



### Advertisement,

THE public are respectfully informed that a PRICE CURRENT AND COMMERCIAL REGISTER will be published at this Presidency under the Patronage of the Hon'ble the Governor in Council on the 1st and 3d Saturday of each month and will contain the following information viz. Prices Current of Eastern produce. Do. of Bengal produce. Do. of Europe produce. Arrivals and Departure. Ships Expected and their Destination. Course of Exchange and Company's Paper. A report of the Imports and Exports by Sea. Rates of Freight generally.

Also general remarks on the state of trade noticing the fluctuation of the market during the fortnight previous to the publication of each number.

The Editor in Soliciting the kind Patronage and Support of the public begs to assure them that no attention or care will be wanting to render the work generally useful and convenient to the mercantile community.

The Price to Subscribers will be 5 Rupees per quarter and to non Subscribers one Rupee per Copy. Extra copies will be supplied to Subscribers at the same rate as they pay for their regular ones viz. 6 copies for 5 Rupees on intimation being given the day previous to publication addressed to the Editor at the Office of the Territorial Secretary to Government.

Bombay, 26th March 1828.

### TO MESSRS, FAMILIES & GENTLEMEN.

GEORGE OSBORN, FORMERLY OF THE FIRM OF BAXTER & CO.

BEGS leave to intimate, that he purposes to furnish Supplies, and execute Commissions generally on the most advantageous terms, to all who may feel disposed to favour him with their orders and patronage.

The business will be conducted under the style of GEORGE OSBORN AND CO.

No. 7 Forbes Street, Bombay,

### WANTED.

FOR the BOYS' CENTRAL SCHOOL of the Bombay Education Society, a SCHOOL MASTER, who will engage to conduct the SCHOOL on the National System.

Applications will be received until the 31st Instant, by the Rev. T. CARR, Secretary to the Society.

T. CARR, Secretary.

BOMBAY, MARCH 6TH 1828.

### FOR SALE AT THE GODOWNS

of Messrs. Forbes & Co.

THE following Wines of Superior quality, just imported by the Ship VALLEY-FIELD, from Hamburgh viz.

White Sparkling Champagne, in Cases containing 50 Bottles, Rs. 40 Per Dozen.

Vin de Grave (Sauterne) in 3 dozen Cases, Rs. 16 Per dozen.

French Chateau (St. Julien Me doc. of 1822), Rs. 14 Per dozen.

ALSO: Seltzer Water in Cases of 60 Bottles, Rs. 8 Per Dozen.

Do. do. 50 Smaller do. do. ditto.

Bombay, 26th March 1828.

### Advertisement,

TO BE SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION, AT HIS MAJESTY'S NAVAL ARSENAL BOMBAY,

On SATURDAY the 10th May,

AT ONE O'CLOCK,

HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP

CYRENE,

OF 470 TONS.

WITH all her Masts, Yards and Rigging, one suit of half-worn sails and a new cable and anchor. She is copper fastened, and is only two years out of a King's Dock Yard where her bottom was newly coppered, and she was equipped for sea with an entire new set of rigging. She is considered the fastest sailing vessel in the India Squadron, and consequently is particularly adapted for the Opium trade to China.

ALSO, ON THE SAME DAY, His Majesty's Ship FLY, of 304 tons This vessel has no materials, except one cable, an anchor and the bowsprit.

Twenty per cent of the purchase money to be paid down immediately after the sale, and the remainder by an unexceptionable Bill at thirty days sight. Both vessels to be at the risk of the purchaser immediately after the sale.

By order of His Excellency the Naval Commander in Chief JOHN POLLEXFEN, H. M. Master Shipwright.

### Edujee Cursetjee's Sons

WILL SELL BY PUBLIC AUCTION

On MONDAY next the 31st Inst.

AT THEIR ROOMS.

PART OF THE FURNITURE OF

Mr. William East.

CONSISTING of Side Boards, Tables, Chairs, Couches, Stands, Lamps, Six Light Chandelier, double Branched Candle-Stick and also a few Books.

AT 12 O'CLOCK WILL BE PUT UP

(If not previously disposed of)

AN ENGLISH BUILT

CHARIOT,

WITH A HORSE AND HARNESS.

Bombay, 26th March 1828.

### Edujee Cursetjee's Sons

WILL SELL BY PUBLIC AUCTION.

On MONDAY the 31st Instant,

The Property of a Gentleman who has left the Presidency.

CONSISTING of Couches, Chair, Black Round Table, Book-shelves, writing Tables, Lamps, Glass Ware &c.

Also 14 Boxes of Rejected Pine Cheese.

Bombay, 26th March, 1828.

### FOR SALE AT THE GAZETTE OFFICE,

BLANK BILLS of Exchange, Powers of Attorney, Interest and Respondentia Bonds, Policies of Insurance, Bills of Lading, and

Prices Current.

### FRITH Bomanjee & Co.

WILL SELL BY PUBLIC AUCTION.

THIS DAY,

WEDNESDAY March 26th

THE UNDERMENTIONED GOODS.

VIZ. SEVERAL Thousand Ounces of SILVER PLATE consisting of SALVERS, CURRY DISHES, TEA URN, BUTTER POTS, SPOONS, FORKS, LADLES SUGAR BOWLS, COFFEE POTS, BOTTLE STANDS &c. with Several useful Articles of PLATED WARE Rich imitation SHAWLS, HANDKERCHIEFS and other PIECE GOODS, IRON MONGERY, Cut and Plain GLASS WARE, Collection of Books, a quantity of fresh WHITE LEAD, IRON MONGERY, PRIME YORK, and WESTHALLA HAMS, British CANVAS from No. 1 to No. 6 a quantity of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, Several Boxes of Superior Fresh MANILLA CHEROOT, 10,000 in a Box, and to close an account.

AN INVOICE OF CROWN GLASS

of the following dimension which will be put up for the convenience of purchasers in lots of one Chest.

The Panes measures—7 in by 5 in—8 by 6—6 by 4, 9 by 7—10 by 8—11 by 9—12 by 9—12 by 10—10 by 10—14 by 10—14 by 12—10 by 12—18 by 14 and 20 by 16—

Nesbit Lane 26th March 1828.

### MESSRS. Frith Bomanjee and Co.

WILL SELL BY PUBLIC AUCTION

ON WEDNESDAY next the 2d Prox.

A Variety of GOODS lately arrived from Hamburgh per Ship Valleyfield consisting of Richly CUT CRYSTAL, in sets suitable to any Table—CUTLERY—TRINKETS—JAPAN'D WARE—ASTRAL LAMPS—CLOCKS—BEADS—TOYS—PERFUMERY—MIRRORS of LARGE SIZE—POLISH'D MARBLES. &c. &c.

The above articles will be exposed to view at their ROOM on Friday next and are well worth attention.

Nesbit Lane, 26th March 1828.

### FRITH Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE RECEIVED FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION.

GRAND AND SQUARE

PIANO FORTES.

BY BROADWOOD AND SON.

IMPORTED per Ship Cumberland Price of the first 1600 Rupees; of the latter 750.

The above are quite new, well secured for the Climate and have the necessary apparatus of spare STRINGS, tuning KEY and FORK.

ALSO

A HIGHLY FINISHED

THIRTEEN KEY

CLARINET,

BY KEY.

With a Book of Instruction

PRICE Rs. 225,

Nesbit Lane, 26th March 1828.

### ON WEDNESDAY, next the 2nd April.

### MESSRS. Frith Bomanjee and Co.

WILL SELL BY PUBLIC AUCTION

AT THEIR ROOMS

THE VALUABLE

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE

OF THE LATE

David Seton Esq.

CONSISTING of DINING and BREAKFAST TABLES—TEA-POYS, CHAIRS, VASE LAMPS, READING CHAIRS, COUCHES, CHINA and GLASS WARE, TABLE CUTLERY, PLATE and PLATED WARE, of various descriptions further particulars of which will be given.

AND AT ONE O'CLOCK PRECISELY. Will be put up (unless previously disposed of) an Elegant

BAROUCLETTE,

Pair of well matched

CHESNUT HORSES

AND

HARNESS.

COMPLETE

A GREY

SADDLE HORSE

AND A

GUZERAT COW.

Nesbit Lane, 26th March 1828.

### FRITH Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE EXPOSED FOR SALE

AN ELEGANT LIGHT

BAROUCLETTE,

PAINTED a Bright Yellow, Picked out black, built in Hambury of the best materials entirely new, per Rs. 1800.

ALSO

A LIGHT TRAVELLING

WAGGON OR CARAVAN

With 3 Box Seats fitted within, well adapted for travelling in the interior being spacious light and easy. for Rs. 750.

Nesbit Lane 26th March 1828.

### FRITH Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION

A Large and Valuable collection of

BOOKS

Consisting of MEDICAL—BOTANICAL—ARCHITECTURAL and HISTORICAL WORKS—Catalogues of the same will be published and distributed as early as possible.

Nesbit Lane, 19th March 1828.

### MESSRS. Remington Crawford and Co.

AS Agents in Bombay for the ALLIANCE FIRE ASSURANCE COMPANY, continue to issue Policies on all descriptions of property, renewable yearly, half yearly, or quarterly, at the option of the Assured. The rates of premium and further particulars may be known on application to Messrs. REMINGTON CRAWFORD AND CO.

Bombay, 26th March 1828.

# Higgs & Briggs

WILL SELL  
BY AUCTION,

To-morrow the 27th Instant.

SEVERAL boxes of superior Manila Segars, each box containing 10,000; Coarse China Earthenware, consisting of Blue and White Table and Hot Water Plates, Soup Tureens, and a variety of articles for the use of Natives, Boxes of Fireworks, China Toys &c.

At ONE O'CLOCK,  
AN EXCELLENT

## DAPPLE GREY ARAB HORSE,

Rising 7 years, height 14 1/2 ready broke to harness, and warranted perfectly quiet and safe in every respect.  
Meadows Street, 26th March, 1828.

## Higgs and Briggs

WILL SELL  
BY AUCTION  
To-morrow the 27th Instant.

AT ONE O'CLOCK,

## A GREY ARAB Saddle Horse

RISING five years old, has a very long Trot and would answer admirably for a Buggy Horse, warranted sound.

AND A GREY ARAB

## Saddle Horse,

Eight years old height 14 hands and started with for no fault whatever.  
Meadow Street, 26th March 1828.

## Higgs and Briggs

HAVE RECEIVED  
FOR SALE  
ON COMMISSION  
A NEW ENGLISH  
**PHAETON,**  
AND  
**DOUBLE HARNESS,**  
PRICE Rs. 1800;  
JUST IMPORTED.  
Meadows Street, 26th March 1828.

## Higgs and Briggs

HAVE JUST EXPOSED  
FOR SALE  
FASHIONABLE  
**MERTON DOWN HATS,**  
JUST IMPORTED.

LADIES Black and Drab Riding Hats and Buckles.....Rs. 25  
Gentlemen's Drab and Black Hats..... 20  
Broad Brimmed, Ditto..... 25  
Childrens Hats..... 12 and 15  
Meadows, Street, 26th March 1828.

## For Sale

AT THE  
**GODOWNS OF**  
Messrs. Remington Crawford  
and Co.

A FEW Cases of Best SPARKLING WHITE CHAMPAGNE, in six and three dozen Cases, at Rs. 40 per dozen, First Growth CLARET of 1822, from Todd and Bosanquet, in 6 dozen Cases, at 40 per dozen Pale Old SHERRY from Todd and Bosanquet, in six dozen Cases, at 27 per dozen.  
Bombay, 26th March 1828.

## Higgs and Briggs.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED  
FOR SALE  
ON COMMISSION  
A NEW  
**DENNET,**

PRICE Rs. 800.  
Meadows Street, 26th March 1828.

## For Freight or Passage

TO LONDON,  
THE FINE NEW SHIP  
**LADY FAVERSHAM,**

500 TONS,  
*George Adler,*  
COMMANDER.



THIS Ship is elegantly fitted up, and carries a regular Surgeon.

Apply to Messrs. RANKEN AND SAUNDERS.  
Bombay, 26th March 1828.

## Passage to the Clyde,

THE FINE FIRST CLASS BRIG,  
**CATHERINE,**  
OF 300 TONS BURTHEN.

*Thomas Hincald,*  
COMMANDER.

WILL be despatched to Greenock early in next month. This vessel has excellent accommodations for Passengers and carries a regular Surgeon. For Particulars apply to the COMMANDER on board or at the Office of Messrs. WILLIAM NICOL AND CO.  
Bombay, 26th March 1828.

## For Freight or Passage

TO  
LONDON.  
**The Cleveland,**  
CAPTAIN HAVELOCK,

OF 450 TONS,  
TO SAIL ON THE 25TH APRIL.



HAS good accommodations for Passengers and carries a Surgeon.

For particulars apply at the Office of Messrs. PATRICK STEWART AND CO.  
Bombay 26th March 1828.

## For Freight to Liverpool

OR GREENOCK,  
THE NEW SHIP  
**JANET,**

OF 300 TONS,  
*A. Dott, Commander,*



LEFT the Downs on the 28th Oct. and is daily expected.

Apply to Messrs. ROBERT TAYLOR AND CO.  
Bombay, 26th March 1828

## For Freight or Passage

TO  
LIVERPOOL OR GREENOCK,  
THE NEW BRIG  
**Gleniffer,**

OF 318 TONS,  
Apply to Messrs. ADAM, SKINNER AND CO.  
Bombay, 26th March 1828.

## For Passage to London

THE FINE FIRST CLASS SHIP  
**VALLEYFIELD,**  
OF 400 TONS  
*Thomas Johnson,*  
COMMANDER.

HAS Superior accommodations for Passengers carries an experienced Surgeon and will sail for the above port on the 15th of next month.—For particulars, application may be made to Captain JOHNSON at the Office of Messrs. FORBES AND CO.  
Bombay, 26th March 1828.

## For Freight or Passage

TO LONDON,  
THE NEW SHIP  
**HENRY,**  
BURTHEN 400 TONS,  
*Capt. Westmoreland,*



HAS good accommodations for Passengers, and will be dispatched on the 10th of

April. Apply to Capt. WESTMORELAND, at the Office of DIROM, CARTER AND CO. where plans of the accommodations may be seen.  
Bombay, 26th March 1828.

## For Passage to London,

THE FINE SHIP  
**MEDINA,**  
OF 500 TONS.



WAS to leave England in all November, and may be expected here during April.

The Vessel has lately undergone a thorough repair, has been elegantly fitted up for the accommodation of Passengers, and will have an early dispatch from this. Apply at the Office of Messrs. ADAM, SKINNER AND CO.  
Bombay, 26th March 1828.

## For Freight to London,

LIVERPOOL OR GREENOCK,  
THE FINE BARQUE  
**THOMAS RITCHIE,**  
OF 380 TONS,  
*CAPTAIN A. ALEXANDER.*



WILL, have an early dispatch for either of the above Ports, as freight may be offered.

Apply to Messrs. FORBES AND CO.  
Bombay, 26th March 1828.

## For Columbo, Madras

AND CALCUTTA  
THE BRIG  
**CARTHA,**  
*Captain J. S. Lindsay,*

TO SAIL positively on the 28th.—Apply to Capt. LINDSAY, at the Office of Messrs. DIROM, CARTER AND CO.  
Bombay, 26th March 1828.

## For Freight,

TO THE WEST COAST OF SUMATRA,  
**PENANG, MALACCA, & SINGAPORE**  
THE TEAK BUILT  
AND FAST SAILING SHIP,  
**ISABELLA,**

*Captain Blake.*  
LATELY arrived from Calcutta, where she has been thoroughly repaired, and will be dispatched as soon as the freight being procurable.—The particulars will be known at the Office of FRAMJEE COWASJEE.  
Bombay, 26th March 1828.

## GENERAL ORDERS.

By the Honorable the Governor in Council.

BOMBAY CASTLE, 13TH MARCH 1828.

No. 76 of 1828.—The undermentioned Cadets for the Cavalry and Infantry having arrived at the Presidency on board the ship Tyne, on the 9th inst. and produced certificates of their respective appointments by the Hon'ble Court of Directors, are admitted as such into the service from that date. The Cadets for the Infantry are promoted to Ensign, leaving the vacancies of their rank to be settled hereafter.

Cavalry

455 Mr. Matthew Daniell.

Infantry

416 Messrs. Francis Hanson Goggin,

417 Do. William Carlisle St. Ther.,

451 Do. Alexander Robertson.

Assistant Surgeons J. Hamilton and W. L. Parry, whose rank has already been settled in General Orders of the 20th ult. having also arrived on the Ship Tyne on the 9th inst., are admitted on the Establishment from that date.

Captain J. P. Napier, of the 24th Regiment N. I. and G. C. Taylor, of the 26th Regt. N. I. have returned to their duty by permission of the Hon'ble Court of Directors without prejudice to their rank, and arrived at Bombay on the 9th inst. on the Ship Tyne.

Bombay Castle, 17th March 1828.

No. 76 of 1828.—Assistant Surgeon James Murray has been appointed in the General Department to the Medical charge of the Hon'ble the Governor's Establishment at Parell &c.

Bombay Castle, 18th March 1828.

No. 77 of 1828.—The furlough to the Capt. of Good Hope on sick certificate granted to Lieutenant Col. Commandant Hestman, on the General Staff of the Army, under date the 15th of February 1827, is extended on the same account for a period of twelve months.

By Order of the Honourable

the Governor in Council,

W. NEWHAM,

Chief Secretary.

To the Editor of the Bombay Gazette.

SIR,

If you think the undermentioned facts worthy a place in your paper, perhaps you will be good enough to insert them, it might be the means of saving the lives of some of our fellow creatures who are in the habit of bathing in Colabah ferry; this morning I was bathing there and the tide being on the ebb, I intended to have a swim across to the opposite Bank, there was a Gentleman (an officer I believe) swimming at the same time about two yards ahead of me, when all of a sudden my attention was arrested by a tremendous flooie, in the water close by him, and I immediately saw the fins and part of the Back of a Hugg Shark, the Gentleman immediately cried out, and I concluded that it had seized him, but most fortunately he escaped it, you may easily depict the state of our feelings at the sight of such a monster, and did not know a moment but what one of us might fall a prey to his voracious appetite, it was so near my companion in danger, who informed me that it actually touched his side, I think we might be about 150 yards from the bank at the time, to which we lost no time in getting, neither did we make, a little noise by splashing the water and exerting our lungs to frighten our unwelcome companion away, and by the exertion and the terror we were so much exhausted, that when we reached terra firma we had scarcely strength to stand, perhaps this might be treated by many as mere chimerical ideas, but so fully sensible am I of the danger we were in, and the fact of it being a shark, that nothing will induce me ever to attempt again swimming in Colabah ferry, and shall consider my escape this morning a most miraculous one.

T. G.

BOMBAY, 24th March 1828.

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In answer to J. M. J. We beg to thank him for his kind intentions towards us; we shall give our serious Consideration, to what he proposes, but are fearful that all the necessary information, would be withheld from us.

EXCHANGE &c.

On London, at 6 months sight 119 s 11/2 per Rs.

Calcutta, at 30 days sight, 104 s 1/2 per Rs. per 100 Rs.

Madras, at 30 days sight, at par.

BAZAR VALUE OF COMPANY'S PAPER.

Remittable notes 134 Bombay Rs. per 0 10 Siccas

Unremittable do. 104 do. per 0 10 do.

Notes of the present 5 per Cent. Loan opened in Bengal on the 15th August 1825, selling at 100 s

B'bay per 0 10 Siccas.

PRICES OF BULLION.

Spanish Dollars 100 per 317 R'by Rs.

German Crowns 100 per 319 Ditto.

GOVERNMENT LOAN.

Subscriptions to the present 5 per cent Loan opened in Bengal on the 15th August 1825, are receivable at the General Treasury at Calcutta at the rate of 100 s Bombay Rupees per 0 10 Siccas; being the intrinsic value.

FRIGENTS.

To London... Per Ton 24.

To China... Per Candy Rs. 20.

We have much pleasure in announcing the arrival from England, of the Ship Cumberland, Steele, she left Gravesend on the 7th of November, and the Land's End on the 11th bringing English papers up to the 9th of the same month; she is therefore the latest arrival from England, that we have here, as the Thomas Ritchie left Liverpool on the 8th of November, and the Lady Gordon on the 19th October, and not, as is stated in Saturday's Courier, (with the usual correctness of that paper) the 10th of November.

For the information, of Commanders of Ships returning to England from this country, we extract the accompanying paragraph from an English paper of the 16th October shewing that the exclusive and oppressive privileges of the East India Dock Company, ceased on the 2d of the same month. The charge made by this Company was Twelve Shillings per Ton, and it is now reduced to Two Shillings and six pence; which reduction will afford a sensible relief to the Owners of Ships, belonging to the East India Trade.

The exclusive privileges of the East India Dock Company expired on the 2d instant; and as a proof of the advantages of Competition, the rates previously charged, amounting to 12s. per ton register, have now been reduced to 2s. 6d.

We observe with great pleasure from an Advertisement in this day's paper, that a Price Current, and Commercial Register is about to be published, the prospectus given by the Editor, of the information it is to contain, proves to us that he is a proper person to undertake the accomplishment of so desirable a work. The urgent necessity for such a thing, some time back suggested to us the idea, of publishing a Price Current nearly similar to the one, now advertised; but we relinquish the projected undertaking with pleasure being so well assured, that the Gentleman, who this day solicits the attention and patronage of the public, is in every way, more qualified to undertake it. His having obtained the patronage of Government will enable him to procure the most authentic information in all matters relating to the Commercial Interests of this Port.

At a meeting of the BOMBAY BRANCH of the HIGHLAND SOCIETY of LONDON held this day, the following Gentlemen were proposed, and unanimously elected members of the Society, Major Thomas Gordon, James Strachan Esqre, Surgeon, The Revd. Joseph Lawrie, and Captain Bruce Seton. It was also resolved that there should be a Grand meeting of the Society twice a year, vizt. on the 18th June, the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo and on the 30th November St. Andrews day.

(Signed) J. WEDDERBURN, GEO. FORBES, Secretaries.

BOMBAY, 21ST MARCH 1828. We understand that the members dined together in a private way on the above named day, the anniversary of the glorious battle of Alexandria, when "Malcolm McDonald" was again present and delighted the party with Pibrochs, and Strathspeys on his "loud sounding Pipes" and which forcibly recalled to all, the land "where blooms the red Heather and Thistle see green."

The members separated in as joyous a mood as good Whisky good Haggis and good company could make them.

DESTRUCTION OF THE SHIP TYNE FREE TRADER, BY FIRE.

The commencement of this melancholy affair took place at about 1/2 past Ten A. M. on Wednesday last, when the Flames were observed rushing from her Stern Windows, and from thence to the Rigging and Masts, which in a short time were enveloped in Flames, it was soon perceived that any attempt to save the burning vessel, would be fruitless, the attention therefore of those in attendance was immediately directed to remove the adjacent Ships from the Berths they occupied to places of comparatively less danger, which was done in every instance in the most able manner by the Commanders and Officers of the Ships now in harbour. The most unqualified praise is due to the Officers of his Majesty's Ships who with a promptitude quite unparalleled, offered the assistance of their men and boats in any way, that would conduce to the safety of the Ships, that were in danger, many attempts during the day were made to sink her, without the desired effect, she continued burning until 1/2 past seven P. M. at which time she sunk, carrying with her, much valuable property; the origin of this disastrous affair, (as is generally the case,) is not distinctly known, we therefore refrain from inserting any of the vague reports which are commonly

so current on these occasions. She was commanded by Captain Cotgrave, and was a Ship taken up for the purpose of conveying the Passengers and Cargo, destined for the Lady Nugent, which Ship was condemned at Portsmouth. We feel it a duty incumbent upon us, in our public capacity as Editor of the Gazette, to direct the attention of the Public to the great advantages, that would arise, from having Boats, with fire Engines ready to act on all such occasions. In the present instance they would have been of the utmost service in playing upon that part of the Ship, where they might have wished to work in order to scuttle her; or by playing upon the Bows of the vessel, kept the fire sufficiently under, to have enabled them to cut the Chain Cable and to have towed her clear of the Shipping, inshore, either above or below the Harbour, according to the tide, and by so doing have saved her remaining Cargo with much less trouble and expence, than can now be done, from where she lays. We observe with extreme satisfaction, that a Subscription, is being made, under the management of a Committee of Gentlemen for the purpose of providing Equipments both for the men and Officers of the late unfortunate Ship, nothing we are assured need be said by us on this occasion, for never was an appeal made to the Benevolence of the Bombay Public, without its having the desired effect.

Theatricals.

As we before announced, the Bombay Amateur Theatre, opened its doors on Wednesday evening last, The Hon'ble the Governor Sir John Malcolm and party, and many others, including nearly all the Beauty, Rank and Fashion of Bombay, graced the Theatre by their presence.—The Comedy of Charles the 2nd or the Merry Monarch, was the first piece acted, and is therefore, the first that draws our attention, or requires our observations. The unusual and full development of the names of the Amateurs, who supported the different parts, allows us no opportunity of showing our knowledge, as to the secrets of the Green Room, we shall therefore proceed to criticise the acting of the said well known Gentlemen, and their qualifications for appearing before (to use a Cant phrase) an enlightened audience. We commence, as in duty bound with Royalty, the part of Charles the 2nd was sustained by Lieutenant Brodhurst, who unfortunately forgot in many instances, that although, he was representing a Merry Monarch, that Monarch could and did often assume all the dignity belonging to his exalted station: his faults were too phant, and he reminded us more of a wooden figure moved by wires, than of a graceful and accomplished man; the part evidently never could have been studied, or the character of Charles the 2nd considered. In the scene, in which he assumes the disguise of a roistering Tar, he also assumed the manners of one, and not those of Charles the 2nd; for, place a man of Birth and Education, in the most ridiculous disguises, and awkward situations, the struggle will always be visibly apparent, between the real and assumed character, not a particle of which was visible in the acting of Lieut. Brodhurst; his attentions to the pretty Mary too, were not those of the insinuating and irresistible Monarch, but rather like those, which would be conferred by some honest, though uncouth Tar at Wapping Old Stairs; this scene presents a fine opportunity for an Actor to make a powerful hit, but it entirely failed on this occasion. We allude, to where, Charles, forgetting his disguise, commands Capt. Copp to proceed with his story, respecting Rochester; no dignity was shewn in giving the command or confusion at the recollection, of how ill judged such a command was, removed from his Palace and shrowded in the disguise of a Sailor. The dress worn on this occasion by Lieut. Brodhurst, was most correct and beautiful; we wish it were in our power to say as much for the dress of Rochester, for instead of reminding us of the gay, thoughtless Rochester the "glass of Fashion, and the mould of Form," in the Court of Charles the 2nd, he had all the attributes belonging to the stage dress of a Spanish Bravo.—The part of Capt. Copp, was most admirably and effectively filled by Mr. Phillips, not an opportunity for making an effect escaped him, he trod the stage well, his action was appropriate, and not over redundant, his words were few, but they were impressive; he had none of that awkward, and fidgetty manner, of the generality of Amateurs, who pay more attention to their Tailor, than their Author, and have more concern for their individual success, than of combining together, and making the whole worthy of representation. The beautiful and love-sick Mary, reminded us of the irresistible Linton in the character of Moll Flaggon, these inconsistencies however cannot be avoided, but the greatest attention ought to be paid, to the selection of pieces, in which the female interest is neither powerful or conspicuous. The part of the page, was supported with great ability by Connet Hamilton. The person, who during the evening seemed to have the most to do, was invisible, we allude to the prompter whose situation, evidently was no sinecure. The farce that followed by some mismanagement, seem-

ed to have the exact contrary effect, to what we had predicted, for instead of the risible faculties being excited, there appeared to be a hard struggle with Morpheus on the part of many of the audience. We now beg to say a few words to our worthy cotemporary, we would most seriously advise the Editor of the Courier, before he designates the work of any dramatic author "trashy," to devote a small portion of his valuable time, to the perusal of it, for if he forms his opinion (which he evidently must have done) from the half uttered sentences of an Amateur performance, God help, all the poor authors, who are honored by their plays being selected for such representations. We feel highly honored for the sincere respect entertained for our dramatic opinions, but are fearful, that vanity forms too an essential part in the composition of our brother, to make the opinions of any one, much less ours, respected by him. We heartily congratulate the community of Bombay, upon having so elegant and powerful a writer, as the Editor of the Courier, to correct their dramatic taste and improve their classical knowledge.

BOMBAY.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

On Friday last the 21st Instant, Arrived here on his return Voyage from Goa, H. E. Julia's Jou da Silva Vieira, the Governor of Damau, and landed under the salute due to his rank, and we hear H. E. is residing at Parrell with the H. the Governor, and is to leave Bombay soon in prosecution of his Voyage.

ARRIVALS.—Asst. Surgn C. Ducat. Lieut. Smee, 6th Regt. Lieut. J. Swanson Staff, Lieut. Stackly, 7th Regt. Lieut. R. Bulkey, 20th Regt. DEPARTURES.—Lieut. H. Hobson, 20th Regt. Lieut. and Adj. J. Harrison, 4th Regt. Lt. Drs. Ensign F. Williams, 2d Grs. Lieut. James Carr, Invd. Bn. Surgn Joseph Glen, 2d E. Regt.

SHIPPING REPORTS.

BOMBAY.

ARRIVALS.

MARCH 19th.—Armed Ketch Chacor, Master Perry, Sprang from Tankara under. 20th Ship, Commodore, (from Tankara) Anthony Steele, Com. from London 24 Nov. Do. Grab Dadaley, Sauref Alley, Nacquadah from iam 15th Jan. Do. Ship Hamody, Bajee Moya, Nacquadah from Puloponang 25th Jan. 21st Ship Sunbury, M. Budwell, Com. from Calcutta 15th Jan. 22d Ship Isabelle, J. R. Blake, Com. from Calcutta. 14th and Sand Head 31st Feb. 23d Barque Sherburne, G. White, Com. from Calcutta 27th Feb. Passengers per Sunbury.—Mrs. Major Algeo, Mrs. Capt. Morgan and child, Miss Wray, Miss Bray, Mrs. Bedwell, and two children. Per Isabelle.—Mr. Frederick Owyer. Per Barque Sherburne.—A. Inglis Esq. J. Hardie, Esq.

DEPARTURES.

MARCH 19th.—Ship Sandaney, Aboobucker, Nacquadah to Cannanore. 20th Ship Sullamany, Robt. Wemyss, Com. to Singapore and China. 22d Cutter Luisa, L. R. Raux, Com. to Colombo. 23d Ship Edmonstone, E. Hadley, Com. to China.

SHIPS LOADING.

English.—Lady Faversham, for London. Cleveland, for ditto. Catherine, for Greenock. Fort William, for China. Castlereagh, for ditto. Cornwallis, for ditto. M. S. Elphinstone, for ditto. Kusrovie, for Persian Gulph. Sophia, for Acheen. Cartha, for Calcutta. Alacrity, for ditto. Cadry, for Mocha. Arab.—Monary, for Persian Gulph. French.—Deligent, for Bordeaux. Portuguese.—Comde do Rio Pardo, for Macao. Arab.—Monary, for ditto.

LIST OF SHIPPING IN THE HARBOUR.

FREE TRADERS.

Alacrity, M. S. Elphinstone, Cleveland, Catherine, Vallyfeld, Lady Faversham, Henry, Thomas Ritchie, Lady Gordon, and Cumberland.

COUNTRY SHIPS.

Helas, Castlereagh, Byramore, Bannerman, Low-jo, Asia Felix, Prince of Wales, Ana, Glenelg, Charles Forbes, Oscar, Milford, Almeida, Prome Golconda, Cartha, Dadday, Charlotte, Hamody, Sophia, Kusrovie, Pascoa, Cadry, Fort William, Cornwallis, Crutenden, Minerva, Ahmady, Sunbury, Isabella, and Sherburne. Arab.—Monary, Modinaben, Fattylahad, Alabad, Amdehbar, and Westmany. Portuguese.—Anand-purand, St. Se Bastian Comde do Rio Pardo, Desampacho and Decrado. Fashion.—Diligent. H. M. Ship Crayna.—Fly, Cobbin, Java, Champion. H. C. Crayna.—Nantico.

MADRAS.

ARRIVALS.

MARCH 24th.—Brig Macauley, J. Aiken, from Calcutta 15th. Vizagapatam 23d, Nasipore 27th February and Masulipatam 3d March. — 7th.—Schouner Mount Copper Yates, C. H. Weston. — 8th.—H. M. Ship Hind, J. Furneaux, from Tridcomallee 2d March. — Do.—Ship Mary Ann Sophia, A. Henderson, from Singapore 11th, Pinang 24th February and Pondicherry 6th March.

DEPARTURES.

MARCH 5th.—Ship Mary Ann, M. O'Brien, for Calcutta. — 6th.—Brig Highland Chief, J. Hall, for Masulipatam and Oringa. — 7th.—Bark Fifehire, W. J. Crawley, for Point de Galle. — 8th.—Schouner Mount Copper Yates, C. H. Weston, for Cuddalore.

LIST OF SHIPPING IN THE ROADS

H. M. Ship Hind, Captain J. Furneaux. H. C. Ship Neptune, Capt. J. Cumberlege. Ship Frances Charlotte, Capt. J. Talbot. Ship Eleanor, Captain W. H. Edmonds. Ship Mary Ann Sophia, Capt. A. Henderson. Brig Enterprise, Captain R. Cook. Brig Dolphin, Captain M. Preedy. Brig Buccellus, Captain M. J. Crisp. Brig Macauley, Captain J. Aiken.

CALCUTTA.

ARRIVALS.

FEBRUARY 29. Brig Children, William Procter, from Hamburg 24th August and Madeira 26th September. — Ship Eliza, G. Cutherson, from Rangoon 11th February. March 2. Brig Jane Eliza, R. Wallace, from China 10th January and Singapore 7th February. March 3. H. C. Surveying Ship Investigator, D. Ross, from the Coast of Tenasserin. March 4. French Ship Indus, E. Baydelle, from Bourbon 16th January. Extract, from the Report, from the Brig Children. Wm. Procter, from Hamburg 24th August, and Madeira 26th September. October 19th, 1827, at 10 a. m. spoke H. M. Ship Tamar, from India, bound to England, who having informed us of having seen a suspicious Vessel, supposing to have Ten Guns, and from Sixty to Seventy Men, in Lat. 2° 6' N. Long. 20° 58' W. January 6th, 1828, spoke the Ship Lady Faversham, from England, bound to Bombay, Lat. 10° 57' S. Long 73° 3' E. Passengers per Brig Jane Eliza, from China:—R. Smith, Esq. Mariner. From Singapore:—James Lamb, Esq. Merchant; James Leslie, Mariner.

DEPARTURES.

FEBRUARY 27. Ship David Clark, J. E. Viles, for Isle of France. February 28. Ship Falcon, Samuel Moore, for China. — Ship Mary Anne, James Boscant, for Isle of France. February 29. H. C. Bark Brougham, W. Anderson, for Alghab. March 1. Brig Riply, J. Hesse, for London. March 3. Ship Orient, Thomas White, for London. March 4. Ship Calcutta, J. R. Stroyan, for Liverpool. The Ship David Clark, gone to sea from Saugor on the 3d instant.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

BOMBAY.

BIRTHS.

At Poona, on the 19th instant, A. M. Tanner, wife of Sub-Conductor J. Tanner, of the Commiss. Dept. of a son.

MARRIAGE.

On Thursday, the 20th instant, at Saint Thomas's Church, by the Rev. Hy. Davies, Senior Chaplain, Lieut. G. G. Laing, of H. H. the Nizam's Service, to Miss Elizabeth Charlotte Diana East, daughter of the late Col. William East, of this establishment.

DEATHS.

At Rutnagerry, on the evening of the 8th instant, at the young age of 9 years and 6 months, and after a lingering sickness of 19 days, during which all possible medical aid was procured, Fateema Beebee, the daughter of Mahomed Ebrahim Purkar (Native Record Keeper in the Cutchery of the Collector of Southern Concan), and wife of Mahomed Syed Purkar, of Bombay. The amiableness of her disposition made her esteemed by every body who had the pleasure of her acquaintance, and her loss is deeply felt by her parents, husband, relations and friends. On the 19th inst., David Seton Esq. aged 36 years, most deservedly esteemed by his numerous friends and acquaintances.

MADRAS.

BIRTHS.

At Pursewankum, on the 11th Instant, Mrs. G. R. Ashton, of a Son. At Alleppe, Travancore, on the 12th February, Mrs. Norton, of a Daughter. At Kamptee, on the 22d Ultimo, the Lady of Lieut. Kerr, 2d Enr. Regt. of a Daughter.

MARRIAGES.

DEATHS.

In Camp at Jaulnah, on Sunday the 24th February, of Cholera, Henry Wilson, Esq. of the Trichinopoly Light Infantry, aged 23. At Paulsumodrum, on the 2d instant, of Epidemic Cholera, Ensign Wm. Loech, of H. M. 40th Regiment.

CALCUTTA.

BIRTHS.

At Patna, on the 18th February, Mrs. James Radcliffe, of a Daughter.

At Saugor, on Thursday, the 21st February, the Lady of Captain Farrington, Horse Artillery, of a Son.

At Benares, on the 21st February, the Lady of the Reverend John Caryfort Proby, Chaplain, of a Daughter.

At Calcutta, on Sunday the 24th February, the Lady of Captain William Clark, of a Daughter.

At Howrah, on the 28th February, Mrs. Crowley, of a Still-born girl.

At Fort William, on the morning of the 28th February, the Lady of Captain Greville, His Majesty's 18th Lancers, and Brigade Major to His Majesty's Forces, of a Daughter.

**MARRIAGES.**

At Pondicherry, on the 4th February, Captain Edward Motet, of H. H. the Nizam's Service, to Miss Georgiana Honoria Fallofield, youngest Daughter, of the late Ernest William Fallofield, Esq. of the H. C. C. Service, on the Madras Establishment.

At Dacca, on the 15th February, by the Revd. Mr. David Muckertown, Mr. E. Johannes, of Kishinagur, to Miss Regina T. Gregory, eldest Daughter of Thos. Gregory.

At Madras, on Monday, the 18th February, at the Laz Church, by the Reverend Father Fr. Clementi Da Spirito Santo, Alexander De Fries, Esq. third Son of the late Adrian De Fries, Esq. to Miss Elizabeth Johnston.

At Calcutta, on the 27th February, at the Cathedral, by the Reverend William Eales, Mr. Manuel D'Souza, to Miss Nancy Forter.

At Calcutta, on Saturday, the 1st March, at the Cathedral, by the Reverend Mr. Henderson, Thomas Eastman, Esq. to Miss Helen Gordon, eldest Daughter of the late Captain William Gordon, of the County Service.

**DEATHS.**

At Calcutta, on Tuesday the 19th February, Mrs. Elizabeth Ferris, aged 56 years.

At Calcutta, on the 27th February, the Infant Son of Mr. Robert Manuel, of the Secret department.

At Calcutta, on the 27th February, Mr. Richard Himmer, Apprentice on board the Perseverance, aged 22 years.

At Barielly, Theophila Louisa only Daughter of the late Richard Turner, Esq. of the Bengal Civil Service, and Wife of Lieut. Wm. McGeorge, Adjutant of the Barielly Provincial Battalion, aged 22 years.

**Madras.**

**CURRENT VALUE OF**

**GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.**

Wednesday, March 12.

Six per Cent. Bengal Remittable Loan. At the Rate of Subscription, viz. 850 Madras Rupees per 335 Sicca Rupees..... 284 Premium.

At the Rate prevailing among Merchants and Brokers in buying and selling Public Securities, viz.

100 Madras Rupees per 100 Sicca Rs. 202 Premium

Five per Cent. Bengal Unremittable Loan. At the Rate of Subscription, viz. 350 Madras Rupees per 335 Sicca Rupees & Discount.

At the Rate prevailing among Merchants and Brokers in buying and selling Public Securities, viz.

100 Madras Rupees per 100 Sicca Rupees 14 Discount

Fort St. George, February 22, 1828.

The Right Honorable the Governor, in Council has been pleased to appoint the Rev. William Roy, D. D. to act as Archdeacon of Madras.

Fort St. George, March 4, 1828.

The Right Honorable the Governor in Council has been pleased to appoint J. C. Wroughton, Esq. to be Sub-Collector and Joint Magistrate of Cuddaph.

Fort St. George, March 11, 1828.

The Right Honorable the Governor in Council has been pleased to appoint Septimus Money, Esq. to be Third Judge of the Provincial Court of Appeal and Circuit for the Northern Division.—Govt. Gaz. March 13.

**Calcutta.**

**CURRENT VALUE**

**OF GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.**

BUY. MARCH 5th, 1828. SELL.

Prem. 26 0 Remittable..... 25 0

Disct. 3 Old 5 per Cent. Loan..... 0 8

Prem. Par New ditto..... 0 3

5400 0 Bank of Bengal Share 5200 0 Prem.

**BANK OF BENGAL RATES.**

Discount on Private Bills..... 1 6 0

Ditto on Government Bills and Salary Bills..... 4 0

Interest on Loans on Deposit..... 5 0

**RATES OF EXCHANGE.**

BUY. CALCUTTA. SELL.

1 10 0 On London 6 Months sight, per Sa. Rs. 111 2 0

On Bombay 30 Days ditto, per 100 Bombay Rs. 98 0

On Madras ditto Sa. Rs. per 100 Madras Rupees. 91 0 22 0

**PRICE OF BULLION.**

Dollars..... per 100 Rupees..... 205 12 205 4

Sovereigns..... each..... 11 8

Guineas..... ditto..... 10 4

Old Goldmohurs..... ditto..... 18 0

New Ditto..... ditto..... 17 0

**FORT WILLIAM.**

**GENERAL DEPARTMENT, MARCH**

6th, 1828.

The Public are hereby informed, that the Right Honorable the Governor General, purposes to embark from Chandpaul Ghaut on Saturday next, the 6th of March.

His Lordship will proceed from the Government House at Seven o'Clock in the Morning precisely.

By Command of the Right Honorable the Governor General in Council,  
**GEO. SWINTON,**  
Chief Secy. to the Government.

**CIVIL APPOINTMENTS.**

**JUDICIAL DEPARTMENT.**

THE 28th FEBRUARY, 1828.

Mr. Jas. Curtis, Fifth Judge of the Provincial Courts of Appeal and Circuit for the Division of Calcutta.

Mr. H. Moore, Judge of Zillah Nuddeah.

Mr. T. P. Martin, Register of the City Court of Moorshedabad.

Mr. M. Read, Assistant to the Magistrate and to the Collector of Beerbhoom.

**TERRITORIAL DEPARTMENT.**

THE 28th FEBRUARY, 1828.

Mr. J. H. Barlow, Collector of Etawah.

Mr. R. Grote, Assistant to the Magistrate and to the Collector of the Northern Division of Moradabad.

Mr. S. S. Brown, Assistant to the Commissioner at Deblee.—Govt. Gaz.

**English Extracts.**

**CHRONICLES**

**OF THE**

**CANONGATE.**

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[From the London Weekly Review of Saturday.]

**THE TWO DROVERS.**

It was the day after the Doune Fair when my story commences. It had been a brisk market, several dealers had attended from the northern and midland counties in England, and the English money had flown so merrily about as to gladden the hearts of the Highland farmers. Many large droves were about to set off for England, under the protection of their owners, of the topmen whom they employed in the tedious, laborious, & responsible office of driving the cattle for many hundred miles, from the market where they had been purchased, to fields or farm yards where they were to be fattened for the shambles.

The Highlanders, in particular, are masters of this difficult trade of driving, which seems to suit them as well as the trade of war. It affords exercise for all their habits of patient endurance and active exertion. They are required to know perfectly the drove-roads, which lie over the wildest tracts of the country, and to avoid as much as possible the high-ways, which distress the feet of the bullocks, and the turnpikes, which annoy the spirit of the drover; whereas on the broad green or grey track, which leads across the pathless moor, the herd not only moves at ease and without taxation, but, if they mind their business, may pick up a mouthful of food by the way. At night, the drovers usually sleep along with their cattle, let the weather be what it will; and many of these hardy men do not once rest under a roof during a journey on foot from Lothamer to Lincolnshire. They are paid very highly, for the trust reposed in of the last importance, as it depends on their prudence, vigilance, and honesty, whether the cattle reach the final market in good order and afford a profit to the grazier. But as they maintain themselves at their own expense, they are especially economical in that particular. At the period we speak of, a Highland drover was victualled for his long and toilsome journey, with a few hand-fuls of oatmeal and two or three onions, renewed from time to time, and a ram's horn filled with whiskey, which he used regularly, but sparingly, every night and morning. His dirk, or *skene-hoe* (i. e. black knife), so named as to be concealed beneath the arm, or by the folds of the plaid, was his only weapon, excepting the cudgel with which he directed the movements of the cattle. A Highlander was never so happy as on these occasions. There was a variety in the whole journey, which exercised the cells natural curiosity and love of motion: there were the constant change of place and scene, the petty adventures incidental to the traffic, and the intercourse with the various farmers, graziers, and

traders, intermingled with occasional merry-making, not the less acceptable to Donald than they were void of expense; and there was the consciousness of superior skill; for the Highlander, a child amongst flocks, is a prince amongst herds, and his natural habits induces him to disdain the shepherd's slothful life, so that he feels himself no where more at home than when following a gallant drove of his country cattle, in the character of their guardian.

Of the number who left Doune in the morning, and with the purpose we have described, not a *Ghinnipil* of them all cocked his bonnet more briskly, or gartered his tartan hose under knee over a pair of more promising spioigs (legs), than did Robin Oig Mr. Combieh, called familiarly Robin Oig, that is young, or the lesser, Robin. Though small of stature, as the epithet Oig implies, and not very strongly limbed, he was as light and alert as one of the deer of his mountains. He had an elasticity of step, which, in the course of a long march, made many a stout fellow envy him; and the manner in which he busked his plaid and adjusted his bonnet, argued a consciousness that so smart a John Highlandman as himself would not pass unnoticed among the Lowland lasses. The ruddy cheek, red lips, and white teeth, set off a countenance which had gained, by exposure to the weather, a healthful and hardy rather than a rugged hue. If Robin Oig did not laugh, or even smile frequently, as indeed is not the practice among his countrymen, his bright eyes usually gleamed from under his bonnet with an expression of cheerfulness ready to be turned into mirth.

The departure of Robin Oig was an incident in the little town, in and near which he had many friends, male and female. He was a topping person in his way, transacted considerable business on his own behalf, and was entrusted by the farmers in the Highlands, in preference to any other drover in that district. He might have increased his business to any extent had he condescended to manage it by deputy; but except a lad or two, sister's sons of his own, Robin rejected the idea of assistance, conscious perhaps, how much his reputation depended upon his attending in person to the practical discharge of his duty in every instance. He remained, therefore, contented with the highest premium given to persons of his description, and comforted himself with the hopes that a few journeys to England might enable him to conduct business on his own account, in a manner becoming his birth. For Robin Oig's father, Lachlan M'Combieh, (or, son of my friend, his actual clan surname being M'Gregor), had been so called by the celebrated Rob Roy, because of the particular friendship which had subsisted between the grandsons of Robin and that renowned catman. Some people even say, that Robin Oig derived his Christian name from a man as renowned in the wilds of Lochlomond as ever was his namesake Robin Hood in the precincts of merry Sherwood. "Of such ancestry," as James Boswell says, "who would not be proud?" Robin Oig was proud accordingly; but his frequent visits to England, and to the Lowlands had given him tact enough to know the pretensions, which still gave him a little sight to distinction in his own lonely glen, might be both obnoxious and ridiculous if preferred elsewhere. The pride of birth, therefore, was like the miser's treasure, the secret subject of his contemplation, but never exhibited to strangers as a subject of boasting.

Many were the words of gratulation and goodluck which were bestowed on Robin Oig. The judges commended his drive, especially the best of them, which were Robin's own property. Some thrust out their snuff mulls for the parting pinch—others tendered the *dochan doirrach* or parting cup. All cried—"Good luck travel out with you and come home with you. Give you luck in the Saxon market-brave notes in the *leabhar dhu* (black pocket-book), and plenty of English gold in the *sporan* (pouch of goat skin)."

The bonny lasses made their adieus more modestly, and more than one, it was said would have given her best broach to be certain that it was upon her that his eye last rested as he turned towards his road.

Robin Oig had just given the preliminary "*Hoo-hoo!*" to urge forward the loiterers of the drove, when there was a cry behind him.

"Stay, Robin—bide a blink. Here is Janet of Tomahourich—auld Janet, your father's sister.

"Plague on her, for an auld Highland witch and spae-wife," said a farmer from the Carse of Stirling; "she'll cast some of her cantips on the cattle."

"She canna do that," said another sapient of the same profession, "Robin Oig is no the lad to leave any of them, without tying Saint Mungo's knot on their tails, and that will put to her speed the best witch that ever flew o'er Dimayet upon a broom-stick."

It may not be indifferent to the reader to know, that the Highland cattle are peculiarly liable to be *taken*, or infected, by spells and witchcraft, which judicious people guard against by knitting knots of peculiar complex-

ity on the tuft of hair which terminates the animal's tail.

But the old woman who was the object of the farmer's suspicion seemed only busied about the drover, without paying any attention to the flock. Robin, on the contrary, appeared rather impatient of her presence.

"What auld-world fancy," he said, "has brought you so early from the ingle-side this morning, Muhme? I am sure I bid you—"

"And left me more—"

"After than the useless old woman will use till you come back again, bird of my bosom," said the sybil. "But it is little I would care for the food that nourishes me, or the fire that warms me, or for God's blessed sun itself, if aught but weal should happen to these grandsons of my father." So let me walk the *deasil* round you, that you may go safe out into the far foreign land, and come safe home."

Robin Oig stopped, half embarrassed, half laughing, and sighing to those around that he only complied with the old woman to soothe her humour. In the mean time she traced around him, with wavering steps, the propitiation, which some have thought has been derived from the Druidical mythology. It consists, as is well known, in the person who makes the *deasil*, walking three times round the person who is the object of the ceremony, taking care to move according to the course of the sun. At once, however, she stopped short, and exclaimed, in a voice of alarm and horror, "Grandson of my father, there is blood on your hand."

"Hush, for God's sake, aunt," said Robin Oig; "you will bring more trouble on yourself with this Tashataragh (second sight) than you will be able to get out for many a day."

The old woman only repeated with a ghastly look, "There is blood on your hand, and it is English blood. The blood of the Gael is richer and redder. Let us see—let us see—"

Ere Robin Oig could prevent her, which, indeed, could only have been by positive violence, so hasty and peremptory were her proceedings, she had drawn from his side the dirk which lodged in the folds of his plaid, and held it up, exclaiming, although the weapon gleamed clear and bright in the sun, "Blood, blood—Saxon blood again. Robin Oig M'Combieh, go not this day to England!"

"Prut, prut," answered Robin Oig, "that will never do neither—it would be next thing to running the country. For shame, Muhme—give me the dirk. You cannot tell by the colour the difference between the blood of a black bullock, and a white one, and you speak of knowing Saxon from Gaelic blood. All men have their blood from Adam, Muhme. Give me my skene dhu, and let me go on my road. I should have been half-way to Stirling brig by this time—Give me my dirk, and let me go."

"Never will I give it to you," said the old woman. "Never will I quit my hold on your plaid, unless you promise me not to wear that unhappy weapon."

The women around him urged him also, saying few of his aunt's words fell to the ground; and as the Lowland farmers continued to look moodily on the scene, Robin Oig determined to close it at any sacrifice.

"Well, then," said the young drover, giving the scabbard of the weapon to Hugh Morrison, "you Lowlanders care nothing for these frets. Keep my dirk for me. I cannot give it to you, because it was my father's but your drove follows ours, and I am content it should be in your keeping, not in mine. Will this do, Muhme?"

"It must," said the old woman—"that is, if the Lowlander is maid enough to carry the knife."

The strong Westlandman laughed aloud. "Goodwife," said he, "I am Hugh Morrison from Glenae, come of the Manly Morrisons of auld langsyne, and never took short weapon against a man in their lives. And neither needed they; they had their broadswords, and I have this bit supple (showing a formidable cudgel); for dinking over the board, I leave that to John Highlandman. Ye needna snert, none of you—Highlanders, and you in especial, Robin. I'll keep the bit knife if you are feared for the auld spae-wife's tale, and give it back to you whenever you want it."

Robin was not particularly pleased with some part of Hugh Morrison's speech; but he had learned in his travels more patience than belonged to his Highland constitution originally, and he accepted the service of the descendant of the Manly Morrisons, without finding fault with the rather depreciating manner in which it was offered.

"If he had not had his morning in his head, and been but a Dumfriesshire hog into the boot he would have spoken more like a gentleman. But you cannot have more of a sow but a grunt. It's a shame my father's knife should ever slash a haggis for the like of him." Thus saying (but saying it in Gaelic),

[Continued in the Supplement.]

[Continued from the Gazette.]

Robin drove on his cattle, and waved farewell to all behind him. He was in the greater haste, because he expected to join at Falkirk a comrade and brother in profession, with whom he proposed to travel in company.

Robin Oig's chosen friend was a young Englishman, Harry Wakefield by name, well known at every northern market, and in his way as much famed and honored as our Highland driver of bullocks. He was nearly six feet high, gallantly formed to keep the rounds at Smithfield, or maintain the ring at a wrestling match; and although he might have been overmatched, perhaps, among the regular professors of the Fancy, yet as a chance customer, he was able to give a bellying to any amateur of the pugilistic art. Doncaster races saw him in his glory, betting his guinea, and generally successfully; nor was there a main fought in Yorkshire, the feeders being persons of celebrity, at which he was not to be seen, if business permitted. But though a sprack lad, and fond of pleasure and its haunts, Harry Wakefield was steady, and not the cautious Robin Oig M'Combich himself was more attentive to the main chance. His holidays were holidays indeed; but days of work were dedicated to steady and persevering labour. In countenance and temper, Wakefield was the model of Old England's merry yeoman, whose cloth yard shafts, in so many hundred battles, asserted her superiority over the nations, and whose good sabres, in our own time, are her cheapest and most assured defence. His mirth was readily excited; for, strong in limb and constitution, and fortunate in circumstances, he was disposed to be pleased with every thing about him; and such difficulties as he might occasionally encounter, were, to a man of his energy, rather matter of amusement than serious annoyance. With all the merits of a sanguine temper, our young English drover was not without his defects. He was irascible, and sometimes to the verge of being quarrelsome; and perhaps not the less inclined to bring his disputes to a pugilistic decision, because he found few antagonists able to stand up to him in the boxing ring.

It is difficult to say how Harry Wakefield and Robin Oig first became intimate; but it is certain a close acquaintance had taken place betwixt them, although they had apparently few common topics of conversation or of interest, so soon as their talk ceased to be of bullocks. Robin Oig, indeed, spoke the English language rather imperfectly upon any other topic but stots and kyroes, and Harry Wakefield could never bring his broad Yorkshire tongue to utter a single word of Gaelic. It was in vain Robin spent a whole morning, during a walk over Minch Moor, in attempting to teach his companion to utter, with true precision, the shibboleth *Lha*, which is the Gaelic for a calf. From Traquair to Murdercairn the hill rung with discordant attempts of the Saxon upon the unmanageable monosyllable, and the heart-felt laugh which followed every failure. They had, however, better modes of awakening the echoes; for Wakefield could sing many a ditty to the praise of Moll, Susan, and Cicely, and Robin Oig had a particular gift of whistling interminable pibrochs through all their involutions and what was more agreeable to his companion's southern ear, knew many of the northern airs, both lively and pathetic, to which Wakefield learned to pipe a base. Thus, though Robin could hardly have comprehended his companion's stories about horse racing, cock fighting, or fox hunting, and although his own legends of clan fights and *creaghs*, varied with talk of Highland goblins and fairy folk, would have been caviare to his companion, they contrived nevertheless to find a degree of pleasure in each other's company, which had for three years back induced them to join company and travel together, when the direction of their journey permitted. Each, indeed, found his advantage in this companionship; for where could the Englishman have found a guide through the Western islands like Robin Oig M'Combich? And when they were on what Harry called the right side of the Border, his patronage, which was extensive, and his purse, which was heavy, were at all times at the service of his Highland friend, and on many occasions his liberality did him genuine yeoman's service.

The pair of friends had traversed with their usual cordiality the grassy wilds of Liddedale, and crossed the opposite part of Cumberland, emphatically called "The Waste". In these solitary regions, the cattle under the charge of our drovers subsisted themselves cheaply, by picking their food as they went along the drove-road, or sometimes by the tempting opportunity of a *start* and *overlap* or invasion of the neighbouring pasture, where an occasion presented itself. But now the acute

changed before them; they were descending towards a fertile and enclosed country, where no such liberties could be taken with impunity, or without a previous arrangement and bargain with the possessors of the ground. This was more especially the case, as a great northern fair was upon the eve of taking place, where both the Scotch and English drover expected to dispose of a part of their cattle, which it was desirable to produce in the market, rested and in good order. Fields were therefore difficult to be obtained, and only upon high terms. This necessarily occasioned a temporary separation betwixt the two friends, who went to bargain, each as he could, for the separate accommodation of his herd. Unhappily it chanced that both of them, unknown to each other, thought of bargaining for the ground they wanted on the property of a country gentleman of some fortune, whose estate lay in the neighbourhood. The English drover applied to the bailiff on the property, who was known to him. It chanced that the Cornish Squire, who had entertained some suspicions of his manager's honesty was taking occasional measures to ascertain how far they were well founded, and had desired that any inquiries about his enclosures, with a view to occupy them for a temporary purpose, should be referred to himself. As, however, Mr. Ireby had gone the day before upon a journey of some miles distance to the northward, the bailiff chose to consider the check upon his full powers as for the time removed, and concluded that he should best consult his master's interest, and perhaps his own, in making an agreement with Harry Wakefield. Meanwhile, ignorant of what his comrade was doing, Robin Oig, on his side, chanced to be overtaken by a well-looking smart little man upon a pony, most knowingly hogged and cropped, as was then the fashion, the rider wearing tight leather breeches, and long necked bright spurs. This cavalier asked one or two pertinent questions about markets and the price of stock. So Donald, seeing him a well-judging civil gentleman, took the freedom to ask him whether he could let him know if there was any grass-land to be let in that neighbourhood, for the temporary accommodation of his drove. He could not have put the question to more willing ears. The gentleman of the buckskins was the proprietor, with whose bailiff Harry Wakefield had dealt, or was in the act of dealing.

"Thou art in good luck, my canny Scot," said Mr. Ireby, "to have spoken to me, for I see thy cattle have done their day's work, and I have at my disposal the only field within three miles that is to be let in these parts."

"The drove can be gang two, three, four miles, very pratty weel indeed—" said the cautious Highlander? "but what would his honour be axing for the peasts pe the head, if she was to tak the park for two or three days?"

"We wout differ, Sawney, if you let me have six stots for winterers, in the way of reason."

"And which peasts wad your honour pefor having?"

"Why—let me see—the two black—the dun one—you doddie—him with the twisted horn—the brockit—How much by the head?"

"Ah," said Robin, "your honour is a shudge—a real shudge—I could na have set off the peasts peasts pefter mysel, me that ken them as if they were my pairus, pair things."

"Well, how much per head, Sawney," continued Mr. Ireby.

"It was high markets at Doune and Falkirk," answered Robin.

And thus the conversat proceeded, until they had agreed on the *prizjate* for the bullocks, the Squire throwing in the temporary accommodation of the enclosure for the cattle into the boot, and Robin making, as he thought, a very good bargain, providing the grass was but tolerable. The Squire walked his pony alongside of the drove, partly to show him the way, and see him put into possession of the field, and partly to learn the latest news of the northern markets.

They arrived at the field, and the pasture seemed excellent. But what was their surprise when they saw the bailiff inducting the cattle of Harry Wakefield into the grassy Goshen which had been just assigned to those of Robin Oig M'Combich by the proprietor himself. Squire Ireby set spurs to his horse, dashed up to his servant, and learning what had passed between the parties, briefly informed the English drover that his bailiff had let the ground without his authority, and that he might seek grass for his cattle wherever he would, since he was to get none there. At the same time he rebuked his servant severely for having transgressed his commands, and ordered him instantly to assist in ejecting the hungry and weary cattle of Harry Wakefield, which were just beginning to enjoy a meal of unusual plenty, and to introduce those of his comrade, whom the English drover now began to consider as a rival.

The feelings which arose in Wakefield's mind would have induced him to resist Mr. Ireby's decision; but every Englishman has a tolerably accurate sense of law and justice, and John Fleece-bumpkin, the bailiff, having acknowledged that he had exceeded his commission, Wakefield saw nothing else for it than to collect his hungry and disappointed charge, and drive them out to seek

quarters elsewhere. Robin Oig saw what had happened with regret, and hastened to offer to his English friend to share with him the disputed possession. But Wakefield's pride was severely hurt, and he answered disdainfully, "Take it all, man—take it all—never make two bites of a cherry—thou canst talk over the gentry; and bear a plain man's eye—Out upon you, man—I would not kiss any man's dirty latches for leave to bake in his oven."

Robin Oig, sorry, but not surprised at his comrade's displeasure, hastened to entreat his friend to wait but an hour till he had gone to the Squire's house to receive payment for the cattle he had sold, and he would come back and help him to drive the cattle into some convenient place of rest, and explain to him the whole mistake they had both of them fallen into. But the Englishman continued indignant—"Thou hast been selling, hast thou? Ay, ay—thou is a cunning lad for keening the hours of bargaining. Go to the devil with thyself, for I will ne'er see thy false loon's visage again—thou should be ashamed to look me in the face."

"I am ashamed to look no man in the face," said Robin Oig, something moved; "and, moreover, I will look you in the face this blessed day, if you will bide at the Clachan down yonder."

"Mayhap you had as well keep away," said his comrade, and turning his back on his former friend, he collected his unwilling associates, assisted by the bailiff, who took some real and some affected interest in seeing Wakefield accommodated.

After spending some time in negotiating with more than one of the neighbouring farmers, who could not, or would not, afford the accommodation desired, Harry Wakefield at last, and in his necessity, accomplished his point by means of the landlord of the alehouse at which Robin Oig and he had agreed to pass the night, when they first separated from each other. Much host was content to let him turn his cattle on a piece of barren moor, at a price little less than the bailiff had asked for the disputed enclosure; and the wretchedness of the pasture, as well as the price paid for it, were set down as exaggerations of the breach of faith and friendship of his Scottish comrade. This turn of Wakefield's passions was encouraged by the bailiff (who had his own reasons for being offended against poor Robin, as having been the unwitting cause of his falling into disgrace with his master) as well as by the innkeeper, and two or three chance guests, who soothed the drover in his resentment against his quarrelsome associate—some from the ancient grudge against the Scots, which, when it exists any where, is to be found lurking in the Border counties, and some the general love of mischief, which characterizes mankind in all ranks of life, to the honour of Adam's children be it spoken. Good John Barleycorn also, who always heightens and exaggerates the prevailing passions, he they angry or kindly, was not wanting in his offices on this occasion; and confusion to false friends and hard masters, was pledged in more than one tankard.

In the meanwhile Mr. Ireby found some amusement in detaining the northern drover at his ancient hall. He caused a cold round of beef to be placed before the Scot in the butler's pantry, together with a foaming pot of home-brewed, and took pleasure in seeing the hearty appetite with which these unwonted edibles were discussed by Robin Oig M'Combich. The Squire himself, lighting his pipe, compounded between his patriotic dignity and his love of agricultural gossip, by walking up and down while he conversed with his guest.

"I passed another drove," said the Squire, with one of your countrymen behind them—they were something less beasty than your drove, doddies most of them—a big man was with them—none of your kelts though, but a decent pair of breeches—'ye know who he may be?"

"Hout ay—that might, could, and would pe Hughie Morrison—I didna think he could have been sae weel up. He has made a day on us; put his Argyleshires will have wearied shanks. How far was he behind?"

"I think about six or seven miles," answered the Squire, "for I passed them at the Christenbury Crag, and I overtook you at the Holton Bush. If his beasts be leg-weary, he will be selling bargains."

"Na, na, Hughie Morrison is no the man for bargains—ye maun come to some Highland body like Robin Oig herself for the like of these—put I maun pe wishing you goot night, and twenty of them, let alone me, and I maun down to the Clachan to see if the lad Harry Wakefield is out of his humdrumdeous yet."

The party at the alehouse were still in full talk, and the treachery of Robin Oig still the theme of conversation, when the supposed culprit entered the apartment. His arrival, as usually happens in such a case, put an instant stop to the discussion of which he had furnished the subject, and he was received by the company assembled with that chilling silence, which, more than a thousand exclamations tells an intruder that he is unwelcome. Surprised and offended, but not appalled by the reception and even a haughty air, attempted no greeting, as he saw he was received with none, and placed himself by the side of the fire, a little apart from a table, at which Harry Wakefield, the bailiff, and two or three other persons, were seated. The ample Cornish kitchen would have afforded plenty of room even for a larger separation.

Robin, thus seated, proceeded to light his pipe, and call a pint of twopenny.

"We have not twopenny ale," answered Ralph Heckett the landlord; "but as thou find'st thy own tobacco, it's like thou mayst find thine own liquor too—it's the wout of thy country, I wot."

"Shame, Goodman," said the landlady, a

blithe bustling housewife, hastening herself to supply the guest with liquor—"Thou knowest well enow what the strange man wants, and it's thy trade to be civil, man. Thou shouldst know, if that the Scot likes a small pot, he pays a sure penny."

Without taking any notice of this nuptial dialogue, the Highlander took the flaggon in his hand, and addressing the company generally, drank the interesting toast of "Good markets, to the party assembled."

"The better that the wind blew fewer dealers from the north," said one of the farmers, "and fewer Highland ruts to eat up the English meadows."

"Saul of my pody, put you are wrang there, my friend," answered Robin, with composure; "it is your fat Englishmen that eat up your Scots, cattle, pair things."

"I wish there was a summat to set up their drovers," said another; "a plain Englishman canna make bread within a kenning of them."

"Or an honest servant keep his master's favour but they will come sliding in between him and the sunshine," said the bailiff.

"If these pe jokes," said Robin Oig, with the same composure "there is ower many jokes upon one man."

"It is no joke, but downright earnest," said the bailiff. "Hark ye, Mr. Robin Oig, or what ever is your name, it's right we should tell you that we are all of one opinion, and that is, that you, Mr. Robin Oig, have behaved to your friend, Mr. Harry Wakefield here, like a raff and a blackguard."

"Nae doubt, nae doubt," answered Robin with great composure; "and you are a set of very feeling judges, for whose praise or behaviour I wad not gie a pinch of sweetening. If Mr. Harry Wakefield kens where he is wranged, he kens where he may be righted."

"He speaks truth," said Wakefield, who had listened to what passed, divided between the offence which he had taken at Robin's late behaviour, and revival of his habitual habits of friendship.

He now rose, and went towards Robin, who sat up from his seat as he approached, and held out his hand.

"That's right, Harry—go it—serve him out," resounded on all sides—"tip him the naller—show him the mill."

"Hold your peace all of you, and be d—," said Wakefield; and then, addressing his comrade, he took him by the extended hand, with something alike of respect and defiance. "Robin," he said "thou hast used me ill enough this day; but if you mean, like a frank fellow, to shake hands, and take a tussel for love on the sod, why I'll forgive thee, man, and we shall be better friends than ever."

"And would it not pe petter to be cool friends without more of the matter?" said Robin; "we will be much petter friendships with our panes hale than broken."

Harry Wakefield dropped the hand of his friend, or rather threw it from him.

"I did not think I had been keeping company for three years with a coward."

"Coward belongs to none of my name," said Robin, whose eyes began to kindle, but keeping the command of his temper. "It was no coward's legs or hands, Harry Wakefield, that drew you out of the fords of Frew, when you was drifting over the plack rock, and every eel in the river expected his share of you."

"And that is true enough, too," said the Englishman, struck by the appeal.

"Adzocks!" exclaimed the bailiff—"sure Harry Wakefield, the nastiest land at Winton Tryste, Wooler Fair, Carlisle Sands, or Stagshaw Bank, is not going to show white feather? Ah, this comes of living so long with kilts and bonnets—men forget the use of their daddles."

"I may teach you, Master Fleecebumpkin that I have not lost the use of mine," said Wakefield, and then went on. "This will never do, Robin. We must have a turn-up, or we shall be the talk of the country side. I'll be d—d if I hurt thee; I'll put on the gloves gin thou like. Come, stand forward like a man."

"To be peaten like a dog," said Robin; "is there any reason in that? If you think I have done you wrong, I'll go before your shudge, though I neither know his law nor his language."

A general cry of "No, no—no law, no lawyer! a bellyfull and be friends," was echoed by the by-standers.

"But," continued Robin, "if I am to fight, I have no skill to fight like a jockanapes, with hands and nails."

"How would you fight then?" said his antagonist; "though I am thinking it would be hard to bring you to the scratch any-how."

"I would fight with broadswords, and sink point on the first plood drawn—like a gentleman's."

A loud shout of laughter followed the proposal, which indeed, had rather escaped from poor Robin's swelling heart, than been the dictates of his sober judgment.

"Gentleman, quotha!" was echoed on all sides, with a shout of unextinguishable laughter: "a very pretty gentleman. God wot—"

Canst get two swords for the gentleman to fight with, Ralph Heskett?"

"No, but I can send to the armoury at Carlisle, and lend them the forks to be making shift with in the meantime."

"Thush, man," said another, "the bonny Scots come into the world with the blue bonnet on their heads, and drink and drink at their belt."

"Best send post," said Mr. Fleecbumpkin, "to the Squire of Corby Castle, to come and stand second to the gentleman."

In the midst of this torrent of general ridicule, the Highlander instinctively gripped beneath the folds of his plaid.

"But it's better not," he said in his own language, "A hundred curses on the swine-eaters, who know neither decency nor civility!"

"Make room, the back of you," he said, advancing to the door.

But his former friend interposed his sturdy bulk, and opposed his leaving the house; and when Robin Oig attempted to make his way by force, he hit him down on the floor, with as much ease as a boy bows down a pine-pin.

"A fine thing!" was now shouted, until the dark rafters, and the hams that hung on them, trembled again, and the very platters on the table clattered against each other. "Well done, Harry!" "Give it him home, Harry!" "Take care of him now—he sees his own blood!"

Such were the exclamations, while the Highlander, starting from the ground, all his colours and caution lost in frantic rage, sprung as his antagonist with the fury, the activity, and the vindictive purpose, of an incensed tiger cat. But when he did rage encounter science and temper? Robin Oig again went down in the equal contest; and as the blow was necessarily a severe one, he lay motionless on the floor of the kitchen. The landlady ran to his aid, but Mr. Fleecbumpkin would not permit her to approach.

"Let him alone," he said, "he will come to within time, and come up to the scratch again. He has not got half his broth yet."

"He has got all I mean to give him, though," said his antagonist, whose heart began to relent towards his old associate; "and I would rather by half give the rest to yourself, Mr. Fleecbumpkin, for you pretend to know a thing or two, and Robin had not art enough even to peel before setting to, but fought with his plaid dangling about him. Save me, Robin, my man; all friends now; and let me hear the man that will speak a word against you, or your country, for your sake."

Robin Oig was still under the dominion of his passion, and eager to renew the onset; but being withheld on the one side, by the peace-making Dame Heskett, and on the other, aware that Wakefield no longer meant to renew the combat, his fury sunk into gloomy sullenness.

"Come, come, never grudge so much at it, man," said the brave spirited Englishman, with the placability of his country, "shake hands, and we will be better friends than ever."

"Fie, fie!" exclaimed Robin Oig, with strong emphasis, "friends! Never, look to yourself, Harry Waakfeld!"

Then the curse of Cromwell on your proud Scots' stomach, as the man says in the play and you may do your worst and be damned, for no man can say nothing more to another after a tussle, than that he is sorry for it."

On these terms the friends parted; Robin Oig drew out, in silence, a piece of money, threw it on the table, and then left the abuse. But, turning at the door, he shook his hand at Wakefield, pointing with his forefinger upwards, in a manner which might imply either a threat or a caution. He then disappeared in the moonlight.

Some words passed after his departure, between the bailiff who piqued himself on being a little of a bully, and Harry Wakefield, who, with generous inconsistency, was now not indisposed to begin a new combat in defence of Robin Oig's reputation, although he could not use his daddie like an Englishman, as it did not come natural to him. But Dame Heskett prevented this second quarrel from coming to a head, by her pre-emptory interference. "There should be no more fighting in her house," she said; "there had been too much already. And you, Mr. Wakefield, may live to learn," she added, "what it is to make a deadly enemy out of a good friend."

"Pshaw, dame! Robin Oig is an honest fellow, and will never keep malice."

"Do not trust to that; you do not know the deep temper of the Scotch, though you have dealt with them so often. I have a right to know them, my mother being a Scot."

"And so it will seem on her daughter," said Ralph Heskett.

This supple sarcasm gave the discourse another turn, fresh customers entered the tap-room or kitchen, and others left it. The conversation turned on the expected markets, and the report of prices from different parts both of Scotland and England, treaties were commenced, and Harry Wakefield was lucky enough to find a chap for a part of his drove, and at a very considerable profit; an event of consequence more than sufficient to blot out all remembrances of the unpleasant scuffle in the earlier part of the day. But there remained one party from whose mind that recollection could not have been wiped away; by possession of every head of cattle betwixt Esk and Euen.

This was Robin Oig M'Combich. "That I should have had no weapon," he said, "and

for the first time in my life!—Blighted be the tongue that bids the Highlander part with the dirk—the dirk—ha! the English blood!—My mulline's word—when did her word fall to the ground?"

The recollection of the fatal prophecy confirmed the deadly intention which instantly sprang up in his mind.

"Ha! Morrison cannot be many miles behind; and if it were an hundred, what then?"

His impetuous spirit had now a fixed purpose and motive of action; and he turned the light foot of his country towards the wilds, through which he knew, by Mr. Ireby's report, that Morrison was advancing. His mind was wholly engrossed by the sense of injury—injury sustained from a friend; and by the desire of vengeance on one whom he now accounted his most bitter enemy. The treasured ideas of self-importance and self-opinion—of ideal birth and quality, had become more precious to him—(like the hoard to the miser), because he could only enjoy them in secret. But that hoard was pillaged; the idols which he had secretly worshipped had been desecrated and profaned. Insulted, abused, and beaten, he was no longer worthy, in his own opinion, of the name he bore, or the lineage which he belonged to—nothing was left to him—nothing but revenge; and, as the reflection added a galling spur to every step, he determined it should be as sudden and signal as the offence.

When Robin Oig left the door of the ale-house, seven or eight English miles at least lay betwixt Morrison and him. The advance of the former was slow, limited by the sluggish pace of his cattle; the last left behind him stubble-field and hedge-row, crag and dark heath, all glittering with frost-time in the broad November moon-light, at the rate of six miles an hour. And now the distant howling of Morrison's cattle is heard; and now they are seen creeping like moles in size and slowness of motion on the broad face of the moor; and now he meets them—passes them, and stops their conductor.

"May good betide us," said the Highlander—"Is this you, Robin Oig M'Combich, or your wraith?"

"It is Robin Oig M'Combich," answered the Highlander, "and it is not. But never mind that, put me giving me the skene-dhu."

"What! you are for back to the Highlands—The devil!—Have you set all off before the fair?—This beats all for quick markets."

"I have not sold—I am not going north—May be I will never go north again—Give me back my dirk, Hugh Morrison, or there will be words between us."

"Indeed, Robin I'll be better advised or I give it back to you—it is a wanchancy weapon in a Highlandman's hand, and I am thinking you will be about some barus-breaking."

"Prut, prut! let me have my weapon," said Robin Oig impatiently.

"Hoisy and fairly," said his well meaning friend, "I'll tell you what will do better than these dirking doings—Ye ken Highlander and Lowlander, and Bordermen, are a man's bairns when you are over the Scots dyke. See, the Eskdale callants, and fighting Charlie of Liddesdale, and the Lockerby lads, and the four Dandies of Lanstruther, and an'ween wair drey plaid are coming up behind; and if you are wranged, there is the hand of a manly Morrison, we'll see you righted, if Carlisle and Star-wax bath took up the feud."

"To tell you the truth," said Robin Oig, desirous of eluding the suspicions of his friend, "I have enlisted with a party of the Black Watch, and must march off tomorrow morning."

"Enlisted! Were you mad or drunk?—You must buy yourself off—I can lend you twenty notes, and twenty to that, if the drove sell."

"I thank you—thank ye, Hughie; but I go with good will the gate that I am going—so the dirk the dirk!"

"There it is for you then, since less wanna serve. But think on what I was saying—Waes me, it will be said news in the braes of Balquidder, that Robin Oig M'Combich should have run an ill gate, and ta'en on."

"Hi news in Balquidder, indeed!" echoed poor Robin; "but Cot speed you, Hughie, and send you good markets. Ye winna meet with Robin Oig again, either at tryste or fair."

So saying, he shook hastily the hand of his acquaintance, and set out in the direction from which he had advanced, with the spirit of his former pace.

"There is something wrang with the lad," muttered the Morrison to himself; "but we will may be see better into it the morn's morning."

But long ere the morning dawned, the catastrophe of our tale had taken place. It was two hours after the affray had happened, and it was totally forgotten by almost every one when Robin Oig returned to Heskett's inn. The place was filled at once by various sorts of men, and with noises corresponding to their character. There were the grave, low sounds of men engaged in busy traffic, with the laugh, the song, and the riotous jest of those who had nothing to do but to enjoy themselves. Among the last was Harry Wakefield, who, amidst a grinning group of smock-frocks, hobnailed shoes, and jolly English physiognomies, was troling forth the old ditty,

"What though my name be Roger,  
Who drives the plough and cart?"

when he was interrupted by a well-known voice, saying in a high and stern voice, marked by the sharp Highland accent, "Harry Waakfeld—if you be a man, stand up!"

"What is the matter?—what is it?" the guests demanded of each other.

"It is only a—d Scotsman," said Fleec-

bumpkin, who was by this time very drunk, "whom Harry Wakefield helped to his broth today, who is now come to have his could kail belt again."

"Harry Waakfeld," repeated the same ominous summons, "stand up if you be a man!"

There is something in the tone of deep and concentrated passion, which attracts attention and imposes awe, even by the very sound. The guests shrunk back on every side, and gazed at the Highlander, as he stood in the middle of the them; his brows bent, and his features rigid with resolution.

"I will stand up with all my heart, Robin, my boy, but it shall be to shake hands with you, and drink down all unkindness. It is not the fault of your heart, man, that you don't know how to clench your hands."

By this time he stood opposite to his antagonist; his open and unsuspecting look strangely contrasted with the stern purpose, which gleamed wild, dark, and vindictive, in the eyes of the Highlander.

"Tis not thy fault, man; that not having the luck to be an Englishman, thou canst not fight more than a school girl."

"I can fight," answered Robin Oig sternly, but calmly, "and you shall know it. You, Harry Waakfeld, showed me to-day how the Saxon curls fight—I show you now, how the Highland Duuniewassel fights."

He seconded the word with the action, and plunged the dagger, which he suddenly displayed, into the broad breast of the English yeoman with such fatal certainty and force, that the hit made a hollow sound against the breast-bone, and the double-edged point split the very heart of his victim. Harry Wakefield fell, and expired with a single groan. His assassin next seized the bailiff by the collar, and offered the bloody poniard to his throat; whilst dread and surprise rendered the man incapable of defence.

"It were very just to lay you beside him," he said, "but the blood of a base pick-thank shall never mix on my father's dirk with that of a brave man."

As he spoke, he cast the man from him with so much force that he fell on the floor, while Robin with his other hand, threw the fatal weapon into the blazing turf-fire.

"There," he said, "take me who likes—and let fire cleanse blood if it can."

The pause of astonishment still continuing, Robin Oig asked for a peace-officer; and a constable having stepped out, he surrendered himself to his custody.

"A bloody night's work you have made of it," said the constable.

"Your own fault," said the Highlander. "Had you kept his hands off me two hours since, he would have been now as well and merry as he was two minutes since."

"It must be sorely answered," said the peace-officer.

"Never you mind that—death pays all debts; it will pay that too."

The horror of the byslanders began now to give way to indignation; and the sight of a favourite companion murdered in the midst of them, the provocation being, in their opinion, so utterly inadequate to the excess of vengeance, might have induced them to kill the perpetrator of the deed even upon the very spot. The constable, however, did his duty on this occasion, and with the assistance of some of the more reasonable persons present, procured horses to guard the prisoner to Carlisle, to abide his doom at the next assizes. While the escort was preparing, the prisoner neither expressed the least interest, nor attempted the slightest reply. Only, before he was carried from the fatal apartment, he desired to look at the dead body, which, raised from the floor, had been deposited upon the large table (at the head of which Harry Wakefield had presided but a few minutes before, full of life, vigour, and animation), until the surgeons should examine the mortal wound. The face of the corpse was decently covered with a napkin. To the surprise and horror of the bysanders, which displayed itself in a general Ah! drawn through clenched teeth and half-shut lips, Robin Oig removed the cloth, and gazed with a mournful but steady eye on the lifeless visage, which had been so lately animated, that the smile of good-humoured confidence in his own strength of conciliation at once, and contempt towards his enemy, still curled his lip. While those present expected that the wound, which had so lately flooded the apartment with gore, would send forth fresh streams at the touch of the homicide, Robin Oig replaced the covering, with the brief exclamation, "He was a pretty man!"

My story is nearly ended. The unfortunate Highlander stood his trial at Carlisle, I was myself present, and as a young Scottish lawyer, or barrister at least, and reputed a man of some quality, the politeness of the Sheriff of Cumberland offered me a place on the bench. The facts of the case were proved in the manner I have related them; and whatever might be at first the prejudice of the audience against a crime so un-English as that of assassination from revenge, yet when the rooted national prejudices of the prisoner had been explained, which made him consider himself as stained with indelible disgrace when subjected to personal violence; when his previous patience, moderation, and endurance were considered, the generosity of the English audience was inclined to regard his crime as the wayward aberration of a false idea of honour, rather than as flowing from a heart naturally savage, or perverted by habitual vice. I shall never forget the charge of the venerable Judge to the Jury, although not at that time liable to be much affected either by that which was eloquent or pathetic.

"We have had," he said, "in the previous part of our duty, (alluding to some former trials), to discuss crimes which infer disgust and abhorrence, while they call down the well-merited vengeance of the law. It is now our still more melancholy duty to apply its salutary, though severe enactments to a case of a very singular character in which the crime (for a crime it is, and a deep one) arose less out of the malevolence of the heart than the error of the understanding less from any idea of committing wrong than from an unhappily perverted notion of that which is right. Here we have two men, highly esteemed, it has been stated, in their rank of life, and attached, it seems, to each other as friends, one of whose lives has been already sa-

crificed to a punitio, and the other is about to prove the vengeance of the offended laws; and yet both may claim our commiseration at least as man acting in ignorance of each other's national prejudices, and unhappily misguided rather than voluntarily erring from the path of right conduct.

"In the original cause of the misunderstanding, we must in justice give the right to the prisoner at the bar. He had acquired possession of the inclosure, which was the object of competition, by legal contract with the proprietor Mr. Ireby; and yet, when accosted with reproaches undeserved by themselves, and falling doubtless to a temper at least sufficiently susceptible of passion, he offered, notwithstanding, to yield up half his acquisition, for the sake of peace and good neighbourhood, and his amicable proposal was rejected with scorn. Then follows the scene at Mr. Heskett the publican's, and you will observe how the stranger was treated by the deceased, and I am sorry to observe, by those around, who seem to have urged him, in a manner which was aggravating in the highest degree. While he asked for peace and for composition, and offered submission to a Magistrate, or to a mutual arbiter, the prisoner was insulted by a whole company, who seem on this occasion to have forgotten the national maxim of 'fair play'; and while attempting to escape from the place in peace, he was intercepted, struck down and beaten, to the effusion of his blood."

"Gentlemen of the Jury, it was with some impatience that I heard my Learned Brother, who opened the case for the Crown, give an unfavourable turn to the prisoner's conduct on this occasion. He said the prisoner was afraid to encounter his antagonist in fair fight, or to submit to the laws of the ring; and that, therefore, like a cowardly Italian, he had recourse to his fatal stiletto; to murder the man whom he dared not meet in manly encounter. I observed the prisoner shrink from this part of the accusation with the abhorrence natural to a brave man; and has as I would wish to make my words impressive, when I point his real crime, I must secure his opinion of my impartiality, by rebutting every thing that seems to me a false accusation. There can be no doubt that the prisoner is a man of resolution—I wish to Heaven that he had less, or rather that he had a better education to regulate it."

"Gentlemen, as to the laws my brother talks of, they may be known in the Bull ring, or the Bear-garden, or the Cockpit, but they are not known here. Or, if they should be so far admitted as furnishing a species of proof, that no malice was intended in this sort of combat, from which fatal accidents do some times arise, it can only be so admitted when both parties are, *in pari causa*, equally acquainted with, and equally willing to refer themselves to, that species of arbitrement. But will it be contended that a man of superior rank and education is to be subjected, or is obliged to himself, to this coarse and brutal strife, perhaps in opposition to a younger, stranger, or more skilful opponent? Certainly even the pugilistic code, if founded upon the fair play of *Marry Old English*, as my brother alleged it to be, can contain nothing so preposterous. And, Gentlemen of the Jury, if the laws would support an English gentleman, wearing, we will suppose, his sword, in defending himself by force against a violent personal aggression of the nature offered to this prisoner, they will not less protect a foreigner and a stranger involved in the same unpleasant circumstances. If, therefore, Gentlemen of the Jury, when thus pressed by a *viz major*, the object of obloquy to a whole company, and direct violence from one at least, and as he might reasonably apprehend, from more, the panel had produced the weapon which his countrymen, as we are informed, generally carry about their persons, and the same unhappy circumstances had ensued which you have heard detailed in evidence, I could not in my conscience have asked from you a verdict of murder. The prisoner's personal defence might indeed even in that case, have gone more or less beyond the boundary of the *Moderamen inculpatae tutelae*, spoken of by lawyers, but the punishment incurred would have been that of manslaughter, not of murder. I beg leave to add, that I should have thought this milder species of charge was demanded in the case supposed, notwithstanding the Statute of James I. cap. 8. which takes the case of slaughter by stabbing with a short weapon, even without malice prepense out of the benefit of clergy. For this Statute of stabbing, as it is termed, arose but of a temporary cause; and as the real guilt is the same, whatever the slaughter be committed by the dagger, or by sword or pistol, the benignity of the modern law places them all on the same, or nearly the same footing."

"But, Gentlemen of the Jury, the pinch of the case lies in the interval of two hours interposed betwixt the reception of the injury and the fatal retaliation. In the heat of affray and *chaude melee*, law, compassionate the infirmities of humanity, makes allowance for the passions which rule such a stormy moment—for the sense of present pain, for the apprehension of further injury, for the difficulty of ascertaining with due accuracy the precise degree of violence which is necessary to protect the person of the individual, without annoying or injuring the assailant more than is absolutely necessary. But the time necessary to walk twelve miles, however speedily performed, was an interval sufficient for the prisoner to have recollected himself; and the violence with which he carried his purpose into effect, with so many circumstances of deliberate determination, could neither be induced by the passion of anger, nor that of fear. It was the purpose and the act of pre-determined revenge, for which law neither can, will, nor ought, to have sympathy or allowance."

"It is true, we may repeat to ourselves, in alleviation of this poor man's unhappy action, that his case is a very peculiar one. The country which he inhabits was, in the days of many now alive, inaccessible to the laws, not only of England, which have not even yet penetrated thither, but to those which our neighbours of Scotland are subjected, and which must be supposed to be, and no doubt actually are, founded upon the general principles of justice and equity which pervade every civilized country. Amongst their mountains, as among the North American Indians, the various tribes were wont to make war upon each other, so that each man was obliged to go armed for his own protection."

and for the offence of his neighbour. These men, from the ideas which they entertained of their own descent and of their own consequence, regarded themselves as so many cavaliers or men of arms; rather than as the peasantry of a peaceful country. Those laws of the King, as my brother terms them, were unknown to the race of warlike mountaineers; that decision of quarrels by no other weapons than those which nature has given to every man, must to them have seemed as vulgar and as preposterous as to the Noblesse of France. Revenge, on the other hand, must have been as familiar to their habits of society as to those of the Cherokees or Mohawks. It is, indeed, as described by Scapp, at bottom a kind of wild untaught justice; for the fear of retaliation must withhold the hands of the oppressor where there is no regular law to check daring violence. But though all this may be granted, and though we may allow that such having been the case of the Highlands in the days of the prisoner's fathers, many of the opinions and sentiments must still continue to influence the present generation; it cannot, and ought not, even in this most painful case, to alter the administration of the law, either in your hands, Gentlemen of the Jury, or in mine. The first object of civilization is to place the general protection of the law equally administered, in the room of that wild justice, which every man cut and carved for himself, according to the length of his sword and the strength of his arm. The law says to the subjects, with a voice only inferior to that of the Deity, "Vengeance is mine." The instant that there is time for passion to cool, and reason to interpose, an injured party must become aware, that the law assumes the exclusive cognizance of the right and wrong betwixt the parties, and oppose her insupportable buckler to every attempt of the private party to right himself. I repeat, that this unhappy man ought personally to be the object rather of our pity than our abhorrence, for he failed in his ignorance, and from mistaken notions of honor. But his crime is not the less that of murder. Gentlemen, and, in your high and important office, it is your duty so to find. Englishmen have their angry passions as well as Scots; and should this man's action remain unpunished you may insensibly, under various pretences, a thousand daggers betwixt the Lands-end and the Orkneys.

The venerable Judge thus ended what, to judge by his apparent emotion, and by the tears which filled his eyes, was really a painful task. The Jury, according to his instructions brought in a verdict of Guilty; and Robin Oig McCombick, alias M'Gregor was sentenced to death, and left for execution, which took place accordingly. He met his fate with great firmness, and acknowledged the justice of his sentence. But he repelled indignantly the observations of those who accused him of attacking "an unarmed man. I give a life for the life," he took," he said, and what can I do more?" Vol. i, p. 293-351.

#### NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE NOV.

**Steam Navigation.**—A Mr. T. Waghorn, of the Bengal Pilot Establishment, is going to establish between Falmouth and Madras and Bengal a steam mail-packet. The vessel is to be built after the model of the Leith smacks, of 200 or 220 tons, and to be provided with two 25-horse power engines; her mast is to be constructed so as to lower down on the deck in case of head winds, and the funnel is also to be lowered at pleasure. Every thing that can be sacrificed to expedition. She will carry no passengers, nor is live-stock of any kind to be taken on board. The captain and nineteen of a crew mess together, and potted meats are to be laid in, and all provision to be stowed on deck until room is made below. By these means the utmost room possible for the stowage of coals is to be afforded, and it is expected the vessel will carry fifty days' consumption. Thirty tons of coals are to be stowed in as many iron receptacles, so that as ballast becomes requisite from the consumption of the engines, water may be pumped in. Measures to insure that no delay beyond a few hours shall occur at the Cape are also to be taken; and in seventy days from the vessel leaving the Thames she is to be seen on the Hooghly.

#### FRANCE—UNPOPULARITY OF THE BOURBONS, &c.

We conversed the other day with a medical gentleman who has just returned from the City of Paris, and who, from what we know of him, must have had both his eyes and ears open during a ten months' residence in that capital. Party feeling still runs very high in France; and the Bourbons realizing more and more the truth of Sir Brooke Faulkner's remark, "that they live like exiles among their own people." Various circumstances have conspired to produce this result; but the chief cause of the King's unpopularity, is the encouragement and favour shown to the Jesuits. These ultras in things spiritual, as well as temporal, are never satisfied with a share of power; and *Cæsar dicit nullus* has long been the favourite motto of the order and about two years ago every Cafe resounded with the sentiment, that there was a power behind the Throne much greater than the Throne itself. Monsieur Villele, whatever his private sentiments may be, stoutly combated this opinion, and the *Cour Royale* so far seconded his efforts, that they entrenched themselves behind old law, and called on his Majesty to banish the Jesuits "forth the kingdom." But as no steps have been taken to give effect to the above sentence, the King, like our own James II., has become the object of so much jealousy, that if not a Jesuit, he is set down for one. Several of his ministers are supposed to belong to the same party; and the fol-

lowing anecdotes which we gleaned from our friend, and which, although they may be known elsewhere, must be quite new to the most of our readers, are strongly expressive of the feelings of the people. On a late occasion, a Priest, resident in the town of Mantes, and who was probably "set on" by some one else, not only carried politics into the pulpit, but in the course of a harangue more than ordinarily seasoned with ultraism burst into the following fit of intemperance—"there is no salvation for the King—no salvation for France, if the Charter be not destroyed." A sensation is easily excited in France and the anathema pronounced against the Constitution, for a time engrossed every other topic of conversation. The Police, who are all eyes and ears, carefully noted what was going forward, dragged the offender before the "Correctional Court," and ascertained from his own de. Amatory lips the most satisfactory proofs of his guilt; but though his crime was little short of high treason, they merely fined him in 100 francs or about £4 sterling of our money, on his expressing contrition for what he had done, and promising to behave better in future. The people smiled at the solemn farce, talked enigmatically of the signs of the time—of more being meant than met the ear, and even whispered to one another,

"Charles is a monk, and all things shew it; We thought so once, and now we know it."

The *Tartuffe* of Moliere, has lost none of its zest from the lapse of time; Falstaff himself is not a more amusing original; and when the play is performed, the audience applaud and apply to the Jesuits, passages which were levelled against priestcraft in general. This circumstance of itself affords a strong proof of the power of public opinion in Paris; for in some of the provinces where the Jesuits have numerous partisans, Moliere's ridicule is felt to be so potent that the police interfere and prohibit the performance of the obnoxious play. But satire, like a well-known heathen divinity, is capable of assuming a vast number of shapes; and sometimes in the beginning of the present year, curiously inked five-france pieces representing his Majesty with a tunic, bands, three-cornered hat, and every other adjunct of a regular churchman, were as plentiful in Paris, as if they had been rained from the clouds. This joke took amazingly; the inked pieces circulated rapidly from hand to hand, and excited so much alarm in certain quarters, that they were suddenly, and as if by magic, withdrawn from circulation. Charles, as the reader will recollect, was the first of his family, that entered France after Bonaparte's abdication in 1814, and on approaching the capital, he is said to have exclaimed, "nothing is changed; there is only one Frenchman more. Even this remark has been made the subject of a rude enough species of satire, and eagerly turned to his disadvantage. All the Journals have been filled of late with accounts, of the beautiful specimen of the Camleopard which the Pacha of Egypt sent as a present to his most Christian Majesty; strange as it may appear, medals were struck representing the animal's entry into Paris, with this obnoxious legend underwritten—"nothing is changed—there is only one brute more." The remark of Bonaparte, "that the Bourbons, during twenty years' exile, had learnt nothing, and forgotten nothing," is also frequently in the mouths of the people; and in reference to the "great man" himself, they generally, in conversation content themselves with saying "he did too much good, for us to speak evil of him, and too much mischief, for us to speak well of him." After the restoration, a disposition was evinced to effect, as far as the mint and architecture were concerned, every permanent trace of the conqueror, and among other invidious reports circulated, it is said, that the splendid pillar in the *Place Vendôme* was, at one time, devoted to destruction; but the government, if serious in this more than Gothic project, soon became aware of its utter impracticability; and considering the feeling which then existed, it would have been just as easy to have restored to the original claimants all those estates which, during the preceding 20 years, had belonged in succession to, perhaps, half as many different owners. The Ex-Empress was fond of flowers, and a great patroness of the botanical art, and one newly discovered plant was called *Josephinia*, in honour of her name; but the discoverer, like a true Vicar of Bray, re-inserted it in the nomenclature under some other letter of the alphabet; and this we understand, forms nearly the sum total of the sacrifices which science has yet made to despotism. The Censors are held in more abhorrence than ever Gaugers were in the Highlands; and in going to or returning from their offices, they run so much risk of being pelted or insulted, that they are glad to ride in *Volitures*, guarded by a couple of *gens d'Armes*. The Press in this country is generally regarded as a sort of safety-valve, which checks explosions by letting off any excess of political vapour; but the French authorities view the matter in a different light. Hence the rigour with which the Censorial office is executed, and hence to the blunders that are occasionally committed. Not long ago the overseers of the Press struck their pens through a *Price-Corrent* which had been previously published in the *Town of Bourdeaux* as a thing quite in the way of business. And for what? merely because it contained the following words—"Les Brutes, Bourbons en batusse"—word which commerce and fashion have rendered necessary, and which nobody, save the Censors, would have thought of torturing into any other meaning than that of "the raw Bourbon sugars." Busts of Bonaparte are as common in France, as they are in this country, but busts of his son are never seen, and are understood to be forbidden; and what is still more surprising, the people rarely speak of young Napoleon. Indeed, if fresh convulsions were to take place in France, (which may Heaven avert, and at the same time extend and preserve the great safe-guards of regulated freedom) the successor of the Bourbons would, in all

probability, be the Duke of Orleans. French morality, the less, perhaps, that is said the better. The weekly recurrence of the blessed Sabbath is proscribed to the very worst purposes, and too many of our countrymen vie with the French, in making it a day of pleasure. To counteract this, however, in as far as at least as our countrymen are concerned, an English gentleman in holy orders, of great talent, learning, and piety, and what is more, of independent fortune, lately built a chapel at his own expense, and has done, and is doing, incalculable good by his weekly ministrations in the pulpit.

As a school of medicine, Paris has probably been over-praised. The ease with which anatomists acquire subjects, sent not a few of our countrymen thither; but Dublin, in this and other respects is fast rivaling Paris, and, numbers perhaps at this moment, more medical visitors than the other. The French make discoveries, and we apply them; and the more candid of their practitioners admit that the English, Scotch and Irish, excel them in the knowledge of Therapeutics, &c. Still it must be admitted, that the Parisians are admirable operators; although we would not go the length of our friend in asserting that it is worth while to present even a whole leg or arm to a French doctor to see how dexterously he will take it off. The facilities, too, for study, are very great, as a proof of which we may mention that a physician's diploma is a passport to every class, institute, and lecture-room, in the Gallic capital. Not a farthing is exacted by the professor, his assistants, or door-keepers—a degree of liberality which is very unlike anything we experience in this country. For the matter of £100 or £120, a man may reside 12 months in Paris, and live generally all the time. Eight pounds per month is the rate of board in some of the best houses; and although only two meals a day are allowed, these meals are sufficiently substantial. The custom is to breakfast at ten, and dine at half-past five. With the exception of *sautes*, the dishes are all what are called made ones; and though *vin ordinaire* forms the only beverage, and is merely drunk during dinner, there is no limitation as to quantity. The practice of presenting coffee immediately after dinner, is now deemed vulgar, and rarely obtains in families that aspire to gentility.

All our readers must have heard of "Galligani's Messenger," and we may here mention that although it is published every day, (Sundays excepted) the proprietors sell ten thousand copies of each impression. This Journal is printed in English, and contains selections from the best British papers, with the local and political news of Paris, and almost every other city on the Continent. To all our countrymen residing abroad, Galligani's Messenger is a great treat, and conveys to them the more remarkable occurrences of their "father land" down even to the deaths and marriages. Our friend read in it a long account of the death and character of the late Mr. Robt. Hope cattle-dealer, and generally contrived to pick up, through the same medium, a tolerable vidimus of the memorabilia of Dunfriesshire and Galloway. Didot is one of the most celebrated printers in France, and deals greatly in what is called the diamond type. The whole of Lord Byron's poetical works, beautifully printed in one vol. may be had for 25 francs, or £1 sterling. Sir Walter Scott's novels appears in 5 vols. octavo, and those who know the secrets of the trade may be purchased for £4, or guineas. The duty on books imported is 1s. per lb., and forms a tax of from two to three shillings on a volume of ordinary size and thickness. At one time it was reported that Washington Irving was in the employment of Didot, and busy editing a complete edition of British Classics. But this is a mistake. The author of the "Sketch Book" has been for some time resident at Madrid, and is understood to be at work on a life of Columbus.

#### PERE LA CHAISE.

EXTRACT OF A PRIVATE LETTER, PARIS, OCT. 14.

Just as I was passing through the *Barriere d'Anmay*, on my way to *Pere La Chaise*, I observed a funeral procession in the act of turning the corner of the *Rue des Amandiers*. I slackened sail forthwith, and resolved upon entering the cemetery in its ranks, and being witness to the ceremony of a French interment. The procession consisted of eight mourning coaches, and about twenty fiacres, followed by a couple of dozen people on foot, who, though in all probability knowing as little of the deceased as myself, were yet induced to walk after the hearse for some short distance, by a superstitious feeling, common, I believe, to the lower orders in all Catholic countries. In the first of the mourning coaches were seated two priests, in their usual dress; a little boy, in a white surplice and a red cloth cap, and a person in a full dress suit of black, silk stockings, cocked hat, &c. The hearse followed, and then came the chief mourner. As these coaches passed me, I could not avoid being in some degree amused at the appearance of the drivers; it was, if possible, more *outrée* (I had almost said ridiculous) than that of their brethren of England. They were dressed in coats of rusty black, cut after a most curious fashion; their heads were surmounted with cocked hats of an enormous size, and their legs buried in boots that came up so high as almost to supersede the necessity of unmentionables. When the procession had arrived at the entrance to the cemetery, I perceived that the mourning coaches were permitted to pass through, while the fiacres were stopped, and those who had travelled in them compelled to proceed on foot. The crowd moved on, and I followed it for a considerable distance along a beautiful road, bordered with sycamore trees, and was almost beginning to think that our journey would never terminate, when we reached a nearly circular space, that is completely free from tombs. Here the carriages drew up, and the priests and mourners joined the procession on foot. The coffin was removed from the hearse

to sticks, held by the undertaker's men, and the procession moved towards the grave in double files, the two old priests forming the head of the column. While the coffin was removing, I had abundant opportunity of observing it, and concluding from the number of mourners, that the deceased must have been a person of respectability, I was extremely surprised at the coarseness of its appearance; in fact, it was neither more nor less than a simple rectangular box, daubed over apparently with a little brown paint, and without plate or decoration of any kind. The top part, or lid, certainly differed in some measure from the bottom, for it consisted of three boards—one large, that was parallel to the bottom, and two small, at obtuse angles to the sides; but it was utterly impossible to discover at what end the head lay. As soon as we reached the grave, the coffin was deposited in it, and after one of the priests had mumbled over, in unintelligible Latin, a few short prayers for the deceased, he sprinkled the coffin with holy water, and then handed the brush to the other priest, who, having gone through the same ceremony, transferred it to the man with the cocked hat, and departed, in company with his coadjutor. Immediately upon this, a young man, dressed in deep mourning, advanced to the brink of the grave—it contained the mortal remains of his mother, and it was his duty, as the eldest son, to pronounce the funeral oration. During the delivery of the first few sentences his voice trembled so much that they were not audible; but I could collect from the remainder of his speech, that he praised his parent, as possessing those qualities which we most love in women—tenderness, virtue, and obedience as a wife; true and devoted affection as a mother; and sincere and humble piety as a Christian. His language was simple in the extreme. It was evidently an outflowing of the heart, and so much of genuine and proper feeling did he display, that, strange as the custom, the scene, and the persons around me were, I could not refrain from a feeling of oppressive melancholy. The spell, however, was soon broken, and I was rescued from my morazing mood, when I saw him shaking over the grave the holy water brush, which had long before ceased to contain a single drop of the precious liquid; and as I turned away I felt the spirit of philosophy rise strongly within me; the brush I saw was passing rapidly from hand to hand, and I determined upon removing myself as soon as possible from a scene that had ceased to be interesting, and was now (to my eye at least) ridiculous. I accordingly threw myself at once into one of the bye-paths, and, after a few minutes walking, found myself upon a beautiful little level green, in front of a small and delicately proportioned building—temple I must not call it (though it would well become the name)—since it is intended for a chapel in which the priests are to read their prayers for the souls of the departed. It is situated upon the highest ground in the cemetery, and commands a prospect, the loveliness of which, though so often spoken of, is, after all, a thing to be felt, but not to be described; and never, did I more fully enjoy an hour of existence than while I lay stretched upon the green turf, inhaling the clear, soft, balmy air of France, and gazing with the fullest fervour of admiration upon the beauties of the scene before me. To my right stood the picturesque heights of *Montmatre*, with its many windmills, the huge arms of which moved lazily in the breeze. The whole city of Paris lay extended in the front, each, separate house rearing its head visibly and distinctly into the free blue sky—the towers, the columns, the domes, and the spires, asserting the full majesty of their height, while the wreaths of smoke that would occasionally show darkly for one moment, in the next were lost in the purity of the surrounding atmosphere. To the extreme left one vast vineyard seemed to stretch away far and wide, from whose leafy bosom the countless chateaus appeared to rise like islands from the great deep. Immediately beneath and around me lay *Pere La Chaise* itself, with its bowers of roses, its groves of cypress, and its five and twenty thousand monuments, presenting to the eye every fantastic variety of form, from the lordly pyramid to the humble headstone; and this vision of surpassing loveliness was all at once made present to the imagination, for the field of view was perfectly unbroken, and knew no boundary, save the same blue rim that marked the termination of the sensible horizon. I gazed and gazed again, "Dazzled and drunk with beauty," and God only knows when I might have been induced to quit the spot, where I lay so luxuriously reclined, had not my gentle reverie been rudely broken by the sound of half a dozen drums, that as many blackguard drummer boys had commenced beating near the *Barriere des Amandiers*, under the auspices of a drum-major. Now, the sound of a French drum is positively one of the most discordant things in nature; in fact, in comparison with it, a swineherd's horn does "discourse most exquisite music"—I had, therefore, nothing for it but to wish the drummers at the Devil, and remove myself to the most distant part of the cemetery; but as I was moving off to the right, to put this intention in execution, the following inscription caught my eye, and immediately stopped my progress:—"A la memoire de Jacques Louis David, peintre Français, decede en exil le 29. Septembre, 1825.—Son cœur est depose dans ce caveau, pres du corps de son épouse, compagne de ses malheurs." This is simple even

to plainness, but to me, at least, it appears, extremely affecting, and when a young Frenchman, who was standing by, informed me that the entreaties of David's family, that his bones might be permitted to rest in his beloved France, were refused, I felt my heart beat with indignation against the base bigots who could thus carry their hatred beyond the grave. After lingering for a few minutes near this monument I plunged into the wilderness of tombs, and availed myself of the services of the first guide I met, but he hurried me so rapidly forward that I soon decided upon dismissing him, and passing the time according to my own fancy. I shall learn, thought I, all that the tombstones will not tell me, by inquiries of those I may chance to meet. I, therefore, advanced once more alone, and it was not long before I found myself before the railing that incloses the tombs of Moliere and La Fontaine. The bones of these men of mighty genius have, it is hoped, at last obtained a secure resting place. They once reposed in the vaults of the Pantheon, but the sanctity of the grave was violated, and France and literature wept at the attempt to cast dishonour upon the memory of two of her most favourite children. A little farther on lies the monument which a nation's gratitude has erected to the memory of General Foy. It is very simple, consisting as it does merely of a large headstone or flag, but in the breast of a Briton and a freeman, it cannot fail to excite the most lively interest, and as I gazed upon the vast heap of crowns that completely concealed the grave, I felt a more than common glow while the following lines of Byron crossed my mind:—

"And fitly may the stranger linger here  
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose,  
For he was freedom's champion."

On the top part of the stone which has been raised at his head, is written—"Honneur au General Foy." And had his friends contented themselves with this, I should have thought the inscription was, at least, bordering upon the sublime; but no, a little lower on the stone I read—

"Il se repose de ses travaux,  
Et ses oeuvres le suivent."

And towards the bottom are to be found the following lines, which I consider to present an excellent specimen of French taste in its worst form:—

"La Erance en le voyant sur sa couche étendu,  
Implorait un accent de cette voix chérie—  
Hélas au cri plaintif jette par la patrie,  
C'est la première fois qu'il n'a pas répondu."

At each corner of the grave a spear is fixed, to which a black board, shaped like a heart, is attached. On the first of them is written, Jemmapes, 1792; on the second, Zurich, 1799; on the third, Passage du Rhin, 1796; and on the fourth, Waterloo, 1815. With respect to the general impression made upon my mind by the thousands of monuments I saw, it would be impossible to give you any adequate idea. A man in wandering through this cemetery becomes exactly what Byron calls him, "A pendulum between a smile and a tear." Many of the epitaphs, are affecting in the extreme, but there are others absolutely ridiculous. Some of the emblems, too, are chosen with the happiest taste, such as (the ordinary one) the hour glass with wings, and the broken column flung prostrate over the graves of those who have suffered a premature death; but again, there are others of a far different character, and to me the appearance of the flower plots, into which many of the graves are converted, though beautiful in themselves, seem ill associated with the presence of the dead; the chairs and tables, too, that are placed in many of the tombs, displeased my eye still more; but I could scarcely refrain from downright laughter when I observed likenesses of the deceased fixed in the headstones. This was, I thought, decidedly too bad. In addition to all this you are perpetually offended with the sight of workmen passing to and fro; and you are also obliged to put a sad constraint upon your risible muscles while witnessing some of the scenes that you may see here gratis upon any given fine day. The ladies, particularly, appear at the graves of their relations in a dress in which you cannot discover a single stitch of white; even the caps are made of black crape, and the prettiness displayed in their grief are certainly sometimes very amusing.

This cemetery is open to persons of all ranks and all nations, and it was with a degree of melancholy surprise that I observed many of the stones recorded the deaths of natives of my own country. The ground for graves is disposed of either for six years, or for ever, but I scarcely saw a single tomb on which "Concession a Perpetuité" was not written. By the way, some of these tombs are very large; they are, in fact, little temples erected to the memory of the departed. In general, too, they are very beautiful; and the more so, from the Italian marble of which they are composed retaining its whiteness to the last.

There is a splendid pyramid raised above Massena. The tomb of Kellermann too is very fine, but there are other "of the foster babes of fame" that sleep without a headstone. Although I searched diligently myself, and did not spare inquiries, it was long before I could discover the grave of Marshal Ney. The workmen that I asked seemed to dislike the task of pointing it out to me, and would only give me general directions, and in a low and hesitating tone of voice. At length, however, I found it, near to the newly made grave of Manuel. All around, the sculptor's hand

appeared to have "exhausted the pomp of woe," in recording the death of men unknown to glory, but the long grass and four dark cypresses alone mark the resting place of "the bravest of the brave."—*The New Times*, Oct. 17.

#### CHALONS,—OCT. 22.

Crimes of the blackest dye are, we regret to say, of frequent occurrence in this and other departments that formed, before the Revolution, the province of Champagne; they are, in a great measure, to be attributed to the extreme ignorance in which the lower classes are kept, although, for the honour of the Government, we must say that every effort is being made to spread moral principles among the people. The following account of the perpetration of the greatest crime, of which a human creature can be guilty, makes us shudder in recording the horrid facts:—N. Denonvilliers, aged 62, was married about thirty years ago, to a cousin, who had always resided under the same roof with himself; the violent disposition of this female was, of course, perfectly known to him; but her personal charms were too powerful to resist, and though strongly advised by his friends not to form this matrimonial connection, he disregarded their advice, and Suzanna Carle became his wife. Until the birth of her first child, which occurred three years after their marriage, her conduct had not been of so outrageous a nature as to call forth the vituperation of her husband or her neighbours. What motive induced her when her daughter Florentine came into the world, to alter her behaviour it has been impossible, at this distance of time, to discover. Her relatives and neighbours testify that from that period, she evinced the moroseness, of her temper, and the habitual anger to which she gave herself up, rendered her obnoxious to all those who were acquainted with her. The husband, as it may be supposed, frequently became a victim to her capricious and irritable feelings; fortunately, however, business often called him from home for weeks and months together; had this not been the case, it is probable that the horrid tale we have to relate, would long since have added to the tragic list in the annals of crime.

Twenty-five years passed away, and the passions of this woman had become more violent; the daughter had inherited her mother's and had acquired, probably to a greater degree, all her failings and vicious propensities. She had formed at various periods, from the age of fifteen, illicit connections; and in this conduct she was encouraged by her unnatural parent, who appeared to experience delight in bringing shame upon the unfortunate father. The latter had returned in January last, after an absence of a few weeks, to his wretched home; he had been successful in some business or speculation, and was possessed of a larger sum of money than it was usual for him to have. The circumstance came to the knowledge of the mother and daughter, and every means were devised to extort it from him. He could not, however, be prevailed upon to part with this sum, which he asserted did not belong to him—it had been advanced for some specific purpose, and must be employed in a certain manner. These two female monsters, instigated by avarice, or some other demonical passion, concerned with each other, and came to the resolution of depriving a father and a husband of life. The poor man, after the fatigues of the day, had retired to rest—it was during his sleep that the two furies, holding, in their hands the instruments of death, rushed into his chamber and stabbed him to the heart. A crime like this could not remain unpunished. The mother and daughter were put upon their trial at the last Assizes held at Rheims; they were unanimously found guilty and sentenced to death. The appeal they made to the Court of Cassation was rejected, and the 18th October was fixed upon as the day of their execution. The greatest sensation was manifested in Rheims, and in the whole of the neighbouring country, when it was ascertained that these wretched women were to suffer death. Immense crowds of people, particularly females, assembled at an early hour on the Grand Place, where the guillotine had already been erected. From the period of their sentence being passed several Clergymen had attended them in prison, and had used every effort to bring them to a sense of their awful situation, and prevail upon them to have recourse to the consolation afforded by religion; but vain was their endeavours to move the stubborn hearts of their females; they rejected every spiritual assistance offered to them, and abused, in dreadful terms the Ministers of the Gospel. It was expected by those who had witnessed the obduracy of other criminals, that when the prisoners were informed that the day had arrived which was to be the last they were to witness, some religious feeling might be instilled into them. At an early hour two Clergymen came to the prison, and were introduced into a gloomy cell which the wretched women were about to leave forever.

During several months, their food had been bread and water—their bed, a small quantity of straw spread upon a stone floor. Nature appeared exhausted, and any comfort offered to them in such a state, it was thought, would have been readily accepted. When the worthy ecclesiastics informed them, that in a few

hours they were to appear before the Tribunal of the ALMIGHTY, and that if they wished to obtain mercy hereafter, no time was to be lost in evincing their contrition, these infatuated creatures refused to listen to the spiritual advisers. "They would die," they said, "without the assistance of a Priest." The mother seemed, at one moment, to feel the pangs of conscience; and her repentance, though tardy, was instantly encouraged by the Clergymen, who, in the most touching manner, solicited her to make her peace with GOD and man; but the daughter more hardened in vice than she who gave her birth, would not allow these consolatory ideas to take possession of her mind. "Mother," cried she, "listen not to these men, recollect that they are Priests, and a Priest is the cause of our ruin!" The hour of twelve had now struck, the executioner and his attendants were introduced, and the operation of cutting off the hair was immediately performed. The culprits were then led from their dungeon to the gate of the prison, where two carts had been prepared to conduct them to the place of execution.

#### (Further Particulars.)

RHEIMS.—Being found guilty of the murder of their husband and father, and condemned, one to death, the other to the punishment due to parricide, Susannah Carle, aged 59, widow of Nicolas Denonvilliers, and Florentine Denonvilliers, aged 23 (her daughter), underwent on Thursday, Oct. 18, their sentence in the public square called La Courte at Rheims. It was long known that the appeal of the condemned had been rejected, and the multitude (it must be said, though melancholy may be the truth), always eager for this spectacle, anxiously informed themselves of the day fixed for the execution. On all parts the people thought only of the terrible drama that was now in preparation. From the morning of the day on which the fatal order was known, crowds pressed to the place where the preparations were making. At ten o'clock, two young ecclesiastics, MM. Abbes Barra and Gaide, came to the prisoners to announce to the condemned that they have no longer any thing in common with this world. They bring them to resign themselves to their fate, and, fulfilling in this sad affair their sacred ministry, they remind them that it is another life, another Power, at whose feet they should offer all their prayers, and all their hopes. The widow-mother, and her daughter, instead of listening to the sage exhortation, thus offered them, give way to invectives and imprecations against all who approach them—they refuse to die. "If you wish our property," said Florentine, "take it; you are beggars, rascals, thieves."—Addressing herself particularly to the priest who stood near her, she adds, "you resemble the Curé of our country—you are the cause of all this." The daughter continues her denunciations, speaks with wonderful volubility, and rejects all counsel. The mother also persists in refusing the consolations which the clergyman who accompanies her offers.

It sounded twelve. The executioner and his assistants appear. The two prisoners are placed each in a separate cart—Florentine in her chemise barefooted, and a black veil over her head. Arrived at the scaffold, the executioner first takes hold of the widow-mother, who frequently throws a glance at the instrument of punishment. In an instant she ceased to live. The daughter is then made to descend from the cart. Being put upon the scaffold, she is there exposed while an officer reads to the people the sentence of condemnation. During this formality she is stripped of her clothes, and having the sleeves of chemise drawn up, the executioner, armed with an enormous sabre prepares to strike the terrible blow. All on a sudden a cry of horror is heard, and informs those whose eyes were for a moment turned away, that the parricidal hand was struck, and the guilty despatched to death. It would be difficult to give an idea of the number of spectators present at this execution, and it is not without a feeling of pain, that we must remark that the women drawn thither was at least unequal to that of the men. This is the third time these nine years, that Rheims witnessed the punishment of parricides, and strange to say, all the guilty were women!

The steam vessels which navigate the tranquil waters of the Ohio are built of stoneware, and being of vast dimensions, carry three or four hundred passengers, who are accommodated with board, washing, lodging, and all other necessaries, and transported the distance of fifteen hundred miles, for about eight pounds. The upper story of these vessels is surrounded by a spacious balcony, and veranda, on which the passengers take their exercise, and this station being of a considerable height, affords a view of the varied scenery during the passage.

#### (From the SPYRUS.)

#### SUFFERERS FOR FREEDOM.

DEPLORABLE CONDITION OF THE SPANISH AND ITALIAN REFUGEES.

THE urgent distress of the unhappy victims of tyranny, who have been exiled from their

own lands, and sought a refuge in this, induce us to return to a subject on which we had before dwelt at some length, but which was still far from being completed; we mean the history and character of the revolution in Italy and Spain, which ended so fatally for liberty and its generous supporters.

The 'TIMES' of this morning (Saturday) contains an eloquent and powerful appeal to the hearts of all Englishmen, on this touching subject, which will be read by thousands; and, if earnest reiteration of that appeal can affect aught, will be answered by the benevolent donations of tens of thousands who need but curtail a few only of their superfluities, to give to perishing fathers, mothers and infant offsprings, sufficient to feed and shelter them during the pitiless inclemency of approaching winter.

We have placed this Appeal in another part of our Paper, to increase the chances of its being seen, and to second the praiseworthy efforts of the 'TIMES' in so holy a cause. To that, therefore, we refer the reader of this article, in the hope that he will feel, through it, the melting influence of that Mercy which is 'twice blessed,' and which often, in its dispensation, yields even more happiness to him who gives than to him who receives its blessings.

To assure him, however, that not merely benevolence; but justice, demands his aid for men whose greatest crime has been the moderation with which they pursued the most praiseworthy of human objects; we pass to the historical considerations to which we have adverted:

In a preceding Number of this Journal,\* we spoke of the Carbonari of Italy, as being no other than liberal Neapolitans, Piedmontese, or other Italians favourable to political reform, differing in no respect from those Constitutionalists of Spain, France, Germany, and England, excepting only that they were more moderate in their opinions and conduct than any of these, as their deeds have proved. To demonstrate the truth of this assertion, we shall offer a few observations on the modern Liberals generally, and on the Carbonari in particular.

The Liberals, who have most attracted public notice, were first the Constitutional Spaniards, and then the Constitutional Italians; but the family to which Constitutionalists, or political reformers, belong, is so large, that there is no country which does not number some of them among her children; as all those may be so called, who appeal against the abuses of their respective governments. Considered in a political light, they are similar to the Albigenses and Hugonots: in a religious point of view, the latter were termed heretics and were barbarously quarried and burnt alive, till they had made their party strong; and this will be the fate of the others, till they find better arms than syllogisms and dilemmas; or till a political Luther, or Calvin, or a Henry the Eighth, arise in their favour. The weak are always in the wrong. In opposition to these political heretics there will be as many popes as there are despots. This is not the first period of history in which the reformer of abuses has been suspended on the cross, and numbered with the transgressors. It is success alone which hallows either political or religious doctrines.

It has been said that the aim of the Liberals is to overturn all ancient social ordinances, and to break through all restraints, human and divine. This has been asserted from the first moment when the awakened reason of nations began to arm in defence of their rights. Some making no distinction between the event and the intention, fancied they saw the proofs of these accusations in certain facts which served as grounds of justification to those who depicted individual excesses as vices of the whole class: as if, even among the Apostles, there had never been found a Judas. Hence, numberless means have been sought to disgrace their names in the eyes of their contemporaries, and to hand them down to posterity, branded with infamy. It is only an act of justice to refute these calumnies. The wretch which these unfortunate Liberals have suffered of every thing else, is no reason why the culpable silence of their contemporaries should deprive them of all they yet possess—their honour. In the country where the accusations were originally brought, no defence could be offered; as there, rulers only speak, and subjects dare not answer them; the former are, consequently, always in the right, and the latter ever in the wrong. But in a land where discussion is no crime, the public acting as a jury, and a jury which is rarely deceived, having heard both sides of the question, may decide according to the truth.

To what may be reduced the crime of the greater number of those unhappy beings, who, when not condemned to death or to imprisonment, were, by a special act of grace, exiled from the land that cradled them? To this alone: the having believed that the abuses, introduced in times of ignorance, should be corrected when nations became more enlightened; that governments should keep pace with the improvement of the people; that Europe in the 19th century, ought not to be regulated by the arbitrary statutes of past ages; that, in short, adult nations ought not to be treated as if they were still in their infancy; for thus

\* See the 3d Number of the SPYRUS, p. 36.



[Continued from the Supplement.]

to act would be about as wise as it would be to leave a man of fifty under the rule of the pedagogue who flogged him into discipline at five. After having proclaimed that absolute commands were fit only for children or slaves, and that laws should be the rule of action for men, they importunately demanded to be governed by those laws,—they attempted to secure a constitutional government; they did secure it for a time, and during its brief existence, they religiously respected it.

If these thoughts, and deeds are criminal, few, if they will confess their real sentiments, and pronounce themselves innocent. However, the members of the Aulic chamber of Vienna, and those of the Jesuitical cabinet of Paris felt themselves wholly innocent of this misdemeanor, and condemned the guilty authors of such excesses to be exterminated, two armies of German and French executioners being despatched to Italy and Spain to enforce their decree, against which there was no appeal. Who knows to whose lot it may one day fall to expiate all the blood and tears which these ferocious monsters caused those martyrs, in the cause of reason and justice, to shed? Had the rulers of the earth accommodated themselves in time to the mental state of their subjects, the pages both of ancient and modern history would have been stained with fewer horrors.

The striking progress made by mankind throughout Europe is no dream. The very anxiety manifested by those powers, which, too tenacious of their ancient customs, try every means to make their subjects retrograde to their former state of ignorance, proves the truth of this assertion; and if every other proof were wanting, this alone would suffice. But it being about as possible to do this, as it would be to cause an adult to become again an infant, the result is that the state of the people is in direct contradiction to that of their government, and as long as it continues thus, the struggle will be ever recurring, and the germ of mutual rancour always ready to spring afresh; like fire repressed but never extinguished.

True it is that the progress of the mind has not always been followed by that of the heart; or in other words, virtue and morality have not always increased in the exact proportion of knowledge, nor is this yet sufficiently diffused among all classes, and in all regions, to insure perfect success for even a good project; but the state of mutual violence with which parties pursue each other, cannot last long. There is a striking resemblance between the moral and the physical world; opposing waters that are not on a level with each other, may each meet the other with fury, but at length the highest and the lowest, calmly uniting, take a middle course, and their violence is thus subdued. Perhaps the people have advanced unreasonable pretensions, and in some respects were wrong; but then, as their rulers have refused them every thing, they, certainly, cannot have been right. Still the good work is silently advancing, and every obstacle which seems to delay its progress is but a secret step towards perfection. What philosophy has perhaps too hastily attempted, will more tardily, but more successfully be accomplished by misfortune.

This cannot be denied; nations and sovereigns cannot long continue as they are. The former have made rapid strides, and are conscious that they belong to an enlightened age; the latter will not emerge from their state of darkness, and pretend that their subjects do not feel what they are made more deeply conscious of, by the very opposition offered to their desires. God forbid that this, as we may call it, chronological contest, this strange combination of contrary elements, should be long protracted; a state of things not unlike that produced by the eruption of a volcano, or the shock of an earthquake, which often crumbles in the earth the cottage and the palace. Political observers assure us that Italy and Spain are full of fermenting volcanoes; and in France there are abundant signs of no distant tempest. Dreadful will be the consequences, if no compromise is made; the interests of all require it.

The only crime of the modern Liberals of Spain and Italy consists in their having requested, and even exacted by force, terms of mutual accommodation; and having prevented the disorders threatened by the intestine commotions of parties so heterogeneous, by a reformation, which, far from endangering the stability of thrones, fixes them more securely. They should therefore, by no means be confounded with those violent spirits who, during the French revolution, usurped the name of Liberals.

The latter denounced all religion, and overturned the altar from its foundation; the former established the unity and stability of the prevailing mode of worship. The one party invaded kingdoms and destroyed thrones, the other, remaining in their own countries, sought only to establish their respective dynasties on bases more solid and more just. The one every where promoted anarchy; the other, attempted by every means to repress and prevent it. The one pursued a fugitive King and condemned him to an ignominious death; the other respected their monarch so far as voluntarily to allow him to leave his dominion, (witness the Neapolitans,) in order to silence the clamour of those who called him a prisoner, or consigned

him to those who claimed him, (as in the case of the Spaniards.) Stiffening every feeling of resentment, every impulse of despair, they acted thus even when they found themselves betrayed, when they felt the rope round their necks and the chains on their feet, placed there by that very sovereign whom they had so venerated. And yet, (on 1 example dangerous to the virtue of nations!) yet those sanguinary monsters made their insulated monarchs tremble, while those infinitely less worthy rulers, whose persons have been respected, have returned only cruelty and vengeance for the clemency exercised towards themselves. Moderation is no doubt often the offspring of weakness, and hence it is at once despised and punished even by those who find their profit in preaching it as a virtue. These are the Carbonari monsters, whose blood has been shed, and who are still left to groan in chains! These are the Catilines who are every where persecuted in order that every miserable relic of them may be destroyed! Those, however, who are determined at any rate to find them guilty, when facts fail, have recourse to prophecies, declaring that the modern Liberals, had they not been put down and dispersed, would have finished by being like their predecessors. They have been, therefore, and still are to be punished for crimes foretold by their enemies. 'But their code was so faulty,' say others, that it would undoubtedly have led to anarchy.' This, too, is merely prophetic. One thing, however, is certain; we have seen that it did not produce anarchy in the first instance, and time was not afforded to observe what might have been its ultimate effect; but even supposing it had been defective, it did not shut the door against all improvement, as it contained an article recommending the modification or erasure of whatever experience might prove to be objectionable. They put a restraint, however, (urge the objectors) on the will of their sovereigns, by forcibly extorting from them a reform in their government! And, if they had not taken these means, by what other could they have obtained their object? Which of their rulers voluntarily yielded to the desires of their people, even after these had been expressed in a thousand ways? Shall we English condemn such means? Can we so forget the history of our own country? Do we not recollect what outrages those sovereigns had committed? One overturned what he found established by those who restored to him his lost kingdom, on the express condition that he should preserve the constitution; the other persisted in breaking the promises he had made on re-ascending the throne; and both inveighed against those who expressed the least desire that they should observe their oaths. And which of those two monarchs, after the fatal event, which of them, when no longer compelled, has performed spontaneously even a part of what he was so warmly solicited to do? But, it may be said, the sovereigns did not yield to their solicitations, because they saw that only a few frenzied beings... A few frenzied beings! If foreign power had not assailed their kingdoms, those few would never have been opposed, and would have rendered their country happy; those few formed the most intellectual part of the nation, since none but ignorant men can prefer to live under an arbitrary government. If we could but read the several wishes of all bosoms—if the lips now shut could but utter what is concealed by fear in a million of hearts—then should we see whether the lovers of liberty are few or many! But granting even that they are few, why are foreign forces maintained in the countries in which even those few no longer exist? Who are they to repress?—The absent, the imprisoned, or the dead? Oh! Monarchs of Europe! open your eyes: neither frenzied nor few are those of your unhappy subjects, so barbarously recompensed for the most upright intentions, the most exemplary conduct, and the most constant and extraordinary moderation. Yes; such were truly the virtues of the Liberals who have been so grossly calumniated; such were those of the Carbonari of Italy and Spain, who have been declared heretics by Pius the Seventh, exiled, by the monarchs of the earth, from the land of their fathers, and sentenced by the spiritual ruler of these monarchs to exclusion from the repose and enjoyments of heaven.

Who is there, seeing such victims of tyranny and injustice come to find among us mere shelter from the storm, and a pittance of bread to sustain their fainting strength, would not extend his arms to receive them, and make them, as far as practicable, the objects of his benevolence and his care?—[Sept. 30.]

THE NILE ABOVE THE CATARACTS. No. IX. BEAUTIFUL TOMB IN NUBIA—SCULPTURED STONEY—GIRAFFE, OR CAMELEOPARDALIS—HUMAN SACRIFICES.

ATTRACTED by the appearance of scattered heaps of ruins, we walked some distance from the western bank of the Nile, and northward from the Temple of Galabæe, through the remains of an ancient town, constructed of unbaked bricks, a material appropriated to all the private buildings of antiquity in Egypt and Nubia, and even to their defensive walls; the stone of the mountains being reserved for sacred and royal edifices alone. The destruction of this settlement was, however, too complete to enable us to decide either on its age or character. It had shared in the vengeance directed towards the temples, and being less able to

withstand its ravages, had been raised to its very foundations.

Our ramble was, however, very amply repaid by the discovery of a tomb, excavated out of the solid rock, which, from its appearance and style of ornament, seemed to be of very high antiquity. Some few of the villagers yet remaining with us called it by the name of 'Beit-el-Wahlee,' or the House of Wahler, from an ancient tradition, stating it to have been the abode of a chief or magistrate, which that term signifies.\*

On entering the long passage, which led to this ancient tomb, I was gratified, beyond expression, with the beautiful bas-reliefs which are sculptured on both sides, containing spirited pictures of historical events in which it is more than probable, the entombed Hero was the chief actor. I had met with nothing in Egypt more perfect in its original execution; and the solitude to which it was now condemned securing it from frequent visits, had contributed to preserve that perfection almost unimpaired. I examined it with a delight which increased with the scrutiny of attention bestowed upon it, and found that it was only by an entry into the minutiae of detail that one could appreciate the connected beauties of this sculptured story.

Beginning on the left hand, or southern wall of the passage, the first object is the Hero himself in pursuit of his enemies. He is represented standing in his chariot drawn by two fiery horses, with the reins fastened to his girths, and his quivers hung around the car; he is in the act of discharging an arrow amidst an armed multitude, whom his flying coursers trample underneath their hoofs, disperse their squadrons, and scatter their bows and broken arrows in every direction. The costume of the Hero resembles that of the Theban warriors, consisting of short robes and a close helmet, from which the Egyptian serpent is seen to issue; he draws the bow with his left hand and preserves an attitude of perfect firmness, though diving at the utmost speed; the steeds of his car are also crowned with waving plumes upon their heads, after the manner of those in the sculptured battle pieces on the walls of the Theban temples at Medinet Abou; while inscriptive tablets of hieroglyphics denote probably the name and rank of the illustrious chief, and his arms are guarded by the vulture, the protecting bird of war.

He is followed in the pursuit of his flying enemies, who every where fall before his unerring shafts, by two smaller chariots, of the same construction as his own, and drawn also by horses full of fire; these, however, have not the distinction of the feathered head-dress. Each of these cars contains two persons, a warrior and a charioteer, both of whom are represented standing. In the first of these cars the charioteer holds the reins in one hand and a short whip in the other; while in the second, the charioteer is addressing the warrior, at the same moment checking his horses with his hand turned back toward the chief in the most expressive manner. These were most probably aids-de-camp, or attendants destined to convey the orders, or to guard the person of the principal Hero; yet it is worthy of remark, that among the numerous hosts, both of followers and enemies, he is the only one who rides alone, seeking a pre-eminence in danger as well as in skill, and regardless of the impetuous fire with which his coursers almost fly along the plain, standing in warlike majesty erect in his car, and dealing death around the field. If such were the conduct of the leaders in those early wars, where personal intrepidity was the torrent that bore down all before it, and where individual courage effected more than skilful arrangements, their prowess deserves to be thus commemorated in death, and the entrance to their tombs to be the records of their deeds.

The compartment succeeding that in which the battle scene is depicted, seems to represent the bringing in the spoils of war, and the preparations for a feast, in which are seen persons leading bulls, lions, goats, ostriches, gazelles, monkeys, greyhounds, and the Giraffe or Cameleopardalis, beautifully represented. Among these were seen interspersed, bound captives, female slaves, and children; some bearing large logs of ebony, or other wood upon their shoulders, and amidst this triumphant procession are seen fruits, flowers and elegant articles of domestic use and ornament. The whole is preceded by an expressive group, appearing to depict a lamenting mother,

\* Beit-el-Wahlee.—Dans l'Yemen les gouverneurs qui sont d'une famille ancienne et distinguée, se nomment quelquefois 'Wah'. Dans l'Oman on donne ce titre à tous les gouverneurs de quelque grande ville. D'ailleurs, 'Wah' est proprement le titre des saints Mahométans du premier rang.—Nisabur Deser, de l'Arabie p. 12.

† This is the sculptured representation of the Giraffe, or Cameleopardalis, referred to in the second Number of the SERENX, and there mentioned as the only instance known to the writer (Mr. Buckingham) in which this animal was included among the sculptured representations on the temples of Egypt or Nubia, from which it was inferred, that this interesting animal was as scarce in those parts of Africa in ancient times, as it is admitted to be in the present day; a consideration which must greatly enhance the value of the two living individuals of the species that now engage so much of public attention, in England and in France.

with her arms extended in an attitude of grief and supplication, accompanied by two beautiful and delicate young girls, perhaps her daughters, who are presented by a priest to the victorious Hero on his throne. He is recognised by the identical portrait of his features, costume of dress, and inscriptive tablets, which are every where the same.

There can be no doubt of this labourer's picture having reference to some real event, of its recording some historical fact, probably an invasion of Abyssinia, or some western country beyond the Nubian frontier; the slays, the animals, the whole of the spoils, in short, are African; and the female prisoners who thus grace his triumph, and were afterwards presented at his throne, were probably the captive family of some vanquished and fallen chief. It is impossible to survey it without sympathising in that bitterness of agony with which this supplicating female appears before her conqueror, and without admiring, at the same time, the indignity of the artist, who by mere outline of attitude, has so well expressed the tenderness of filial attachment, and the force of paternal solicitude. As the offspring of royalty, the buds of future greatness, they were, perhaps, destined by the laws of that exterminating age to all the horrors of sacrifice, or, if spared, reserved only to grace the bed of their fallen father's victor, and yield the enjoyment of their beauty to the embraces of those arms, whose weapons had laid him in the dust. Dreadful alternative! yet sanctioned by the laws of conquest.

For my own part, I confess that my feelings were so interested in the fate of this unhappy group, that it was impossible not to add another curse of execration on those destroyers of the only records by which such events could have descended to our knowledge. But for their barbaric ravages, we should have learned, perhaps, from the very picture now before us, some act of god-like clemency in the impassioned victor, like that of the youthful Scipio, some burst of feeling eloquence from the imploring parent, or some act of self-devotion and heroic firmness in the dying chastity of the captive daughters.

On turning to the right, the scenes of battle are again renewed. At the entrance on the northern wall, a warrior leading three male prisoners fettered by the neck and arms, presents them to a chief, who not yet glutted with the food of conquest, treads upon his vanquished enemies, and makes them writhe beneath his feet in all the agony of suffering. To this succeeds a scene of human sacrifices, where an executioner is in the act of beheading some, while others are hurled from off the precipice of a fortress. Then follows a glowing picture of a chariot battle, in which, among the prominent figures, is seen a warrior falling from his car, by the wound of an arrow, and the principal Hero has his arm uplifted to sabre a passing chief. In the next compartment a chief beheads a kneeling prisoner with a singularly crooked sword, and the series closes with a representation of the Conqueror crowned as a divinity, and invested with the sacred crossier, while emblematic figures surround his throne, where he again receives the presentation of fettered captives, in separate groups of bearded males, and long-robed females.

All the separate portraits of this illustrious Hero are so perfectly identified by their exact resemblance of features, costume, arms, emblems, &c. as to render it impossible for him to be mistaken for any other.

At the end of this passage to the tomb, which is about thirty feet long by ten broad, are three doors communicating with the first chamber of the tomb itself, the central one of which is arched, and exceeds the two others in size. The apartment to which it leads is about the same dimensions as the passage, crossing it transversely, and is supported by two massive columns of about five feet in diameter, and ten in height; the whole of the shaft of each is fluted, after the Greek fashion, and unlike any other pillars seen in Egypt, and these columns, as well as the chamber itself, are cut out of the solid rock. The walls of this apartment have been carefully ornamented with sculpture, stucco, and painting; representing, as in the temples, either offerings to the divinities or to the dead, while the roof was studded with a field of stars. The largest and most remarkable figures, however, are those which occupy the two side compartments, near the door-way, on the eastern wall, in each of which an executioner, large as life, is in the act of beheading a kneeling captive. The figures are finely executed, and seem to express their preparation for the sacrifice, by giving themselves, the awful signal of death, each of them, while the arm of their destroyer is lifted for the blow, extending one hand from the body, and placing the other emphatically upon the heart! Who could be insensible to scenes like these? Who could thus tread upon a soil once moistened with the blood of immolated victims, which flowed under the sanction of justice and religion, and not be carried back to the distant ages which engendered this surprising combination of greatness and barbarity, without being lost, in fact in the labyrinth of one's own reflections!

Opposite to these impressive pictures are deep recesses in the western wall, after the manner of the tombs at Siletilis, in each of which are three sitting figures, apparently representing youths of both sexes; the ornaments of their heads, and their style of dress differing respectively; the attitude of all is that of one hand laid upon the knee, and the others affectionately interlaced together, representing, perhaps, the family or offspring of the deceased.

From this outer hall a central door led to the innermost apartment, which is about ten feet square, having a similar recess in the western wall, which one contained the figure of the honoured Chief. Envy, however, that ignoble passion

which sickens at the fame of others, has vented its rancour even against the silent dead, and though from haste or indolence, it has spared the tomb itself, the statue of the Hero, to whom it was a last abode, has been so wantonly mutilated, that nothing but a fragment of the head remains; the blocks, chipped from the broken statue, being still found lying on the spot.

The sculpture and painting seen on the walls of the tomb are admirably perfect, and may be ranked among the most finished works of that kind to be found either in Egypt or Nubia. This sacred chamber was, no doubt, reserved for the purpose of making offerings to the illustrious dead, the duties of which are every where around so beautifully depicted. There were several expressive figures which caught my attention, but none that interested me more than a group represented on each side of the doorway, the figures large as life, and occupying a corresponding place with the human sacrifices without. But while those startled the soul with horror at the contemplation of its bloody purpose; these, on the contrary, portrayed the tenderest duties, and the sweetest ties of life. It was the mother of this entombed warrior, affectionately suckling the Hero in his boyhood, when his infant limbs were not yet trained to all the nervous exercise of war, but when, as if in preface of his future greatness, the chieftain's helmet sat upon his brow. It was the same as that which graced him in his car, which he wore upon the throne, and which was at last exchanged for the sacred crown, and even the features in youth and manhood still preserved their exact resemblance.

The mode of interment practised in the Royal Tombs at Thebes, by inclosing the body in splendid sarcophagi of granite, which occupied the centre of the Hall of Death, was not universal; it seems rather to have been almost confined to those superb and astonishing mansions,—subterranean vaults being dug in other places to contain the bodies, which were generally underneath the Chamber of Offering. This appeared to have been the case in the present instance; Every thing around us was solid rock; yet the floor of this apartment resounded to the tread with a distinctness that could have arisen from no other cause than its being hollow underneath. I certainly wanted not the disposition to excavate, but we were unprovided with the means, nor could the simplest instruments be procured which would have effected it,—the only agricultural one used here being the plough. Yet it is highly probable that the embalmed body would be found in undisturbed perfection,—a prize so rarely falling to the lot of travellers, that nothing is reckoned more difficult to procure in Egypt than an untouched and perfect mummy of any distinguished personage.

#### No. X.

#### ANCIENT TEMPLE AT MERROWOW—SACRED PROCESSIONS, EXPRESSIVE PICTURE—VIOLATED TOMBS.

We left Galabshy with a strong north wind, that almost threatened the annihilation of our shattered sail: it was its raggedness, however, that enabled it to hold together, by the escape which the holes in it afforded to the greater portion of the breeze, though enough remained to waft us rapidly along.

In the exercise of those delightful occupations which the examination of such interesting monuments of antiquity afforded me, I had hitherto forgotten my sufferings from ophthalmia, and the pleasures of the mind had completely overpowered the remembrance of my pains. In the intervals of such agreeable activity, however, that they returned upon me with double force.

When we reached the boat, it was with difficulty that I could perceive my way on board and from the dimness of the objects before me, I had narrowly escaped falling into the river. Every remedy that I had hitherto applied seemed only to increase the violence of the disease: and when I could imperfectly observe my eyes in a mirror, swollen, inflamed, and looking like a mass of blood, my alarm was rather heightened than allayed. The air itself, too, was painfully oppressive, and whether I remained with my eyes closed or in exercise, my sufferings differed but little. I could not prevail upon myself, however, to relinquish my further progress up the Nile, without steering southward for another day.

We accordingly pursued our course, passing at noon a rugged straight or cataract, called El-Bab-Abouhore, exactly resembling the one at Theba, where the river curved toward the S. E. It was with the greatest difficulty that I could bear the application of my sight to the taking a meridian altitude of the sun for the latitude, and when taken, still greater to read off the distance from the sextant, though the reading-glass was of high magnifying power, and extremely clear. The observation gave a latitude of 23° 19' N.

The shores of the Nile here presented on both sides the same sterile aspect as before; the yellow hills descending nearly to the water's edge, and the sands apparently encroaching upon the narrow strip of cultivation on either side.

Opposite to Sheikh Abasha, we were hailed by some wretched villagers, to know if we had any corn on board, of which they were in want, but our Barabra captain said he knew his brethren on that side of the water too well to venture among them, the certain consequence of which would be the plunder of the boat of all its contents; he therefore answered in the negative.

Soon after this we landed at Merrowow, on the western bank of the Nile, where, at a few paces from the edge of the stream, is a ruined temple, of which, after great pains, I succeeded in transcribing a tolerably accurate ground-plan.

To the east of this temple was a large oblong court, which, being walled up towards the river, prevented the temple from being accessible on the eastern side; it had only one gateway, or door aperture, which was on the west, immediately in a line with a portico, from which it was separated by an open and unpaved space. The gate itself is of massive architecture and fine workmanship; but as the court to which it led was evidently not an entrance to the sacred building, and differed from all arrangements in these edifices that we had yet seen, I was at a loss to conceive its purpose, unless it was used for religious processions, or some solemn festivals which required to be celebrated on a large and uncovered space, and at the same time concealed by an enclosure from profane view. If intended for this purpose, its size and situation were admirably adapted to that end, from being placed so as to receive the priesthood from the very threshold of the temple door. The portico, though supported by two columns only, has a very richly ornamented front, possessing all the usual characteristics of Egyptian architecture, stability, and simplicity. The sculpture, differing but little in its subjects, is of a finished kind and the capitals of the pillars deservedly rank among the most beautiful of their age.

I was surprised on entering the portico to find two side doors cut through the walls, and these neither uniform in size nor position; although they are evidently not of later date than the temple itself, from the style of their ornaments corresponding with those of the other parts of the building. Over the southern one sat a crouched lion, with a taper burning beside him in a small vase.

The interior walls of the portico are sculptured with representations of offerings to Isis; and the revival of the drooping lotus by water is frequently repeated. The roof is covered with spread vultures and stars; a frieze of cross-winged hawks, and long vases, surrounds the top; and at the bottom of the walls an exquisite border is formed from processions of smaller figures.

Beginning near the door of the nave on the right, is first seen a priest bearing leaves on a salver; a second following with vases of water; a third with a pair of flying birds, restrained in their flight by a string; a fourth with fruits; and others with provisions, &c.; the whole being closed by a young female bearing the three cypresses of Priapus, and four live birds in a basket. On the left, the same procession is repeated, in which the birds differ in their kinds, and the females are separated from each other by lines or chains of lotus flowers. On the shafts of the columns are seen men bearing on their shoulders the young bulls of sacrifice; and the portals of the sekos, or body of the temple, are guarded on each side by sitting birds, whose heads are crowned with lotus wreaths.

The next apartment is only partially sculptured, and the sanctuary was closed by a highly finished door, so massively constructed, that the appearance of its precautionary strength was alone sufficient to excite a suspicion of its concealing either treasures or sacred property. Accordingly, the plundering spirit of its destroyers had been no doubt roused to new energies by the reward which its violation promised, but being probably unable to force the door itself, they had stripped off the very roof, to descend through it into the narrow and gloomy chamber, which had been excavated from the rocky mountain against which the temple abutted.

Above this also, and on a level with the roof of the edifice, was another excavation in the rock, which has shared the common fate of sacrilegious violation, and is now left to silent desolation. The precautions taken by those mysterious people, the Egyptians, for the security of their sacred edifices, their altars, their treasures, and their tombs, seem to prove an existing apprehension in their minds of future spoliation, and their efforts to prevent this were proportionately great. Yet neither catacombs nor pyramids, colossal statues nor towering obelisks, have been able to withstand unharmed the shock of persecuting barbarism; so much more easy is it to pull down than to erect.

Still, however, the powerful engines of devastation have but effected half their purpose, the work of destruction being yet incomplete; enough remaining to prove the patient skill and lofty genius of those who could construct such works of immortality, and to stamp an eternal odium on those invaders who, with every advantage of conquest on their side, were unable to complete the annihilating task, which they were barbarous enough to conceive.

On descending to examine the exterior of the temple walls, we met with a number of new and interesting subjects, which excited admiration, as well by the ingenuity of their designs, as by the perfection of their execution. The offerings were to the usual deities, Osiris alternately bearing the head of the lion and the hawk. Among a number of others which attracted our attention, was the presentation to Isis, by one of

the priesthood, of a bowl containing a pair of live hawks, apparently male and female. The goddess, clad only by a transparent robe around the waist, showing beneath its folds a form of youthful beauty, her full round bosom exposed, and a contour of most expressive features, received offerings smilingly; while the young Horus Apollo, who followed in her train, placed his finger on his lips, expressing, like the Grecian allegoric figure, the sacred duty of silence. A thousand conjectures rushed into my imagination on the sight of this singular and interesting picture, many of which will no doubt suggest themselves to others. A priest, an offering of 'mimed' birds, a lovely female, the Egyptian Venus, arrayed in the smiles of youth and beauty—and Silence, with his finger on his lips;—These were expressive-combinations.

On the southern wall, where the subject of offerings are repeated, the exterior design of the side door, communicating with the portico, struck me as particularly beautiful. Two chains of lotus flowers run perpendicularly up each side, within which, the stalk, surmounted by its bud, assumes the nature of a pillar, around which is twined the encircling serpent, whose erect body rises on its summit, and supports the sacred bonnet. The winged globe fills the centre of the cornice; and above, a large beetle is represented, bearing on his head a globe, supported there by extended human arms, and having spreading wings, like those which guard the central globe below, a figure as new to me as it was beautiful and ingenious.

In the mountain, a few paces south of the temple, we found a number of excavations in the rock, made for the purpose of entombment, and though hewn out without order or regularity, and unadorned with sculpture, still containing five sarcophagi of freestone, somewhat exceeding the dimensions of the human figure, from three to four inches in thickness, rounded at the head, squared at the feet, and gradually narrowing toward the bottom. In one of the graves we found two of these sarcophagi, placed side by side, probably a union of friends to death; but all of them had been violated, and the bones, the linen, and other fragments of their contents, were still seen scattered about the entrance.

Approaching night closed our researches, when we retired on board our boat—my attendants to enjoy their repose in enviable tranquillity, and I to suffer, in sleepless impatience, at the burning agony of my eyes, now nearly closed up in total blindness by ophthalmia.

(From the *DUMFRIES and GALLOWAY*

#### C O U R I E R .)

**INDIAN MARRIAGES.**—Calcutta has long been regarded by the English matrons, as a marriage-mart for their daughters, when they are not marketable at home. A young lady is usually consigned to some friend or relative, who undertakes to dispose of her to the best advantage. Immediately on her arrival a grand dinner is given, to which as many bachelors as possible are formally invited. If a person of rank or property is satisfied with her appearance, and is in want of what is called a wife, though he himself be as old as the hills and as ugly as sin, he feels assured that he has only to refer her friends to the East India Register, or his banker's books, and a bargain will be speedily concluded. Should the young lady, however, decline the proposal, and prefer the address of a youthful swain, who has neither rank nor riches to recommend him, it is considered a misfortune of so serious a nature, that her guardians bitterly regret their unskillful management, and dissolve all connection with the "romantic fool who is silly enough to sacrifice her prospects." As it is considered fair and proper to give early information to the actual bidders, or those likely to have become such if the commodity had remained on hand, immediately after the terms are mutually agreed upon, the young lady is driven on the crowded cause of Calcutta in the gig of the accepted lover. She is then said to have been "carted;" and unsuccessful admirers lament in silence their "rejected addresses."—*London Weekly Review.*

Of about one thousand books published annually in Great Britain, 600 are accompanied with commercial loss; on 200 there is no gain; on 100 the gain is trifling, and only on 100 any considerable profit.—Six hundred and fifty are forgotten within the year; another 100 in two years; another 150 in three years; not more than fifty survive seven years, and scarcely ten are thought of after twenty years. Of the 50,000 books published in the 17th century, not more than fifty are now in estimation, and of the 80,000 books published in the 18th century, not more than 300 are considered worth reprinting, and not more than 500 are sought after at the present time. Since the first commencement of writing—that is in thirty-two centuries, only about 500 works of writers of all nations have sustained themselves against the devouring influence of time.—*Goodhue's Library Manual.*

**MINUTENESS OF ATOMS.**—Goldbeaters, by hammering, can reduce gold to leaves so thin, that 282,000 may be laid upon each other to produce the thickness of an inch; yet those leaves are perfect, or without holes, so that one of them laid upon any surface, as in gilding, gives the appearance of solid gold. They are so thin, that if formed into

a book, 150 would only occupy the space of a single leaf of common paper; and an octavo volume of an inch thick would have as many pages as the books of a well-stocked ordinary library of 1500 volumes—400 pages in each. Still thinner than this is the coating of gold upon the silver wire of what is called gold lace, and we are not sure that such coating is of only one atom thick. Platinum and silver can be drawn into wire much finer than human hair. A grain of blue vitriol, or carmine, will tinge a gallon of water, so that in every drop the colour may be perceived. A grain of Musk will scent a room for twenty years, and will have lost little of its weight. The carrion crow smells its food many miles off. A burning taper uncovered for a single instant, during which it does not lose 1000th of a grain, would fill with light a sphere four miles in diameter, so as to be visible in every part of it. The thread of the silk-worm is so small that many of them are twisted together to form our finest sewing thread; but that of the spider is smaller still, for two drachms of it, by weight, would reach from London to Edinburgh, or 330 miles. In the milt of a cod-fish, or in water in which certain vegetables have been infused, the microscope discovers animalcules of which many thousands together do not equal in bulk a grain of sand; and yet nature, with a singular prodigality, has supplied many of these with organs as complex as those of the whale or elephant; and their bodies consist of the same substance, or ultimate atoms, as that of man himself. In a single pound of such matter, there are more living creatures than of human beings on the face of the globe. What a scene has the microscope opened to the admiration of the philosophic inquirer! Water, mercury, sulphur, or, in general, any substance, when sufficiently heated, rises as invisible vapour or gas; that is, it is reduced to the aeriform state. Great heat therefore, would cause the whole of the material universe to disappear, and the most solid bodies to become as invisible and impalpable as the air we breathe. Few have contemplated an annihilation of the world more complete than this.—*Arnott's Elements*

#### LOCHNAGAR.

Beautiful Rock!  
How proudly on thy mountain throne  
Thou sittest.—Mid the shock  
Of ages, thou  
Art still the same.  
The dread thunder bursts on thee,  
But scathes thee not:—  
And, mid the war of elements  
Thou dost but frown,  
And silence reigns again.  
Thou stand'st alone:—the wild deer  
Gazes on thee from below,  
But dares not seek thy summit;—  
And even the eagle  
Loves a less lonely haunt, nor does disturb  
Thy solitary grandeur.

I've sat and looked on thee,  
Until I thought thee animate—  
A Being of terrible and restless power;—  
And then my head did turn,  
And I did strangely wish  
To mount thy steepest crag,  
And throw myself into the yawning gulf below,  
By some mysterious fascination drawn  
To thee, as to my destiny.

Merciful Heaven! how weak a thing is man,  
That even the mute works of nature thus  
Will sport with his reason. A. F.

**VENTRILQUISM.**—Dr. Arnott, in his able work, recently published, entitled *Elements of Physics*, touches on the subject of ventriloquism; and after observing that the idea which some authors have, that the articulations of the ventriloquist are not produced by the tongue and mouth, as in common speech, is altogether an error, and that the art, carried to a certain degree, is not very difficult, relates the following anecdote:—"A Mr. Henderson, of London, about the end of the 18th century, used to ask his calf, as he called it, to crowded houses every night. Having dropped a screen between him and the audience, there soon issued from behind it all the sounds, even to the minutest particular, which may be heard while a calf is falling a victim to the slaughter-house—the conversation of the butchers, the struggling and bellowing and quick breathing of the frightened animal, the whetting of the knife, the plunge, the gush, the agony; and disgusting as the idea is in itself, the imitation was so true to nature, that thousands eagerly went to witness the art of the mimic." The Doctor states, that the following cases of inanimate sound may be closely imitated by the mouth:—"The working of a grindstone, including the rush of the water into which it dips; the rough attrition of the steel upon it, and various changes with the change of pressure; the working of a saw cutting wood; the uncorking of a bottle, and the noise of decanting its contents; the sound of air rushing into a room by a crevice or key-hole in a winter night; and many others."

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