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W. Havell

TALES

OF

ADVENTURE AND ENTERPRISE ;

BEING

READING RECREATIONS

FOR THE YOUNG.

EDINBURGH :

WILLIAM WHYTE AND CO.,



TO

MISS CHARLOTTE HOPE,

DAUGHTER OF JOHN HOPE, ESQUIRE,

DEAN OF THE FACULTY OF ADVOCATES,

THIS SELECTION OF INTERESTING PIECES,

FOR THE

INSTRUCTION OF YOUNG PERSONS,

IS

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

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EXPLANATORY NOTICE.

THE EDITORS of the present volume beg to remind Parents, Guardians, and Teachers of Youth, as well as their young readers, that there are two *series*, or classes of juvenile works by them. The First Class is composed of volumes which, containing Foreign Scenes and Customs, authentic and interesting Narratives, Missionary Adventure and Enterprise, have a decidedly serious tone and tendency. They are

THE JUVENILE MANUAL,
THE JUVENILE KALEIDOSCOPE, and
PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT FOR LEISURE
HOURS.

The Second Class is intended to combine useful information with amusement, being Descriptions and Travels abroad, Royal Sketches, Facts in Natural History, Juvenile Biographi-

cal Notices. Under this head stands **THE RELAXATION.**

To this last volume is now added **READING RECREATIONS** ; and both volumes will be found distinguished by much that is deeply interesting, and guarded by delicacy, purity, and morality.

The whole will be found very suitable for Holiday Gifts, and useful as well as entertaining reading in families alive to the importance of informing the minds, and affecting and regulating the hearts of the young, and engaged in the very responsible task of training a rising generation of immortal beings for acting a right part in the present world, during a few fleeting years of mortal existence.

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READING RECREATIONS.

SUBTERRANEAN VILLAGES ROUND TRIPOLI.

ALL around *Tripoli*, (capital of one of the Barbary States, North Africa,) the prevailing rocks are of limestone, partly of secondary, partly it is said of tertiary formation. The Arab inhabitants of the Gharian limestone mountains in Tripoli, live *under ground*.

Captain Lyon says, "we stopped at a nest, I cannot call it a village, where all the habitations are under ground. The Sheik, on hearing we were under the protection of the Bashaw, came to welcome us, and gave us the only hut the place afforded, in which we placed our people and camel loads. As for ourselves, we preferred clearing part of the farm-yard, and pitching our tent in it, surrounded by our horses and camels. This place is call-

ed Beni Abbas. As the natives live, as I have observed, under ground, a person unacquainted with the circumstance might cross the mountain without once suspecting that it was inhabited. All the dwelling places being formed in the same manner, a description of the Sheik's may suffice for the rest. The upper soil is sandy earth, of about four feet in depth; under this sand, and in some places limestone, a large hole is dug, to the depth of twenty-five or thirty feet; and its breadth in every direction is about the same, being, as nearly as can be, a perfect square. The rock is then smoothed so as to form perpendicular sides to this space, in which doors are cut through, and arched chambers excavated, so as to receive their light from the doors. The rooms are sometimes three or four on a side; in others, a whole side composes one,—the arrangements depending on the number of inhabitants. In the open court is generally a well, water being found at ten or twelve feet below the base of the square. The entrance of the house is at about thirty-six yards from the pit, and opens above ground. It is arched over-head, is generally cut in a winding direction, and is perfectly dark. Some of these passages are sufficiently large to admit a loaded camel. The entrance has a strong wall built over it, something resembling an ice house. This is covered over-head, and has a very strong heavy door, which is shut at night, or in cases of danger. At about ten yards from

the bottom is another door, equally strong; so that it is impossible to enter these houses should the inhabitants determine to resist. Few Arab attacks last long enough to end in a siege. All their sheep and poultry being confined in the house at night, the Bashaw's army, when here, had recourse to suffocating the inmates, being unable to starve them out." — *Africa*, (*Edinburgh Cabinet Library*.)

ANECDOTE OF LOUIS XIV. OF FRANCE.

It is but too well known that it was during the reign of this very indifferent monarch that the celebrated *Edict of Nantes* was revoked or recalled. The edict was granted by Henry the IV. in 1686, allowing his *protestant* subjects the free exercise of their religion, though France was, and is a *popish* kingdom. Though Louis XIV. cruelly deprived them of this liberty, to which they had a right, with which no man ought to interfere. The following circumstance is told to his praise in *Mr. Stuart's* "Three years in America."

During his (Louis XIV.) war with England, instead of returning thanks to his officers as the British did to those who commanded at *Washington* for destroying a building, (senate-house and library,) not devoted to *military* purposes, he sent them to gaol. The *Frenchmen* had landed on the *Eddystone* rocks on which the *lighthouse* was then erecting; and

carried the workmen to France, together with their tools. While the captives lay in prison, the transaction came to the knowledge of the French monarch, who immediately ordered the prisoners to be released, and the captors, who were expecting a reward for the achievement, to be confined in their stead, declaring that though he was at war with England, he was not at war with mankind. He therefore directed the men to be sent back to their work with presents.

FRENCH INVASION OF SWITZERLAND, AND BATTLE OF MORGARTEN.

WHEN the French invaded the Forest Cantons in 1798, *Morgarten* was the scene of a second struggle, as brave, but less successful, than when the patriotic *Schwitzers* overthrew their *Austrian* oppressors.

The French (republican army) attacked the Swiss, simultaneously, in three quarters. On the north side *Aloys Reding* met them on the same ground where his ancestor *Rodolph Reding*, had defeated the *Austrians* five hundred years before, and the narrow field of *Morgarten* was twice drenched with the blood of patriots and their oppressors. The women of *Schwitz* were employed during the whole night of the first of May in dragging cannon over rocks and precipices, and carrying fascines for entrenchments. Many of them work-

ed with young children on their left arm. Fires were burning on the tops of all the mountains. During the first and second day of May, there was incessant firing both at Morgarten, and about Arth; a militia composed of peasants and shepherds made head on this extended line, against repeated attacks of regular troops, four times their number, without giving way, broke them several times with the bayonet, and remained masters of the field everywhere. The loss of the invaders was tenfold that of their own; but the latter was irreparable: a few such victories and they were annihilated: many of the men had no rest for three or four days and nights, and scarcely any food; some of the posts were guarded only by women. They were offered the free exercise of their religion, provided they adopted the Helvetic constitution, in which case the army was to leave the country immediately. Many were for fighting on; others, moved at the sight of their wives and children, wished to treat before it came to the worst. The general assembly, held on the fourth, was extremely agitated, and on the point of ending in bloodshed. At last a great majority decided in favour of the terms offered, and peace was signed on the fifth. The French loss was 2754 dead, exclusive of wounded; the people of Schwitz lost 431, men and women. Aloys Reding, a worthy descendant of a race of patriots, survived this battle some few years. Near the outlet of the Lake of Thun (Toon)

is a monument raised by private regard, with the single inscription, "To the memory of my friend Aloys Reding," which has given occasion to the following beautiful lines, by the poet Wordsworth.

Around a wild and woody hill,
 A gravelled path-way treading,
 We reached a votive stone that bears
 The name of Aloys Reding.

Well judged the friend who placed it there
 For silence and protection ;
 And haply with a finer care
 Of dutiful affection.

The sun regards it from the west
 Sinking in summer glory ;
 And while he sinks affords a type
 Of that pathetic story.

And oft he tempts the patriot Swiss
 Amid the groves to linger,
 Till all is dim save this bright stone,
 Touched by his golden finger.

Historical Parallels.

WILD MEN IN THE MOUNTAINS OF TAHITI.

ONE singular result of their former dreadful wars, and their horrid sacrifice of human beings, (before the introduction of Christianity by missionaries,) is the existence of a number of *wild men* inhabiting the fastnesses of the interior mountains of Tahiti. I have not heard

of any having been seen in any other island, but they have been more than once met with in the neighbourhood of Atehuru. When I visited this station in 1821, I saw one of these men, who had been some time before taken in the mountains; he was comparatively tame, yet I shall not soon forget his appearance. He was above the middle size, large boned, but not fleshy. His features and countenance were strongly marked; his complexion was not darker than those of many around, but his aspect was agitated and wild. His beard was unshaven, and his hair had remained uncut for many years; it appeared about a foot and a half in length, in some parts, perhaps, longer. He wore it parted on his forehead, but hanging uncombed and dishevelled on the other parts of his head. On the outside it was slightly curled, and hung in loose ringlets. The colour was singular; at the roots, or close to his head, it was dark brown, or black, six inches from his head it was of a tawny brown, while the extremities exhibited a light, and in some places, bright yellow. Many attempts had been made to persuade him to have it cut, but to this he would never consent. His only clothing was a *maro*, or girdle, with sometimes a light piece of cloth over his shoulder. His nails, for the sake of convenience, he had cut. He said but little, and though he came and looked at us once or twice, he seemed averse to observation, and retired when I attempted to converse with him. He had been driven to

the mountains in a time of war, had remained in solitude for years, had been at length discovered by persons travelling in these regions, secured, and brought down, where with great difficulty he had been induced to remain. Mr. Darling said he was very quiet, but appeared uninterested in most of what was passing around him. Since Mr. Darling's residence at Bunaauia, others have been seen in the mountains, and one was secured by the people of Burder's Point. They had gone to the mountains for the bark of the tiari, which they use in dying native cloth; on their way they perceived a man lying on his side asleep, and exclaiming this is a *taehae*, a wild man, one of them went round among the bushes, in order to get on the opposite side, while the other was to advance slowly towards him: as they approached he awoke, and, startled by their appearance, rose, flinging over his shoulders his hair, which the natives described as reaching to his waist, and darted into the woods, where he was stopped by one of the men who saw him, and finally secured. He was evidently enfeebled from recent illness, or, as the natives expressed themselves, they could neither have caught nor retained him. Terror seemed to have absorbed every feeling. It was in vain they assured him that they meant him no injury, he appeared either not to understand, or not to regard any thing they said, but constantly exclaimed, "Ye are murderers, ye are murderers," occasionally supplicating them with "Do not

murder me, do not murder me." They conducted him to the settlement, gave him food and clothing, and, treating him with kindness, he appeared somewhat calmed, but still manifested a most restless apprehension, and for a long time the only sounds he uttered were, "Do not kill me." He was taken to the school and the chapel, but appeared distressed by the noise, yet pleased with letters, and ultimately even learned the elements of reading, but took the first opportunity of fleeing to the mountains. About a fortnight afterwards he was again secured, and brought to the settlement; but whether or not he has since returned to the woods, I have not the means of knowing. He is supposed to have originally fled for fear of being sacrificed to the gods, and, under the panic which seized those who were defeated in some of the battles that within the last fifty years have been fought in these portions of the island, to have retreated to the mountain fastnesses in its more central parts, where perhaps he had experienced a degree of mental aberration which had deprived him of memory, and induced him to wander like a demoniac among the lonely rocks and valleys. On another occasion, some people from Bunaauia saw a large party, four or five, with two women and some children. These, the persons who saw them thought it most prudent to leave unmolested; and, though a larger party have since sought them, I have not heard of their being met with. It is reported by the natives, that others have

been seen, and that some of the inhabitants of the lowlands have been in danger of losing their lives from coming in contact with them. After the evidence of the facts above mentioned, we cannot doubt the existence of such unhappy victims; but at the same time, the circumstance of their being so seldom seen, warrants the hope that they are not numerous.—*Rev. W. Ellis' Polynesian Researches.*

CINNAMON-GARDENS OF CEYLON.

IN the afternoon we drove in the (Governor's) Sir Edward Barnes's sociable or carriage through the far famed *Cinnamon-gardens*, which covers upwards of 17000 acres of land on the coast, the largest of which are near Colombo, (the capital of the island of Ceylon.) The plant thrives best in a poor sandy soil, in a damp atmosphere; it grows wild in the woods to the size of a large apple tree, but when cultivated is never allowed to grow more than ten or twelve feet in height, each plant standing separate. The leaf is something like that of the laurel in shape, but of a lighter colour; when it first shoots out it is red, and changes gradually to green. It is now out of blossom, but I am told that the flower is white, and appears when in full blossom to cover the garden. After hearing so much of the *spicy gales* from this island, I was much disappointed at not being able to discover any scent, at least

from the plants, in passing through the gardens: there is a very fragrant-smelling flower growing under them, which at first led us into a belief that we smelled the cinnamon, but we were soon undeceived. On pulling off a leaf or a twig, one perceives the spicy odour very strongly, but I was surprised to hear that the flower has little or none. As cinnamon forms the only considerable export of Ceylon, it is of course preserved with great care: by the old Dutch law, the penalty for cutting a branch was no less than the loss of a hand: at present a fine expiates the same offence. The neighbourhood of Colombo is particularly favourable to its growth, being well sheltered, with a high equable temperature; and as showers fall very frequently, though a whole day's heavy rain is uncommon, the ground is never parched.

The manager of the Cinnamon-gardens good-naturedly sent some of the cinnamon peelers to our bungalows (or low cottages,) that we might see the way in which the spice is prepared. They brought with them branches of about three feet in length, of which they scraped off the rough bark with knives, and then with a peculiar-shaped instrument, stripped off the inner rind in long slips: these are tied up in bundles, and put to dry in the sun, and the wood is sold for fuel. In the regular preparation, however, the outer bark is not scraped off, but the process of fermentation which the stripes undergo when tied up in

large quantities removes the coarser parts. The *peelers* are called "chabers;" they are a distinct *caste* (or class,) whose origin is uncertain, though they are generally supposed to be descended from a tribe of weavers, who settled in Ceylon, from the continent (of India) about 600 years ago; in the interior they now pursue their original occupation, but those in the maritime provinces are exclusively employed in peeling cinnamon. They earn a great deal of money during the season; but their *caste* is considered very low, and it would be a degradation for any other to follow the same business.—*Bp. Heber's Journal of Tour in Ceylon.*

FRENCH DUKE DE CASES, AND THE BIBLE.

THE Duc de Cases, the French ambassador at the British court, in answer to an inquiry about the books used in England, gave the following reply;—"His Grace the Duke of Rochefoucault has requested me to bring him copies of the books published in England for the use of the poor. I have made diligent enquiries on the subject, and shall conclude them by presenting him with the *Bible*, which supplies all the moral wants of a country, of whose national religion it forms the basis, and of whose political institution it is the safe-guard and the surest guarantee."

ELEPHANT HUNT, AND HUNTER'S DRESS.
SOUTH AFRICA.

THE night was wearing away ; stretched on the sheepskin *carosses*, and wrapped in my horseman's cloak, I felt drowsiness coming over me ; the fire blazed fitfully before my eyes, the hunter's story became less intelligible, his words half mingled with my dream, and then ceased. After some hours I awoke ; our night fires had burned low ; I looked up, and saw a thousand stars shining through the dark, shadowy boughs ; I looked around, my companions were fast asleep ; and the dogs, after the fatigues of the day, were slumbering near the embers, which threw a gloomy light on their half-defined bony forms ; I listened, and heard only the river's rush, on whose banks we had *bivouaked*

Our first day's search had been in vain, but the morning found us ready and sanguine ; and after breakfast we started off on foot, each bearing a large elephant-gun on his shoulder. The hunter (D—— an English settler) had changed his dress, and now appeared in a dark blue linen shirt, loose on the arms, and fastened closely round his bare and sinewy throat ; trowsers of the same colour supported by a waist-belt ; a yellow silk handkerchief bound tightly round his head in Malay fashion ; his powder-horn and pouch hung at his side, suspended from his shoulder belt. This dress

was calculated to set off his spare form to advantage; and though plain-featured, there was in his keen, worn look, a something that impressed—the expression that belongs to the wanderer over the mountains; to one whose life is a succession of dangers. The little boy, slightly but finely formed, with a fair face, light coloured hair, and blue eyes, that, in woman would have been beautiful, struck me as a figure that Westall would have delighted in, as he bounded lightly forward beneath the weight of his gun.

But *Skipper*, one of the *Hottentots*, was far the most singular figure of the group; his large hat, with its round raised top, and strangely formed brim, throwing a dark shadow over his dusky visage; his deeply sunken eyes, his high cheek-bones, his mustaches large and black; then his dress,—his trowsers tucked up to the knee, showing bare legs that defied thorns; one shoulder-belt, from which the pouch and powder-horn were suspended, and another supporting his hatchet for cutting out the tusks, and his bag for holding the wild honey. His jacket, too, of many-coloured patches, “that seemed to show variety of wretchedness;” here, however, it was but seeming, for *Skipper* was one of the boldest and most successful shooters in the country; but his gains, while they lasted, went only to keep the *canteen* (spirit shop) in a roar, for he never could be persuaded to purchase cattle, or acquire property. Methinks I see the extraordinary

old man now before me, coolly shaking the ashes from the large pipe, while the elephants are feeding within a dozen yards of him :—another Hottentot, my companion, and myself, completed the party.

The country we were traversing was singularly wild,—savage nature unreclaimed,—no blue smoke amidst the dark green hills and shadowy hollows told of an habitation ; even the roads are the work of the elephant. Man has never appeared in those tremendous solitudes, save as a destroyer. All was still, yet at intervals there came upon the ear the distant sound of a passing bell, heavy and slow like the death toll ; all again was still, and again the bell-bird's note came borne upon the wind ; we never seemed to approach it, but that low, melancholy, distant dreamlike sound, still continued at times, to haunt us like an omen of evil.

We threaded the elephant paths with a swift silent pace, over hills and through ravines, until, from having been long unaccustomed to walking in this riding country, I began, greatly to the surprise of the hunter, to show symptoms of fatigue ; “ We shall soon be among the elephants,” he said, “ and then we can sit down and watch them.”

Forward we went,—now in shadow, and now in light, as we wound through the high bush ; the light now glancing on the strange head gear of the leading Hottentot, now touching the yellow handkerchief that bound the hunt-

er's head; now the blue one that shadowed the fair brow of the boy, and now running in a line along the muzzles of the large guns; then, again, they were lost in the gloom of some dark descent, or rocky ravine.

We had frequently traced the mighty foot-prints of the elephants; from which the Hottentots told us when the animals had been there. "This is three days old,"—"This is last night." It was curious to observe the marks stamped in the mud around the small ponds, of animals that left their haunts to drink. The misshapen *spoor* of the elephant; that of the rhinoceros, resembling three horse's hoofs; the buffalo, the wolf, the timid and various antelopes, and the baboon, were all clearly to be traced.

The African sun of mid-day now poured all its fire upon us; and it was with difficulty I could carry my gun, and the far-searching eyes of the hunters in vain looked around.

The only animals we had seen, were three buffaloes, that rushed down the side of the hill close to us, and disappeared in the deep hollow below. We had passed in our search several bodies of elephants, their bones, bleached by sun and shower, appearing through the black shroud-like shrivelled skin, and at one place the skeleton of a rhinoceros lay close to that of its mighty enemy.

The search was becoming hopeless, when the leader pointed to a distant hill; there was a consultation, in which it was decided that a

troop of elephants was passing over it. I looked, and could see nothing. But now we went on with fresh vigour, and gained the hill opposite to that on which they were; we halted and watched; a few words passed between the hunter and Skipper, and we descended silently the ravine that divided us. Again they whispered,—marked from what point the light breeze came; and we commenced the steep ascent in a direction that the wind might come from the animals to us: for we were now so near them that their quick scent would have discovered us. Skipper led, while we followed in Indian file, threading a narrow path which skirted one bank of a small hollow, while the huge beasts were feeding on the opposite one. The leader halted, the hunter gave my companion and myself lighted sticks, and whispered directions to fire the bush and grass, and to retreat in the event of the animals charging.

It was a strange feeling to find myself within twenty yards of creatures whose forward movement would have been destruction; but they stood browsing on the bushes, and flapping their large ears, pictures of indolent security. We were taking our stations when we heard a shot, and then another, and of the the eight elephants, seven fled. We went forward to see the effect of the shots. Skipper's had carried death with it; the elephant had fallen, but rose again. I never heard any thing like its groans; he again fell, and we went up

to him; the ball had entered behind the shoulder and reached the heart.

In looking at the mighty monster, I could not help saying, Poor beast! were it not for these ivory tusks, you might live happy and unmolested; they appear given but for your destruction, for of what use are they? "Defence," answered my companion. "No," said the hunter, "for the most fierce and dangerous among them is a breed that the Dutch call *Koeskops*, and they have no tusks." We cut off his tail, in token of triumph; and then followed the troop that had fled down the hill: we saw them crossing the ravine, and traced their downward course by the destruction and uprooting of every thing that had impeded it: branches were strewed around; and the large palm-like *euphorbias*, so common in these wild regions, were broken like twigs. In our pursuit, we crossed the lairs of the buffalo and the elephant, and gained the ravine.—"*Four Years in Southern Africa*," by Comper Rose of the Engineers.

DOMESTIC RECREATIONS OF QUEEN ADELAIDE.

SHE came amongst the people of England a stranger—ignorant of their manners, and with but an imperfect knowledge of their language. Instead of withdrawing herself into herself, and calling around her, like most of her predeces-

sors, a little German court, she retained of her country only her two "dressers;" and, by her conduct, proved how completely she felt "his people to be her people."

The only matters which deeply concern the King, from which the Queen steadily and uniformly withdraws herself, are political discussions and political arrangements. Her occupations and feelings are as strictly domestic as those of any female in the humbler walks of life can be. She spends many hours of every day, when at Windsor, in her little private drawing-room, and employs those hours in work, drawing, and reading. The furniture of this apartment is in keeping with the purity of her taste and the simplicity of her habits: the walls are adorned with the portraits (chiefly the productions of her own pencil) of those she loves best in the world; and upon a small marble pedestal is the full-length figure of her child—the infant who lived to be ten weeks old. She is exceedingly devoted to her pencil, and when there is not a state company at the castle, generally amuses herself by taking the likenesses of her ladies in waiting. Her talent in this way is quite extraordinary, as she never fails in either features or expression. Never was princess less ambitious of a crown, and never did queen sway sceptre with a gentler, and, whatever her enemies may say to the contrary, a more generous hand. Had her Majesty used her money more in bribery than in charity, she would have been lauded

in certain quarters where now she is condemned. Her domestics bear witness to her exceeding kindness—that kindness which extends to the minutia of all things necessary to their comfort. If she perceives any of her servants looking ill, her observation immediately is, “You are not well—you must not remain on duty—go to bed, and let the doctor see you.” Nor does the circumstance pass from her mind; for she never fails to inquire after, and will even visit the invalid—even the most humble of her establishment—and not only commands, but sees that they are properly attended to. There is one particular point upon which we have always thought her Majesty yielded too much; she will never reprove the English attendants; if any thing goes wrong among them that requires the interference of the highest power, she refers it to the King; and her reason for doing so is so amiable that we the more respect her, though we think she carries the feeling to excess: “I hardly know enough of this country,” she says, “to judge justly; and I should never forgive myself if I decided wrongfully. His Majesty understands them well.”

She received her crown with tears—she felt and declared that she should never be so happy as she had been at “dear Bushy;” and Adelaide of England is as easy of access, and as free from affectation as was the Duchess of Clarence. Far from accumulating a privy purse, more than would be believed of her allowance

is distributed in private charity—in judicious and liberal benevolence. She delights in acts of kindness, and she delights in presenting gifts to her favourites when they least expect it. Some weeks before Christmas she amuses herself by preparing presents, many of value, which she arranges with her own hands, and calls her “fancy fair.” On a particular day, the dinner party, instead of withdrawing to their usual room, are conducted to an apartment decked with flowers, sparkling with lights, and filled with different tokens of her Majesty’s gracious regard: the name of the person for whom each token is designed is appended to the lot, and it is a subject of universal observation, that her Majesty has the peculiar tact of discovering what every person either wants or wishes for: and, with the affectionate forethought of her kind mind—

——“Presenting unto each
What each desires most.”

Her Majesty’s health is by no means good, and when she is confined to her room, the King with his own hand administers her medicine—and always dines in her chamber, sitting afterwards with his guests as a matter of courtesy, and that only for a short time. Nor is she slow in returning these attentions, which her high and virtuous conduct have so perfectly entitled her to receive. Indeed, the attention of the King towards the Queen is one of the most pleasing pictures of happy domestic

life it has ever been our lot to witness—he is kind and tender as a lover; and his attentions more nearly resemble those of an English squire than a crowned King—so completely does affection put aside state.

The Queen is a fine example to the females of our aristocracy—disdaining tinsel and vain show, in all things—plain, yet rich in her attire—adorning the little privacy she can command, by the exercise of her accomplishments—judicious in her patronage—a sincere friend and a good wife.

There have been more splendid women upon the throne, but there have been none to whom we would more gladly present our wives and daughters than *Adelaide of England*.—*Court Journal*.

We do not forget that *Adelaide* was Queen of England, though a few short weeks have wrought a change even in a palace. We do not forget her virtues and excellencies on a throne, and it augurs well in regard to the nation's prospects from the reign of our amiable young Queen, that the interesting *Victoria* shews such delicate attentions to the widowed *Adelaide*.

EARTHQUAKE AT BOGOTA, IN SOUTH AMERICA.

THE following account of the calamity brought on at *Bogota*, the capital of the new republic of *Colombia*, in South America, by

an earthquake which happened in 1827, is taken from the accounts in the periodicals of the day.

Earthquakes it is said are a new phenomenon in this part of South America: that which was felt forty years ago, was the first ever known; it threw down part of our church;—that which occurred eight years since, though it terrified the inhabitants, did no mischief;—that of June, a year ago, was terrible—since that they have been frequent, but, as we all now agree, slight;—that of the 16th of last month (Nov.) was indeed terrible; and yet less severe in this place than at a short distance from this to the south, where not a house is left standing, and where, as the vicar of the place writes to Colonel C., immense stones were hurled about in all directions,—a proof that a rupture of the earth had taken place somewhere in the vicinity, but where has not yet been ascertained. Two thousand lives are lost in our province; seventy-eight bodies passed Honda, at which place the river for an instant disappeared, only to return with new and terrific violence, after having burst its boundaries and swept all before it! For ourselves, W— was accompanying a gentleman to the gate, and I was looking over the balcony, watching his return to the house: J— was ill in bed. The week had been very rainy, and the ground was very wet. When the first shock took place it was just dark. The doors and windows rattling; the walls cracking and giving

way; the floor shaking under our feet. How we got down I can scarcely tell. The stairs were rocking just as those of a ship; and there was an awful noise! We reached the court—and the earth again stood still! Our walls were all down, but the house stood! We remained down stairs till ten; but the cold and damp was so great, we agreed on venturing up. The walls of the house, which is a very strong one, were much cracked; it has sustained no farther injury. In the course of the night we had several visitors to see if we were safe, and to beg shelter. Colonel C. sent by daylight—his house was down—Mrs. G.'s the same. The consul's fine house was in ruins. Had it occurred an hour later, the four younger children would have been in bed, and, as far as we can judge, must have been killed. The earth was in constant motion for sixteen days. A hundred lives have been lost: some say many more, as the roof of the barracks fell over the infirmary, and a convent has also fallen in; but this is not mentioned in the papers; many were also killed in the hospital. The clergy refused to open any of the churches or chapels, which are considered as places of refuge, but which, if they had been opened, would have much increased the evil. Bolivar, it is said, rode about the town all night, giving such directions as he judged best for security and order. By daybreak on the 17th, every one was hastening out of Bogota—the archbishop and bishop passed

by our house at five in the morning. The road reminded one of the Canterbury Tales—not exactly pilgrims, friars, and knights—but cabaleros, ladies, men, women, and children, were hurrying along, and the wretched invalids from the hospital—preferring death in the open country, to being crushed to death within walls. The two priests and the two nuns who were administering to the patients were killed! Every hut near us was filled with respectable persons from the town. At present they are more dispersed, but Bogota, it is said, is ruined; commerce has ceased, and the town is comparatively a desert.

December 5.

It is now three weeks since the earthquake took place. Awful as the event was, the impression was *soon effaced* with the common people. The first week they went about in processions every evening, with a priest at their head, chaunting a hymn which they hold to be a *sovereign specific*: after that they went on as before, except that the town is deserted. Your information is sadly incorrect in respect to a school, and missionary: we have neither *school*, *protestant missionary*, nor even a *chaplain*. Before I left England, I read of a considerable subscription for a protestant church at Carthagena; but there is no such thing there. About two years ago a Bible Society was attempted to be formed

here. Two chests of Spanish Testaments were sent here, one of which is still in the custom-house ; the other was distributed by the consul, but none would read them without the consent of their clergy, who invariably seized the books and burned them. It is moreover thought that neither *chaplain* nor missionary would be suffered to live here ; nor have we *any outward and visible sign of our religion*. We are all considered as heretics by the common people, whose stock of scriptural knowledge seldom amounts to more than the names of *Padre Adam, Madre Eva, Santa Maria, and Santo Joseph*. Their processions are quite theatrical : generally a raised stage, with beautiful children representing angels, &c., mixed with nymphs, wreathed with flowers, reclining on beds of roses, and with splendid decorations. As to the *miners*, numbers of them are *begging*—the agents have no means of paying them.

December 12.

Come and see the works of God, he is terrible in his doing towards the children of men.—*Psalm lxxvi. 5.*

He overturneth the mountains by the roots.—*Job xxviii. 9.*

Thou, even Thou, art to be feared : and who may stand in thy sight when once thou art angry ?—*Psalm lxxvi. 7.*

God is our refuge and strength : therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed,

and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.—*Psalm* xlvi. 1, 2, 11.

AMIABLE PRACTICE IN GREECE.

THERE is a very amiable trait in the character of Greek families which deserves to be noticed. It is considered dishonourable in a young man to contract the marriage relation till he has previously provided for the marriage of his sisters. An English gentlewoman, conversing with Madame Tricupi, the sister of *Mavrocordato*, was asked if he had any sisters. On learning that he had one who was still unmarried, the lady instantly inquired, "Why do you not return home and exert yourself for her marriage?" This question was in perfect unison with their feelings on this subject. Sometimes it degenerates into excess. A young man in Ithaca, informed me that in consequence of the recent marriage of his sister, his brother-in-law had come and despoiled him of some effects which were of considerable value to him. He had, however, yielded to the demand, on the conviction that such was the accustomed duty.—*Researches in Greece and the Levant*.

CONVENT, AND DOGS, OF THE GREAT
ST. BERNARD.

THE Convent of the *Great St. Bernard* is situated near the top of the mountain known by that name, near one of the most dangerous passages of the Alps, between Switzerland and Savoy. In these regions the traveller is often overtaken by the most severe weather, even after days of cloudless beauty, when the *glaciers* glitter in the sunshine, and the pink flowers of the *rhododendron* appear as if they were never to be sullied by the tempest. But a storm suddenly comes on, the roads are rendered impassable by drifts of snow; the *avalanches*, which are huge loosened masses of snow or ice, are swept into the valleys, carrying trees and crags of rock before them. The hospitable monks, though their revenue is scanty, open their doors to every stranger that presents himself. They devote themselves to the dangerous task of searching for those unhappy persons who may have been overtaken by the sudden storm, and in danger of perishing without succour. They have a breed of noble *dogs* in the convent, whose extraordinary sagacity often enables them to rescue the traveller from destruction. Though the benumbed and perishing man may lie ten or twenty feet below the snow blown over him; after the frost has so stupified his senses that he falls asleep and sinks to the ground, the delicacy of scent

in these invaluable animals enables them to discover the victim, and they scratch away the snow with their feet. They set up a hoarse and deep howl ; and this brings the monks and labourers of the establishment to their assistance. Sometimes a dog is sent out alone with a flask of spirits round his neck, and another with a cloak ; and thus the fainting traveller is revived without human help. They sometimes discover the dead bodies, which are kept till recognised, and claimed by their friends ; and such is the effect of the intense cold here that the dead features remain firm for two years. One of these noble animals was instrumental in saving twenty-two lives. — *See Penny Magazine.*

A story is told of a dog of St. Bernard, which, having found a child whose mother was destroyed by an avalanche, induced the little solitary to mount on his back, and then carried him safely to the gate of the convent. This touching fact is prettily versified by an American lady.

'Twas night in Great St. Bernard's hall,
And winter held his sway,
And round the fire the monks recal
The perils of the day.

Their fruitless search 'mid storm and blast.
Some traveller to befriend ;
And with the tale of perils past
A hymn of praise they blend.

When loud at their monastic gate
 The dog was heard to moan,—
 Why doth he wander forth so late,
 Unguided and alone?—

Long on the dreariest Alpine height
 Inured to bold pursuit,
 His sbaggy coat, with frost work white,
 In rushed the lordly brute.

And crouching at his master's feet
 A burden strange he laid,
 A beauteous babe with aspect sweet,
 Close wrapped in silken plaid.

Mrs. Sigourney.

BRITISH OFFICER AND ORPHAN CHILD,
 IN SPAIN.

AMONG the various anecdotes which have been related of this memorable retreat, (that of Sir John Moore and the British army in Spain,) the following claims particular notice:—An officer who found himself unable to proceed farther without rest, turned aside to some trees at a little distance from the road, thinking that under their shelter he might possibly escape the French. He there found a woman, lying on the ground with an infant beside her; she was at the point of death, having only strength enough to say, when he attempted to assist her, ‘God bless you! It is all over!’ He took the infant, fastened it in its mother’s handkerchief to his back, and in that manner,

as soon as he had recovered strength to move on, proceeded towards Vigo, obtaining food and shelter as he could upon the way, for himself and his little charge. Fortunately he reached Vigo in safety, and found a transport in the bay, on board of which he effected his escape. The child whom he thus preserved, continues with him; and he has declared, that, be his fortunes what they may, they shall be shared by this boy, who seems to have been bequeathed by Providence to his protection.—*Circumstantial Account of the Battle of Waterloo.*

ANECDOTES OF FERDINAND KING OF NAPLES.

THE late King Ferdinand of Naples, so well known as the *Lazaroni* (beggar's) Monarch, and as one of the most indolent, illiterate and careless men of Europe, was all his life so devoted to the pleasures of the chace, that he can hardly be said to have thought of any thing else. When the French armies were a second time approaching his frontiers, to drive him a second time from his beautiful kingdom, a grand council was assembled at Portici, to deliberate on what was to be done in so tremendous a crisis. His queen, Caroline of Austria (sister to the beautiful *Marie-Antoinette* of France, who with her husband *Louis Sixteenth* was beheaded in the French revolution,) who was as active as her

consort was indolent, always presided at the council-table. This day, as might be expected in face of such danger, the deliberations were serious and long. The king became impatient, and after looking several times out of the window at the weather, which was favourable for some sport, he rose and thus delivered himself, "Caroline, what are we to do? If we are to run away, let us run; but if we are to stay, tell me, that I may go *a-shooting*."

At a later period, when he had no wife to transact business for him, he would invariably quit the council—no matter how important and urgent the matters in discussion,—as soon as he heard the clock strike twelve, which was his dinner hour, usually saying to his ministers as he rose, "Gentlemen, my *maccaroni* will be getting cold."

A few weeks before his death, I had the honour of an audience with king Ferdinand at his magnificent palace of Caserto. The object was to make some representations in writing to him regarding the trade of Messina, which I had to tell by word of mouth, as he never read any papers presented to him. He received me very condescendingly, and listened for a minute or two with tolerable attention; I fancied however that he was thinking more of his darling subject of shooting, than of what I was telling him. He was just going off to the woods near Favorita. When I entered the room I was nearly upset by a couple of huge Spanish pointers. Hunting, shooting, and fish-

ing were his only pleasures and labours. I had scarcely left the palace gate when he rolled after me in an ugly tub of a carriage to the scene of the day's sport. The next time I saw him he was lying in state.

He must almost have died with the thoughts of *wild boars* and *wild ducks*, dogs, guns and "good shots" in his head; poor thoughts for so solemn an occasion! In January 1824, after he had been confined a few days with a cold, he felt himself better one evening, and he made arrangements for a shooting excursion the following day at the Lake di Patrea. He went to bed in excellent spirits, and early, as he was always accustomed to do; but in the morning he did not summon his attendant at an early hour, as his custom was. Every thing was ready for the departure of the sportsmen. His favourite nobles were in waiting to attend him in his much loved exercise. At last the door of the royal bedchamber was opened and his majesty was found cold and dead! One of his hands was thrown a little over the side of his low camp-bed, as though he had been endeavouring to rise; there were no signs of suffering on his countenance. Apoplexy had dispatched him in the quickest and quietest way possible, in his *eightieth* year.—*See the Penny Magazine, (1832.)*

MOSOLEKATSI'S COUNTRY.—INTERIOR OF
SOUTH AFRICA.

AN expedition under Dr. Smith was sent from Cape-Town into the interior, to explore the country, with its various tribes north of *Lattakoo*. Mr. Moffat, one of the excellent London Society's missionaries, who accompanied the party from King Matebe's dominions at *Lattakoo*, gives some interesting particulars regarding the *Matabele* country, and the powerful chieftain, *Mosolekatsi*.

We reached the first *Matabele* towns on the 3d of June. Having sent forward messengers to apprise the natives of our approach, we were met at the *Molapo* river by *Kalepe*, one of *Mosolekatsi's* greatest warriors, with attendants bearing supplies, and welcoming us to their country in the name of their king. At *Mosega* we halted a few days, until the will of *Mosolekatsi* should be known; when we received an invitation to go forward to his then place of residence, about forty miles east of *Mosega*, or *Kurechane*. We arrived on the 9th; and were kindly received and liberally treated.

According to his request, I preceded the waggons on horseback; and the manner in which he received me was both novel and interesting, as he exhibited much more feeling and affection than might have been expected from so reputed a tyrant. When we first met, he seized my hand, and gazed on me for some

moments, as if he could not believe his own eyes; and then, repeating my name two or three times, added, "Now mine eyes see you, and my heart is as white as milk." We stood in this position for at least half an hour, in the centre of the fold; while a number of his warriors, drawn up in a semicircle, stood looking on us in profound silence.

When Dr. Smith and the waggons arrived he seemed much pleased with his visitors; promising him every assistance which he might require in the prosecution of his object. After remaining several days, and experiencing much kindness from Mosolekatsi, the expedition proceeded in a south-east direction.

I prolonged my stay until the 3d of July, when Mosolekatsi accompanied me in my wagon to several of the towns and outposts in the neighbourhood of Kurechane. After returning to Mosega, he tried every plan to delay my departure: this he did all along; so that it was with some difficulty that I could get away, for he continued to load me with kindness. I started on the first of August, accompanied by Mosolekatsi, who had remained with me nearly the whole of the two preceding days. Early on the next morning he rode with me to a considerable distance west of his towns, attended by about 400 of his warriors, all unarmed; so that the affection he manifested on our first interview continued to the last. I was safely brought on my passage through the desert, and reached Motito on the 13th.

The attempt to visit that powerful chieftain at the present time, after his being so exasperated with his southern neighbours, was, I believe, considered by many as foolhardy ; but I knew the man better, and had entire confidence in his friendship.

When I apprised Mosolekatsi that I expected missionaries to come and settle with him, he seemed much pleased ; and appeared also to wish that Br. Lemue, of Motito, would resume his station ; this, however, is impracticable. It gave me the most unfeigned pleasure, before I left the country, to receive a letter from our American brethren at Griqua Town, the contents of which were intended chiefly for Mosolekatsi. He heard me read the letter (which was translated to him) with great pleasure ; assuring me again and again, that there was room enough in his country for twenty missionaries.

This mission to the Matebele promises to be most important and interesting. It will require great prudence and perseverance, and strong faith ; but we may calculate on the happiest results.

The country of the *Matebele* is mountainous and beautiful : indeed there is nothing like it in this quarter. The climate is fine—the soil is exceedingly deep, rich, and fertile—and the fountains are large, numerous and permanent ; sending forth most delightful streams of excellent water, all running nearly eastward. Rains are also abundant, causing a profusion of mil-

let, Indian-corn, pumpkins, kidney-beans, &c., to grow without irrigation. Though the population has been reduced by an epidemic which appeared among them last year, it is yet very considerable, especially in the Baharutse and Banángkatse countries. I frequently saw upward of 200 of Mosolekatsi's *machago*, or warriors, at Mosega alone. There are fourteen towns and villages in the immediate neighbourhood of that place, and the cultivation of the ground is carried on to a great extent.

Rev. Mr. Moffat of Lattakoo.

September 1835.

Christianity is spreading 'its influence in South Africa by means of missionary stations and labours, as well as by education. And it is pleasing to see the confidence which distant tribes have in *missionaries*, even where scientific adventurers have failed of success or perished in their interesting enterprises.

INSTANCES OF AMERICAN INDIAN BARBARITY.

SANDYHILL is a small and very pleasantly situated village, close to the Hudson River. It is regularly laid out and composed of clean looking houses, surrounding a beautiful cen-

tral green. It was in former times the scene of two instances of Indian barbarity.

The first occurred in the course of the French war that ended by the capture of *Quebec* in 1759. Mr. Scoonhoven, and six or seven Americans, had the misfortune to be taken prisoners by a party of the savages near Sandyhill. They were conducted to the central green, and ordered to sit down in a row upon a log of wood; the Indians then began very deliberately to *tomahawk* their victims, commencing at one end of the log, and skuffing the skulls of their prisoners in regular succession, while the survivors, compelled to sit still and to witness the awful fate of their companions, awaited their own in unutterable horror. Mr. S. was the last but one upon the end of the log, opposite to where the massacre commenced. The work of death had already proceeded to him, and the lifted tomahawk was ready to descend, when a chief gave a signal to stop the butchery. Then approaching Mr. S. he mildly said, "Do you not remember, that at such a time, when your young men were dancing, poor Indians came and wanted to dance too; your young men said 'No! *Indians* shall not dance with us;' but you (for it seems this chief had recognized his features only in the critical moment,) you said, *Indians* shall dance. Now, I will show you that *Indians* can remember kindness." This providential recollection saved the life of Mr. S. and the other survivor.

The other occurrence was one well known at the time, and of most aggravated atrocity—the murder of the young and beautiful *Jane M'Crea*. This unfortunate lady was betrothed to Captain Jones, an American refugee, an officer in General Burgoyne's regiment; and when the American army retreated, she had the imprudence to remain behind, in the expectation of meeting her lover. Being anxious to obtain possession of his expected bride, whose residence in the heart of the contending armies, and of hostile Indians, subjected her to danger, Captain Jones despatched a party of Indians, in whom he thought he could confide, to conduct her from Sandyhill to Fort Anne, at the distance of a few miles, then (in 1777) the head quarters of the British army. She set off under their escort on horseback, in order to be immediately married to Capt. J. but had not proceeded above half a mile, when a second party of Indians also sent by the Captain, who was uneasy on account of the delay that had taken place, met them. The two parties had a collision as to the reward, a barrel of rum promised to the party which brought Miss M'Crea to the camp, at the end of which the unfortunate victim was found tomahawked and scalped. Captain Jones did not long survive the object of his affections. He died of a broken heart.

It is not to the credit of the humanity or civilization, either of the *British* or the *Ameri-*

cans, that they have always employed, and continue to employ, the *Indians*, as auxiliaries in war.—*Stuart's Three Years in America.*

ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA,—FAMILY VISIT.

SICILY is the largest island in the Mediterranean sea ; its length from east to west is 180 miles, and greatest breadth 130 miles. It is separated from the Italian continent by a strait 12 miles broad, called the *Faro de Messina*, or strait of Messina, in some places however only 2 miles across. The large and beautiful city of *Palermo* is the capital of the island. It is in Sicily the celebrated volcanic *Mount Etna* is situated.

The following particulars are from an eyewitness who visited Etna with a family-party.

The eruption of 1811 took place on the 27th of October, and continued for about six or eight months more or less ; it broke out after the same preliminary shaking and roaring of the mountain in a vast irregular hollow, called the "Val de Bove," which it filled up with lava, and by that means did much less mischief than the other, but was nearly equal in violence. This was on the east side of Etna, about half way up. You know I took my wife and children to see this. The awfulness of the scene, when we came within about twenty miles of it, together with the roaring noise as we ap-

proached nearer, made me fear at first that I should not be able to bring them to the spot; but singular as it may appear, after a certain time, the nearer we approached, the more courage they gained, and at last all nervousness disappeared. I can only ascribe this to the imposing grandeur of the scene, which seems to leave no room for any other feeling than that of admiration. On the way, and on the spot, we met many other English families, and among others that of General A. We ascended at night from Giarre. E. who was then a little girl, not quite ten years old, was on horseback before my groom, and was the first of our party that got to a little eminence, from whence a full and tolerably close view of this blazing crater, and of the running lava, burst upon us; and I remember her exclaiming aloud, "Oh, mamma, come and see this beautiful sight!" We here alighted from our horses, and skirted the stream of liquid fire, rolling so majestically, and consuming every thing in its way, trees, brushwood, &c. which added a crackling noise to the more terrific and thundering explosions from the crater, while the earth was continually shaking under us. The beauty of the scene was considerably heightened by the bushes in a hundred different places taking fire, I mean flaming, though no conflagration was to be apprehended, as they were almost instantly overwhelmed by the lava. After having remained for a considerable time, I will not say having satisfied

our curiosity, for that would have been almost impossible,—we retreated to a gentleman's country house, called Milo, of which the key had been given to me, near a small village of the same name. Here we were within three miles of the eruption, but still the house shook continually under us, owing to the uninterrupted explosion, and from the windows we had a full view of the blaze from the crater, which was so magnificent and awful, that we could hardly persuade ourselves to sit down to a good supper, much less go to bed; which, however, at last we did, and, notwithstanding the incessant roaring and thundering noise, and the trembling and shaking of the house, slept for some hours very composedly.

VILLAGE OF AIN YABROUD, A STAGE FROM
JERUSALEM.

IN the evening, at sun-set, we turned off from the road a little to the left, to sleep at Ain* Yabroud, a poor village of about fifty houses, all Mahomedans. Our guide, Mahommed, immediately rode up to what he called the principal house; and such indeed it seemed to be, the centre part being built high, so as at a distance to give it the appearance of a tower; at the same time he sent some of the villagers to inquire for Sheik

* Ain signifies fountain (En) as En-gedi, En-rogel.

Ibrahim, the chief of the place. I found it difficult, however, to conceive myself entering the chief house of the village. I had, on dismounting, to pass through a wretched courtyard, and at the door, found the point of precedence disputed with me by asses, oxen, sheep, and goats, a very large company. As I paused for a moment to look into a residence which appeared within to be scarcely habitable, these irrational tenants, not at all standing upon ceremony, but knowing well their prescriptive title, herded downward into a sort of lower chamber; while my guide behind me, pointed to four steps, which, if I would have the goodness to ascend them, would raise me so many degrees above the brute creation. I very reluctantly complied, and at once found myself on a large mud floor, which with a small recess on the side for the females of the family, presented at one view the whole interior of the best house in the village. The nether inhabitants of this dwelling were now lifting up so inharmonious a chorus, as gave presage of a very uncomfortable night. "What are we to do!" I said to my servant, "when will this uproar cease?" "When they have had their fodder," he replied; which happily proved true, for in less than ten minutes, all this disturbance yielded to a profound sleep, which knew no interruption till the next morning light. The party below having thus supped and quieted themselves, the Shiek and the men of the village began to assemble

on the upper floor, where I had seated myself near a blazing fire; which, but for the immense animal heat already accumulated in the house, would have been very seasonable. The Shiek, by way of compliment and protection, sat by me, leaning on my baggage and bedding; an omen of unwelcome companions, likely to be added to my party. A large assembly gradually collected in the room, not fewer than fifteen venerable bearded men, all with huge dirks at their sides—which, as they sat down, they drew out and laid before them on the floor; but whether as a compliment, or merely for their own convenience, I could not divine. To prevent their troublesome curiosity in asking after my purposes, I made many inquiries into their affairs, and learned that this house is indeed the castle of the village, and has served that end many times in their quarrels with their neighbours; they also described to me who were their friends, and who their enemies. As far as Beer, a town which I had passed about an hour and a half before, to the south of Ain Yabroud, they have friends; but, on the other side of Beer, to Jerusalem, and in all that region, enemies; their head Shiek Ismael being at war with the celebrated Abu Goosh, who lives between Jerusalem and Ramla; in consequence, they cannot go to Jerusalem: and having lately sold oil, the produce of their land, to persons living there, they cannot themselves carry it, but the purchasers are obliged to come from Jerusalem to fetch it.

On the other side to the north, they are at war with *Sangyl*. Thus they are beset on all quarters. I began to point out the unnatural troubles of war, reminding them that they are all of one blood, and that they themselves felt the inconveniences of this bad system; from all which, the chief Shiek Ibrahim, drew back with evident marks of distaste. I could not help thinking, how much more readily do most men welcome a fomentor of quarrels, than a peace-maker! Had I brought them some evil news of their neighbours, something to rouse their bad passions, they would have been better pleased than they were with these abstract reasonings. The Shiek, unable to withstand my remarks, retorted the *argumentum ad hominem*; asking, whether the case was not the same exactly with the Christians at Jerusalem, and (he supposed) in other countries also. I said, "But such are not true Christians; for our religion commands us to love one another, and they who violate this rule, cease to be Christians." My servant perceiving the Shiek and his wide circle considerably dissatisfied with the turn of the conversation, would interpret for me no farther. If my remarks should have left no good impression on the minds of these Arab peasants, may they convey a lesson to those who read these lines! *By our fruits* will men judge of our faith. Thus, in fact, have professing Christians been judged in Palestine; and thus will Protestant missionaries be judged who shall

go thither. Having signified my desire of rest, the party broke up, but about ten remained, with whom I had to sleep upon the floor, so we all lay stretched out, foot to foot, or head to head.—*Researches in Syria and Palestine, by Rev. W. Jowett, (Church Missionary Society.)*

THE BARDO, OR RESIDENCE OF THE BEY OF TUNIS.

THE *Bardo*, in which resides the *Bey of Tunis*, and his court, is about a mile and a half from Tunis, and resembles a little fortified town with its ramparts, bastions, towers and ditches. The population amounts to at least 4000 persons, who are all employed in some way or other about the court. The derivation of the word *Bardo* is doubtful, some deriving it from the *Arabic* word for *cold*, others from the country palace of *Pardo* near Madrid, which the Arabs not possessing the letter *P*, are supposed to have changed to *Bardo*. It stands in a large plain without a single tree near it, which renders its appearance extremely dreary and melancholy. After entering the gate, you pass through a street lined on each side with little shops. This conducts to a square court where you quit your carriage or horse. To the right is the entrance to the barn in front of the stables; and to the

left, after having passed through a second court, the hall of *justice* and the Bey's own apartments; and I scarcely recollect any place that gives a livelier picture of oriental scenery than the entrance into this second court. Under the arch-way, and forming a rich and animated foreground, are seen groups of splendidly caparisoned horses, awaiting the return of their masters from the audience-chamber: on the opposite side of the court rises a wide flight of steps almost covered by seated Arabs, wrapped in the graceful and classic folds of their *sessars* and *bernooses* (cloaks) patiently awaiting their turn to be ushered into the hall of justice. These steps lead to a covered gallery supported by columns, where are seen walking about, or forming little groups, many moors, soldiers, officers and attendants in their gay attire. During my residence at Tunis I several times attended the Bey's levees.

The Bey (*Hussey'n Basha Bey*) was seated cross-legged on his *musnud*, or throne, at the farther extremity of the judgment-hall. We marched straight to him, kissed his hand, and seated ourselves on chairs placed on his right, where he addressed to us several questions, some in Italian, others in Arabic; coffee was then served. The present Bey is extremely averse to shedding blood, and few executions ever take place.—*Excursions in the Mediterranean, by Major Sir Grenville T. Temple, bart. (Algiers and Tunis, 1833.)*

THE PRICKLY PEAR OF BARBARY.

THE opunta, or prickly pear, flourishes so luxuriantly here (Bey-lek or Pashalic of Tunis) that I have seen near the town of Zaghwan, plants eighteen feet high, with trunks measuring three feet three inches in circumference. There is a variety of this plant whose leaves and fruit are quite free from thorns, and the latter has a pleasanter flavour. On the whole it is a most useful plant, the common people subsisting for four months entirely on its fruit, which grows in such abundance, that I have counted no less than thirty-four figs on one single leaf. The leaves are given as food to camels, which, regardless of the thorns, seem to relish them extremely. When the plant is dead and dry, the stem and lower branches, which have obtained the consistency of wood, are used for heating ovens, and the stoves of baths; they also constitute the sole material for the hedges of the country, being easily planted, requiring no care, and forming in a short time impenetrable barriers. Could it be still further utilized by making it support the precious *cochineal* (insect for dyeing) it would be an invaluable plant.—*Excursions in the Mediterranean.*

BURIAL OF INFANTS AT THE MONASTERY OF
ST. JERONYMO, NEAR LISBON.

THE beautiful monastery of Saint Jeronymo is a favourite burial place, with the Portuguese, for infants. I cannot now charge my memory with the reason of this preference, but I know that some superstition is attached to it. It is a very common thing to meet four or five *Cejas* (kind of carriage) on the same morning, each holding a lady and gentleman in full dress, and a little wooden tray, containing a dead infant gaily attired in flowers and coloured ribbons. These *Cejas* drive to the monastery; the occupants alight, remain for a time in prayer before the high altar, and then quietly taking the child out of the tray, they lay it on the marble pavement of the chapel, wherever they please, leaving money beside it, to remunerate the monks for the trouble of its burial; and so depart, without a tear, or that 'longing lingering look' which might create for after years another later memory of the early lost! and yet it is, I was told, generally the parents who thus bear the children to their cold resting place, in that proud pile. The little creatures, clad in their revolting finery, have precisely the appearance of waxen images; and a friend of ours who one day walked into the chapel, and saw as many as six of these poor little beings on the pavement, actually lifted one to look at it—he said, after-

wards, that he never experienced so sickly a sensation, as he did, when he discovered that it was a dead child! As I knew the nature of these gaudy deposits, I never ventured sufficiently near them to inspect the materials of their showy apparel; and was very much surprised, on expostulating with a Portuguese lady on the folly of burying infants in so costly a dress, by her assuring me that all this finery cost no more than six *vinlem* (sevenpence half-penny,) and was invariably purchased at a depot for such articles, as it made the *meninos* (little children) look pretty.

The venerable *Monastery of St. Jeronymo*, with its magnificent portal and gorgeous architecture, spreading far along the bank of the river (as we sailed up the *Tagus* to Lisbon) combined with the superb towers of the patriarchal church, the extensive and time-worn walls of the *Estrella* convent, the fine wing of the new *palace* (the *Adjuda*,) the dark and *sombre* foliage of the olive groves, in striking contrast to the bright green of the Indian corn, and barley—the orange-trees, redolent at once of flower, fruit, and perfume—Fort St. Julian and Belem Castle stretching into the river like the giant sentinels of the gleaming city, hills swelling above hills, studded and surmounted by *quintas* (villas) and convents—all presented a picture, alike splendid and imposing.—*Traits and Traditions of Portugal by Miss Pardoe.*

THE CHAPELGORRIES, A FACTION IN SPAIN.

THE province of Guipuzcoa maintains a whole battalion of these bold and reckless fellows, from 800 to 1000 men strong, and split into several detachments. It is a corps completely *sui generis*; composed of men of proved gallantry, fit for any task, and wholly *sans peur* (without fear), though by no means utterly *sans reproache* (without reproach.) If it be necessary to send a despatch to any remote station, your *chapelgorry* is always ready to convey it under covert of the night, be the peril what it may, for half an ounce; and if the distance be within reach of two swift feet between nightfall and daybreak, depend upon it your orderly has slipped within the gates of Elisondo, Pampeluna, or San Sebastian, almost before they are unbolted. He starts upon his hazardous mission unattended, and disdaining to lay aside his distinguishing costume—a large cap of red cloth, called by the Biscayn a chapelgorry, a gray frock, without waistcoat, a pair of red or blue pantaloons, and a girdle fastened round his loins, similar to what a Franciscan brother wears, but nesting half a score cartridges. By his side hangs a bayonet, not unfrequently sheathless; a stout musket is thrown over his shoulder; and if not shoes, *alpargates*, a species of twisted hempen sandals, upon his feet; but neither these nor his legs seek the covert of a

stocking. He bounds across the mountains like a chamois, and will track a horse at full trot. He is generally to be found with the advanced guard, or hovering about the flanks of columns under march—stands in high favour with the troops of the line, and always finds a “Hail, fellow, well met!” among them, whether he has a craving stomach or wearied limbs to gratify; and he lives with his comrades on better terms than twin with twin brother; though with an adversary he neither gives nor accepts quarter, be the circumstances what they may. He is devotedly attached to the Christino party; nor would all the gold in Christendom persuade him to shake hands with a Carlist—perchance from his implacable aversion to ecclesiastics, of all grades, as well as every peasant, their stedfast adherents; and it would be difficult to say whether he is most hated or dreaded by both. It is very remarkable, that the families of these sworn foes to the cowl and ploughshare suffer no molestation from the *Carlists** whatever; nay, there is not a single instance on record of their person or chattels having been exposed to an inroad, though they inhabit the same villages as the “factious” themselves. The chapelgorry’s intimate acquaintance with every inch of ground, and every dweller upon it, has render-

* Party of Don Carlos in opposition to the Queen Dowager of Spain, and infant daughter of Ferdinand VII. the late King.

ed him the most valuable prop which the Christinos and their cause could have prayed for.—*United Service Journal* (1835.)

AFFECTING STORY OF IRELAND.

THE following touching incident was related in the House of Commons by Sir Robert Peel, during a debate on an important question relating to Ireland.—Would the House bear with him while he mentioned one fact, for the purpose of showing how feeble an idea was conveyed of the distracted state of society in Ireland, when it rested even upon the number of individual cases of murder? It would serve to show the fearful anxiety, the extremity of moral suffering, which, for weeks and months previously to assassination, haunted the victims of outrage. He recollected a man, a resident in the county of Clare, who came to Dublin for the purpose of giving him (Sir R. Peel) information respecting the perpetrators of a certain outrage. Now that man, though he was fully convinced that he was marked out for the vengeance of the friends of the person he had been the means of bringing to justice, yet the strong desire he felt of revisiting his native spot, and embracing his wife and child, overcame every consideration of personal security. He knew the man's danger, and earnestly advised him

not to go. His advice, however, was not accepted; and some weeks after the man had taken up his abode with his family, an attack was made upon his house by nine or eleven men, who, after much deliberation, had come with the deadly determination of immolating their innocent victim. They attacked the house while he was asleep; they broke open the door, called out the man—they murdered him with pitchforks. And this bloody work did they perpetrate in the hearing of his wife and child—a child only nine years of age! Now, let the House mark what he was about to relate. While her husband was yet in the struggles of death, the mother took the child, and, placing it in a recess of the fire-place, she said—such was her heroic fortitude—such her almost incredible self-possession, even with the frightful cries of her expiring husband ringing in her ears—she said to her infant,—“ You hear the cries of your dying father. I shall certainly be the next victim. When they have murdered him, they will murder me too; but I will struggle with them as long as I am able, in order to give you time to do what I place you here for. My last act shall be to place this lighted turf upon the hearth. Do you, by its glare, mark the faces of the murderers. Mind you watch them narrowly, that you may know and be able to tell who they are, and so avenge the cruel death of your parents.” It is impossible to describe the sensation which this narration

produced upon the House. As the unhappy woman said, so it fell out. The butchers, after completing their bloody work upon the man, barbarously murdered the woman also. After a short but unsuccessful struggle with the ruthless miscreants, she was dragged from the cottage, and inhumanly slain upon the bleeding body of her husband. But the child had carefully obeyed the last injunctions of its mother,—had closely scanned the faces of the murderers,—was able to identify them,—and by the evidence of that child, corroborated by other evidence, five of the wretches who committed this horrid deed were convicted and hanged within a month after the perpetration of the crime. (A burst of applause.) That child was for some years afterwards under his (Sir R. Peel's) protection. What, then, he would ask, were the consequences of the existence of such a state of society? Why, that all law must be paralysed, where scenes such as he had described prevailed, and every moral restraint must be at an end. In Ireland, the horror which in every other country attends the perpetration of murder, seemed almost extinct. All moral checks, all restraints were removed. Could it, then, be denied that some measure like that introduced by his Majesty's ministers was necessary for personal security in Ireland? It had been asked, by what means was evidence to be procured? He would answer, by restoring personal security. It had been asked, how would the

courts martial be able to procure it? By changing, he would answer, the relative position of the two parties. When the energy displayed by the government began to strike terror into cowardly hearts—when the innocent began to feel assurance and courage, then, indeed, the political atmosphere might be said to have undergone a change; the relative position of the parties, he repeated, would be altered, the one receiving an accession of confidence, the other a feeling of depression. Now if, under the present circumstances of the country, the government refused to act with due energy, what would be the consequence?—what the alternative? One universal chaos of society, in which the very foundations of civil life would be subverted, every rule of moral justice reversed, no punishment except for the innocent, no security but for triumphant crime. (The Right Hon. Baronet sat down amidst the loudest cheers, which lasted for several minutes.)—*London Courier*, 2d March 1833.

DESCRIPTION OF AN AMERICAN PRAIRIE.

TRAVELLING on from the centre of the state of Illinois, to its northern limits, we find ourselves surrounded by one vast *prairie* (meadow.) In the country over which we have passed, the forest is interspersed with those interesting plains; here the prairie is

studded with groves and copses, and the streams fringed with stripes of woodland. The eye sometimes wanders over immense plains covered with grass, discovering no other object on which to rest, and finding no limit to its vision but the distant horizon; while more frequently it wanders from grove to grove, and from one point of woodland to another, charmed and refreshed by an endless variety of scenic beauty. The prairie, for the most part, extends to the water, and no pen can describe the singular and captivating effect of such scenery. Imagine a stream of a mile in width, whose waters are as transparent as those of a mountain spring, flowing over beds of rock or gravel; fancy the prairie commencing at the water's edge,—a natural meadow covered with grass and flowers, rising with a gentle slope for miles, so that in the vast panorama thousands of acres are exposed to the eye. The prairies are not flat, but composed of a succession of swells. The timber is scattered in groves and stripes; the whole country being one vast illimitable prairie, ornamented by small collections of trees. Sometimes the woodland is seen in vast groves of several miles in extent, standing alone like islands in this wilderness of grass and flowers. But oftener we see the single tree without a companion near, or the little clump composed of a few dozen oaks or elms, and not unfrequently hundreds of acres embellished with a kind of open woodland, and

exhibiting the appearance of a splendid park, decorated with skill and care by the hand of taste, whilst we behold the beautiful lawn enriched with flowers and studded with trees.

We doubt whether there can be found on the globe a tract of country to compare with this. Commencing a little north of St. Louis, and extending *two hundred miles* from east to west, and the same distance north, is to be found the most extensive tract of rich land in the world.—See *Flint's Account* (*Stuart's America.*)

VICE-REINE OF RANGOON, AND ELEPHANT RIDE.

A FEW days after the death of our little boy Roger, (at *Rangoon* in the Burman empire,) her highness, the viceroy's wife, visited us with a numerous retinue. She really appeared to sympathise with us in our affliction, and requested *Mr. Judson* [the excellent American missionary to the Burmese,] not to let it too much affect his health, which was already very feeble. Sometime after her visit, she invited us to go out into the country with her, for the benefit of our health, and that our minds, as she expressed it, might become cool. We consented, and she sent us an elephant with a *howdah* (seated turret on the animal's back) for our conveyance. We went three or four miles through the woods.

Sometimes the small trees were so near together that our way would have been impassable if the elephant had not broken them down, which he did with the greatest ease, at the word of the *mohut*, or driver. The scene was truly interesting. Picture thirty men with spears and guns, and red caps on their heads, which partly covered their shoulders; then a huge elephant, caparisoned with a gilt howdah, which contained a tall genteel female richly dressed in red and white silk. We had the honour of riding next to her ladyship; after us three or four elephants, with her son and some of the members of government. Two or three hundred followers, male and female, concluded the procession. Our ride terminated in the centre of a beautiful garden of the viceroy's. I say *beautiful*, because it was entirely the work of nature—art had no hand in it. It was full of a variety of fruits trees, growing wild and luxuriant. The noble *banyan* formed a delightful shade, under which our mats were spread, and we seated ourselves to enjoy the scenery around us. Nothing could exceed the endeavours of the vice-reine to make our excursion agreeable. She gathered fruit and pared it; she culled flowers, and knotted them, and presented them with her own hands; which was a mark of her condescension. At dinner she had her cloth spread by ours, nor did she refuse to partake of whatever we presented her. We returned in the evening, fatigued with riding on the elephant,

delighted with the country and hospitality of the Burmans; and dejected and depressed with their superstition and idolatry, their darkness and ignorance of the true God.—*Account of the American Baptist Mission to the Burman Empire, by Mrs. Judson, 1827.*

CITY OF BANKOK IN SIAM.

BRITISH conquest in the east is opening up to us countries of which little beyond the name was once known in the west. *Siam* is one of those instances. The triumph of our troops over the Burman empire is opening the way to China. *Siam* is on the east of *Burmah*, and forms an extensive Asiatic empire in the very midst of the ample peninsula which lies between *India* and the Chinese territory. An English missionary, resident at the Siamese town of *Bankok* for six months, relates the following particulars.

We left *Sincapore* in August 1828, and embarked for *Siam* on board the Chinese *junk*, *Kim ching le*, *Tam-Sec* commander. The *tai kong* (or mate) gave up his *cot* (bed) to me in the cabin on deck, which was airy and pleasant, but I had no great liking to my companions—the *gods* (Chinese images) close on my left hand.

We entered (after sailing and coasting for more than a fortnight) the *meinam* (river,)

which is here from one and a half to two miles wide. Having run up the river three or four miles, we came to anchor opposite Packnam, a large straggling village on the right bank of the river, much like a Malay one. Many boats passing up and down the river gave much life and spirit to the scene; some of them manned by China-men, others managed by Siamese women, who seem very dexterous in the working of their boats. I was much amused in seeing a small boat wafted along by the breeze, with the branch of a cocoa nut tree for a sail.

The scene on both sides of the river is rural and pleasing, and calls up many delightful associations of a happier country. The minaret of a pagoda, rising above the green foliage of cocoa nuts, reminds me of a village church in England, whose spire just peeps above the trees that shroud it. On the outside of the walls, some cattle are grazing on the grassy bank of the river, and some small bay ponies, mounted with boys, are trotting along the road. The *crows*, flying about in great numbers, contribute not a little to heighten the illusion and remind me of home.

The whole of our crew paid three dollars each man on entering Siam, and have a sealed thread put round their wrist, which they must continue to wear as a badge and acknowledgement of their having paid the money.

At noon we moved slowly up the river, which has a beautiful serpentine course, each

sweep about a mile long. On both sides are partly cleared *jungle* (thick underwood) with a great variety of trees and shrubs on the banks. Pinang (betel,) cocoa nuts, plaintains, bread-fruit, bamboo, accacia, and the cotton tree, are abundant, and entwined with a profusion of creepers. Single houses and small hamlets appear every twenty or thirty yards shaded by trees, and accessible by a small creek running up to the door.

In running up to *Bankok* (the capital city of the kingdom of Siam,) before a fresh breeze, we opened the city suddenly at two or three miles distance. As we approached it nearer, the scenery and dwellings on each side became more varied and beautiful. A temple, somewhat like a village church, standing on the bank with a few light elegant houses, half shaded by the foliage of trees, has a very rural and lovely appearance. Canals, or small rivers, branch off from the river at intervals, running into the country, each opening a beautiful vista, with its grassy banks, and bamboos waving over the stream. A lively busy scene now appears on the river; hundreds of boats of all sizes moving in every direction. Just on entering the city is a long line of *junks* on the left side, with a range of Chinese smiths' and carpenters' shops; behind a splendid pagoda, literally blazoning in gold, the Romish chapel standing close by, in a rural sequestered situation. Our crew being now hailed by their friends on board another

junk ringing a *gong*, one of our men mounted the poop and returned a merry salute, which was repeated several times, each responding to the other till we got well into the city, which gradually improves on advancing into it. The banks of the river are chiefly inhabited by Chinese; behind them some respectably tiled houses and two temples. We dropped anchor in the midst of the city about sunset. Soon after, a heavy dark squall hung over us, a fit emblem of the moral darkness which clouds this people.

Mr. Gutzlaff went on shore early next morning, and saw the owner of the junk, a respectable China-man, who kindly offers us two rooms in his house.

We went to the *Phra Klang's* (the prime minister) and found him sitting on a bamboo platform in the corner of a carpenter's shop contiguous to his house. The captain of the port, who interprets, with several other *catholics*, sat crouching behind us like dogs. The *Phra Klang* had merely a cloth round his waist, is corpulent, and of a humorous turn, and was superintending a Dutch carpenter making some machine for him. During the whole of the conversation he held a common musket barrel in his hands. He put many questions to us,—most of them trifling and ludicrous. He was a good deal puzzled about Mr. G.'s country, having never heard the name (Germany or Allemand,) and could not conceive where it lay. He was surprised at

our knowledge of the Chinese language, and asked if we also could read Chinese books. We stayed about half an hour, and parted with him in a friendly manner.—*Journal of a residence in Siam, by Jacob Tomlin, 1830.*

THE CHINESE LEU-TSE OR DIVING-BIRD.

A GREAT variety of excellent fish are said to be captured in the river Yang-tse-kiang, opposite the city Kieoukiang, where it measures almost two leagues across; of these the *Hoang-yu*, or yellow fish, though of exquisite flavour, is still more remarkable for its enormous size, as it sometimes attains the weight of 800 pounds, and is of a very firm consistence. It is only caught at a certain season of the year, when it issues from the lake Tong-ting, into the river just named.

Besides the ordinary modes of fishing by net and line, the Chinese are known to practise a more curious and singular device, by means of the *diving-bird*, called leu-tse. In the morning, when the sun rises, one may see on the rivers a considerable number of boats, and several of these birds sitting on the sides; the fishermen turn their boats about upon the rivers, and at the signal which they give by striking one of their oars on the water, the cormorants fly into the river, plunge over head, and diving to the very bottom, seize the

fish by the middle ; then coming up again they carry it to the bark, where the fisherman receiving it, takes the bird, and holding her legs uppermost, makes her disgorge the small fish which she had swallowed, by passing his hand along her neck, on which there is a ring at the lower part, which hinders them from going directly into the crop. When the fishing is quite over, they take away the ring and let them feed ; and when a particular fish is too large for one, they assist each other, one takes the tail and another the head, and bring it to their master.

Sir George Staunton, (who accompanied the embassy to China,) during his journey to Hang-teheou-fou, observed on a large lake, close to the canal, thousands of small boats and rafts built entirely for this kind of fishing. On each boat or raft there were ten or twelve birds which plunged into the water on a signal from the owners, and he was astonished at the enormous size of fish with which each bird ascended in its beak. These individuals were so thoroughly broken in to the service of their masters, that they did not require either cord or ring about their necks, to prevent their swallowing the prey.—*Account of China Zoology.*

FATE OF A GREENLAND WHALE-SHIP.

THERE was something peculiar in the fate of the *John of Greenock*. This vessel was beset, along with the most northerly group (of ice bound whale-ships) about fifteen miles from the land (Melville bay, western coast of Baffin's bay) to which the officers used to make shooting excursions. In the dreadful tempest of the 25th, while others were perishing around her, she, in consequence of being borne up on the top of a floe, entirely escaped; she afterwards received on board part of the crews of the *Princess of Wales* and the *Letitia*. This situation, however, was not ultimately advantageous, for she continued beset when the others began to move, and finally saw one after another released from their icy prison, while she remained alone in the midst of the Arctic wild. The captain became sick and died; and the mate, seeing the middle of September approach, was struck with the deepest dismay at the prospect of spending the winter in this desolate region, with a double crew to subsist, and the stock of provisions and fuel rapidly diminishing. He was thus induced to depart on the morning of the 16th September, with a boat and twelve men, in the hope of being able to reach some of the Danish settlements. Two other boats were preparing to follow the example, when, on the afternoon of the very same day, the persons on board the





ship observed a certain movement in the ice, which they immediately sought to improve, and, by very laborious sawing, on the morning of the 17th arrived in tolerably clear water. Being deprived, however, of their officers, and left without even their charts and log-glasses, which had been carried off by the mate, they were obliged to steer with the utmost caution, and only during the day. Emboldened, however, by several days of successful navigation, on the night of the 24th they neglected this precaution, and sailed on. The watch on deck saw a line of breakers; but, imagining them to be caused merely by a stream of ice, he made no change of direction. In a few minutes the ship struck on the shore. The *John* was a vessel of very great strength, built of *teak timber*, and about a hundred years old. She continued beating without intermission for two hours before a leak was sprung; but then she went rapidly, and by the morning was completely a wreck. The crew at that juncture fortunately discovered two sails in the distance, which proved to be the *Swan* and *Duncombe* of Hull, by whom they were received and conveyed home. The mate, and the twelve men with him, have not yet been heard of.—*Polar Regions*, 1830.

ROMANTIC ADVENTURE OF A BRITISH OFFICER DURING THE WAR IN SPAIN.

CAPTAIN COLQUHOUN GRANT, a celebrated scouting officer, was sent by Lord Wellington to watch Marshal Marmont's proceedings. Attended by Leon, a Spanish peasant of great fidelity and quickness of apprehension, who had been his companion on many former occasions of the same nature, Grant arrived in the Salamancan district, and passing the Tormes in the night, remained in uniform, for he never assumed any disguise, three days in the midst of the French camp. He thus obtained exact information of Marmont's object, and more especially of his preparations of provisions and scaling ladders, notes of which he sent to Lord Wellington, from day to day, by a Spanish agent. However, on the third night, some peasants brought him a general order, addressed to the French regiments, and saying, that the notorious Grant, being within the circle of their cantonments, the soldiers were to use their utmost efforts to secure him, for which purpose also, guards were placed in a circle round the army. Nothing daunted by this news, Grant consulted with the peasants, and next morning, before daylight, entered the village of Huerta, which is close to the ford on the Tormes, and about six miles from Salamanca. Here was a French battalion, and on the opposite side of the river, cavalry videttes were

posted, two of whom constantly patrolled back and forward, for the space of three hundred yards, meeting always at the ford.

When day broke, the French battalion assembled on its alarm-post, and at that moment Grant was secretly brought with his horse behind the gable of a house, which hid him from the infantry, and was opposite to the ford. The peasants, standing on some loose stones, and spreading their large cloaks, covered him from the cavalry videttes, and thus he calmly waited until the latter were separated to the full extent of their beat; then putting spurs to his horse, he dashed through the ford between them, and receiving their fire without damage, reached a wood not very far distant, where the pursuit was baffled, and where he was soon re-joined by Leon, who in his native dress met with no interruption. Grant had already ascertained that the means of storming Ciudad Rodrigo were prepared, and that the French officers openly talked of doing so, but he desired still further to test this project, and to discover if the march of the enemy might not finally be directed by the pass of Perales, towards the Tagus; he wished also to ascertain more correctly their real numbers, and therefore placed himself on a wooded hill, near Tamames, where the road branches off to the passes, and to Ciudad Rodrigo. Here lying *perdue*, until the whole French army had passed, he noted every battalion and gun, and finding that all were directed towards Ciudad, en-

tered Tamames after they had passed, and discovered that they had left the greatest part of their scaling-ladders behind, which clearly proved that the intention of storming Ciudad Rodrigo was not real. This allayed Wellington's fears for that fortress. When Marmont afterwards passed the Coa, in this expedition, Grant preceded him, with intent to discover if his march would be by Guarda upon Coimbra, or by Sabugal upon Castallo Branca. Upon one of the inferior ridges in the pass of Penamacor, this persevering officer placed himself, thinking that the dwarf oaks, with which the hills were covered, would effectually secure him from discovery; but from the higher ridge above, the French detected all his movements with their glasses. In a few moments, Leon, whose lynx-eyes were always on the watch, called out, "The French, the French!" and pointed to the rear, whence some dragoons came galloping up. Grant and his follower instantly darted into the wood, for a little space, and then suddenly wheeling, rode off in a different direction, yet at every turn new enemies appeared, and at last the hunted men dismounted, and fled on foot through the thickest of the low oaks: but again they were met by infantry, who had been detached in small parties down the sides of the pass, and were directed in their chase, by the waving of the French officers' hats on the ridge above. At last Leon fell exhausted, and the barbarians who first came up, killed him, in spite of his

companion's intreaties. Grant himself, they carried, without injury, to Marmont, who, receiving him with apparent kindness, invited him to dinner. The conversation turned upon the prisoner's exploits, and the French marshal affirmed that he had been for a long time on the watch, that he knew all his haunts, and his disguises, and had discovered, that only the night before, he had slept in the French head-quarters, with other adventures which had not happened,—for this Grant never used any disguise; but there was another Grant, also very remarkable in his way, who used to remain for months in the French quarters, using all manner of disguises; hence the similarity of names caused the actions of both to be attributed to one, which is the only palliation for Marmont's subsequent conduct.

Treating his prisoner, as I have said, with great apparent kindness, the French general exacted from him an especial parole, that he would not consent to be released by the Patridas, while on his journey through Spain to France, which secured his captive, although Lord Wellington offered 2000 dollars to any guerilla chief who should rescue him. The exaction of such a parole, however harsh, was in itself a tacit compliment to the man; but Marmont also sent a letter, with the escort, to the governor of Bayonne, in which, still labouring under the error that there was only one Grant, he designated his captive a dangerous spy, who had done infinite mischief to the

French army, and whom he had only not executed on the spot, out of respect to something resembling a uniform, which he wore at the time of his capture. He therefore desired, that at Bayonne he should be placed in irons, and sent up to Paris. This proceeding was too little in accord with the honour of the French army to be supported, and before the Spanish frontier was passed, Grant, it matters not how, was made acquainted with the contents of the letter. Now the custom at Bayonne, in ordinary cases, was for the prisoner to wait on the authorities, and receive a passport to travel to Verdun, and all this was duly accomplished; meanwhile, the delivery of the fatal letter being by certain means delayed, Grant, with a wonderful readiness and boldness, resolved not to escape towards the Pyrenees, thinking he would naturally be pursued in that direction. He judged, that if the governor of Bayonne could not recapture him at once, he would, for his own security, suppress the letter, in hopes the matter would be no farther thought of; judging, I say, in this acute manner, he, on the instant, inquired at the hotels if any French officer was going to Paris, and finding that General Souham, then on his return from Spain, was so bent, he boldly introduced himself and asked permission to join his party. The other readily assented; and, while thus traveling, the general, unacquainted with Marmont's intentions, often rallied his companion about his adventures, little thinking he was then

himself an instrument in forwarding the most dangerous and skilful of them all.

In passing through Orleans, Grant, by a species of intuition, discovered an English agent, and from him received a recommendation to another secret agent in Paris, whose assistance would be necessary to his final escape; for he looked upon Marmont's double-dealing, and the expressed design to take away his life, as equivalent to a discharge of his parole, which was moreover only given with respect to Spain. When he arrived at Paris, he took leave of Souham, opened an intercourse with the Parisian agent, from whom he obtained money, and, by his advice, avoided appearing before the police, to have his passport examined. He took a lodging in a very public street, frequented the coffee-houses, and even visited the theatres without fear, because the secret agent, who had been long established, and was intimately connected with the police, had ascertained that no inquiry about his escape had been set on foot.

In this manner he passed several weeks, at the end of which the agent informed him, that a passport was ready for one Jonathan Buck, an American, who had died suddenly, the very day it was to have been claimed. Seizing this occasion, Grant boldly demanded the passport, with which he instantly departed for the mouth of the Loire, because certain reasons, not necessary to mention, led him to expect more assistance there than at any other port.

However, new difficulties awaited him, and were overcome by fresh exertions of his surprising talents, which fortune seemed to delight in aiding. He first took a passage for America in a ship of that nation, but its departure being unexpectedly delayed, he frankly explained his true situation to the captain, who desired him to assume the character of a discontented seaman, and giving him a sailor's dress and forty dollars, sent him to lodge the money in the American consul's hands, as a pledge that he would prosecute the captain for ill-usage, when he reached the American States; this being the custom on such occasions, the consul gave him a certificate, which enabled him to pass from port to port, as a discharged sailor seeking a ship. Thus provided, after waiting some days, Grant prevailed upon a boatman, by a promise of ten Napoleons, to row him in the night towards a small island, where, by usage, the English vessels watered unmolested, and in return, permitted the few inhabitants to fish and traffic without interruption. In the night, the boat sailed, the masts of the British ships were dimly seen on the other side of the island, and the termination of his toils appeared at hand, when the boatman, either from fear or malice, suddenly put about, and returned to the port. In such a situation, some men would have striven in desperation to force fortune, and so have perished; the spirit of others would have sunk in despair; for the money he had pro-

mised, was all which remained of his stock, and the boatman, notwithstanding his breach of contract, demanded the whole ; but with inexpressible coolness and resolution, Grant gave him one Napoleon instead of ten, and a rebuke for his misconduct. The other having threatened a reference to the police, soon found he was no match in subtilty for his opponent, who told him plainly, he would then denounce him as aiding the escape of a prisoner of war, and adduce the great price of his boat as a proof of his guilt !

This menace was too formidable to be resisted, and Grant in a few days engaged an old fisherman, who faithfully performed his bargain. But now there were no English vessels near the island ; however, the fisherman cast his nets and caught some fish, with which he sailed towards the southward, where he had heard there was an English ship of war. In a few hours they obtained a glimpse of her, and were steering that way, when a shot from a coast-battery brought them to, and a boat with soldiers put off to board them. The fisherman was true ; he called Grant his son, and the soldiers, by whom they expected to be arrested, were only sent to warn them not to pass the battery, because the English vessel they were in search of, was on the coast. The old man who had expected this, bribed the soldiers with his fish, assuring them, he must go with his son or they would starve, and that he was so well acquainted with the coast, he

could always escape the enemy. His prayers and presents prevailed, he was desired to wait under the battery till night, and then depart; but, under pretence of arranging his escape from the English vessel, he made the soldiers point out her bearings so exactly, that, when darkness came, he ran her straight on board, and the intrepid officer stood in safety on the quarter-deck.

After this Grant reached England, and obtained permission to choose a French officer, of equal rank with himself, to send to France, that no doubt might remain about the propriety of his escape; and great was his astonishment to find, in the first prison he visited, the old fisherman and his real son, who had, meanwhile, been captured, notwithstanding a protection given to them for their services. Grant, whose generosity and benevolence were as remarkable as the qualities of his understanding, soon obtained their release, and, having sent them with a sum of money to France, returned himself to the Peninsula, and, *within four months from the date of his capture*, was again on the Tormes, watching Marmont's army! This generous and spirited, yet gentle-minded man, having served his country nobly and ably in every climate, died, not long since, exhausted by the continual hardships he had endured.

The above most romantic and interesting yet authentic narrative—one of a thousand extraordinary enterprises of skill and heroism which occur in a long war, is taken from

Colonel Napier's history of the Peninsular War (Spain). We admire the intrepidity and endless address and resource of the gallant officer, but how can we reconcile with the honour and truth of the man, and common honesty—the endless evasions and deceptions in his situation—next to necessary it will be said. It is one of the attendant evils of war, the offspring of sin, but not the more innocent on that account. We often hear too, of the “*honour of the British flag.*” Is the hoisting of *false colours*, in accordance with *national honour*? The man who would fire at the mere suspicion of his truth, or doubt of his good faith, will practice this *deception*, (falsehood?) imagining himself relieved no doubt in the *nationality* or *commonness* of the thing from *individual or personal* responsibility.

RUINS OF PETRA.

IN Arabia Petra the capital city of Idumea, (the ancient Edom,) now without an inhabitant, except the wild animals foretold by the prophets a thousand years before it ceased to be tenanted by man, presents one of the most wonderful scenes that can possibly be conceived. In the vicinity of mount Seir are the extensive ruins of a large city, heaps of hewn stones, foundations of buildings, fragments of columns, and vestiges of paved streets, spread over a valley which is enclosed on each side by

perpendicular cliffs, varying from 400 to 700 feet in height, which are hollowed out into innumerable chambers of different dimensions, rising in the cliffs, till it seems impossible to approach the uppermost. Columns also rise above columns, and adorn the front of the dwellings; horizontal grooves for the conveyance of water also run along the face of the cliffs; flights of steps formed the means of ascent, and the summits of the heights, in various places, are covered with pyramids cut out of the solid rock. The identity of the scene is described by the prophet Jeremiah, chap. xlix. ver. 16. in all the terribleness of the human power which pertaineth to it, and as depicted in the desolate aspect it now exhibits, is such as cannot be mistaken. The mausoleums and sepulchres are very numerous and magnificent. They are of various periods and orders of architecture. One of them, in particular, is described as a work of immense labour and colossal dimensions, containing a chamber sixteen paces square, and about twenty-five feet high, crowned with a pediment highly ornamented, and all cut out of the solid rock.—By these splendid monuments, dedicated to the memory of its rulers, the opulence of the city is demonstrated. The enemies of the gospel might be admonished by the fate of the enemies of the ancient church, who have been cut off according to the word of the Lord; and whose very land, that especially of the Edomites, for their vio-

lence against their brethren of Israel, has been wasted with a curse which shall cleave to it for ever.—*Companion to the Bible.*

HUNTING THE ALLIGATOR IN CEYLON.

THE following scene took place in the island of Ceylon. A corps of Malay soldiers in the British service were the actors in this hunting drama. It was got up for the amusement of that gallant naval officer, the late Sir Samuel Hood. The relation is from that most agreeable of all travellers Captain Basil Hall.

Very early in the morning, the party were summoned from their beds, to set forth on the expedition. In other countries, the hour of getting up may be left to choice; in India, when any thing active is to be done, it is a matter of necessity; for after the sun has gained even a few degrees of altitude, the heat and discomfort, as well as the danger of exposure, become so great, that all pleasure is at an end. The day, therefore, had scarcely begun to dawn, when we all cantered up to the scene of action.

The ground lay as flat as a marsh for many leagues, and was spotted with small stagnant lakes, connected by sluggish streams, scarcely moving over beds of mud, between banks fringed with a rank crop of draggled weeds. The chill atmosphere of the morning felt so

thick and clammy, that it was impossible not to think of agues, jungle-fevers, and all the hopeful family of malaria. The hardy native soldiers, who had occupied the ground during the night, were drawn up to receive the Admiral, and a very queer guard of honour they formed. The whole regiment had stripped off their uniform, and every other stitch of clothing, save a pair of short trousers, and a kind of sandal. In place of a firelock, each man bore in his hand a slender pole, about six feet in length, to the extremity of which was attached the bayonet of his musket. His only other weapon, was the formidable Malay crease, a sort of dagger, or small two-edged sword.

Soon after the commander-in-chief came to the ground, the regiment was divided into two main parties, and a body of reserve. The principal columns, facing, one to the right, the other to the left, proceeded to occupy different points in one of the sluggish canals, connecting the pools scattered over the plain. These detachments being stationed about a mile from one another, enclosing an interval where, from some peculiar circumstances known only to the Malays, who are passionately fond of the sport, the alligators were sure to be found in great numbers. The troops formed themselves across the canals, in three parallel lines, ten or twelve feet apart; but the men in each line stood side by side, merely leaving room enough to wield their pikes. The canal may

have been about four or five feet deep, in the middle of the stream, if stream it can be called, which scarcely moved at all. The colour of the water, when undisturbed, was a shade between ink and coffee; but no sooner had the triple line of Malays set themselves in motion, than the consistence and colour became like those of peas-soup.

On every thing being reported ready, the soldiers planted their pikes before them in the mud, each man crossing his neighbour's weapon, and at the word "march," away they all started in full cry, sending forth a shout, or war-whoop, sufficient to curdle the blood of those on land, whatever effect it may have had on the inhabitants of the deep. As the two divisions of the invading army gradually approached each other in pretty close column, screaming, and yelling, and striking their pikes deep in the slime before them, the startled animals naturally retired towards the unoccupied centre. Generally speaking, the alligators, or crocodiles, had sense enough to turn their long tails upon their assailants, and to scuttle off, as fast as they could, towards the middle part of the canal. But every now and then, one of the terrified monsters floundered backwards, and, by retreating in the wrong direction, broke through the first, second, and even third line of pikes. This was the perfection of sport to the delighted Malays. A double circle of soldiers was speedily formed round the wretched aquatic who had presumed

to pass the barrier. By means of well-directed thrusts with numberless bayonets, and the pressure of some dozens of feet, the poor brute was often fairly driven beneath his native mud. When once there, his enemies half-choked and half-spitted him, till at last, they put an end to his miserable days, in regions quite out of sight, and in a manner as inglorious as can well be conceived.

The intermediate space was now pretty well crowded with alligators, swimming about in the utmost terror, at times diving below, and anon showing their noses above the surface of the dirty stream; or occasionally making a furious bolt, in sheer despair, right at the phalanx of Malays. On these occasions, half-a-dozen of the soldiers were often upset, and their pikes either broken or twisted out of their hands, to the great amusement of their companions, who speedily closed up the broken ranks. There were none killed, but many wounded; yet no man flinched in the least.

The perfection of the sport appeared to consist in detaching a single alligator from the rest, surrounding and attacking him separately, and spearing him till he was almost dead. The Malays, then, by main strength, forked him aloft, over their heads, on the end of a dozen of pikes, and, by a sudden jerk, pitched the conquered monster far on the shore. As the alligators are amphibious, they kept to the water no longer than they found they had an advantage in that element; but on the two

columns of their enemy closing up, the monsters lost all discipline, floundered up the weedy banks, scuttling away to the right and left, helter skelter. "Sauve qui peut!" seemed to be the fatal watch-word for their total rout. That prudent cry would, no doubt, have saved many of them, had not the Malays judiciously placed beforehand their reserve on each side of the river, to receive the distracted fugitives, who, bathed in mud, and half dead with terror, but still in a prodigious fury, dashed off at right angles from the canal, in hopes of gaining the shelter of a swampy pool, overgrown with reeds and bulrushes, but which most of the poor beasts were never doomed to reach. The concluding battle between these retreating and desperate alligators, and the Malays of the reserve, was formidable enough. Indeed, had not the one party been fresh, the other exhausted; one confident, the other broken in spirit; it is quite possible that the crocodiles might have worsted the Malays. It was difficult, indeed, to say which of the two looked at that moment the more savage; the triumphant natives, or the fleeing troop of alligators wallopping away from the water. Many on both sides were wounded, and all covered with slime and weeds. There could not have been fewer than thirty or forty alligators killed. The largest measured ten feet in length, and four feet girth, the head being exactly two feet long. Besides these great fellows, a multitude of little ones,

nine inches long, were caught alive, many of which, being carried on board, became great favourites amongst the sailors, whose queer taste in the choice of pets has frequently been noticed.—See *Fragments of Voyages and Travels by Captain Basil Hall. (Third Series.)*

PROVIDENCE—INCIDENT IN COOK'S VOYAGES.

WHEN in some of the high southern latitudes, and in a dark tempestuous night, a flash of lightning discovered to Captain Cook a vessel, which glanced along close by his side, and which but for the lightning he must have run foul of, both the danger and the transient light that shewed it, were undoubtedly designed to convey to him this wholesome instruction, that a particular Providence attended him, and that he was not only preserved from evils of which he had notice, but from many more of which he had no information, or even the least suspicion. What unlikely contingencies may nevertheless take place! How improbable that two ships should dash against each other in the midst of the vast Pacific Ocean, and that steering contrary courses, from parts of the world so immensely distant from each other, that they should yet move so exactly in a line as to clash, fill, and go to the bottom, in a sea, where all the ships in the world might be so dispersed, as that not one should see another! Yet this must have happened but for

the remarkable interference, which he has recorded. The same Providence, indeed, might as easily have conducted them so wide of each other, that they should never have met at all, but then this lesson would have been lost; at least the heroic voyager would have encompassed the globe without having had occasion to relate an incident that so naturally suggests it.—*Life of the Poet Comper, by W. Hayley, Esq.*

HURRICANE ON THE EUPHRATES, AND LOSS OF THE TIGRIS STEAMER.

THE public are deeply interested in the noble experiment now making by British enterprise and talent in the East, in opening up the Euphrates river as a channel of communication with India. If this ancient and almost sacred river be found navigable to the Persian gulf, and as yet there is every ground to expect the most complete success, not only will the desirable object of easier and more rapid access to the East from Europe and the west be obtained; but the unknown territories through which this famed river has rolled its waters for ages will be laid open, and we shall become acquainted with the various Arab tribes on its banks, their habits and history, and the native productions and *manufactures*.

When the expedition had overcome many formidable expected and unexpected obstacles,

from climate, sickness, disappointments, and privations, and opposition from natives and their prejudices, and rulers and their suspicions, and when they were now sailing propitiously down the mighty stream, they encountered a disaster which no human forecast could anticipate nor skill or power prevent. The mournful account of this disastrous event is narrated by Colonel F. R. Chesney commanding the expedition, addressed to the India Board, dated off the town of *Anah*, banks of the Euphrates, May 28, 1836. Neither the scientific ardour, nor heroic spirit of the accomplished and enthusiastic leader of this most interesting enterprise seems damped by the melancholy tale he has to tell.

“It is with feelings of the deepest regret (says the Colonel) that I do myself the honour of informing you that the *Tigris Steamer* was totally lost during a hurricane of indescribable violence, which, after the short struggle of about eight minutes, sent a fine vessel to the bottom in five fathoms water, and deprived his Majesty of fifteen valuable men, with five natives in addition.

“My reports up to the 17th inst., at Deir, will have informed you that all was going on as successfully as the most sanguine could desire. We found the Arabs well disposed, and quite ready to form depots for us of wood, charcoal, bitumen, and lignite coal, all in great abundance, and tried with complete success. In addition to these marked advantages, the

survey has been carried 509 miles down the Great River, which seemed in all respects favourable; in short, all was continued prosperity up to the afternoon of the 21st instant, when it pleased God to send the calamitous event, of which it is now my duty to give a feeble sketch.

“A little after 1 P.M. on that melancholy day, the flat boats being a little a-head, and the Tigris leading to the Euphrates, a storm appeared, bringing with it, high in the air, clouds of sand from the west-north-west quarter. At this moment, we were passing over the rocks of *Is Geria* (deeply covered,) and immediately after made a signal for the Euphrates to choose a berth, and make fast. The Tigris was immediately directed towards the bank, against which she struck without injury, but with so much violence as to recoil a distance of about eight yards, leaving two men on the bank who had jumped out to make fast. The wind then suddenly veered round, drove her bow off, and thus rendered it quite impossible to secure the vessel to the bank, along which she was blown rapidly by the heavy gusts, her head likewise falling off into the stream as she passed close by the Euphrates, which vessel had been backed opportunely to avoid the concussion. One anchor was let go, but the heel of the vessel made it impossible to get the other out, and she was then nearly broadside to the wind, with the engines almost powerless, and the waves rising to four or five feet, forcing their way in at the windows.—Lieutenant Cockburn,

the Messrs Staunton, and some of the men, made ineffectual attempts to keep out the water, for the fate of the vessel was already decided; and the fore part of the deck being under water, Lieutenant Lynch came to report that the Tigris was sinking, and the word was immediately passed for all to save themselves. At this very instant a momentary gleam of light faintly showed the bank at the apparent distance of eight or ten yards; and as there seemed every probability that the stern would touch it before she went down, Lieut. Lynch encouraged the people to remain steady until she reached the land. All were on deck at this critical moment, some clinging to the ropes of the awning, the paddle boards, and funnel; but the majority were close to the tiller, and all behaving with the most exemplary obedience, until the vessel went down all at once, and, probably, within half a minute after we had seen the bank for an instant.

“Lieutenant Lynch, who was at my elbow, dived out underneath the starboard ridge rope, at the moment when there was about four feet water on the deck, and I had the good fortune to get clear, in the same way, through the larboard side, and also to take a direction which brought me to the land, without having seen any thing whatever to guide me through darkness worse than that of night.—When it cleared a little, I found around me Lieutenant Lynch and Mr Eden (both greatly exhausted,) Mr Thompson, the Messrs Staunton, and several of the men. The hurricane was al-

ready abating rapidly; and as the distance from the vessel to the shore was very short, we indulged the hope that the rest of our brave company had reached the bank lower down.

“ I had little, or rather no hope, that the Euphrates could have escaped, but the intrepid skill of Lieut. Cleveland and Mr Charlwood enabled them to get out two anchors in the very nick of time; and by the united means of two hawsers, and the engines working at full power, the vessel maintained her position at the bank until the storm abated.

“ All our efforts, as yet, have failed even to find the remains of the vessel; not a ripple, or the slightest trace of the unfortunate Tigris, mark the spot where she went down; but our search has not terminated, and if she should be found without being dashed to pieces, I shall take measures to recover her with the assistance of the diving bell, and other means; especially as there are many valuable instruments on board, in addition to the hull and machinery, and particularly as the Arabs here are well disposed.

“ I am happy to say, that the survivors of the expedition remain as much unshaken as ever in their confidence regarding the final success of this undertaking, as well as the manifest advantages, facilities, and cheapness of this line of communication. The hurricane has been, it is true, a most trying and calamitous event; but, I believe, it is regarded by all, even at this early day, as having no more to do with

the navigation of the Euphrates, in other respects, than the loss of a packet in the Irish Channel, which might retard, but could not put an end to the intercourse between England and Ireland.

“ We are, therefore, continuing our descent and survey to Bussora, hoping not only to bring up the mail from India within the specified time, but also, if it pleases God to spare us, to demonstrate the speed, economy, and commercial advantages of the Euphrates, provided the decision of Ministers shall be in the true spirit of Englishmen, to give it a fair trial, rather than abandon the original purpose, in consequence of an unforeseen, and, as it proved, an unavoidable calamity.”

In addition to the above affecting particulars, Lieut. Lynch, commanding the ill-fated *Tigris Steamer*, gives the following mournful account of the loss of his brother—a loss, which, in such a place, and on such an occasion, the gallant survivor must have severely felt.

“ Poor Robert is no more ! He went down by my side, on the 21st of this month, in a dreadful storm, that drove my vessel to the bottom in a few minutes, as we were running along, proud in leading the way over the unknown stream, and confident in our vessel and the band around us. All was blighted in a few minutes : even yet I can only look back with stupor to the dreadful event. Little did we think death was hovering so near. I saw the storm coming, and prepared for it, but pre-

parations were of no avail ; it dashed us before it, amidst a cloud of sand, dark as midnight ; and, cleft to fragments by the racking lightning, and echoing with the thunder that appeared to crash all around us, man's puny hand was powerless, the blast was irresistible, and the darkness passed away to leave a sinking wreck. We sunk together—thrice was I dragged down by some sinking sailor, and when I rose unencumbered from the last deadly struggle, nearly exhausted, I looked around in vain for Robert. A few minutes dashed me, clinging to the passing fragments, to the bank, where I climbed, not to find him ; oh ! we had parted for ever—he was never seen more. I cannot go on. Suffice it to say, though I have lost all, the storm could not leave any stain on our name. The committee of officers, appointed as usual in such circumstances, gave me, with eagerness, in their report to his Majesty's Government, full credit for judgment to meet and intrepidity to face danger, and avert it as became an officer ; and those who remain to mourn for their lost comrades, are as eager to soothe my loss, by testifying their belief that they were led through the danger by an officer whom the appearance of death did not divert from his efforts to save them. Twenty of my fine crew went down with Robert ; few, comparatively, were saved—not a third of the whole crew, which was about thirty-five in all ; and when I was dashed to the shore, I had hardly breath to return thanks for my safety,

to that Power by whose hand alone I could have been saved. Adieu."

RECONCILING TWO ARAB CHIEFS.

THIS poor old man (*Mehanna* by name, the chief of a tribe, but greatly humbled by reverses,) advanced alone towards the tent of the *drahy* (chief), who determined to receive him as a friend, but to refuse his submission. We interposed in his favour. Sheik Ibrahim (*Lascaris*, the French envoy of Napoleon to the Bedouin tribes!) urged the hospitality with which he had received us in the desert. The *drahy* at last yielded, and the chiefs of the tribes went out to meet him, to testify the respect due to his age and rank. When he dismounted from his horse, the *drahy* seated him in the place of honour in the corner of his tent, and ordered coffee to be brought. Then *Mehanna* rising, said, "I will not drink of your coffee, till we are completely reconciled, and till we have buried the *seven stones*." Then the *drahy* rising also, they drew their swords and presented them mutually to each other to kiss; they then embraced, as did all present. *Mehanna* now made a hole in the middle of the tent with his lance, of the depth of one foot, and having chosen seven little stones, he said to the *drahy*, "In the name of the God of peace, whom we take for thy guarantee, and for mine, we bury thus for ever our enmity."

As the stones dropped into the hole, the two sheiks covered them over with earth, and whilst they did this, the women uttered deafening cries of joy. This ceremony being terminated, they resumed their seats, and the coffee was served. From this moment there was no further reference made to the past; and I have been assured that a reconciliation without this formality is never complete.—*Travels in the East, by M. de Lamartine.*

DECLARATION OF WAR AMONG THE BEDOUINS.

THE *drahy* made a solemn announcement of the war according to the custom of the *Bedouins* on great occasions, in the following manner:—A white camel was chosen, which was blackened completely with smoke and oil; its bridle was a halter of black skin, and on it was placed a young girl dressed in black, her face and hands also blackened. Ten men led the camel from tribe to tribe, and as it arrived at each encampment, the girl cried out, three times, "Aid, aid, aid!" Who of you will whiten this camel? Behold, a piece of the tent of the *drahy* (sheik or chief) which is menaced with ruin. Run, run, run, great and generous defenders! The *Wahabees* (Mussulman sect) are coming; they will carry off your allies, and your brothers; all you who hear me address your prayers to *Mahomet* and to *Ali*, to the first and to the last.—*Lamartine. (Paris.)*

STORY-TELLERS OF THE EAST.

WHERE any place does present a little more room than ordinary, or under the covered ways attached to the shops, we generally find one of the national *story-tellers*: surrounded by groups of people, some well clad, others in rags, and not a few nearly naked, attending with the most lively interest to tales they must have heard a thousand times before. He recounts them with a change of gesticulation, and a varied tone of voice according to his subject: whether it be the loves of Khosroo and Shireene, the exploits of Rustum their favourite hero, or any number of historic couplets from Ferdoussi the *Homer* of their land. From the humblest peasant, to the head that wears the diadem, all have the same passion for this kind of entertainment. His present majesty, and also the several prince-governors, have each a court story-teller, in listening to whose powers of memory and of eloquence, the royal personage frequently passes the leisure of the day; and when on a long journey, this necessary officer is always within call, to beguile the tedium of the way.—*Sir Robert Ker Porter's Travels in Persia.*

ARRIVAL AT HAVANNAH AND TOMB OF
COLUMBUS.

WITH considerable difficulty we approached the north coast of *Cuba*, after a week's sail

from Jamaica, and saw it stretching out low and flat, with palm trees waving in the sea breeze and some hills of no great elevation in the interior. We neared the rocky shore, and observed the solitary hut of the free coloured people scattered about in the country, near patches of maize and groups of palm, tamarind, and orange trees; and on the right of the picture was the light-house tower of the Moro castle at the entrance of the Havannah. We lay off and on from the dawn till the sea breeze set in; the gentle gale which was wafted towards us over the land was loaded with a spicy and exotic fragrance, recalling to mind the air scented with the sweet odours of *Araby the blest*. We reached the long and narrow entrance of the harbour, widening out into a basin capable of containing a thousand men-of-war, and passed close under the guns and rocks of the *Moro*. High over the massive walls and battlements waved the golden and red standard of Spain, and many gay pennants fluttered from no fewer than four signal staffs, bespeaking the great number of vessels that were crowding to the rich western mart. On the opposite side of the entrance of the harbour was the castle of the Punta. Over the walls were seen the gay and crowded buildings of the city, white houses, and deep red roofs, pillar and pinnacle, terrace and balcony, towers and domes, intermixed with trees which rose in picturesque confusion; on every church a flag was display-

ed, and the bells sent forth their peals, for it was a saint's day. Immediately in front were seen the masts of two hundred merchant-men lying with their bows to the wharfs, for there was not room for them otherwise, and tent boats with painted canvass awnings, and others loaded to the gunwale with the most delicious fruit of every variety, approached us as we dropped our anchor under the Moro. A voice from the watch-tower above then hailed us, and demanded our nation, and whence we came; and then the Spanish soldiers, with their dark complexions and high caps, crowded on the parapets to gaze at the English man-of-war, which fired a salute of fifteen guns in compliment to the Spanish admiral (Saborde.)

The governor's palace occupied one side of the square, (Plaza de Armas,) and we passed through its lower piazza, occupied as an exchange by the merchants, whence, receiving from the guards in blue and silver uniform a salute, we ascended a *broad marble staircase*, and entered a suite of apartments, the walls of which were painted in the Moorish style, with wreaths of flowers, recalling to mind the glorious *Alhambra*.

In an inner chamber, on the walls of which hung portraits of the different governors of the Havannah, and two large historical paintings, one representing *Columbus'* [the celebrated navigator and discoverer of America,] first landing at Cuba, to plant the cross and per-

form mass, the other *Cortez* [conqueror of Mexico,] burning his ships to show his followers there was no retreat. We found General Vives, he was seated on a gilded sofa, and arose to receive us; he was a short, stout man, with grey hair and dark complexion, and wore a common *shupa* or coat of blue and white striped gingham, white waistcoat and trousers; beside him were his two daughters, charming little señoritas, in yellow gowns and high tortoiseshell combs.

Mr. Jackson [secretary and assistant to the British commissioner in Cuba for the adjudication of slaves,] most kindly offered me a room in his house. I accepted his proffered civility, and we walked towards his *casa* through the narrow streets, (which, after dark, is really a perilous undertaking,) in momentary dread of assassination. The Arabian Nights were forcibly recalled to mind when I viewed the houses of the wealthy. They were two-storied, and built on the plan of a hollow quadrangle, with a *patio* or court yard, and galleries round the interior; the front was plain stone painted white, blue, or yellow. In the arched door-way was the *volante*, (carriage), and a few black domestics sat under the lamps, smoking, singing, or talking. Shrubs were dimly seen in the garden beyond, or a marble fountain. The other houses we passed were of one story with immense iron-barred windows, enabling us to see the whole apartment within. As the ves-

per-bell tolled, the women, dressed in white, rose from their rocking chairs at the window, and repeated their prayers before a picture of the Virgin, then drew the curtains of the windows, and retired to rest on their folding canvas-cots. We walked through many streets without interruption, and found Mrs. Jackson waiting in an anxious state for the return of her husband. She, as well as the only other English lady in Havannah, (Mrs. Norman,) told me that whenever their husbands are out in the evening they sit in fear and trembling, dreading to see a corpse brought home to them—so frequent is *murder* in this city. After a slight repast I retired to my room. I heard no sounds of serenading, but only two negroes below my window talking in an under tone, perhaps, I thought, watching to assassinate some unfortunate individual.

I rose at an early hour and hastened to the *tomb of Columbus*. The *cathedral* in which his precious remains are deposited occupies one side of a small square. The exterior of the building is of massive stone of no particular order of architecture, its gable rises in a pyramidal shape, on the apex is a cross, and on each side are towers; pillars adorn the building, and behind these, hired assassins frequently lurk. I passed into the body of the church, and was struck with its grandeur and simplicity. The roof was arched and very lofty, and Saxon arches enclosed the aisles. The whole was tastefully painted in imitation of

grey marble, and there were none of the gaudy colours and tinsel decorations which are too often met with in catholic churches. Exquisite paintings were disposed here and there round the walls; one was the announcement to Sarah, by the angel, of her miraculous conception; another, our Saviour conversing with the woman of Samaria at the well, whilst in the same were representations of Moses, the prophets, and the evangelists. The principal altar, at the upper end, was chastely and richly ornamented. Within the railing was a *mosaic* [varied or pieced] floor of marble, and the seats of the dignitaries were highly carved. Looking to the left, I saw a slab of white marble let into the wall, this was the monument of Columbus, and as there was only a single priest in the cathedral we obtained his permission to approach the tomb.

I was under the influence of no ordinary sensations on finding myself in so interesting a situation. I stood beside the mouldering bones of the most intrepid mariner who ever lived; one who "first had the judgment to divine, and the intrepidity to brave the mysteries of the perilous deep which divides the old world from the new, and who, by his hardy genius, his inflexible constancy, and his heroic courage, brought the ends of the earth into communication with each other." He must be dull and insensible, indeed, who could contemplate the final resting-place of

the great '*Colon,*' without being powerfully affected, and without sympathising deeply in the sorrows and sufferings of his latter days.

It is strange to reflect on the wanderings of Columbus, not only while alive but even after death. First, his body was deposited in the church of Santa Maria de la Antigua in *Valadolid* in 1506; then removed to the monastery of Las Cueras in *Seville* in 1513; again it was taken up, and with the remains of his son, *Diego,* was transplanted to *Hispaniola,* and deposited in the cathedral of the city of St. Domingo in 1536. When the Spanish possessions in Hayti were ceded to the French in 1795, his remains, "consisting of a number of bones and a quantity of mould, evidently the remains of a human body," were exhumed, and conveyed in a gilded leaden case with great pomp and ceremony, on board ship on the 15th January 1796. The ship *Lorenzo* arrived at the Havannah, and the remains were conveyed on shore with great reverence, in the presence of the chief authorities, and deposited in the wall on the right of the grand altar; and lately the marble monument had been placed in front of the leaden case.

The effigy of Columbus is in *mezzo rilievo,* and represents him with a long visage, prominent straight nose, curled hair, full eye-brows, and *moustaches*; round his neck is a double ruff, and his wrist is similarly ornamented. His body is cased in armour to the waist, a scarf is thrown across the breast, and the fore-

finger of the right hand points to America on a globe. Naval emblems are below the half-length of "the worthy and adventurous General of the Seas," consisting of a cannon, rudder, anchor, oar, quadrant, sand-glass, &c., and in the midst of these the following inscription in Spanish :

Restos e imager del Grande Colon,
Mil siglos durad guardados in la urna,
Y in remembranza de neustra nacion.

Translation.

Remains and image of the Great Columbus,
A thousand ages continue preserved in the urn,
And in the remembrance of our nation !

Captain Alexander's Transatlantic Sketches,
1833.

PRINCESS SOPHIA DE WOLFENBUTTLE, A TALE
OF THE MAURITIUS.

CHARLOTTE Christina Sophia de Wolfenbuttle, wife of the Czarovitz Alexis, son of Peter I., was unfortunately an object of aversion to her husband, although beautiful and amiable; in a fit of passion he gave her one day a blow, which caused her to be prematurely confined with a dead child. The Countess of Konnismark, who attended on the princess, being aware that if she recovered she would only be exposed to further acts of violence, determined to declare that she had died (an unjustifi-



able artifice, even here.) The Czarovitz, to whom this was agreeable news, ordered her immediate interment; couriers were despatched to inform the Czar of the event, and all the courts of Europe went into mourning. The princess escaped to America, with an aged domestic, who passed for her father, and a female attendant. Whilst she was living in privacy at Louisiana, an officer of the name of D'Auband, who had seen her in Russia, recollected her, and made an offer of his services. Soon after, they heard that the Czarovitz was dead; and D'Auband then engaged to conduct the princess back to Russia; but she found herself happier in a private station, and declared her intention of remaining in retirement. The old domestic dying about this time, she was without any protector, and D'Auband, who had been long attached to her, offered her his hand,—she accepted it.—Thus she, who had been destined to wear the imperial diadem, became the wife of a lieutenant of infantry. The princess had no reason to regret her second marriage; happy in the affection of a man she had wedded from choice, she lived in uninterrupted peace and comfort, ten years, without a wish to mingle again in the splendid scenes where she had only misery; but D'Auband fell into ill health; and his wife, anxious above all things for his recovery, proposed that they should go to France to procure the best medical advice, and to try the effect of a change of climate.

They accordingly embarked for his native land; and soon after, he was restored to health. He then solicited an employment in the Isle of France, where he was appointed major. The princess, however, previous to their quitting France, had been recognised by the Marshal de Saxe, who, after having called on her and heard the story of her adventures, informed his King of the discovery he had made. His Majesty desired his Minister of Marines to write to the Government of the Mauritius, directing that every mark of distinction should be showered on Mons. and Madame D'Auband, and that they should always be treated with the highest consideration. These orders, we are told, were punctually obeyed; the princess lived in tranquil happiness in that island until 1747, when her beloved husband died; she then returned to Paris, where she lived to a great age.—*Recollections of the Mauritius.*

SILVER MINE AT SALA, IN SWEDEN.

(*Eighty miles north-west of Stockholm.*)

We arrived at Sala about eight in the evening. This town is pleasantly situated in a large plain, and consists of about 2000 inhabitants. It is remarkable for its silver mine, the largest and most ancient in the kingdom, having been wrought for several centuries.

It was formerly very productive but now scarcely pays the expence of working.

About eight in the morning, the director of the mine, to whom we had a letter, called on us, in order to take us to the works. We accompanied him completely furnished with tracts for the workmen. After putting all things in order, and having got ourselves properly equipped for a subterraneous excursion, we descended with the director into the mine, the shaft of which is perhaps the finest in the world, cut through the solid rock, to the depth of 106 fathoms, and about 15 feet in diameter. Four of us went into one bucket, and descended to about the depth of 46 fathoms. On passing downwards, we observed every now and then openings into the rock which had been made in quest of ore. We went into one of them, when each of us got a flambeau in his hand, and we had scarcely taken two steps when we heard the most dreadful explosion, as if the whole had given way. As we went forward into this opening, we came to some vast caverns, which filled us with amazement when we considered that it was the work of man. Here we saw a number of people at work; and had an opportunity of observing how the God of nature has laid up riches in the bowels of the earth; as if he intended to conceal them from man, and put it out of his power to obtain them except by the sweat of his brow. Here for the first time we gave away tracts under ground. We descended by

subterraneous passages for about 10 fathoms, and came to another opening, when we again beheld the light of day. Having again placed ourselves in the bucket, we proceeded to the bottom. Here we found only a solitary individual. We were astonished to find it so light at such a depth, which was owing to the width of the shaft. In this place, the extent of the excavations far exceeded any thing we had yet seen, or which we could have imagined to be possible. We have many descriptions of the caverns in India and other parts of the world; but before seeing this we could form no idea of them. In a small room at the bottom, a book is kept in which all who descend write their names, and the year and day of their descent. We noted down ours in compliance with the custom, with a few words expressive of our feelings in the situation in which we were placed. We then went and took a view of the wonderful apartments around. In one place we found another shaft, which went down about 50 fathoms farther, but as we had seen enough, and as there were no people at work, we did not go down. After resting a while, we placed ourselves again in our carriage, and ascended to the mouth. As few of the people were at work, we gave the director about 200 tracts to distribute among them, which he willingly undertook, and also thankfully received a set for himself. We hope that our visit to this place may be productive of much good, by being the means

of preserving many of them from going down to the bottomless pit.—*Messrs. Pinkerton and Henderson's Tour in Sweden.*

POTSDAM, AND TOMB OF FREDERICK II.
OF PRUSSIA.

POTSDAM, about fifteen miles from Berlin, is a handsome, well-built town. It is situated on a branch of the river Spree, and is of considerable extent. The houses are of a fine white freestone, most of them new, and nearly of the same height. The streets are regular and well paved, and it has some magnificent public buildings. It likewise contains many objects of interest, among others the noble palace, with the extensive gardens attached to it, the picture-gallery, and the tomb of Frederick the Great, whose favourite residence was at this place. In the bed-chamber in which that monarch died, at the lower part of the window which looks into the garden, four panes have been removed, and a piece of glass equal in size to all the four, supplies their place. It seems that the king, whose supreme delight during his life, had been to see his troops exercise, retained his ruling passion to his last breath. When he was confined to his room by the illness of which he died, he used to sit and view them through the window which had been altered to accommodate him in this respect. Becoming gradually weaker, he

could no longer sit up, but was obliged to lie on a couch through the day. When at any time he was uncommonly languid, they raised his head to the window, and a sight of the men under arms was perceived to operate like a cordial, and revive his spirits. By frequent repetition, however, even this cordial lost its effect, his eyes became dim; when his head was raised he could no longer see the soldiers, and he expired! At a small distance from Potsdam is the palace of Sans Souci, (without care) a most beautiful and elegant edifice, built by Frederick the Great, for a summer residence. — *Compendious View.* (DARTON.)

AFFECTING ANECDOTE OF CAPTAIN ZIETERN.

THE late celebrated King of Prussia, intending to make in the night time an important movement in his camp, which was in sight of the enemy, gave orders that by eight o'clock all the lights in the camp should be put out, on pain of death. The moment that the time was past, he walked out himself to see whether all were dark: he found a light in the tent of a Captain Zietern, which he entered just as that officer was folding up a letter. Zietern knew him, and fell on his knees instantly to entreat his mercy. The king asked to whom he had been writing, he said it was *a letter to his wife*, which he had retained the candle these few minutes beyond the time in order to finish.

The king coolly ordered him to rise and write one line more, which he should dictate. This line was to inform his wife, without any explanation, that by such an hour the next day, he should be a dead man. The letter was then sealed, and dispatched as it had been intended; and the next day the captain was executed! I say nothing of the justice of the punishment; but this cool barbarity to the affection both of the officer and his wife, was enough to brand the character indelibly. It proved how little the decisive *hero*, and pretended "philosopher," was susceptible of such an affection, or capable of sympathising with its pains.—*Foster's Essay on Decision of Character.*

GLIMPSE OF A POLAR WINTER.

ABOUT the middle of November we began to feel the approach of a Polar winter. A feeble gleam of light still faintly tinged the southern horizon, while the opposite direction assumed the sombre shade of night. The almost dazzling whiteness of the grotesque hummocks of ice, that lay scattered in irregular masses on the plain, formed a strange contrast with the soft, purple shade of twilight. The full moon shed its pale lustre on the lonely scene, and the colours which it reflected on the ice were chaste beyond conception. The planets twinkled in their orbs, and Jupiter shone bril-

liantly at the hour our friends in the English Channel might be taking a meridian altitude of the sun. The aurora borealis was often visible, and on one occasion it formed the most perfect arch I ever beheld, rising in a single line of brilliant light in the south-east, passing through the zenith, and terminating at the verge of the horizon in the opposite point, dividing thus the circle into equal parts; after this its coruscations were beautiful. The thermometer about this time stood at 30 degrees of Fahrenheit below zero; and when the wind blew, the cutting pain inflicted by the cold on the face—the only part of the person exposed—can only be compared to the pricking of so many hundreds of the finest needles. The frost accumulated so rapidly on the eye-lashes, that had not the warmth of the hand been constantly applied, the external margin of the lids would have been frozen.—*Account of the Expedition to the Polar Regions in 1824. (United Service Journal.)*

HOSPITALITY IN A TURKISH VILLAGE.

THE water vases which are to be found in Asia Minor, filled with a cool draught to refresh the weary traveller in that dry and parched land, bespeak more kindness in the Turkish inhabitants than we could well expect from their fierce character. The *Udas* also surprise us agreeably in that clime of misrule,

and shed a faint gleam over the *Turkish* name, otherwise covered with the blackness of darkness in all that is barbarous and fierce. These *Odas* are houses of entertainment found in every village, endowed by poor as well as rich individuals, for the hospitable and gratuitous entertainment of the stranger for one night, be he Christian, Jew, or Mussulman.

The following instance of kind reception in a poor village to *Frank* travellers, is very pleasing. After passing an extensive plain, we dismounted after four o'clock at our *conac*, another *oda* in the village of *Cooselare*. It was certainly not a palace, for we shared it with our horses, and there were holes called windows without glass or shutters; but the hospitality of our hosts more than compensated for everything else. We had again *Trakana* soup, *pilau*, cheese, and *petmes*, and were surprised to see our table-cloth, or table-skin, so soon laid, the pancake bread placed all around, and the smoking viands in the midst; the more surprising as we were unexpected guests; and as the village did not bespeak very well filled purses, or to say the truth, seemed wretchedly poor. We ventured to ask an explanation, and we learned that our fare was the contribution of many families; the *Trakana* soup, (the flour of different grains dried, and then dissolved) was supplied by one; the *pilau* (minced meat,) by a second; the *petmes* (a syrup from grapes,) by a third; the bread by a fourth,—but all were emulous to

feed the famished strangers with as little loss of time as possible: and these were Turks.—*See Discoveries in Asia Minor by the Rev. F. V. J. Arundel, British Chaplain at Smyrna. (1834.)*

TURKISH AGA AND FORTRESS IN ASIA MINOR.

THE following fact does not allow the Turkish character to retain the place to which the preceding extract from so interesting a volume had unexpectedly and *almost* reluctantly raised it in our estimation. Hushak, or Úshak, is a large town, (in the same country, Asia Minor,) and is said to contain one hundred and fifty *Greek* families, thirty-five *Armenian*, and several thousand *Turkish*.

Hadji Morad Oglou, *Aga* (or commander) of Hushak upon a quarrel with the Porte (or Turkish government,) fortified his old castle, which had great advantage of ground, laid in ammunition and stores sufficient for three years, assembled his vassals, and bade defiance. Kara Osman Oglou his neighbour, was directed to compel him to obedience, but on the first encounter, he lost a thousand men without effect. He applied to the Porte for artillery, and laid stronger siege to the fortress, when the garrison having been bribed to betray their undaunted chief, he was immediately executed, and his head exposed on the gate of the *seraglio*, at Constantinople. The history of this

commotion bears unfavourable traits of the Turkish government. One of the feudal tenants, the intimate friend of Hadji, refused to obey the Sultan's command, (to reduce the castle?) and the punishment of his disobedience was required from him, in the cruel service of sending the head of his friend to Constantinople. The sacrifice he made (by refusing,) to his attachment and humanity, involved these dreadful consequences, the loss of his own life, and the ruin of his posterity.—*Rev. F. Arundel, Smyrna.*

TRAVELLING EQUIPMENTS AT SMYRNA.

MR. DETHIER (Belgic consul) and I, were mounted on European saddles, in leaving Smyrna to travel in Asia Minor) but Kyriacos (the Greek merchant) preferred a *palank*, that is a cubic pad stuffed with straw about four feet square, to which two ropes, about a foot long, were attached on each side, in lieu of stirrups, and being so short the rider's knees were brought up close under his chin. But this palank, elevated as it was, was raised higher still, first by the *paploma*, the quilted travelling counterpane so called; then by the rider's *greco*, or bad weather cloak, and such other outward vestments as he was not in immediate want of. On each side of the horse hung an enormous bag of thick white felt (coarse cloth,) which contained all the remain-

der of the wardrobe and such other articles, the general property of the party as Milcom (the guide), and Suleiman his *surijee*, and the baggage-horse, could not well dispose of. An umbrella tied behind the saddle, and a Damascus sabre suspended by a belt of red cord, completed the equipment of our useful friend.
—*Discoveries in Asia Minor.*

ACCESSION OF MAHOMED SHĀH, THE YOUNG KING OF PERSIA.

Death of Futte-Ali Shah—Mahomed Mirza proclaimed—Astrologers—Koften Khoe, a mountain pass—Eman Nerde, Mirza, the Usurper—Arrival at Teheran—Sacrifice—Coronation Dresses—Marble Throne.

HAVING just arrived, charged with despatches from our envoy at the Court of Persia, announcing the accession of *Mahomed Shah* to the crown of that empire, and fancying that an abridged sketch of our campaigning in that country, subsequent to the demise of the late King *Futte-Ali-Shah*, may not be unacceptable to your numerous readers, I have been induced to look over the pages of my journal, and glean from them a few observations for your valuable paper.

Having performed a journey of unprecedented quickness from Constantinople to Tabreez in fourteen days and nights and twelve hours—a distance of nearly 1,500 miles—I

arrived at the latter city on the 1st November 1834, and was greeted with a hearty welcome from Sir John Campbell, envoy at the court of Persia, who appeared much astonished at the short time in which I had performed my arduous task.

A few days after my arrival at *Tabreez*, there were *rumours in the bazaar of the king's death*, and which were in a few days after corroborated by the Prince Royal himself.

Sir John Campbell being certain of the king's death, lost no time in preparing for a crisis, the probable consequences of which had attracted the attention of the courts of Europe. He represented to the Prince the necessity of immediate and active measures—had orders sent off for the troops encamped at *Khoe* to march on *Tabreez* with all possible dispatch—and gave directions to Sir H. Bethune, better known in Persia by the name of *Lindsay*, to get in readiness a park of artillery for immediate service. On the 9th of November *Mahomed Mirza* (or Prince) was publicly proclaimed king, and a grand salute fired on the occasion. On the 10th the artillery were all in readiness to march; but a want of money for their pay, which had not been issued to them for three years, was now sadly felt, and it was not without Sir John's assistance, and the great influence Sir Henry Bethune possessed over them, that they were prevailed upon to move.

The *astrologers* having found a propitious

hour on the 11th for the king to commence his march on the capital, he accordingly mounted, and proceeded to a garden about one mile from the town. On the 15th the troops arrived from Khoe, commanded by the Amier Nizzam, and not in the most orderly state. They immediately made known their determination not to take the field until all their arrears were paid. They encamped in front of the royal garden, and were on the following day inspected by his Majesty in person, who was received on the parade with a royal salute from the artillery, and three volleys from the line. The officers being ordered to the front, he addressed them in a kind and eloquent speech, promising them pay and honours on their reaching *Teheran*, but that at present it was not in his power to pay their arrears. He afterwards rode down the line, addressing each regiment as he passed, and recognizing several old veterans who had served with him in his campaign with his father *Abaz Mirza*, (son of *Futte-Ali*) in *Korasan*.

Sir Henry Bethune, fearing the evil consequences that might accrue from our delay at *Tabreez*, made a bold movement across the *Koflin Khoe*, a difficult pass over a range of mountains which separates the provinces of *Azabijon* and *Teake*, and proceeding on towards the capital, took possession of *Zungoora*, a town of some importance, and placed himself in a strong position outside the walls.

Sir John having arranged matters for the

protection of the town, moved out to join the king on the 26th. We arrived at Meana on the 29th, where we were disappointed in not meeting the king, who had crossed the Koftin Khoe the day before our arrival. We proceeded onward the next morning, and joined his Majesty at Arken. After a most unnecessary delay of three days, the king consented to send in advance a force under Sir Henry Bethune, who was directed to keep our march in front of the main body. That officer accordingly commenced his march with ten pieces of artillery and two regiments; also a large body of horse; and a letter having been dispatched to the *usurper* guaranteeing him his *eyes, life, and property*, should he come to terms. On the 10th we received positive intelligence of a force commanded by Eman Nerde Mirza having left Teheran, and a day or two after the advance horse of both armies had some slight skirmishing near a village called Seea Dien, when those of the *usurper* were obliged to retire, and our troops moving on, next day took possession of a large town called Cashen. This place, owing to the firmness displayed by its governor, was not taken possession of by the enemy's troops. The (usurping) prince, finding his ranks daily decreasing, came of himself to make terms on the 17th. Thus concluded our affair with *Eman Nerde Mirza*. We all arrived at Teheran and took possession of the treasury and royal jewels on the 21st December. The

last mile of our march the road was strewed with the heads of camels, bullocks, sheep, &c. sacrificed to the young king.

The morning of our *entrée* to Teheran was one of those fine winter morns peculiar to a Persian climate. The mountains were capped with the whitest snow, and the Dum-e-wand, with the rays of the morning sun reflected on it, seemed to smile through its hoary mist on the deeds we had done. Our young hero appeared pensive, and no doubt allowed himself to feel the important epoch that day would introduce in his life. The steed he rode was pure Turkoman, and its well-turned limbs seemed to labour under the weight of the costly trappings that ornamented them; he led the way, followed by both ambassadors with their *attaches* and a cloud of followers from almost every part of Asia. Among them the *Koords*, with their glittering helmets and well-balanced spears, cut a most conspicuous figure. Having neared the town, we passed through the ranks of troops drawn up in line, and entered the Negar-e-Stan palace. His Majesty left us to robe, and shortly after summoned us to his presence; we found him seated in the state-chair with a crown on, on the right side of which was placed the *gikka*, a very handsome jewelled ornament. The ambassadors now took their seats, Count Siminich (Russian envoy or ambassador) on the right of the throne, and Sir John Campbell on the left, the artillery having fired a salute of 101 guns, he re-

ceived the congratulations of both these personages. He addressed Sir John Campbell in a most flattering manner, calling him his friend, and adding that he was indebted to him alone for his crown. After some forms not worth mentioning had been gone through, we took our leave, and proceeded to partake of a good breakfast in the splendid residency of Teheran.

Up to the 28th of January, the day on which the king was formally crowned, nothing of consequence took place; but the troops showed some feelings of discontent, owing to their promised arrears not having been paid them. The coronation was attended by all the most respectable inhabitants of the capital. The assembly was in a large court in the Mirror Palace, the court dresses worn by some of the princes (there were no fewer than a hundred of them present, almost all sons of the late king,) were costly and beautiful. The king, a handsome young man, looked extremely well with his splendid crown on, and his armlets of the most valuable jewels. The *marble throne*, supported by fabulous animals, is very ancient, and is considered a superior piece of sculpture. His Majesty having smoked his magnificent *calione* (pipe) twice, and the coronation prayer being finished, was addressed by the Assiff-e-Dowlet, who described the extent and the antiquity of the empire he was called upon to rule, and congratulated him on becoming the sovereign of a country

the *customs and laws of which had never changed!* The king answered this address in Turkish, and expressed his determination to maintain the laws and customs unaltered, both in church and state. He then rose amidst the acclamations of all present. We shortly after had a private audience of His Majesty, when he repeated his entire approbation of the conduct of the English, and said they were the finest fellows in the world.—*Bombay Gazette*, 1835.

IMMOLATION OF AN EAST-INDIAN GIRL.

THE ceremony took place at the town of Kimmedy on the 27th of March last. On the morning of that day, the widow, an interesting young girl of sixteen years of age, came out of the town, attended by musicians and crowds of people, to select the spot on which her existence was to terminate. She held in her hand a naked dagger with which she drew a circle on the spot she fixed upon, and turning round she struck the dagger three times in the ground, and returned to the town in the same manner she had come out. As soon as she retired, some men commenced digging the pit. At about half-past four o'clock in the evening, she came out to complete the dreadful sacrifice. The procession stopped at intervals; and men with their bodies painted in the most hideous manner, danced before her, during

which time she distributed beetle, &c. to those about her. When she arrived at the fatal spot, she took the hand of her father for a second or two, and after taking off her jewels and ornaments, she descended into the pit by a foot-path, which had been cut slanting into it for this purpose, and seated herself at the bottom of it; in this posture her head and neck were the only parts visible. The corpse of her husband was then placed in the hole, with his head upon her lap, and the pit was filled up with mud and earth so as to cover her shoulders. A man then came forward and placed a cocoa nut under her chin, on which her head rested, inclining a little forward. A large basket (like those carried on the bandies which convey grain) full of fine river sand was placed, so that on removing the props, the sand might fall at once upon her and suffocate her; but owing to the rottenness of the basket, the props were not so speedily removed as they ought to have been, and the sand therefore fell gradually upon her. At this moment there was a general shout and clapping of hands, set up by the assembled multitudes, in whose faces joy and mirth alone were visible. Thus terminated the existence of this poor creature, whom no intreaties could induce to forego the resolution she had formed. She appeared during the ceremony in all the merriment and mirth imaginable, and quite indifferent to the fate that awaited her.—*Bengalee Newspaper*, 1822.

DARING ENTERPRISE OF A FRENCH
BUCCANEER.

THE first predatory (or plundering) hunters of Cuba and Hispaniola (West Indian islands,) if men following the chase in a desert may be so harshly termed, were natives of France. From the customs connected with their vocation in the woods arose the formidable name of *buccaneer*, by which the association came to be distinguished, whether pirates or foragers, on shore or in the wilderness. The term was adopted from the Carib Indians, who called the flesh which they prepared *boucan*, and gave the hut, where it was slowly dried and smoked on wooden hurdles or barbecues, the same appellation. To the title by which the desperadoes of England were known, the French prefixed the name of *flibustier*, said to be a corruption of the English word *freebooter*. The Dutch named the natives of this country, employed in this lawless mode of life, *sea-rovers*. *Brethren of the coast* was another general denomination for this fraternity of pirates and outlaws, till all distinctions were finally lost in the title of *Buccaneers of America*.

In a few years after the capture of Jamaica (in 1655) the French freebooters had increased amazingly on the western shores of Hispaniola. The first remarkable exploits at sea

were chiefly performed by these Frenchmen. Ships were their primary want; but from small Indian canoes, in which they at first embarked, the naval power of the pirates soon rose to large fleets. Among their first brilliant exploits, which led the way to many others, was the capture of a richly laden galleon, under convoy of the vice-admiral of the yearly Spanish fleet. This was achieved by Pierre Legrand, a native of Dieppe, who, by one bold stroke, gained fame and fortune with a boat carrying four small pieces (cannon,) which proved of no use to him, and *twenty* resolute followers. Pierre surprised this ship. For days and weeks he and his comrades had lain in wait for a prey, burning under a tropical sun; they were almost exhausted by suffering and disappointment, when the *galleon* was descried separated from the fleet. The manner in which the capture was made, offers a fair specimen of buccaneering daring and strategy (or stratagem.) The boat in which the men lay concealed had been seen by the galleon all day, and one of the company had warned the captain of his suspicion of a nest of pirates lurking in the distant speck. The Spaniard haughtily and carelessly replied, "And what then; shall I be afraid of so pitiful a thing? No, though she were as good a ship as my own." He probably thought no more of the circumstance till, seated at cards with his friends in the same evening, he saw

the buccaneers rush into his cabin, having already overpowered the crew. Nor had the task proved difficult.

Pierre and his company had kept aloof till dusk, when they made for the galleon with all the force of their oars. The game was for death,—ignominious and cruel death,—slavery in the mines,—or victory and fortune; they must make good their attempt to board the galleon, or perish. To render their courage desperate, Pierre ordered the surgeon to bore holes in the side of the boat, that no other footing might be left to his men than the decks of the Spaniard. This was directly performed, while each man, armed with sword and pistols, silently climbed the sides of the ship. While one party rushed into the great cabin, and presented their pistols to the officers who sat at cards, another seized the gun-room, cutting down whoever stood in their way. As the Spaniards had been completely surprised, little opposition was offered. The ship surrendered and was carried into France by Pierre, who, by a rare instance of good sense and moderation, from the time of obtaining the prize, gave up the vocation of a buccaneer, in which, if fortunes were sometimes acquired, they were as often rapidly lost, or certainly squandered. Legrand appears to have exercised no unnecessary cruelty, and all of the Spanish seamen not required in navigating the vessel were sent on shore.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Life of Dampier.*

ATTACHMENT OF A LION AND BEAR IN
ORLEANS.

WE were yesterday informed that on Tuesday last a bear was taken to the menagerie now exhibiting in this city, and let down into the cage of an African lion, twenty-four years of age, with the belief that it would be immediately torn to pieces. Many people assembled under the awning which encompasses the exhibition, to witness the scene; but all were disappointed and struck with astonishment,—for although the bear, so soon as he had reached the bottom of the cage, placed himself in a fighting position, and once or twice flew at the lion, with the apparent intention to commence the battle, the lion did not attempt to injure it, but on the contrary, after some time had elapsed, placed his paw on the bear's head as if to express his pity for its helpless situation, and evinced every disposition to cultivate friendship.

Having heard and read much of the lion's nobleness of disposition, and understanding that the bear was still in the cage, prompted by curiosity, we visited the menagerie this morning, and actually saw them together. The manager of the lion tells us that since the bear has been put into the cage, no person has dared to approach it, and that the lion had not slept for three hours, but continues constantly awake to guard his weaker companion

from danger. The lion, says the manager, suffers the bear to eat of whatever is thrown into the cage, until he has enough, but will scarcely touch food himself.

During the time that we remained, the lion once or twice walked to the end of the cage opposite to that at which the bear was lying, and some person motioned his hand towards the bear, but so soon as the lion saw it, he sprang to the bear, and kept his head resting over it for some time. He is so fatigued with watching, that as soon as he lies down he falls asleep, but awakes again at the first noise that is made, and springs to the object of his care.—*New Orleans' Emporium.*

ESQUIMAUX DOGS IN LABRADOR.

LABRADOR is an extensive tract of country in the form of a peninsula, in North America. This cold, dreary, and sterile region is bounded on the *south* by Canada and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, on the *east* by the Atlantic Ocean, on the *north* by *Hudson's Straits*, and *west* by *Hudson's Bay*. The *Esquimaux* inhabit the coast, and even these outcasts of humanity have been taught to read the *scriptures* in their own barbarous tongue, by the benevolent and indefatigable *Moravians*, who have formed several settlements in that desolate territory, planting successfully the *Rose of Sharon* in these "icy plains."

In Labrador a sledge is drawn by a species of dogs somewhat similar to the wolf in shape, and, like that animal, they never bark, but howl disagreeably. They are kept by the Esquimaux in greater or smaller packs, according to the wealth of the individual. They quietly submit to be harnessed to the yoke, and are treated with no great mercy by the savages, who make them do hard duty, and at the same time allow them little food. This consists chiefly of offals, old skins, rotten whale fins, entrails, &c.; or should their master not be provided with these, or similar articles, he leaves them to go and seek dead fish or muscles on the beach; when pinched with hunger they will eat almost any thing, and on a journey it is necessary to secure the harness during the night, lest by devouring it they should render it impossible to proceed in the morning. In the evening, after being unharnessed, they are left to burrow in the snow wherever they please, and in the morning they are sure to return at the call of the driver, as they then receive some food. In the harness they are not allowed to go abreast, but are tied by separate thongs of unequal length to a horizontal bar on the fore part of the sledge. An old knowing one leads the way, running ten or twenty paces before the rest, directed by the driver's whip, which is very long, and can be properly managed only by an Esquimaux. The others follow like so many sheep. If one of them re-

ceives a lash, he generally bites his neighbour, and the bite then goes round. Their strength and speed, even with a hungry stomach, are truly astonishing.—*Periodical accounts of the Moravians in Greenland.*

MAKING OPIUM AT KARA-HISSAR, IN ASIA MINOR.

THE country (in the *Pashalick of Afioum*,) presents the appearance of a volcanic formation; but the nature of the soil where the poppy is cultivated varies. The temperature of the country is moderate, and in winter, snow is not unusual. They begin ploughing in December; the furrows sufficiently wide to allow persons to move about freely without injuring the stalks. The poppy-seed is sown in the same manner as corn; care is taken not to sow it thickly. A few days after the flower has fallen, a number of men and women proceed to the fields, and make a horizontal incision in the poppy-heads. Immediately a white liquid exudes, and spreads over the poppy-head. The field is left in this state till the next day, when the people proceed to scrape off the opium with large blunt knives. It has by this time acquired a brown colour, which becomes deeper as it dries. A poppy-head only produces opium once; the quantity is but a very few grains. The opium thus gathered is in the form of a glutinous, granulous jelly;

it is deposited in small earthen cups, and pounded and moulded together, the additional moisture required being supplied by the saliva of the people employed. A traveller asking, why, instead of this *moistening*, water was not used, was told such a practice would spoil the opium! It is afterwards wrapped up in dry leaves, and, in that state, delivered to the dealers. The seed of the poppies from which the opium has been extracted, is available for sowing in the following year.

The trade in opium was formerly free, but the Turkish government established a monopoly four years ago. A smuggling trade immediately commenced, by which about a third of the product is taken away.

KURD ROBBER, AND TRAVELLING IN ASIATIC TURKEY.

Feb. 18.—The Frenchman who travelled with me, would not condescend to travel as I did, in a poor dress. He, on the contrary, without having the means, tried to play the great man, and this brought us both into great inconvenience and difficulties.

We continued our journey to Kuselli, which is only nine hours distant from Merdin. Kuselli is inhabited by some hundred Kurds, twenty Yezidi, and one Christian family of the Syrian denomination.

We went to the *Agha* (chief) of the *Kurds*,

Sayid Khanbeck by name, a celebrated robber in this country. I shewed him the firman of the sultan; he smiled and said, "Firman al Sultan bosh bein al a Krot;" (The firman of the Sultan is good for nothing among the Kurds!) He observed at the same time, that we could not proceed on our way to Merdin, for Mustafa (Musti) Ibn Shamdia Agha, residing in the village Tazyan upon Mount Asf, was besieging Merdin, demanding the head of the vice governor of Merdin. Sayid Khanbeck therefore told us that we must remain in his house, until he sent his brother to Mustafa Agha, desiring permission for us to enter the city of Merdin unmolested. As we could not do otherwise, we submitted to what was required, and our little baggage and our lives were thus placed in the hands of a cruel and perfidious robber. We slept in the house of the robber, guarded at night by his men.

Feb. 19.—Sayid Khanbeck this morning wrote his letter to his friend the robber, Mustafa Agha, and told him contrary to the truth, that two merchants of Moussul (namely, myself and the Frenchman) had arrived in his village, and he begged him to permit us to enter Merdin for his sake. The letter was written in Arabic. Sayid Khanbeck read the letter to me before he sent it. I told him that he ought to write the truth, for that we were no merchants of Moussul: he replied, that I must leave this to his conscience and his dis-

cretion ; and at the same time he desired us to give him 350 piastres, that he might procure us our liberty. We could not refuse to comply, for if we had attempted to return to Orfa, Sayid Khanbeck would have sent men after us, to take from us all we had. We therefore gave him the 350 piastres, and his brother set off immediately on horseback to Mustafa Agha at Tazyan, to request permission for us to continue our journey to Merdin. What we suffered in the meanwhile, among these barbarians, I am not able to describe. They took the bed from under me, and slept upon it, they would absolutely have forced my watch from me.

During the time we waited anxiously for the answer from Mustafa Agha, I called on a Syrian Christian family, which is residing at Kusselli, poor, wretched, oppressed, and miserable. I there met Shamaun, (Simeon) a deacon of the Syrian church, residing at Abrahamia. He is a man of seventy years of age, with his beard white, and his eye dim. I said to him, your name is Simeon, and you must become as Simeon of old, that you in the close of your days, may be able to say like him, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Deacon Simeon wept, and with his white and curling hair floating on his forehead, he replied, "This is my only hope, that I shall enter into the joy of paradise." He then asked of me a pair of English spectacles, and

I gave to him those transcendent spectacles, by which his eyes, though dim, may see into a far distant county, and he may discern the joys of paradise. I gave him three copies of the Arabic Gospels, one for his son, one for himself, and one for the church at Abrahamia.

In conversing with the Deacon Simeon and another Syrian, I had almost forgotten my own sad situation, when Deacon Simeon observed that in case Mustafa should desire us to call in our way, we should firmly insist upon not going to him, for that Mustafa would then keep us prisoners, and send a messenger to Merdin, announcing that two Europeans were fallen into his hands, who had firmans and passports; and then the governor would be obliged out of regard for the firman, to pay a sum of money for our ransom, and we ourselves should be obliged to give all we had to the rebel.

Feb. 20.—The brother of Sayid Khanbeck had not returned with the answer of Mustafa; I therefore called again on the Christian family. The Christian was sitting at the door. I sat down near him, he sat at my right hand, and there sat a Yezidi (a literal worshipper of the devil) at my left hand.

I looked in the face of the Yezidi, and observed that his countenance and his dress differed from those of the Kurds; I asked the Christian, whether that man sitting at my left hand, was a Kurd? The Yezidi, who under

stood my question, said, "I am not a Kurd ; I am a Yezidi of the order of Danadia."

I. What is your belief!

Yezidi. We never pray.

And lifting up his hands towards heaven, and bowing down with his knees, he said, "We never do so."

Shudder, my friends, the Yezidi never lifts up his hands towards heaven, and much less his heart ; he never bows down.

I. Do you sometimes think of God ?

Yezidi. Never.

I had heard from Christians, that they worship the devil, and seeing that this Yezidi professed frankly his awful belief, I asked him, "Do you worship the devil?"

Yezidi. We worship nothing : but we never mention him whom you have mentioned, and we love him whom you have named.

I. Do you believe that the devil is good ?

Yezidi. No !

I. Why do you love him ?

Yezidi. Thus it is !

I. Do you believe in the existence of a God !

Yezidi. We believe.

I. Why do you not pray to him ?

Yezidi. Thus it is !

I. If I would give you some present, would you thank me for it ?

Yezidi. I would give you many thanks for a bakhshish, (present.)

I. God gives you life, breath, clothes, and

raiment, and his sun shines over you; why do you not thank him?

Yezidi. Thus it is!

I. Do any of you know how to read?

Yezidi. None of us!

I. Have you priests?

Yezidi. No!

Khalil Agha, a robber and murderer, residing at Ockhazyarad, five hours distant from Merdin, is the head of the Yezidi of the order of Danadia. They live in tents and are very numerous. I left the company of that horrid professor of the devil, and tried to pray for him, but it was not possible. Thus it is! The Yezidi never prays, he never lifts up his hands towards heaven, he never bows down! Thus it is!

In the evening, the brother of Sayid Khanbeck returned. Sayid Khanbeck was just performing his prayer. At the gate of his house he spread his garment on the ground, and bowed down in the name of the most merciful, the compassionate God.

Sayid Khanbeck, not a Yezidi, lifted up his eyes toward heaven; he bowed down with those who bow down!

After the prayer was over, he saluted his brother with the usual salam, (Peace!)

Khanbeck (who had just finished his prayer.) How is our brother Mustafa?

Brother of Khanbeck. Praise be to God, he is very well; he has cut off the heads of two soldiers of the Governor of Merdin.

Khanbeck. Praise be to God!

We then desired to know the answer of Mustafa respecting us. The brother of Khanbeck delivered a letter. After Khanbeck had read the letter, he told us that he had received permission to accompany us to Merdin; we, however, suspected the truth, and I desired Khanbeck to shew me the letter of Mustafa, which he did. The contents of the letter were as follows:

“Peace to my brother Sayid Khanbeck. After having wished to thee an abundance of peace, we announce to thee that we have received thy letter respecting the two merchants of Moussul, and for thy sake they may proceed on their way to Merdin, on the condition only, that they must first come to us, where we shall receive them with great generosity; we desire only from them to bring us some writing paper and some pipes, as a present. (Signed,) MUSTAFA.”

We then immediately perceived the treachery, and insisted on returning towards Orfa, to bring our complaints before Ayub (Job) Agha, whom I mentioned above. As soon as Sayid Khanbeck saw that I was resolved to return, he lifted up his finger, and said, “God, God is my witness; I will bring you safely to Merdin, without seeing Mustafa, for you have eaten bread and salt in my house. I will set off with you from hence with thirty footmen, and bring you safely to the gates of Merdin, for Mustafa is two hours

distant from Merdin." We asked him how much we were to give him. He demanded 300 piastres; we agreed with him for 200; the robber seemed to be contented.

Feb. 21.—In the evening, at five o'clock, we left Kuselli, for Merdin, accompanied by Sayid Khanbeck, and twenty-five Kurds, all armed. On the road they stole from us what they could, and one of them placed his gun on my neck, threatening to kill me immediately if I did not suffer him to mount my mule. The Frenchman, myself, and our servants, were all obliged to sit upon our mules with a Khurd behind us. They struck the Frenchman with their sword, and Sayid Khanbeck smiled. When we were opposite the village where Mustafa resides, Sayid Khanbeck threatened to deliver us immediately into the hands of Mustafa, if we did not give him 150 piastres more. We had given him the 350 piastres. The Frenchman's money was already gone. I gave him 100 piastres, and the Frenchman gave him a knife worth 50 piastres; and he returned me 50 piastres on our arrival at Merdin. After Sayid Khanbeck had received the 150 piastres, he left us, and went straight-way with his men to Mustafa, who followed our steps, but we went in a constant gallop, and arrived safely at the gates of Merdin. Mustafa did not dare to approach the gate, which was guarded by soldiers. It was one o'clock in the morning when we arrived near the gate; the soldiers who guarded

the city cried, "Mustafa is approaching!" My servant, who is a native of Merdin, ran to the gate, and convinced them that we were harmless travellers; and thus, blessed be the name of the Lord, we arrived at the gate of Merdin. But as the gates were shut, we slept in the open air, for we were so much overpowered from fatigue, that we forgot all danger, and we slept quietly till day arrived. No Arab will break his word, but the Kurds do it.—*Journal of Rev. J. Wolff the Christian Jew, (London Jews' Society, 1824.)*

PRETENDED MIRACLE OF THE GREEK HOLY
FIRE AT JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem, April 17th.—I went with Messrs Fisk and Bird to the church of the holy sepulchre, to see the pretended miracle of the holy fire. This "lying wonder" is of long standing; Michaud, "*Histoire des Croisades,*" says, that in "the eleventh century superstitious multitudes flocked to Jerusalem to witness it." What a great deep are the divine judgments, that the Almighty should have permitted so impious and juggling a farce for eight hundred years!

To escape from the noise and crowd in the body of the church, I went into the Latin quarters, and thence into a gallery which runs round the body of the church. Here I met with Signor B——, who, like all the Italians I

have met with, is not a believer in divine revelation.

Signor B. observed, after noticing the noise and confusion in the body of the church, that one would not think it was a religious ceremony. I replied that it was just what might be expected from the occasion that drew them together. "How different from such a scene as that before our eyes," is presented where God is worshipped in spirit and in truth! How beautiful and suitable would be the sight, if, instead of a company of bacchanals, shouting and yelling, beating their hands against each other, and striking the pavement with their feet, this place were filled with intelligent and pious Christians, who offered up prayer with a common accord, by the mouth of one, in a language they understood; who sung the praises of God with melody, with understanding and with heartfelt gratitude; or who listened with unfatigued and breathless attention to a sound and sensible sermon on the resurrection of the Saviour!" "Ah!" said Signor B. "that would be good, indeed, and very different from all this!" "Yes, sir," I replied, "and that alone is Christianity. We have only to read God's word to be convinced of it. All that I have enumerated is recommended there both by precept and example; but what precept or what example can you find to justify the gross impositions by which the pockets of the people are picked here, and their minds

blinded?" On my speaking of the obligation under which every man is laid to communicate the truth, as far as he knows it, he replied, that it was utterly in vain to attempt to enlighten the natives of these countries; that the difference between them and Europeans was owing to their political institutions, and that these latter must be changed before you can change their moral character; that the people were too intent upon getting money, to improve their understandings. I observed, that there was no cure for avarice, but in the religion of the gospel. "But they cannot receive the gospel; the oppression of their governors makes them avaricious; there must be an entire transformation of society before you can have any success." I said, "The Christian religion acknowledges this, 'Except a man be born again,' &c., and 'if any man be in Christ he is a new creature;' but here is, I think, your mistake, Signor: You are thinking of an immense mass to be moved at once; and certainly, to the power of God, by which alone any one can be made a Christian, —to the power of God it would not be difficult to change even this mass, if it were consistent with his other attributes to do so. But it is not on the mass that Christianity acts in the first place, but on individuals, whose hearts are opened to attend to the things spoken."

I descended soon after, and went toward the

Greek chapel, at one of the entries of which I found Mr. Bird: Mr. Fisk soon after joined us.

The confusion was now at its height. Numbers of Arabs formed themselves in companies, and elevated one or two men on their shoulders, carrying them, and shouting out a kind of chorus, of which the burden was principally, "God established the Greek convent!" With this cry they occasionally mixed the Greek, "Kyrie elieson," and "*Isa el Saultaun*:" (Jesus is King.) In all this confusion the Turks ran backwards and forwards, striking them with their whips. Then the Greeks, and afterwards the Armenians, made a procession round the chapel of the sepulchre, to render the Holy Spirit propitious, and hasten his descent (as they said;) soon after which, a man came from the sepulchre with a kindled torch. The Turks cleared his way, by hard blows, to the Greek chapel, and he stood in one of the entrances, holding the torch to those around, who pressed one on the other to kindle the candles they had provided. I saw many apply the fire to their cheeks, and look at each other expressively, as if saying, It does not burn; though I observed that they moved it constantly about, and when in a momentary fit of absence any one let it stay a little longer than usual, they could not help testifying, by the ill-concealed contortions of their countenances, that they had reason to regret their inattention.

Soon after, Bishop Petros, the chief actor in this impious farce, returned to the Greek chapel, as in triumph, having a lighted torch in each hand. He was borne on the shoulders of several men, and preceded and accompanied by the Turkish police, who cleared the way with whips and oaths. He was placed on a kind of niche in the Greek chapel, and the multitude crowded to adore him there. I imagined, however, when he passed us afterwards, on quitting the chapel, that he could hardly look us in the face. But the people,—are they not also accomplices in the deception? *They must be so!* Not one of all that crowd would be imposed on by such a trickery in a commercial affair of ten barahs, (about twopence;) but in religion, where everlasting happiness is at stake, and the alternative is everlasting misery, there no lie is too gross, because men are willing to be deceived; because they will believe any thing sooner than the truth of God, and do any thing rather than his will.

A young Swiss, a Protestant of Zurich, who has been employed by the Pasha of Egypt as a builder of furnaces, is come to lodge in the convent. He was refused lodging at the Latin convent, (to which Europeans are always conducted at first,) under pretence of his being a Protestant. But if he had been a Milord Anglois, no questions about his religion would have been asked. This is the *hospitality* of the Latin convent, about which

travellers have said so much, from Chateaubriand to Rae Wilson: it is certainly *hospitality to those who can and will pay well for it.*—*Journal of Mr. Cook in Palestine, (Wesleyan Mission, 1824.)*

FATE OF MAJOR LAING IN AFRICA.

MAJOR LAING, having conducted with skill and success an expedition to the sources of the *Niger* river, was afterwards employed in an attempt to penetrate to *Tombuctoo* itself, the grand central emporium, so long celebrated, and so long hidden from the view of Europeans. He attained his object, reached *Tombuctoo* by a route across the Desert, and spent two months in that city. Of his observations there, the only memorial is contained in a short letter to one of his relations. He there states *Tombuctoo* as having every way answered his expectations, except as to its size, which did not exceed four miles in circumference. He represents himself as busily employed, during his stay, “in searching the records of the town, which are abundant.” This mention of *records* suggests a source of information never heard of before in central Africa, and redoubles our regret, that the result of these researches should be destined never to reach Europe. The bigotry and rapacity of the Moors, who border the Desert, have been disastrous to every travel-

ler whose evil star has placed him within their influence. Laing was first surprised in the *Desert* by a party of *Tuaricks*, who plundered and left him for dead, having inflicted twenty-four sabre wounds, from which he almost miraculously recovered. At Tombuctoo, he found a reception altogether kind and friendly, so long as the sheik, Seid Ali Boubokar, had the power to protect him; but the fortune of war had thrown this opulent city under the supremacy of the Foulahs of Masina, to whom the sheik was compelled to act as viceroy. He received from his liege lord a mandate, that a Christian, who it was believed intended coming to Tombuctoo, should in that event be expelled from the country, in such a manner as to prevent any chance of his ever returning. The good old chief was therefore obliged to send off Major Laing, under the charge of Barbooshi, an Arab chief, who undertook to conduct him in safety as far as Arawan; but that traitor, on finding Major Laing completely in his power, murdered him, and took possession of all his property.—*Edinburgh Review*, 1829.

THE HARMATTAN OR SAND-WIND OF AFRICA.

WE had the good fortune to arrive at this island (Fernando Po, west-coast of Africa) during the season of fine weather. But have not yet enjoyed much of the sea-breeze, which,

about noon, sometimes sets in from the north-west quarter. The *Harmattan* is said to be experienced here, although it extends not to the other islands of the gulf (of Guinea.) This wind which passes over the sands of Africa, would be almost insupportable were it not for the sea-breezes. While the harmattan lasts, the dryness in the atmosphere produces an unpleasant feeling, although it is said to be not injurious to health. The atmosphere is filled with a fine light sand, which prevents objects from being distinctly seen. The sun loses his brilliancy, and every thing appears parched and suffering from the want of moisture. The effect of the harmattan immediately after the rainy season, is said to be most beneficial in drying up the vapours with which the atmosphere is loaded, and it has been observed, that on the return of this wind, at the end of the rainy season, the recovery of invalids commences. The harmattan has also the effect of drying up the skin of the natives in a very extraordinary manner. After an exposure to it, the skin peels off in white scales from their whole body, which assumes an appearance as if it were covered over with white dust.—*Landers' Journal of an Expedition to explore the course and termination of the River Niger (or Quorra, and also called Joliba.)*

ATTACK ON THE GOMARI, OR HIPPOPOTAMUS
OF ABYSSINIA.

THAT huge animal the *hippopotamus* is well known in Abyssinia. Mr. Salt (British consul at Cairo, who travelled to Abyssinia) had no sooner reached the banks of the Tacazze river, a tributary to the Nile, than his attention was excited by the cry of his attendants, of "gomari! gomari!" the Abyssinian title for the hippopotamus. At that time, however, he only obtained a momentary glance, during which he could merely observe that its action resembled the rolling of a grampus in the sea. Between the different fords of the river which, at the place alluded to, might be about fifty yards across, there are pools of almost immeasurable depth, resembling the mountain tanks of the north of England; and it is in these pools that the amphibious giant loves to dwell. Being desirous to attack it, Mr. Salt and his party stationed themselves on a high overhanging rock, which commanded one of the favourite pools, and they had not remained long before a hippopotamus rose to the surface, at a distance of not more than twenty yards. He came up at first very confidently, raising his enormous head out of the water, and snorting violently. At the same instant their guns were discharged, the contents of which appeared to strike directly on its forehead; on which it turned round its head with an angry

scowl, making a sudden plunge, sunk to the bottom with a peculiar noise, between a grunt and a roar. They for some minutes entertained a sanguine hope that he was killed, and momentarily expected to see his body ascend to the surface. But it soon appeared that a hippopotamus is not so easily slain; for he rose again, ere long, close to the same spot, and apparently not much concerned at what had happened, though somewhat more cautious than before. They again discharged their pieces, but with as little effect as formerly; and although some of the party continued firing at every one that made his appearance, they were by no means certain that they produced the slightest impression upon any of them. This they attributed to their having used *leaden* balls, which are too soft to enter his almost impenetrable skull.

It appears from what they witnessed that the hippopotamus cannot remain more than five or six minutes at a time under water. One of the most interesting parts of the amusement was to witness the perfect ease with which these animals quietly dropped down to the bottom; for the water being exceedingly clear, they could distinctly see them so low as twenty feet beneath the surface.—*Dr. Russel's "Nubia and Abyssinia."*

DECAYED CONDITION OF DONGOLA, IN NUBIA.

THIS city is situated on the Nile, and is the capital of Nubia. The state of the country as we ascend upwards from Egypt is a progressive increase of wretchedness, oppression, ignorance, and of course immorality and barbarism. Even *Abyssinia* (beyond Nubia) is hardly an exception, notwithstanding its remains of Christianity: ceaseless wars ravage the whole of that hapless country.

Dongolah with its 500 Mamelukes, and nearly as many *thousand* negro-slaves, was but the wreck of its former condition; but now it seems fallen still lower. A late traveller into *Ethiopia* (G. A. Hoskins, Esq.) thus notices Dongolah, once renowned in history:—part of the town is in ruins. *The desert has entered into its streets!* many of the houses are entirely covered with *sand*, and scarcely an inhabitant is to be seen. One might have thought that some dreadful convulsion of nature, or some pestilential disease, had swept away the population. Part of the city is indeed remaining, but until I entered the houses, not a being did I meet with. I observed some houses in the town, of a superior appearance, having divisions of rooms, galleries and courts, and evidently belonging to individuals once rich; but they are now almost all deserted. In some of them, that we entered, I saw some good looking women; the men

were idling away the day smoking and sleeping. Such is the scene of desolation and inactivity, which now presents itself to the traveller at *Dongolah*.

VIEW AT THE SECOND CATARACT OF THE NILE.

FROM the summit of this lofty station in upper Egypt the spectator enjoys an extensive view of the cataract; and, as far as the eye can reach, he sees the river broken into a number of separate streams by rocks and islets springing up in its bed. Some of them are covered with shrubs and verdure; others lift up their bare rocky heads, and contrast beautifully with the sheets of water, that reflect the sun-beams between them. It appears as if the river were here issuing from a marshy source; and the traveller is almost convinced that the origin of this mighty stream is not to be sought for any farther. *There is no fall of water within the whole range of vision; and the term Cataract must be interpreted here to import merely an obstruction to the navigation and equable current of the river.* On the large island, at the entrance of the cataract, there are the remains of a ruined village, built upon a considerable eminence, probably the ruins of a former village. How could ruin or devastation, or man's cupidity to destroy, find out such a spot as this? Let him wander where he will

the sword never fails to persecute the race.—
Dr. Richardson's Travels (1816-18.)

MEHEMET ALI, PASHA OF EGYPT.

THE Pasha of Egypt was born in 1769 (a memorable year,) at Cavalia, in *Roumelia*. His first appointment was to an inferior command, at the period when the French expedition was compelled to yield to the arms of England, and abandon the country. Free from foreign intervention, Egypt was for several years a prey to the rival pretensions of the Porte and the Mamelukes. Several Pashas, Kousrouf, Taher, and Ali Gezairly, envoys of the Sultan, had already fallen victims to the Mamelukes or their soldiers, when the Scheicks and the Ubnias, wearied with these bloody disputes, agreed to offer the power to Mehemet Ali, who alone appeared able to infuse order into public affairs. Mehemet Ali had, in fact, availed himself of every advantage of his position; his courage, his skill in military affairs, his general knowledge, and the influence which he possessed with the troops, had established him the intermediate between the army and the men in power, and he converted his advantage to the best use. By means of his intrigues with the Mamelukes he caused himself to be proclaimed Pasha, a self nomination, which was eventually confirmed by the Sultan. This occurred in

July 1805. From this period till the year 1811 he was engaged in constant struggles with the Mamelukes, which terminated in the memorable massacre, and Mehemet Ali became master of the whole of Egypt. He then turned his attention to the Wahabies, whom he finally subdued, and reduced the whole of the Nedjd country under his sway. It was in this war that the military talents of his son Ibrahim were first developed. An unsuccessful expedition against Darfur and the south of Egypt fully occupied him till the period when European interests attracted his attention. He then endeavoured to establish his complete independence, and for this purpose negotiated covertly with France and England; but failing in this object he threw his force into the opposing scale, and sent an army to the Peloponnesus, where the name of his son Ibrahim became widely and fearfully known. The battle of Navarin inflicted a severe blow on his maritime strength, and terminated a war in which from the first he had engaged with the greatest reluctance. His subsequent differences with the Porte, and the victory at Koniah, are of recent and well-known celebrity. In the midst of these military exploits, which have occupied him for thirty years, Mehemet Ali has found some time to improve the moral condition of Egypt, to extend a knowledge of the arts and sciences, and, by the assistance of European talent, to lay the foundation of projects for redeeming his country from the long

enduring reproach of barbarism under which she has laboured. But it is feared that his plans are not of that character which will insure either permanent or general prosperity. The power which he has raised, and the improvements which he has effected, are not based upon principles of durability; and when he dies, the empire which he has created will fall with him. None can deny that he has accomplished great things; but can it be said that his acts have been those of the founder of the dynasty of an empire? The scope of his intellect was probably unequal to so great a task. The neglect to which he has consigned the Arabs, who form the chief population of Egypt, has been a leading error in his government. His prejudices as a Turk have, perhaps, led him to this step; but it is not to be doubted that the time will arrive when the energy, the talent, the bravery and skill of the oppressed Arabs will redeem their position, and establish them the lords of that soil where at present they are slaves.—*Record*, 1835.

KHAN AND MOSQUE, NEAR ACRE.

I ARRIVED this evening at Abonatibu, near Acre; we dined in a *khan** (eastern inn.) The Turk who keeps it, asked for my advice and medicine, hearing I was an English physician. We lodge to-night in the house of Sheik Hay Mahommed. He is a venerable

old man, and has charge of the mosque, in which there is the tomb of Sheik Abon-Atiby, from whom the place takes its name. He received us in an open Divan adjoining the mosque; a sick Turk was sitting in the corner; I went up to him, felt his pulse, and told him I would give him medicine for his fever, upon which he poured out blessings upon me. In a short time the old Shiek brought me coffee, olives, bread, and eggs boiled hard; and soon afterwards my Turkish servant went to prepare my bed. The sick Turk did not approve the placing of my bed, and desired my servant to place it another way, saying that Sheik Mahomed would not like to see my feet towards the tomb of Abon-Atiby. The Turk muttered a few prayers, and my servant lay down as one worn out with fatigue, and without further thought. For my own part, placed as I was in the house of a Mussulman, and adjoining a mosque, my soul sought to bless the Lord for all his goodness, and to commit to him, and to his keeping, every thing dear to me upon earth, for time and for eternity.

I arose early. The Sheik came in, gave me his pipe, and would not let me go until I had taken coffee; we discoursed together about the tomb, which he said had been there for a long time. I asked if it was forbidden for Christians to see the mosque, if they behaved decently; he said, it was not; and perceiving I wished it, invited me to see the tomb. We entered the mosque, which is a small circular room,

with mats around. On the floor were two Mussulman flags, and there were some machines for sifting corn hanging against the wall. In the middle of the room stood the tomb: over the place where the body lay, there is a wooden case, like an ark, which they told me, inclosed the tomb-stone. It was covered with green cloth, and three or four strings of black beads lay across the top.—*Dr Dalton, (Palestine 1826.)*

DEATH OF GENERAL SIR JOHN MOORE, AND
EMBARKATION OF THE BRITISH AT
CORUNNA.

THE celebrated *retreat* of the British troops in Spain, under *Sir John Moore*, conducted with so consummate skill and ability, in the face of a powerful pursuing enemy, and amidst singular difficulties, dangers, and privations, terminated by the *Battle of Corunna*, and the lamented fall of the great commander. This engagement, so creditable, under Providence, to British valour and discipline, but clouded by the loss of their excellent and patriotic general, was fought on the 16th January 1809. The French were commanded by the brave *Marshal Soult*, (Duke of Dalmatia) and their force could not be under 20,000 coming into action, whilst the British mustered only 14,500 infantry, the ground being unfit for cavalry to act. The enemy lost by

some accounts *three thousand men*. The arms of the British were new from the military stores at Corunna, and told with fatal effect on the ranks of their opponents; and there might be something besides of that *stern* feeling which brave men at bay entertain towards a harassing foe, embittered by the loss of a beloved leader, [feelings—but a part of the many evils arising from that dreadful scourge of mankind—*war*.]

Moore like *Wolfe* (two of the best soldiers and purest patriots Britain can boast) fell in the moment of victory. So did *Nelson*, another noble and gallant defender of his much-loved country; and a bright gleam of satisfaction so far illuminated the last ebbing moments of each of those dying *heroes*. How dearly is victory purchased at so countless a cost! When shall the "nations learn war no more," and man breathe peace and good-will to his fellow-men? War is the offspring of sin, and parent of sorrow and suffering. We give the affecting tale of General Moore's death, as told by an able and competent narrator, and in doing so, we should feel as if profanely disturbing the ashes of the mighty dead, were not our object to interest our young readers in this great and amiable man. As an instance of the impediments which crossed Moore's path, to the very last, it may be mentioned that the *transports* which were to carry the army back to their native shores did not appear in the bay of Corunna, for days after

the army arrived there, being detained by contrary winds.

Sir John Moore, whilst earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon shot; the shock threw him from his horse with violence; he rose again in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed upon the regiments engaged in his front; no sigh betrayed a sensation of pain; but in a few moments, when he was satisfied that the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened, and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt; the shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm was hanging by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart broken, and bared of flesh; and the muscles of the breast torn into long strips, which were interlaced by their recoil from the dragging of the shot. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket, his sword got entangled, and the hilt entered the wound. Captain Hardinge, a staff officer who was near, attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying, "It is as well as it is, I had rather it should go out of the field with me." And in that manner so becoming to a soldier, Moore was borne from the fight.

During this time the army was rapidly gaining ground, the reserve overthrowing every thing in the valley, and obliging La Houssaye's dragoons (who had dismounted) to retire,

turned the enemy's left, and even approached the eminence, upon which the great French battery was posted. On the left, Colonel Nicholls, at the head of some companies of the 14th regiment, carried Palavio Abaso (which General Foy defended, but feebly); and in the centre, the obstinate dispute for Elvina terminated in favour of the *British*; so that when the night set in, their line was considerably advanced beyond the original position of the morning, and the *French* were falling back in confusion. The disorder they were in, afforded so favourable an opportunity to get on board the ships, that *Sir John Hope*, [late Earl of Hopetoun] upon whom the command of the army had devolved, satisfied with having repulsed the attack, judged it more prudent to pursue the original plan of embarking during the night, and this operation was effected without delay; the arrangements being so complete, that neither confusion nor difficulty occurred. The piquets kindling a number of fires, covered the retreat of the columns, and were themselves withdrawn at day-break, and embarked under the protection of General Hill's brigade, which was posted near the ramparts of the town. When the morning dawned, the French observing that the British had abandoned their position, pushed forward some battalions to the heights of St. Lucie, and about mid-day succeeded in establishing a battery, which, playing upon the shipping in the harbour, caused a great deal of disorder

among the transports. Several masters cut their cables, and four vessels went ashore ; but the troops [in them] being immediately removed by the men-of-war's boats, the stranded vessels were burned, and the whole fleet at last got out of harbour. General Hill's brigade then embarked from the citadel ; but General Beresford, with a rear-guard, still kept possession of that work until the 18th, when the wounded being all put on board, his troops likewise embarked. The inhabitants faithfully maintained the town against the French, and the fleet sailed for England.

Thus ended the *retreat of Corunna*, a transaction which posterity will regard as a genuine example of ability and patriotism. From the spot where he fell, the *General* who had conducted it, was carried to the town by a party of soldiers. The blood flowed fast, and the torture of his wound increased ; but such was the unshaken firmness of his mind, that those about him, judging from the resolution of his countenance that his hurt was not mortal, expressed a hope of his recovery. Hearing this, he looked stedfastly at the injury for a moment, and then said, "*No, I feel that to be impossible.*" Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn him round, that he might behold the field of battle, and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction, and permitted the bearers to proceed. Being brought to his lodgings, the surgeons examined his wound,—but there

was no hope ; the pain increased, and he spoke with great difficulty. At intervals he asked if the French were beaten ; and addressing his old friend Colonel Anderson, he said, " you know that I always wished to die this way." Again he asked if the enemy were defeated, and being told they were, observed, " It is a great satisfaction to me to know we have beaten the French." His countenance continued firm, and his thoughts clear ; once only, *when he spoke of his mother*, he became agitated. He enquired after the safety of his friends, and the officers of his staff, and he did not even in this moment forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion. His strength was failing fast, and life was almost extinct, when, with an unsubdued spirit, as if anticipating the baseness of his posthumous calumniators, he exclaimed, " I hope the people of England will be satisfied ! *I hope my country will do me justice.*" The battle was scarcely ended, when his corpse, wrapped in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of his staff *in the citadel of Corunna*. The guns of the enemy paid his funeral honours ; and *Soult*, with a noble feeling of respect for his valour, *raised a monument to his memory*. Thus ended the career of Sir John Moore, a man whose uncommon capacity was sustained by the purest virtue, and governed by a disinterested patriotism, more in keeping with the primitive, than the luxurious age of a great nation. His tall graceful person, his dark

searching eyes, strongly defined forehead, and singularly expressive mouth, indicated a noble disposition, and a refined understanding. Every important transaction in which he was engaged increased his reputation for talent, and confirmed his character as a stern enemy to vice, a steadfast friend to merit, *a just and faithful servant of his country.*—*Colonel Napier's History of the Peninsular War.*

GENEROUS TREATMENT OF AN ENGLISH OFFICER BY THE FRENCH.

AMIDST the calamities of war—and the mortal shock of hostile armies, it is pleasing to the feeling mind to turn from the fatal and dreadful effects of the collision of the worst passions of our nature, to those instances of kindly consideration amongst national foes, which do honour to humanity—though after all, *like angels' visits*, these are but “few and far between.” Such an instance, pleasing as a ray of light gleaming amidst surrounding darkness, is narrated by the same talented writer from whom we have extracted the affecting fall of the gallant *Moore*. To make the instance before us still more interesting, it happens to be the case of that writer's own brother,—Major Napier, commanding the 50th regiment at Corunna, where so many humble *heroes* also fell, but unknown and unrecorded—strangers alike to fortune and to fame.

The ground, (says Colonel Napier) about that village (*Elvina* near Corunna) was intersected by stone walls and hollow roads; a severe scrambling fight ensued, but in half an hour the French were borne back with great loss. The *fiftieth* regiment entered the village with them, and after a second struggle drove them for some distance beyond it. Meanwhile the *General* [the noble and lamented Moore] bringing up a battalion of the brigade of *guards* to fill the space in the line left vacant by those two regiments, [50th and 42d, sent to check the enemy breaking through *Elvina*] the *forty-second* mistook his intention and retired; and at that moment the enemy being reinforced, renewed the fight beyond the village; the officer commanding the 50th was wounded and taken prisoner, and *Elvina* became the scene of a second struggle. This being observed by the commander-in-chief, who directed in person the operations of Baird's division, he addressed a few inspiring words to the 42d [*"Brave Highlanders, remember Egypt!"*] and caused it to return to the attack. *General Paget* [now Earl of Anglesea, the dauntless commander-in-chief of the *cavalry* during the campaign] with the reserve, now descended into the valley, and the line of skirmishers being thus supported, vigorously checked the advance of the enemy's troops in that quarter, while the fourth regiment galled their flank. At the same time the centre and left of the army also became engaged: *Sir David*

Baird [the gallant conqueror of *Seringapatam*, since dead] was severely wounded, having his left arm shattered by a grape-shot, and a furious action ensued along the line, in the valley and on the hills. [It was soon after, that the heroic leader fell.]

The officer commanding the *fiftieth*, alluded to, as "wounded and taken prisoner at *Elvina*," was *Major Napier*, eldest brother to the author (*Colonel Napier*.) He was returned amongst the killed. When the French renewed the attack at *Elvina*, he was with a few more somewhat in advance of the village; for the troops were broken into small parties by the vineyards and narrow lanes. Being first, he endeavoured to return, but the enemy coming down, he was stabbed and thrown to the ground with five wounds; and death appeared inevitable, when a *French drummer* rescued him from his assailants, and placed him behind a wall. A soldier with whom he had been struggling, irritated to ferocity, returned to kill him, but was prevented by the drummer. The morning after the battle, the *Duke of Dalmatia* (*Soult*) being apprised of *Major Napier's* situation, had him conveyed to good quarters, and with a kindness and consideration very uncommon, wrote to *Napoleon*, desiring that his prisoner might not be sent to France, which (from the system of refusing exchanges) would have been destruction to his professional prospects. The Marshal also obtained for the drummer the decoration of the *legion of hon-*

our, [when was it so well bestowed? *often* the reward for *destroying*—how *seldom*, for *saving life!*] The events of the war obliged Soult to depart in a few days from Corunna, but he recommended Major N. to the attention of Marshal *Ney*, and that marshal also treated the prisoner with the kindness of a friend, rather than the rigour of an enemy, for he quartered him with the French consul there, supplied him with money, gave him a general invitation to his house on all public occasions, and refrained from sending him to France. Nor did *Ney's* kindness stop there; for when the flag of truce arrived, and he became acquainted with the situation of Major Napier's family, he suddenly waived all forms, and instead of answering the inquiry by a cold intimation of his captive's existence, sent him, and with him the few English prisoners taken in the battle, at once to England, merely demanding that none should serve till regularly exchanged. I should not have dwelt thus long (says the grateful brother) upon the private adventures of an officer, but that gratitude demands a public acknowledgment of such *generosity*, and the demand is rendered imperative by the after misfortunes of Marshal *Ney*. The fate of that brave and noble-minded man is well known. He who had fought five hundred battles for France, not one against her; was shot as a *traitor!*—*Napier*.

CYRUS REPROVING HIS GRANDFATHER,
ASTYAGES.

THIS extraordinary Prince was son of Cambyzes king of Persia. His mother's name was Mandana daughter of Astyages king of Media. This is the Cyrus mentioned in Scripture. It was he who took *Babylon* by the stratagem of turning the great river *Euphrates*, which passed through that city, out of its usual channel, into a new one cut by his army—and then entering through the empty bed of the river. After the death of his maternal uncle Cyaxares king of Media, Cyrus became king of that country, and from that time we hear so much of the *Medes and Persians* as one people. This noble prince must not be confounded with another of the same name—Cyrus the younger son of *Darius*, who fought against his own brother.

Astyages is supposed to be the *Ahásuerus* of the Bible. Cyrus was brought to his court in Media by Mandana his mother when twelve years old, and it was during his residence there that an interesting and instructive anecdote is told of him by that delightful historian *Rollin*. The youthful prince one day undertook the duties of eup-bearer at the royal table. This officer has always to taste the wine before presenting the cup to the monarch. Cyrus handed the massive goblet in a very becoming and graceful manner to his grandfather, omitting

the usual ceremony of pouring some of the liquor into his left hand and tasting the sparkling liquid. The king noticed the omission, and imputing it to forgetfulness, asked his youthful attendant whether it was not so. "No," replied the wise and interesting boy, "I was afraid to taste, what I feared might be mingled with poison; for not long ago I noticed that at an entertainment given by your majesty, your nobles, after drinking the wine, became clamorous and quarrelsome, and even you, Sir, seemed to forget that you were a king." The Persians, were remarkable for their temperance in eating and drinking.—See *Rollin's Ancient History*.

A CONVICT'S HUT IN NEW HOLLAND.

THE huts of the convicts are seldom notorious for cleanliness or comfort, and the inmates are not unfrequently more numerous than those of an Irish cabin. The last that I inspected, contained a multitude of noisy parrots, intended for sale; pet kangaroos and a possums, and a variety of kangaroo dogs, greyhounds, and sheep dogs; on the fire was a huge boiler filled with the flesh of a kangaroo, and close by were suspended the hind quarters of another of these animals; in one corner was a large pan of milk, in another a number of skins partially dried; while a few feet from the ground were the filthy bed-places or cribs of

the people themselves.—*Lieutenant Breton's Excursions.*

A SAILOR'S TRIP TO SIERRA LEONE.

THE following day we left the mouth of the *Gambia* (river, west coast of Africa,) and made the best of our way to *Sierra Leone*, (mountain of lions.) Arrived off the entrance to that river, we sailed into the port and anchored off Freetown. We found the *Tigress* gun-brig, the lieutenant commanding her being *governor* (of that settlement) for the time. It is a beautiful anchorage, and the new *colony* appeared well laid out; the mountains in the back ground add to the beauty of the prospect. The heat is intolerable before the sea-breeze sets in about noon. Unfortunately we arrived at the commencement of the *rainy season*. Every precaution was adopted to preserve the health of the ship's company; the hanging-stoves were suspended in the between-decks every morning after the latter were cleaned, to keep the interior of the vessel free from damp. The men were never exposed to the sun or rain.—*koroo men* (*kroo men*) being always employed in the boats. The rains came down in torrents from the mountains, and the intense heat of the sun, which occasionally broke out at intervals between the heavy showers, was dreadfully oppressive. Our visits to the shore were few, but when

we did land, there was no lack of attention and hospitality on the part of the upper mercantile gentlemen ; horses were always at our command, and I enjoyed many a gallop, when the weather would permit of our taking that exercise. In one of these excursions my attention was drawn to the line of march of a body of those destructive insects the *white ants*. They extended farther than I could trace them ; their route was directed across the road we were riding, parallel with which flowed a small rill of water. The great body kept in a close line, and were apparently under the command of ants, at least a dozen times larger than the general mass, which marched on each side. It was a curious and most interesting sight to witness the manner in which they effected a passage over the rill of water ; hundreds of thousands of them voluntarily sacrificed themselves for the public weal, by forming with their bodies a bridge which enabled millions, nay, billions of these insects to pass over. Having dismounted and placed my foot directly across their path, I endeavoured to turn them ; I paid dearly for my utter ignorance of their powers of revenge ; my legs were instantly covered with them, but my boots prevented me from feeling the effects of their anger. But when the upper part of the leather was scaled, then indeed I became sensible of my folly. These little atoms dug their forceps into my flesh, creating intolerable pain ; and so firmly had

they buried themselves there that they allowed their heads to be separated from their bodies, rather than let go their hold. My legs were really in a deplorable pickle; many hours had elapsed before my sufferings had abated, and a considerable degree of fever was the consequence of my meddling with their affairs.

. The destructive powers of the white ant are beyond credibility: in a house I visited at Freetown, a parrot in a wooden cage was destroyed by them in the course of a few hours during the night. Houses are frequently destroyed by these insects hollowing out the beams and wood-work, leaving them a mere shell, when the superincumbent brick and masonry, losing their support, tumble in; and all this is performed in so short a space of time that there is no arresting the work of destruction. Charring the ends of the beams is the only sure remedy for preventing the evil.

I found the descendants of the *Maroons*, who were transported from Jamaica, decidedly the best informed of the black part of the inhabitants of this pestilential place. A few of the original disturbers of that colony were still alive; among them was one who had made himself a conspicuous character,—he styled himself General Montague. The old man appeared to be particularly proud of his rank; he wore an old tarnished gold laced hat, and a something that, in days of yore, might have been a uniform. I endeavoured

to glean from him some account of his former exploits; but his memory was so treacherous, and his ideas so vague and undefined, that I could elicit nothing of interest or importance; only the wonders he performed excited equally the astonishment of whites and blacks!

Fruit is in abundance at Sierra Leone; pine apples are as plentiful as black berries in England, and are delicately flavoured; they may be gathered by the road side. The tops are thrown carelessly away, take root during the rainy season and flourish. While lying here, I never saw an *alligator*, nor did we catch a single shark.

A few days previously to our arrival, a slave brig had been brought in by an English merchant vessel under peculiar and painful circumstances. This vessel had taken *four hundred slaves* on board at the Bonny river. Three weeks after her departure, the unhappy creatures had risen upon their oppressors, and murdered the master and the greater part of the crew; two or three of the latter escaped into the cabin, whence they got into the boat astern, and, cutting away the tackles, were left to make their way upon the waters; they were never heard of, and doubtless perished.

The ignorant men who had now gained the vessel knew not what to do; not one of them understood the use of the rudder, or the management of the sails. For *three months* they had been drifted about the ocean at the mercy

of the winds and waves; starvation, thirst, and madness had reduced these unfortunate beings to about fifty sufferers, when the English merchantman fell in with them. The scene which the decks presented is too wretched a picture of human misery to be described; the survivors were in so deplorable a state of exhaustion that it was pitiable to behold them. The master of the merchant vessel did all that humanity could suggest upon the occasion; he quitted his destined course to bring her in; and it was felt to be a hard case, by the legal captor himself that the vessel *he* had brought in should be a good prize to the first man-of-war he fell in with, (the brig) then lying in the river, whose boat boarded both vessels as they entered the port;—such are the laws.

I observed that *lusus naturæ* (freak of nature,) a *white negress* here. She was the wife of a European tailor. With all the characteristics of the African, her hair and skin were white, but of so singular a hue, that to look upon her created a feeling nearly allied to disgust; to add to the singularity, her children were *mulattoes*.

Sierra Leone abounds in parrots. A sailor belonging to the *Tigress* (brig) had a very fine young bird, which promised so fairly, that I tempted him to let me have it for *three guineas*, a sum many times exceeding the value of parrots in that colony. *Polly* turned out one of the best and most amusing of her

species. She very early gave a promise of her future fame. Her incessant chatter sometimes annoyed me; to escape her noisy exclamations, and consequent interruption of my studies, I always popped her into her cage, wrapping a cloak around it; the saucy bird one day set to work, gnawed away one of the wooden bars of the cage, and making her way through the cloak, perched herself unperceived on the sill of the small window looking into the gun-room.

A black man belonging to the admiralty court, came on board with the *silver oar* to take one of the crew on shore as a witness in a cause then pending; he was ushered down into the gun-room to explain the object of his visit to me. I was at a loss to comprehend his broken English, and exclaimed, "What is that? what do you say, eh?" Blacky repeated his errand. The poor fellow was as much astonished as I was, when, at the conclusion of the message, Polly, with the same voice, emphasis, and pauses I had used, called out, *what's that, eh? what do you say?* From this time Polly was courted, and her talents duly prized—she was a source of amusement to all my mess-mates; few days passed, on our passage homewards, that the captain's compliments were not delivered to the first lieutenant, requesting the honour of Miss Polly's company in the cabin.

She would repeat distinctly any thing that was said to her, she called all the gun-room

officers by their names, would imitate the voice of the goats, poultry, &c., and so inimitably did she perform the different intonations of the boatswain's pipe, that a serious accident might have occurred by Polly's piping, "Let go," when a cask of spirits was ascending the hatchway, nor would it have been the first mishap of a similar nature. On such occasions it was found necessary to remove her out of the way.

She would ask so prettily at dinner to be remembered, that she was generally the first served; and when the cloth was removed, she glided from one to the other sipping their wine, of which she was so immoderately fond, that I have frequently seen her unable to stand, and lying on her back roll from side to side, joining in the bursts of laughter she had herself created. It mattered not at what hour of the night I descended to my cabin, I was always welcomed by Poll with a whistle, and "Oh, Jem Scott, is that you?" If any one attempted to rap her over the bill, she would hold herself back and scream out, "Ah, ah! will you—will you?" The bird absolutely seemed endowed with sense. I was fool enough to give dear Polly away, greatly to the annoyance of my mess-mates and the whole of the ship's company; it was an act of injustice to all hands.—*See Recollections of a Naval Life, by Captain James Scott, R.N.*

TREATMENT OF A REBEL PASHA.

MUSTAPHA PASHA of *Scodra*, having been taken in an unsuccessful endeavour to throw off the Turkish yoke, was sent to Constantinople. After some days he was ordered to attend the Sultan, at his palace of Beshiktash. He was accompanied by a large escort of cavalry, and attended by other pashas; but as the Turks, when they intend a man's destruction, treat him with more than usual show of kindness, it was considered that all this display was a certain announcement of the man's immediate execution. The hall was open to the public; and when he entered, a crowd entered with him and ranged along the walls. He came forward, holding his little son, a fine boy about six years old, by the hand. He appeared a large and comely man, and seemed to excite a good deal of sympathy, particularly as he was accompanied by the executioner with his drawn scimitar. The Sultan was known to be above, looking on from a balcony; his secretary, Mustapha, sat below, on a desk; and in the midst stood the delinquent Pasha, with his arms folded across his breast, and it was every moment expected that a horizontal movement of the hand of the Sultan would cause his head to roll on the floor. The sign was not given, and he was invited to sit on the divan, which is generally the position in which a man is strangled. He was presented with

coffee, but his hand so shook that he spilled it over his robe and dropped the cup. A choush now advanced, and all eyes were fixed on him; but instead of producing a bowstring, he drew from his bosom a gold watch and chain, and presented it to the boy as a present from the Sultan. The child placed it in his girdle, and looked exceedingly delighted when he showed it to his father. He was now informed by the Mustapha that the Sultan wished to attach him as a friend rather than punish him as an enemy, and that as he had no residence at Constantinople, a suitable one was provided for him. He then retired to a splendid caique waiting for him on the Bosphorus, and left the hall with his head on, very much to his own and the astonishment of the spectators, and to the disappointment of the executioner, who complained that he was defrauded of his due.—*Residence at Constantinople during the Greek insurrection, by Dr. Walsh, chaplain to the British Embassy.*

ANECDOTES OF THE ARRAWACKS, OR INDIANS
OF GUIANA.

THE *Arrawack*, and *Warrow* native Indian tribes of Guiana, South America, have almost disappeared, as the colonies of Demerara, Essequibo and Berbice became cultivated. The few of these aborigines of the *West Indian* continent who still remain, have retired into

the woods; and besides the wildness of their habits, are given to intoxication. A recent traveller gives the following traits of this interesting people, now almost extinct.

The Indians of *Guiana* (South America) frequently bury their dead under the floors of their *logies* (huts), and burn a fire over the grave for some time afterwards. Sometimes they desert the spot where their friends have died, and seek a new settlement. *The annual feast of the dead*, is said to prevail among some of the tribes far in the interior: all who have died since the former feast, are disinterred, and brought from considerable distances to be interred in one spot. It must be an awfully impressive ceremony. The recent corpse, loathsome with corruption; in others the flesh wasted away, and the skin alone covering the bones like parchment: and then of some the skeleton alone remaining. See these poor people piously collecting the loved remains of their departed friends, renewing their lamentations and their grief, and with rude pomp and ceremony again committing them with honour to their native earth. Though the feelings of the inhabitants of the Old World may be shocked at this savage solemnity in the *New*, let them not deny that the Indians of America are capable of affection towards one another, and continue their regard for their relatives even beyond the grave.

One evening they (travellers going up the *Mazarooni* river, Guiana in 1830) heard a man

howling in the woods : they landed and found an *Arrawack* Indian swinging in a hammock between two dead bodies, also in hammocks, on each side of him ; he swung his hammock from side to side, and thus caused the dead also to swing, and all the while he uttered the most distressing cries. On enquiring what was the matter, he said that the corpses were those of his two brothers, who had just died from injuries they had received from an unfriendly tribe which had passed up the creek in the night ; but no wounds were apparent on the bodies, and they were taken down and laid on the ground.

The surviving brother then cut thorny twigs and beat the bodies all over, uttering at the same time, " heia, heia," as if he felt the pain of the flagellation ; he then took the grease of a hog just killed, and anointed the mouths, and faces of the dead, grunting all the while ; when, seeing that it was impossible to re-animate the lifeless clay, he opened the eyes and beat the thorns into the eye-balls, and all over the face. It was a dreadful sight, but it evinced how deeply the poor Indian felt the loss of his brothers, and the rude means he took to restore animation. At last he was persuaded to bury them : a mat was thrown over them, the grave filled up, and strewed with leaves.

The Indians of Guiana are subject to few diseases, though small-pox contracted on the coast sometimes cuts off whole tribes. Thus, I was told by a friend that once, on an expe-

dition to some of the streams that fall into the *Oronoco* from the south, he landed with his Arrawack followers to pass the night at an Indian settlement of at least a hundred *logies*; in the sheds were the hammocks, cooking pots, and arms, all in the usual order, but there were no other signs of the inhabitants. Thinking they were gone on an expedition into the bush, the travellers took possession of one of the *logies*, ate and slept in it. In the morning, a wood-skin, or the bark of a purple heart-tree, suspended from the rafters, was seen to contain a corpse, and on examining the other *logies*, they were each found to contain two or three dead bodies. The Arrawacks were alarmed, and precipitately fled from this village of the dead; and it was afterwards ascertained that the small-pox having appeared among this (now) extinct tribe of Indians, the Spaniards had isolated them, and they had been cut off nearly to a man. The Indians when attacked by this frightful disease, cannot be made to believe that the cold bath is very dangerous; they plunge into the stream when the burning fever is on them, and the *virus* which would otherwise expend itself on the surface is driven inwardly with fatal effect; the *peïman* (sorcerer) all the while rattling his calabash, blowing the fumes of tobacco over the patient, and screaming horribly.—*Transatlantic Sketches by Captain Alexander, 42d regiment.*

RAPIDS OF THE MAZARONY RIVER, DEMERARA.

THE manner in which the Indians ascend the rapids on the Mazarony river, near *Demerara*, is as follows:—The rapids do not fall in one sheet over a level ledge, but force themselves through a number of fissures—large intermediate blocks of granite dividing the different shoots of the fall. At the base of these blocks is an eddy, into which the boat is forced, and becomes stationary, having no current either way. The crew then spring on the rocks and weeds as far as they can find footing; by means of a long stout rope they then pull the canoe into one of the shoots of the fall, where there is water enough to float her, and by strength haul her up the ascent. They then take her out of the current, and lay her stern against the upper part of the rock, from the lower part of which they have thus ascended, and with her head right up the stream, at a given signal they all spring in, and pulling with their whole might endeavour to cross diagonally the different currents until they get into another eddy. This is the time of greatest danger; if not active in seizing their paddles, the head of the canoe is taken by the current, and she drifts broadside down the fall and upsets. If not strong-handed also, she cannot stem the currents alive, and goes down the fall stern foremost; for the currents at most of the rapids run at the rate of ten or

twelve miles an hour; and thus frequently many hours are consumed in gaining a few hundred yards.—*Mr. Hillhouse. (Geographical Society.*

THE COTTON PLANT.

THE *Gossypium herbaceum*, or common herbaceous cotton plant, is the species most generally cultivated. This species divides itself into annual and perennial plants. The first is herbaceous, rising scarcely to the height of eighteen or twenty inches. It bears a large yellow flower with a purple centre, which produces a pod about the size of a walnut. This, when ripe, bursts, and exhibits to view the fleecy cotton, in which the seeds are securely imbedded. It is sown and reaped like corn; and the cotton harvest in hot countries is twice,—in colder climates, once, in the year. This species is a native of Persia, and is the same which is grown so largely in the United States of America, in Sicily, and in Malta. There is another species of herbaceous cotton which forms a shrub of from four to six feet high.

The *Gossypium arboreum*, or *tree cotton*, is of much larger growth. If left without being pruned, to luxuriate to its full height, it has sometimes attained to fifteen or twenty feet. The leaves grow upon long hairy foot-stalks, and are divided into five deep spear-shaped

lobes. The shrub is a native of India, Arabia, and Egypt.

Of all the species, the annual herbaceous plant yields the most valuable produce. The "sea-island cotton," imported into England from Georgia, bears a price double to that imported from any other country.

The quantity of cotton which each plant yields is as various as its quality. Accordingly there are scarcely two concurrent opinions to be collected on this subject. The average produce, per English acre, is reckoned by different writers at various quantities, varying from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and seventy pounds of picked cotton.

The cotton plant will grow in most situations and soils, and is cultivated with very little trouble or expense. According to Humboldt, the larger species, which attain to the magnitude of trees, require a mean annual temperature of 68° Fahrenheit; the shrubby kind may be cultivated with success under a mean temperature of 60° to 64°. The plant is propagated by seed.

When the season has been favourable, the cotton is in general fit for pulling about seven or eight months after it has been sown. This period is, however, well indicated by the spontaneous bursting of the capsule or seed-pod. The plantations at this time present a very pleasing appearance. The glossy dark green leaves finely contrast with the white globular forms profusely scattered over the tree. In

the East the produce is gathered by taking off the whole of the pod. In other parts, and this is the more general practice, the seeds and cotton are taken away, leaving the empty husks. The first is of course much the most expeditious method, but it has a very serious disadvantage. The outer part breaks in minute pieces, and thus mixes with the cotton, which cannot be freed from it without much time and difficulty. Whichever method is pursued, this work is always performed in the morning before sunrise, as soon as possible after the cotton displays itself, because long exposure to the sun injures its colour. The cotton shrub does not in general last more than five or six years in full or productive bearing; the plantation is therefore generally after that period renewed.

The separation of the cotton from the seeds is a very long and troublesome operation, when performed by the hand; for the fibres of the cotton adhere tenaciously to the seed, and some time is consumed in cleansing even a small weight of so light a material. In the greater part of India, the use of machinery for this purpose is unknown, and all the cotton is picked by the hand. A man can in this manner separate from the seeds scarcely more than one pound of cotton in a day. The use of the machine called a gin, very much facilitates the process. This machine in general consists of two or three fluted rollers, set in motion by the foot in the manner of a turning-lathe, and

by its means one person may separate and cleanse sixty-five pounds per day, and thus, by the use of a simple piece of machinery, increase his effective power sixty-five times.

Entirely to cleanse the cotton from any remaining fragments of seed, it is subjected to another process. This consists in whisking it about in a light wheel, through which a current of air is made to pass. As it is tossed out of this winnowing machine, it is gathered up and conveyed to the packing-house, where, by means of screws, it is forced into bags, each when filled weighing about three hundred pounds. These are then sewed up and sent to the place of shipment, where they are again pressed and reduced to half their original size.—*Penny Magazine*.

CITY OF TIVOLI, AND FALLS OF TEVERONE.

THE blue unclouded sky and soft luxurious climate of Italy are celebrated all over the world. Amongst its cities, *Tivoli*, for its scenery and site, holds a distinguished name, and is a place of great attraction to foreign travellers. Its situation, on an eminence covered with olive and fruit-trees, is charming. The river *Teverone* (the ancient classical *Anio*) glides gently through the town onward to the brink of a rock over which it dashes its waters with a fall of one hundred feet in height, and descending in one unbroken mass of foaming

grandeur, and then after boiling in its narrow channel, rushes again through a chasm of the rock into the cavern below, forming a water-scene of the most picturesque splendour. On the bank of this fine scene stands a beautiful temple of the Augustan age, and near it the ruins of another. Tivoli is 20 miles N. and E. from Rome. It has a population of 14,000, with a cathedral and subordinate churches, —a fair land, the prey of superstition.

JEWISH SYNAGOGUE, AND FEAST OF ROSES.

ON entering a (Jewish) reading-room, I observed a venerable bearded Turk (as I supposed) sitting by himself. I made towards him, and addressed him in French. He answered in Spanish, which I endeavoured to return in the best manner I could. We understood each other, and I soon discovered, that, though habited as a Turk, he was a Jew, and the rabbi of this synagogue. He is a native of Constantinople, was educated at Tunis, but has travelled to Jerusalem and Bethlehem, as well as in Holland, France, and England. He estimates the Jews at Constantinople at 50,000 families, and at Jerusalem at 7000 souls. I enquired if he had ever seen the New Testament in Hebrew. He said he had, at the house of a Prussian consul. He asked if I was a Protestant, and when told, became more free. He wished my address, which I

wrote down on a paper he handed to me, and he promised to call. He showed me a printed form of Prayers and Thanksgiving, which he was going to translate into Hebrew. The languages spoken by Jews in Jerusalem, he says, are Hebrew, Arabic, and Spanish. On the 18th, I visited the *synagogue*, which is situated in a street occupied by Israelites, most of whom dwell together in that quarter, but there are richer individuals who reside elsewhere. The rabbi, on entering, took me by the hand. The reader officiated, while he sat at the side of the altar. The annual salary to each is 2500 francs. About sixty persons attended. The synagogue may contain 3 to 400, and has a good sized gallery for females. The altar-piece and reading desk are neatly fitted up. I sat near the Israelites who accompanied me, and observed irreverence in many, who were talking during service. Hebrew prayer-books were in use. The singing of psalms much resembled, as to sound, the singing of a Christian congregation. My conductor did not appear to know any thing of his Scriptures, or indeed to possess intelligence on other subjects, though very civil, and kindly put me on my way on my return homewards at dusk.

I have succeeded in obtaining a Hebrew Testament for the rabbi. I found out that the Abbe before mentioned was in possession of a copy, which he has spared me until one can be sent to him from Montpellier, with other Testaments. I had the satisfaction to put it

yesterday into the hands of the rabbi, who received it with joy and thankfulness, and pressed me repeatedly to partake of the refreshments he ordered on my entrance. Though preparing for a festival, (that of Pentecost, called here the *feast of roses*) he gave me an opportunity of pointing to certain passages in the prophets, which he readily found and read. I recommended his study of the Epistle to the Hebrews. The Syriac New Testament, he tells me, is 400 years old, and he has had it twenty, and procured it at Constantinople. I accompanied him to the synagogue; this is my third visit to it. About one hundred persons met together. The place was brilliantly illuminated by five silver lamps, and more than a dozen chandeliers, and over the reading-desk hung festoons of red and white roses and laurel, and during the service, a man went round with a large silver dish full of rose leaves, which he strewed upon all present. The rabbi's apartment was preparing in like manner, while I sat with him. All the tables were covered with white cloths, and roses were disposed in different parts of the room. The centre table had, besides the cloth, a piece of richly embroidered rose-work; and over it was suspended a lamp with seven wicks surmounted with natural roses. Observing all this, I got him to read out of his Hebrew New Testament what once took place at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, as recorded in the second chapter of Acts. After the service, I

was joined by the young man to whom I had given the English books. He accompanied me part of the way home, and I had another half-hour's converse with him, which I closed by saying, I feared much we should never meet in heaven. He said he hoped we should. On enquiring concerning the restrictions of Jews, the Gibraltar Israelite informed me, that, if the laws were enforced, they would be *no better here than dogs*. An *English Jew* may, however, possess landed property here, but a native Jew cannot.—*Viator* (Nice 1821.)

YUNQUEL, THE INDIAN OF THE ANDES.

FERNANDO BERNACIO, an Indian cacique, labouring under a strong infection of fever, was admitted as a patient into the hospital of *Buenos Ayres*, (South America.) In his train was a younger Indian, named Francisco Yunquel, who, being attached to the chief, was allowed to wait upon and reside with him during the progress of his cure. Yunquel was an unadulterated son of the Andes, and, in the indulgence of a natural curiosity, strolled without restraint through every part of the establishment. In a fatal hour he reached the door of the dissecting room, and just at the moment, too, that a lecturer was illustrating by the knife upon the subject, the lesson which he was giving to his class. Human dissection, though permitted by necessity, and encour-

ed by science, is a sight appalling to nature, and upon the unsophisticated savage of the wilds it produced the most disastrous effects. Poor Yunquel thought that the operator and his assistants were engaged in a deed of murder; he immediately raised the war-whoop of his tribe—called out the *gualichu* with a maniacal voice, and drawing his knife rushed upon all who were engaged in the dissection. The first victim was a graduate of some distinction in the profession, whom he despatched at once; the next was an unfortunate patient who happened to be present, and the third was a soldier, who stood sentinel at the door of the devoted chamber. The *frenetico* then rushed into the wards of the hospital, and would have dealt death more extensively, if his master, apprized of the tragical events, had not thrown himself in his way, and by the threat, conveyed in their own language, of instantly shooting him dead, brought him to a sense of his situation. This affair has created a great sensation at Buenos Ayres.—*Buenos Ayres Papers.*

BENARES, THE SACRED CITY OF BRAHMINS.

BENARES, (or *Cassi* the holy) in upper India, that ancient seat of Brahminical learning or Hindoo superstition, so long denominated 'the Holy City'—460 miles north-west of Calcutta, by the shortest road, is a city which ex-

tends about four miles along the north bank of the Ganges, including a population of nearly six hundred thousand; of whom above eight thousand are Brahmins; but at the idolatrous festivals the number is beyond calculation. Besides Europeans there are Persians, Turks, and Tartars in this city. The Mahometans farm nearly a tenth of the population.

The number of *Mutt'hus* (or convents of ascetics) in this city is such as may well stimulate the Christian to exertion. The aggregate of young and old studying the Hindoo and Mahomedan law has been stated at 5000. Mr. Ward enumerates 1400 of these students under more than eighty teachers, of whom the great proportion were studying the *Vedas* under 48 teachers. The Hindoos deny that the *Vedas* are of human composition, yet the names of many of the writers are extant in some one of the four divisions. The writers disagree among themselves. Every line of the prayers is replete with allusions to mythology—to the Indian notions of the divine nature—personifying the elements, planets, and all the productions of this lower world. The *sun*, they say, *is born of fire*—the *moon* born of the *sun*—rain is produced by the moon—lightning comes of rain. But these absurdities are as nothing compared with other parts. By the *Veda* these youths are taught to pray frequently for riches and wealth, jewels and precious stones—for the destruction of their enemies and the extermination of all who hate them.

“Let the reader,” said Mr. Ward after giving extracts, “seriously weigh these quotations, and then let him recollect that these are parts of the Vedas, *the source of all the Shasters*, and, if he must believe some persons, the most ancient and venerable books in the world!” The *arithmetic* taught here is after the Hindoo manner; and as for the *astronomy*, it is that of Ptolemy—the sun going round the earth! In the narrow streets of this large city are everywhere to be met the sacred *bulls* devoted to the idol Sivu, tame and familiar as dogs, walking lazily up and down, or even lying across the path. *Monkeys sacred to Hunumoun* are equally numerous—while in many quarters the continued sound or hum of voices repeating the name of their idol “Ram,” is sufficient to make a stranger giddy. In short, no day can pass away—no hour, without seeing a city “wholly given to idolatry.” As for the *geography* or *astronomy* of the Hindoos,—“The earth,” say they, “is circular and flat, like the flower of the water lily in which the petals project beyond each other. Some affirm that it floats in the air by its own power without any support: others, that it is eternal, and that it is in vain to seek for the birth of creation. Lunka,” they say, “S. W. of Ceylon, is the centre of the earth, to the south of which is the sea separating the territories of the gods and giants; and in a continued southern direction there is, first, the salt sea, and then, an island interposing—there is, in regular succes-

sion, the sea of *milk*, the sea of *curds*, &c. The Hindoo astronomical works embrace their system of mathematics, in which branch of science some of their sages were conspicuously eminent; and the Hindoo algebra, 600 years ago, is affirmed to contain some of the most curious modern European discoveries: but though these remain as splendid proofs of the power of intellect, the most extravagant fancies pervade their whole field of astronomical science—the planets are supposed to move in their respective orbits at the *same* rate, &c. In *medicine*, of course, there are the same absurdities, mixed up with incantations and charms written on the bark of a tree, which they wear in cases of copper, silver, or gold. They never bleed a patient. The Hindoo doctor has no use for phials or bottles of any kind, almost every medicine being in the state of powder or paste: liquids, when used, are made in the patient's house. The consequence of all this is, that many a Hindoo is in the case of the woman who "had suffered much of many physicians, and spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." In short, there are a thousand reasons for instruction in every useful branch of knowledge and science, which have no existence whatever in Europe.

I am sorry to inform you of the state of the people of *Benares* (says Mr. Smith, missionary there.) Those who are called religious among the heathen are the worst—the *Gosaees* and

Byraggees, (*mendicants*, and at the same time *teachers* of the worshippers of *Krishnu*.) One evening I saw the corpse of a female brought before a *darogah* (or police judge.) On my inquiring, I was informed, that a *Gosavee* took the woman into his house, and afterwards strangled her to death! that he took all her jewels, amounting to about fifty rupees; and also, that the skeleton of a boy was found in his house, buried in ashes and dust! in consequence of which, seven persons were seized and put in irons. Here I stood and spoke to a very large crowd, respecting the depravity of the human heart, and entreated them to flee to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. Being informed of a very superstitious circumstance, viz. that a Hindoo temple jumped from its foundation into the river, at Meer-ghat, I went to the spot, and saw a crowd of people wondering and talking on the subject. I told them, that the temple being close by the river, and the current being strong, the foundation gave way and the temple fell; there is nothing unnatural in it. They made no objection to what I said; and finding an opportunity, I preached to them, to which they appeared very attentive, and after giving them some Hindee tracts I left them.—*Periodical Accounts of the Serampore Mission*, 1828.

BRAHMIN PRACTICE OF SITTING "DHERNA."

THE late Lord Teignmouth (when governor-general of India as Sir John Shore) in a paper communicated to the *Asiatic Researches*, mentions the following Hindoo custom called *dherna*, and formerly practised frequently by the artful *brahmins* at their own "holy city" of *Benares*. The object of this practice is to carry any point which these enslavers of the ignorant populace, and "truly blind leaders of the blind," fail to accomplish by ordinary methods. The brahmin who adopts this way of gaining a favourite or desirable object, proceeds to the door or house of the person against whom the measure is directed, or to whatever other place, where he may most effectually intercept him; he there sits down in "dherna" with poison on a poniard, or some other instrument of suicide in his hand; and threatening to use it if his adversary should attempt to molest or pass him, he thus completely arrests him. In this situation the brahmin (*Hindoo* priest) fasts, and by the rigour of the *etiquette* (custom) which is rarely infringed, the unfortunate object of the arrest ought to fast also; and thus they both remain until he who has instituted the *dherna* obtains satisfaction. In this, as he seldom makes the attempt without the resolution to persevere, he rarely fails; for if the party thus arrested were to suffer the brahmin sitting in *dherna* to perish

by hunger, the sin would for ever be on his head. Such are the "chains of darkness" in which our fellow-subjects in the East were enthralled, before the *light* of gospel truth began to shine upon them.

RAPIDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

HAVING passed Kingston, we were fairly in the *St. Lawrence*, and the scenery became very striking. Towards evening we passed through that portion of the river called the "Lake of the Thousand Isles." Nothing could be more beautiful, when seen in the light of a brilliant sunset. The islands are of all sizes, some only a few yards in extent, others upwards of a mile. One could fancy many of them, what they are not, the retreat of innocence and peace. Their number has never been correctly ascertained, but is generally estimated to be near *two thousand*.

The *rapids* of the *St. Lawrence* rank in the first order of sublimities. They are caused by a great contraction and sudden descent in the bed of the river, and are generally accompanied by numerous islands and rocks in the middle of the stream. The river, thus pent up and obstructed, is thrown into violent perturbation, and rushes onward with tremendous fury, roaring, dashing, and foaming in a manner truly formidable to weak nerves. When one looks at the turbulence of the

waters, and the terrific eddies and whirlpools into which they are thrown by the conflict of opposing currents, it at first seems impossible that a boat can escape being dashed to pieces, and in truth it is only by the most skilful pilotage that such a consummation is avoided. The life or death of a party is often decided by a single touch of the helm, and it is occasionally necessary to pass even within a yard or two of a spot where keel never crossed without instant destruction.

A few hours after leaving Prescott, we entered the first rapid; it is called the Long Sault, and extends for about nine miles. We sailed the whole distance in little more than twenty minutes, and at some places our motion seemed as rapid as that of a bird. One portion of the rapid, called the "Big Pitch," is particularly formidable; the river is there divided by an island into two arms of nearly equal dimensions, and the descent must be very great, for the stream dashes through the rocks with fearful violence, and sends up pyramids of spray. The chief point of danger, however, is where the branches, having passed the island, are again united. Men may talk of the charge of hostile armies, and no doubt a poet may spin very pretty and even sublime verses out of such matter; but the charge of hostile torrents is altogether a more magnificent affair; and who shall describe the "dreadful revelry" of their conflict? At the Big Pitch the two arms of the

St. Lawrence rush against each other with a thundering roar, and are shivered into spray by the violence of the concussion. The whole surface of the river boils like a caldron, and the water on each side is driven back from the centre to the margin in a multitude of eddies and whirlpools. It is only by slow degrees that the commotion ceases, and the ordinary aspect of the river is restored. In passing the scene of this alarming struggle, the boat for about a minute reeled and staggered very disagreeably, and two or three waves burst over us. Before, however, we had time to clear the water from our eyes, the Big Pitch was past, and we were borne forward on water comparatively smooth.—*Men and Manners in America*, 1833.

DRESS OF AN AMERICAN INDIAN CHIEF.

A VERY splendid Indian chief's dress, from a distant part of Upper Canada, was presented to me by a gentleman in Montreal. It consists of a coat, such as is worn at the council fires; a hunting jacket, leggins, and moccasins, or shoes, with a powder horn, shot pouch, and knife-sheath: to these I added a sash of coloured worsted and beads, made by the Caughnawaga Indians, near Montreal. The whole dress is of prepared deer's skin; the coat is trimmed at the collar, breast, and wrists, with fine otter's fur; the skirts are fancifully paint-

ed; the seams of each article are covered by a broad stripe of inlaid work, composed of young porcupine quills, dyed of the most brilliant colours, and worked into very tasteful patterns; ornaments of the same kind of work, somewhat resembling epaulettes, adorn the shoulders of the coat; the sleeves of which, and the leggins, are fringed with cut skin. The horn is that of a buffalo beautifully polished; the belt by which it is suspended, with the shot bag and knife-sheath, are covered with the coloured quill work, each of a different pattern. The moccassins are similarly ornamented, with the addition of tufts of red deer's hair, with metal tags. The whole dress must have cost a very great deal of labour, and shows an amazing degree of skill in dressing the skins and dyeing the porcupine quills, together with a neatness of design and execution which would do credit to any European workman. The sash, though composed of British materials, is very curiously woven into an arrow-head pattern, with the beads intermixed.—*Duncan's Tuscorora Indians.*

THE BANIAN OR BURR-TREE OF BENGAL.

THE *banian*, or burr-tree, Mr. Forbes (in his *Oriental Memoirs*) describes as deserving attention, from being one of the most curious and beautiful of nature's productions in that genial climate, where she sports with the

greatest profusion and variety. Each tree is in itself a grove, and some of them of an amazing size, as they are continually increasing; and, contrary to the fate of most other animal and vegetable productions, seem to be exempted from decay; for every branch from the main body throws out its own roots, at first in small tender fibres, several yards from the ground, which continually grow thicker, until by a gradual descent they reach its surface, when, striking in, they increase to large trunks, and become a parent tree throwing out new branches from the top. These, in time, suspend their roots, and receiving nourishment from the earth swell into trunks, and shoot forth other branches; thus continuing in a state of progression, so long as the first parent of them all supplies her sustenance. A banian-tree, with many trunks, forms the most beautiful walks, vistas, and cool recesses that can be imagined; the leaves are large, soft, and of a lively green; the fruit is a small fig, when ripe of a bright scarlet, affording sustenance to monkeys, squirrels, peacocks, and birds of various kinds which dwell among the branches. The Hindoos are particularly fond of this tree; they consider its long duration, its outstretching arms, and overshadowing beneficence, as emblems of the deity, and almost pay it divine honours. The brahmins who thus find a fane in every grove, spend much of their time under the shade of

the banian-tree. They plant it near the *dewals*, or hindu temples, called *pagodas* improperly; and in those villages where there is no structure for public worship [so to speak of their impure and absurd rites,] they place an image under one of these trees, and there perform a sacrifice morning and evening! One of these, near Ermshabad, is of an extraordinary size. High floods have at various times swept away a considerable part of it; but what still remains is nearly *two thousand feet* in circumference; the overhanging branches not yet struck down into the earth, cover a much larger space, and under it grow a number of custard apples and other fruit trees. The large trunks of this single tree amount to three hundred and fifty, and the smaller ones exceed three thousand. Each of these is constantly sending forth branches, and hanging roots, to form other trunks, and become the parents of a future progeny. This magnificent pavilion affords a shelter to all travellers.

The late lamented Bishop Heber of India, saw on the banks of the Mhyrsee river a noble banian stem, which had literally spread into a considerable grove. He also mentions the celebrated burr, or banian, called *Kuveer burr*, from the planter's name, a supposed saint, which is a very ancient tree, and covers entirely, with its progeny, an island in the Nerbudda. The natives boast that 10,000

horse might be sheltered under the shade of this magnificent tree, before the inundations of the river washed away so much of the soil.

KILLING THE CAPE TIGER, AND SPRING AT A SLAVE.

THE beautifully spotted form of the *Cape tiger* is sometimes to be met with in the dusk, gliding through the thicket, and approaching close to the habitations of man. Crouched near the sheep *kraal*,* the short quick howl which he gives on scenting his prey may be heard in the stillness of the night; and in the morning the farmer finds that he has sprung the high enclosure and carried havoc among his flock.

The tiger seems to have a pleasure in destroying, distinct from the necessity which urges other wild beasts; for the sheep are frequently found untouched, save that the animal has sucked their blood. One of these beasts, whose nightly depredations had roused the farmers, was killed during my stay in the valley. This is the general course of proceeding on these occasions: The animal is tracked to its *lair* (den or seat) in the thick underwood, and when found, attacked by large dogs; if

* A palisaded enclosure, the *corral* of South America. *Kraal* signifies also a native village of Hottentots or Caffres.

possible it flees; but when unable to escape, makes a desperate defence, raising itself above the assailants by leaping on a bush, and thence striking them down with its paws as they rush in, and from its great strength and activity, frequently destroying them. But the tiger seems to know its master foe, and should a man approach within its tremendous spring, it at once leaves the dogs and darts upon him, and the struggle is then for life.

I was told of a slave, who, on going out early one morning to look after cattle, heard his dogs baying at a distance in the jungle, and on coming up to ascertain the cause was met by the tiger's spring. The savage animal clung to him, and seizing him by the nape of his neck, tore the skin off, until the scalp hung over his eyes; but even in this state of torture, the slave drew his wood-knife from his belt and stabbed him to the heart.

In general the man stands at a distance, waiting his opportunity, until he can fire without injuring the dogs, and in this manner the animal I speak of was killed, as the single round hole in his rich skin proved.—*Lieutenant Rose's Four Years in Southern Africa.*

MANUFACTURE OF ROPE FROM THE ALOE
TREE.

THE Aloe (*agave Americana*) which so frequently forms our hedges, and presents an impregnable barrier to cattle, and even to man, may be advantageously applied to the production of cordage. Its fibres (from the thick fleshy leaves) are stronger than hemp, and, when made into ropes, are extremely tenacious and durable. How important is this fact to our country people, in all their rural arrangements of building, thatching, fishing, and netting! Some excellent specimens of *flax*, *rope*, and *cordage*, made from the aloe, are now before us. As far as we recollect, (having witnessed the process) the fibres are obtained after the leaf has remained steeped in water for some eight or ten days, exposed to the sun in the open air. The pulpy parts of the leaf are then scraped away, and beautiful fibres appear in filaments similar to skeins of straw-coloured silk. These are combined into straight threads, dried in the sun, and are immediately fit for use. A portion of the juice of the leaf is understood to be an excellent substitute for *soap*.—*Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette*.

VILLAGE ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE.

WE were overtaken by a small *cangea*, (or boat) from which a man, having in his hand a long staff with a silver head, jumped on board ours, and insisted upon being taken to Cairo. Our *reis* (or captain) resisted this demand; but the man, who said he was a soldier of the Pasha's, was very wild and savage in his gestures, and seeming determined to remain, sat himself down; but soon after he got into his own boat, threatening to be revenged upon our captain when he met him at Cairo. Soon after this occurrence, we landed at a village, and were surrounded by the natives; I had never before seen so motley and wretched a group. The men had scarcely any thing on but a turban and their frock; the women, a blue loose gown, and a handkerchief over a part of their faces; the children were naked. I observed that when the men saluted one another, they held out their hands, and just touched their finger ends. We could not understand through our interpreters what they said, but we managed to purchase plenty of eggs from them. Though some of them were blind, lame, and disfigured, they appeared very cheerful. A decent-looking woman, with good teeth, and having an infant in her arms, came smiling up to me. I held out my hand, and, after a moment's hesitation, she did the same; so I shook hands with her, and gave

her some money. Her arm was curiously tattooed in a straight line downwards, on the back of the hand crosswise; and her face was also marked, her eyebrows being blackened all round, and her lips of a blue tinge. She laughed much at first, at my examining these marks, and would scarcely let me touch her. She had ear-rings, and beads round her neck. We distributed a few piastres among the multitude, many of whom followed us down to our boat. Having our men with us, I was under no apprehension among this motley assemblage.—*Excursions in the Holy Land, Egypt, Nubia, and Syria, by John Madox, Esq.*

PALACE AT SHOUBRA, NEAR CAIRO.

WE again mounted donkeys, and set off for *Shoubra*, which is about three miles below *Cairo*. The Pasha's palace here contains a suite of well-furnished rooms, gaudily painted; upon the first floor, four apartments open to a spacious saloon, having a large glass chandelier suspended in the centre. The principal apartment has a roof very ingeniously painted, displaying a multitude of columns in tolerable perspective. The floor is covered with a handsome Turkey carpet, and the pannels and cornices are gilt; some of the window-curtains are of white muslin worked with gold flowers, and the rooms and recesses

which surround the saloon are adorned with scarlet cloths, and velvets richly ornamented with gold embroidery and fringes. Adjoining is a small bath of white marble. The bed-chambers contain costly damask and silk furniture, and there is likewise a fine saloon and divan on the ground floor, a marble fountain being in the middle of the latter. Shoubra is a favourite residence of the Pasha's harem, and of course it is only in the absence of its inmates that strangers can be admitted. In the garden were newly planted groves of fruit trees, with walks shaded by evergreens, and paved with different coloured pebbles in various mosaic patterns. The walks concentrate around a *chiosque*, and thence diverge through parterres of odoriferous plants and flowers. A most splendid bath, enclosed by a quadrangular platform of fine white sandstone, supporting a handsome corridor, was then being erected. At each corner of the bath is a dressing-room, and between each of these is a magnificent divan of sculptured white marble, balustrades, and a canopy supported by marble pillars. A highly sculptured gallery extends all around, and in front of the four divans, resting upon the heads of four large crocodiles of white marble, from whose half-opened mouths the bath is partly supplied with water. The grand *jet d'eau* was to be in the centre where the seat is. Marble urns were to be dispersed about to contain roses and violets, and statues of lions full size were to be

placed as guards to the doorways. Water is supplied to this enormous bath from the Nile by Persian wheels. We passed among fruit trees in full blossom, and came to the garden of vines, when we left the place, and returned through an avenue of trees to Cairo.—*Madox's Excursions.*

ASCENDING THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.

WE were soon at the base of the stupendous pyramid of old *Cheops*, as it is usually called, which is the largest of the three principal ones.

What are the hopes of man? Old Egypt's king,
Cheops, erected the first pyramid
 And largest, thinking it was just the thing
 To keep his memory whole, and mummy hid;
 But somebody or other rummaging,
 Burglariously broke his coffin lid;
 Let not a monument give you or me hopes,
 Since not a pinch of dust remains of *Cheops*.

BYRON.

We now commenced the arduous task of ascending to the top, which, by perseverance and occasionally taking breath, I at length accomplished. Gordon, a light active fellow, was up first. The view from the top is extensive; on one side the eye ranges over the Libyan desert, a flat, sandy, and dreary country; on the other it commands an extensive

view of the fertilising Nile. As to the danger and difficulty of ascending and descending this enormous pile, of which much has been written, I am of opinion that of the former there is very little, though I acknowledge that the great height of each ledge, or step, is certainly an inconvenience; but the assistance of an Arab proceeding first, and taking hold of your hand, obviates this, and the width of each ledge, though that varies considerably, affords plenty of room to sit down and take breath. In the vicinity is a village of Arabs, some of whom are always ready to be upon the spot when they find strangers have arrived there. They are civil and ready to oblige, in expectation, of course, of a *backshish*, or present of money.

Having descended in safety, we soon after entered at the foot of the pyramid, through a passage sloping upwards, full three feet wide, the stones and rubbish somewhat annoying us. Our Arab guides preceded us with lights; we had taken the precaution of bringing a rope. At the end of this passage we came to another, a sort of gallery, leading to a landing-place, terminated by a square hole resembling a chimney, generally called the well. The rope was now fastened at the top, and let down, and an Arab descended, laying hold of the rope with one hand and bearing a light in the other. Gordon followed. Captain Cupper, being a stout man, and fearful of suffocation from the clouds of dust and rubbish,

evidently did not like what was going forward, became alarmed, called out that he would be choked, and begged to have one of the Arab guides to show him out. I followed Gordon, and found, when at the end of the rope, that I was not at the bottom. Gordon, whom I heard but could not see, called out to me to drop, that I had not far to fall, and that it was all sand. Having reached the bottom of this 'well,' we found it as dry and as sandy as the surface outside. I followed my friend, crawling on our hands and feet, under a sort of doorway or portcullis, first tying a handkerchief over my face to preserve it from the dust. This passage led us into what is called the king's chamber, which we found to be very large, spacious, and gloomy; its walls were smooth and highly polished. At the upper end, turning to our right, is the much-talked of sarcophagus, or stone coffin, without its lid, and empty, saving some dirt and rubbish. Nothing else is to be seen in this gloomy sepulchral chamber, not even any hieroglyphics.

We soon took leave of his (king Cheops') dark abode, and descended by another way to pay a visit to that of his royal consort, the queen's chamber, which we found quite empty. We passed on with our 'imps of darkness' carrying their glimmering tapers, arrived at the passage, and were glad to see day-light again. We then took a view of the other pyramid, called that of Cephrenes, which is

nearly of the same size as the former, and merely looked into the sloping entrance made by Belzoni in 1817. This runs a considerable length, and is composed of granite highly polished; it is so slanting that it would require considerable exertion to get out of it again if once entered. The upper part of this pyramid has still remaining on it a thick covering, or coating of mortar, which renders it extremely dangerous to ascend; but as the Arabs do it, some Englishmen have followed their example. Mr. Spurrier, whom I met at Cairo, told me that he had with some difficulty and danger ascended, and to add to his peril, when near the top, he was attacked by a hawk, that had its nest there.—*Madox*, 1836.

EGYPTIAN PARLIAMENT.

A TRAVELLER who had visited the palace of the Pasha at Cairo, has given us the following details:—"We were admitted into the council chamber, and placed near the president, a lively old Turk, who talked with surprising volubility. The council is composed of a crowd of officers and secretaries of the government, and assembles daily. This council is called in Europe a senate, a representative assembly, the Egyptian parliament—but a most singular parliament it is. When the Pasha wishes anything to be done, he orders it without consulting his pitiful council, which never

has any opinion different to his own. But when he wants money, or when he wishes not to grant what he does not like to refuse in a direct manner, he displays a high esteem for the authority of this council, and sends petitioners to them, giving secret orders for their being denied, leaving it to bear the odium of the refusal."—*German Paper.*

NATIVES OF VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

ON my way from the lower to the upper settlement of Pitt-Water, I met with a tribe of black natives; comprising between twenty and thirty of both sexes, and of different ages. This I soon found was what the settlers denominate the *lame gang*, in allusion to their inoffensive conduct, and to distinguish them from the wild natives in the bush, who, I understand, are very hostile towards Europeans. This gang is composed of individuals, who have absconded from their proper tribes in the interior, and is governed by a native of Port Jackson, named *Muskitoo*. This man was transported from Sydney to Van Diemen's Land, some years ago, for the murder of a woman; and was, for some time after his arrival, employed as a stock-keeper. How he was raised to his present station, as a leader of this tribe, I know not; unless it was in consideration of his superior skill and muscular strength. This party, like the rest of their

race, never work, nor have any settled place of abode, but wander about from one part to another, subsisting on what is given to them by the benevolent, and on kangaroos, opossums, oysters, &c. which they procure for themselves. They lodge in all seasons around their fires in the open air. Though they have now been accustomed for several years to behold the superior comforts and pursuits of civilized men, they have not advanced one step from their original barbarism. All that they have imbibed from us is a smattering of our language, and a fondness for tobacco and spirituous liquors.

In my interview with this group at Pitt-Water, I found them perfectly naked, sitting round their fires, where they had slept the preceding night, and eating roasted potatoes. Some of them had their hair, which is very short and curly, as well as other parts of their body, besmeared with red gum and animal fat. A few were tattooed upon their shoulders, but I could not ascertain the reason of this distinction. All of them were infected more or less with a sort of scurvy, which breaks out on their skin, in dry scaly blotches, giving them a very loathsome appearance. This disease is, perhaps, produced by their extreme distress, and exposure to the weather. Even in winter-time, instead of erecting habitations to shelter them from the rain and cold, the only means they resort to is, to sit close by the fire in the open air. I observed that the front of

their legs, which, in the manner they seat themselves round a fire, is most exposed to its heat, was more disfigured by this dreadful eruption than any other part of their bodies.

While I stood conversing with them, several young men returned from hunting, bringing with them a few opossums and kangaroo-rats. These they kill with a small stick, bluntly pointed at one end, and about eighteen inches long, which they call a waddy, and which they are trained up from infancy to throw with surprising dexterity and precision. I was disgusted with their slovenly method of cooking the animals they had caught.

One of the hunting party, who was pointed out to me as the husband of a woman who had a sucking child, returned without any prey. I supposed he had been unsuccessful, but Muskitoo told me that he had eaten his opossum in the bush. 'Then,' said I, 'what has his wife to eat?' 'Nothing.' 'Has she had any food to-day?' 'No.' 'When will she get any?' 'Not until she procures some for herself.' Indeed, the unfeeling wretch, her husband, was quite regardless of her and the children; and although it was then past noon, and they had been without food since the preceding day, he would not trouble himself to obtain any for them. I endeavoured to make him understand that he was a very bad man, and ought to take care of his wife and children; but he paid no attention to me. However, I persuaded one of the party to share his opos-

sum with the woman, and was much gratified to observe that, before she ate any herself, she fed her eldest child, a little boy about two or three years old.

I asked them many questions of a religious nature, but the only reply I received was, 'I do not know;' accompanied sometimes by a vacant laugh. Indeed I am not at all certain that they have any idea of a Supreme Being, or that they have any religious rites whatever. I asked Muskitoo if he was tired of his present mode of living, and if he was willing to till the ground, and live as the English do. He replied, that he should like it very much, but he thought none of the rest would.

From the above observations you will be able to form a tolerably accurate view of the degraded condition of the aboriginal inhabitants of this country. If a missionary were appointed for them, the Lieut.-Governor has assured me that he would render him all the assistance in his power, in which I am persuaded he would be joined by all the respectable inhabitants of the colony. His operations might commence with Muskitoo's tribe, by means of which he would be able to open a communication with the tribes in the interior. —*Journal of Mr. Horton (Wesleyan Missionary Society) 1822.*



BROOSA IN ASIA MINOR.

It is perhaps the most flourishing city in the dominions of the grand Sultan, situated in *Bithynia* at the western base of mount 'Olympus;' it is 18 miles from the sea of Marmora ancient, somewhat above 100 miles east from Constantinople by way of the ancient cities of Nicomedia and Nice, and about 160 miles from Smyrna. This city was the capital of the Turkish empire for 130 years previously to the taking of Constantinople. Surveying it from the sides of Olympus, with its mass of dwelling houses (*caravanserais*,) mosques, palaces, gardens, and fields of mulberry, and its rich plain beyond, all abundantly watered by the streams which issue from the neighbouring ravines; Mr. Goodell was struck with the splendour of the scene, and pronounced it inferior to none perhaps in the Turkish empire, save only the imperial city.—*Church Missionary Register*, 1835.

CATHEDRAL OF PISA IN ITALY.

THE cathedral of Pisa, built by Buskettus, an architect from Dulichium, was the second sacred edifice (St. Mark's, in Venice, being the first) raised after the destruction of the Roman power in Italy. It has received the honour of being allowed by posterity to have

taken the lead in restoring art ; and, indeed, the traveller, on entering the city gates, is astonished by a scene of architectural magnificence and singularity not to be equalled in the world. Four stupendous structures of white marble in one group—the solemn cathedral, in the great parallelogram of its form, resembling an ancient temple, which unites and simplifies the arched divisions of its exterior ; the baptistry, a circular building, surrounded with arches and columns, crowned with niches, statues, and pinnacles, rising to an apex in the centre, terminated by a statue of the Baptist ; the *Falling Tower*, which is thirteen feet out of the perpendicular, a most elegant cylinder, raised by eight rows of columns surmounting each other, and surrounding a staircase ; the cemetery, a long square corridor, 400 by 200 feet, containing the ingenious works of the improvers of painting down to the sixteenth century. This extraordinary scene, in the evening of a summer day, with a splendid red sun setting in a dark-blue sky, the full moon rising in the opposite side, over a city nearly deserted, affects the beholder's mind with such a sensation of magnificence, solitude, and wonder, that he scarcely knows whether he is in this world or not.—*Flaxman's Lectures on Sculpture.*

SINGULAR PRESERVATION OF DORT IN
HOLLAND.

THE city of Dort is one of the most ancient of the *Netherlands* in South Holland. It is situated on an island formed by the rivers *Maese* and *Biesbosch*. With a commodious harbour, the situation is highly favourable for trade and ship building. Among its extensive public buildings, the great church with its lofty tower and bells is remarkable. The town lies about eleven miles south-east of Rotterdam, and has a population of about 20,000.

Holland is called the Netherlands and Low-Countries from its lying lower than the level of the sea, from which it is defended by *dykes* or very thick earthen embankments, which being cut or broken, easily lays the country under water, as in the case of invasion from an enemy; and Holland has had its ruthless enemies and invaders, especially when the Spaniards persecuted the protestants of Holland, and attempted for years to force upon that brave and religious people the *Dutch*—popery and slavery at the point of the sword.

During the wars in the Low Countries, the Spaniards had some thousands of their troops in the vicinity of Dort waiting an opportunity of entering that city, and making themselves masters of it. Close by the city lived a rich farmer, who kept an extensive dairy for supplying the *burghers* with milk and butter.

His milk maids going out to their usual occupation of milking their cows, observed one day, soldiers lying under the hedges as if in ambush or concealment. Fortunately, instead of being alarmed, they went on with the milking as if nothing had been noticed of unusual character, and returned home singing their liveliest songs. The milk-maidens lost not a moment in disclosing to their employer what they had seen. The astonished master immediately went, accompanied by one of his informants to the *burgo-master* (or mayor) of Dort, and communicated to him what he had just learned from his female attendant, who of course confirmed the statement. The *burgo-master* lost not a moment in his turn, but sent a trusty person to the spot where the soldiers had been seen, to ascertain their movements. This precaution corroborated the story he had just heard, and he took his measures accordingly. The proper authorities being apprised of the danger, sent troops into the place, and ordered the sluices to be opened and the river admitted, which inundated the place where the besiegers lay concealed. Numbers of them were in consequence of this drowned, the rest fled, and the city was saved. The farmer having lost his house, land, and cattle by the waters, received a handsome compensation, and large permanent revenue, and the milk-maid who had given the information had an ample annuity settled on herself and her heirs for ever. Besides this, the *states*, to per-

petuate the good service done by her to her country, caused the coin of the city to be stamped with a milk-maid and cow, and the Dort dollars, stivers, and doits, have still this device ; similar figures were set up over one of the gates of the city. Thus, by a simple occurrence was the place and its inhabitants preserved from a cruel and crafty foe ; and how worthy of remark is it, how easily a kind and watchful Providence overrules ordinary circumstances for good, where he " means mercy to a land !"

EAR OF DIONYSIUS, AND TOMB OF ARCHIMEDES.

THE following account is by a late traveller who visited Syracuse in the island of Sicily :— We made arrangements to go to *Catania* on the next day, for two dollars each mile. I hired a boat and landed at the nearest place, within about half a mile of the famous cavern, or quarries, it is supposed, the stone of which was used for building. One place in particular is known at the present day, and is called the ' Ear of Dionysius.' This excavation is an extraordinary one, and very interesting, from the sad stories that are told of the cruelty of Dionysius committed in this place, not only towards prisoners of war, but also to his own subjects. A small aperture, or window, is near the top, leading to a room where it is

said the tyrant sat, and could look on the prisoners below; and from the curve-like formation of this deep dungeon he could hear the slightest whisper. Be this as it may, the echo in this cavern is very loud and distinct. I had two small guns fired off, the sound of which rebounded and roared like thunder, which lasted some time, gradually dying away. It may well be called the Speaking Grotto; even the turning over the leaves of a book may be heard most distinctly. There are other large excavations adjoining, and in the furthest corner is a fine spring or well of water.

I proceeded to the theatre, the stone steps of which only remain, and tolerably perfect. Walking a little way back again, and passing through gardeners' grounds, I came to the amphitheatre, parts of which, both as to its general formation, and the dens of wild beasts, are still standing. Enough, in short, remains to give you an idea of ancient *Sicilian* grandeur. The situation is singularly beautiful; elevated in the midst of gardens, it commands an extensive view of land and sea with the port of *Syracuse*. I proceeded through grounds rich in fruit-trees, with a few hovels scattered here and there; the scenery was delightful, and formed one of the most enchanting spots I ever saw. We took the road to the *Catacombs*, which have been very extensive, and appear cut out of solid rock. As we walked on among the upper catacombs, one was pointed out to us as being the supposed

Tomb of Archimedes. Some, however, ascribe this distinction to another. I entered this once solitary abode of the dead. It is in the midst of others, and much elevated : about it are various sorts of niches. I sat down upon the rock, having a fine view of the surrounding country, which seems stony and rocky in many places, though fertile. At some distance there is a new-built house standing among the stones, belonging to the Cavalier Montalto. I cannot say I admire his taste ; but suppose the view from his house is a commanding one, I certainly should prefer being among the beautiful large and shady trees a little below him, near which is the Capuchin convent.—*Madox's Excursions.*

ISLAND OF ASCENSION, AND TURTLE SEASON.

As we approached the island, the dark black cliffs did not at first strike me as being particularly barren. They were boldly formed, and precipitous ; and a little imagination might lead one to think them covered with verdure. On approaching the roadstead, however, the real truth speedily appeared, which is, that however astonishing the changes already produced by care and cultivation, the effect is as yet only partial. Dark low rocks, called Climpers, line the shore, and reach sometimes above a mile inland. They are the

remains of rocks calcined during the activity of the volcanic fires, of which marks are everywhere visible on the island; and on examination are found to be of the consistence of cinder, or refuse of a bad burning coal. Between these Climpers masses of sandy beach are interspersed, on which the turtles deposit their eggs; and further inland the view opens on a curious mass of conical hills, of a reddish brick-dust colour, tossed about in every direction, and backed by the beautifully formed mountain called the Green Mountain, now covered with grass, and presenting a singular contrast to the arid appearance of the foreground. The red gravelly dust on this latter renders walking disagreeable; but the absence of verdure on it is not without some advantages too. It renders the air so delightfully dry and elastic, and there is such a constant breeze, that the climate is delightful. Nothing can exceed the agreeable sensation of the early morning air, which is so invigorating, so very refreshing, that I never experienced anything like it: it seems impossible to be ill under its influence. Sickness, indeed, is so little known among the residents, that not above one or two have yet been interred in a burying ground formed four years ago; and the rapidity with which the men belonging to the African squadron recover on coming here, is absolutely surprising. They are often so reduced by fever, as to be obliged to be carried on

shore to the hospital; yet in a fortnight they walk about as well and as far as any man on the island.

A wonderful improvement has taken place since Captain Sabine visited the island. Then water was scarce; and it is now most abundant. The only water which could then be procured was collected, drop by drop, at three springs on the side of the Green Mountain; and was conveyed thence to the town in buckets on the backs of donkeys, which had to ascend and descend most precipitous paths in performing this, their daily and most laborious task. The supply thus obtained was also frequently inadequate; and it was found necessary more than once to put the garrison on a short allowance. About four years ago, however, it was suggested to Capt. Bate of the Royal Marines, the commandant, and a most zealous, active officer, that water might possibly be obtained by sinking a shaft in a ravine on the north side of the island, of which the bottom appeared clayey; and accordingly, after descending about forty feet, a spring of excellent quality was found, which now daily yields fifty tons, and probably would do more if required. To bring this to the anchorage was the next task, which has also, however, been most happily accomplished by a succession of tanks and iron pipes, which, in one place, are led along a tunnel 1000 feet in length cut through a solid rock: thus any quantity of water can be now delivered on the beach at the shortest notice; the

charge made for it to strangers being 5s. per ton, if delivered in government boats, or 3s. if carried off in a vessel's own boats. And there is never less than 1500 tons in the great tank on the beach, which, after rain, is often considerably increased. The supply from the old springs varied from 100 to 200 gallons per day.

“The greater frequency of rain now than used to prevail, is another curious and interesting change produced in this island of late years; and indirectly is equally the result of human labour. Formerly, for months together, not a cloud would pass over the heavens, nor a drop of water fall; but since the mountain has been so much cultivated, few days pass without either a shower, or a mist settling on the summit, which prodigiously increases the fertility of the soil that is cultivated, besides facilitating the bringing in of more. There is thus little doubt that in time the whole will be cultivated; and Ascension, from a barren rock, will be made to resemble the Azores, Madeira, and other Atlantic islands, which, equally with it, are of volcanic formation.

The sweet *potato* thrives admirably. Rats are destructive to the melons. The cats are innumerable and wild, and destructive to the poultry. *Strawberry* plants have been introduced, and thrive well, and the whole sides of the ravine, in which the water has been formed, are covered with a native nasturtium (or cresses). *Bananas* have been tried, but do

not thrive so well. From the summit of the mountain (3000 feet), above fifty extinct volcanoes can be counted; some of their basins are yet entire. What a scene the island must have been when the whole were so! Towards the south, the verdure now descends to within two miles of the sea; and in one fine plain of about twenty acres extent, the pasture is quite rich, and sheep and cattle live luxuriously. The sheep are of the Cape breed; but their number is small, and the mutton in ordinary use is that of the goat. The cattle are also from the Cape, and very fine. Poultry thrive well, except at certain seasons, when it is found difficult to rear young chickens. *Guinea-fowl* overrun the island, wild, and so numerous, that it is necessary to shoot them in great numbers to keep them under. They are remarkably prolific,—the hen being sometimes found with from thirty to forty eggs in her nest. Above 1500 head are usually shot in a season, with dogs to recover them, or they would be lost in the ravines.

The island of Ascension is well known as the resort of turtle. The season for them lasts from December till May or June; and, in the height of it, from forty to fifty are turned in a night. On the following day they are conveyed in carts to the ponds, in which they are kept for provision: they come ashore to deposit their eggs; and no male turtles are ever seen. The young ones are hatched after remaining in the sand four or five months; when

they chip the shell, they are about the size of a man's hand, and immediately take to the water, nor are they again seen till they are about 400 pounds weight. The ordinary weight varies from 400 to 800 pounds. About 500 are taken each season, and their meat is sold at twopence a pound. Among other articles of food, the eggs of a bird called the Wide-awake, may be mentioned; they resemble plover's eggs, and though the bird is small, they are nearly the size of the egg of our common fowl. About 10,000 of them are taken weekly during the season, which is irregular—about three times in two years. The man-of-war bird, or sea eagle, which measures seven feet from tip to tip of the wing, two kinds of gannet, two boobies, two peterels, and the boat-swain bird may also be mentioned. The man-of-war bird feeds on fish, but is unable to take its food; it watches, therefore, the booby returning with a fish, and, pouncing on it carries off its prey. Besides turtle, the fish for food at Ascension are rock-cod, the cavalha, —rather coarse when large, but good eating when small; the conger eel, their best fish; the snipper or goldin, a beautiful fish when first caught; with mullet, oysters, &c. Turtle appears at table in every disguise, as soup, broth, cutlets, pies, &c. and is excellent in all.—*Mrs Colonel Power.*

TURKISH AMBASSADOR AND SUITE IN PARIS.

RESCHID BEY, when at Paris last year, bore the title of minister plenipotentiary only, but now he is invested with that of ambassador from the Sublime Porte. He is about forty years of age, low in stature, and of a mild and expressive countenance. He is renowned in his own country for his learning. He was invested with the functions of grand referendary to the Divan; that is, he drew up the reports upon all the affairs treated of in that assembly, which, however, are not numerous, nor attended with any very voluminous documents. He is extremely courteous to every body, but is evidently embarrassed by his ignorance of the language and customs of France. His dress is composed of a French frock-coat of blue cloth, embroidered with gold, buttoned straight down the front, a sword suspended by a gold belt, a diamond star on his breast, and a red cap on his head which he wears constantly. All the officers of the embassy are dressed in the same manner, with more or less embroidery, according to their rank. Some of them have very fine countenances, and some speak French very intelligibly. The letter of congratulation from the Sultan to the King on his late escape, is very remarkable both in its form and tenor. It is nearly three feet long, but not more than five inches wide. It is written in a very neat hand, and signed in the

margin by the Sultan with the whole of his titles. It is of very thick paper, of extraordinary brilliancy, and remarkably fine grain. This letter was in a cover, sealed with the arms of the Sultan, and again inclosed in a rich scarlet case, ornamented with embroidery in silk and gold, and having attached to it a tassel very finely wrought.—*Galignani's Messenger*, 1835.

EMPEROR OF BURMAH, AND AMERICAN PHYSICIAN.

It has pleased the Great Ruler of the skies to bring us into the immediate presence of the king of Burmah. Just one year from my reaching Bengal, I was introduced into the palace of the great emperor, and informed that I must make his capital my place of residence. This is an event for which we have longed and prayed, as calculated to give stability to the mission in a land like this, where all are respected according to the notice bestowed on them by the king. Whether our anxious anticipations will be realized, is known only to Him on whose business we came, and who, we trust, has sent us hither for good. Our reception was gratifying. We were obliged to submit to no ceremony. As soon as the king was informed of our arrival, a royal order was issued for our immediate introduction. As we entered, with the impatience of a despotic prince, he called to know which was the

Doctor. We were taken into an open court, and seated on a bamboo floor, about ten feet from the chair of the monarch. "They are from the western continent," was the first remark; after which, a great man delivered his account to us. He then interrogated me as to my skill in curing eyes, cutting out wens, setting broken arms and legs, besides other things to which my skill did not extend. Our medicines were then called for, and all my stock inspected. The surgical cases were much admired. After looking at mine, the king sent for his own; one case of which being unlike mine, he immediately gave it into my hands to use. This I considered as equivalent to fixing me here for life. After my galvanic pile had amused the king and his courtiers for an hour, we were dismissed with an order to look out a place we liked, and he would build a house for us. An order was also given to look up all the diseased people, and have my decision upon them.

The king is a man of small stature, very straight; steps with a natural air of superiority, but has not the least appearance of it in conversation. On the contrary, he is always pleasant and good humoured, so far as I have yet seen him. He wears a red finely-striped silk cloth from his waist to his knees, and a blue and white handkerchief on his head. He has apparently the good of his people, as well as the glory of his kingdom at heart; and is encouraging foreign merchants, and especially artisans, to settle in his capital. A watch-

maker at this moment could obtain any favour he should please to ask. The same might be vouched for a chair-maker, or cabinet-maker, &c. as the king has wisdom enough to prefer foreign manufacturers, when he sees their superiority to his own. On the subject of religion, he appears, like all his people, devoted to his idols. But he has never yet persecuted for religion's sake! O that he might yet be brought to know and love the supreme God! *Seventeen millions of people, mad on their idols, demand the active sympathy of a Christian people.*—*Dr. Price at Ava, (Oct. 1822.)*

CURIOUS CUSTOMS OF ARRACANESE MOUNTAINEERS.

ON the conclusion of the Burmese war, a detachment of British troops was directed to return to Arracan, across the mountains which separate that country from the Burman dominions, while the rest of the army returned by way of Rangoon. The officer who commanded the detachment, found that the mountains were inhabited by a race of men called Kyauns, who differed entirely from the Burmese and the Arracaneese, and lived almost in a state of nature. Their habits and manners are so peculiar, that we feel confident our readers will not regret the small space we devote to the subject.

They represent that their ancestors inhabit-

ed the rich plains of Burmah and Pegu, but were expelled thence by a nation from the north, and took refuge in those mountains. Being cut off from all communication with their more civilized neighbours, they have fallen into a state of barbarism. They acknowledge *no* Supreme being, and have no idea of the creation. Their *sole* object of worship is a tree called Subri; a priest called Pasin is their *only* spiritual guide, who acts the part of priest, soothsayer, conjuror, and doctor. They suppose that a peculiar substance falls from heaven into the tree, and passes into the ground. After a thunder storm, therefore, they begin to dig about the tree, and having discovered the substance of which they were in search, they give it to the priest, who uses it as a talisman for curing the sick; for medicine they have a sovereign contempt. He is esteemed a good man by them who takes care of his hogs and cattle, eats meat voraciously, and drinks immoderately. The abstemious man is reckoned wicked for not enjoying the gifts of nature. The only idea of a future state they have, is confined to transmigration; yet they have no scruple about killing any animal either for food or sacrifice.

There is a hill, Yehantang, from the summit of which they suppose the whole world may be seen; it is therefore regarded with peculiar sanctity. To this place the dead bodies of the rich are brought and burnt, and the ashes collected in a basket of bamboo and then interred.

The poor are buried as near the hill as possible. Death is not regarded by them with dread ; on the contrary, on the demise of any member of the family, they testify their joy by eating, drinking, and dancing. In fact marriage, and every event in life is celebrated by the indulgence of sensual gratification. They have no marriage ceremonies. A marriage is concluded by a verbal promise, and may be annulled by the one party paying a fine to the other.

Murder is punished by the offender's giving up three men as slaves to the friends of the deceased ; should he be unable to do so, he pays a fine of 90 rupees. Should a murderer escape, and take refuge in any village, he is immediately demanded by the friends of the murdered man ; if this be refused, they assemble together and attack the village, which they plunder and reduce to ashes. The murderer, when taken, is condemned to perpetual slavery. Theft, and indeed every other crime, is punished only by a fine.

The produce of the mountains consists in honey, bees' wax, iron ore, and smoked fish, and a coarse cloth manufactured by the women from the wild cotton. These articles are exchanged with the inhabitants of the plain. The faces of the women are tattooed so as to give them a very hideous appearance ; but it is said that this practice has ceased within the last few years. Both males and females are very fond of smoking, and they all carry with

them a long pipe, tipped with a piece of silver or coral. Their weapons of defence are spears, swords, and cross bows; their arrows are made of reed or bamboo hardened in the fire, and dipped in vegetable poison; the arrow seldom fails to inflict instant death on whomsoever it touches.—*Serampore Durpan (Newspaper) of May 1830.*

HANGING-GARDENS OF BABYLON.

NEXT this temple [of Belus or Bell, *Baal*,] on the east side of the river [Euphrates] stood the old palace of the kings of *Babylon*, being four miles in compass. Exactly over against it, on the other side of the river, stood the new palace; and this was that which Nebuchadnezzar built. It was four times as big as the former, being eight miles in compass. It was surrounded with three walls, one within another, and strongly fortified, according to the way of those times. But what was most wonderful in it were the *hanging-gardens*, which were of so celebrated a name among the Greeks. They contained a square of four plethra (that is, of four hundred feet) on every side, and were carried up aloft into the air, in the manner of several large terraces, one above another, till the highest equalled the height of the walls of the city. The ascent was from terrace to terrace, by stairs ten feet wide. The whole pile was sus-

tained by vast arches built upon arches, one above another, and strengthened by a wall, surrounding it on every side, of twenty-two feet in thickness. The floors of every one of these terraces were laid in the same manner, which were thus:—On the top of the arches were first laid large flat stones, sixteen feet long and four broad, and over them was a layer of reed mixed with a great quantity of bitumen, over which were two rows of bricks, closely cemented together by plaster, and then over all were laid thick sheets of lead, and, lastly, upon the lead was laid the mould of the garden: and all this floorage was contrived to keep the moisture of the mould from running away down through the arches. The mould or earth laid hereon was of that depth as to have room enough for the greatest trees to take root in it; and such were planted all over it in every terrace, as were also other trees, plants, and flowers, that were proper for a garden of pleasure. In the upper terrace there was an aqueduct, or engine, whereby water was drawn up out of the river, which thence watered the whole garden. *Amyitis*, the wife of Nebuchadnezzar, having been bred in Media, (for she was the daughter of Astyages, the king of that country,) had been much taken with the mountainous and woody parts of that country, and therefore desired to have something like it at Babylon; and to gratify her herein, was the reason of erecting this monstrous work of vanity.—*Dean Pri-*

deaux's Connection of the History of the Old and New Testament.

MAHMOUD II., GRAND SULTAN OF TURKEY.

THE present sultan succeeded his brother Mustafa in 1808. He is now the only survivor (I believe, says Dr. Walsh,) of thirty children—fifteen boys and fifteen girls—which his father Selim left. Mahmoud is the last of the male race of *Mahomet* of an age fit to reign, and it is to this circumstance, it is said, he is indebted for his inviolability; had there been another of the sacred race old enough to substitute in his place, the *janissaries* would have long since deposed him. He had two sons; and to one of them, about the age of ten, *their* eyes were turned as his successor when he should arrive at competent years, and he knew, by experience, it was as easy for them to do a thing as to say it; for both his predecessors had been strangled, one of whom was his own brother. This son died prematurely, and it was reported that he had been made away with by his own father, lest he should be set up in his place. It is known, however, that the boy died of small-pox. His father had his surviving children vaccinated, thus showing his subjects an example of European improvement, in other respects than merely military ones, of which he is so fond. The terrible destruction of the fierce *janis-*

saries by the sultan, and his adoption of modern discipline and dress in his army, shew the fearful energy of his character. His disregard of human life, when he thought unrelenting vigour necessary, has been dreadful. Yet, with the *Franks*, or Europeans, he has maintained a good faith, which other princes might copy with advantage. He is well versed in oriental literature, and writes and understands *Arabic* well. His disposition is said to be kind in his own family, and in private life affable and urbane.—See *Dr. Walsh's Journey from Constantinople*.

We trust the existence of this government, so ruthless, and sanguinary, and singular in a European state, is drawing to an end! We add some notices of the sultan from another source.

Mahmoud is persevering, vigorous, and decided, as his suppression of the *janissaries* amply testifies. But he is rapacious, severe, and sanguinary, and the terror of all his wealthy and powerful subjects. He contrives, like all the *Ottoman* emperors, to squeeze out every farthing of superfluous wealth from all public officers, though, for this purpose, he adopts a rather different plan from his predecessors; when a *pasha* returns from his government, or a general from a successful war, instead of *decapitating* (beheading) them, and then confiscating their property, he orders them to build some public edi-

fice, such as a *mosque*, an arsenal, or a cannon-foundry, by which the capital is embellished and enriched, and the luckless officer impoverished. When this is done, he sends him forth on some other predatory expedition, and again compels him to disgorge his spoil on his return. Mahmoud is both feared and hated throughout his whole empire; feared for his ferocity, and hated for his innovations. He bow-strings the pashas with wonderful intrepidity. He debases the coin to a fraction of its former value. He has established a weekly newspaper, edited by a Frenchman, which, under the name of the *Moniteur Ottoman*, appears every Saturday in Turkish, Armenian, Romaic, [modern Greek,] and French. Cannon and bomb-foundries, with magnificent arsenals, adorn the quays of Galata and the shores of the Bosphorus. The sultan invites European officers to assist him in his schemes, and pays them liberally; but his jealousy will not allow them to hold any but subordinate situations. He has got a splendid fleet to supply the place of that lost at *Navarino*. It was lying in the Dardanelles when I was there, and there were many European officers on board, but the rank of *lieutenant* is the highest they can aspire to, and the most of the captains have been favourites of the sultan or the admiral—his pipe-fillers, or coffee-bearers, who have, perhaps, never been on ship-board before, and scarce know the rudder from the bowsprit. The sailors

are as ignorant of the art of navigation as their commanders; they are almost all pressed into the service, as I had various opportunities of learning, for when I was at *Edinjeck*, a village near the sea of Marmora, an order came for 150 men to be seized and sent off to Abydos, to man the fleet which was then preparing to sail. And at Cyzicum, the merchants told me they had been waiting for weeks, not daring to send their ships to Constantinople with the usual supply of corn and olives, lest their sailors should be seized for the service of the fleet, [amazingly like *impressement*!] The admiral's vessel of 140 guns, I suppose one of the most magnificent existing, has on board 1,500 sailors, obtained in the manner I have described, five captains and fifteen pilots.

A few years ago no Christian could enter the *mosque of St. Sophia*, even in the Turkish costume, without running the greatest risk, if his disguise was discovered; sometimes he was even torn to pieces on the spot. Von Hammer, the celebrated orientalist, and the Russian minister, having ventured in, about ten years since, were detected, drawn out with ignominy, and severely stoned. Now, though the prohibition be equally severe, and the religious feeling which dictated it, perhaps, equally strong, yet so greatly is the *fanaticism* diminished, that my friend and I entered the mosque in our European dress; and though we were rather roughly turned out, and a considerable

crowd had collected round the door, yet we escaped with a very small part of the chastisement which we had made up our minds to submit to, for the sake of seeing so celebrated an edifice.

On the whole, it appears that the Ottoman empire is fast approaching the term of its existence. The signs of the times are fearfully portentous, and the sultan seems to read their meaning. His splendid new *palace* is built upon the *Asiatic* shore, and by a curious coincidence, the spot on which it is erected is called "the valley of the Cross." The empire is fast falling to pieces in every direction. Greece, one of its fairest portions, is already swept away; *Bosnia* gets up an almost annual rebellion, which every year becomes more difficult to quell; *Albania* has long been watching an opportunity to assert its independence; and now the *pasha of Egypt* (Mehemet Ali) has openly thrown off his allegiance, and *Syria* is already in his hands. I cannot doubt, for a moment, that his final success will be the signal for the total *dismemberment* of the Ottoman dominions,—an event which it will be impossible to regret.—*Sketches in Greece and Turkey.*

CAMEL OF SMYRNA, AND CAMEL-FIGHT.

At particular seasons of the year *camel-fights* are common at Smyrna and Aleppo.

Such exhibitions are the disgrace of the *vulgar*, be they the high or the low vulgar, of all countries ; and the lion-fights of the savage Romans, the bull-fights of Spain, the bull and badger-baitings and cock-fights of England, and the camel-fights of Asia Minor, are equally indications of a *barbarian* spirit, which can only be eradicated by knowledge and true religion.

The camels of Smyrna are led out to a large plain, filled with eager crowds. They are muzzled to prevent their being seriously injured, for their bite is tremendous, always bringing out the piece. A couple being let loose they run at each other with extreme fury. One of the favourite holiday amusements of the Turks of Asia Minor (says Mr. Macfarlane) is furnished by the camel combats. An enclosure is made, and two camels, previously muzzled, are driven in, and incited to fight with each other. Their mode of combat is curious ; they knock their heads together laterally, twist their long necks, wrestle with their fore-legs, almost like *bipeds*, [a just compliment to the 'fancy,'] and seem to direct their principal attention to the throwing down of their adversary. The pasha of Smyrna used frequently to regale the people with these spectacles in an enclosed square before his palace ; and I saw them, besides, once at a Turkish wedding at the village of Bournabah, near Smyrna, and another time on some festive occasion at Magnesia. I

once, however, chanced to see a less innocent contest. This was on a plain between Mounts Syplus and Tartalee, and the town of Smyrna. It was a fight in downright earnest. Two huge rivals broke away from their string, and set to in spite of their drivers. They bit each other furiously, and it was with great difficulty that the drivers succeeded in separating these, at other times, affectionate and docile animals.

The height of the camel is about five feet and a half, and his length ten feet. His legs are long, his body short and large, his neck long and crooked, his head small and homely. On his back he has two bunches, or fleshy lumps. He is covered with coarse hair, and his colour is generally a light brown. His feet are soft and flat, with cushions beneath, peculiarly suited for travelling in sandy countries. The appearance and movements of this most useful and interesting creature are very awkward. Such is the description of the *Bactrian* camel. The *Arabian* camel, or *dromedary*, has but *one bunch*, and is somewhat smaller. But in other respects the character and valuable qualities of both are similar. The average load of a camel, or 'ship of the desert,' as he has been poetically and truly called, is *from five to six hundred pounds weight*. The savage Turks and Arabs are, for the most part, kind to their camels, though avarice and passion will occasionally lead them to maltreat them. These animals are

said to be very sensible to kind and gentle treatment, and attached to their masters. Manufacturing their hair into garments and tents is almost the sole mechanical employment which varies the pastoral life of the Arab in the desert. The usual and almost unvarying pace of the camel is three miles in the hour. Of the caravan in the desert, or their pilgrimages to Mecca to the tomb of the lying prophet, the camel is the most important appendage. In the march they go singly in procession, like the mules of Italy and Spain; the caravan is preceded by a little ass, on which the driver sometimes rides. The ass has a tinkling bell round his neck; should the bell be removed by accident or design the camels all come to a dead halt. The camel often travels three or four days without water, drinking fifty, sixty, and even a hundred pounds weight when he has an opportunity. Their milk is a principal part of the Arab's food, whilst they themselves require wonderfully little for the support of life; a cake of barley, a few dates, a handful of beans, will suffice for provision to these patient and invaluable creatures, in addition to the hard and prickly shrubs which they find any where, unless in the very wildest part of the desert. They are particularly fond of plants which grow up more like spears and lances, than vegetable productions, and which no other animal would touch. The forlorn wanderer in the wilderness, as he treads on these thorns, piercing his weary feet,

might well wish them torn from the earth, till he see the useful camel feeding upon them, and thus learn that providence has made nothing in vain.

Mr. Parrous (an American,) saw in Egypt the pilgrim caravan set out from Cairo, and gives a very interesting description of its imposing appearance. So numerous was the cavalcade on this foolish expedition, that it took six hours in passing him. The trappings of the camels were in many instances not merely gaudy, but rich and splendid, covered with *purple velvet*, and their bridles studded with silver, with ostrich feathers in their foreheads. The *sacred camel* is represented as an extraordinarily large one, with a bridle set with jewels and gold, led by two holy *sheiks*, or mussulman chiefs, habited in green—the livery of the prophet. This camel is last in the train, and carries a square house, or chapel, on his back. Mamelukes, janissaries, and agas accompany the caravan, which is supplied with tents, artillery, provisions, bells, streamers, and kettle-drums, buffoons, cooking utensils, clothes, and water-skins, with a commander dressed in robes of satin. The wickedness and *immorality* of those pilgrimages is lamentable, and *the loss of human life great!*

BONAPARTE'S TRAVELLING CARRIAGE.

THE *Prussians*, after the battle of Waterloo, pursuing the French on the evening of that eventful day, entered the town of Genappe at full speed. Bonaparte's carriage was soon recognised, and the conquerors dashed at it in the hope of taking the Corsican himself. The coachman and the postillion were making a desperate attempt to force their way through the throng of the retreating army, jammed up there with artillery, baggage-waggons, carriages, horses, and fugitives. The Prussian officer who headed the foremost troop, called to the coachman to stop, but he only lashed his horses with increased violence. The hussars then cut down the postillion, and killed the leaders, while the sabre of their officer brought the coachman from his box at one blow. He then deemed his prize secure; but as he opened the door, Napoleon escaped from the opposite side, and before the Prussian could pass round the carriage, he had mounted a horse, and was lost in the crowd. In his haste he had dropped his hat, his sword, and his mantle, which were found by the side of his carriage on the road.

This carriage was afterwards brought to England by the officer into whose hands it fell, and was exhibited in a museum at Piccadilly. This vehicle was built at Brussels to convey Bonaparte on his memorable expedi-

tion to *Russia*. It travelled to Moscow, and was almost the only equipage which escaped that disastrous retreat. It accompanied him to the island of Elba; his journey to Paris was principally performed in it. He travelled in it to join the army before Waterloo, and there he lost his carriage and kingdom.

This celebrated machine nearly resembles a fashionable English travelling carriage, though with a greater appearance of heaviness. Its colour is dark blue, bordered with gold, and ornamented with the imperial arms of France. The lamps have a curious appearance, one at each corner, and another in the centre of the back, which illuminates the inside. The interior presents the most perfect specimen of elegance and convenience that can be conceived. It is a complete office, bed-chamber, dressing-room, eating-room, and kitchen. Packed up in the most ingenious way, are a complete breakfast-service for tea, coffee, and chocolate, including a spirit-lamp; sandwich-service of plates, knives, forks, and spoons; salt, pepper, and mustard boxes, decanter and glasses; a dressing case, containing every article for the toilette; a complete wardrobe; a bedstead, bed and mattress; and all so arranged as to be found in an instant.—See *Kelly's Circumstantial Account*.

ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF A NATIVE OF
EIMEO.

FROM the deeply interesting volumes of Mr. Ellis on the South Seas, we extract the following incident, which strikingly shews with what reluctance the expiring spirit of idolatry yielded to the mild genius of Christianity.

Aberahama, an interesting and intelligent young man, who was pupil in our school at *Eimeo*, was marked out as a victim, and when the servants of the priests came to take him, being obliged to flee for his life, he was pursued by the murderers, shot at, wounded, and but narrowly escaped: when he received the ball, he fell, and unable to save himself by flight, crawled among the bushes and hid himself so completely as to elude the vigilant search of his enemies, although it was continued for some time, and they often passed near his retreat. Under cover of the darkness of night, he crept down to the dwelling of his friends, who dressed his wound and conveyed him to a place of safety. But although he recovered from the shot, and lives not only to enjoy the blessings of the gospel in this world, and to be useful in imparting its benefits to others, he will, to adopt the language of Mr. Davies, "carry the honourable scar to his grave."—*Ellis's Polynesian Researches.*

A DURBAR, OR NATIVE LEVEE IN INDIA.

I WENT down to Calcutta this morning to attend a durbar, or native levee of the governor's, which all the principal native residents in Calcutta were expected to attend, as well as the *vakeels*, ambassadors from several Indian princes. I found on my arrival the levee had begun, and that Lord Amherst, attended by his aides-de-camp and Persian secretary, had already walked down one side, where the persons of most rank, and who were to receive "khelats," or honorary dresses, were stationed. I therefore missed this ceremony, but joined him and walked round to those to whom he had not yet spoken, comprising some persons of considerable rank and wealth, and some learned men, travellers from different eastern countries, who each in turn addressed his compliments, or petitions, or complaints, to the governor. There were several whom we thus passed, who spoke English not only fluently but gracefully. Among these were Baboo Ramchunder Roy and his four brothers, all fine, tall, stout young men, the eldest of whom is about to build one of Mr. Shakespear's rope bridges over the Caramnasa. After Lord Amherst had completed the circle, he stood on the lower step of the throne, and the visitors advanced one by one to take leave; first came a young Rajah of the Rajpootana district, who had received that day the investiture of his fa-

ther's territories, in a splendid brocade khelât, and turban; he was a little pale, shy-looking boy of 12 years old. Lord Amherst, in addition to these splendid robes, placed a large diamond aigrette in his turban, tied a string of valuable pearls round his neck, then gave him a small silver bottle of *attar* (otto) of roses, and a lump of pawn or betel wrapped up in a plantain leaf. Next came forward the "vakeel," or envoy of the Maharaja Sindia, also a boy not above sixteen, but smart, self-possessed, and dandy-looking. His khelât and presents were a little, and but a little less splendid than those of his precursor. Then followed Oude, Nagpoor, Nepaul, all represented by their vakeels, and each in turn honoured by similar though less splendid marks of attention. The next was a Persian khân, a fine military looking man, rather corpulent, and of a complexion not different from that of a Turk or other southern Europeans, with a magnificent black beard, and a very pleasing and animated address. A vakeel from Sind succeeded with a high red cap, and was followed by an Arab handsomely dressed, and as fair nearly, though not so good-looking, as the Persian. These were all distinguished, and received each some mark of favour. Those who followed had only a little attar poured on their handkerchiefs, and some pawn. On the whole it was an interesting and striking sight, though less magnificent than I had expected, and less so I think than the levee of a Europe-

an monarch. The sameness of the greater part of the dresses (white muslin) was not sufficiently relieved by the splendour of the few *khelâts*, and even those which were of gold and silver brocade, were in a great measure eclipsed by the scarlet and blue uniforms, gold lace, and feathers of the English. One of the most striking figures was the governor-general's native *aid-de-camp*, a tall, strong-built, and remarkably handsome man, in the flower of his age, and of a countenance at once kind and bold. His dress was a very rich hussar uniform, and he advanced last of the circle with the usual military salute; then instead of the offering of money which each of the rest made, he bared a small part of the blade of his sabre and held it out to the governor. The attar he received not on his handkerchief, but on his white cotton gloves. I had on former occasions noticed this soldier from his height and striking appearance, and rich uniform. He is a very respectable man, and reckoned a good officer.—*Bishop Heber's Journal in India.*

RAJAH AND RANEE OF BHURTPORE.

THE fortress of *Bhurtpore*, one of the most formidable in India, and considered almost impregnable, fell before the British arms under Lord Combermere, with an army of 30,000 men, early in 1826 after a fearful slaughter; the *earth*, in the words of an eye-witness, being

literally *strewed with slain*. Such alas are the consequences of war! The *rajah*, Doorjun Sāl, with his two sons and (the ranee) his wife were captured in an attempt to escape, and brought to *Agra* under a strong escort. Having remained in the fortress there a few days they were removed with some others to the fort of Allahabad. It was there the excellent and interesting writer of the following remarks—a young English lady now no more, saw the state prisoners.

Doorjun Sāl is very unroyal in appearance, being very stout, unwieldy, and ill-looking. He is more like a common *bunga* (inferior trader) than a king. His little son *Jughut Singh*, who was severely wounded in the hand in attempting to escape after the siege, is a sharp inquisitive little fellow, of *eleven years of age*. He comes frequently into our tent, and is very sociable. A few days ago, we told him to ask the *ranee* (his mother) if she would permit us to see her? To which she assented, and in the evening Anne and James, and I, went. She received us very graciously, seated on a chair in an extraordinary position, having one foot on the ground and the other on the chair. She was dressed in a very simple manner; an immoderately broad dark blue muslin petticoat, a small white *bodice* (stays or corset) sprigged with silver, and an orange coloured muslin sheet over her head, bound with silver, composed her attire. The only ornaments we observed were a few silver ones on her feet, and

either a diamond, or a chrysolite ring on one of her fingers. She appears a fine woman, not handsome, but has an interesting expression of countenance. She was very communicative : Among the numerous questions she asked was, whether I was married ? Anne said, no ; that our customs were very different from theirs ; for instead of marrying a person selected by the parents, as is the custom in India, *we* choose the gentleman we like. This amazed her extremely. I was much surprised to see that they allowed men to enter their apartments ; for besides her brother, Puddum Singh, there was another person not related to the family (probably the *bukshee* or paymaster, an officer always high in confidence) standing by the ranee. When we had been seated on an elegant bazar charpoy for a while, Puddum Singh brought us some *pawn* (nut, wrapped in betel-leaf and chewed) to eat ; now as I remembered having tasted it on a former occasion I was uncourteous enough to refuse the gift, at which they all looked astonished. Anne however had the politeness to accept the piece offered her, and thereby ingratiated herself in their favour. Soon after this, a scarlet muslin bodice, sprigged with gold, and a muslin sheet of all the colours of the rainbow, bound with silver, was presented to me. To Anne was presented a handsome pink figured china satin petticoat, *thirty* breadths wide, with two fine gold tassels attached to the waist a small bodice like mine, and an orange colour,

ed muslin sheet, bordered by a broad band of gold.—*Memorial fragments, of Miss Azubah Clark. By her brother D. H. Clark, Bengal 1830.*

A JOGEE, OR INDIAN DEVOTEE.

THIS excellent young lady, who died in the *twentieth year* of her age at Gorukhpoor near Benares (in 1826), where she resided with a sister and brother, describes the following scene when passing Burhampore. Whilst sailing last evening, we witnessed one of the most horrible sights I think, ever practised. Our attention was attracted towards a great number of people on the banks, making a deafening noise with *tum-tums* (small drums) around a tree with its head lopped off, on the top of which were two bamboos tied together, and placed horizontally upon it, so as to admit of a circular motion on a pivot. A hook was attached to one end of the bamboo, and at the opposite a lengthened rope. The hook was then thrust into the flesh of some poor creature's back, who was suspended in the air, and whirled round by means of the rope, amidst the shouts of the multitude below. This is done to please *their* deity! How grateful ought we to feel who were born in a *Christian* land.—*Memorial.*

STING OF AN INDIAN NETTLE.

EVERYBODY is acquainted with the effects of the sting of the common European nettles, but they can hardly form an idea of the consequences which arise from handling some of the Indian species. M. Leschenault, who describes the effect of gathering *urtica crenulata*, in the botanic garden at Calcutta, says: One of the leaves slightly touched the first three fingers of my left hand: at the time, I only perceived a slight pricking, to which I paid no attention. This was at seven in the morning. The pain continued to increase; in an hour it had become intolerable; it seemed as if some one were rubbing my fingers with a hot iron. Nevertheless, there was no remarkable appearance, neither swelling, nor pustule, nor inflammation. The pain rapidly spread along the arm as far as the arm-pit. I was then seized with frequent sneezing, and with a copious running at the nose, as if I had caught a violent cold in the head. About noon I experienced a painful contraction of the back of the jaws, which made me fear an attack of *tetanus*. I then went to bed, hoping that repose would alleviate my suffering; but it did not abate, on the contrary, it continued during nearly the whole of the following night; but I lost the contraction in the jaws about seven in the evening. The next morning the pain began to leave me, and I fell

asleep. I continued to suffer for two days, and the pain returned with full force, when I put my hand into water. I did not finally lose it for *nine days*.—*British India, (Cabinet Library.)*

AMUSING ANECDOTE OF AN AFGHAN
NOBLEMAN.

AT Bukkur, a fortress fifteen miles from Khyrpoor and situated on an insulated rock of flint on the *Indus* river; we had a visit from an *Afghan* nobleman of rank who had been on a visit to the governor-general from the late shah Mamood of Herat, and was now on his return to his native country (*Afghanistan*), by the way of *Sinde* and *Mekran*, the dissensions of dismembered *Cabul* preventing his passing by the usual route. He was one of the finest natives I ever saw, and had a flowing beard reaching to his waist: he was full of *Calcutta* and its wonders, and had adopted many of our customs. He rode on an English saddle; but said he had just found out that it was partly made of hog's skin, and brought it to beg my acceptance of it, for he dared not take such a thing to his country, (being *mahometan*) and would not again use it. I civilly declined the offer, and regretted that the information regarding the materials of the saddle, had been traced to me; for as he liked our fashions, it was a pity he could not carry them to his own country.

Previously to the envoy's leaving us, he begged I would give him an English brush, which I did with pleasure; but I did not consider it necessary to add, that in addition to the skin of the unclean beast, he would now have the bristles. He went away in great good humour with his gift, for which he offered me his palankeen.—*Burness' Voyage on the Indus*, 1833.

CITY OF HYDRABAD, CAPITAL OF SINDE.

THE scenery near the capital of Sinde is varied and beautiful; the sides of the river are lined with lofty trees, and there is a background of hill to relieve the eye from the monotony which presents itself in the dusty, arid plains of the Delta. The Indus is larger, too, than in most places lower down, being about 830 yards wide; there is a sand-bank in the middle, but it is hidden by the stream. The island on which Hydrabad stands is barren, from the rocky and hilly nature of the soil, but even the arable parts are poorly cultivated.

On the capital itself I can add little to the accounts which are already on record. It does not contain a population of 20,000 souls, who live in houses, or rather huts, built of mud. The residence of the (*ameer*) chief himself (Meer Moorad Ali Khan) is a comfortless miserable dwelling. The fort, as well as the

town, stands on a rocky hillock, and the former is a mere shell, partly surrounded by a ditch about ten feet wide and eight deep, over which there is a wooden bridge. The walls are about twenty-five feet high, built of brick, and fast going to decay. Hydrabad is a place of no strength, and might easily be captured by an *escalade*, (or scaling the wall.) In the centre of the fort there is a massive tower unconnected with the works, which overlooks the surrounding country. Here are deposited a great portion of the riches of Sinde. The Fulailee river insulates the ground on which Hydrabad stands; but though a considerable stream during the swell, it was quite dry when we visited this city in April.

Hydrabad is five miles inland. In the evening we were presented to the ameer of Sinde, by his son Nusseer Khan, who had previously received us in his own apartments. I shall not enter on a description of the court of Sinde. Its splendour must have faded; for though the ameer and his family certainly wore some superb jewels, there was not much to attract our attention in the palace, or *durbar*: they met in a dirty hall without a carpet; they sat in a room which was filled by a rabble of greasy soldiery, and the noise and dust were hardly to be endured. I followed up the interview, by sending the government presents which I had brought for his highness; they consisted of various articles of European manufacture,—a gun, a brace of

pistols, a gold watch, two telescopes, a clock, some English shawls and cloths, with two pair of elegant cut glass candlesticks and shades; some Persian works, beautifully lithographed [engraved from stone] in Bombay, and a map of the world and Hindostan, in Persian characters, completed the gift.

Some score of trays loaded with fruits and sweetmeats, adorned with gold leaf, and sent by the different members of the family, closed the day.—*Lieutenant Burnes.*

ESCAPE OF THE EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS FROM SPOLIATION.

A FRENCH naval officer of the squadron of Alexander writes:—The pyramids, those gigantic monuments which have excited the astonishment of travellers for ages, have been on the point of being demolished. It was proposed to Mehemet Ali that they should be taken down, and their materials used in forming the embankment of the Nile. A commission was named by the Pasha to ascertain whether this monstrous project were possible; but our consul M. Mimaut interfered, and has induced the Vandals to abandon the intention. He addressed a memorial to Mehemet Ali, whereby, after eulogizing him for the great and glorious acts he had done, which, notwithstanding his detractors, had obtained him the sympathy of Europe, M. Mimaut, assured him

that the barbarous act he then contemplated would raise against him the voices of all men of learning and science, as the pyramids were regarded by them as the most venerable monuments of the ancient race of mankind. Several ignorant and barbarous princes, he said, had formed the idea of destroying the pyramids, but that alone had remained as a stain upon their memories; and the Khalif Abdallah Mamoen, after having, with great labour and expense, opened these monuments in the hopes of discovering great treasures, found nothing, and became the laughing-stock of his contemporaries. He next reminded the Pasha, that the Sultan Milikel Aziz Othman, who had spent great sums in a similar attempt, was obliged to abandon it after labouring in vain for eight months. 'It is not,' he concludes, 'for Mehemet Ali, whose life has been employed in making new erections and vast improvements, to raise his hand against these monuments, which, although less useful than the canals he has formed, the iron rail-roads he is laying down, and the embankments he is raising against the Nile, are sacred in the opinion of all men. Therefore, it is to yourself I appeal, in the name of France and of Europe, and supplicate you to relinquish the projects of men devoid of good sense—These energetic representations succeeded; the pyramids remain, and the quarries whence they were raised will be again resorted to for the materials required for the embankment, which is going

on with great activity, under the direction of our fellow-countryman, M. Linant, celebrated already for his intrepid journeys in the interior of Africa. This is not the only service rendered by M. Mimaut to science. It is to him and the celebrated Champollion that we owe the preservation of the remains of the great temple at Dendera. He has employed his leisure and his fortune in making an invaluable collection of Egyptian and Grecian antiquities, which will, ere long, reach Paris, and there form an epoch in the annals of science; and artists and men of learning will have to exercise their critical acumen upon a historical monument of which England imagines herself to be in possession—in the fine marble sculpture called the Warwick Vase, found at Tivoli, and supposed to be the work of Lysippus. The real vase in bronze, on which the Greek artist has represented Alexander with the attributes of Bacchus, is at last found, and in the hands of M. Mimaut. Its authenticity cannot be doubted, when it is compared with what the ancient authors have written upon it. In that noble head, so full of genius, which appears to command all around it, the features of Alexander correspond with the medals and coins of him which have descended to our times. The artist has made perceptible that slight inclination on the head towards the left shoulder, which history informs us Lysippus gave to all his busts and statues of the Macedonian Prince. The artist has also

pourtrayed those soft and humid eyes noticed by Plutarch.—*Galignani's Messenger*, 1836.

DEATH OF NAPOLEON'S MOTHER.

MADAME MAREI LÆTITIA BONAPARTE died at Rome at one o'clock in the morning of the 2d of this month. She was born on the 24th of August 1750, at Ajaccio, of the Ramalini family, and had lived at Rome ever since 1814. From the time of her fall at the Villa Borghese, she had lost the use of her limbs, and half reclined night and day upon a couch: her eye-sight had failed her for several years past; she took very little share in the passing events of the world, and admitted to her society only a small number of intimate friends. A lady constantly watched by her side, and M. Robaglia, her secretary, once an officer in the old guard, used to read the journals to the august invalid, to speak to her of France, and to make her live again in the times gone by. Her appearance gave a painful impression to the few visitors who were admitted to her palace; her frame had become so attenuated, that life seemed almost extinct. Ever since the fall of the Emperor, the mother, whose children had mounted so many thrones, had received no other news from her family than those of mourning. The last blow that struck her, was the death of the Princess de Montfort, to whom she was particularly attached. Few

women have had so many favours of fortune heaped upon them, and few have had to drink more deeply of the dregs of the cup of misfortune. On the 27th of January she fell into a cold stupor that alarmed her devoted friends. Cardinal Fesch, her brother, was summoned; a slight amelioration took place after two or three days; the sacraments were, however, administered; her malady returned with redoubled violence on the first of this month; and on the 2d she expired, retaining her faculties to the last, and sinking to rest calmly and peaceably. She, the woman who had produced Napoleon, died in solitude and exile, but at the foot of the capitol, (1836.)

EXPERIMENT OF AN ICE GUN IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

Monday, 8th Nov. 1819.—The weather was very clear to-day, so that we had several hours twilight, nearly as clear as if the sun had been above the horizon in hazy weather. At noon, indeed, the sun must have been very near the horizon, by refraction, for the sky over it was very beautifully illuminated of a bright reddish colour, which vanished gradually in its intensity towards the zenith. An experiment was made to-day on a piece of ice, similar to that which was performed at Petersburg, at the marriage of the late emperor of Russia;—I allude to the ice

guns that were used on that occasion. That which we made, however, hardly deserved to be called a gun, at least when compared with those in question, for the block of ice that was used was only about three feet long, two feet broad, and a foot and a half in thickness; and the bore which was made with a two inch augur, was about two feet in length; it was loaded with three ounces of powder, but when fired, instead of going off like the Russian ice guns, it burst into a thousand fragments. Ice formed on salt water, is from its porosity very little calculated for an experiment of this sort; and if it were intended to withstand the shock of the explosion, the mass, I presume, ought to be larger than that which we used. It was, however, the thickest that we could procure; but if there was any object in repeating the experiment, I have no doubt but we shall soon be able to get heavier ice; for that formed on the channel round the ships since Saturday,—for it was not cut yesterday, on account of its being Sunday,—was found to-day to be eight inches thick.—*Fisher's Voyage of Discovery in the Hecla and Griper, 1819-20.*

EIDER-DUCKS AND DOWN OF ICELAND.

ON the 8th of June, we went to Vidæ (an island of Iceland) to see the *eider-ducks*, which have now assembled in great numbers to nestle: at all other times of the year these

birds are perfectly wild. They are protected by the laws; a severe penalty being inflicted on any person who kills one. During the breeding season the fine is thirty dollars for each bird. As our boat approached the shore we passed through multitudes of those beautiful fowls, which scarcely gave themselves the trouble to go out of the way. Between the landing place and the old governor's house, the ground was strewed with them, and it required some caution to avoid treading on the nests. The drakes were walking about uttering a sound very like the cooing of doves, and were even more familiar than the common domestic ducks. All round the house, on the garden wall, on the roofs, and even in the inside of the houses, and in the chapel, were numbers of ducks sitting on their nests. Such as had not been long on the nest, generally left it on being approached; but those that had more than one or two eggs sat perfectly quiet, suffering us to touch them, and sometimes making a gentle use of their bills to remove our hands. When a drake happens to be near his mate, he is extremely agitated when any one approaches her; he passes and re-passes between her and the object of his suspicion, raising his head and cooing. The nests were lined with *down* which the duck takes from her own breast; and there is a sufficient quantity laid round the nest for covering up the eggs when the duck goes to feed, which is generally during the time of low water. The

down, which is a valuable article of commerce, is removed at two different times from the nest. Sometimes the poor duck is compelled to provide a fourth lining; and when her down is exhausted, the drake supplies the deficiency. A certain number of eggs is also removed, as they are esteemed a great delicacy. Our good friend at Vidæ used to send us two hundred at a time. When boiled hard they are tolerably good, but much inferior to the eggs of common poultry: swan eggs, of which we got a few, are superior, and really excellent when boiled hard.

When taken from the nest, the eider down is mixed with feathers and straw. To separate them and make the down fit for market, is part of the employment of the women during winter. As soon as the young birds leave the eggs, the duck takes them on her back and swims to a considerable distance from the shore; she then dives, and leaves the little ones to exercise themselves in swimming about. As soon as they have got the use of their feet in this way, the duck returns and becomes their guide. Several broods, often great numbers, join company, and are seen quite wild for a few weeks, after which they totally disappear. Long before we left Iceland, there was not a single eider-duck to be seen; whither they retire is not known. These birds are found in the *Flannel Isles*, to the west of the island of Lewis. They are sometimes seen in Shetland and Orkney, but seldom farther to the south.—*Travels in Iceland in 1810.*

ANECDOTE OF THE FIRST DUKE OF BEDFORD.

THE first Duke of Bedford was William Russell, father of the celebrated patriot, William Lord Russell,—whom Charles Second caused to be barbarously beheaded. The father survived this stroke many years, and lived to express his patriotic but indignant feelings to James II. in language that will never be forgotten. When the affairs of that latter monarch, whose influence with his brother had been fatal to the murdered patriot, became desperate, he applied to some of the aged nobility for advice and aid to retrieve the fortunes of his throne ; the Duke of Bedford was among those whose favour he solicited. On hearing his application, the venerable duke, in a solemn and impressive tone, gave to the agitated monarch the following remarkable reply.—“I am too old and feeble to assist your majesty ; I once had a son, who, if living, might have been able to render you some service in this extremity, *but you and your brother gave him an early passport to a better world.*” The mortification of the royal applicant needs no comment. The venerable duke survived the *revolution* (1688) about eleven years ; and on his death was succeeded in the dukedom by the eldest son of the celebrated patriot whom Charles had beheaded.—*Drew's “Imperial Magazine.”*

ABBEY OF DUNFERMLINE, AND GRAVE OF
THE BRUCE.

THE royal burgh of Dunfermline stands three miles from the shore of the Frith of Forth [north bank], and is sixteen miles distant from Edinburgh. It is a town of considerable manufactures, and has long been remarkable for the weaving of *diaper* or table linen, in which it excels. Here table-cloths are made of almost any length, breadth, or fineness; and any motto, device, or coat of arms which may be wished, wrought into them. The incorporation preserves, as a specimen of ingenuity, a man's shirt wrought in the loom about a hundred years ago, by a weaver in Dunfermline, which has no seam, and every thing was completed without aid from the needle, except a button for the neck. This town is very ancient.

The *Abbey of Dunfermline* was a monastery of benedictine monks. It was begun by Malcolm Canmore and finished by Alexander the Fierce. It was richly endowed by different Scottish kings, particularly David I. The remains of the abbey are extensive, and shew that its buildings were elegant. It was famous for being the burying-place of several of our kings, more especially of the immortal Robert Bruce. Here the remains of this noble asserter of his country's independence, and stern avenger of her wrongs, lay without any mark or memo-

rial to point out the hallowed spot to posterity. It was known he had been buried in the choir, but it was in utter ruin ; and although a splendid monument had been erected over his grave, no vestige of it remained. In 1818, however, when workmen were digging amid the ruins of the choir for the foundation of a new parish church about to be built, they came upon a stone erection, which was obviously the tomb of some person of consequence. On opening it the coffin appeared to be entirely decayed, but a skeleton was found enveloped in lead ; a circlet of lead in form of a crown was placed around the head, and from the shreds remaining, it was obvious that the body had been originally wrapped in cloth of gold. The situation of the grave, which was immediately in front of where the high altar had at one time stood, led at once to the supposition, that the resting-place of the Bruce had been discovered, and this was confirmed by a small plate being afterwards discovered among the rubbish, with the inscription upon it of *Robertus Scotiorum Rex*. This had been no doubt the plate on the top of the coffin. The grave was immediately shut up, and notice sent to the barons of exchequer [as guardians ;] a day was afterwards fixed when it was again opened in their presence, and that of many individuals of eminence in science and literature. The skeleton was examined, measured, and drawings and casts taken from it. The breast-bone was found

sawn through, an operation necessary to have been performed in taking out the heart, which was sent with the Good Sir James Douglas [so far] to the *Holy Land*. No doubt remained in the mind of any one, that after a lapse of nearly *five hundred years*, the grave of Bruce had been found, and the bones of the patriot lay before them. They were placed in a new coffin, which was filled with melted pitch; they were again laid in the earth, and a strong building of brick erected over them.

To the above extract from Leighton's *Scenes in Scotland*, we may here add a characteristic trait of the noble and patriotic Bruce, shewing his unconquerable perseverance.

King Robert Bruce, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy, being out one day reconnoitering the enemy, lay at night in a barn belonging to a loyal cottager. In the morning, still reclining his head on the pillow of straw, he beheld a spider climbing up a beam of the roof. The insect fell to the ground, but immediately made a second essay to ascend. This attracted the notice of the hero, who, with regret, saw the spider fall a second time from the same eminence. It made a third unsuccessful attempt. Not without a mixture of concern and curiosity, the monarch twelve times beheld the insect baffled in its aim; but the thirteenth essay was crowned with success: it gained the summit of the barn; when the king, starting from his couch, exclaimed,

“This despicable insect has taught me perseverance: I will follow its example. Have I not been twelve times defeated by the enemy’s force? on one fight more hangs the independence of my country.” In a few days his anticipations were fully realized by the glorious result to Scotland of the *Battle of Bannockburn*.

The following anecdote of the *Battle of Bannockburn* will, we are sure, be gratifying to our juvenile readers—both to manly boys and gentle girls.

On this field (in the neighbourhood of Stirling) was fought that celebrated battle, which gave freedom to bleeding Scotland. Happily the English and Scotch are now one people and nation. The two countries seem intended to form one empire. How different must be the feelings of the natives on both sides of the Tweed to each other, in their being one by a voluntary *union*, from what these must have been had the one people been subjected to the other by conquest.

The Battle of Bannockburn was fought on the 24th of June 1314, betwixt the English under Edward Second, and the Scotch under Robert the Bruce. Sir Walter Scott tells the following affecting incident amongst other tales of that eventful engagement. At break of day the battle began in terrible earnest. The English, as they advanced, saw the Scotch getting into line. The abbot of Inchaffray walk-

ed through their ranks barefooted, and exhorting them to fight for their freedom. They kneeled down as he passed, and prayed to Heaven for victory. King Edward, who saw this, called out, "They kneel down,—they are asking forgiveness." "Yes," said a celebrated English baron, called Ingelram de Umphraville, "but they ask it from God, not from us,—these men will conquer, or die on the field."

RUINS OF CADYOW CASTLE, AND SCOTTISH WILD CATTLE.

THE ruins of Cadyow, or Cadzow, castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family of Hamilton, are situated upon the precipitous banks of the river Evan, and about two miles above its junction with the Clyde. It was dismantled in the conclusion of the civil wars, during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, to whose cause the Hamiltons devoted themselves with a generous zeal, which occasioned their temporary obscurity, and very nearly their total ruin. The situation of the ruins, embosomed in wood, darkened by ivy and creeping shrubs, and overhanging the brawling torrent, is romantic in the highest degree. In the immediate vicinity of Cadyow is a grove of immense oaks, the remains of the *Caledonian forest*, which anciently extended through the south of Scotland, from the eastern to the Atlantic ocean. Some of these

trees measure twenty-five feet and upwards in circumference, and the state of decay in which they now appear, shews that they may have witnessed the rites of the druids. The scenery is included in the magnificent and extensive park of the Duke of Hamilton.

There was long preserved in this forest the breed of the Scottish *wild cattle*, until their ferocity occasioned their being extirpated, about forty years ago. Their appearance was beautiful, being milk white, with black muzzles, horns, and hoofs. The bulls are described, by ancient authors, as having white manes; but those of later days had lost that peculiarity, perhaps by intermixture with the tame breed. They were formerly kept in the park at Drumlanrig, and are still to be seen at Chillingham castle in Northumberland.

Through the huge oaks of Evandale,
Whose limbs a thousand years have worn,
What sullen roar comes down the gale,
And drowns the hunter's pealing horn.

Mightiest of all the beasts of chase,
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The mountain bull comes thundering on.

Fierce on the hunter's quiver'd band
He rolls the eye of swarthy glow,
Spurns with black hoof and horn the sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow.

Scott's Lyrical Ballads.

VISIT TO AN ENGLISH LADY ON MOUNT
LEBANON.

Druze bride on a white charger—Gate of the convent opened by an Arab—Young female in Greek costume—Lady Stanhope's eastern dress—Stud of horses—Favourite Arab courser—Nichab.

ON our return from Acre, an express invitation arrived from Lady Hester Stanhope to visit her, at the monastery of Abra, which she then occupied. It is unnecessary to say, that our preparations for the journey were few and brief. Mounted on Arabian horses, and preceded by a young Turk, who acted as a guide, we immediately set out; and, pre-occupied as I was with thoughts and anticipations respecting the extraordinary person I was about to visit, I found it impossible not to be struck and impressed with the wonderful character of the scenery through which we had to pass. As, however, words are vain as a medium of conveying ideas correspondent with this scenery and the impressions it is calculated to call forth, I shall abstain from using them. One circumstance, however, I must mention, as the effect of it, in connection with the scenery in which it occurred, was singularly striking. In the midst of one of these superb solitudes, we suddenly saw advancing towards us, a troop, or rather a string of strangely clad persons, each mounted on an ass; the centre of the procession being form-

ed by an extraordinary figure, mounted on a superb white charger, and bearing the appearance of a sort of living spectre,—the lofty cap which crowned its head being ornamented with immensely long flowing veils, which descended to the very feet of the figure, and concealed it wholly from view. My guide informed me that this mysterious personage was a newly-made bride, of one of the most distinguished of the *Druzes*, who inhabit this district; and that she was on the road to join her husband.

At length we arrived in sight of the convent, inhabited by the object of our visit,—the virtual queen of Palmyra,—for as such Lady Stanhope may be regarded. On reaching the outer entrance of the convent, I rung the bell attached to it, and the gate was immediately opened by an Arab, who conducted me into an open vestibule, carefully closed the gate by which I had entered, made signs to me to wait his announcement of my arrival, and then left me. Here I remained alone for more than half an hour, holding my horse by his bridle, (for none of my attendants had been allowed to enter with me,) and not a little surprised at being allowed to wait attendance so long, after the pressing invitation I had received. At last a young and exceedingly pretty female made her appearance, dressed in a Greek costume, but speaking perfectly good French. Having ascertained, by addressing me in that language,

that I was in fact the traveller expected by her mistress, she expressed great pleasure, clapping her hands, and loudly exclaimed, (without leaving,) "My lady! my lady! It is the Frenchman. Come, come!" On which her ladyship immediately made her appearance. Her dress was that of a *scheick* of the bedouin Arabs: such, at least, was the fashion of her attire; but in point of material and costliness, it was much richer than the dress worn by those princes of the desert.

Lady Stanhope immediately approached and offered me her hand in the most frank and familiar manner, and at the same time apologizing for having kept me so long waiting, declaring that, seeing me approach, she had mistaken me for an Englishman; "and," said she, "I never receive any of my countrymen, if I can possibly avoid it; and if you had happened to have been one of them, all the civility I could have offered you, after your long journey to visit me, would have been a dinner in this vestibule." She then conducted me to a small apartment, without furniture of any kind, with the exception of ottomans, on which having seated ourselves, pipes were brought, one of which her ladyship took, and we immediately commenced smoking and conversing. The chief subject of our conversation was Napoleon, about whom Lady Stanhope expressed an extraordinary degree of enthusiasm. After some time a repast was served, in the Arab fashion, of which her

ladyship partook, but not of the wine which accompanied it. This latter was of two sorts, and of the most exquisite quality,—the wine of Cyprus, and the golden wine of the mountain. After the repast we again conversed for a considerable time, and at length I retired to my apartment.

The next day I arose early, and, her ladyship not being up, I paid a visit to her stud of horses. At about ten Lady Hester left her tent,—which was pitched on the terrace of the building outside,—and immediately joined me, for the purpose of making some inquiries of me respecting the state of her favourite Arabian horse, which had just fallen lame; and she expressed herself not a little delighted at my pointing out the cause of the evil, and the means of its immediate cure. This horse was of the most perfect beauty. Her ladyship had received it from a distinguished Arab chief of many tribes, named Nassr. Her ladyship afterwards shewed me several mares, one of which, in particular, appeared to be the object of her special care; the reason of which, I learned was that a Turkish *santon* (holy man,) had declared to her it was reserved for some mysterious destiny! This mare was afterwards sent to Paris, where it was purchased by the Duchess d'Angouleme, and was known by the name of *Nichab*. Amongst her ladyship's stud I also observed a filly, two years old, the back of which was as hollow as a Turkish saddle,—a

form which her ladyship regarded as a singular beauty; and she assured me that this came of a race, the pedigree of which could be traced up to the stud of king Solomon!

Having passed the whole of the second day in the residence of Lady Stanhope, and been inexpressibly amused and interested by that singular mixture of oddity and elevation of which her character consists, I quitted her under the most favourable impression as to the treatment I had received. Lady Hester Stanhope is the eldest daughter of Charles, third Earl of Stanhope, who married Lady Hester Pitt, daughter of the first Earl of Chatham; consequently, Lady H. Stanhope is a niece of William Pitt.

Her person is noble and imposing, but more calculated to inspire respect and admiration than affection. Still she exhibits traces of a remarkable degree of beauty. Moreover, she has great and various acquirements, a singular degree of quickness and penetration, and a resolution that nothing can intimidate. Tired of the common-place routine of society in her own country, and possessing a considerable fortune, entirely at her own disposal, she determined to seek, in travel, that excitement which her soul could not exist without. Accordingly, she fixed upon the various parts of the Levant and Palestine as the first objects of her investigation. Having engaged an English vessel, and provided herself with a numerous suite of attendants, she landed first at

Smyrna, at a moment when the plague was raging in that city, and she was almost immediately attacked by it, and was for sometime considered to be at the point of death. Contrary to all expectations, however, and apparently as if by miracle, she suddenly recovered, and immediately proceeded to Constantinople, where the sultan—who was not at that time usually very courteous to strangers—received her in the most gracious and distinguished manner, assigning her a residence within the walls of his own palace, and causing the most marked attentions to be paid her by every one, including the sultanas themselves. But these marked civilities could not long detain Lady Stanhope from the objects for which she had set out on her travels—Syria, Palestine, and Mount Lebanon.—*Recent Traveller in Syria, (Court Journal, 1832.)*

REVIEW OF KURDS AND CIRCASSIANS.

THE emperor Nicholas, who arrived at *Kalisch* (in Poland,) on the occasion of a meeting of German sovereigns, and grand review of their troops in August 1835, reviewed, the day after his arrival, the Kurds, and the Cossacks, Don-Cossacks, (from the river *Don*,) Georgians, and Circassians, (from the eastern and distant parts of the extensive Russian empire in Asia as well as Europe.)

These troops, about 1,600 cavalry, performed many evolutions and sham fights, which presented the most picturesque military spectacle that Europe has seen since the middle ages. Conceive the gay coloured costume of 800 Kurd horsemen, mingled with richly dressed Cossacks and Georgians, and among them the shining silver helmets and coats-of-mail of fifty Circassian princes, with a constant firing of muskets and pistols, often drowned in the cries of "allah" and "hurrah," and you will have a faint idea of the scene. The image of war was complete in the moment when the Kurds, in two parties 400 each, attacked each other, and so seriously contended for the standard taken at Erzeroum, that twenty generals and aides-de-camp in vain endeavoured to separate them, and at length their monarch himself, their padishah, was obliged to ride in amongst them, and to pacify and separate the combatants, who already had several wounded. These inhabitants of the frontiers of the empire now saw their sovereign for the first time, who called out and commanded several khans and princes. The most indifferent spectator can never forget the enthusiasm that sparkled in their eyes, when the emperor, accompanied by only two aides-de-camp, put himself at their head, and led several attacks. Yesterday there was a grand parade of the whole corps of General Rudiger, and of the cavalry of the guard. The emperor, in whose brilliant and numerous suite were the Duke of

Nassau and Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, having ridden along the five lines, amidst the continued acclamations of the troops, gave orders to present arms, and then turning to the prince, their victorious commander, embraced him in the front of the army, which loudly cheered him. The troops then defiled before the emperor in the most beautiful order. His majesty remained on the ground from eight till one o'clock.—*Hamburgh Paper.*

THE UPAS, OR POISON-TREE OF JAVA.

THE large and important island of Java (Tava) lying in the eastern seas, was conquered by the British from the Dutch in 1811, and restored in 1816, greatly improved in many respects, under the administration, chiefly of governor Sir Stamford Raffles. This valuable island is from 600 to 700 miles long, and its greatest breadth is 135 varying to 56 miles. Amongst its provinces *Bantam* occupies a considerable space. Some of the native Javanese princes or sultans are very powerful and arbitrary. The country is quite an agricultural one, and its inhabitants a nation of husbandmen. The Chinese and Malays are numerous and enterprising on the island. The false creed of the lying prophet Mahomet is very general. The large town of *Batavia* is the capital, built on the model of the Dutch cities,

with canals in the streets, which being stagnant in that scorching climate makes the place most unhealthy.

The following is an account of the *upas-tree* peculiar to this country, and concerning which so many fables have been told:—The tree which produces the upas, grows in the eastern island of Java. It is one of the largest in the forests of the whole island; the stem is cylindrical and perpendicular, and rises completely bare to the height of sixty, seventy, or eighty feet. Near the surface of the ground it spreads obliquely, dividing into numerous broad appendages, or wings; it is covered with a whitish bark, near the ground; this bark is in old trees more than an inch thick, and upon being wounded yields plentifully the milky juice from which the celebrated poison is prepared. The sap is contained in the tree-bark (or *corten*.) The inner bark (*liber*) of young trees is employed by the poorer class in making a coarse stuff, which they wear when working in the fields; but persons wearing this dress, on being exposed to the rain, are affected with an intolerable itching, which renders their flimsy covering almost insupportable. The deleterious quality of the poison exists in the gum; the preparation of a poison from which is an exclusive art of the inhabitants of the eastern extremity of the island.

In clearing new grounds near the tree, the inhabitants do not like to approach it, as they dread the cutaneous eruption which it is known

to produce when nearly cut down. But except when the tree is largely wounded, or when it is felled,—by which a large portion of the juice is disengaged, the effluvia of which mixing with the atmosphere, affects the persons exposed to it, with the symptoms just mentioned,—the tree may be approached and ascended like the other common trees in the forests. It is like all the neighbouring trees, surrounded by shrubs and plants.

One of the regents had caps or bonnets prepared from the inner bark, which were stiffened with rice-water in the usual manner, and handsomely painted, for the purpose of decorating his attendants; but they all refused to wear them, asserting that they would cause their hair to fall off.

The poison is prepared from the expressed juice of the upas-tree, of which process Dr. Horsfield gives a full account. The symptoms which follow the taking of this poison are a trembling of the extremities, restlessness, erection of the hair, affection of the bowels, vomiting, great agony, laborious breathing, violent and repeated convulsions, and death.

The natives of the eastern islands of Macassar, Borneo, and the other islands in that quarter, when they employ the poison, make use of an arrow of bamboo, (to the end of which they attach a shark's tooth) which they throw from a blow pipe or sompit. The upas appear to affect different quadrupeds with nearly equal force, proportionate in some degree to their

size and dispositions.—See *Sir Stamford Raffles' Java, and Memoir.*

SULTAN OF PALEMBANG, AND BRITISH EXPLOIT.

PALEMBANG, a native court in the island of *Sumatra*, was governed by its own sultan, but at the same time a residency dependent on Java and the Dutch governor. When the British took Java from the Dutch by the conquest of *Batavia* the capital of this island, the sultan of Palembang and his dominions fell of course under British authority. Sir Stamford Raffles lieutenant-governor of Java, sent thither a commander to take possession of the Dutch factory there, and delivered it over to a provisional resident. The treacherous and cruel sultan refused to acknowledge any authority, and attempted to cut off the British agents as he had done already to the Dutch, attended by circumstances of peculiar atrocity, in which he was aided by his infamous son, the *Pangerang Rattoo*, who amused himself by spearing the defenceless natives whom he accidentally encountered in his lawless excursions.

An expedition under Colonel Gillespie was sent from *Batavia* against the tyrannical and guilty sultan, which sailed up the river Palembang in boats, and platforms (for field pieces.) After encountering considerable opposition, (or attempts both at treachery and opposition)

on the river, the gallant colonel hearing from an Arab, of the sultan's flight with the treasures, and an intended massacre and plunder that very night by the sultan's adherents on the wealthy Chinese and other inhabitants, he set off instantly to prevent so horrible a catastrophe; accompanied only by a few grenadiers and resolute officers, leaving the troops to follow with all possible speed. In their way up to the fort, they saw continued blazes of light, and heard frightful yells of intimidation; as well as shrieks of distress for seven miles on both sides of the river. Undismayed by numerous bodies of armed men, the little resolute band stepped on shore from their canoes, and marched with a firm step through a multitude of Arabs, and treacherous Malays, whose weapons, steeped in poison, glimmered by the light of the torches.

Huge battlements, with immense gates leading from one area to another, presented the frightful spectacle of human blood still reeking and flowing on the pavement. The massive gates closed upon the rear, and the blood-stained court-yards through which the party were conducted, appeared as if they were the passage to a slaughter-house.

A Malay who had pressed through the crowd, approached the colonel, and was walking by his side, when a large double-edged knife was secretly put into his hands by one of his countrymen. It was a dark stormy night, and a ray of lightning, at the very moment when

the man was pushing the knife up his long loose sleeve to conceal it, discovered the weapon. The colonel's eye caught the object, and instantly turning round he had the fellow seized, totally regardless of the crowd: thus frustrating by his firmness the murderous design. The weapon was found as described, but the assassin contrived to steal away in the confusion, and escaped.

The palace exhibited a melancholy picture of devastation and cruelty. Murder had been succeeded by rapine; and while the place was completely ransacked, the pavements and floors were clotted with blood. In every direction spectacles of woe caught the sight, and were rendered peculiarly awful by the glare of the surrounding conflagration, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning and loud peals of thunder.

The flames which continued to spread destruction, notwithstanding the rain that poured down in torrents, had reached the outer buildings of the palace, and threatened that part where the colonel and his party had taken up their temporary abode. The crackling of bamboos resembling the discharge of musquetry; the crashing fall of burning roofs, the near approach of the flames, in the midst of an immense hostile multitude and assassins, gave altogether to their situation a most appalling character and prospect.

The little band, consisting only of *seventeen* British grenadiers, with the naval and military

officers, and a few seamen, had to secure possession of the fort, and to provide for their own safety, in the determined resolution of selling their lives dearly, should any attack be made before the arrival of the reinforcements. Having carefully reconnoitered, by the light of the torches, the interior of the palace court, and ordered all the entrances except one to be shut and barricaded, Colonel Gillespie stationed the grenadiers at the principal entrance, and the strictest guard was kept up. Soon after midnight they had the satisfaction of hailing the welcome arrival of Major French, with about sixty men of the 89th regiment, and the remaining part of the ordered advance under Lieut.-Colonel Macleod, joined the little garrison next morning.

Thus an act of daring enterprise, conceived with judgment, and executed with intrepidity, gained possession of the fort and batteries, defended by *two hundred and forty-two pieces of cannon*, without the loss of a man! This formidable position could not have been carried under any other circumstances of attack, but by the sacrifice of many lives, and by hazarding altogether the safety of the little armament.

The rapidity of the movement, and the sudden and unexpected arrival of the few British at that late hour in the evening, whose numbers were greatly magnified by the panic which seized the foe, caused the immediate dispersion of the sultan's adherents, who fled in confusion, and thus relieved the town from

the miseries with which it was threatened, of plunder and destruction. An American who was supercargo of a large Chinese *junk* (vessel) then lying at Palembang, gave a melancholy description of the fate with which they were threatened, and which would have burst on them that very night, had the English not arrived in time to prevent it. This junk, with all on board, had in fact been marked out as the first victims.

The measures taken to restore order and maintain tranquillity were so effectual, that the inhabitants assumed confidence, and many who had fled into the woods, returned to their homes. The great body of the people were pleased at the change, and rejoiced in being relieved from the tyranny of the sultan, which seemed to have attained its height.

The deposed sultan was Mahmud Badrud-din. His brother Ratoo Ahmed Nujmood-deen was placed on the throne instead, by the British.

This event took place in May 1812.—See *Life of Sir T. S. Raffles, by his lady, 1835.*

FUNERAL OF A MALAY WOMAN OF BANK, IN SUMATRA.

ON the next day we proceeded to *Tanjung Alem* (the point of the world) another village in the *Passumak* country, a district of the island of *Sumatra*, which we reached (from *Nigri-Cayu*, with its hot springs) in about six

hours, through one of the finest countries in the world, having before us, nearly the whole way, the volcanic mountain called Gunung Dempo, from which the smoke issued in large volumes.

[The villages here have about five hundred inhabitants each, the houses are large, and every village is fortified as a little town, with its deep ditch and high palisades. The remains of two or three of these towns indicate the petty feuds of the rival chiefs; but during the short stay of the admirable governor Raffles at Tanjung Alem, all grounds of difference were happily laid aside by a treaty formed with these chiefs, by which they all came under British protection.]

During our stay here, an old woman of rank died, and we witnessed all the ceremonies. These commenced by all the females of the village repairing to the house of the deceased, and setting up a wail something like the *Irish howl* for an hour or two. After this the body was removed to the *bali*, or hall of audience, where we were to dine; we however preferred dining in another place: but in the evening it was expected that we should be present at the ceremony, which consisted of dancing and singing in presence of the whole village, assembled in the hall where the body lay. On the next morning the chief of the village killed a goat, and sprinkled the blood about the house of the deceased, and all the maidens within hail, attended at the *bali*, contending with

each other who should exclaim loudest, 'Oh mother! come back; mother, come back!' This continued until they concluded that the body would keep no longer, when it was hurried off, and quietly carried out of the village to a grave, in which it was interred without further ceremony. The people, though professedly mahomedans, seemed more attached to their superstitions and ancient worship than I expected. I clearly traced an ancient mythology, and obtained the names of, at least, twenty gods, several of which are hindu. In each of the villages we found a *lang'gar*, an erection in the middle of the place, like a pigeon-house, and appropriated to doing penance, evidently a relic of a more ancient creed than mahomedanism. The building here was larger than that noticed at Merambung, and better constructed.—*Governor Raffles' Life.*

OBTAINING GOLD DUST IN SUMATRA.

I HAD a great treat this morning in witnessing the process of obtaining *gold dust* from the *bed of the river*, which is simply as follows: In the first place, the course of the rapid stream is a little diverted by means of a strong rampart of stones, so as to leave part of the bed dry. Here, after digging about eight or nine feet deep, they meet with a black mud, which is taken to the water in a wooden trencher,

and washed in the running stream, till nothing remains apparently except a sand resembling iron filings. Among this sand, however, the keen eye of the workman discovers small pieces of pure gold. I was surprised to observe how quickly he discovered all of this that his trencher contained. When he threw away the remains, I always felt afraid that some of the precious metal must still have escaped his notice; but when I mentioned this, they all smiled at me for supposing such a thing. The water which collects in the mine during the night, occasions them much trouble in emptying it the following morning, but they do this with great expertness by means of a swing basket. The profits are not so great as I should have expected. There were three men working at this mine, and they told me, that they could not earn more than three rupees per diem. I intend enclosing to you the remains of one trencher, which the workmen gave me on the spot. This mine is close to the Company's station. On my way on Thursday I saw several others.

Nearly the whole day has been occupied in conference with the *batta* chiefs on political matters, into which I could enter but very little, not understanding their language, or the local circumstances discussed; but I was obliged to be present, and Sultan Sallin, who is a very acute young man, and the most graceful speaker I ever listened to, made as much of my visit as possible, shewing me, in their

presence, the tokens of friendship that the various chiefs had presented to the Company. He will accompany me on my return to *Natal*, (East India Company's settlement in the island of Sumatra) a circumstance which gives me great pleasure, as he possesses a good deal of local information. We intend leaving this place to-morrow morning.—*Rev. Mr. Burton's Journey to the interior of Sumatra. (Baptist-mission) 1821.*

FANATICISM OF THE DAMASCENES—
ILLUSTRATED.

THE steps that had been taken to make this place (Damascus) the residence of an English consul, with the knowledge that Mr. Farren had actually arrived at Saidee, led to the belief that further innovations were contemplated;—that the recently-established governor was the willing agent of the sultan—favourable to the Franks, and the abettor of those perverting institutions which had elsewhere been insidiously introduced. All now was tumult and confusion. Disaffection, secretly fomented by the bigoted *ulemahs*, (mussulman priests) and countenanced by some of the most influential citizens, spread rapidly among the people; and in the month of September [1832] burst into open revolt. The pacha shut himself up in the citadel, where he was closely besieged for several days. His little garrison

fired upon the insurgents, who, exasperated to frenzy, refused all terms of accommodation. But provisions at length failing, the besieged—compelled to capitulate—opened the gate, under a solemn promise of personal security to all within.

The reign of anarchy, however, had commenced; the compact was treacherously broken; the house in which the pacha had taken refuge was forcibly entered during the night, and himself and four of his principal officers savagely massacred before the door. These ferocious savages, with true revolutionary fury, paraded the heads of their victims, the next morning, on pikes through the town, and that of the pacha was finally brought to the gate of the convent where we reside. The trembling monks were forced from their concealment, the head, stigmatized by the mob as that of a *kafir* (*infidel*), and the friend of *kafers*, was insultingly thrown before them, and a threat held out, which the payment of a large fine only averted, of having it nailed as a trophy over their door.

The *Serai*, in the meantime, was pillaged—the rich embellishments of the interior torn down, and an attempt made to set it on fire. The solidity of the building resisted the destructive element, but the conflagration spread to the adjoining bazaar, and from the construction of the houses, it seems wonderful that any part of the city escaped. For a short time two or three of the principal inhabitants direct-

ed this revolutionary movement, but soon losing their influence, Damascus exhibited the strange anomaly of a city, containing a hundred and forty thousand inhabitants, remaining for five or six months without any settled government. The houses of the rich became fortresses, every man carried arms, each relying upon his own courage to protect his family and effects. But more extraordinary still, when the first fury had subsided, no farther attempt at pillage was made, or glaring outrage committed.—*Visit to Alexandria, Damascus, and Jerusalem, by Edward Hogg, M.D.*

MAHOMET AND THE THIEF—A TURKISH
TALE.

My servant, Mohammed Hussein, says the Rev. Joseph Wolff in his diary, whom I had long regarded as an honest man, turned out to be a most consummate rascal and thief; but I had not yet found him out, and he, in order to give an idea of the honest principles by which he was actuated, related the following story of his prophet:—A poor man came to Mahomet, and said, "From morning to night I am in bitterness, for I am not able to gain so much as to buy bread." The prophet said, "Perhaps you do not perform prayers?" Beggar. I perform prayer five times every day.—P. Perhaps you don't fast? B. I fast three months in the year.—P. What is your trade?

B. I am a stone-cutter.—P. What has your father been? B. A thief.—P. Go and steal too. B. Then I shall be killed.—P. Steal with equity, you must follow the trade of your father. The beggar went at night to steal in the house of a merchant, where he found ten purses with money, every purse containing 100 tomauns: he wanted to take all the money; but then he said to himself, the prophet said, “steal with equity;” so he left 500 tomauns. He arrived with the other 500 at the gate; then he said, “Even these 500 are without equity, for the owner has troubled himself much to gain 500 tomauns; he took 200 and brought back 300. Coming with them to the gate, he said to himself, “This is also without equity; 100 is only necessary;” he brought back 100 and left 100. Going to leave the house, he heard the erier upon the Mosque, “Prayer is better than money.” He went upon the terrace of the house of the owner of the money, left the money behind, and performed the prayer with a loud voice. The owner of the money awoke, and went to the terrace of his house, where he saw the beggar performing his prayer. He asked him, “Who art thou?” he replied, “I am a thief.” The owner asked, “What kept you from taking my money? how many years have you been a thief?” He told him his history. The owner married him to his daughter, and gave him his property. My rascally servant, however, did not rob me with equity, which I found out afterwards.—*Rev.*

Joseph Wolff's Missionary Researches in the East.

BAZAARS AT DAMASCUS, ANECDOTE.

PASSING through these immense galleries (of the *bazaars*;) I have often heard the mussulmans utter curses against me, when they recognised me for a Frank by my language; but (says a *French traveller* who visited this city in an oriental dress in 1835,) our consular agent had given me for a guide a descendant of Mahomet, and I was allowed to pass through respect for the green turban. Nevertheless, if I had been surprised carrying arms, I ran the risk of being stoned, for a *giaour* (unbeliever!) is forbidden to appear in the holy city. No European and *raya* (native Christian,) would be permitted to purchase powder, ball, or ammunition of any kind. I was told that an Englishman last year, visiting the bazaar, sought to purchase a sabre and dagger. As he wore an oriental dress, and his dragoman spoke for him, the mussulman merchant sold the arms without scruple; but the traveller happening to address his *dragoman* (interpreter,) in Italian, the merchant discovered his mistake, flung the money at the Englishman's head, and forced him to resign his purchase.

Each *tribe*, of the mixed multitude inhabiting this great Turkish city, (once the *capital*

of the ancient kingdom of *Syria*,) has its own *bazaar*, (or market place). The population is said to exceed 150,000. There are also *khans*, or marts for foreign merchandise. Silks and saddles form the principal articles of trade and sale in Damascus. The Arab of the desert comes for this latter article. Its *silks* (*damask* named from the place,) are abundant, and with cotton stuffs, sweetmeats, and dried fruits, are sent to Persia, Turkey, Egypt, and Africa. There are daily arrivals and departures of merchant caravans, exchanging productions with Constantinople, Cairo, and Bagdad.

The city is about 40 miles from the sea, having *Beirout* as its port. The great northern *caravan* of pilgrims to *Mecca* passes through Damascus, having about 30,000 camels. Here they remain for several weeks, making large purchases and exchanges. These *mussulman* visitors of the *kaaba*, or holy place, bring back *cashmeres*, muslins, coffee berries, aloes, and pearls. The *horses* of Damascus are even more celebrated than the *Arabian* breed; and its dried fruits are noted in the east, as well as the Damascus sword-blade.

These rows of diminutive recesses in the bazaars, (says Dr. Hogg,) round which the articles on sale are invitingly displayed, have small platforms in front, furnished with carpets and cushions. Here sit the proprietors, with their legs crossed beneath them—neatly dressed—their wares all within reach—and

often with customers beside them, in similar postures, smoking and sipping coffee,—auxiliaries in constant requisition during the negotiation of all mercantile affairs. Barbers' shops, distinguished by small looking-glasses and arabesque paintings,—coffee-houses, and repositories for eatables, were often on a large scale. Some of the bazaars wide, tolerably built, with lofty roofs; more frequently they are constructed roughly with timber, old, narrow, dark, shaded above with green branches or tattered awnings, and kept agreeably cool by constant watering.—*See Dr. Hogg's Travels.*

CAPE BUFFALO, ACCIDENT IN HUNTING.

THE Boors and Hottentots describe the buffalo to be, what his aspect strongly indicates, an animal of a fierce, treacherous, and cruel disposition. Even when not provoked by wounds, or driven to extremity in the chase, they say he will attack, with the utmost ferocity, his great enemy man, if he happens to intrude incautiously upon his haunts; and what renders him the more dangerous is his habit of skulking in the jungle, when he observes travellers approaching, and then suddenly rushing out upon them. It has been remarked, too, (and this observation has been corroborated by the Swedish traveller Sparrman,) that if he succeeds in killing a man by

goring and tossing him with his formidable horns, he will stand over his victim afterwards for a long time, trampling upon him with his hoofs, crushing him with his knees, mangling the body with his horns, and stripping off the skin with his rough and prickly tongue. This he does not do all at once, but at intervals, going away, and again returning, as if more fully to glut his vengeance.

Although I have no reason to question the truth of this description, it ought to be qualified by stating, that though the buffalo will not unfrequently thus attack man, and even animals, without any obvious provocation, yet this malignant disposition will be found, if accurately inquired into, the exception rather than the rule of the animal's ordinary habits.

It is, nevertheless, very true that the Cape buffalo is, at all times, a dangerous animal to hunt; as, when wounded, or closely pressed, he will not unfrequently turn and run down his pursuer, whose only chance of escape in that case is the swiftness of his steed, if the huntsman be a Colonist or European. The Hottentot, who is light and agile, and dexterous in plunging like an antelope through the intricacies of an intangled forest, generally prefers following this game on foot. Like all pursuits, when the spirit of enterprise is highly excited by some admixture of perilous adventure, buffalo hunting is passionately followed by those who once devote themselves to

it; nor do the perilous accidents that occasionally occur appear to make any deep impression on those that witness them. The consequence is, that the buffalo is now nearly extirpated throughout every part of the Cape colony, except in the large forests or jungles in the eastern districts, where, together with the elephant, he still finds a precarious shelter.

It was in this quarter that the following incident in buffalo hunting, which may serve as a specimen of this rough pastime, was related to me by a Dutch-African farmer, who had been an eye-witness of the scene some fifteen years before. A party of Boors had gone out to hunt a troop of buffaloes, which were grazing in a piece of marshy ground, interspersed with groves of yellow wood and mimosa trees, on the very spot where the village of Somerset is now built. As they could not conveniently get within shot of the game without crossing part of the *valei* or marsh, which did not afford a safe passage for horses, they agreed to leave their steeds in charge of their Hottentot servants and to advance on foot, thinking, that if any of the buffaloes should turn upon them, it would be easy to escape by retreating across the quagmire, which, though passable for man, would not support the weight of a heavy quadruped. They advanced accordingly, and under cover of the bushes, approached the game with such advantage, that the first volley brought down

three of the fattest of the herd, and so severely wounded the great bull leader that he dropped on his knees, bellowing with pain. Thinking him mortally wounded, the foremost of the huntsmen issued from the covert, and began reloading his musket as he advanced to give him a finishing shot. But no sooner did the infuriated animal see his foe in front of him, than he sprang up and rushed headlong upon him. The man, throwing down his empty gun, fled towards the quagmire; but the savage beast was so close upon him that he despaired of escaping in that direction, and turning suddenly round a clump of copsewood, began to climb an old mimosa tree which stood at the one side of it. The raging beast, however, was too quick for him. Bound ing forward with a roar, which my informant (who was of the party,) described as being one of the most frightful sounds he ever heard, he caught the unfortunate man with his horns, just as he had nearly escaped his reach, and tossed him in the air with such force that the body fell, dreadfully mangled, into a cleft of the tree. The buffalo ran round the tree once or twice apparently looking for the man, until weakened with loss of blood he again sunk on his knees. The rest of the party then, recovering from their confusion, came up and despatched him, though too late to save their comrade, whose body was hanging in the tree quite dead.—*Pringle.*

TRAGIC FATE OF AN AFRICAN MONKEY.

IN one of that amusing traveller *Le Vaillant's* excursions, he killed a female monkey which carried a young one on her back. The young one continued to cling to her dead parent till they reached their evening quarters, and assistance was even then required to disengage it. No sooner, however, did it feel itself alone than it darted towards a wooden clock, on which hung the peruke of M. le Vaillant's father. To this it clung most pertinaciously by its forepaws; and such was the strength of this deceptive instinct, that it remained in the same position for about three weeks, all this time evidently mistaking the wig for its mother. It was fed from time to time with goat's milk, and at length emancipated itself voluntarily, by quitting the fostering care of the peruke. The confidence which it ere long assumed, and the amusing familiarity of its manners, soon rendered it the favourite of the family. The unsuspecting naturalist had, however, introduced a wolf in sheep's clothing into his dwelling, for one morning, on entering his chamber, the door of which he had imprudently left open, he beheld his young favourite making a hearty breakfast on a very noble collection of insects. In the first transports of his anger he resolved to strangle the monkey in his arms; but his rage immediately gave place to pity, when he per-

ceived that the crime of its voracity had carried the punishment along with it. In eating the beetles it had swallowed several of the pins on which they were transfixed. Its agony consequently became great, and all his efforts were unable to preserve its life.—*Narrative of Discovery and Adventure in Africa*, 1830.

MAGNETIC MASKS OF NEEDLE-MAKERS.

IN needle manufactories, the workmen who point the needles are constantly exposed to excessively minute particles of steel, which fly from the grindstones, and mix, though imperceptible to the eye as the finest dust, in the air, and are inhaled with their breath. The effect, though imperceptible on a short exposure, yet, being constantly repeated from day to day, produces a constitutional irritation dependent on the tonic properties of the steel, which is sure to terminate in pulmonary consumption; insomuch, that persons employed in this kind of work used scarcely ever to attain the age of forty years. In vain was it attempted to purify the air before its entry into the lungs by gauzes or linen guards; the dust was too fine and penetrating to be obstructed by such coarse expedients, till some ingenious person bethought him of that wonderful power which every child, who searches for its mother's needle with a mag-

net, or admires the motion and arrangement of a few steel filings on a sheet of paper held above it, sees in exercise. Masks of magnetized steel wire are now constructed, and adapted to the faces of the workmen. By these, the air is not merely strained, but searched, in its passage through them, and each obnoxious atom arrested and removed.—*Herschel's Natural Philosophy, (Cabinet Cyclopædia.)*

HALF-WAY ISLAND IN THE TORRES' STRAITS, INDIAN OCEAN.

HALF-WAY Island rises out of the ocean, a pretty green spot on yellow sand. Here we arrived early in the evening; a safe place was selected, and we anchored for the night: after which, to our great delight, the captain declared his intention to remain the next day.

The natives of this island watched our approach, and no sooner perceived that we were fairly at rest, than they betook themselves to a large heavy-looking vessel, something like a Chinese junk, and went out to sea, keeping just within sight of the ship. The captain sent a boat's crew on shore, to see if they were really all gone, and not a creature appeared, though there were marks of feet of all sizes in the sand, so that it was concluded that they had all taken refuge in their boat. Late in the evening, however, they returned, lighted their fires, and seemed busily employed in

preparing their supper. The next morning, by dawn of day, they again went on board, remaining, as on the preceding evening, just within sight of the ship. A boat's crew was again sent to examine the shore, and finding no one there, the captain wished us to have the enjoyment of being a few hours on land; an unexpected pleasure in the midst of the ocean. Our dogs, Captain and Carlo, seemed to understand and like the plan, as well as ourselves, and, after a little necessary arrangement, we were safely landed, and began our ramble. I shall relate all we saw, as I do not think any detailed account of the Half-Way Island in the Torres' Straits, has before been given to the public.

The native huts are placed close under the protection of the trees, and consist of staves forced into the ground, and nicely interwoven with branches of trees. These huts are only high enough for persons in a sitting position. Close to them is their cooking-place, formed by four sticks, stuck upright in the ground, and forked at the top, across which were laid other sticks of hard, heavy, black wood, forming a kind of gridiron; in and about this place lay oyster and other shells, as articles of cookery and drinking cups.

In each hut there were small mats, made by the natives, in different stages of progress; one was a beautiful specimen, very fine, and quite finished. It was rolled up with all the working apparatus in it, which consisted of

the leaf of the brab-tree prepared for plaiting, and a long bone, apparently human, nicely notched and marked in lengths, as if for counting the number and difference of the plait or stitch. There were also string and twine beautifully made from the fibre of the cocoa-nut; numbers of these nuts lay about, but they were merely a mass of fibrous substance, without either fruit or moisture.

Towards the centre of the island was a place, marked out with sticks, stones, and shells, which was supposed to be either for the burial of the dead, or some kind of religious ceremony. It contained a small black wooden figure, with the head of a fish, and ornamented with feathers.

As we could not perceive any appearance of a spring or well, the sailors separated to find out what means they had of procuring fresh water, and the following ingenious and remarkable contrivance seemed to indicate that it was a luxury which cost the inhabitants some pains to procure.

At the foot of most of the high trees were placed very large shells of the scallop kind, into which descended a narrow strip of the brab-tree; we traced this upwards and it was found to be suspended from the top of the tree, and, thus hanging into the shell below, formed a narrow channel, or leafy water-course. All the shells were in like manner supplied with these strips, and on the ground

round them were quantities of the same material nicely rolled up, as if ready for suspending when the others failed.

The dew and rain there, we may suppose, are the only means by which the natives can procure fresh water; the dew rising from the ground and adhering to the leaves and branches of the trees, falls in scanty, but daily portions, whilst the occasional shower from heaven fills their shell to overflowing.

Only one tree, that we saw, bore any appearance of having fruit, and that was too high to judge if good for food; fish, therefore, is probably their greatest, if not only support, and may account for the little idol, if such it were, having a fish's head.

There were rude marks of a cross and a circle on some stones on the shore, but whether cut by themselves, or sailors touching there, could only be a matter of conjecture.

We picked up a great many stones with the brown circular mark in the centre, commonly called the eye stone. We brought away with us some of their large shells, some of the leafy rolls prepared for the water-course, and some of their matting, twine, and cocoa-nuts; leaving in their stead, potatoes, and glass beads, of which savage nations are always fond. Whether they liked the exchange, or considered us cheats, I know not, for they continued at sea in their ark of safety, and were, it is more than likely, wishing our departure from

their island home.—“*Two Years at Sea,*” by Miss Jane Roberts.

CHARACTER OF A REBELLION IN MOROCCO.

CIVIL wars and revolutions are very frequent in this country; but they usually consist of little more than one province marching against another, to ravage and plunder it; or of a province refusing to pay the taxes due to the sultan; or of the troops mutinying because they are unpaid. Never is any alteration in the system of government the object of a rebellion; the utmost change ever thought of is in the person of the ruler; and this very rarely occurs, and then as the consequence of some very general popular commotion. Even such seraglio intrigues as at Constantinople so often produce the deposal or death of a reigning padishah, are here uncommon; and if a sultan be dethroned, as the last sultan was, it is the result of wars arising out of the above-mentioned causes.

When a province revolts, the inhabitants collect their tents, and form a circle, within which they inclose their flocks, herds, and other property; then the men capable of bearing arms mount on horseback, and arrange their measures of offence or defence. Along the paths leading to their lurking place they leave dead animals, in token that they

will rather die than submit. The sultan first tries means of conciliation, inviting the rebels to return to tranquillity. If they persist in contumacy, he commissions the adjoining provinces to attack and plunder the revolted province, reserving, however, as his own share of the booty, the prisoners, the arms, and the horses, which he distributes at his own discretion. If the revolt cannot be thus quelled, the sultan takes the field in person, and this, if he chance to prove unable to cope with the insurgents, may lead to a revolution. Upon the sultan's marching, follows, on the part of the rebels, a declaration of independence, the withholding of all taxes, and the proclamation of a provincial chief. This is the present condition of several provinces lying in a mountainous region, full of defiles, betwixt Tetuan and Oran; information which is important to Spaniards, for Christians escaping into that district from the penal fortresses of Peñon de Alhucema and Melilla, are sold as slaves by these savage Moors; and the traffic in Christian slaves being now abrogated in Morocco and the Turkish dependencies, they never escape from this wild district, which may well be termed the Christian's grave.

When the sultan marches against rebels, he pitches his camp in their vicinity, but not in villages, which it is not lawful for him to enter; and even in his capital, his palace is built at the very outside edge of the town.

He now exhorts the rebels to submit and pay a pecuniary fine, threatening them with indiscriminate slaughter in case of refusal. If they accept the terms offered, they, in presence of the sultan, and standing so as to face the point in which the sun rises, slaughter several cows, repeatedly pronouncing the formula, *bismillah*, (in the name of God.) If they will not be reconciled to the sultan, the fighting now begins, at first by detachments from each side, which are reinforced or recalled at pleasure. This lasts for several days; at length the sultan gives notice that he will pay a certain sum for every rebel's head. Then the battle rages, and heads are brought in hanging by one ear from the point of the bayonet. These the sultan pays for, and sends to the neighbouring towns and villages, where they are nailed up against the gates as an admonition and scarecrow to future malcontents. Should the sultan prove the weaker in the contest, I have already said what may follow.—*Scenes by a Spaniard.*

-GOATS' MILK IN LISBON.

THE decree for suppressing the supply of goats' milk in this city has been carried into effect. Twenty thousand of these beautiful animals, in small flocks of from ten to twenty, entered the city every morning at daylight, and remained about two hours, sup-

plying every house with their delicious and wholesome milk in a genuine state, attended by some thousands of fine healthy young men and girls, who feed them on the adjoining mountains, all of whom are thrown into a state of distress. They went in a body to the queen, but got no redress. The city will now, like London, be obliged to buy the milk of cows highly adulterated. The Portuguese have an aversion to the milk of the cow. The reason for this violent and unpopular measure is, that the goats were suffered to trespass upon the corn fields and gardens, or *kintos*, in the vicinity of the city.—*Letter from Lisbon.*

MIGRATIONS OF THE SPANISH MERINO FLOCKS.

THE following account of the merino sheep, now so valued in our own country, is from a work entitled "Spain Yesterday and To-day."

The name of *Merino*, which marks a particular kind of sheep, signifies, in the language of the country, wandering, ambulatory; and is highly descriptive of their habits. They do not always remain in the same farm, or the same province; but they travel from one to another.

Towards the beginning of May, nearly *five millions of sheep* leave the plains of Estremadura, Andalusia, Old and New Castille, and Leon, and are conducted by the shepherds to

the mountains of the two Castilles, those of Biscay, Navarre, and even Arragon. On these more elevated spots they find a fresher herbage, less dried up by the burning sun, which in summer destroys all verdure in the plains. The high ground near Segovia is very much frequented by the sheep.

The details of their march are very curious. The rich proprietors, that is to say those who possess the greatest number of sheep, have formed themselves into a company called the *Mesta*; this association being necessarily a monopoly, it is difficult to alter any of its laws. It would have been impossible for a few proprietors, with small flocks, to have undertaken these yearly peregrinations: this society was formed to do away this inconvenience, and under the superintendence of persons chosen for the purpose, the flocks are led to the uncultivated lands and mountains of Spain. The *Mesta* employ between forty and fifty thousand shepherds, who lead a wandering and almost savage life, who never cultivate the ground, and rarely marry; their knowledge being confined wholly to sheep, and in that department they are very skilful.

The flocks of the *Mesta* are divided into smaller troops of ten thousand sheep each; at the head of which is a *mayoral*, or chief shepherd, to direct them, fifty inferior shepherds, and the same number of dogs, who keep watch over the sheep. The chief shepherd is on horseback, and has a salary of about sixty

pounds English. The wages of the inferior shepherds vary according to their skill and usefulness. The best paid have about thirty shillings a month : and the worst not more than eight ; but to these last, two pounds of bread a day are given. Every shepherd may have a certain number of sheep and goats of his own, but their wool belongs to the proprietor of the flock. The shepherd has only the milk, the flesh, and the young ones they produce.

Abundant supplies of salt are provided : the sheep eat as much of it as they like. The annual consumption for a thousand animals is two thousand five hundred pounds.

The Mesta is composed of proprietors, possessing, some four thousand, and others sixty thousand sheep.

The march of these large flocks is regulated by particular laws, derived from immemorial custom. The sheep have a right of pasturage in all those waste lands which are reserved for that purpose, paying a fixed price to the proprietors, beyond which they can exact nothing. They cannot enter upon cultivated grounds : but the owners are obliged to reserve them a passage, forty-five fathoms wide. The sheep travel two leagues a day in their own pastures ; but they go six when they pass through arable lands. Their emigrations extend to a hundred and twenty, and a hundred and fifty leagues. The Mesta has its particular laws, and a tribunal called the "Honourable Council of the Mesta." It is composed

of four judges, and one of the members of the council of Castille is their president.

ADVENTURE OF A BRITISH OFFICER'S LADY
IN BELGIUM.

THIS female (called and deservedly "the Belgic heroine"), was the wife of a British officer, and was living with him in cantonments at Nivelles. The unexpected advance of the French called him at a moment's notice to Quatre Bras; but he left with his wife a servant, one horse, and the family baggage, which was packed upon a large ass. At this time a retreat was not anticipated; but being suddenly ordered on the Saturday morning, he contrived to send intelligence to his wife, that she must make the best of her way, attended by her servant, to Brussels. The servant, who was a foreigner, had availed himself of the opportunity to take leave of his employers, and absconded with the horse, which had been left for the use of his mistress.

With a courage becoming the wife of a British officer, the lady commenced her own retreat of twenty-five miles on foot, leading the ass, and carefully preserving the baggage. No one presumed to molest so innocent a pilgrim, but no one offered her any assistance. She was soon in the midst of the columns of the retreating British army, and was equally retarded and endangered by the artillery.

The rain descended in torrents; the thunder rolled fearfully over her head, and the flashes of lightning which shot across her path were truly awful. She, however, continued to advance, and got upon the great road from Charleroi to Brussels, at Waterloo, when the army, on the evening of the 17th, were taking up their line for the decisive conflict.

In so extensive a field, and among eighty thousand men, it was in vain to seek her husband; she knew that the sight of her *there* would only have embarrassed and distressed him; she therefore advanced slowly to Brussels all the night; the way choked with all sorts of conveyances, waggons, and horses; multitudes of native fugitives on the road, fleeing into the forests; and numbers of the wounded working their painful way, dropping at every step, and some breathing their last. Many persons were actually killed by others, in the desperate efforts of the latter to remove impediments to their escape; and to add to their horrors, the thunder and rain continued with unremitting fury.

Twelve miles further this young woman marched during the night, up to her knees in mud, her boots worn entirely off, so that she was barefooted. Still, however, she was unhurt, and continued to advance; and, although thousands lost their baggage, and many their lives, she safely entered Brussels in the morning without the loss of a single article. In a few hours after her arrival, the roar of the artillery announced the commencement of that

sanguinary contest, in which she knew her husband to be engaged; but, after a day and night of agonizing suspense, she was amply rewarded by finding herself in his arms on the 19th, he unhurt, and she nothing the worse.

RUNNING THE GANTLET, IN THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.

RUNNING the gantlet (*gassen laufen*) is a very frequent punishment in the Austrian army. It consists in making the offender, who is naked to the waist, walk up and down a street formed of two rows of men, each of whom carries a switch of birch in his hand. The pace is left to the choice of the sufferer, who, however, generally prefers the ordinary marching time. The street of men is about 100 yards long, and consists of two rows of 150 men in each, facing one another. The offences for which this terrible punishment is inflicted are chiefly desertion and theft, though it may be ordered by a court-martial for other grave offences. For the first desertion the offender is generally made to pass four times up and four times down the street; for the second offence ten times, and this is the greatest number ever ordered. One hundred blows with the corporal's sticks in the manner before described, is considered equivalent to running the gantlet ten times. I mention this to show the severity of the ordinary every-

day punishment of twenty-five blows, which every captain of a company is authorised at any moment to order without report, or liability to be called to account. The colonel of the regiment (not the lieutenant-colonel) is the only officer who has authority to order the punishment of the gantlet without a court-martial, and he cannot order the offender to run more than three times up and three times down a street formed of 100 instead of 150 men on each side.

Desertion to the enemy, as well as the highest degrees of insubordination, such as striking an officer, are punished with death. The manner in which the execution is performed is as follows:—A square is formed, of which one side is left open, and near the centre three men are selected, who stand in front of the criminal, who is blindfolded and kneels before them, while they place the muzzles of their pieces within about nine inches of his head and his breast. The signal for execution is given by the commanding officer, striking his boot with his sword. For murder the soldiers are hanged. In many cases also of serious offences they are condemned either for life, or for a period of years, to work at the fortifications.—*Capt. Basil Hall, (United Service Journal.)*

FATE OF HINTZA, THE CAFFRE CHIEF.

AT the conclusion of the late Caffre war which threatened such disastrous consequences to Graham's-town and the frontier settlements of the Cape colony, the British captured and retained as a hostage *Hintza*, the powerful chief of that brave and numerous, though savage people. The too frequent encroachments on the territories of the Caffres led them to look upon themselves as a spoiled people, and naturally desirous of recovering what they had lost from time to time; they too readily listened to the artful and interested who taught them to expect not only their fathers' land back again, but the spoil of the British settlements. Under powerful native chiefs, they flew to arms, and though they were vanquished it was not without a severe struggle. The close of this lamented contest with a people who were beginning to settle down, to admire the civilization dawning around them, and to attend the schools introduced amongst some of their tribes by Christian missionaries; and to listen to their good advice, was crowned by the following affecting and deplored tragedy.

Hintza, the captive chief was sent, well escorted, back to his countrymen to induce them to deliver up to the Colonial government the stipulated 25,000 cattle and 500 horses. Colonel Smith, chief of the staff, and who with a large escort attended the Caffre leader,

recounts the circumstances to which we allude in an official dispatch now printed by order of the British House of Commons. It is as follows:—Upon nearing the top of a steep ascent, the country was perfectly open, and a considerable tongue of land running parallel with the rugged bed of the Kebaka, upon a gradual descent of about two miles, to a turn of the river, where were several Caffre huts. I was looking back to observe the march of the troops, when I heard a cry of ‘Look, Colonel!’ I saw Hintza had set off at full speed, and was 30 yards a-head of every one. I spurred my horse with violence, and coming close up with him, called to him; he urged his horse the more, to beat mine; I drew a pistol, it snapped; I drew another, it also snapped; I was then some time galloping after him, when I spurred my horse alongside of him, and struck him on the head with the butt-end of a pistol; he redoubled his efforts to escape, and his horse was three lengths a-head of mine. I had dropped one pistol, I threw the other after him and struck him again on the head. Having thus raced about a mile, we were within half a mile of the Caffre huts: I found my horse was closing with him; I had no means whatever of assailing him, while he was provided with his assagais; I therefore resolved to attempt to pull him off his horse, and I seized the athletic chief by the throat, and, twisting my hand in his karoo, I dragged him from his seat, and hurled him to the earth; he instant-

ly sprung on his legs, and sent an assagai at me, running off towards the rugged bed of the Kebaka. My horse was most unruly, and I could not pull him up till I reached the Caffre huts. This unhorsing the chief, and his waiting to throw an assagai at me, brought Mr. G. Southey, of the corps of guides up: and at about 200 yards distance he twice called to Hintza, in Caffre, to stop, or he would shoot him. He ran on. Mr. Southey fired, and only slightly struck him on the leg, again calling to him to stop, without effect; he fired and shot him through the back; he fell headlong forwards, but springing up and running forwards, closely pursued by my aid-de-camp, Lieut. Balfour, he precipitated himself down a kloof into the Kebaka, and posting himself in a narrow niche of the rock, defied any attempt to secure him; when, still refusing to surrender, and raising an assagai, Mr. George Southey fired and shot him through the head. Thus terminated the career of the chief Hintza, whose treachery, perfidy, and want of faith, made him worthy of the nation of atrocious and indomitable savages, over whom he was the acknowledged chieftain.

Lord Glenelg, (Hon. Chas. Grant) secretary for the colonies, in a despatch to Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the excellent governor of the *Cape of Good Hope*, adds the following note, and it is worthy of Great Britain.

Alluding to the manner of Hintza's death,

his lordship says, (1836.) "He was slain when he had no longer the means of resistance ; but covered with wounds, and vainly attempting to conceal his person in the water, into which he had plunged as a refuge from his pursuers. Why the last wound was inflicted, and why this unhappy man, regarded with an attachment almost idolatrous by his people, was not seized by the numerous armed men who had reached his place of concealment, has never yet been explained. It is stated to me on evidence which it is impossible to receive without serious attention, that Hintza repeatedly cried for mercy ; that the Hottentots present granted the boon, and abstained from killing him ; that this office was then undertaken by Mr. Southey, and that then the dead body of the fallen chief was basely and inhumanly mutilated. I express no opinion on this subject, but advert to it because the honour of the British name demands, that the case should undergo a full investigation, which it is my purpose to institute."

GRAHAM'S-TOWN, ON THE BORDER OF THE
CAPE COLONY.

How short a time can change our abode, our pursuits, and our companions ! Three days and a gale of wind have done it for me, and I am now 700 miles from the Cape (of Good Hope,) at *Graham's-town*, the capital of

Albany, which is the eastern frontier of the colony, bordering on Kaffer-land. In this part of the country, the settlers who left England for Africa some years since, were *located*, that is, had grants of land bestowed upon them there, and the population is almost wholly English.

Graham's-town, now a large, ugly, ill-built, straggling place; containing, I should think, nearly 3000 inhabitants and soldiers, was a few years back only a military post, and the *Mimosa-tree* stands in the principal street, beneath which, it is said, the first English officer, Colonel Graham, who led a military party there, pitched his tent. The Colonel is dead, and the second town in the colony bears his name,—a name that is often mentioned, and always with respect. Houses have sprung up here quickly, and of every variety of form, with a church, chapels, and a handsome gaol. The population is a strange mixture of lounging officers, idle tradesmen, merchants, drunken soldiers, and still more drunken settlers.*

Graham's-town lies in a hollow, surrounded by high green hills, on which are clearly traceable, to a great extent, the roads branching out like lines from a centre, while along them

* We should hope that this picture, though perhaps too true in some respects, is overdone, that there is worth and sobriety in the place, besides the gratifying results of missionary labour and success, and still a *remnant* of true old English virtue.

the heavy ox waggons are seen slowly labouring. These hills possess no beauty of form, and never rise into magnificence, (at least not for Africa) but there are many glens, (*kloofs*,) of calm pastoral beauty among them, and many abrupt ravines, dark with trees, and rich in every flower that loves the shade; and there are openings, *poortes*, as they are here called, bounded on each side by high precipices, from which hang the branches of graceful and feathery foliage; while in the hollow flows a stream, now flashing into light over some opposing rock, now lost in the deep shade cast by the magnificent yellow wood trees.—*Four Years in Southern Africa by Cowper Rose, Royal Engineers, 1829.*

OLD KAFFER HUNTER AND A RHINOCEROS.

THERE is an old chief who is known among the Kaffers, for an act of desperate courage, or rather madness;—A hunting party was out, when a rhinoceros started from the bush close to them, so near that the Kaffer sprung upon his back. The monster rushed through the bushes, and ploughed up the ground with his horn, snorted with rage, and did every thing to unseat his wild rider. In galloping on, the bushes tore the *carosse* (sheep-skin cloak) from the Kaffer's back, and the rhinoceros turned upon it, and while tearing it, the rider leapt from him and escaped into the thick underwood.

When fired on, even when badly wounded,

these savage animals rush forward ; and *flame* which turns other animals, has then no effect on them. The *buffalo* also charges impetuously forward when fired upon, but is less dangerous than the rhinoceros, as he keeps his head close to the ground ; and if the hunter jumps into a bush, and is raised ever so little above him, he is safe. The common African mode of attacking the buffalo is with dogs, and firing on him when surrounded and engaged with these.—*Cowper Rose.*

NOVEL METHOD OF KILLING A BEAR IN INDIA.

AFTER a long and fatiguing walk, we ascended with some toil a very sudden abruption of the mountain, when, upon gaining the summit, which overhangs a precipice, a bear started from a recess in the neighbouring covert, and advanced, evidently with sinister intentions towards us. I was about to fire, though my gun was only loaded with large shot, when one of my highland guides motioned me to desist, giving me to understand, by significant gesticulations (for I understood his language but very indifferently), that he would attack the enemy unarmed ; and from the coolness and dexterity with which he commenced operations, I confess I could not persuade myself to doubt of a favourable result, in spite of the difficulties which seemed to defy its accomplishment. Almost at the extreme edge of

the precipice stood a tall tree, with strong vertical branches, apparently of the character, though not the form of the mountain ash, being very tough and elastic. The hill-man approached the bear, and by exciting it withdrew its attention from me towards himself. The exasperated beast immediately made him the object of attack, when the man adroitly sprang on the tree, as nimbly followed by the bear. The former having reached the upper branches, he quickly slipped a strong cord over the top of the branch upon which he stood, at the same dropping the reverse end upon the ground. This was instantly seized by his companion, who, pulling with all his strength, drew the point of the bough downward until the branch projected nearly in a horizontal line from the stem. There were no intervening branches betwixt this and the precipice, the edge of which it nearly overhung when in its natural position. As soon as the bough was warped to the necessary degree of tension, the mountaineer crept cautiously as near the extremity as he could with safety, followed as cautiously by the bear; but the moment he saw his angry foe upon the bent branch, he dexterously let himself down by the cord to the ground. The bear, thus unexpectedly deprived of its victim, attempted to turn, in order to retrace its steps; no sooner, however, had it relaxed its grasp of the bough for this purpose, than the hill-man suddenly cut the cord, which had been securely tied to the

stump of a tree, and the depressed branch instantly gained its original position with an irresistible momentum. The suddenness and vigour of the recoil, shook the bear from its hold, launched it like the fragment of a rock from a catapult, into the empty air; uttering a stifled yell, it was hurled over the precipice, and falling with a dull crash upon the rocks beneath, no doubt soon became a prey to the vultures and jackals.—*Oriental Annual*.

THE RUBY MINES OF BURMAH.

THE celebrated sapphire and ruby mines, which have always afforded, and still continue to afford the finest gems of this description in the world, are about five day's journey from Ava, in a direction E. S. E., and at two places called Mo-gaot and Kyat-pyan. The different species of sapphire, both in their crystallized, and rough state, and the matrix, or rather gravel, in which they are found, were seen, examined, and collections made. In these mines are found the following gems or stones:—the red sapphire, or oriental ruby, the oriental sapphire, the spinelle ruby, the white, the yellow, the green, the opalescent, the amethyst and girasol sapphire, blue with a reddish reflection, with the common corundum, or adamantine spar, in large quantities.

The oriental ruby, perfect in regard to water, colour, and freedom from flaws, is

scarce, and high priced even at Ava. The blue sapphire is more common, and cheaper; one specimen exhibited to us, weighed 951 carats, but it was not perfect. The red sapphire never approached this magnitude. The other varieties are all rare, and not much esteemed by the Burmans, with the exception of the girasol sapphire, of which we saw two or three very fine specimens; and the green sapphire, or oriental emerald, which is very rare. The king makes claim to every ruby or sapphire beyond a hundred ticals value, but the claim is one not easy to enforce. The miners, to avoid this sage law, break the stones when they find them, so that each fragment may not exceed the prescribed value. His majesty, last year, got but one large ruby: this weighed about one hundred and forty grains avoirdupois, and was considered a remarkable stone. Sapphires and rubies form a considerable article of the exports of the Chinese, who are the cleverest people in the world in evading the absurd fiscal laws made by themselves and others. The use they put them to, is that of decorating the caps of their madarins, or nobility. Precious serpentine is another product of the Burman empire, which the Chinese export to a large value.

The gentlemen of the mission examined, carefully, the celebrated *Petroleum* wells, near which they remained for eight days, owing to the accident of the steam-vessel taking ground in their vicinity. Some of the wells are from

thirty-seven to fifty-three fathoms in depth, and are said to yield, at an average daily, from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and eighty-five gallons of the earth oil. The wells are scattered over an area of about sixteen square miles. The wells are private property, the owners paying a tax of five per cent. of the produce to the state. This commodity is almost universally used by the Burmans as lamp oil.—*Brief Narrative of the Embassy to the King of Ava, 1826-7.*

SUEZ ON THE RED SEA.

SUEZ, about seventy miles from Cairo, and once a city of considerable wealth and splendour, is now reduced to a paltry half-ruined village;—a state of desolation, chiefly owing to the ravages committed by the French, who thus avenged the opposition they experienced from the Beys of Egypt. The walls and fortifications, which never were of much strength, are rapidly falling into decay. The harbour is spacious and safe, and near the shore are several well-built khans. The water is brackish and the air bad, occasioned by the extensive salt marches, which are filled with stagnant waters. The inhabitants endeavour to counteract the influence of this *malaria*, by drinking brandy; but the mortality is not diminished, and fevers of a malignant kind prevail during the spring and summer. It is very

thinly peopled, containing a mixture of Greeks, Copts, and Arabs. At the time of the *pilgrimage* to Mecca, and the departure of the fleet, there is an influx of strangers; but nobody will reside permanently, except from the temptation of gain. There are neither merchants nor artizans, except a few Greek ship-wrights; this harbour being one of the few in the gulf where vessels can be repaired. In ancient times the navigable canal, (the bed of which, 115 feet wide, is still visible,) that connected it with the fertile banks of the Nile, made it an emporium of considerable celebrity; but the disadvantages under which it labours from its situation at the extremity of a narrow sea, [the Arabian gulfor Redsea,] down which, the wind blows with great force nine months in the year, render it unfit for the purposes of extensive trade. The government was formerly intrusted to a bey from Cairo, who kept a numerous household, though the *Bedouins* might be called complete masters of the place. Since the power of Ali Pasha has been established in Egypt, the authority of the native *shieks* has ceased, and a *dowlah* nominated by the Turkish Sultan, is now the resident governor.—*Crichton's Arabia.*

ENMITY BETWEEN CAFFRES AND BUSHMEN.

I MYSELF once saw a striking instance of the hatred of the *Caffres* towards the *Bosjes-*

mans (Bushmen.) In the year 1804, a Caffre, who came to Cape Town, as ambassador from a little horde which was then roving about the northern parts of the colony, was received with great hospitality at the house of (the *Dutch*) governor Janssens. The governor had at this time among the servants in his house, a Bosjesman lad about eleven years old. The Caffre, notwithstanding that the boy was in no way distinguished from the other Hottentots, immediately recognised one of the race of his mortal enemies, and made a push at him with his *assagai*, intending to run him through. The boy escaped, and fled to the kitchen, where he found shelter, and as the people pressed about the Caffre, and inquired of him what their young comrade had done, that he should endeavour to take away his life, he replied in broken Dutch, glowing with rage, "that what he was doing was out of gratitude to the governor for the kind reception he had given him. He would have freed him from that little rascal, who was indeed then too weak to do him any mischief, but who, he might be sure, if he were permitted to live, would at length deprive him both of his property and life. It was impossible that a Bosjesman could ever abandon his villanous ways, and it was necessary to destroy such vermin wherever they were found."—*Lichtenstein's Travels in Southern Africa*.

CRUELTY OF BOSJESMANS TO AGED
RELATIVES.

ANDREW WATERBOER, the native teacher, told me, that some Bosjesmans, who lately removed from Griqua Town, had left their aged mother, who was very ill, in the following manner. She being unable to move, remained lying on the ground in her hut; when her children, intending to take the materials of it with them, took it to pieces over her head, and left her in this condition to the mercy of others. She remained in this state till next morning, when A. Waterboer hearing of it, took her to his own house; and charged her daughter, who is in his service, to take care of her mother; but she refused, saying, that her mother being too old to get her living by labour, did not deserve to be taken care of, or to have any more victuals. Andrew provided for her till the 25th of this month, when she died.

It is customary among the Namaquas, Corannas, and Bosjesmans, to put an end to the lives of old and infirm persons, in a manner equally cruel. The Namaquas, when removing to another place, put them into a small kraal of bushes, leaving nothing with them but a little water. The Corannas place such a person on a wild ox, which is driven into the woods on the banks of the Great River: the ox, having discharged his rider, returns to the

kraal of his master, who does not trouble himself to inquire what is become of the poor person. The Bosjesmans, besides the above method, will drag them into the fields, far from their kraal, and leave them there a prey for wolves: a few days ago, at Jan Kaar's place, two day's journey hence, some of the Bosjesmans dragged an old woman into the fields in the afternoon: Jan Kaar heard of it, but not till next morning, when he went in search of her, and found her destroyed by the wolves!

What a comment is this on the Apostle Paul's character of the heathen—*without natural affection!*—*Journal of Mr. Helm, Griquatown (North of the Orange River Southern Africa) 1820.*

FATE OF ISHMAEL PASHA, IN NUBIA.

MEHEMET ALI, the present Pasha of Egypt, in his love of conquest and ambition to be master of the banks of the Nile from its source down to the Mediterranean, sent an expedition in 1820, to subdue *Nubia* and *Sennar*, in the valley of the Upper Nile. His ambition would have comprehended *Abyssinia*, were he not apprehensive that an attack on a professedly Christian state might involve him disagreeably with Britain. His favourite son *Ishmael Pasha* commanded his army of 10,000 men, and marched without interruption

from Cairo upwards to the territory of the *Shegyans*, a people celebrated for their love of liberty, and romantic valour in its defence. They acknowledge two *maleks* or chiefs, one of whom governed the kingdom of *Merawè*, and the other a district lower down the Nile, whose capital city is *Hannech*. After deeds of romantic daring by these heroic horsemen of the desert; they were subdued by the fire-arms of the pasha, a species of warfare new and terrible to them. After this the progress of the armies upwards was comparatively easy, and unopposed.

The pasha (Ishmael) on his return met his retributive fate from the *Shegyans*. The catastrophe is related as follows by Dr. Russell in his "Nubia and Abyssinia."

"The long absence of the army, added to a succession of unfavourable rumours that were circulated by the disaffected, had disposed some of the chiefs near the junction of the rivers to make an attempt to throw off the yoke which had been so violently imposed. Certain examples of severity, deemed necessary by the pasha, contributed also, not a little to inflame their minds. But the following occurrence accelerated the rupture, and paved the way for the melancholy fate which terminated the career of Ishmael. With the view of raising a supply of provisions or money, he insisted on Nimir, the tributary *malek* (chief or king) of Shendy, to meet his cousin who ruled on the opposite bank, (of the Nile) with

whom he had been some time at variance, and into whose company he had made a vow never to enter. This excuse, however, was treated with disdain, and he was commanded to attend. The melek reluctantly complied; but when a large demand was made on his territory, he boldly answered that the whole country was ruined, and could not possibly meet such a claim. The pasha checked him with great haughtiness, and even struck him across the face with his pipe. A common interest and offended pride now reconciled the cousins, and made them act in concert with equal promptitude and secrecy. Ishmael's quarters were at Shendy, though this fatal conference had taken place on the opposite bank, where his retinue and guard were very small, occupying merely a few huts and tents. There was indeed a detachment of troops at no great distance; but it was agreed between the confederates that, while Nimir should attack the pasha and his personal attendants, the other should fall upon the soldiers, or at least keep them in check. That very night, accordingly, each of them contrived to collect a considerable force; and no sooner did the melek hear the firing begin at Mettammat, where the advanced guard was stationed, than he slew the sentinels who surrounded the cottage where their commander slept, and immediately heaped up a pile of straw and brushwood which he set on fire. Alarmed by the dreadful situation in which he found himself placed,

Ishmael sprung to his feet, and seizing a sabre endeavoured to force his way through the flames; but Nimir, who longed for the opportunity of wiping away the stain which had been inflicted on his honour, was ready to strike the blow, and slew him with his own hand. Surprise on the one part, and ferocity on the other, afforded little time for resistance; and in a brief space, accordingly, not a single Egyptian soldier was left alive in Shendy or the neighbouring districts.

“Cailliaud, who had already left the country, was supplied with some details relative to this tragical event. He tells us that the pasha's medical officer, a native of Greece, was spared at the first, but only that he might afterwards be subjected to a more cruel death. The barbarians began by extracting all his teeth, which they divided among the several chiefs of the province, who sewed them carefully in little leather bags to wear on their persons as a species of amulet; for, in the opinion of these superstitious people, the possessor of a physician's tooth has no malady to fear. Having completed this cruel operation, they deprived their victim of life.

“The ruler of Egypt, informed of the unhappy destiny which had befallen his favourite Ishmael, gave orders to Mohammed Bey, his daughter's husband, who was then serving in Kordofan, to inflict on the people of Shendy a suitable punishment for their treachery. Nimir and his accomplices had indeed taken

flight, and sought refuge in Darfûr; but the great body of his subjects, who were necessarily ignorant of the plot, could not remove from the fury of the avenger. Nor did the son-in-law of Ali, who was noted for cruelty of disposition, fail to discharge with the utmost punctuality the office which was intrusted to him. Passing the White River, he marched by Sennaar into Shendy, where he found innumerable victims to sacrifice to the manes of the murdered general. His excessive rigour, however, produced the effect which always arises from a similar policy. An insurrection took place in all the conquered districts, from Singueh to the Lower Nubia, which not only weakened the influence of Egypt among the native rulers, but has created additional obstacles either to a successful negotiation, or to a permanent conquest.

“Mehemet Ali has not since made any farther attempt on the countries beyond the cataracts. His expectations as to gold and precious stones were entirely disappointed, while in regard to slaves, whether for domestic purposes, or for recruits to his black regiments, he finds that there is greater economy in dealing with the traders from Kordofan and Darfûr, than in sending an expedition of ten thousand soldiers into their perilous deserts.”

CUP OF COFFEE IN THE DESERT.

WE soon received our little cups, and were suddenly refreshed. It is astonishing what effect the smallest portion of the strong coffee made by the Arabs has; no greater stimulus is required in the longest and most arduous journeys. It is universal throughout the East, but more used by the Arabs of the desert than by any other class; they will often go without food for twenty-four hours if they can but have recourse to the little dram of coffee, which, from the small compass in which they carry the apparatus, and the readiness with which it is made, they can always command. I can vouch for both its strengthening and exhilarating effect; it answers these purposes better than I can conceive it possible a dram of spirits could do to those who indulge in it.—*Journey over land to India, by Major Skinner.*

INTREPIDITY OF TWO BRITISH SOLDIERS.

THE town of Beneventè [or Benevento in Spain], a rich open place remarkable for a small but curious Moorish palace or castle, containing a fine collection of ancient armour, is situated in a fine plain that, extending from the Gallician mountains to the neighbourhood of Burgos, appeared to be boundless. On the

left it was skirted by the hills near the town of Leon, which was enclosed with walls, and capable of resisting a sudden assault. The river Esla winds through the plain, about four miles in front of Beneventè, and the bridge of Castro Gonzalos is the key to the town.

At Beneventè, General Sir John Moore had magazines, in his retreat with the British to Corunna, and it was at the bridge just named, that the following instance of courage and discipline on the part of two English soldiers, so worthy of record, occurred—and that at a time when the previous fine discipline of our troops was broken down, men and officers dispirited by the severity of the weather—and by their dislike to a retreat. On the night of the 26th [*December, 1808.*] The chasseurs (horsemen) of the (French) imperial guard rode close up to the bridge of Castro Gonzalo, and captured some women and baggage. John Walton a native of the south of Ireland, and Richard Jackson an Englishman, were posted in a hollow road on the plain beyond the bridge, and at a distance from their piquet. If the enemy approached, one of them was to fire, run back to the brow of the hill, and give notice if there were many or few; the other was to maintain his ground. A party of cavalry, by following a hay cart, stole up close to these men unperceived and suddenly galloped in, with a view to kill them and surprise the post. Jackson fired, but was overtaken, and received twelve or fourteen severe

wounds in an instant; he came staggering on notwithstanding his mangled state, and gave the signal. Walton, with equal resolution, and more fortune, defended himself with his bayonet, and wounded several of the assailants, who retreated, leaving him unhurt; but his cap, his knapsack, his belts and his musket were cut in above twenty places, and his *bayonet was bent double*, his musket covered with blood, and notched like a saw, from the muzzle to the lock! Jackson escaped death during the retreat, and finally recovered of his wounds.—*See Col. Napier's History.*

FATAL DUEL IN BELGIUM.

DUELS are now of so frequent occurrence in Belgium, that they are looked upon as matters of course, and scarcely excite any interest in the public mind, however fatal the consequences may be. An account was lately given of a hostile meeting in which an officer of artillery lost his life. On Thursday week a captain belonging to the same corps fell a victim in an affair which was decided near the memorable field of Waterloo. Differing with another captain upon some point connected with the service, he sent him a challenge. They fought in the first instance with sabres, and the challenger, after having received a severe wound, demanded a change of weapons. A pistol was then put into his hand, but scarce-

ly had he discharged it, when his adversary's ball, passing directly through his eye and out through the hinder part of his head, laid him dead upon the ground. The deceased is said to have been a very deserving officer, but the catastrophe that has thus cut him off in the prime of life, has occasioned not the slightest degree either of surprise or regret, so habituated are all classes to a practice which is carried on in a spirit of *murderous ferocity*, and the government take no pains to repress so *unchristian and savage* a practice.—*Paper of Dec. 1834.*

EVIL OF CARD PLAYING, ANECDOTE OF A
GAMBLER.

It is important to draw attention to the evils of gaming, and the consequences which result from the indulgence of this criminal passion. All gaming is to be traced to selfish covetousness. It arises from the desire of possessing that which is not ours, but our neighbour's. True, there may be other circumstances connected with the love of play which add to it a zest it might not otherwise possess. The *excitement* it occasions, the exercise it may furnish to the mind of one swallowed up with *ennui*, (listlessness) and the pleasure of calculating chances, all may contribute to feed the unhalloved flame in the heart of a gamester. But the fact that he feels no plea-

sure, derives no excitement, from games of chance, where the stakes are either nominal or trifling, is sufficient to prove the correctness of the position, that gaming draws its chief support from a base and sordid idolatry of mammon. "The love of money is the root of all evil." So this form of covetousness is attended with consequences peculiarly calculated to degrade the mind and destroy its moral tone. No one has the same confidence in the honour or integrity of a gambler, which he has in that of a man who steadily abstains from play.

With regard to the evil of card-playing in any form—whether pence or pounds may be the stake, the principle is the same. The less leads on to the greater; and the same evil passions, the same love of gain, the same feelings of envy, disappointment, and irritation, may be traced in their modified degrees, among those who are playing for hundreds, at Brooke's or Graham's (club houses in London) and those who are enjoying in a drawing-room what they choose to call "an innocent game at cards."

We have placed the whole subject on very low, but still on very practical grounds. It is capable of being treated in a much graver and more serious manner. In the meantime we shall conclude with an anecdote which we have reason to believe is authentic, and which relates to General Scott. The late General, it is well known, was a practised adept in the science of chances, amassed an immense for-

tune by play, and by some acts of generosity tried to silence the *accusing voice of conscience*. On one occasion a young man, heated with wine, challenged the General to play. The General declined repeatedly, until at last, provoked by the impertinence of this foolish young man, he consented, and speedily won from him a very large sum, for part of which he took his security. The next morning the young man waited on General Scott, and asked an interview. He told the General that he was a ruined man, that by the transactions of the night before he was deprived of the means of fitting himself out for India, where he had obtained an appointment—adding that he had a widowed mother whose heart would be broken by his disgrace. General Scott appeared to listen with great coldness to this recital, and told his visitor that he had nobody to blame but himself for the predicament into which he was brought. He asked, however, for the residence of the mother, and called upon her the same day. He found her plunged in distress. He told her of all the aggravating circumstances of the case, and then informed her that there was one condition, and one only, on which he would remit the payment of the money. The condition was, that her son should sign a solemn promise in writing never again to *touch a card*, or play at a *game of chance*, while he lived. The condition was joyfully accepted, and many years afterwards General Scott was accosted by the



youth whom he had thus spared, and informed that he attributed all his prosperity in the world to the condition exacted. This anecdote may serve to show what were the ideas of a practised and accomplished gambler of what is called an *innocent game at cards*. He conceived there was no safety but in total abstinence.—*Record*, 1836.

BLOWING UP OF A FRENCH SHIP OF WAR IN THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

THIS great sea-fight between the British fleet, under Lord Nelson, and the French fleet, commanded by Admiral Brueys, which carried out Bonaparte to Egypt with his invading army, took place in the port of Alexandria on the 1st of August 1798.

Mr. Southey, the fascinating biographer of our great admiral, after painting this fearful naval engagement in all its awful grandeur,—human strife and slaughter,—the very *narrative* of which, without seeing the *fight*, or considering the *evil*, is appalling, gives an account of the explosion of *L'Orient*, the French admiral's flag-ship.

Nelson (who was carried below, being wounded,) was now left alone, when suddenly a cry was heard on deck of the (*Vanguard*, his ship,) that the *Orient* was on fire. In the confusion he found his way up, unassisted and unnoticed, and, to the astonishment of every

one, appeared on the quarter-deck, where he immediately gave orders that boats should be sent to the relief of the enemy,

It was soon after *nine* (at night) that the fire on board the *Orient* (of 120 guns) broke out. Brueys was dead; he had received three wounds, yet would not leave his post; a fourth cut him almost in two. He desired not to be carried below, but to be left to die upon deck. The flames soon mastered his ship. Her sides had just been painted, and the oil jars and paint bucket were lying on the poop. By the prodigious light of this conflagration, the situation of the two fleets could now be perceived, the colours of both being clearly distinguishable. About ten o'clock the ship blew up, with a shock which was felt to the very bottom of every vessel. Many of her officers and men jumped overboard, some clinging to the spars and pieces of wreck with which the sea was strewn, others swimming to escape from the destruction which they momentarily dreaded. Some were picked up by our boats, and some, even in the heat and fury of the action, were dragged into the lower ports of the nearest British ships, by the British sailors. The greater part of the crew, however, stood the danger till the last, and continued to fire from the lower deck. This tremendous explosion was followed by a *silence* not less awful; the firing immediately ceased on both sides, and the first sound that broke the silence was the dash of her shattered masts

and yards falling into the water from the vast height to which they had been carried by the explosion. It is upon record, that a battle between two armies was once broken off by an earthquake ; such an event would be felt like a miracle ; but no incident in war, produced by human means, has ever equalled this co-instantaneous pause and all its circumstances.

About seventy of L'Orient's crew were saved by the English boats. Among the many hundreds who perished were the Commodore Casa-Bianca and his son, a *brave boy*, only ten years old. They were seen floating on a shattered mast when the ship blew up. She had money on board (the plunder of *Malta*,) to the amount of £600,000 sterling.—*Southey's Life of Nelson*.

YOUNG CASA-BIANCA.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled ;
'The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm ;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on, he would not go,
Without his father's word ;

That father faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud :—" Say, father, say,
If yet my task is done ?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

" Speak, father !" once again he cried,
" If I may yet be gone !"
And,"—but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And look'd from that lone post of death,
In still yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
" My father ! must I stay ?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapp'd the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And stream'd above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound,—
The boy,—oh ! where was he ?
Ask of the winds, that far around,
With fragments strew'd the sea.

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
 That well had borne their part,
 The noblest thing which perished there,
 Was that young faithful heart.

Mrs. Hemans.

HIPPAH, OR FORTIFIED VILLAGE OF A NEW
 ZEALAND CHIEF.

THIS hippah is situated at the mouth of a fresh water river, on a beautiful eminence which commands the river Thames both above and below. The prospect is very extensive. There is a large flat of good land, above, below, and in the rear of the hippah, well adapted for the growth of grain. A creek of salt water, about one hundred yards wide, runs from the main river round to the rear of the hippah, till it meets a fresh water stream; the creek was navigable for small craft where I crossed it. A battle had been fought upon its banks a few months ago, when a chief was shot; they shewed me the spot where he was standing, and the bush behind which the enemy lay concealed when he was shot. When we arrived at the hippah it was too late to proceed up the Thames. After taking some refreshment in the evening, I got a canoe and went up the fresh water stream, which flowed down between some high hills. A large body of water comes down the creek occasionally. The land upon its banks is exceedingly rich,

and could easily be cultivated with the plough. In the valley through which it runs, I met a number of natives returning from work, with whom I walked back to the hippah.

In the hippah was a brother of Tippoohee, and several other chiefs; Tippoohee was not there. I spent the evening with them in conversation upon the ruinous consequences of war, and the advantages of civil government, agriculture, and commerce. Tippoohee's brother appeared a very mild and sensible man; and expressed his disapprobation of the conduct of many of the chiefs, who were always fighting, and brought great distress on the inhabitants. Temmarangha informed me that this chief never went to war; he disliked it so much.

This hippah has been a very strong place, both by nature and art. It is fortified by very deep fosses, and a high fence made of split wood. In their native mode of warfare, it must have bid defiance to any force which might be brought against it; but it cannot afford secure protection against an enemy armed with muskets. The natives shewed me where the musket balls had struck their buildings, and stated that it was impossible for them with spears to stand against the force of muskets.—*Mr. Marsden's (of New South Wales,) "Third Visit."*

LORD AUCKLAND'S GROUP OF ISLANDS.

It may be proper here to notice a recent discovery of a group of islands directly south of the south cape of Tavai Poenamoo, one of the New Zealands, named *Lord Auckland's Group* by the discoverer, Mr. Bristow, master of a South Sea whaler, in gratitude to the nobleman whose name they bear, for having, when a boy, procured him admission into the school of Greenwich Hospital. This group, seven in number, was first seen on the 10th of August 1806; and on the 20th of October 1807 Captain Bristow came to anchor with his ship, the *Sarah*, in a fine harbour on the largest island, which he called Enderby, and to the harbour he gave the quaint name of *Sarah's Bosom*. They are situated in lat. $50^{\circ} 40'$ south, and long. $166^{\circ} 35'$ east. Wood and water being plentiful and easily procured, they are represented as holding out, in this desolate and remote region, considerable advantages to the southern whale-fishery. The climate, however, is unusually severe, and the weather tempestuous. In the middle of summer (December) every day was attended with snow, sleet, or rain. Yet this severity of climate appeared to make no unfavourable impression on the vegetable productions, as the woods were covered with verdure as early in the spring as October. He observed four kinds of timber trees, the principal of which

was said to be mangrove, growing to the height of 30 or 40 feet; but the trunks were so twisted and turned by the violent winds that it was difficult to find a straight piece of ten feet in length. There was no want of shrubbery and herbaceous plants; there were neither men nor quadrupeds of any kind, but seals, sea-elephants, and sea-fowl, in great plenty. The woods abounded with a variety of singing birds with sweet melodious notes, and among them was a species of lark; wild ducks, teals, and snipes, were plentiful; and he caught a kind of rock-cod with the hook and line.

To the southward of the group another small island was discovered in 1811, to which was given the name of Campbell's Island; and to the south-west of them Macquarrie's Island, in latitude 55° south, and longitude 160° east. Several other islands are scattered about those of New Zealand; Chatham Island to the eastward of it, and a group of small ones near it, seen by Cornwallis in 1807; Bounty Island to the south-east; and to the southward of the latter a little island which, from its position with regard to England, has been named Antipodes Island.—*Captain Bristow's Letter, (Encyclop. Brit.)*

CURIOUS CUSTOM AT LEYDEN IN HOLLAND.

THE anniversary of the raising of the town of Leyden from the Spaniards in 1572 had been celebrated there on the 3d October 1835, with the usual festivity and solemnity. What gave it a particular Dutch character was, a distribution of bread and pickled herrings to the poor of all religions, by the students of the university, in remembrance of the first food enjoyed by the inhabitants after the long famine. The Leyden university, you know, takes a peculiar interest in this commemoration, as its establishment is owing to the very circumstance. The Stadholder of that day (William I.) had offered the people of Leyden the choice, either of the academical institution, or of a freedom from all taxes for a certain number of years, as a compensation for their hard sufferings. They preferred the university, which certainly is an honourable proof of the liberal feelings for the progress of sciences and arts among the Dutch people 250 years ago.

CAFFRE MODE OF ATTACK, AND NOTE OF THE BELL-BIRD.

I HAVE watched a group of *Caffres*, as they stood around me in easy graceful attitudes, and marked their soft pleasing manners, and mild

eyes, and wondered that they could ever be *savage*; when the discourse suddenly turned on war, and a Caffre was asked to show their manner of attacking an enemy. The expression in a moment changed; the eye assumed a vindictive glare; his lip the stern curve of vengeance, and throwing from him his *carosse* (sheep-skin mantle,) and grasping the *assegai* (dart) firmly in his right hand, he bounded impetuously forward, crouched as if to avoid the weapon of his foe, and then again rushed on with every muscle of his fine form clearly developed; and when his time had arrived, brandishing his weapon he raised it to a horizontal position, gave it a quivering motion ere it left his hand, and sent it whizzing through the air.

It was during a halt that my companion and myself made in the rich valley through which the *Goonovi* winds its way, that I first heard that melancholy sound—the *bell-bird's* note—almost the only sound that breaks the silence of these nightly solitudes. “Listen,” said my companion, “did not you hear a church bell?” I smiled and repeated,

‘ The sound of the church-going bell,
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Ne'er sighed at the sound of the knell,
Nor smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

We paused, listened, and I was ready to laugh at the strange power of imagination, when it came again, and I now distinctly

heard it low and solemn, like a distant grave-knell.

I have called it the "bell-bird," from finding a bird, whose note is similar, described under that name in Waterton's Wanderings. The *campanero* of the Spaniards, or bell-bird of the English, has a note loud and clear, like the sound of a bell, that may be heard at the distance of *three miles*. In the midst of these extensive wilds, generally on the dried top of an ancient mora, almost out of your reach, you will see the campanero, and even when the meridian sun has shut in silence the mouths of almost the whole of animated nature, the campanero still cheers the forest. You hear his toll, and then a pause for a minute, then another toll, and then a pause again; and then a toll, and again a pause; then he is silent for six or eight minutes, and then another toll, and so on. This bird is a native of *Guiana* (South America.)—"Four Years in Southern Africa," by *Cowper Rose*, (*Royal Engineers*.)

THE SUNDERBUNDS AT THE MOUTH OF THE GANGES.

THE mouths of the Ganges pouring into the Bay of Bengal, extend along the sea coast for not less than 180 miles. The dreary space occupied by these rivers and creeks, being covered with wood, and abounding with

alligators, the royal tiger, and other animals, forms one vast labyrinth, equal in extent to the whole principality of Wales. This tract of country, called the Sunderbunds, however uninviting, has lately attracted notice, and its borders begin already to exhibit the power of cultivation. By the Durpun of January last year, the number of beegahs of land granted to various individuals by government, amounted to 467,590, or above 150,000 acres; in about three months more, the number was above 650,000 acres!

Nearly twenty lakhs of beegahs of the Sunderbund lands, have been disposed of in grants for twenty years, rent free; and we are glad to learn that the insalubrity of the climate is not nearly so great as has been supposed. One of the grantees has already bunded (embanked) in a thousand beegahs, and found a tank; and at least half a dozen others have discovered tanks, and remains of villages in different parts of the Sunderbunds. We hear that one gentleman has seen the sugar-cane growing in newly cleared lands, and compared its juice with that of the best Bengal cane, to which he thinks it superior. The onions grown in the Sunderbunds are said to be superior to those of Patna; rice grows remarkably well, and in many villages surrounded by salt water rivers, there are wells of good fresh water at the depth of thirty feet, chiefly to the eastern or Koolna side of the Sunderbunds. We have been informed,

that, besides the cocoa-nut, which is proved to grow well on these lands, the plantain, the alligator pear, the mamma apple, and the sugar-cane will thrive equally well, whether watered by fresh or salt water. The plantain will perhaps be first planted, on account of the rapidity with which it produces, and its good effect in enriching new soil.—*The Durpun, (Native Newspaper,)* May 1830.

SAGUR ISLAND AND RHINOCEROS HUNT.

SAGUR, or Sagour island, commonly called "Ganga Sagur," lies at the mouth of the Hoogly river (western branch of the Ganges,) in Bengal. It is eight miles by four in extent, and is celebrated for Hindoo pilgrimages. Numbers of the pilgrims fall a prey to wild beasts, particularly to the tiger. The *jungle* or underwood, with which Sagur island abounds, affords a retreat for that savage and destructive animal. It was here that a young officer, the son of the late General Sir Hector Munro of Novar, North-Britain, was seized by a tiger, and who, though followed and rescued, died of the injuries received from the teeth of the fierce wild beast.

Being on a visit (says a British officer) at the quarantine station at Edmonstone island, I was informed that a rhinoceros had several times made his appearance close to the residence at Middleton Point, on Sagur Island ;

I was requested, being a killer, to go over and try my luck. I did so, and made preparations for a regular set to ; a stage being erected on a tree close to a tank at which my customer was in the habit of drinking every night, and there, in company with the resident at the Point, I took my seat at eight o'clock in the evening, it being then quite dark. My first *cheeroot* had not been quite burned out, when a noise from the jungle in our rear warned us of an approach. From the noise I thought it was an elephant; our anxiety, you may be sure, was very intense; however, in a few minutes a very large animal showed his back within thirty yards of us. I saw it, and immediately pointed it out to my companion through the gloom, and we both agreed that it was our friend; his approach was slow, grazing as he came along, until almost immediately under us, and then we fired. He seemed a little astonished, but did not move; the second volley (for we were well armed, having two double barrels each) disturbed him, he turned sharp round and made off with a curious snorting noise like an overgrown hog. He had the benefit of eight balls, which were, at the distance of fifteen yards, poured upon his impenetrable hide, but he seemed to mind them no more than so many peas. Ten minutes had hardly elapsed before he came again, but not on the same ground; he strolled along rather cautiously towards the tank; we had another beautiful view of him, and

again fired together as before, when, I am sorry to say, the gun of my friend burst, blowing off two of his fingers on the left hand, and slightly wounded me in the arm. Nothing was now left for us but to go home, and at that time of night, and in such a place, with such an animal in our neighbourhood, it was no joke; my friend took a cutlass, and I took two of my guns; we cautiously descended the tree and made good our retreat. A month and a half passed before the hand of my friend had healed, when we determined upon another attack, but in a different manner; the artillery of the station (two six pounders) were placed in his path, and there we agreed to watch his approach; every thing was got in readiness; the moon was favourable, and we took our station at the old look-out tree on the evening of the 6th instant. Our first starting was ominous, a tiger springing almost from under our feet, as I was levelling the guns. One was pointed to sweep the corner of the tank, and the other to take him if he came in a different direction. A long tedious night passed and no rhinoceros. The tiger above mentioned prowled about the trees all night, but we could not get a shot at him. Another night passed in like manner, but the third night at ten o'clock our old friend once more showed himself. Down I jumped to my post at the gun, but he saw my movements and vanished. Nearly an hour passed before he again made his appearance, but when he did

come I got him right before my gun, and as I was raising the match to fire, he charged full at me, but he was too late, the fatal spark had done its duty, and the canister met him half way. I lost no time in getting up the tree, for you may be sure the idea of his ugly horn being near me was not at all comfortable; it gave me, however, surprising agility, and I stumbled over my friend, who was coming down to assist me. In the midst of the confusion, a terrible groan proclaimed our victory. The next morning we found he had run nearly fifty yards, and there fell to rise no more; many of the shot had taken effect—one (the fatal one) in the left eye, three in the shoulder, one in the flank, passing through his kidney and in the hind quarter. His dimensions were twelve feet in length, without the tail, which made two more, seven feet high, and thirteen in circumference; altogether he is a perfect monster. On opening him, one of the leaden balls of our first attack was found in his stomach, and appeared to be mortifying the flesh all round. I had a tough job to skin him, &c.; five of our balls were cut out. The flesh of the animal was greedily devoured by the famished crew of a Burmese boat, which arrived at the Point in distress.—*Correspondent of the Bengal Hurkaru.*

CHINESE PAPER IDOL AT PENANG.

THE Chinese are numerously scattered over the islands of the Indian, or eastern Archipelago. In Pulo Penang (or Prince of Wales' Island) alone, there are said to be 800 Chinese inhabitants.

I went to witness the great idolatrous feast of Shaou and Tseaou. When we arrived at the temple, it was surrounded by a vast concourse of people, whose appearance was very like that of a fair in England. Opposite the temple was a stage erected for actors. On one side of the temple there was a large paper idol, called Ta-sze-yay, I suppose 14 feet in height; a most distorted figure, painted various colours, with large glass eyes. Immediately before this idol was a long table, set out with all kinds of provisions, interspersed with small paper idols. At the end of the table furthest from the idol, were a number of carpets spread on the ground, on which sat half a dozen priests, worshipping the god, chanting an unintelligible jargon, and bowing themselves to the ground. There were many other smaller paper idols, represented as riding on animals, also made of paper. The whole scene was illuminated by a profusion of lanterns and candles. Behind the great idol was a large quantity of pieces of paper; the most valuable of which were covered with gold leaf. These papers the idolaters burn,

and most firmly believe that they become money in the world of spirits !

This feast is considered as one of pure benevolence, being celebrated in behalf of those poor bereaved spirits, who have no relations to mourn for them ; to supply them with clothes, money, &c. ; to rescue them from Tartarus, and exalt them to higher and brighter regions.—*Journal of Mr. John Ince, Pulo Penang, (London Missionary Society, 1821.)*

TROUT-SPEARING IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

THERE is here (at the Barrisways, St. George's harbour,) a flower resembling the English *auricula*, but smaller ; it is the precursor of the *salmon*, and is in consequence called the "salmon-flower;" it was observed to be just coming into bloom. Accordingly, in the course of my visit to this place, the salmon struck in, not however so abundantly as usual.

Went this week (6th July) to visit the salmon fisheries, which are upon the main gut. Three or four families reside there. One night as some of the people and an Indian boy were going out just at the rise of high tide, five canoes in all, to spear trout and eels, I joined them in the excursion. It employed us till an hour or two after midnight. The scene was an animating one. A brilliant moon hung over the hills, which were finely wooded to the very

cliffs, and stand at the edge of the water. Bunches of birch bark were packed together, a dozen in a packet; these were stuck one at a time, as required, into a stick which was cleft at the top to let in this rude flambeau, to which a light was applied. The stick, with the ignited birch bark, was then put upright at the bow of the canoe; there, also, the man stood upmost insecurely balanced, as would seem, with his *nighok*, or eel-spear, a pole cleft at the bottom with a pike inserted. This, on his striking a fish of any size, would open and admit it till the pike perforated it, and then closing upon it, would press it and prevent its escape. The sandy, or stony bottom of the river in the shallows, for in deeper water this sport cannot be pursued, was seen as clearly as in the day, and every fish in it. The fish seemed at least bewildered, if not attracted by the light; and the quickness of the eye, and the adroitness of the man who used the *nighok*, impelling, as he did, the canoe with the thick end, and every now and then reversing it to strike, were surprising. He struck successfully eight out of ten of the fish at which he aimed, and shook them off into the boat with a sudden turn of his arm, which left him at liberty to strike at two fish within a second or two. He kept his balance, also, with great niceness, when he seemed to have poised himself so far over the side of the light canoe, that he must, it seemed to me, have gone overboard, or capsized our crank bark.

The light of the flambeaux in the other canoes, as they came round the projecting points of leafy green, and the shade, as we again lost view of them behind the trees or rocks in the distance, was most imposing. Four hundred trout were thus speared in the canoe in which I was; some of them were of such a size that they would have been taken, as they frequently are, in the salmon nets. In the five canoes above one thousand were taken in little more than two hours. I had the curiosity to weigh six of them, which together weighed twenty-two pounds, and had a barrel of this night's catch salted, that I might take them with me to St. Johns.—*Archdeacon Wix's Journal*, 1835.

COSTUME OF THE MADEIRA PEASANT.

THE late amiable and lamented Dr. (John Thomas) *James*, bishop of Calcutta, on his way to India arrived at Funchal in the island of Madeira, in August 1827. His excellent lady, destined so soon to lose her invaluable husband, writes:—The costume of the *Madeira peasant* is pretty, a full white shirt and trowsers, apparently all in one, fastened below the knee, a sash round the waist, a dark blue cloth cap, and boots of yellow tanned leather to meet the trowsers. In our little excursions into the country we rode on small horses and mules, which were very sure-footed, and went

nearly at full speed up some tremendous hills ; almost every horse has a man to attend him ; and when ascending steep places, these men lay hold of the horses' tails and hang on till they reach the top ; they gain their livelihood by attending different parties as guides, and run sometimes the whole day ; neither they nor the horses appearing to feel the heat, which was intense during our stay on the island. At *Funchal* (the capital) a rude sledge is used for carrying goods about the town, drawn by two bullocks ; and to prevent its taking fire from the friction of the pavement, the bottom of it is wetted from time to time with a cloth dipped in the stream which runs through the street.

CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS IN TAMBOOKIE LAND.

SHILOH is a Moravian Missionary station on the Klipplaat river, Tambookie land, South Africa, with upwards of 300 inhabitants, and fields and gardens. The missionaries write :— By the last post, I received letters from Shiloh of the 19th and 24th April, by which I learned that the brethren and sisters there, with their little flock, were safe, and had been left undisturbed ; though at one time they seemed in danger, and were on the point of leaving the station. Soon after *Hintza* (the Caffre chief) had communicated with our au-

thorities, making professions of peace and good-will, there seemed every reason to believe that he was deeply implicated in the war, and apprehensions were entertained of an attack on the Klipplaat station: on this account, the commanding officer strongly advised the brethren to save themselves by flight, while it was in their power; and they, in consequence, made the needful preparations. But, just at the critical moment, our troops advanced; and about 500 men made their appearance in the neighbourhood of Shiloh, by which the danger was mercifully averted. As our army is now so far in advance of the Klipplaat, and the Caffres have suffered so many reverses that they will probably be unable again to act on the offensive, our brethren have resumed the building of their church and school, which was interrupted for some weeks by these troubles. May our Saviour, who has hitherto so graciously protected them, and left Shiloh as a monument of his power and mercy in the midst of devastation, continue to shelter them under his Almighty wings, and make this unhappy war subservient to his cause!

Three Tambookies came, and demanded my consent to their having a "smelling dance" for the benefit of a sick man; they insisted on it, that he was bewitched; and that, by this means, they could discover the sorcerer. I knew that the witch-doctor would fix on some person against whom he had a spite;

and that the victim would be most cruelly tortured to extort confession. In such cases, as soon as the victim is released, some time is indeed allowed for his escape; but another party are ready to hunt him like a wild beast; and, when they overtake him, to stone him to death. Of course, I could not give my consent to so diabolical a work. I endeavoured to convince them of the iniquity of it, but in vain. One of them seemed mad with rage; and exclaimed, that he well perceived that I wanted the patient to die; and that I was myself a great witch-doctor, who bewitched the sick people with the word of God, and all who believed it must perish. I remained firm, and told them that it was better that they left us and went into their own country; for we should permit none to live here who did not serve God, and forsake the works of the devil. They now returned home in great wrath; but came the following morning, and used all manner of friendly expressions, to excuse their violence. In a few weeks the patient recovered, and all the parties are glad to remain with us. This is generally the way with the Tambookies; if they think we are displeased with them, they come of their own accord to make apologies; and when they quarrel among themselves, they come to have their disputes settled. When they perceive that I am somewhat impatient at losing so much time, in attending to their justifications and accusations, they say, "Pray hear us; for if you leave it

to ourselves, we shall begin to fight, and that you say is a sin; therefore, you must attend to us." They are generally well satisfied with my decision. Some say, "Why did you learn our language? You must now be satisfied to bear with us." They are very cunning and captious in their questions and answers.

One of the Tambookies began to use the plough; he himself held the plough, his eldest son was driver, and the younger led the oxen. It succeeded well, and gave great pleasure to all of them. They were laughing and talking about it all day. In general, they are indeed a very merry race. The ploughman declared he was not tired; and, on the following days, he ploughed several acres of his neighbour's fields.

After the Tambookies had learned the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, it became customary with them to correct or rebuke one another by quoting them; thus, in case of any petty theft being committed, they not unfrequently accosted the culprit with the words, "Tell us what is the eighth commandment." Observing one of them working on Sunday, I followed their custom, and repeated the fourth commandment; which caused the man to desist immediately, and, without any attempt at self-justification, to carry his axe into the house.

The following affecting incident which occurred in the year 1830, is from the Mora-

vians' diary:—A melancholy event took place. The Tambookies were so incautious as to appoint only one man to watch the cattle. On their return home, a cow was missing, and the man did not arrive. They thought that he was following the straying beast, but when they went out to seek him on the morning of the 15th, they found the herdsman dead, having been shot by the robbers. We had heard the report of the gun, but suspected nothing. The poor man had two wives and two children, whose lamentations and cries much affected us. The man had paid particular attention to the gospel, which had made an impression upon his heart, of which he gave frequent evidence. We trust the Lord has had mercy on him. He was remarkably strong, diligent, and willing to serve every one, and much respected by all. As none of the Tambookies spoke of burying him, we represented to his two wives that it was not a Christian practice to let him lie unburied, they therefore submitted, and the Hottentots superintended the funeral. Many Hottentots and Tambookies followed the robbers, but did not come up with them. The solemn interment of the body, at which a large company attended, made a salutary impression upon the Tambookies. The robbers had fled, and left behind them a horse, a musket, and some gunpowder, which our people secured. We sent information of this event to the field cor-

net. Two of the robbers were afterwards apprehended. We were visited by two Englishmen, who were on their journey to the upper Tambookie country.

A Tambookie child, three years old, died. On this occasion we perceived with sorrow how deeply sunk in superstition and heathenish customs these people yet are. When they perceived the child to be near its end, they carried it out of the hut, to leave it as a prey to the wild beasts; and it would have been devoured, if one of our Hottentots had not prevented it; for they consider every service done to a dying person, to render them unclean. The house is burned, and all the goods belonging to the dying person thrown away. The mother of the child must remain for some days in the fields; the same is observed with the adults. As soon as death approaches, they are turned out and given to the wild beasts. A captain has the privilege of being buried in the kraal. After declaring to them our abhorrence of such ungodly customs, and shewing them that it was contrary to the word of God, they willingly obeyed, and carried the child back into the house, where it soon died; but no Tambookie could be prevailed upon to carry the corpse out and make a grave, being persuaded that they should become unclean. They said they would willingly submit to every thing but that. Our Hottentots,

therefore buried the body.—*Moravian Diary, on the Klipplaats river, Tambookie Land, 1830-6.*

THE ORIENTAL NEGRO, OR SAMANGS OF MALACCA.

AMONG the aboriginal natives of Malacca are the *oriental negroes*, who inhabit the interior. Though of a more diminutive stature, they have the woolly hair, the jetty black skin, the thick lip, and flat nose, that characterise the African. By the Malays they are named *Samangs*, and they are distinguished into the Samangs of the lower lands, who, from their vicinity to the Malays, have borrowed some slender portion of civilization, and the Samangs of the mountains, who are represented as being in the lowest state of savage existence. The first have fixed habitations, plant small quantities of rice, and barter with the Malays for food or clothes, the resins, bees' wax, and honey of the forests. The last present the genuine picture of the hunter's life, and are divided into petty communities, perpetually at variance. The least improved of these tribes inhabited the mountain Javai in Queda, bordering on the dominions of Siam, altogether not exceeding 400 in number, subdivided into petty communities of thirty or forty families each. They go entirely naked, although the weather, from the

great height of the mountain, is inclement, and are said to have no fixed habitations, wandering through the thick forest in search of roots and the smaller sorts of game, which last they destroy with poisoned arrows. These acknowledge no chief, and with respect to some descriptions of goods, appear to have a community of property. Their language differs much from that of the Malays, who describe it as a mere jargon, which can only be compared to the chattering of large birds. Another race of the same people have their station further south, in a less elevated tract, within the territories of the Perak. These are more numerous and civilized, as they acknowledge a chief, and are able to destroy the large sorts of game, and even elephants.—*Hamilton's East India Gazetteer*.

Malacca is a large peninsula at the southern extremity of India beyond the Ganges. Washed on all sides by the Indian ocean, except on the north, where the *isthmus of Kraw*, 97 miles broad, unites it with the British province of *Tenasserim*. The peninsula extends for upwards of 700 miles, with an average breadth of 125. Here the *Siamese* have possessions, though far less than formerly. The *Malays* claim the whole sea-coast on both sides, except *Salengore* a colony of *Buggesses*, or *Bugis*, a remarkable people of *Bony*, a principality of the island of *Celebes*. The inland parts are occupied by the *Patani* people, who

are a mixture of Siamese and Malays, having independent *dusuns* (or villages). A race of Caffres, not exceeding four feet eight inches in height, are found among the forests. The *Menankabowers* are named from *Menangkabu*, a Malay country in the interior of Sumatra. The peninsula of Malacca is named by the natives 'Tanah Malayu,' (or the island of Malays).

The Malays are named *Khek* by the Siamese, and *Masu* by the Burmese. Their language, from its sweetness, is termed the *Italian* of the east. The native governments are rudely constructed, and feudal in their character. The head of a state is named *rajah* and *sultan*, a title introduced by the Arabs. Under him are the *dattoos*, or nobles, with their gradations of vassals. There is but little subordination of the lower to the higher ranks in any of these classes. The heir is always named the *raja mooda*, or young rajah. The Malays are noted pirates, treacherous and cruel; but their piracies are much repressed by the preponderance of European naval power in the eastern seas.

The principal independent native states are *Pera*, not strictly in Malacca, being an island rock *Pulo Pera*; *Salengore* already mentioned; *Tringano*, a petty state or rajahship on the east coast of the peninsula, yielding *gold* and *tin* in considerable quantities, excellent *coffee*, and a population of 35,000 Malays, besides Chinese; *Pahang*, subject *nominally* on-

ly to the rajah of Johore, and having 50,000 inhabitants; *Calatin* is also a petty Malay state with gold mines, wrought by Chinese.

The capital city of the peninsula is of the same name, Malacca. It is a British settlement, with about 40 miles of territory along the shore. It is a very healthy station. When taken by the English, the instruments of torture,—the rack, the wheel, and other inventions of horrid cruelty employed by the Dutch,—were, by the order of Lord Minto, publicly burned.

NUTMEG TREE, AND GROVE OF SPICES AT BENCOOLEN.

SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES in returning from *Singapore* (which settlement, in the *Straits of Malacca*, he established,) to his government of Bencoolen, was wrecked in the *Straits of Riko* during the night, and refused all aid by the *Dutch* authorities there. Being obliged to continue their precarious voyage, they were relieved by the friendly commander of an *American* ship in the *Straits of Banca*. On the excellent governor's return to Bencoolen, Lady Raffles says:—The appearance of the settlement was greatly changed. On Sir Stamford's first arrival in 1818, he found that every tree and shrub had been cut down (from fear of the natives,) around the residence of the chief authority, which had, in conse-

quence, a most desolate appearance. He immediately formed a garden, and surrounded the government house with plantations. As a proof of the luxuriance of vegetation in these islands it may be stated, that during his absence of *eleven months*, the *casuarina* trees had grown to the height of *thirty or forty feet*! And he had the pleasure, on his return, to see the house encircled by a shrubbery of nutmeg, clove, cocoa, and cassia trees, and of driving through an approach of alternate *nutmeg* and *clove* trees; the place seemed to have been converted almost by magic from a wilderness into a garden.

The *nutmeg tree* is exceedingly beautiful; it bears in profusion, spreads its branches in a wide circle, and the *fruit* is, perhaps, the most beautiful in the world; the outside covering, or shell, is of a rich cream colour, and resembles a peach, this bursts and shows the dark nut, encircled and chequered with *mace* of the brightest crimson, which, when contrasted with the deep emerald-green *leaf*, is delightfully grateful to the eye.—*Bencoolen, British East India Establishment in the Island of Sumatra, 1819.*

FROZEN CASCADES OF HIERAPOLIS.

I HAVE visited the remains both of Hierapolis, and Laodicea (in Asia Minor.) On the way from Sarakioi, we came to an encamp-

ment of Turcomans, surrounded by immense herds of cattle.

I cannot describe how much I was struck with Hierapolis. The situation of the city is superb. It is placed on the slope of mount Messogis, which rises behind, to a considerable elevation. In front is the vast plain of the *Mæander* (river): beyond are stupendous mountains covered half-way down their sides with brilliant snow. Another object which excites amazement, is the frozen cascades: by this name I denote the four or five cataracts, which have been petrified in their course, and which display the whiteness of the purest snow. I question if the world elsewhere exhibits so surprising an instance of this phenomenon. The appearance is precisely that of roaring cascades, having been metamorphosed in an instant, into Parian marble. The size too of these snow-white water-falls is such that they are visible at an immense distance. The ruins of the city covers an extent of three or four miles in circumference.—*Researches in Greece and the Levant, by the Rev. John Hartley 1833.*

DEMON-WORSHIP IN CEYLON.

Jan. 12, 1819.—THIS is the memorable day which, by the heathens, is consecrated to the service of the devil; and more attention, it appears, is paid to it this year than usual, on account of the prevailing sickness. My boys

were all detained from school to attend to the ceremonies, which, they say, must be all over before ten o'clock in the morning. Some of them came in the afternoon adorned with the finest badges of heathenism—white paste and ashes, smeared on the head and body. The people are afraid, it is said, to walk abroad to day, supposing that the devil is going about the streets, and will injure them. They think that he has more influence and is more malignant to-day, than on any other days. There is to be, this evening, a sacrifice of 100 sheep, besides other animals, in an adjoining parish, in order to appease the anger of the devil, or their gods, that the prevalence of the epidemic may be prevented. Oh may they learn to trust in the sacrifice which God has provided for guilty sinners!

Jan. 22.—Walking out the other day, I found a structure preparing, in a temporary manner, of immense height and magnitude; and was told by the persons at work, that it was a temple. It is erected in consequence of the prevailing sickness, and to-day sacrifices are offered there. Walking out in the evening, I found the people busily employed in cleansing the streets, and sprinkling them with water. While the sacrifices were offered at the temple, the devils are said to be out patrolling the streets; and the people perform these foolish ceremonies to appease them, that they may not be injured. What is collected by sweeping, is burned near the door or gate of

each house, as a kind of sacrifice, or peace-offering, by which they hope to prevent the devils from entering to visit them with affliction.

Jan. 23.—The sacrificing at the temple still continues, and the people are still very assiduous in cleansing and purifying their roads. Oh may they learn the absurdity and wickedness of this devil-worship, and begin to fear the only living and true God!—*Rev. J. Knight at Nellore, near Jaffua, (island of Ceylon.)*

BEY OF BERBER, AND BISHAREEN BOY.

BERBERA is a country of Africa, south-east of Abyssinia, and extending from the straits of of Babelmandel in the Arabian Gulf or Red Sea, southward. It is famed for its gums, incense and myrrh. It seems the bey or governor here, who was a Turk, had qualities superior to the generality of his countrymen. The English traveller found him very kind.

The conversation turning upon animals (says Mr. H.) the bey showed me the skin of a pet lion, that he had killed because it had destroyed a sheep. I happened to appear pleased with it, when he instantly made me accept it. He then sent for a beautiful little monkey, of the grey capuchin kind, with which he also presented me. I took it into my special protection, and called it, by the name uppermost in my thoughts—*Meroë*; and many

a weary mile, till my return to Thebes (in Upper Egypt) did it beguile me with its mischievous gambols on my camel. When I rose to take leave, the bey said he would accompany me to my tent, and then offered me a fine large panther's skin, on which he had been sitting. He did not give me these, as the Turks in general make presents, with the expectation of receiving others more valuable; for I told him, on receiving the first, that I had not contemplated making this journey when I left Europe, and had therefore nothing with me to offer him. He replied, 'All Turks are not the same; there are good and bad of every nation: these are trifles; tell me how I can be of real service to you; and the only return I wish is, that you think well of me when you go to your own country.' He privately inquired of my *dragoman* (interpreter) if we were in want of candles, sugar, coffee, of another tent, or anything else. Although we wanted nothing, we duly appreciated his kind intention. The style in which he came to my tent, (in passing) every day, will give some idea of the state kept up in these provincial governments. He was preceded by his guards, armed with guns; then by four cowhasses, beating their massive silver-headed sticks on the ground,—a substitute for music: the bey himself then followed, on foot or on his charger, having behind him six other guards, with guns, and a crowd of perhaps twenty servants. I was at a loss what return to make for his liber-

ality: he had really shown himself such a fine fellow, that it was painful to be behind him in generosity. Having no suitable articles to spare, such as a gun, pistols, or a watch, the most proper gifts to a Turk of his rank, I could only beg his acceptance of a few trifles, — a new patent powder-flask and belt, a bag of English shot, a good English penknife, and a silver watch-guard.

In our tent, yesterday, we took the figure and costume of a *Bishareen* boy, about eighteen, whose father, a powerful sheik, had attempted to excite a revolt against the *pasha* (of Egypt.) Not being successful, he fled, and his son was detained in prison until the father paid a fine of 250 camels. (By way of a jest, though a barbarous one, which I should not have allowed had I known of it, the bey and his officers told the poor boy that we were to cut off his head, being Turks deputed from Cairo for that special purpose. He sat down on the ground in the attitude represented, with his head turned on one side, and remained motionless, in the same position, nearly three quarters of an hour. We remarked that we had never had a subject who sat so patiently.) When we had finished, we told him he might get up, making him, at the same time, a small present; when, with a look of bewildered delight, he told us how differently he expected to have been treated, and that he had been awaiting every moment the stroke of the sabre.

In the evening, when we were with the bey,

he sent for the poor youth, and frightened him again by telling him that, by virtue of the drawing we had made, we had a magical power over him, and should transport him with us into our own country. He opened his mouth aghast, asked every body if it were true, and seemed struck with horror at the idea of never again seeing his native deserts. He addressed his inquiries particularly to Sheik Seyd, who, as chief of the Ababdes, he did not think capable of deceiving him; but I verily believe many of the meliks and chiefs present, who affected to join in the laugh, really had doubts and misgivings that such, in truth, was the necromantic power of our pencils, and particularly of the camera lucida, with which I drew several of them. My artist took the bey's likeness, at his own particular desire; I conceive, for one of his favourites. He was very well satisfied with the representation of his figure, rich costume, his sword and accoutrements, and of the fierceness of his mustachios; but he did not understand the shading, and begged my artist 'to take away those black things.' Before leaving Makkarif, the bey showed me round the indigo and hide manufactories belonging to the government. I parted from him with some regret, for he is decidedly the best Turk I have ever known; and it was a great pleasure for a few days to meet with such courtesy in these wild regions of interior Africa.—*Travels in Ethiopia, by G. A. Hoskins. Esq.*

EARLY ASSOCIATION.

Who hath not felt a nameless thrill,
 When friends of earlier days are met?
 And rising in the mind, at will,
 Scenes that we never can forget?
 Yet the afflicting thought recurs,
 That all those golden days are o'er;
 And sorrow in the bosom stirs,
 To think they shall return no more.

THE TRUTH OF THE SCRIPTURES.

How, but from God, could men unskilled in
 arts,
 In different ages born, in different parts,
 Weave such agreeing truths, or how, or why,
 Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
 Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
 Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price!

GOD'S OMNIPOTENCY.

WITH God a thousand years are as one day;
 He in one day can sum a thousand years:
 All acts with him are equal; for no more
 It costs Omnipotence to build a world,
 And set a sun amidst the firmament,
 Than mould a dew-drop, and light up its gem.

THE PROPHET-CHILD.

WITHIN the temple slept the child,
The after-prop of Israel's fame,
When o'er his slumbers, calm and mild,
The summons of Jehovah came.

The call was heard, the child awoke ;
With beating heart and bended knee,
The future judge and prophet spoke,—
“ Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth thee !”

Oh, when we hear Jehovah's voice
Breaking the slumber of the soul,
So may we rise, and so rejoice,
So bend our will to His controul !

His summons calls us even now ;
Oh, may each instant answer be,
“ Father, to thy commands I bow,—
“ Speak, for thy servant heareth thee !”

S. C. HALL.

THE WATER-FALL.

I LOVE the roaring water-fall,
Within some deep romantic glen :
'Mid desert wilds, remote from all
The gay and busy haunts of men ;
For its loud thunders sound to me
Like voices from eternity.

They tell of ages long gone by,
And beings that have passed away,
Who sought, perhaps, with curious eye,
These rocks where now I love to stray ;
And thus its thunders sound to me
Like voices from eternity.

And, from the past they seem to call
My spirit to the realms beyond
The ruin that must soon befall
These scenes, where grandeur sits enthron'd :
And thus its thunders sound to me
Like voices from eternity.

For I am on a torrent borne,
That whirls me rapidly away,
From morn to eve,—from eve to morn,—
From month to month,—from day to day :
And all that live and breathe with me
Are hurrying to eternity !

This mighty cataract's thundering sound,
In louder thunders soon must die :
And all these rugged mountains round,
Uprooted must in ruin lie :
But that dread hour will prove to me
The dawning of eternity !

Eternity !—that vast unknown !
Who can that deep abyss explore,
Which swallows up the ages gone,
And rolls its billows evermore ?
O, may I find that boundless sea,
A bright, a blest eternity !—DR. RAFFLES.

THE BOY'S LAST BEQUEST.

HALF raised upon the dying couch, his hand
Drooped on his mother's bosom, like a bud
Which, broken from its parent stalk, adheres
By some attenuate fibre. His thin hand
From 'neath the downy pillow drew a book,
And slowly pressed it to his bloodless lip.

“ Mother, dear mother, see your birth-day
gift

Fresh and unsoiled. Yet have I kept your
word,

And ere I slept each night, and every morn,
Did read its pages, with my simple prayer,
Until this sickness came.”

He paused, for breath
Came scantily, and with a toilsome strife.

“ Brother or sister have I none, or else
I'd lay this Bible on their heart, and say,
Come read it on my grave among the flowers.
So you who gave, must take it back again,
And love it for my sake.”

“ My son ! my son ! ”

Whispered the mourner, in that tender tone
Which woman in her sternest agony
Commands to soothe the pang of those she loves.
“ The soul ! the soul ! to whose charge yield
you that ? ”

“ To God who gave it ” So that gentle soul,
With a slight shudder, and a seraph smile,
Left the pale clay for its Creator's arms.

HYMN.

O THOU ! who taught my infant eye
 To pierce the air and view the sky ;
 To see my God in earth and seas,
 To hear him in the vernal breeze ;
 To know him midnight thoughts among ;
 Oh guide my soul, and aid my song !

Spirit of Light, do thou impart
 Majestic truths, and teach my heart ;
 Teach me to know how weak I am,
 How vain my powers, how poor my frame ;
 Teach me celestial paths untrod,
 The ways of glory and of God.

No more let me, in vain surprise,
 To heathen art give up my eyes,
 To piles laborious science reared,
 For heroes brave, or tyrants feared ;
 But quit philosophy, and see
 The Fountain of her works in Thee.

Fond man ! yon glassy mirror eye ;
 Go, pierce the flood, and there descry
 The miracles that float between
 The rainy leaves of watery green ;
 Old Ocean's hoary treasures scan ;
 See nations swimming round a span.

Then wilt thou say—and rear no more
 Thy monuments in mystic lore—

My God ! I quit my vain design,
 And drop my work to gaze on Thine ;
 Henceforth I'll frame myself to be,
 O Lord ! a monument of Thee.—CRABBE.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

Oh ! weep not the lad—he is gone to his rest—
 To the land of the faithful, the home of the
 blest ;
 Where joy knows no change, where the day
 knows no night,—
 Where the glory of God is the fountain of light.
 Oh ! weep not the lad—though he sleeps in
 his grave,
 He trusted in One who is mighty to save ;
 And the Saviour he trusted has taken him
 home,
 From the follies of earth, “ from the evil to
 come.”

Oh ! weep not the lad—nor yet mourn him as
 dead,
 Tho' already the spring flower may bloom o'er
 his head ;
 To mingle with angels surrounding the throne,
 To the bright realms of glory his spirit has
 flown.

Oh ! weep not the lad—for tho' dimmed be
 that eye,
 Which beamed with delight when loved pa-
 rents were nigh,

Again it shall sparkle with holier love,
As it welcomes them home to the mansions
above.

Then weep not the lad ; but remember the day,
When again you shall meet him, is not far
away,—

If believing on Jesus, and trusting his word,—
They only are happy “ who die in the Lord.”

P. D. HARDY.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

THE brightness of a mother's love
Can never pass away ;
It watcheth like the brooding dove,
From eventide till day.
It sitteth by the couch of pain
With quiet, placid eye,
'Tis free from every dark'ning stain
Of man's infirmity !

A mother's love ! oh ! who may breathe,
Oh ! who can feel its worth,
Its patient suffering until death,
E'en from our childhood's birth ?
'Tis chainless, fathomless, and deep ;
It is its lot to sigh,
To wake and watch our feverish sleep,
When none, save God, is nigh !

THE SWALLOW.

I AM fond of the swallow—I learn from her
flight,

Had I skill to improve it, a lesson of love ;
How seldom on earth do we see her alight !
She dwells in the skies, she is ever above.

It is on the wing that she takes her repose,
Suspended and poised in the regions of air.
'Tis not in our fields that her sustenance grows,
It is winged like herself, 'tis ethereal fare.

She comes in the spring, all the summer she
stays,
And dreading the cold, still follows the sun,
So, true to our Love, we should covet his rays,
And the place where he shines not immedi-
ately shun.

Our light should be love, and our nourish-
ment prayer ;
It is dangerous food that we find upon earth ;
The fruit of this world is beset with a snare,
In itself it is hurtful, as vile in its birth.

'Tis rarely if ever she settles below,
But when for her young she is building a
nest ;
Were it not for her brood, she would never
bestow
A thought on a place not design'd for her
rest.

Let us leave it ourselves,—'tis a mortal abode—
 To bask every moment in infinite love ;
 Let us fly the dark winter, and follow the road,
 That leads to the day-spring appearing above.

MADAME GUION.

THE CLIFT OF THE ROCK.

AT Horeb's foot the man of God delay'd,
 And to behold Jehovah's glory pray'd ;
 The ancient prophet, in his ardent faith,
 Knew not, while clothed in flesh, the sight was
 death,

For none, until this mortal coil's unroll'd,
Living those glorious features can behold.
 But God in mercy grants not every claim ;
 He knows our weakness, thinks upon our frame,
 And whilst He manifests His love and grace,
 Hides the consuming splendour of His face.
 Thus unto Moses did the Lord declare,
 " A fitting shelter is behind thee there,
 Climb half-way up the rock and take thy stand,
 Then will I take thee gently in my hand,
 I'll place thee in a narrow clift that's nigh,
 And cover thee the while I'm passing by ;
 Then take away mine hand and thou shalt see
 My form retreating, veil'd in part from thee ;
 My goodness, grace, and love I will unfold,
 But not my face shalt thou in flesh behold."
 So every ordinance of God below,—
 The house of prayer where faith's aspiring flow,

The gospel preach'd, the supper of the Lord,
 And all the *means* which joy unmix'd afford,—
 These are but cliffs within the rock of grace,
 Where Faith may see the Lord, but *not* his face;
 Her purer vision only can espy
 Glimpses of glory as He passeth by,
 To cheer the drooping soul with heavenly gleam,
 Through life's drear wilderness to Jordan's
 stream.

Thus, Lord! in every place, in every hour,
 Declare Thyself with manifested power;
 All without Thee is dead and lifeless here,
 But *all* is light and love if Thou art near!—M.

YOUTH A PASSING SCENE.

YOUTH's a soft scene, but trust her not;
 Her airy minutes, swift as thought,
 Slide off the slippery sphere;
 Moons with their months make hasty rounds,
 The sun has pass'd his vernal bounds,
 And whirls about his year.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

Thy neighbour?—it is he whom thou
 Hast power to aid and bless,
 Whose aching heart or burning brow,
 Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour?—'tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door—
Go thou and succour him.

Thy neighbour?—'tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
But low with sickness, cares, and pain,—
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour?—'tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem ;
Widow and orphan helpless left,—
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbour?—yonder toiling slave,
Fetter'd in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave,—
Go thou and ransom him.

Where'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favour'd than thy own,
Remember, 'tis thy neighbour worm,
Thy brother or thy son.

Oh! pass not, pass not heedless by,
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery,—
Go share thy lot with him.—ANON.

