disagreeable, yet his readiness to be in all parties at play, and his being always well furnished with money, procured him admittance to what is called the very best company, though they both knew and called him a spy and a sharper. The Count, who had great experience in distresses of that kind, saw that of the lovely Mira, and knew he could make it worth his while to relieve her. He pretended to enter with her upon a tete-a-tete game at piquet, and throwing up the cards all of a sudden, swore he was picking her pocket, because she did not mind her game, and that he was sure something was the matter with her. "But, faith," continued he, "I am not myself in a good cue

for play, I am uneasy; I would give five hundred pounds with all my heart——.” Mira in her turn was equally impatient to know the Count’s distress: and at last she learned, that he could get a thousand pounds bet with Lord Mattadore upon a certain destination of great importance; but he did not know what side to take, or how to stake his money. Mira had good sense enough to see through the villain’s design; but the dear delight of being again set up in play, stifled within her all considerations of duty, love, and loyalty, she several times traversed the room in a musing posture, but the struggle was soon over, and the bargain struck. She was to procure the Count authentic intelligence of the destination, and he in return was to present her with five hundred pounds.

Mira, upon her return home, affected an unusual gayety; and what gave vast pleasure to her husband was, that having invited some friends to sup, the card-tables were early removed, and the remaining part of the evening was dedicated to cheerful conversation. The unsuspecting Hortensio, for that was the husband’s name, went to bed, and falling to sleep more profoundly than usual, Mira seized the golden opportunity of transcribing from his pocket book, a paper which contained all, and more than the Count wanted to know. In the afternoon, her husband being abroad, she hurried to the place of assignation with the welcome intelligence to the Count. He could not believe his own good fortune when he read it, and being a thorough bred villain, he resolved to seal his correspondence with the beautiful agent, with more tender engagements than those of money. Though Mira loathed and detested him, yet the golden bait, which he dangled in her eyes, and which was to restore her to

the comforts of her soul, proved at last irresistible. She plunged, conscious of her crime, into perdition, and is now undone. She has got in her purse the wages of her double perfidy, while her passion for play will soon bring her into circumstances that will oblige her to repeat her crime; and a few months will extinguish the remains of that modesty, and those sentiments that gave dignity to her beauty, and loveliness to her perfections. Such are the effects of a passion for gaming!

MY FIRST PLAY.

“It will not be much longer,” I muttered, as I buttoned up to the top my almost threadbare coat, “I soon shall be able to get another;” at the same time I felt instinctively for my own copy of my manuscript play, which was carefully placed therein. I hurried out of my lodgings, and slamming the street-door, I stood on the step, surveying the clouds.—It was a cold November’s evening, a most inauspicious time to produce a good play; for all the good natured fashionables are out of town, and none but surly critics, reporters to newspapers, and play-going lawyers in it; and the darkening clouds and chilling fog proclaimed the approach of night.

“This night is big with fate!” escaped my lips, while with rapid steps I hastened to the theatre to witness the first performance of my new play. Trembling with hope and fear. I found myself at the entrance of the theatre, and my heart leapt within me when I found myself quietly seated in an upper box where I could hide myself as much as possible from

the eyes of the public: for I fancied every eye in the theatre turned towards me; and every time I saw one individual whisper to another, I thought it must be to point out me as the author of the new piece. I regarded every fiddler in the orchestra with anxious eyes, and at every pause of the music I fancied that I perceived the curtain drawing up. How different, thought I to myself, is my situation to that of a well known author whose name alone almost ensures the success of his play, or, even if it be bad, his friends are sure by their unjust and boisterous applause, to save it from that damnation, which it would otherwise meet with on the first night, while I, unknown, and without interest, must trust to the good taste and liberality of the audience for my success.

At length the moment came when my fate was to be decided. The music had ceased; the fatal bell had rung; and after the cry of "hats off," in the gallery, all was quiet—you might have heard a pin drop in the theatre. I sat in breathless expectation, feeling those sensations which an author alone can feel. The two or three first scenes passed off tolerably. I watched the countenances of the audience; some I thought, expressed that they were eagerly looking for something better. The applause was sparing, although the performers did their duty, and gradually diminished. Soon a slight buzz of disapprobation ran round the house: a person next me asked his neighbour if he did not wonder how the manager could have the impudence to bring such trash before the public, and judge of my feelings gentle reader when the same "d—d good natured friend," remarked on one of my best jokes, on the originality of which I prized myself, "Our author seems to have borrowed

largely from Joe Miller; I have not heard one joke or pun in the play which I have not read a dozen times before." I could scarcely refrain myself from telling him flatly that he lied. At length the stifled feelings of the audience burst forth, and the gods belched forth their thunder: hisses, groans, and cries of "Off! off!" were heard in every direction; and to add to my misery the manager stepped forth eyeing me with a look which almost petrified me, and promised that the play should not be repeated. Half mad I rushed out of the box, and heard too flat vulgar looking tradesmen discussing the merits of my unfortunate play. One of them said, "well now it may be bad taste but I don't think that that ere piece be so much amiss, I like it." I could hardly resist rushing forth and shaking him by the hand. In the words of Otway, "I could have hugged the greasy rogues! they pleased me." I soon found myself at my lodgings sadly musing on the scene which had passed, and firmly resolving never to send another play where it could not be fully appreciated. This was the fate of my first attempt when with little interest, and less money, I took it to the manager. But now, having acquired a name, and having some interest (which is every thing to an author) I have several times met with decided success—although many of my productions which have been successful were (at least in my opinion) very inferior to my "first play."

I. J. B. TURNER.

BURNING OF WIDOWS.

DURING the time I was at Poonah, from November 1828 to 1830, there were four instances of women who

burned themselves on the death of their husbands. The first two I witnessed. I desired to ascertain the real circumstances by which these ceremonies were attended, and, in particular, to satisfy myself whether the women who were the victims of them, were free and conscious agents. The spot appropriated to this purpose was on the margin of the river, immediately opposite the house in which I lived.

On the first occasion the pile was in preparation when I arrived. It was constructed of rough billets of wood and was about four feet in height and seven square. At each corner there was a slender pole supporting a light figure covered with small fuel, straw, and dry grass. The interval between the pile and the frame, which formed a sort of rude canopy, was about four feet. Three of the sides were closed up with matted straw, the fourth being left open as an entrance. The top of the pile, which formed the bottom of this interval, was spread with straw, and the inside had very much the appearance of the interior of a small hut. The procession with the widow arrived, consisting of about a hundred persons, including the Bramins who were to officiate at the ceremony, and the retinue furnished by the government. She was on horseback and had garlands of flowers over her head and shoulders, and her face besmeared with sandal wood. In one hand she held a looking-glass, and in the other a lime stuck upon a dagger. Her dress, which was red, was of the common description worn by the Hindoo women called a saree. Where the wife is with the husband when he dies, she burns herself with his corpse; and in those cases where the husband dies at a distance, she must have with her on the pile either some relic of his

body, or some part of the dress he had on at the time of his death. In this instance the husband had been a soldier, and had been killed at some distance from Poona. His widow had with her one of his shoes. She had quite a girlish look and could not be more than seventeen or eighteen. Her countenance was that of the common cast, without any thing peculiar in its character or expression. It was grave and composed; and neither in her carriage, manner, nor gestures, did she betray the slightest degree of agitation or disturbance. She dismounted and sat down at the edge of the river, and with the assistance of the Bramins went through some religious ceremony. She distributed flowers and sweetmeats, and although she spoke little, what she did say was in an easy natural tone, and free from any apparent emotion. She did not seem to pay any attention to the preparation of the pile; but when she was told that it was ready, she rose and walked towards it, then performed some other ceremonies, standing on a stone on which the outline of two feet had been traced with a chisel. In front of her was a larger stone which had been placed as an altar, on which was a small fire. These ceremonies lasted about five minutes, and then she approached the pile and mounted it without assistance. With her own hand she then lighted the pile and expired without a groan.

THE LADY OF LOCKERBY.

IN the sixteenth century a conflict took place between two hostile clans of the names of Johnstone and Maxwell, close by the river Dryffe, near Lochmaben,

which is called the battle of Dryffe sands. It was carried on with such vigour by the Johnstones and their allies that they quickly compelled their enemies to seek safety in flight. The Maxwells and the confederate barons suffered grievously in the retreat—many were overtaken in the streets of Lockerby and cut down or slashed in the face by their pursuers, a kind of blow which to this day, in that country, is called a “Lockerby lick.” Maxwell himself, an elderly man and heavily armed, was borne down from his horse in the beginning of the conflict, and as he named his name, and offered to surrender, his right hand, which he stretched out for mercy, was cut from his body. The lady of Lockerby, who was besieged in her tower, had witnessed from the battlements the approach of the laird of Johnstone, and as soon as the enemy had withdrawn from the siege of the fortress, had sent to the assistance of her chief the few servants who had assisted in her defence. After this she heard the tumult of battle, but as she could not from the tower see the place where it was fought, she remained in an agony of suspense until, as the noise seemed to pass away in a westernly direction, she could endure it no longer, but sallied from the tower with only one female attendant, to see how the day had gone. She took the precaution to lock the strong oaken door and iron gate, with which a border fortress was commonly secured, and knitting the large keys on a thong, took them with her hanging on her arm. Upon entering the field of battle she found all the relics of a bloody fight; the little valley was strown with slain men and horses and broken armour, besides many wounded and incapable of saving themselves. Among others she saw lying beneath a tree a

tall gray haired noble looking man, arrayed in bright armour, but bareheaded and bleeding to death from the loss of his right hand. He asked for mercy and help with a faltering voice, but she only seeing before her the enemy of her clan, and the cause of her father's captivity and death, raised the ponderous keys which she bore along with her, and dashed out the brains of the vanquished lord Maxwell.

GOOD RETURNED FOR EVIL.

WHEN we arrived at Albany, says the baroness Reidesel, where we so often wished ourselves, but where we did not enter as we expected we should—victors! we were received by the good General Schuyler, his wife and daughters, not as enemies, but kind friends; and they treated us with the most marked attention and politeness, as they did General Burgoyne, who had caused General S——'s beautifully finished house to be burnt; in fact they behaved like persons of exalted minds, who determined to bury all recollection of *their own* injuries in the contemplation of *our* misfortunes. General Burgoyne was struck with General Schuyler's generosity, and said to him, "*You show me great kindness, although I have done you much injury.*"—" *That was the fate of war,*" replied the brave man, "*let us say no more about it.*"

REPROOF.

A POOR old deaf man, residing in a Fifeshire village, was visited one day by the parish clergyman, who had

recently taken a resolution to pay such visits regularly to his parishioners, and therefore made a promise to the wife of this villager that he would call occasionally and pray with him. The minister, however, soon fell through his resolution, and did not pay another visit to the deaf man till two years after, when, happening to go through the alley in which the poor man lived, he found the wife at the door, and therefore could not avoid inquiring for her husband. "Well, Margaret," said the minister, "how is Thamas?"—"Nae the better o' you," was the rather curt answer. "How, how, Margaret?" inquired the minister. "Ou, ye promised twa years syne to ca' and pray ance a fortnight wi' him, and ye never ance darkened the door sin syne." "Well, well, Margaret, don't be so short. I thought it was not very necessary to call and pray with Thamas, for he's deaf, you know, and cannot hear me."—"But, sir," rejoined the woman, "*the Lord's no deaf.*" And the indolent clergyman shrunk abashed from the cottage.

ELECTIONEERING.

AN eccentric clergyman, of the name of Ogilvy, formerly minister of Lunan in Forfarshire, was in request at an election for the county, in consequence of his having a freehold vote. One Sunday, Lord Gray, whose party he espoused, sent into the church to say, that he wished to see the parson at the public-house. Mr. Ogilvy immediately stopped his discourse, and said, "My brethren, I am called on the business of the nation; you will sing to the praise and glory of God from the beginning of the 119th Psalm; and, if I have

not returned when you have concluded it, you may either begin it again, or go on to the next as you like best."

THE LATE LADY B.

1832 has passed away, and with it some of the most illustrious characters of Europe. In the melancholy list of the departed, we find Bentham, Cuvier, Mackintosh, Scott, and Barrymore. All of these, but the last, have, at their exit from this mortal scene, left a bereaved world to proclaim their praises. The interest they had excited in life was increased at their death: the most vague information—the most trifling anecdotes, *relating to them*, were *related to others* with triumph and received with rapture. But in the case of feminine celebrity, not one humble lay has been composed; no pencil has as yet been employed to preserve the mere delicate touches of a character, the bold outline of which has, in its manifestations, so frequently startled a wondering people. We hasten to supply the void; and, in doing so, we shall remove strong existing prejudices against the fair subject of our paper.

Few persons, unacquainted with her in any other than her public character, would suppose her to have been a woman of a peculiarly feminine nature; but all who knew her intimately assert, that so gentle was her disposition, she was almost constantly found with *a drop in her eye*. Many would suppose from the turbulent eccentricity of her public life, that her temperament was far from gloomy: it is however an undoubted fact, that she was frequently reduced by *low spirits* to the most deplorable condition. She has frequently ap-


peared before the public in *dramatic* characters; and, it must be admitted, that in passionate parts she was too much addicted to what, not only Hamlet, but a less fastidious critic, would call "tearing to tatters!" She was a great friend to all public institutions, and did more for Westminster Hospital by her single arm, than was accomplished by the united efforts of the delicate hands, whose gossamer performances were disposed of, for the benefit of that institution at a late fancy fair. She was frequently seen in the metropolitan prisons; and that in visiting these miserable receptacles, she was influenced by the same feelings as actuated that excellent man, the benevolent *Howard*, the strongest proof is furnished by the fact, that on entering them she always mentioned his NAME with much emphasis and energy. We observe, with regret, that Lady Barmore, in her political character, does not appear to much advantage. Inconsistency was her great fault. She was very inimical to reform. Like some celebrated statesmen, she would admit its propriety in the abstract, but always declared that the *constitution* was so inured to things as they were, that it could never thrive under a new regimen. Nevertheless, it was evident that she and all those who *imbibed* her principles could never keep into the straight path, but followed courses of a very *revolutionary* character. She professed herself warmly attached to *liberal measures*, and has been known to express herself strongly against such as were brought forward of a contrary nature. She was much opposed to the establishment of the New Police, and always fought against it with great courage and effect. Her oratorical powers were of no mean order; without being essentially forensic, her style of

eloquence was well adapted for the *bar*. She would bring to her aid all the powers of *the fancy*, and, thus assailed, few dared enter the lists against her. Of her public actions it is unnecessary to speak, they being so well known to all individuals of every class of society; we shall therefore conclude by observing, that she continued to perform those actions which have excited so much astonishment to the latest moment of her existence, which was prematurely closed by a too violent exercise of her physical powers, which caused a debility that not all the powers of physic could remedy.

X.**THE END.**

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
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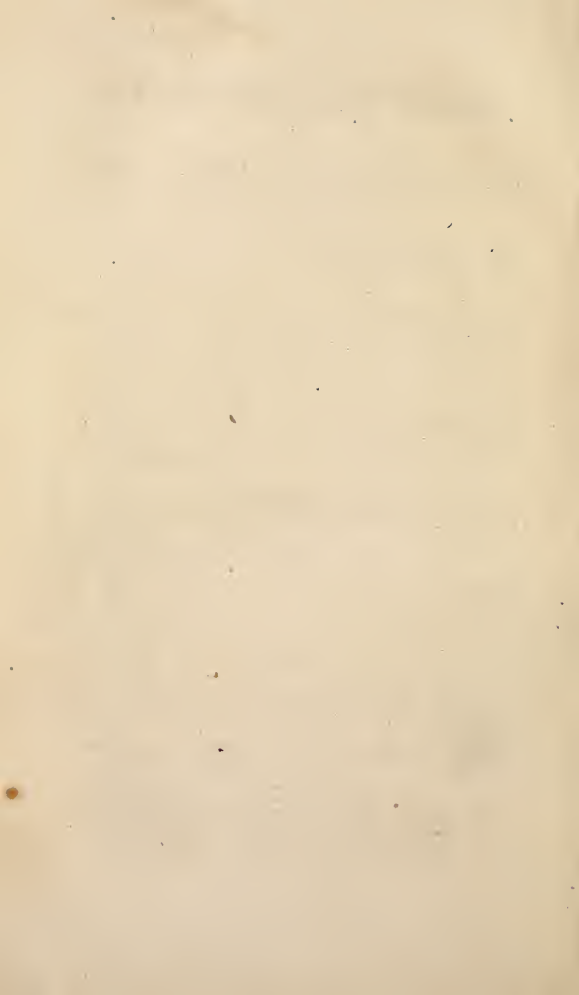
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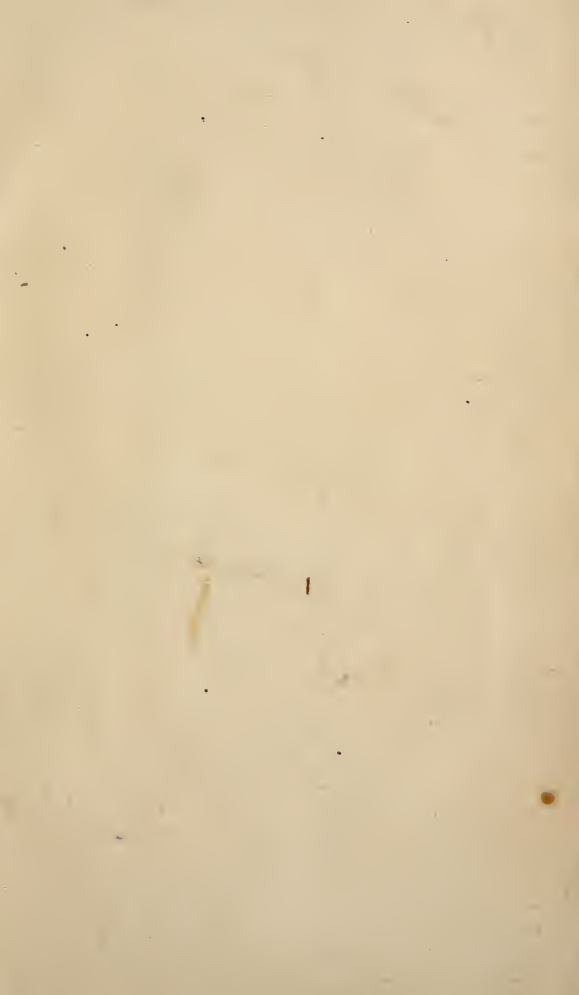
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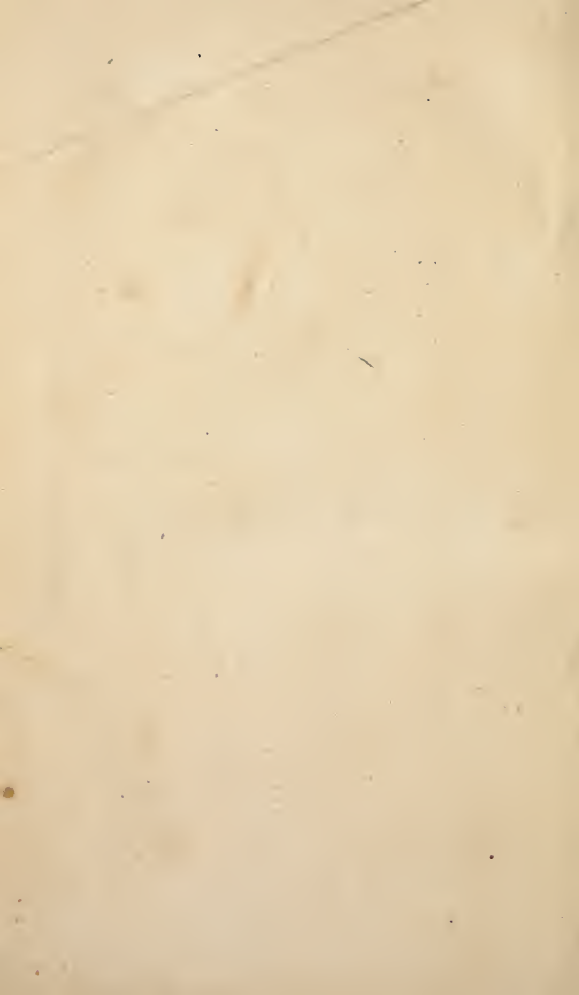
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