

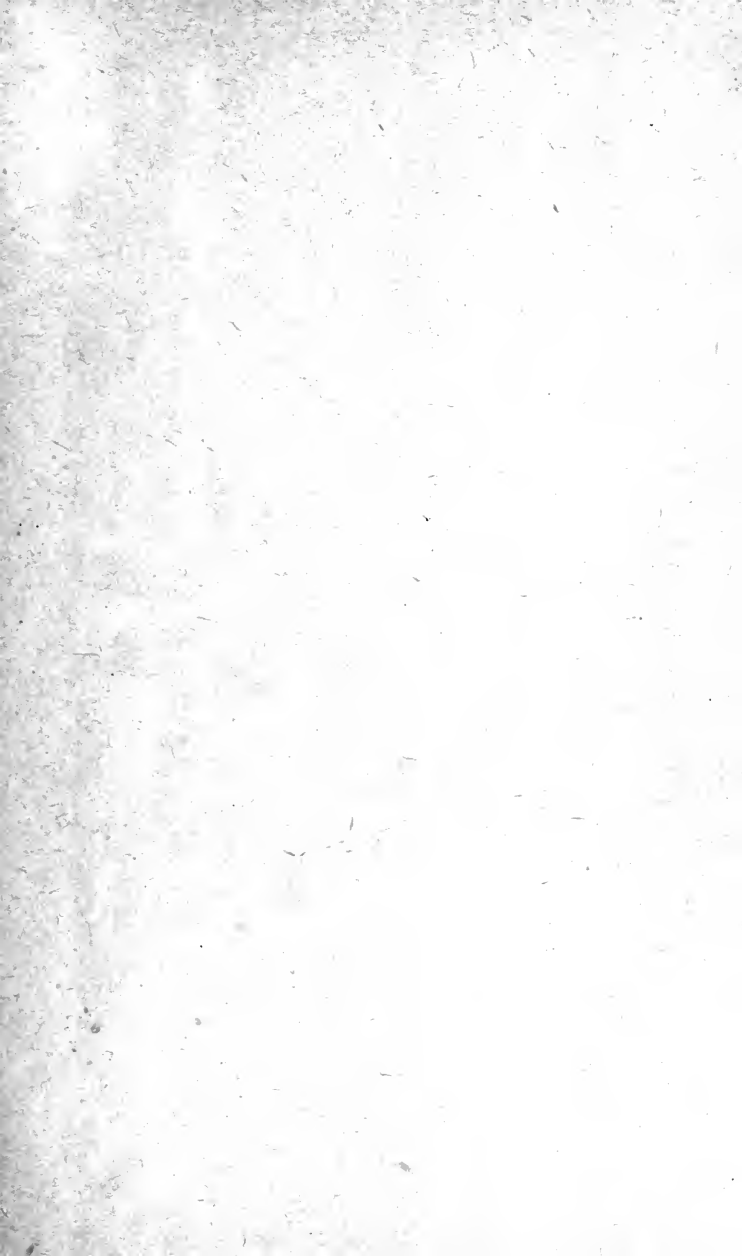


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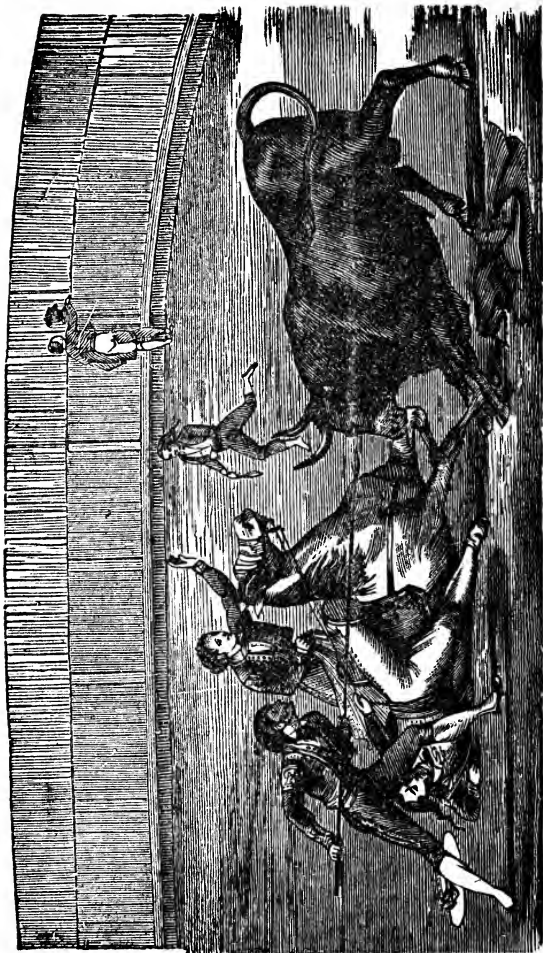




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BULL FIGHT.

ADVENTURES
OF
FAMOUS TRAVELLERS
IN MANY LANDS.

WITH DESCRIPTIONS OF
MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND PLACES.

THRILLING ADVENTURES ON LAND AND SEA.



NEW YORK:
W. L. ALLISON COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS.



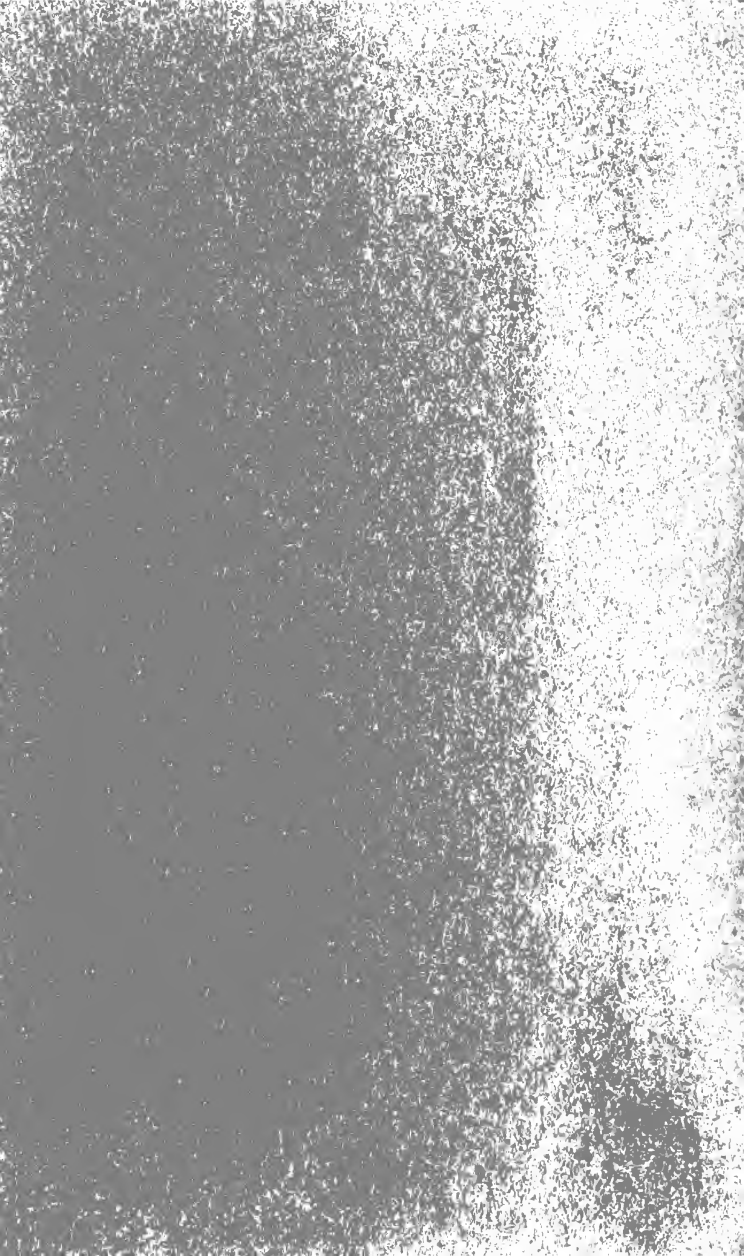
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PREFACE.

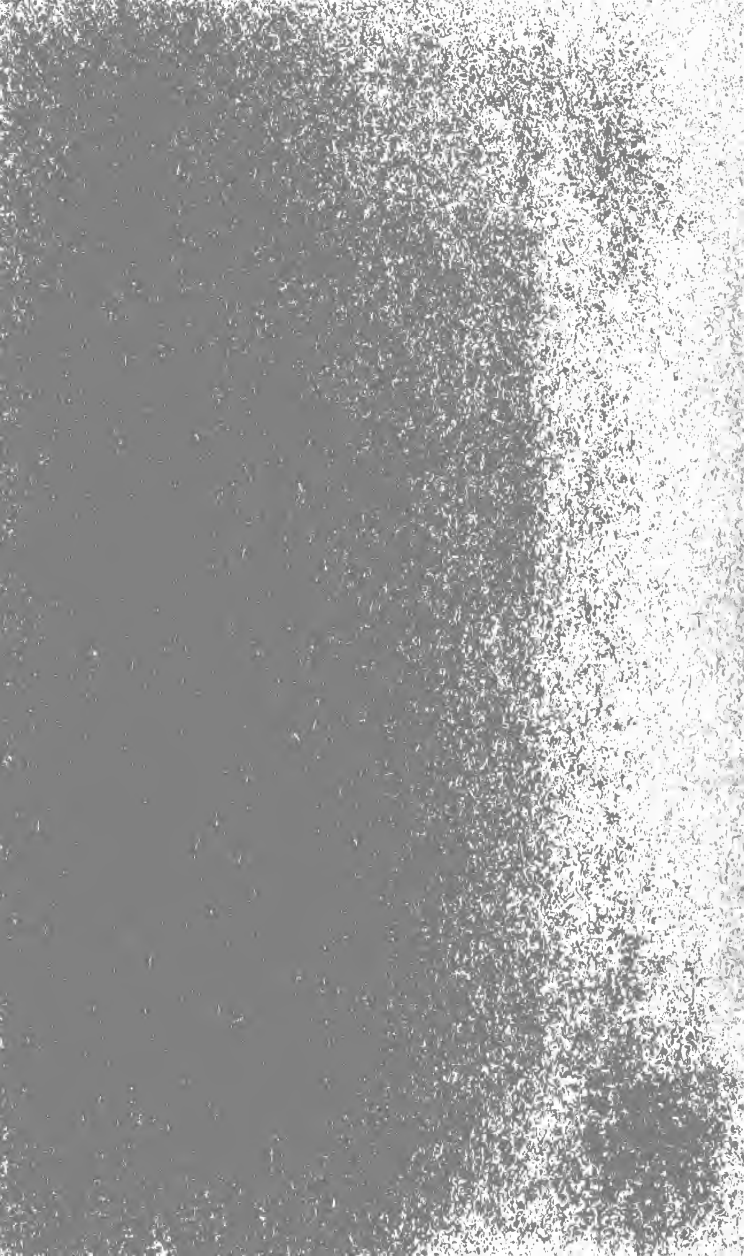
THE adventures of travellers and descriptions of foreign countries and people, afford us the same kind of pleasure which we derive from the perusal of the most high wrought romance. But true narrations must always possess one great advantage over fiction, in the simple circumstance of their truth. It is a great satisfaction to the reader to know that the perils and labors which excite his kindly sympathy are real and not the mere coinage of the romancer's brain.

Without attempting to detract in the least from the merits of well-written romances, we have ventured on the present occasion to substitute for them a series of true narratives under the designation of the "ROMANCE OF TRAVEL;" and we trust that the general utility of the work will be recognized as not the least among its recommendations.



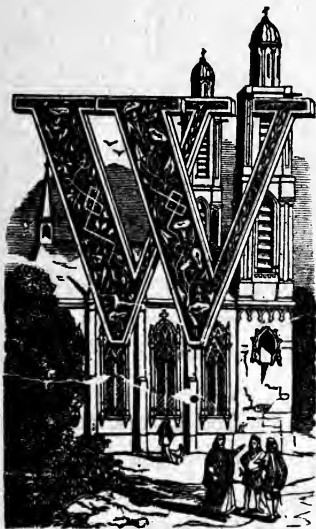


ALGUAZIL AND PICADORES.



THE ROMANCE OF TRAVEL.

Spain and the Bullfights.



WE commence our series of sketches of travel with an account by a recent traveller in Spain of the bull fights, the most curious and unique amusement of modern times, which has not unaptly been compared with the gladiatorial combats of the ancient Romans. The practice is common in the Spanish colonies as well as in the mother country. Our traveller says, During my residence in Spain, it was not long before I discovered in the

whole nation a strong predilection for a kind of spectacle peculiar to that country, I mean bull fights. Though not

partial to them myself, I have, however, been present at these exhibitions, and shall give you an accurate account of every thing relative to them.

You must know, in the first place, that the Spanish breed of bulls is very strong and vigorous. The Spaniards are reported in all ages to have attached great importance to the taming of these fierce animals, and to have honored with their particular regard those men who, by their courage and address, successfully accomplished so perilous an undertaking. This it doubtless was that gave rise to the sports known by the appellation of the bull fights, established in the principal towns of Spain. For this purpose the Spaniards have built vast amphitheatres, whose arena is the stage on which those who make a profession of fighting with bulls display their prowess. All round the circumference are ranged seats for the spectators, who sometimes assemble to the number of many thousands. If I recollect rightly, the amphitheatre of Madrid is capable of containing about twelve thousand persons. The price of places varies considerably, according as they are sheltered or exposed, in the shade, or in the sun; for these amphitheatres have no roofs. The spectacle takes place in the open air, and in broad day light.

A magistrate, attended by two police officers, called in Spanish *alguazils*, presides at the theatre for the preservation of order. At a signal given by the magistrate, a folding-door at the farther end of the arena opens, and the bull furiously advances. At the sight of the multitude of spectators by whom he is surrounded, he stops short



GOING TO THE BULL FIGHT.

and looks fiercely about him, as if seeking an object on which to wreak his rage. At this moment one of the combatants appears at the other end of the arena. These people are called *picadores*, because they are armed only with pikes or lances. They are on horseback, and are dressed after the ancient Spanish fashion. The *picadore* advances slowly after the bull, and stops at some distance from him. The two antagonists watch each other's motions with the greatest attention, and appear for some moments irresolute. The bull then bending his head, and mustering all his strength, shuts his eyes and rushes upon his adversary with the utmost impetuosity. The *picadore*, fixed as it were to the saddle, places his lance in its rest, directs the point of it against the shoulder of the raging animal, and thus turns him another way. This manœuvre, when executed with dexterity, rarely fails to produce the desired effect. Sometimes, however, it is rendered unavailing by the fury of the animal, as I have myself witnessed. One of the bulls rushed upon the lance that was pointed at him, and raising himself almost upright on his hind legs broke it in pieces. He then attacked the horse with such fury as to overturn him with his rider. At this moment the *chulos*, young men of extraordinary agility, approached with small cloaks or flags of glaring colors, which they held to the bull to divert his attention, and give the *picadore* time to escape. As soon as he effected his retreat, a second *picadore*, armed like the first, offered battle to the bull. Animated by his victory, the beast immediately darted towards him. The *picadore* dexterously kept him off with his lance; but the

bull returned to the charge, before his antagonist had time to prepare for his reception. With his horns he gored the sides of the horse, which sprang up a considerable height, and in his fall overthrew the picadore. The chulos then ran forward again. The rider escaped and the first picadore took his place. He entered the arena on a horse which had never yet been engaged in a conflict of this kind, and to whom, at the first onset, it proved fatal. The bull suddenly turned aside, avoided the lance, and gored the horse with such fury as to pierce him to the heart. It sometimes happens that the bull rips up the horse's belly; the poor animals may then be seen treading under their feet their own entrails, which hang down from their lacerated sides, and yet obeying for some time after, the hand which conducts them to new tortures.

Custom unfortunately hardens the hearts of the spectators, and even of women, to such a degree, that they beheld this scene with the utmost indifference, or if they manifest any interest, it is in regard to the motions of the enraged bull. I saw thirteen horses killed in a single morning, and sometimes there are many more. Such is the patience, courage, and docility of these animals, that after they are mortally wounded, they will carry their rider to meet the enemy, till they drop down dead on the spot.

When the bull, tired of seeing his adversary the picadore appear after his defeat, safe and sound, upon another horse, at length seems determined to decline the combat, he is then left to the *banderillos*. These are eight young men, each of whom is provided with a number of small

darts, called by the Spaniards *banderillas*, which are ornamented with small streamers made of colored paper. These they plunge into the bull's neck; but it is an established rule, that they must never attack the animal with these weapons from behind, but only in front. To this end they endeavor to irritate the animal, and when he is just going to dart at them, they take advantage of the moment when he stops and shuts his eyes, to plunge their *banderillas* into his neck and run away. If they cannot make the bull advance to meet them, they hold out to him the *moleta*, a piece of scarlet cloth or velvet, which they always carry in the left hand. They excite him to the pursuit by passing close to him. If he turns sharply upon them they rely upon their agility to get out of his way. In this case, to amuse him and divert his attention, they drop the *moleta*. This artifice commonly succeeds. The bull stops, smells at the piece of stuff and tramples upon it. Sometimes, however, he takes no notice of the *moleta*, but keeping his eye fixed on his real enemy, he pursues him so swiftly, that the *banderillo* has scarcely time to leap over the barrier which surrounds the arena. I have seen bulls spring over it almost at the same moment as their adversaries, though it is six feet high.

Beyond this first barrier, at the distance of about five feet, is a second, considerably higher, for the security of the spectators who are seated in front. Persons of veracity have assured me that they have seen bulls spring with such force, as at one leap to clear these two barriers, and fall upon the benches of the amphitheatre. When the bull has fought about twenty minutes he is doomed to

die. This is the most interesting moment of the spectacle; accordingly the most profound silence reigns in the assembly. The master of the combatants, called *matador*, appears, and anxious expectation is depicted in the faces of the spectators. He advances, holding the moleta in his left hand, and a sword in his right. During the whole combat he has attentively studied the disposition of the bull, and watched all his motions. If the animal is *claro*, that is to say impetuous but not crafty, the matador approaches with confidence, sure of a speedy victory. If, on the contrary, the bull is cautious and cunning, if he appears cool and collected, slow in forming his resolutions, and prompt in executing them, he is called *oscuro*, and such an animal excites apprehension in the most experienced matador. He goes up, looks steadfastly at him, and endeavors to provoke him; but this attempt often proves vain. At the moment when he thinks to avail himself of an advantage, the wily animal eludes the stroke, becomes the assailant, and forces his enemy to fly. The latter, as he runs, is obliged to look behind him, that he may judge how to act according to circumstances. One of these matadors, whose name was Pepillo, displayed astonishing coolness and dexterity on these occasions. When he was pursued, and had got close to the barrier, he watched the bull just going to make a stroke at him, and the very moment when the animal shut his eyes, he would set his foot between the bull's horns, and thence spring over the barrier; which shows what a degree of address may be acquired by practice.

While I was in Spain, two matadors were killed in



SPANISH COSTUMES.



Cadiz; they were brothers. The one perished by accident, the other rushed into the arena to avenge his death, and fell a victim to his imprudence.

A skilful and experienced matador, who retains a full command of himself in the heat of action, knows how to irritate the bull in such a manner, that he runs of himself upon the point of the sword, which forms the last scene of the spectacle. The fatal steel is usually aimed at the spinal marrow, contiguous to the brain, and penetrates at the junction of the first vertebra to the head. A wound in that place is sufficient to bring the animal to the ground, and to dispatch him without drawing a drop of blood. If a favorable opportunity for piercing him there does not occur, the matador aims at his heart. Death, in this case is speedy, but not so sudden as in the former instance. It sometimes happens that the most skilful do not hit the right place. I once saw one of these men miss his stroke, and was tossed upon the horns of the bull, which shook him twice with great violence before any assistance could be given him. His person escaped without any dangerous wound; not so his honor, which was considered to have received a stain, till the moment when the bull was finally vanquished, and the champion was able to measure the horns in his justification. This done, he requested the spectators to take notice that the horn upon which he had been caught, was two inches longer than the other. On proving this fact he was greeted with a general shout of applause. To show a want of address or presence of mind in these conflicts is a disgrace to the matadors, who cannot retrieve their character except by a signal act of

courage and intrepidity; for you must know that these people expose themselves to such danger as much from motives of honor as of interest, and the Spanish public censure the faults committed by them in their way, as emphatically as bad actors are condemned by us.

It is wonderful that accidents are not more frequent in these fights, considering the length of the horns of some of these bulls. The tips of their horns are often five feet distant from one another. Whenever the bull has leaped over the barriers of the arena, he stamps on the ground, and throws up the earth furiously with his feet; and when he has killed a horse, if the chulos leave him unmolested, he tramples upon his enemy. The moment the vanquished beast falls at the feet of the matador, the trumpet sounds, and three mules ornamented with bells and streamers come to drag him away.

These bull fights take place once a week, and frequently twice, in summer. Eighteen victims are destined for each fight, six for morning and twelve for the afternoon. The expense occasioned by such a spectacle is prodigious. The matadors receive a considerable sum, as do also the other attendants. We must likewise include the cost of the eighteen bulls, and of perhaps sixteen or eighteen horses sacrificed at one of these fights. Since they have ceased to select, as formerly, large, strong horses of a good breed, there are many more killed in every combat. Even sixty have fallen in one day.



Wild Bull Hunting in Spain.

THE bulls most prized for the *Plaza de Toros*, or bull fighting circus, are those which are wildest and most fierce. An English traveller thus describes the hunting and capturing of these wild bulls. The Peninsula abounds with extensive forest lands, which, though reaching over a wide extent of country, is sufficiently open to afford pasture and food to herds of wild cattle who roam unmolested amongst their shades. The great forest of the *Alemtejo* is an apt illustration. In this some hundreds of square miles of

country are occupied by growing timber; but within its bounds large open spaces exist which serve for pasturages, and occasionally a farm, a vineyard, or an olive grove may be seen struggling, as it were, for existence amidst the vast solitudes. But though occasional glimpses of culture appear, they are far too few and far between to offer any serious check to the increase and independence of the herds which roam around them undisturbed. It was in this forest that I witnessed for the first time the method of capturing the wild bulls. I had received intimation that the village of Alcoxete, on the Tagus, was to be the scene of a bull fight, and that the villagers for many miles round were invited to join in the hunt, which was to take place on the following day; I accordingly crossed the river in company of about twenty persons, mostly military, each being provided with a long pole, having a small spike fixed in one end, and mounted as inclination or ability suited. When we arrived on the opposite bank, a little before daybreak, we found between two hundred and fifty and three hundred persons assembled, some mounted on different sorts of quadrupeds, from the noble Andalusian horse to the humble hack donkey, and very many on foot. As soon as daylight began to appear we marched off towards the forest. The morning was peculiarly fine, and the interest of the beautiful scenery was heightened by the varied costumes of the hunters. As soon as we had advanced some distance into the wood we halted for the purpose of refreshment, before the arduous and somewhat perilous duties of the day began. After a hasty meal we divided into two parties, one

WILD BULL HUNTING IN SPAIN.



stretching in a long line to the right and the other to the left. They had not advanced far in this manner before they fell in with a herd of cattle having twelve bulls with it, which no sooner descried us than they bounded off with the speed of lightning. The sport had now began; we put our horses to the utmost speed, threading our way amongst the tall pine trees as well as we could, and endeavoring by wild cries to drive the bulls towards the other party. At length, after about an hour's chase, some half dozen of us who were better mounted than the rest came up with them, and commenced the attack with long poles. The manner was this: one person riding at full speed gave the bull nearest him a sharp prick with the goad, which it no sooner felt than it gave chase; another horseman then coming up attacked it on the other side, when, leaving the first assailant, it turned upon the second he in like manner was rescued by a third, and so on. The attention of the infuriated animal thus distracted prevented his escape, and gave time for the others to come up. The bulls were thus at length separated from the herd.

A sufficient number having arrived to form a circle around them, we commenced operations for the purpose of driving them towards the town; all the skill of the riders was now necessary, and all the activity possessed by both man and horse, to keep clear from the pointed horns which on every side were directed against him, as well as to prevent the herd from breaking through the living net with which it was surrounded. This was perhaps the most difficult part, and attained by keeping each bull separately engaged, and thus preventing united ac-

tion; for what line was sufficient, armed as we were, to resist the simultaneous rush of these most powerful animals. The continued activity and exertion requisite had knocked up many of the poor jades who had started in the morning, and the circle became smaller and smaller as the day advanced; several, too, had been carried off severely gored and wounded by the horns and feet of the bulls. I, however, and the party with whom I started, were resolved to see the conclusion, and redoubling our efforts we at length, about four o'clock in the afternoon, succeeded in driving them into an inclosure where were a number of oxen, all at one time wild, with bell, quietly grazing. Here they were kept till required for the next day's sport.





Incidents of an Overland Journey round the World.

A few scenes and incidents from Sir George Simpson's "Narrative of an Overland Journey round the World," will, we are sure, prove welcome to our readers, and introduce them to a work of great interest and value. The traveller traversed three continents, Europe, Asia, and America, and crossed the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. We quote his own account as follows.



The Rocky Mountains.

ABOUT seven hours of hard work brought us to the height of land,—the hinge, as it were, between the eastern and the western waters. We breakfasted on the level isthmus, which did not exceed fourteen paces in width, filling our kettles for this our lonely meal at once from the crystal sources of the Columbia and the Saskatchewan, while these feeders of two opposite oceans, murmuring

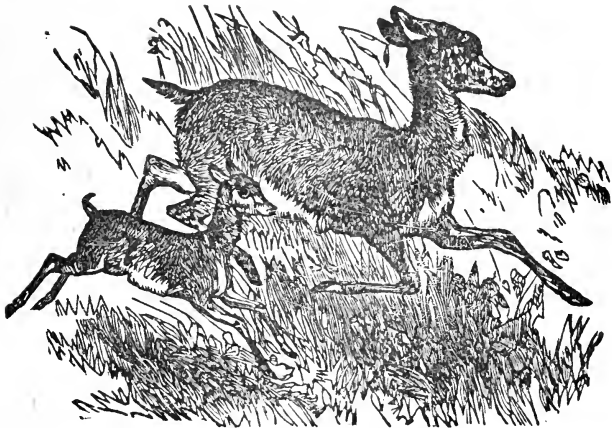


AN INDIAN HUT.

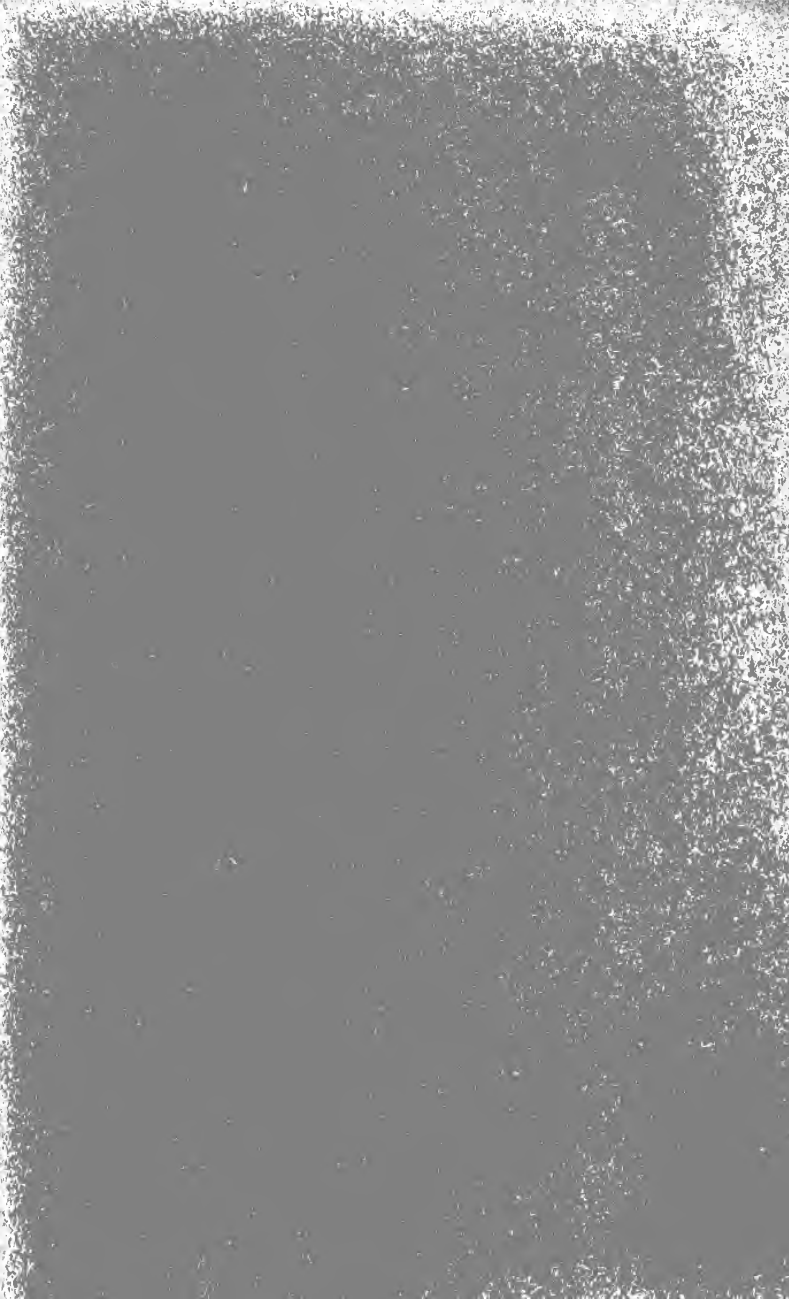


over their beds of mossy stones as if to bid each other a long farewell, could hardly fail to attune our minds to the sublimity of the scene. But, between these kindred fountains, the common progeny of the snow-wreaths, there was this remarkable difference of temperature, that the source of the Columbia showed forty degrees, while that of the Saskatchewan raised the mercury to fifty-three and a half degrees, the thermometer meanwhile standing as high as seventy-one in the shade. From the vicinity of perpetual snow, we estimated the elevation of the height of land to be seven or eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, while the surrounding peaks appeared to rise nearly half of that altitude above our heads. Still this pass was inferior in grandeur to that of the Athabasca Portage. There, the road, little better than a succession of glaciers, runs through a region of perpetual snow, where nothing can be called a tree presents itself to relieve and cheer the eye. There, too, the relative position of the opposite waters is such as to have hardly a parallel on the earth's surface; for a small lake, appropriately enough known, as the Committee's Punch Bowl, sends its tribute from one end to the Columbia, and from the other to the M'Kenzie. In addition to the physical magnificence of the scene, I here met an unexpected reminiscence of my own native hills in the shape of a plant, which appeared to me to be the very heather of the Highlands of Scotland; and I might well regard the reminiscence as unexpected, inasmuch as in all my wanderings of twenty years, I had never found any thing of the kind in North America. As I took a considerable degree of interest in

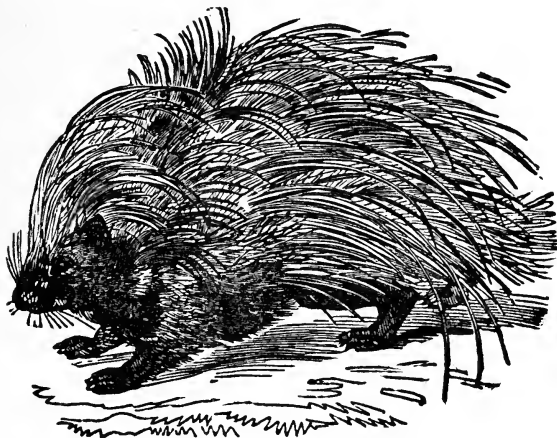
the question of the supposed identity, I carried away two specimens, which, however, proved, on a minute comparison, to differ from the genuine staple of the brown heaths of the "land o' cakes." We made also another discovery, about which there could be no mistake, in a troublesome and venomous species of winged insect, which, in size and appearance, might have been taken for a cross between the bull dog and house fly. On resuming our march, we had not descended half a mile, before we felt a difference in the climate, a change noticed by all travellers in these regions; and the trees were also of fine growth. Whatever may be the reason of the sudden alteration, the same clouds have been known to clothe the eastern side with hail and snow, and to refresh the western with gentle rain. With reference, however, to this state of the atmosphere, the temperature of the water is somewhat anomalous; for, after a lapse of two or three days, the stream, which we followed, was subsequently found to be still half a degree cooler than the source of the Bow River on the height of land. In the progress of our descent, we took some interest in tracing, as it were, Nature's manufacture of a river, as every rill that trickled down the rocks, with its thread of melted snow, contributed its mite to the main current of various names, the Kootonais, or the M'Gillivray, or the Flat-bow. Even at our first encampment, after only half a day's march, the flood had already gathered a breadth of fifty feet. Next morning, we forded the river twenty-three times, each attempt becoming, of course, more difficult than the preceding one; and we crossed it once more, immediately before breakfast, near



RED DEER, DOE, AND FAWN.



its confluence with another stream of about equal magnitude. During this single march, the fifty feet of yesterday evening had swollen into a hundred yards; and the channel was so deep, that the packs got soaked on the backs of the horses. Here we made a meal of our third porcupine, the only fresh meat that we could get; for though our track bore the recent marks of the bear, the buffalo, the antelope, the sheep, the moose, the red deer, and the wolf, yet the noise of our cavalcade seemed to scare all these animals into the woods.



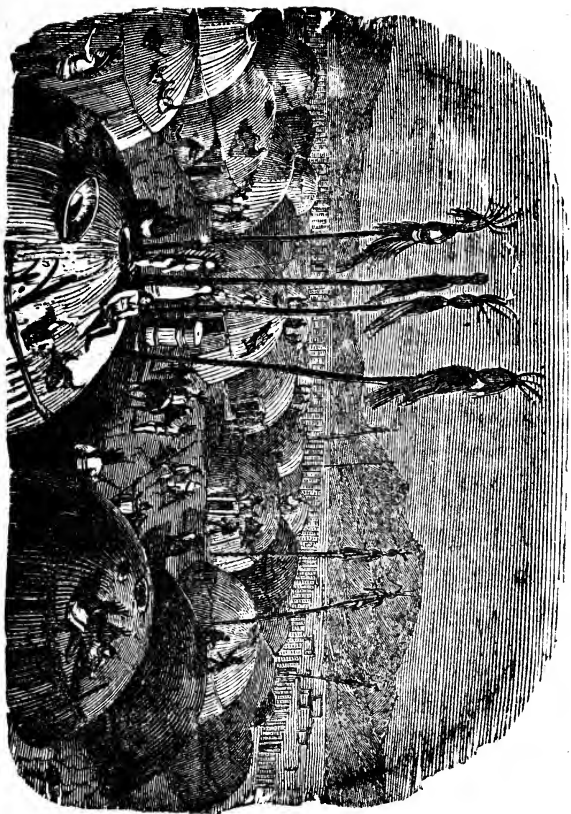
A PORCUPINE.

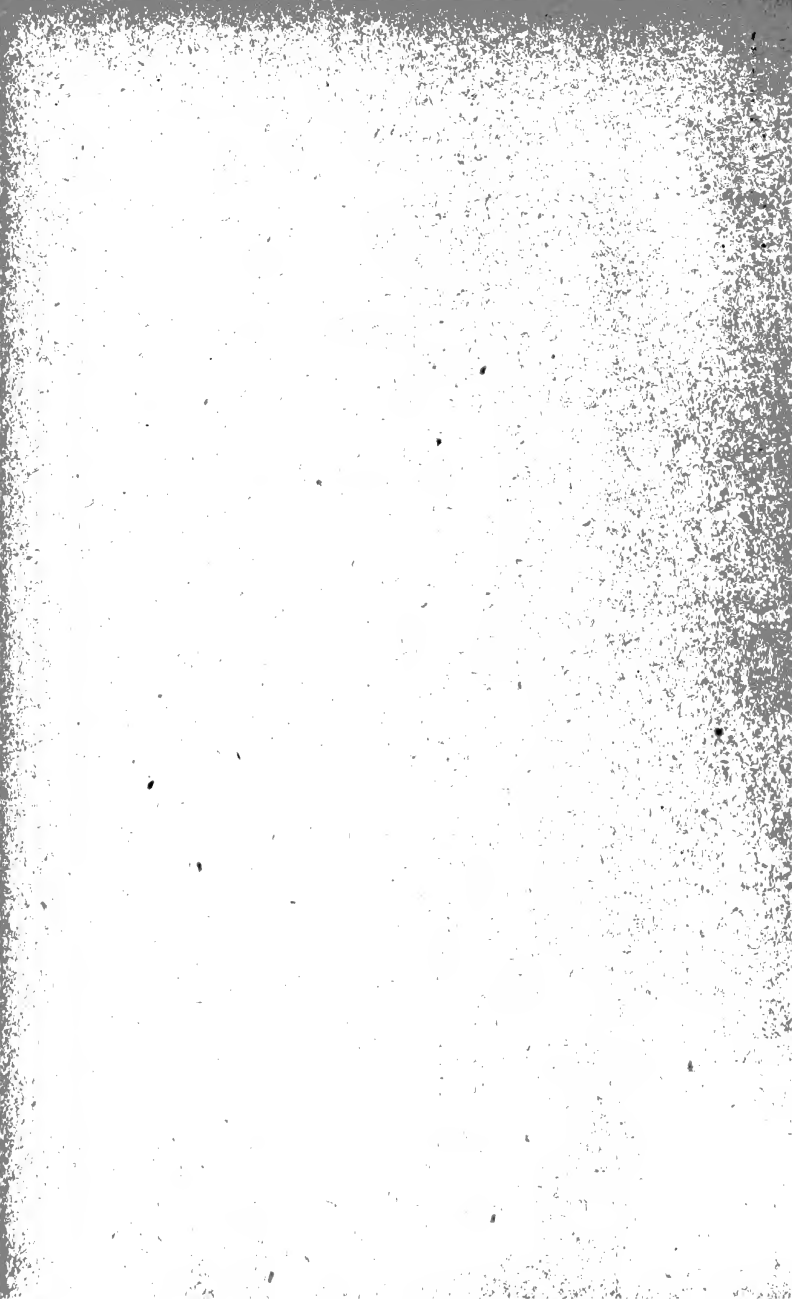


Anecdotes of the Indians.

NEXT day, continues Sir George Simpson, while we were waiting the arrival of such of our people as were coming by land from Kullspelm Lake, we employed our leisure in paying a visit to the native camp, crossing, for this purpose, a small stream in canoes closely resembling those we had seen on the Kootonais River. On our arrival, all the inmates of about twenty-five lodges—at least, all such as could move—rushed to shake hands with us. The tents were of every conceivable shape, some oblong, others round, and so on, while the clumsy framework was covered with mats, or bark, or boughs, or skins,

AN INDIAN VILLAGE.





or any thing else that had come in the way. The interior to say nothing of the swarms of vermin, contained a heterogeneous collection of mats, skins, guns, pots, pans, baskets, kmmas, berries, children, dogs, ashes, filth, and rubbish; and round the sides were arranged the beds of mats, generally raised a little from the ground. Though the men were doing little or nothing, yet the women were all busily employed in preparing kmmas and berries, including hips and haws, into cakes against the winter.

The kmmas, which deserves a more particular description, is very like the onion, except that it has little or no taste. It grows on swampy ground; and when the plant, which bears a blue flower, has produced its seed, the root is dug up by the women by means of a stick about two feet long with a handle across the head of it, and thrown into baskets slung on their backs. As the article is very abundant, each of the poor creatures generally collects about a peck a day. When taken home, the kmmas is placed over a gentle fire in the open air, fermenting, after about two days and nights, into a black substance, which has something of the flavor of liquorice. After being pounded in a trough, this stuff is formed into cakes, which, when thoroughly baked, are stowed away in baskets for the winter. After all this preparation the kmmas is but a poor and nauseous food. These people, however, were likely soon to have something better as a result of their contact with civilization. In one of their lodges we were surprised to find several baskets of potatoes; and, in answer to our inquiries on the subject, we were shown two patches of ground where they had been produced, the seed

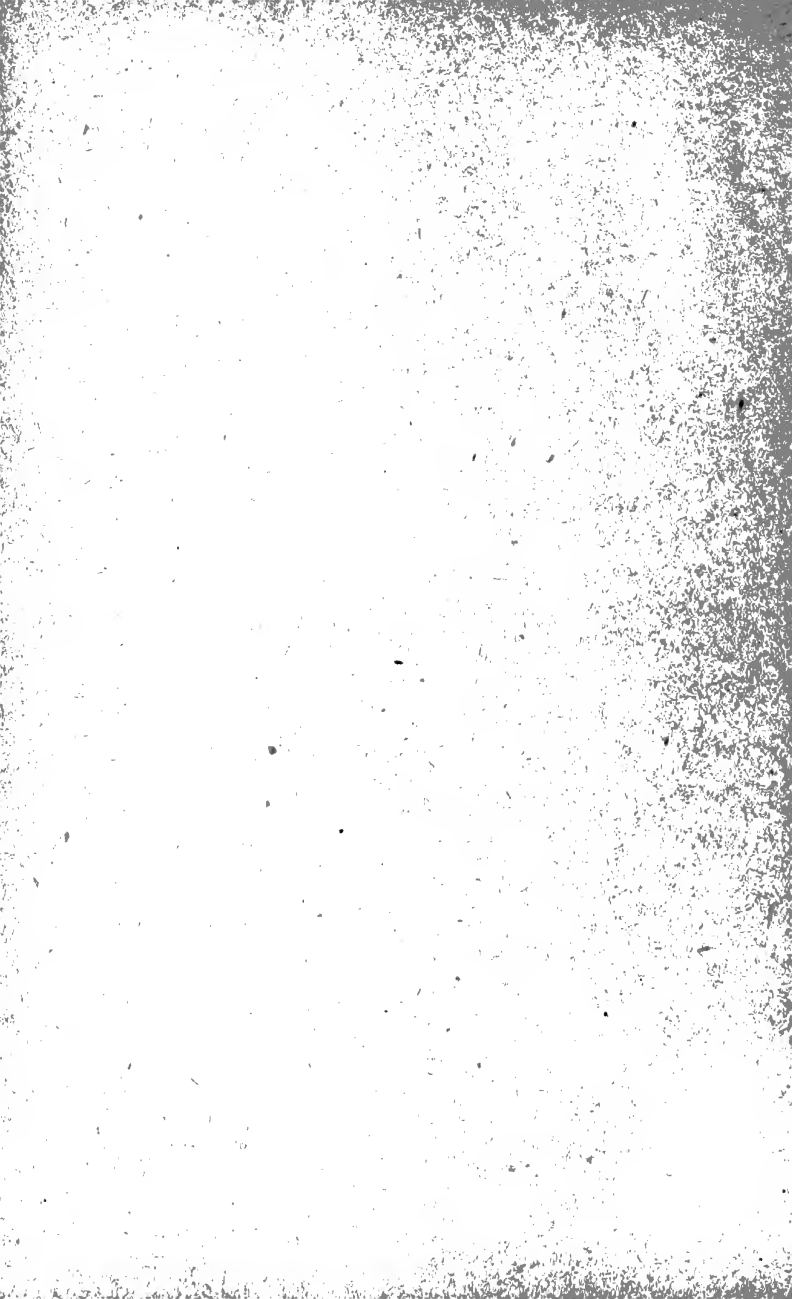
together with the implements having been supplied at Fort Colville.

Some three or four years ago, a party of Sauteaux, being much pressed by hunger, were anxious to cross from the mainland to one of their fishing stations, an island about twenty miles distant; but it was nearly as dangerous to go as to remain, for the spring had just reached that critical point when there was neither open water nor trustworthy ice. A council being held to weigh the respective chances of drowning and starving, all the speakers opposed the contemplated move, till an old man of considerable influence thus spoke: "You know, my friends, that the Great Spirit gave one of our squaws a child yesterday. Now, he cannot have sent it into the world to take it away again directly; and I would therefore recommend our carrying the child with us, and keeping close to it, as the assurance of our own safety." In full reliance on this reasoning, nearly the whole band immediately committed themselves to the treacherous ice; and they all perished miserably, to the number of eight-and-twenty.

The Pend' d'Oreilles are generally called the Flat-heads, the two clans, in fact, being united. They do not muster in all more than a hundred and fifty families. Like their neighbors, the Kootonais, they are noted for the bravery with which they defend themselves, and also for their attachment to the whites. Still the two races are entirely distinct, their language being fundamentally different. The variety of tongues on the west side of the mountains is almost infinite, so that scarcely any two



COUNCIL OF INDIANS.



tribes understand each other perfectly. They have all, however, the common character of being very guttural; and, in fact, the sentences often appear to be mere jumbles of grunts and croaks, such as no alphabet could express in writing.

Many, many summers ago, a large party of Assiniboines, pouncing on a small band of Crees, in the neighborhood of this knoll, nearly destroyed them. Among the victors was the former wife of one of the vanquished, who, in a previous foray, had been carried off by her present husband from her ancient lord and master. Whether it was that her new friend was younger than her old one, or that she was conscious of having been a willing accomplice in the elopement, the lady, rushing into the thickest of the fight, directed every effort against the life of her first lover. In spite, however, of the faithless amazon's special attention, the Wolverine, for such was his name, effected his escape from the field of carnage, while the conquerors were gloating over the scalps of his brethren in arms. Creeping stealthily along for the whole day, under cover of the woods, he concealed himself at night-fall, in a hole on the top of the rising ground in question. But, though he had thus eluded the vigilance of his national enemies, there was one who, under the influence of personal hatred, had never lost sight or scent of his trail; and no sooner had he sunk, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, into a sound sleep, than the unswerving and untiring bloodhound sent an arrow into his brain, with a triumphant yell. Before the morning dawned, the virago proudly presented to her Assiniboine husband the bleed-



A BLACKFOOT WARRIOR.

ing scalp of his unfortunate rival; and the scene of her desperate exploit was thenceforward known as the Butte a Carcajar, or the Wolverine Knoll. In proof of the truth of the story, the Indians assert that the ghost of the murderess and her victim are often to be seen, from a considerable distance, struggling together on the very summit of the height.

About twenty years ago, a large encampment of Gros Ventres and Blackfeet had been formed in the neighborhood, for the purpose of hunting during the summer. Growing tired, however, of so peaceable and ignoble an

THE MASSACRE BY THE ASSINIBOINES



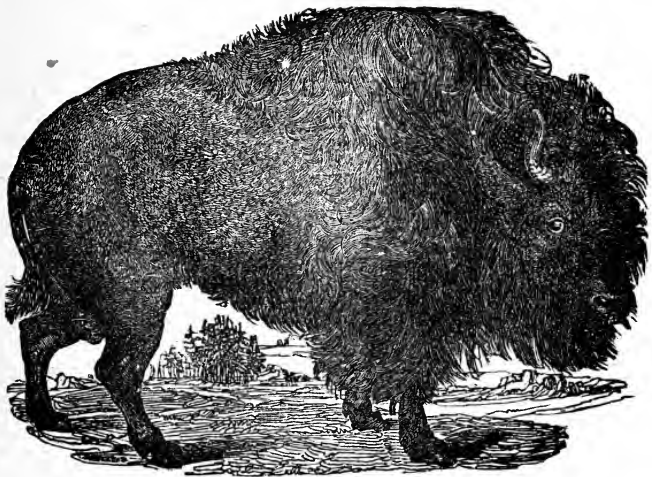


occupation, the younger warriors of the allied tribes determined to make an incursion into the territories of the Assiniboines. Having gone into all the requisite enchantments, they left behind them only the old men, with the women and children. After a successful campaign, they turned their steps homeward in triumph, loaded with scalps and other spoils; and on reaching the top of the ridge that overlooked the camp of the infirm and defenceless of their band, they notified their approach in the proudly-swelling tones of their song of victory. Every lodge, however, was as still and silent as the grave; and at length, singing more loudly, as they advanced, in order to conceal their emotions, they found the full tale of the mangled corpses of their parents and sisters, of their wives and children. In a word, the Assiniboines had been there to take their revenge. Such is the true picture of savage warfare, and perhaps too often of civilized warfare also—calamity to both sides, and advantage to neither. On beholding the dismal scene, the bereaved conquerors cast away their spoils, arms, and clothes; and then, putting on robes of leather, and smearing their heads with mud, they betook themselves to the hills for three days and nights, to howl, and mourn, and cut their flesh. This mode of expressing grief bears a very close resemblance to the corresponding custom among the Jews in almost every particular.

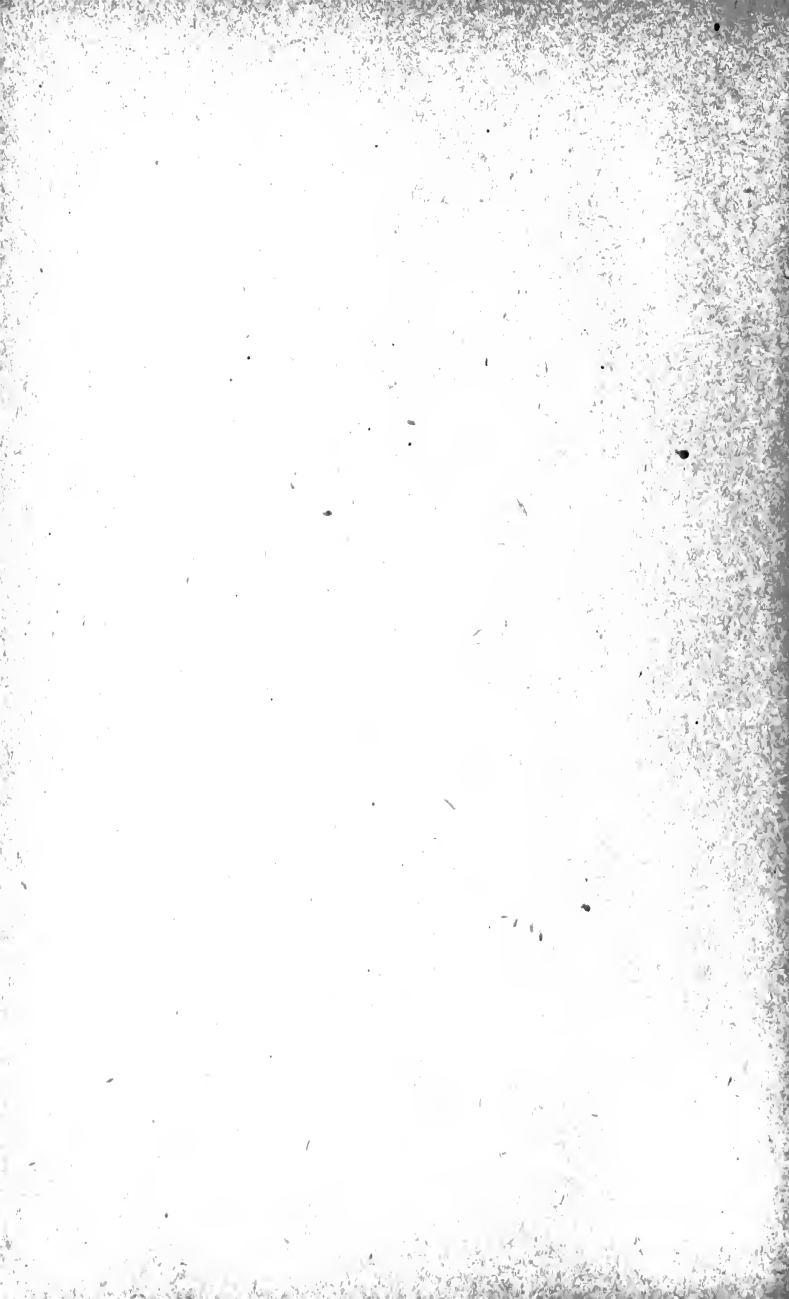
We met many natives who had never seen a European before. These unsophisticated savages had their curiosity more strongly excited by a negro of the name of Pierre Bungo. This man they inspected in every possible way,

twisting him about and pulling his hair, which was so different from their own flowing locks; and at length they came to the conclusion that Pierre Bungo was the oddest specimen of a white man they had ever seen. These negroes, of whom there were formerly several in the Company's service, were universal favorites with the fair sex of the red race.





THE BUFFALO OR BISON.

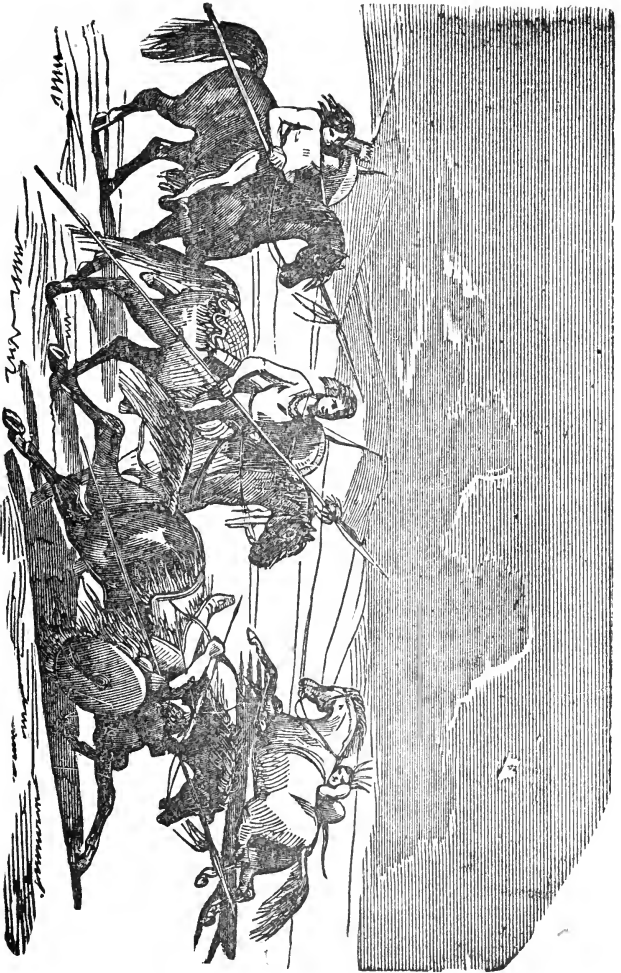




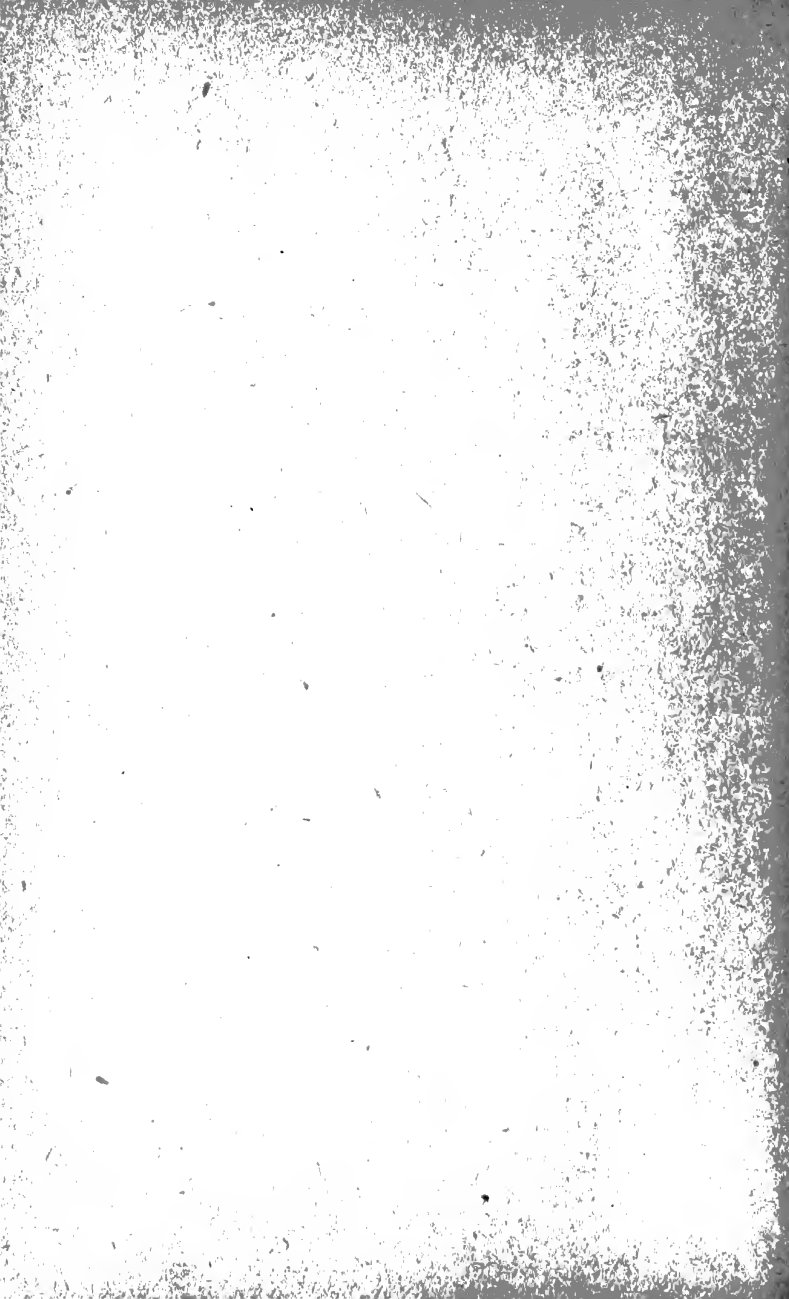
The Excitements of Buffalo Hunting.

To begin with the most important part of our proceedings, continues Sir George Simpson, the business of encamping for our brief night, we selected, about sunset, some dry and tolerable clear spot; and, immediately on landing, the sound of the axe would be ringing through the woods, as the men were felling whole trees for our fires, and preparing, if necessary, a space for our tents. In less than ten minutes our three lodges would be pitched, each with such a blaze in front as virtually imparted a new sense of enjoyment to all the young cam

paigners, while through the crackling flames were to be seen the requisite number of pots and kettles for our supper. Our beds were next laid, consisting of an oil-cloth spread on the bare earth, with three blankets and a pillow, and, when occasion demanded, with cloaks and great coats at discretion; and, whether the wind howled or the rain poured, our pavillion of canvass formed a safe barrier against the weather. While part of our crews, comprising all the landsmen, were doing duty as stokers, and cooks, and architects, and chambermaids, the more experienced voyagers, after unloading the canoes, had drawn them on the beach with their bottoms upwards, to inspect, and, if needful, to renovate the stitching and the gumming; and, as the little vessels were made to incline on one side to windward, each with a roaring fire to leeward, the crews, every man in his own single blanket, managed to set wind and rain and cold at defiance, almost as effectually as ourselves. Weather permitting, our slumbers would be broken about one in the morning by the cry of "Léve, léve, léve!" In five minutes, woe to the inmates that were slow in dressing; the tents were tumbling about our ears; and, within half an hour, the camp would be raised, the canoes laden, and the paddles keeping time to some merry old song. About eight o'clock, a convenient place would be selected for breakfast, about three quarters of an hour being allotted for the multifarious operations of unpacking and repacking the equipage, laying and removing the cloth, boiling and frying, eating and drinking; and, while the preliminaries were arranging, the hardier among us would wash and shave, each



INDIAN HORSEMANSHIP.

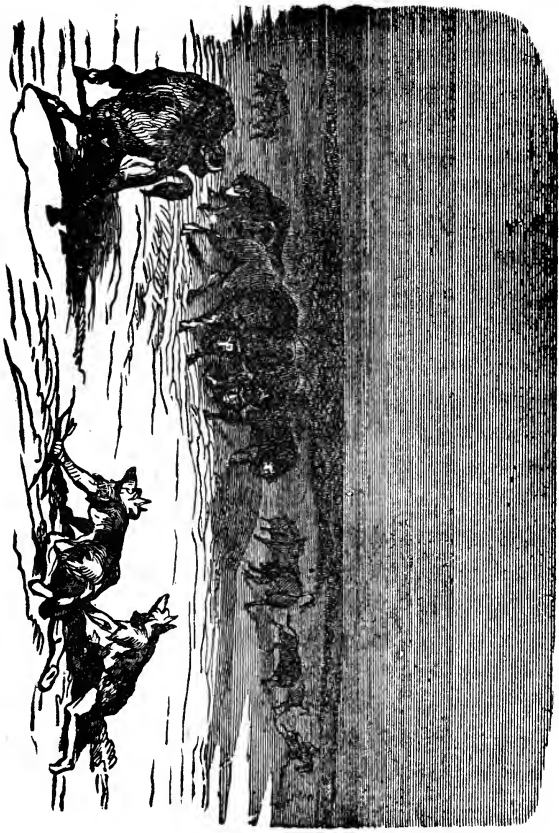


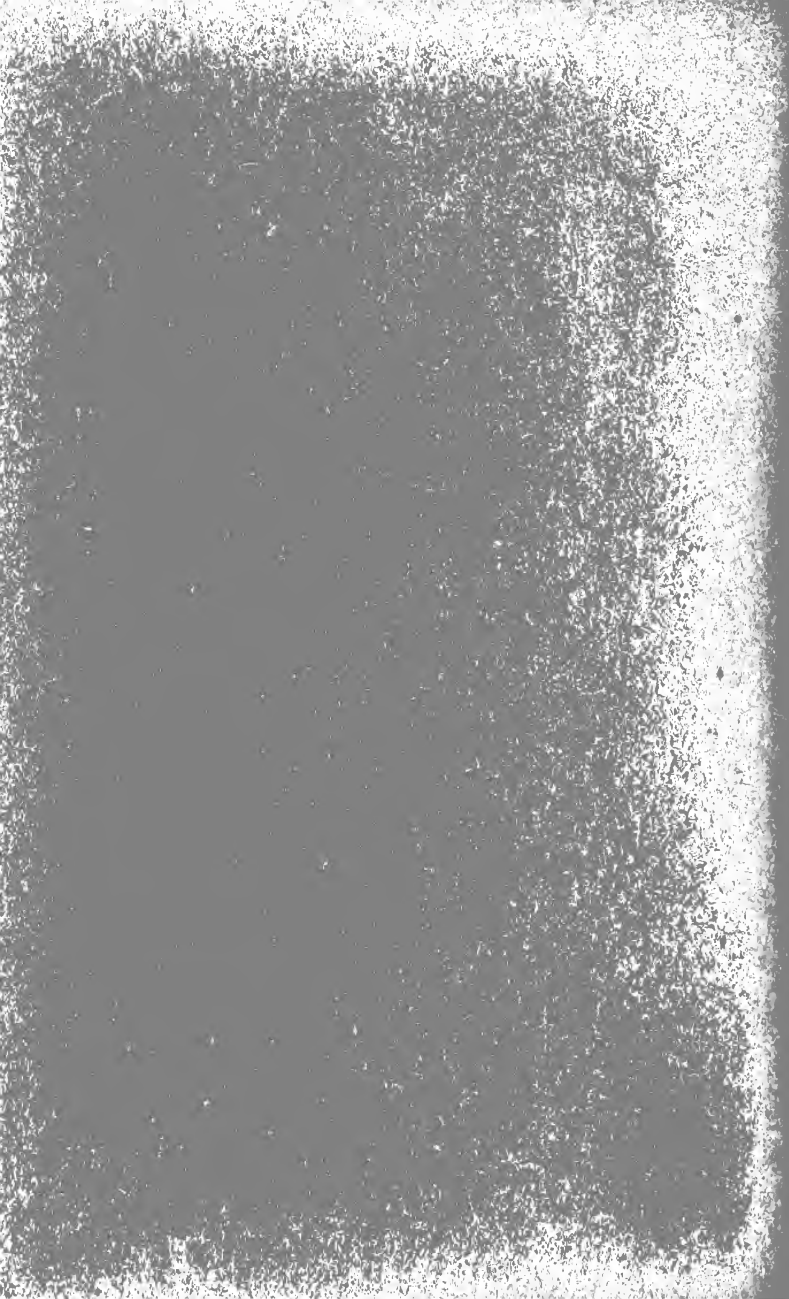
person carrying soap and towel in his pocket, and finding a mirror in the same sandy or rocky basin that held the water. About two in the afternoon we usually put ashore for dinner; and, as this meal needed no fire, or at least got none, it was not allowed to occupy more than twenty minutes or half an hour. Such was the routine of our journey, the day, generally speaking, being divided into six hours rest and eighteen of labor. This almost incredible toil the voyageurs bore without a murmur, and generally with such an hilarity of spirit as few other men could sustain for a single forenoon.

The buffalo is larger than the domestic cattle, excepting that its legs are shorter. Its large head, about a third part of its entire length, gives it a very uncouth appearance, while its shaggy beard and mane resembles the lion's, though on a larger scale; and, when running fast, it tosses its rugged frontispiece at every step. But, notwithstanding its terrific looks, it is really a timid creature, excepting that, when urged by despair, to do justice to its physical powers, it becomes a fearful antagonist. Several parties, of about six or eight men each, having been formed for the occasion, each division approached its own chosen quarry cautiously, till within a few hundred feet of the devoted band, when it rushed at full gallop on its prey. Taking the alarm, the animals immediately started off at a canter in single file, an old bull usually taking the lead. When alongside, as they soon were, the hunters fired, loading and discharging again and again, always with fatal effect, without slackening their pace. The dexterity with which the experienced sportsman can

manage his gun is quite wonderful. While his steed is constantly galloping, he primes his lock, pours out the proper quantity of powder, first into his left hand and then into the muzzle, drops a ball upon the charge without wadding, having merely wetted it in his mouth, and then knocks down the fattest cow within his reach,—all within less than half a minute. The morning's chase resulted in about fifty killed; but so abundant were provisions at this moment, that, after taking the tongues, we left the carcasses to the mercy of the wolves. The affair, however, is very different when the professional hunters go in hundreds to the plains to make as much as they can of the buffalo. When they meet the herd, which often makes the whole scene almost black with its numbers, they rush forward, pell-mell, firing and loading as already mentioned; and, while the bullets fly, amidst clouds of smoke and dust, the infuriated and bewildered brutes run in every direction with their tormentors still by their sides. By reason of the closeness of the conflict, serious accidents from shots are comparatively rare; and nearly all the casualties are the result of falls, which few riders have leisure either to prevent or soften. When the buffaloes are dispersed, or the horses exhausted, or the hunters satisfied, then every man proceeds to recognize his own carcasses, having marked one with his cap, another with his coat, a third with his belt, a fourth with his fire-bag, and so forth; and then comes into play the science and art of curing what had been killed. [One mode of hunting the bison, not noticed by Sir George Simpson, is for the Indians to disguise themselves in the skins of the

HUNTING BUFFALOES BY STRATAGEM





white wolf, and approaching them within arrow-shot to pick off one at a time.] Sometimes dried meat is preferred, the bones being taken out and the flesh hung up in the sun; but, if pemmican be the order of the day, the lean, after being dried, is pounded into dust, which being put into a bag made of the hide, is enriched with nearly an equal weight of melted fat. The buffaloes are incredibly numerous. In the year 1829, for instance, I saw as many as ten thousand putrid carcasses lying mixed in a single ford of the Saskatchewan, and contaminating the air for many miles round. They make yearly migrations from one part of the country to another, reversing, in this respect, the ordinary course of birds of passage. During the winter, they go north in order to obtain the shelter of the woods against the severity of the weather; while, on the approach of summer, they proceed to the open plains of the south, with the view of eluding the attacks of the musquitoes. At this time of the year they had deserted the country through which we had been travelling of late; and the wolves, thus deprived of their staple food, were so wretchedly thin, that we could have easily counted their ribs with the eye alone.

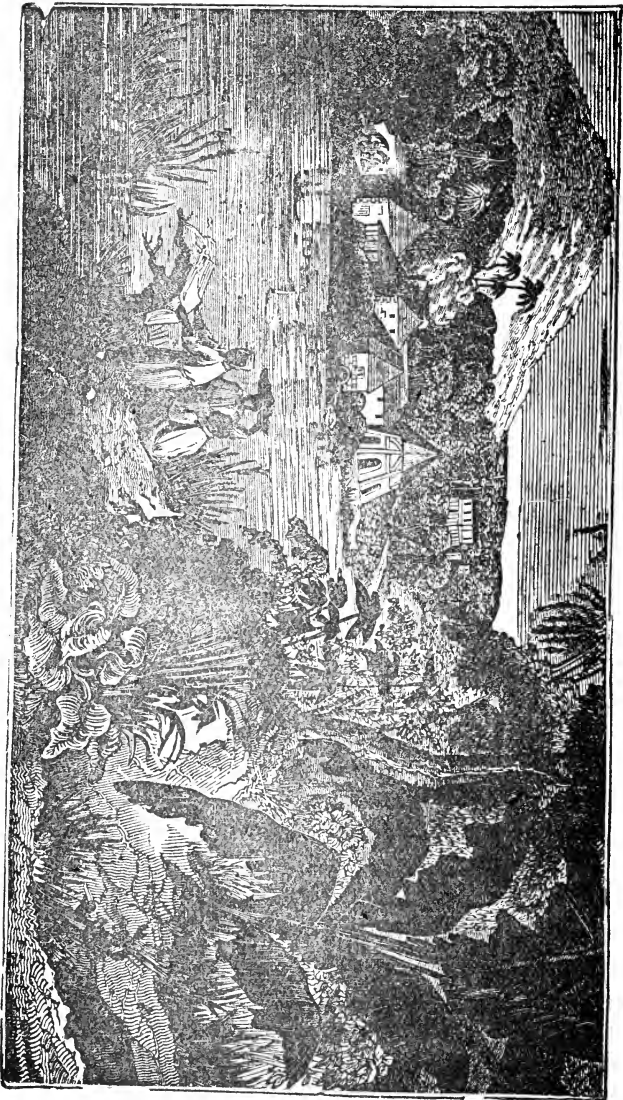


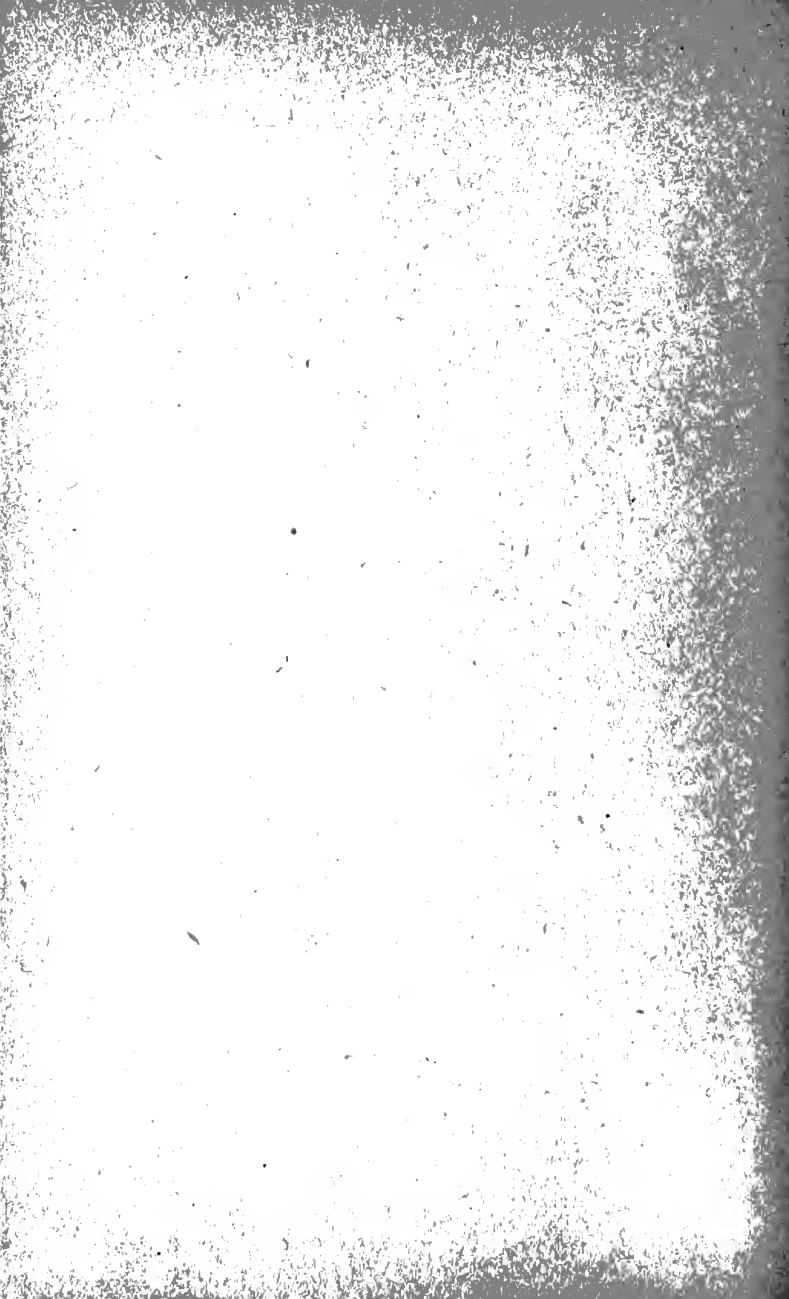


Mr. Lewis in Jamaica.

MR. M. G. LEWIS, an English poet and novelist of considerable note, owned a plantation and some slaves in Jamaica. In 1833, he published a "Journal of a West Indian Proprietor," giving some highly interesting views of the island and its inhabitants. We copy some of the

A PLANTATION IN JAMAICA.





MR. LEWIS IN JAMAICA.

passages in this work for the entertainment of our readers. Speaking of the negroes, he says :

It was particularly agreeable to me to observe, as a proof of the good treatment which they had experienced, so many old servants of the family, many of whom had been born on the estate, and who, though turned of sixty and seventy, were still strong, healthy, and cheerful. Many manumitted negroes, also, came from other parts of the country on hearing of my arrival, because, as they said,—“if they did not come to see massa, they were afraid that it would look ungrateful, and as if they cared no longer about him and Cornwall, [Cornwall is the name of Mr. Lewis’s plantation,] now that they were free.” So they stayed two or three days on the estate, coming up to the house for their dinners, and going to sleep at night among their friends in their own former habitations, the negro huts; and when they went away, they assured me that nothing should prevent their coming back to bid me farewell, before I left the island. All this may be palaver; but certainly they at least play their parts with such an air of truth, and warmth, and enthusiasm, that, after the cold hearts and repulsive manners of England the contrast is infinitely agreeable.

I find it quite impossible to resist the fascination of the conscious pleasure of pleasing: and my own heart, which I have so long been obliged to keep closed, seems to expand itself again in the sunshine of the kind looks and words which meet me at every turn, and seem to wait for mine as anxiously as if they were so many diamonds.

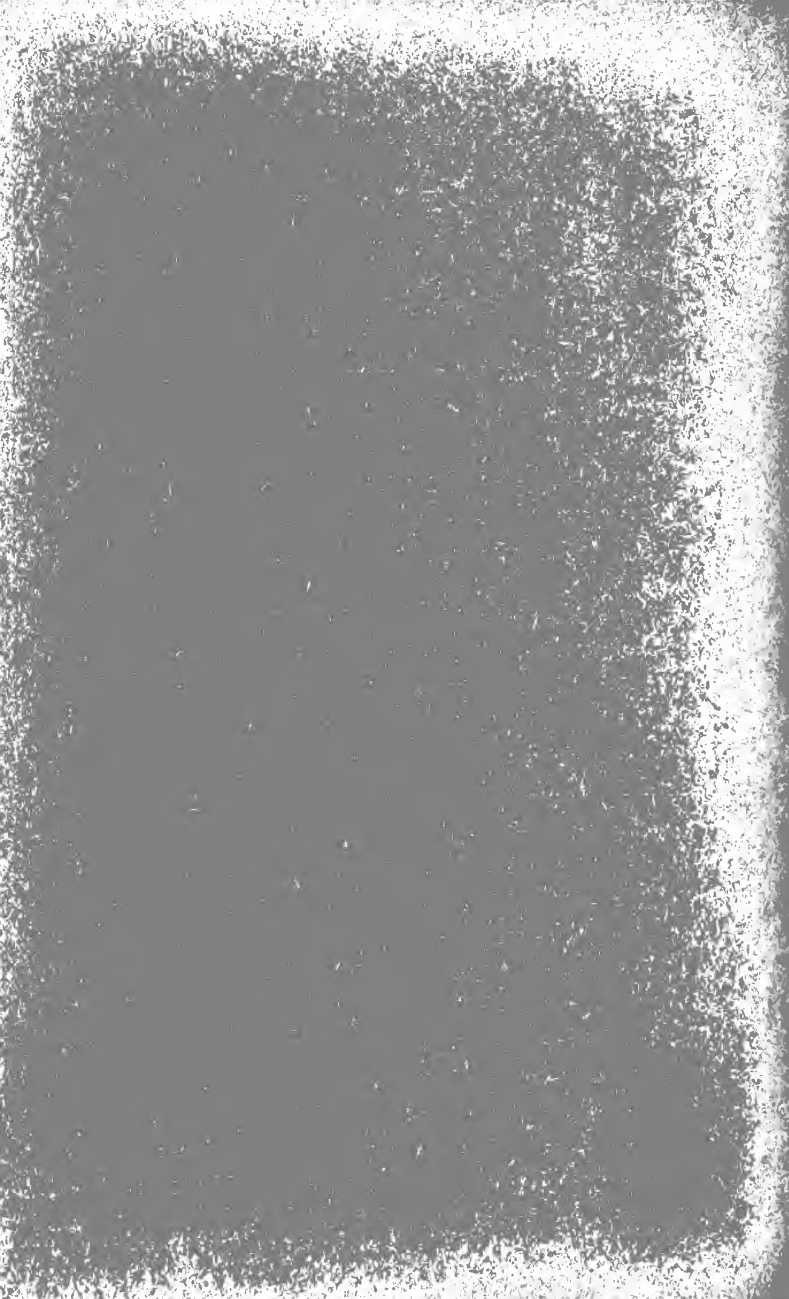
It is now one in the morning, and I hear them still shouting and singing.

This noisy festival gave Mr. Lewis a violent head-ache, and it was late in the next day (Saturday) before he could muster nerve for a little excursion in his curricule. In the course of his evening drive, among other things that he details, he met the negroes returning from the mountains with baskets of provisions sufficient to last them for the week.—By law (he adds) they are only allowed every other Saturday for the purpose of cultivating their own grounds, which indeed is sufficient; but by giving them every alternate Saturday into the bargain, it enables them to perform their task with so much ease as almost convert it into an amusement; and the frequent visiting their grounds makes them grow habitually as much attached to them as they are to their houses and gardens. It is also advisable for them to bring home only a week's provisions at a time, rather than a fortnight's; for they are so thoughtless and improvident, that when they find themselves in possession of a larger supply than is requisite for their immediate occasions, they will sell half to the wandering higglers, or at Savanna la Mar, in exchange for spirits; and then, at the end of the week, they find themselves entirely unprovided with food, and come to beg a *supply from the master's storehouse.*

I never witnessed on the stage a scene so picturesque as a negro village. I walked through my own to-day, and visited the houses of the drivers, and other principal persons; and if I were to decide according to my own taste, I should infinitely have preferred their habitations



NEGROES DANCING.



to my own. Each house is surrounded by a separate garden, and the whole village is intersected by lanes, bordered with all kinds of sweet-smelling and flowering-plants; but not such gardens as those belonging to our English cottages, where a few cabbages and carrots just peep up and grovel upon the earth between hedges, in square narrow beds, and where the tallest tree is a goose-berry bush: the vegetables of the negroes are all cultivated in their provision-grounds; those form their *kitchen*-gardens, and *these* are all for ornament or luxury, and are filled with a profusion of oranges, shaddocks, cocoa-nuts, and peppers of all descriptions.

Another entry says—

Besides the profits arising from their superabundance of provisions, which the better sort of negroes are enabled to sell regularly once a week at Savannah la Mar to a considerable amount; they keep a large stock of poultry, and pigs without number; which latter cost their owners but little, though they cost me a great deal; for they generally make their way into the cane-pieces, and sometimes eat up an hogshead of sugar in the course of the morning.

And again he tells us—

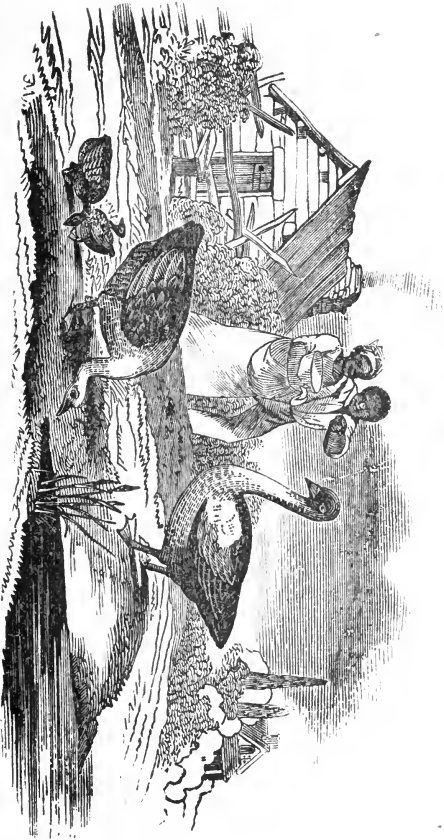
The negro-houses are composed of wattles on the outside, with rafters of sweet-wood, and are well plastered within and white-washed; they consist of two chambers, one for cooking and the other for sleeping, and are, in general, well furnished with chairs, tables, &c., and I saw none without a four-post bedstead, and plenty of bed-clothes; for, in spite of the warmth of the climate, when

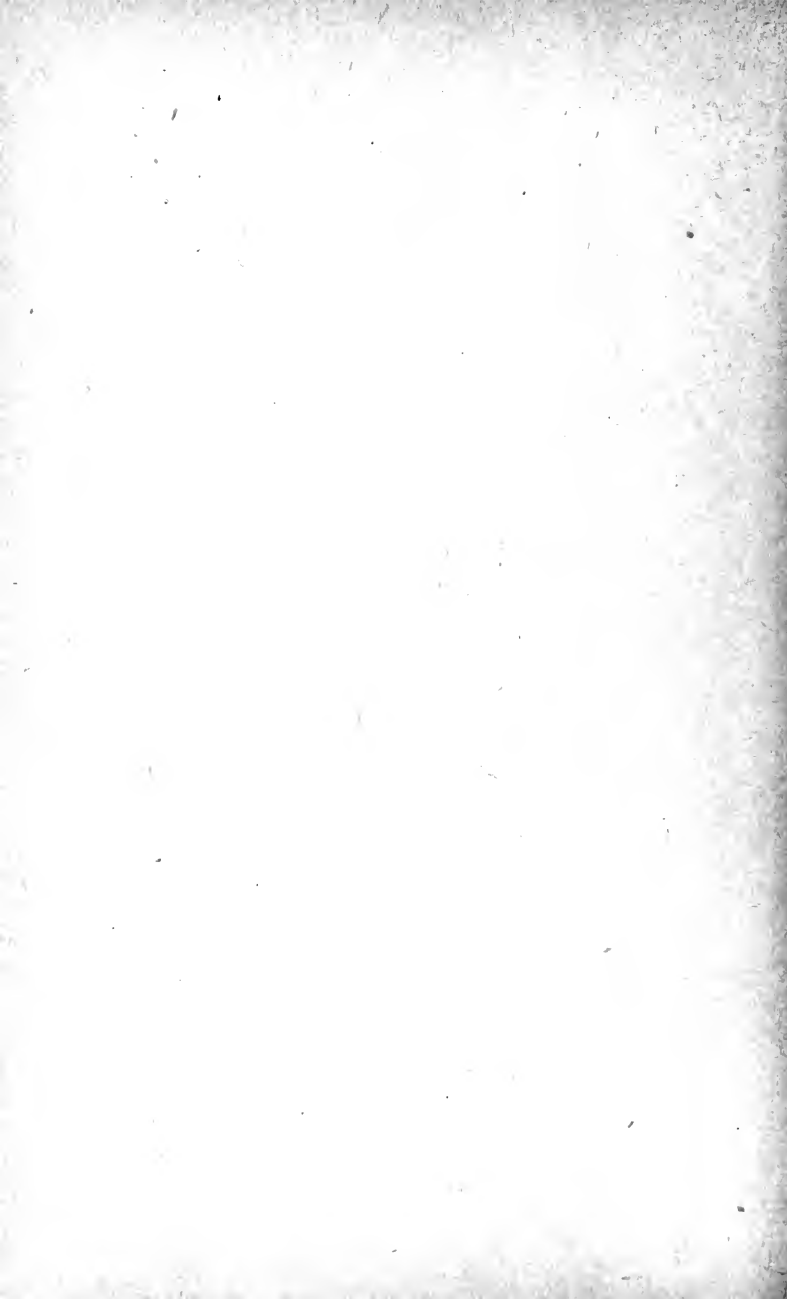
the sun is not above the horizon the negro always feels very chilly. I am assured that many of my slaves are very rich (and their property is inviolable,) and that they are never without salt provisions, porter, and even wine, to entertain their friends and their visitors from the bay or the mountains. As I passed through their grounds, many little requests were preferred to me; one wanted an additional supply of lime for the whitewashing his house; another was building a new house for a superannuated wife (for they all have so much decency as to call their sexual attachments by a conjugal name,) and wanted a little assistance towards the finishing it; a third requested a new axe to work with; and several entreated me to negotiate the purchase of some relation or friend belonging to another estate, and with whom they were anxious to be re-united; but all their requests were for additional indulgences; not one complained of ill-treatment, hunger, or over-work.

These statements are very fully confirmed, fifteen years afterwards, by the testimony of Mr. Carmichael, whose husband was a planter of St. Vincent's, but evidently in a much poorer way as to pecuniary means than Mr. Lewis. She says:

Every field negro has two pounds of excellent salt fish served out weekly, and head people have four pounds. A pound and a half is allowed for every child, from the day of its birth until twelve years of age, when full allowance is given. This is the most favorite food of the negro, and they prefer it to salt beef or pork, a small piece of which they relish occasionally.

EXTERIOR OF A NEGRO HUT.





The fruit trees upon an estate are, by common consent, the perquisite of the negroes belonging to it. The West Indians island differ as to their productiveness in fruit, but, generally speaking, there is a great variety of fruits, according to their season; and upon every property the negroes make a considerable sum by the sale of the fruit.

There is not one slave upon an estate who cannot raise an abundance of fruit, roots, and vegetables—far more than he can use for his own consumption. The great majority have their grounds fully stocked; some, however, are lazy, and will not work their grounds to the extent they might do; while runaways do not work at all, either for their masters or themselves, and live by plundering the provision-grounds of industrious negroes. There is not an instance of a negro who works well for his owner, who has not his provision-grounds in the greatest order, and full of all sorts of supplies, both for himself and the market. Every individual has his own ground, and every mother has a fixed portion more for each child.

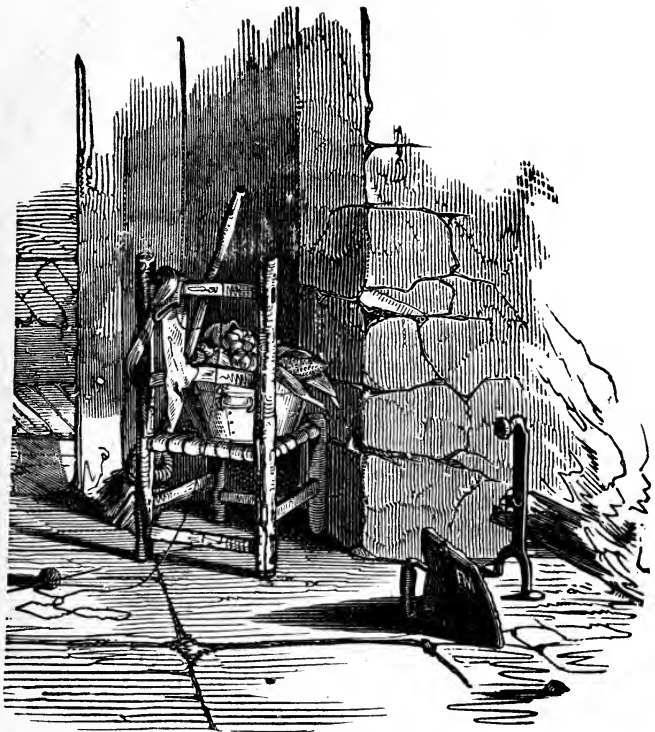
There are few estates which are not situated in the vicinity of some river. These streams abound in mullet, cray-fish—resembling the lobster—eels and mud fish. The negroes are not prevented from having the full benefit of fishing; and I have many a time paid a slave eighteen pence for fresh-water fish, which he had caught and brought to town during the two hours allotted for his dinner. I once asked a negro who brought me some mullet in this way, how he managed to have any thing to eat and catch fish also? He immediately informed me, “he wife cook a victual, no him;” at the same time ap-

pearing astonished at my supposing that he could be so silly as not to have a wife to cook for him.

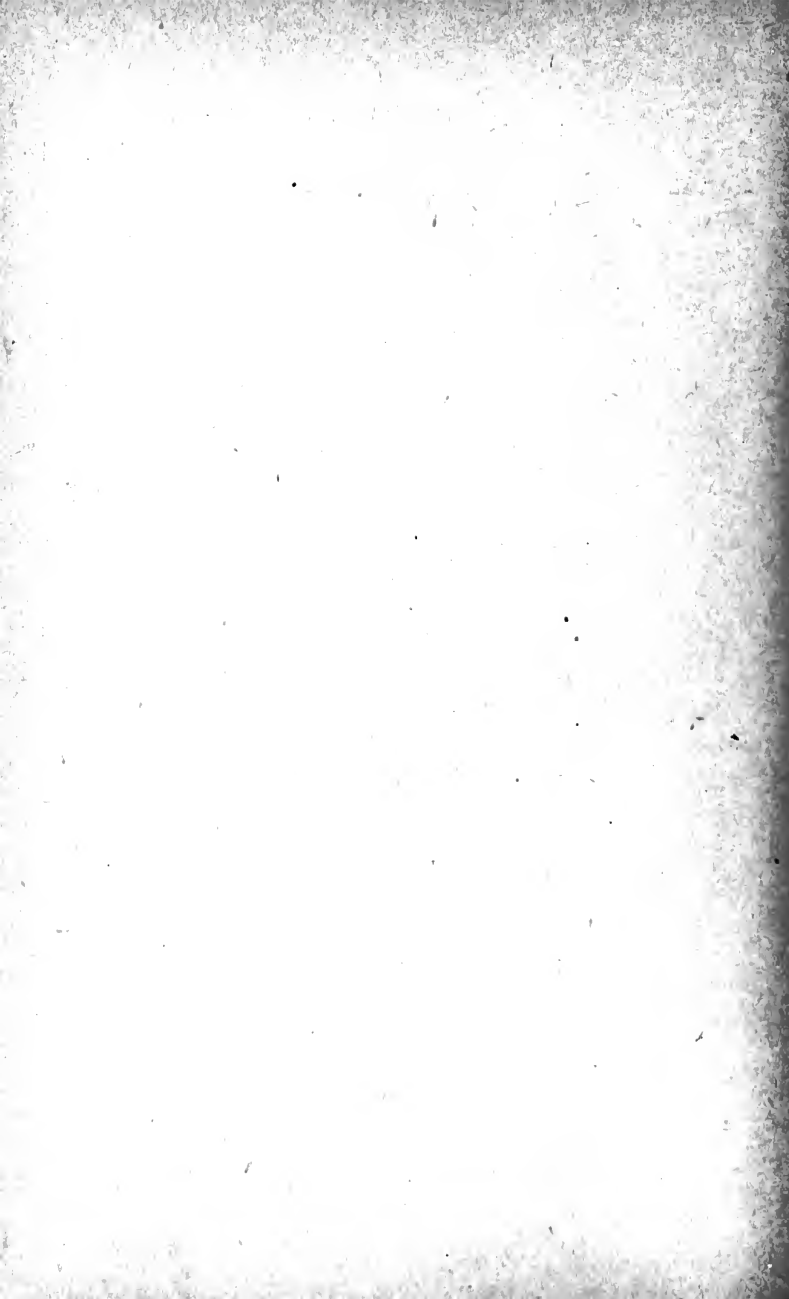
When I say that any industrious negro may save £30 sterling yearly with ease, I really mean *save*; for, besides this, he will purchase all those little articles he requires—candles, soap, now and then salt pork and beef, &c., besides plenty of fine dresses for himself, his wife or wives, and children; for good negroes have no small pride in dressing their family, as they call it, “handsome.”

The good-natured Lewis made it his business to converse freely with his negroes, and nothing can be more interesting than the accounts of their native African superstitions, which he jots down from their own lips—his stories of their *duppy*, or ghosts, in particular; but we shall stick to prosaic realities. Nay, of the numberless highly entertaining stories of actual life in Jamaica, introduced in the course of his volume, we shall content ourselves with one specimen—namely, the adventurous career of a certain (happily so called) Plato, a runaway negro, captain of a troop of banditti, established among the Moreland mountains, at no great distance from the plantation of Cornwall:

He robbed very often, and murdered occasionally; but gallantry was his every day occupation. Indeed, being a remarkably tall athletic young fellow, among the beauties of his own complexion he found but few Lucretias; and his retreat in the mountains was as well furnished as the harem of Constantinople. Every handsome negress who had the slightest cause of complaint against her master took the first opportunity of eloping to join *Plato*, where



INTERIOR OF A NEGRO HUT.



she found freedom, protection, and unbounded generosity; for he spared no pains to secure their affections by gratifying their vanity. Indeed, no Creole lady could venture out on a visit, without running the risk of having her bandbox run away with by Plato for the decoration of his sultanas; and if the maid who carried the bandbox happened to be well-looking, he ran away with the maid as well as the bandbox. Every endeavor to seize this desperado was long in vain: a large reward was put upon his head, but no negro dared to approach him; for besides his acknowledged courage, he was a professor of Obi, and had threatened that whoever dared to lay a finger upon him should suffer spiritual torments, as well as be physically shot through the head.

Unluckily for Plato, rum was an article with him of the first necessity; the look-out, which was kept for him, was too vigilant to admit of his purchasing spirituous liquors for himself; and once, when he had ventured for that purpose into the neighborhood of Montego Bay, he was recognized by a slave, who immediately gave the alarm. Unfortunately for this poor fellow, whose name was Taffy, at that moment all his companions happened to be out of hearing; and, after the first moment's alarm, finding that no one approached, the exasperated robber rushed upon him, and lifted the bill-hook with which he was armed, for the purpose of cleaving his skull. Taffy fled for it; but Plato was the younger, the stronger, and the swifter of the two, and gained upon him every moment. Taffy, however, on the other hand, possessed that one quality by which, according to the fable, the cat was enabled to save

herself from the hounds, when the fox, with his thousand tricks, was caught by them. He was an admirable climber, an art in which Plato possessed no skill; and a bread-nut tree, which is remarkably difficult of ascent, presenting itself before him, in a few moments Taffy was bawling for help from the very top of it. To reach him was impossible for his enemy; but still his destruction was hard at hand, for Plato began to hack the tree with his bill, and it was evident that a very short space of time would be sufficient to level it with the ground. In this dilemma, Taffy had nothing for it but to break off the branches near him; and he contrived to pelt these so dexterously at the head of his assailant, that he fairly kept him at bay till his cries at length reached the ears of his companions, and their approach compelled the banditti-captain once more to seek safety among the mountains.

After this Plato no longer dared to approach Montego town; but still spirits must be had:—how was he to obtain them? There was an old watchman on the outskirts of the estate of Canaan, with whom he had contracted an acquaintance, and frequently had passed the night in his hut; the old man having been equally induced by his presents and by dread of his corporeal strength and supposed supernatural power, to profess the warmest attachment to the interests of his terrible friend. To this man Plato at length resolved to intrust himself: he gave him money to purchase spirits, and appointed a particular day when he would come to receive them. The reward placed upon the robber's head was more than either gratitude or terror could counterbalance; and on the same day when the



PLATO, THE ROBBER.



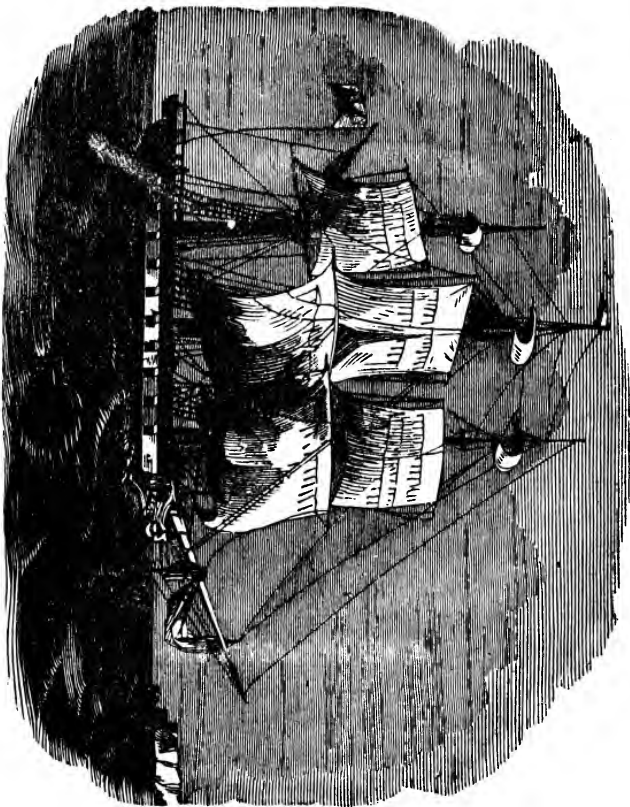
watchman set out to purchase the rum, he apprized two of his friends at Canaan for whose use it was intended, and advised them to take the opportunity of obtaining the reward.

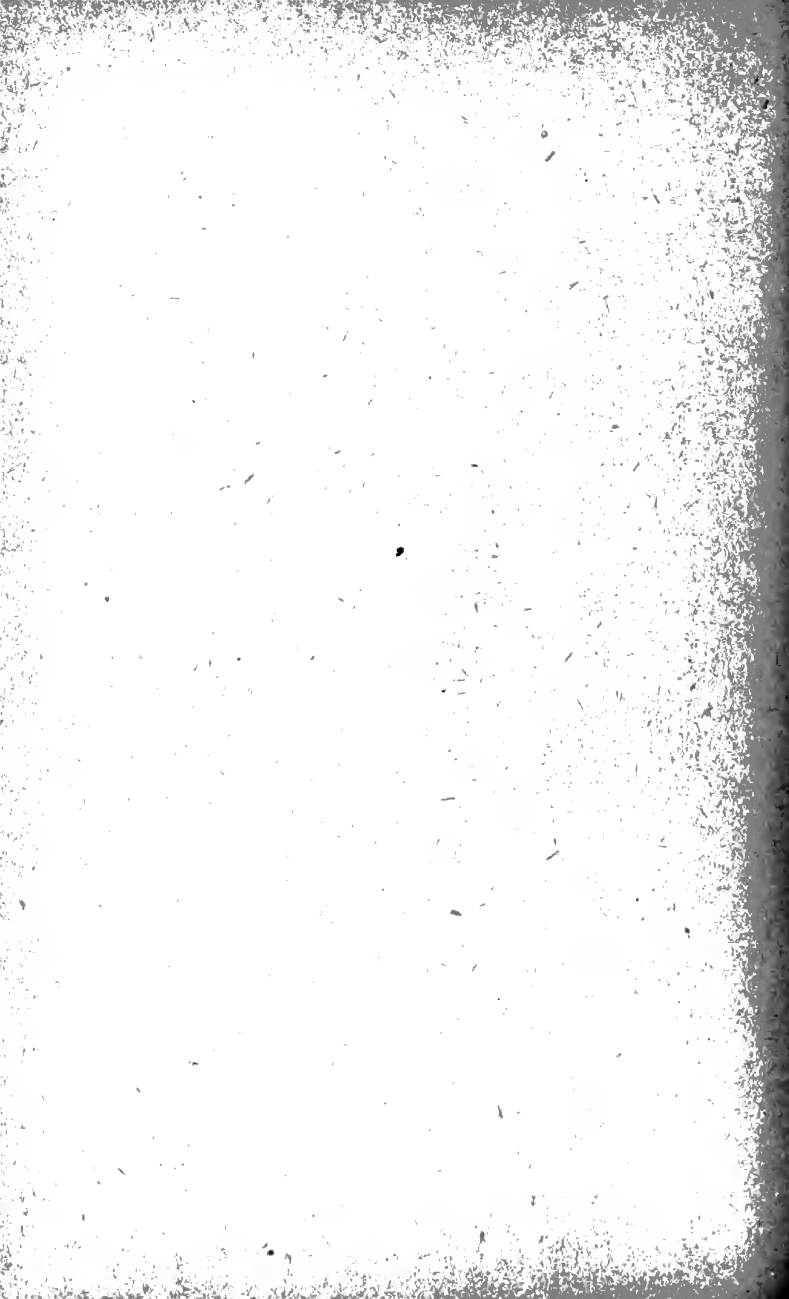
The two negroes posted themselves in proper time near the watchman's hut. Most unwisely, instead of sending down some of his gang, they saw Plato, in his full confidence in the friendship of his confidant, arrive himself and enter the cabin; but so great was their alarm at seeing this dreadful personage, that they remained in their concealment, nor dared to make an attempt at seizing him. The spirits were delivered to the robber; he might have retired with them unmolested; but, in his rashness and his eagerness to taste the liquor, of which he had so long been deprived, he opened the flagon, and swallowed draught after draught, till he sunk on the ground in a state of complete insensibility. The watchman then summoned the two negroes from their concealment, who bound his arms, and conveyed him to Montego Bay, where he was immediately sentenced to execution. He died most heroically; kept up the terrors of his imposture to his last moment; told the magistrates who condemned him that his death should be revenged by a storm, which would lay waste the whole island, that year; and, when his negro goaler was binding him to the stake at which he was destined to suffer, he assured him that he should not live long to triumph in his death, for that he had taken good care to Obeah him before his quitting the prison. It certainly did happen, strangely enough, that, before the year was over, the most violent storm took place in Jamaica; and

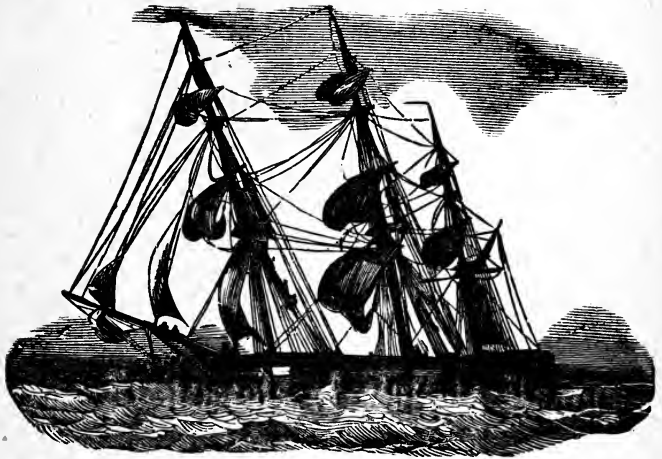
as to the gaoler, his imagination was so forcibly struck by the threats of the dying man, that, although every care was taken of him, the power of medicine exhausted, and even a voyage to America undertaken, in hopes that a change of scene might change the course of his ideas, still, from the moment of Plato's death, he gradually pined and withered away, and finally expired before the completion of the twelvemonth.



VOYAGE OF CAPTAIN HALL.







Incidents on a voyage of Captain Hall.

AMONG the "enjoyments ahead," fishing, after his own fashion, fills no inconsiderable space in the imagination of the traveller. Captain Basil Hall describes scenes of this sort with hardly less *gusto* than the chase of his little French privateer in the Irish Channel. He says,

Perhaps there is not any more characteristic evidence

of our being within the tropical regions—one, I mean, which strikes the imagination more forcibly—than the company of those picturesque little animals, the flying-fish. It is true, that a stray one or two may sometimes be seen far north, making a few short skips out of the water; and I even remember seeing several close to the edge of the banks of Newfoundland, in latitude forty-five degrees. These, however, had been swept out of their natural position by the huge gulf-stream, an ocean in itself, which retains much of its temperature far into the northern regions, and possibly helps to modify the climate over the Atlantic. But it is not until the voyager has fairly reached the heart of the torrid zone that he sees the flying-fish in perfection. No familiarity with the sight can ever render us indifferent to the graceful flight of these most interesting of the finny, or, rather, winged tribe. On the contrary, like a bright day, or a smiling countenance, or good company of any kind, the more we see of them, the more we learn to value their presence. I have, indeed, hardly ever observed a person so dull, or unimaginative, that his eye did not glisten as he watched a shoal, or, it may well be called, a covey of flying-fish rise from the sea, and skim along for several hundred yards. There is something in it so very peculiar, so totally dissimilar to every thing else in other parts of the world, that our wonder goes on increasing every time we see even a single one take its flight. The incredulity, indeed, of the old Scotch wife on this head is sufficiently excusable. “You may hae seen rivers o’ milk, and mountains o’ sugar,” said she to her son, returned from a

voyage; "but you'll ne'er gar me believe you hae seen a fish that could flee."

The pleasant trade which had wafted us, with different degrees of velocity, over a distance of more than a thousand miles, at last gradually failed. The first symptom of the approaching calm was the sails beginning to flap gently against the masts—so gently, indeed, that we half hoped it was caused, not so much by the diminished force of the breeze, with which we were very unwilling to part, as by that long and peculiar swell which,

"In the torrid clime
Dark heaving,"

has found the hand of a master-artist to embody it in a description more technically correct, and certainly far more graphic in all its parts, than if the picture had been filled up from the log-books of ten thousand voyagers. The same noble writer, by merely letting his imagination run wild a little, has also given a sketch of what might take place were one of these calms to be perpetual; and so true to nature is all his pencilling, that many a time, when day after day has passed without a breath of wind, and there came no prospect of any breeze, I have recollected the following strange lines, and almost fancied that such might be our own dismal fate:

"The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropped,

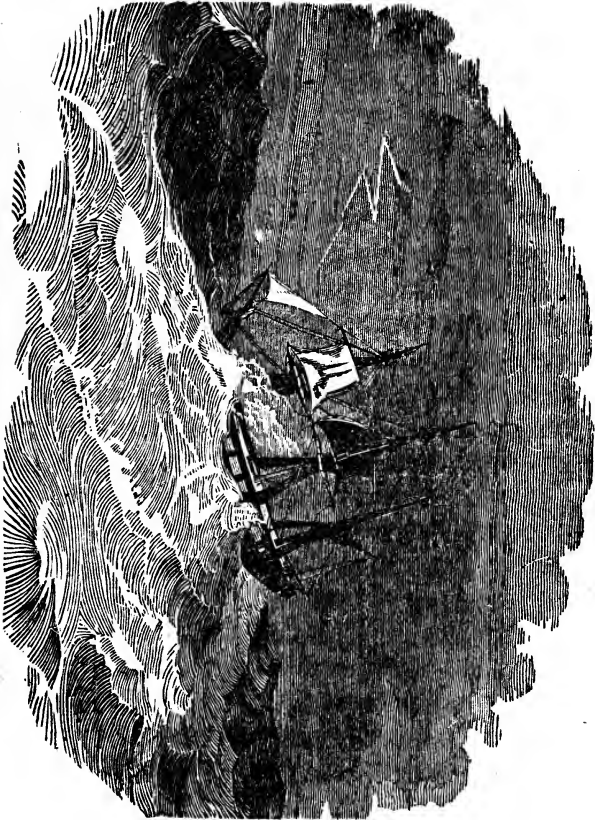
They slept on the abyss without a surge.
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave;
The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perished."

In vain we looked round and round the horizon for some traces of a return of our old friend the trade, but could distinguish nothing save one polished, dark-heaving sheet of glass, reflecting the unbroken disk of the sun, and the bright, clear sky. The useless helm was lashed amidships, the yards were lowered on the cap, and the boats were dropped into the water to fill up the cracks and rents caused by the fierce heat. A listless feeling stole over us, and we lay about the decks gasping for breath, in vain seeking for some alleviation to our thirst by drink, drink, drink! Alas, the transient indulgence only made the matter worse.

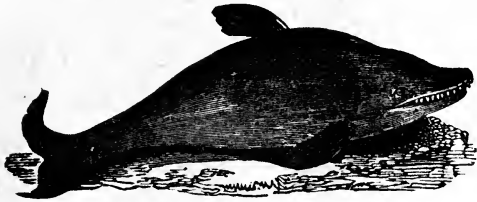
A heavy squall succeeded this calm, then a dead calm again, in which the difficulty of keeping company at sea, when the helm is useless, without sad accidents from the collision of ships, was strikingly exemplified. At length a light air pump sprung up in a distant quarter, and the story thus proceeds:

While we were stealing along under the genial influence of this new-found air, which as yet was confined to the upper sails, and every one was looking open-mouthed to the eastward to catch a gulp of cool air, about a dozen flying-fish rose out of the water, just under the fore-chains, and skimmed away to windward at the height of ten or twelve feet above the surface.

THE SHIP IN A SQUALL.

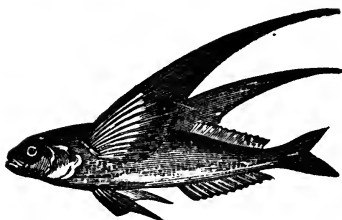






THE DOLPHIN.

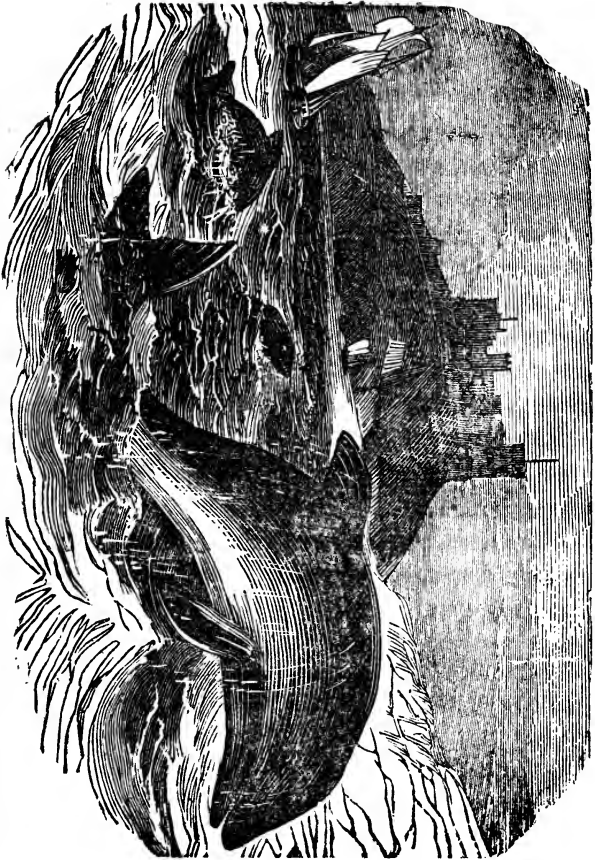
A large dolphin, which had been keeping company with us abreast of the weather gangway, at the depth of two or three fathoms, and, as usual, glistening most beautifully in the sun, no sooner detected our poor dear little friends take wing, than he turned his head towards them, and, darting to the surface, leaped from the water with a velocity little short, as it seemed, of a cannon ball. But although the impetus with which he shot himself into the air gave him an initial velocity greatly exceeding that of the flying-fish, the start which the fated prey had got enabled them to keep ahead of him for a considerable time. The length of the dolphin's first spring could not be less than ten yards; and after he fell we could see him gliding like lightning through the water for a moment, when he again rose and shot forwards with considerably greater velocity than at first, and, of course, to a still greater distance. In this manner the merciless pursuer seemed to stride along the sea with fearful rapidity, while his brilliant coat sparkled and flashed in the sun quite splendidly. As he fell headlong on the water at the end of each huge leap, a series of circles were sent far over the still surface, which lay as smooth as a mirror; for the breeze, although

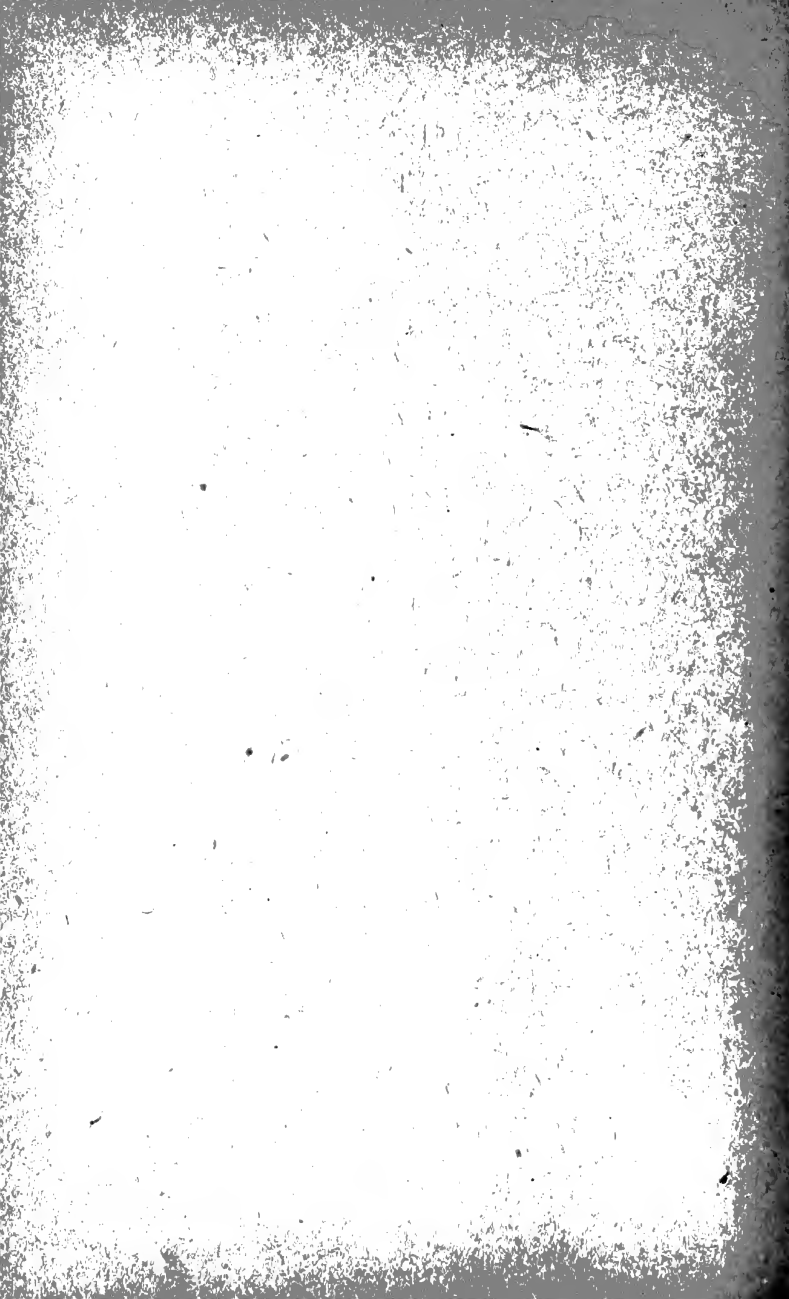


THE FLYING-FISH.

enough to set the royals and top-gallant studding sails asleep, was hardly as yet felt below. The group of wretched flying-fish, thus hotly pursued, at length dropped into the sea; but we were rejoiced to observe that they merely touched the top of the swell, and scarce sunk in it,—at least they instantly set off again in a fresh and more vigorous flight. It was particularly interesting to observe that the direction they now took was quite different from the one in which they had set out, implying but too obviously that they had detected their fierce enemy, who was following them with giant steps along the waves, and now gaining rapidly upon them. His terrific pace, indeed, was two or three times as swift as theirs—poor little things! and whenever they varied their flight in the smallest degree, he lost not the tenth part of a second in shaping a new course, so as to cut off the chase, while they, in a manner really not unlike that of the hare, doubted more than once upon their pursuer. But it was soon too plainly to be seen that their strength and confidence were fast ebbing. Their flights became shorter and shorter, and their course more fluttering and uncertain, while the enormous leaps of the dolphin appeared

A SHOAL OF PORPOISES.





to grow more vigorous at each bound. Eventually, indeed, we could see, or fancied we could see, that this skilful sea-sportsman arranged all his springs with such an assurance of success, that he contrived to fall at the end of each, just under the very spot on which the exhausted flying-fish were about to drop! Sometimes this catastrophe took place at too great a distance for us to see from the deck exactly what happened; but on our mounting high in the rigging, we may be said to have been in at the death; for then we could discover that the unfortunate little creatures, one after another, either popped right into the dolphin's jaws as they lighted on the water, or were snapped up instantly afterwards. It was impossible not to take an active part with our pretty little friends of the weaker side, and accordingly we very speedily had our revenge. The middies and the sailors, delighted with the chance, rigged out a dozen or twenty lines from the jib-boom-end and sprit-sail yard-arms, with hooks baited merely with bits of tin, the glitter of which resembles so much that of the body and wings of the flying-fish, that many a proud dolphin, making sure of a delicious morsel, leaped in rapture at the deceitful prize.

It may be well to mention, that the dolphin of sailors is not the fish so called by the ancient poets. Ours, which I learn from the Encyclopædia, is the *Coryphæna hippurus* of naturalists, is totally different from their *Delphinus phocæna*, termed by us the porpoise. How these names have shifted places I know not, but there seems little doubt that the ancient dolphin of the poets, I mean that on the back of which Dan Arion took a passage when he



THE PORPOISE.

was tossed overboard, is neither more nor less than cur porpoise. For the rest, he is a very poetical and pleasing fish to look at, affords excellent sport in catching, and, when properly dressed, is really not bad eating.

This leads the captain to treat at some length of the classical dolphin.

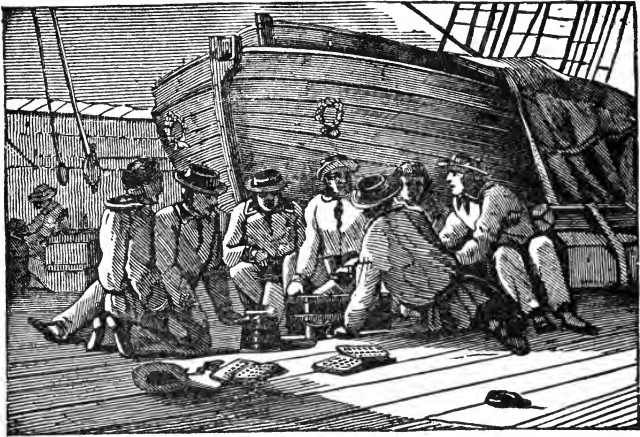
When the shoal of porpoises is numerous, half the ship's company are generally clustered about the bowsprit, the head, and any other spot commanding a good view of the sport. When a mid, I have often perched myself like a sea-bird at the fore-yard-arm, or nestled into the fore-topmast staysail netting, till I saw the harpoon cast with effect by some older and stronger arm. A piece of small but stout line, called, I think, the foreganger, is spliced securely to the shank of the harpoon. To the end of this line is attached any small rope that lies handiest on the forecastle, probably the top-gallant clew-line, or the jib down-haul. The rope, before being made fast to the foreganger, is rove through a block attached to some part of the bowsprit, or to the foremost swifter of the fore-rigging; and a gang of hands are always ready to take hold of the

end, and run the fish right out of the water when pierced by the iron.

The strength of the porpoise must be very great, for I have seen him twist a whale harpoon several times round, and eventually tear himself off by main force. On this account, it is of consequence to get the floundering gentleman on board with the least possible delay after the fish is struck. Accordingly, the harpooner, the instant he has made a good hit, bawls out, "haul away! haul away!" upon which the men stationed at the line run away with it, and the struggling wretch is raised high in the air, as if still in the act of performing one of his own gambols. Two or three of the smartest hands have in the meantime prepared what is called a running bowline knot, or noose, which is placed by hand round the body of the porpoise, or it may be cast, like the South American lasso, over its tail, and then, but not till then, can the capture be considered quite secure. I have seen many a gallant prize of this kind fairly transfixed with the harpoon, and rattled like a shot up to the block, where it was hailed by the shouts of the victors as the source of a certain feast, and yet lost after all, either by the line breaking, or the dart coming out during the vehement struggling of the fish. I remember once seeing a porpoise accidentally struck by a minor description of fish-spear called a grains, a weapon quite inadequate for such a service. The cord by which it was held being much too weak, soon broke, and off dashed the wounded fish, right in the wind's eye, at a prodigious rate, with the staff erected on its back, like a signal-post. The poor wretch was instantly accom-

panied or pursued by myriads of his own species, whose instinct, it is said, teaches them to follow any track of blood, and even to follow their unfortunate fellow fish. I rather doubt the fact of their cannibalism, but am certain that, whenever a porpoise is struck and escapes, he is followed by all the others, and the ship is deserted by the shoal in a few seconds. In the instance just mentioned, the grains with which the porpoise was struck had been got ready for spearing a dolphin; but the man in whose hands it happened to be, not being an experienced harpooner, could not resist the opportunity of darting his weapon into the first fish that offered a fair mark.

It happened in a ship I commanded, that a porpoise was struck about half-an-hour before the cabin dinner; and I gave directions, as a matter of course, to my steward to dress a dish of steaks, cut well clear of the thick coating of blubber. It so chanced, that none of the crew had every before seen a fish of this kind taken, and in consequence there arose doubts among them whether it was good or even safe eating. The word, however, being soon passed along the decks, that orders had been given for some slices of the porpoise to be cooked for the captain's table, a deputation forward was appointed to proceed as near to the captain's door as the etiquette of the service allowed, in order to establish the important fact of the porpoise being eatable. The dish was carried in, its contents speedily discussed, and a fresh supply having been sent for, the steward was, of course, intercepted in his way to the cook. "I say, Capewell," cried one of the hungry delegates, "did the captain really eat any of the porpoise?"



SAILORS AT DINNER.

“Eat it!” exclaimed the steward, “look at that!” at the same time lifting off the cover, and showing a dish as well cleared as if it had previously been freighted with veal cutlets, and was now on its return from the midshipman’s berth. “Oh! ho!” sung out Jack, running back to the fore castle; “if the skipper eats porpoise, I don’t see why we should be so nice, so here goes!” Then pulling away the great clasp-knife which always hangs by a cord round the neck of a seaman, he plunges it into the sides of the fish, and after separating the outside rind of blubber, detached half-a-dozen pounds of the red meat, which, in texture and taste, and in the heat of its blood, resembles beef, though very coarse. His example was so speedily followed by the rest of the ship’s company, that when I walked forward, after dinner, in company with the doctor,

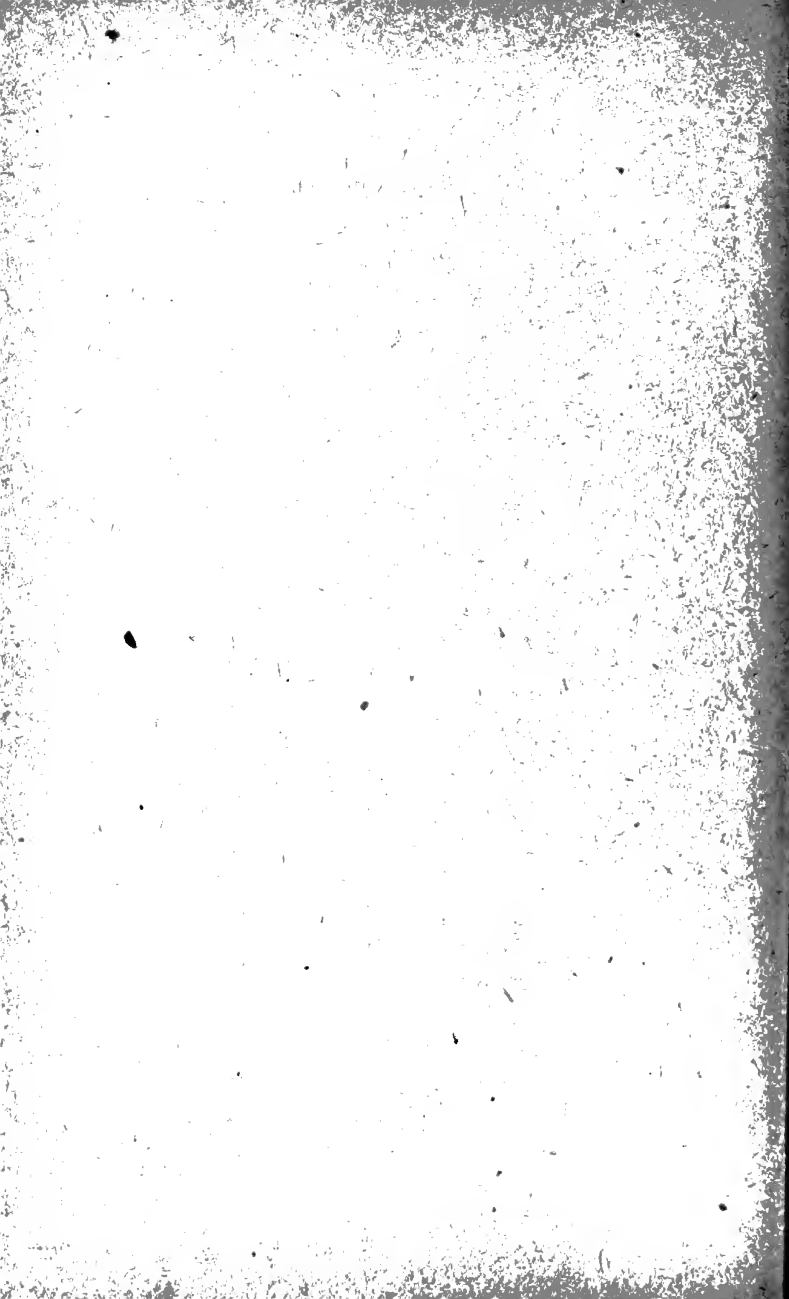
to take the *post mortem* view of the porpoise more critically than before, we found the whole had been broiled and eaten within half-an-hour after I had unconsciously given, by my example, an official sanction to the feast."

But the fox-chase of the sea—the sport of sports—is furnished by Jack's hereditary enemy, the shark.

The lunarian, busy taking distances, crams his sextant hastily into his case; the computer working out his longitude, shoves his books on one side; the marine officer abandons his eternal flute; the doctor starts from his nap; the purser resigns the Complete Book; and every man and boy, however engaged, rushes on deck to see the villain die. Even the monkey, if there be one on board, takes a vehement interest in the whole progress of this wild scene. I remember once observing Jacko running backwards and forwards along the afterpart of the poop hammock-netting, grinning, screaming, and chattering at such a rate, that, as it was nearly calm, he was heard all over the decks. "What's the matter with you, Master Mona?" said the quarter-master; for the animal came from Teneriffe, and preserved his Spanish cognomen. Jacko replied not, but merely stretching his head over the railing, stared with his eyes almost bursting from his head, and by the intensity of his grin bared his teeth and gums nearly from ear to ear. "Messenger! run to the cook for a piece of pork," cries the captain, taking command with as much glee as if it had been an enemy's cruiser he was about to engage. "Where's your hook, quarter-master?" "Here, sir, here!" cries the fellow, feeling the point, and declaring it as sharp as any lady's needle,

THE WHITE SHARK.





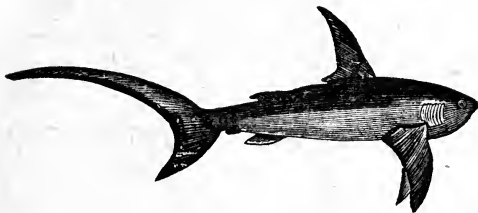


MONA MONKEY.

and in the next instant piercing with it a huge junk of rusty pork, weighing four or five pounds; for nothing, scarcely, is too large or too high in flavor for the stomach of a shark. The hook, which is as thick as one's little finger, has a curvature about as large as that of a man's hand when half closed, and is from six to eight inches in length, with a formidable barb. This fierce-looking grappling-iron is furnished with three or four feet of chain, a precaution which is absolutely necessary; for a voracious shark will sometimes gobble the bait so deep into his stomach, that but for the chain he would snap through the rope by which the hook is held, as easily as if he were nipping the head off an asparagus.

A shark, like a midshipman, is generally very hungry; but in rare cases when he is not in good appetite, he sails slowly up to the bait, smells to it, and gives it a poke with his shovel-nose, turning it over and over. He then edges

off to the right or left, as if he apprehended mischief, but soon returns again, to enjoy the delicious *haut gott*, as the sailors term the flavor of the damaged pork, of which a piece is always selected, if it can be found. While this coquetry, or shyness, is exhibited by John Shark, the whole after part of the ship is so clustered with heads, that not an inch of spare room is to be had for love or money. The rigging, the mizen-top, and even the gaff, out to the very peak; the hammock-nettings and the quarters, almost down to the counter, are stuck over with breathless spectators, speaking in whispers, if they venture to speak at all, or can find leisure for any thing but fixing their gaze on the monster, who as yet is free to roam the ocean, but who, they trust, will soon be in their power. I have seen this go on for an hour together; after which the shark has made up his mind to have nothing to say to us, and either swerved away to windward, if there be any breeze at all, or diving so deep that his place could be detected only by a faint touch or flash of white many fathoms down. The loss of a Spanish galleon, in chase, I am persuaded, could hardly cause more bitter regret, or call forth more intemperate expressions of anger and impatience. On the other hand, I suppose the first symptom of an enemy's flag coming down in the fight was never hailed with greater joy than is felt by a ship's crew on the shark turning round to seize the bait. A greedy whisper of delight passes from mouth to mouth, every eye is lighted up, and such as have not bronzed their cheeks by too long exposure to sun and wind, may be seen to alter their hue from pale to red, and back to



THE FOX SHARK.

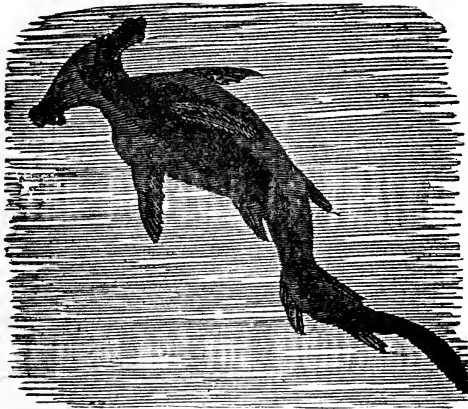
pale again, like the tints of the dying dolphin struggling in the water.

When a bait is towed astern of a ship that has any motion through the water at all, it is necessarily brought to the surface, or nearly so. This of course obliges the shark to bite at it from below; and as his mouth is placed under his chin, not over it, like that of a Christian, he must turn nearly on his back before he can seize the floating piece of meat in which the hook is concealed. Even if he does not turn completely round, he is forced to shew himself, as it is called, so far as to show some portion of his white belly. The instant the white skin flashes on the sight of the expectant crew, a subdued cry, or murmur of satisfaction, is heard amongst the crowd: but no one speaks, for fear of alarming the shark and driving it off.

Sometimes, at the very instant the bait is cast over the stern, the shark flies at it with such eagerness, that he actually springs partially out of the water. This, however, is rare. On these occasions he gorges the bait, the hook, and a foot or two of the chain, without any mastication or delay, and darts off with his treacherous prize with

such prodigious velocity and force, that it makes the rope crack again as soon as the whole coil is drawn out. In general, however, he goes more leisurely to work, and seems rather to suck in the bait than to bite at it. Much dexterity is required in the hand which holds the line at this moment; for a bungler is apt to be too precipitate, and to jerk away the hook before it has got far enough down the shark's maw. Our greedy friend, indeed, is never disposed to relinquish what may once have passed his formidable batteries of teeth; but the hook, by a premature tug of the line, may fix itself in a part of the jaw so weak, that it gives way in the violent struggle which follows. The secret of the sport is, to let the voracious monster gulp down the huge mess of pork, and then to give the rope a violent pull, by which the barbed point, quitting the edge of the bait, buries itself in the coats of the victim's throat or stomach. As the shark is not a personage to submit patiently to such treatment, it will not be well for any one whose foot happens to be accidentally on the coil of the rope, for, when the hook is first fixed, it spins out like the log-line of a ship going twelve knots.

The suddenness of the jerk with which the poor devil is brought up, when he has reached the length of his tether, often turns him quite over on the surface of the water. Then commence the loud cheers, taunts, and other sounds of rage and triumph, so long suppressed. A steady pull is insufficient to carry away the line, but it sometimes happens that the violent struggles of the shark, when too speedily drawn up, snaps either the rope or the hook, and



THE HAMMER-HEADED SHARK.

so he gets off, to digest the remainder as he best can. It is, accordingly, held the best practice to play him a little, with his mouth at the surface, till he becomes somewhat exhausted. During this operation, one could almost fancy the enraged animal is conscious of the abuse which is flung down upon him; for, as he turns and twists and flings himself about, his eye glares upwards with a ferocity of purpose which makes the blood tingle in a swimmer's veins, as he thinks of the hour when it may be his turn to writhe under the tender mercies of his sworn foe! No sailor, therefore, ought ever to think of hauling a shark on board merely by the rope fastened to the hook; for, however impotent struggles may generally be in the water, they are rarely unattended with risk when the rogue is drawn half way up. To prevent the line breaking or the hook snapping, or the jaw being torn away, the device of

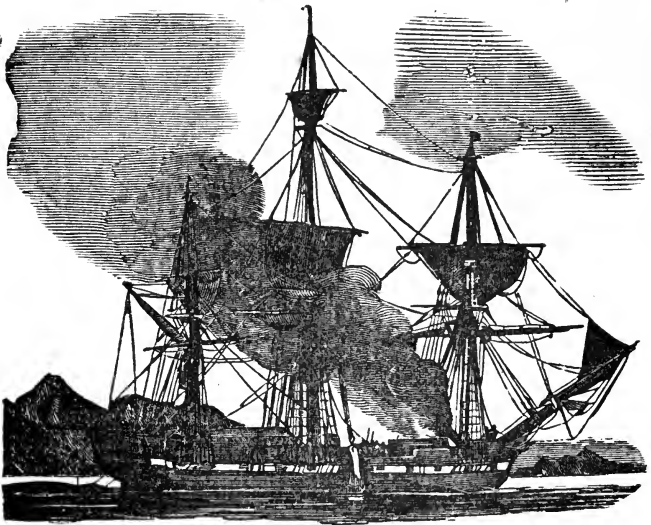
a running bow-line knot, is always adopted. This noose, being slipped down the rope and passed over the monster's head, is made to jam at the point of junction of the tail with the body. When this is once fixed, the first act of the piece is held to be complete, and the vanquished enemy is afterwards easily drawn over the taffrail and flung on the deck, to the unspeakable delight of all hands. But although the shark is out of his element, he has by no means lost his power of doing mischief; and I would advise no one to come within range of the tail, or trust his toes too near the animal's mouth. The blow of a tolerably large sized shark's tail might break a man's leg; and I have seen a three-inch hide tiller-rope bitten more than half through, full ten minutes after the wretch had been dragged about the quarter-deck, and had made all his victors keep at a most respectful distance. I remember hearing the late Dr. Wollaston, with his wonted ingenuity, suggest a method for measuring the strength of a shark's bite. If a smooth plate of lead, he thought, were thrust into the fish's mouth, the depth which his teeth should pierce the lead would furnish a sort of scale of the force exerted.

I need scarcely mention, that when a shark is floundering about, the quarter-deck becomes a scene of pretty considerable confusion; and if there be blood on the occasion, as there generally is, from all this rough usage, the stains are not to be got rid of without a week's scrubbing, and many a growl from the captain of the afterguard. For the time, however, such considerations are superseded, that is to say, if the commander himself takes an interest

in the sport, and he must be rather a spoony skipper that does not. If he be indifferent about the fate of the shark, it is speedily dragged forward to the fore-castle, amidst the kicks, thumps, and execrations of the conquerors, who very soon terminate his miserable career by stabbing him with their knives, boarding pikes, and tomahawks, like so many wild Indians.

The first operation is always to deprive him of his tail, which is seldom an easy matter, it not being at all safe to come too near; but some dexterous hand, familiar with the use of the broad-axe, watches for a quiet moment, and at a single blow severs it from the body. He is then closed with by another, who leaps across the prostrate foe, and with an adroit cut rips him open from snout to tail, and the tragedy is over, so far as the struggles and sufferings of the principal actor are concerned. There always follows, however, the most lively curiosity on the part of the sailors to learn what the shark has got stowed away in his inside; but they are often disappointed, for the stomach is generally empty. I remember one famous exception, indeed, when a very large fellow was caught on board the *Alceste*, in Anjeer Roads at Java, when we were proceeding to China with the embassy under Lord Amherst. A number of ducks and hens, which had died in the night, were, as usual, thrown overboard in the morning, besides several baskets, and many other minor things, such as bundles of shavings and bits of cordage, all which things were found in this huge sea-monster's inside. But what excited most surprise and admiration was the hide of a buffalo, killed on board that day for the ship's company's

dinner. The old sailor who had cut open the shark stood with a foot on each side, and drew out the articles one by one from the huge cavern into which they had been indiscriminately drawn. When the operator came at last to the buffalo's skin, he held it up before him like a curtain and exclaimed, "There, my lad; d'ye see that! He has swallowed a buffalo, but he could not digest the hide!"





THE HARPER.





Mr. Rogers and the Harper.

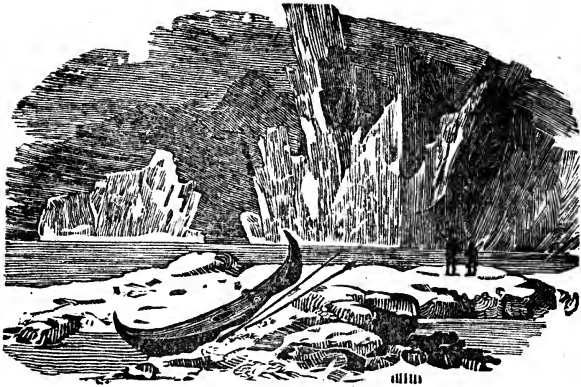
MR. SAMUEL ROGERS in his delightful poetical record of his travels in Italy, gives the following romantic incident of his encounter with an old harper, whom he received into his travelling carriage on the way to Reggio.

It was a Harper, wandering with his harp,
His only treasure; a majestic man,

By time and grief ennobled, not subdued ;
Though from his height descending, day by day,
And, as his upward look at once betrayed,
Blind as old Homer. At a fount he sate,
Well-known to many a weary traveller ;
His little guide, a boy not seven years old,
But grave, considerate beyond his years,
Sitting beside him. Each had ate his crust
In silence, drinking of the virgin-spring ;
And now in silence as their custom was,
The sun's decline awaited.—But the child
Was worn with travel. Heavy sleep weighed down
His eye-lids ; and the grandsire, when we came,
Emboldened by his love and by his fear,
His fear lest night o'ertake them on the road,
Humbly besought me to convey them both
A little onward. Such small services
Who can refuse ?—Not I ; and him who can,
Blest though he be with every earthly gift,
I cannot envy. He, if wealth be his,
Knows not its uses. So from noon till night,
With a crazed and tattered vehicle,
That yet displayed, in old emblazonry,
A shield as splendid as the Bardi wear,
We lumbered on together ; the old man
Beguiling many a league of half its length,
When questioned the adventures of his life,
And all the dangers he had undergone :
His shipwrecks on inhospitable coasts,
And his long warfare. They were bound, he said,

To a great fair at Reggio; and the boy,
Believing all the world were to be there,
And I among the rest, let loose his tongue,
And promised me much pleasure. His short trance,
Short as it was, had, like a charmed cup,
Restored his spirit, and, as on we crawled,
Slow as the snail (my muleteer dismounting,
And now his mules addressing, now his pipe,
And now Luigi) he poured out his heart,
Largely repaying me. At length the sun
Departed, setting in a sea of gold;
And, as we gazed, he bade me rest assured
That like the setting would the rising be.

Their harp—it had a voice oracular,
And in the desert, in the crowded street,
Spoke when consulted. If the treble chord
Twanged shrill and clear, o'er hill and dale they went,
The grandsire, step by step, led by the child;
And not a rain drop from a passing cloud
Fell on their garments. Thus it spoke to-day;
Inspiring joy, and in the young one's mind,
Brightening a path already full of sunshine.



Seal Hunting among the Greenlanders.

AMONG the romantic and curious adventures which have fallen under the notice of travellers, the pursuit of the different varieties of seals are by no means the least interesting. The coasts of Greenland abound with seals, and also with morses, which seem to be a larger and more formidable kind of seal. Beside the common seal there are many varieties, such as the harp seal, the sea lion, the sea bear, and many others.

A traveller thus describes the seal and the modes of capturing it, by sea and land, practised by the Green-

GREENLANDERS HUNTING MORSES AND SEA





landers : The animal which to us is an object of curiosity, is one of the most valuable gifts bestowed by nature on the natives of the northern regions, such as the Greenlanders, Kamtschadales, and Esquimaux. To them the seal is of the utmost utility, and supplies their chief wants. Its skin furnishes them with clothes, shoes, boots, stockings, and coverings for their tents and boats; its flesh serves them for food; its fat they burn in lamps to light their wretched huts, and at these, as they have no other fires, they likewise warm themselves and dress their victuals. The sinews they use for thread, and with the intestines they contrive to make windows, shirts, and curtains for their summer tents. The stomach answers the purpose of a pitcher or bottle, and, lastly, with the bones they make all sorts of utensils. Since the Europeans extended their commerce to those dreary regions, the inhabitants have bartered a great quantity of seals' skins and grease for cloth, iron implements, and other things necessary in the daily concerns of life.

From what I have just said you may infer, that a scarcity of seals is as great a calamity to the poor Greenlanders as a failure of our crops would be to us; and that they are then reduced to as great distress as we should be in case of a sudden dearth of corn and other alimentary productions. Since, then, the seal is an object indispensably necessary for the existence of the Greenlanders, all their efforts must consequently tend towards procuring this primary article with facility, and in the greatest possible quantity. As with us youth early apply themselves to the sciences or arts belonging to the

profession which they have adopted, so the young Greenlanders devote their whole attention to fishing and hunting; since these are the only pursuits that can furnish them with the means of securing themselves against hunger, cold, and the inclemencies of the weather. We cannot sufficiently admire the providence of nature, or rather of the God of nature, who has bestowed on these dreary regions, a creature capable of supplying the urgent necessities of their inhabitants. We must not, therefore, be astonished to find that the idea of seals mingles with all their thoughts, and prevails even in their religious notions. They conceive that the felicity of Paradise consists in the productive seal-fishery which they shall there meet with. It is therefore but natural that they should attach the utmost importance to the fishery, on which their existence, as it were, depends, and that they have invented such ingenious methods to render its success more certain.

All the preparations made by the Greenlander for this fishery prove that it required considerable reflection, time and experience, to discover the surest way of taking these animals. If you look at a Greenland fisherman you can not help admiring the ingenuity and singular contrivances, by which he arms himself beforehand against such dangers as he cannot entirely avoid. His very dress is precisely what it ought to be for this pursuit, and could not be better adapted to the purpose; it is made of seal-skins, and is fastened together with bone buttons. His canoe or boat is likewise suited to the nature of the spot to which he is confined. Rocks of ice being very frequent in the sea that washes those coasts, a large vessel would find it

very difficult to pass between them; for which reason the Greenlander makes use of a very narrow and extremely light boat, that he may be able to penetrate every where, and steer it as he pleases. The boat is composed of very thin, straight laths, joined together with whalebone, and covered on the outside with seal-skins: it will hold but one person. The Greenlanders never employ any other person; among them the women only go in larger ones, capable of holding several persons; but men think it a disgrace to sit down in one of these canoes. Theirs, which they call *kayaks*, are five or six yards long, and terminate at each end in a point; in the middle they are not at most a yard in width, and their depth does not exceed half a yard. The two points are protected with whalebone and strong knobs, to prevent their being broken against the ice or rocks. Having provided himself with an oar, a quantity of arrows, a harpoon fastened to a long cord, and a bladder filled with air, the fisherman carries his boat to the shore, gets into it, and sets out on his expedition. The boat, from its lightness, shoots swiftly over the turbulent waves, with which it rises and falls: sometimes a tremendous billow overwhelms it, but this accident excites no fear in the bosom of the navigator, who dexterously balances the boat by means of his oar, which he passes from one hand to the other; nay, even if he is upset by the force of the wave, he can right himself again with the aid of his oar.

As soon as he perceives a seal, he softly approaches, and suddenly throws his harpoon at the animal with one hand, while he holds a cord which is tied to it in the other

The seal finding itself wounded, instantly dives; the cord follows, and the bladder of air floating on the surface, marks the place to which the animal retires. It is soon obliged to rise again to the surface for breath, when the fisherman dispatches it with his spear, tipped with very sharp and hooked points. When the seal is dead, the Greenlander tows his prey to the shore, turns the boat upside down on the beach, drags the seal after him and returns home. His wife cuts it up; they eat part of the flesh, and bury the rest in the earth for winter

In a climate so inclement as that of Greenland, the sea, which is at all times dangerous, presents numberless obstacles to the fisherman, how intrepid soever he may be. We are almost frightened to think, that a single individual ventures to penetrate into places rendered almost inaccessible by tremendous tempests and prodigious barriers of ice, where he cannot expect any assistance, where dreary solitude prevails, and where he has to contend alone against the elements, which seem to conspire his destruction. This situation, which to us appears so terrific, has no other effect on the Greenlander than to render him more capable of contending with success against the obstacles which nature throws in his way. He knows that it is of importance to him to keep his body supple, and to exercise all his limbs, that he may be able to extricate himself from the perilous situations in which he is liable to be involved. To this end, the Greenlanders have invented various kinds of exercises, intended to give their youth agility and address. They frequently exercise themselves in preserving, by the motions of the body, the equilibrium of a boat

GREENLANDERS HUNTING SEALS ON THE ICE.



which is made to incline in every direction. They even learn to keep themselves in the boat, and to seize the oar, if they happen to let it go, at the moment when they are turning topsy turvy; for, as I have already told you, it sometimes happens that a wave upsets the boat when out at sea, and then wo to the poor fellow who loses his presence of mind, and does not endeavor to right the boat again, and keep fast hold of his oar. Sometimes too he is entangled in the cords which the seal, when struck with the harpoon, draws down with it. He must then contrive to balance himself in such a manner that his boat may not be overset, or himself even drawn under water. You may imagine what address and presence of mind is required to get over all these accidents; and accordingly the acquisition of these two qualities is the sole object of education among the Greenlanders.

When the cold is so intense as to prevent the Greenlanders from going to sea, they seek their prey upon the ice; and on this occasion they employ other ingenious, though equally laborious methods. As the seals cannot remain long under water, for want of breath, they make holes in the ice, by which they ascend to take the air and lie down; in this situation they frequently drop asleep, and fall easy victims to their imprudence; for the Greenlanders is at hand, and when he hears them snore he softly approaches and kills them with a club, or of late years with a gun. When, on the other hand, the seal happens to be awake, its enemy is obliged to employ a stratagem to take it. Covered from head to foot with a seal-skin, imitating the cry of the animal, and creeping upon his

belly on the ice, he bears no small resemblance to his intended victim; at least, the creature commonly takes him for one of its own species, and suffers him to approach without mistrust. No sooner has he reached his victim, than he pierces it with a lance, which he had kept concealed, and thus secures his prize. At other times several persons surround holes made in the ice, and when one or more seals make their appearance, they dispatch them with spears. In the peninsula of Kamtschatka, the seal-fishery is likewise an important occupation. There is no danger so great as to deter them when in pursuit of these animals; nothing can frighten, nothing can daunt these intrepid adventurers. The mere description of this fishery is enough to excite terror in us, while these people look upon all the circumstances attending it as perfectly simple and natural.

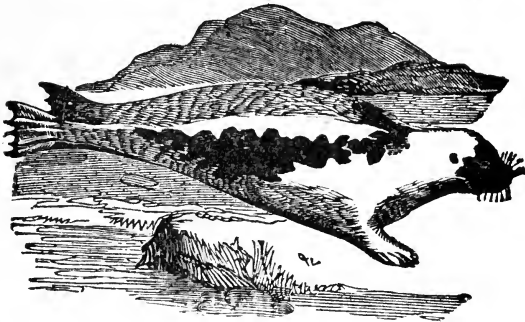
They commonly choose the darkest nights of winter for their expeditions. Figure to yourselves what a winter's night must be in the midst of the Frozen Ocean, when fields of ice frequently a league in length borne furiously along by the waves, dash against each other with a tremendous noise, sufficient to appal the stoutest heart; when the snow, driven about by hurricanes, falls in large flakes; when, in short, every thing would seem to announce a general convulsion of the elements and the end of the world. It is exactly at the moment when all these circumstances are combined, that the inhabitants of Kamtschatka undertake their expeditions, and expose their frail lives a thousand and a thousand times again to apparently inevitable destruction. Notwithstanding all this,



MORSE.



COMMON SEAL.



HARP SEAL.



they are frequently so successful as to return home with plenty of booty. Yet these unfortunate creatures often fall victims to their audacity, and are entombed in the billows which they so boldly brave. Sometimes it happens that the wind, which at their departure blew from the sea to the shore, suddenly shifts, and drives the fields of ice which they are upon, farther out to sea; in this case it requires their utmost efforts to save their lives. Notwithstanding the most intense cold, they are obliged to throw themselves into the water that they may reach the shore by swimming; those who are less expert, tie themselves with cords to their dogs, who drag them faithfully to land.

There are less dangerous methods of catching seals, they are of course less certain, and always less successful than when the fisherman goes in quest of these animals on their native element. From time to time, for instance, a general search is made along the coast, by women as well as men, armed with clubs, with which they knock on the head the seals that appear on the beach, and when once surrounded, have no means of escaping; or, if they find none on the shore, they set up such a shout that the seals which are under water, terrified by the noise, raise their heads, and are instantly struck by very large spears. The Danish merchants frequently equip very large vessels to fish for seals near Spitzbergen, an island situated in the Frozen Ocean, and belonging, as you know, to the king of Denmark. On their arrival in the neighborhood of this island, the sailors make excursions on the ice, surprise the seals, which often lie asleep in herds, first stun the animals by striking them on the nose with sticks, and

afterwards dispatch them. The Russian merchants do the same at the Kurile Islands, situated near the peninsula of Kamtschatka. The crew of each of their ships generally consists of from fifty to eighty men, who divide themselves into several detachments to go in quest of the seals; they moreover induce the islanders, by force or presents, to assist them in their expedition, and when they have collected a great number of skins they return to Russia to dispose of them there, or send them off to China. Greenland, where seals are found in great numbers, is indebted to these animals in particular, and to the trade in their skins, for having at present much more intercourse than formerly with Europeans.





LORENZO AND GIANETTA.





THE OLD CARDINAL AND HIS CATS.

The Bag of Gold.

MR. ROGERS in his "Italy" narrates the following touching story.

I dine very often with the good old Cardinal ———, and, I should add, with his cats; for they always sit at his table, and are much the gravest of the company. His beaming countenance makes us forget his age; nor did I ever see it clouded until yesterday, when, as we were contemplating the sun-set from his terrace, he happened,

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in the course of our conversation, to allude to an affecting circumstance in his early life.

He had just left the University of Palermo and was entering the army, when he became acquainted with a young lady of great beauty and merit, a Sicilian of a family as illustrious as his own. Living near each other, they were often together; and, at an age like theirs, friendship soon turns to love. But his father, for what reason I forget, refused his consent to their union; till, alarmed at the declining health of his son, he promised to oppose it no longer, if, after a separation of three years, they continued as much in love as ever.

Relying on that promise, he said, I set out on a long journey; but in my absence the usual arts were resorted to. Our letters were intercepted; and false rumors were spread—first of my indifference, then of my inconstancy, then of my marriage with a rich heiress of Sienna; and, when at length I returned to make her my own, I found her in a convent of Ursuline Nuns. She had taken the veil; and I, said he with a sigh—what else remained for me—I went into the church.

Yet many, he continued, as if to turn the conversation, very many have been happy though we were not; and, if I am not abusing an old man's privilege, let me tell you a story with a better catastrophe. It was told to me when a boy; and you may not be unwilling to hear it, for it bears some resemblance to that of the Merchant of Venice.

We were now arrived at a pavilion that commanded one of the noblest prospects imaginable; the mountains,

the sea, and the islands illuminated by the last beams of day; and, sitting down there, he proceeded with his usual vivacity; for the sadness, that had come across him, was gone.

There lived in the fourteenth century, near Bologna, a widow lady of the Lambertini family, called Madonna Lucrezia, who in a revolution of the state had known the bitterness of poverty, and had even begged her bread; kneeling day after day like a statue at the gate of the cathedral; her rosary in her left hand and her right held out for charity; her long black veil concealing a face that had once adorned a court, and had received the homage of as many sonnets as Petrarch has written on Laura.

But fortune had at last relented; a legacy from a distant relation had come to her relief: and she was now the mistress of a small inn at the foot of the Appennines; where she entertained as well as she could, and where those only stopped who were contented with a little. The house was still standing, when in my youth, I passed that way; though the sign of the White Cross, the Cross of the Hospitallers, was no longer to be seen over the door; a sign which she had taken, if we may believe the tradition there, in honor of a maternal uncle, a grand-master, of that Order, whose achievements in Palestine she would sometimes relate. A mountain-stream ran through the garden; and at no great distance, where the road turned on its way to Bologna, stood a little chapel, in which a lamp was always burning before a picture of the Virgin, a picture of great antiquity, the work of some Greek artist.



THE VINE-TRELLIS OF THE WHITE CROSS.

Here she was dwelling, respected by all who knew her ; when an event took place, which threw her into the deepest affliction. It was at noon-day in September, that three foot-travellers arrived, and, seating themselves on a bench under her vine-trellis, were supplied with a flagon of aleatico by a lovely girl, her only child, the image of her former self. The eldest spoke like a Venetian, and his beard was short and pointed after the fashion of Venice. In his demeanor he affected great courtesy, but his look inspired little confidence ; for when he smiled, which he did continually, it was with his lips only, not with his eyes ; and they were always turned from yours. His companions were bluff and frank in their manner, and on their tongues had many a soldier's oath. In their hats

they wore a medal, such as in that age was often distributed in war; and they were evidently subalterns in one of those Free Bands which were always ready to serve in any quarrel, if a service it could be called, where a battle was little more than a mockery; and the slain, as on an opera-stage, were up and fighting to-morrow. Overcome with the heat, they threw aside their cloaks; and, with their gloves tucked under their belts, continued for some time in earnest conversation.

At length they rose to go; and the Venetian thus addressed their hostess. "Excellent lady, may we leave under your roof, for a day or two, this bag of gold?"

"You may," she replied gaily. "But remember, we fasten only with a latch. Bars and bolts, we have none in our village; and, if we had, where would be your security?"

"In your word, lady."

"But what if I died to-night? Where would it be then?" said she, laughing. "The money would go to the church; for none could claim it."

"Perhaps you will favor us with an acknowledgment."

"If you will write it."

An acknowledgment was written accordingly, and she signed it before Master Bartolo, the village physician, who had just called on his mule to learn the news of the day; the gold to be delivered when applied for, but to be delivered (these were the words) not to one—nor to two—but to the three; words wisely introduced by those to whom it belonged, knowing what they knew of each other. The gold they had just released from a miser's chest in

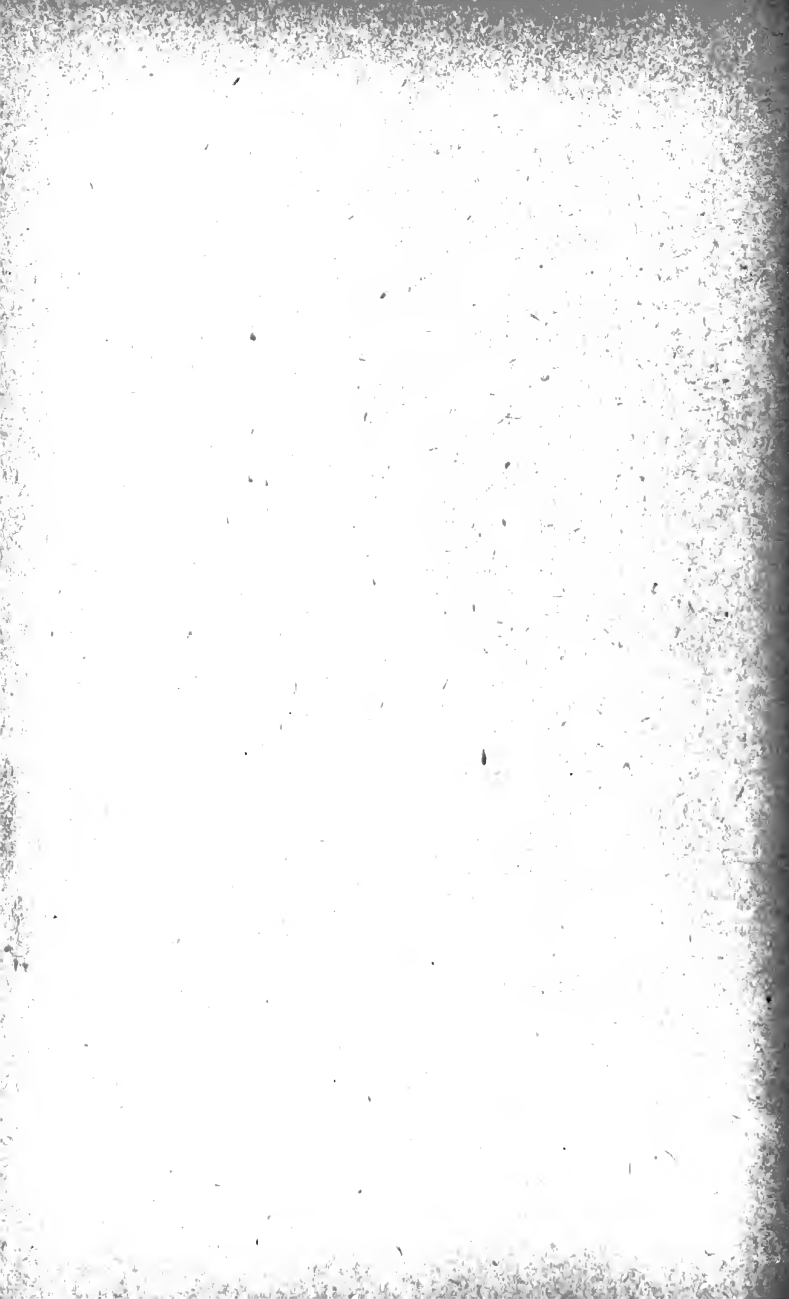
Perugia; and they were now on a scent that promised more.

They and their shadows were no sooner departed, than the Venetian returned, saying, "Give me leave to set my seal on the bag, as the others have done;" and she placed it on a table before him. But in that moment she was called away to receive a cavalier, who had just dismounted from his horse; and, when she came back, it was gone. The temptation had proved irresistible; and the man and the money had vanished together.

"Wretched woman that I am!" she cried, as in an agony of grief she threw herself on her daughter's neck. "What will become of us? Are we again to be cast into the wide world? Unhappy child, would that thou hadst never been born!" and all day long she lamented; but her tears availed her little. The others were not slow in returning to claim their due; and there were no tidings of the thief; he had fled far away with his plunder. A process against her was instantly begun in Bologna; and what defence could she make; how release herself from the obligation of the bond? Wilfully or in negligence she had parted with it to one, when she should have kept it for all; and inevitable ruin awaited her! "Go, Giannetta," said she to her daughter, "take this veil which your mother has wept under so often, and implore the Counsellor Calderino to plead for us on the day of trial. He is generous, and will listen to the unfortunate. But, if he will not, go from door to door; Monaldi cannot refuse us. Make hast, my child; but remember the chapel as you pass by it. Nothing prospers without a prayer."



MARRIAGE OF LORENZO AND GIANETTA.



Alas, she went, but in vain. These were retained against them; those demanded more than they had to give; and all made them despair. What was to be done? No advocate; and the cause to come on to-morrow!

Now Gianetta had a lover; and he was a student of the law, a young man of great promise, Lorenzo Martelli. He had studied long and diligently under that learned lawyer, Giovanni Andreas, who, though little of stature, was great in renown, and by his contemporaries was called the Arch-doctor, the Rabbi of Doctors, the Light of the World. Under him he had studied, sitting on the same bench with Petrarch; and also under his daughter Novella, who would often lecture to the scholars, when her father was otherwise engaged, placing herself behind a small curtain, lest her beauty should divert their thoughts; a precaution in this instance at least unnecessary, Lorenzo having lost his heart to another.

To him she flies in her necessity; but of what assistance can he be? He has just taken his place at the bar, but he has never spoken; and how stand up alone, unpractised and unprepared as he is, against an array that would alarm the most experienced?—"Were I as mighty as I am weak," said he, "my fears for you would make me as nothing. But I will be there, Gianetta; and may the Friend of the Friendless give me strength in that hour! Even now my heart fails me; but, come what will, while I have a loaf to share, you and your mother shall never want. I will beg through the world for you."

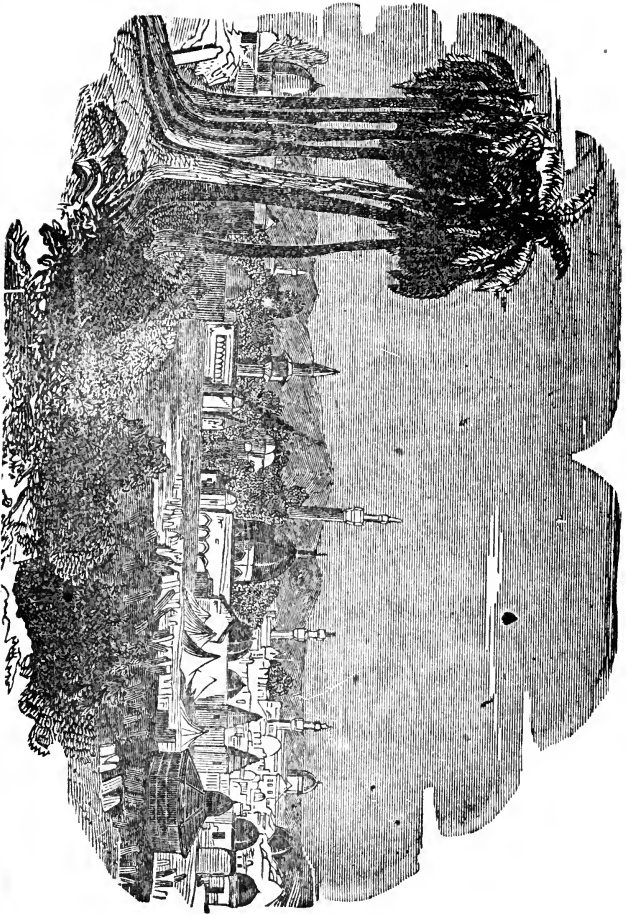
The day arrives, and the court assembles. The claim is stated, and the evidence given. And now the defence

is called for—but none is made; not a syllable is uttered; and, after a pause and a consultation of some minutes, the Judges are proceeding to give judgment, silence having been proclaimed in the court, when Lorenzo rises and thus addresses them. “Reverend Signors. Young as I am, may I venture to speak before you? I would speak in behalf of one who has none else to help her; and I will not keep you long. Much has been said; much on the sacred nature of the obligation—and we acknowledge it in its full force. Let it be fulfilled, and to the last letter. It is what we solicit, what we require. But to whom is the bag of gold to be delivered? What says the bond? Not to one—not to two—but to the three. Let the three stand forth and claim it.”

From that day, (for who can doubt the issue?) none were sought, none employed, but the subtle, the eloquent Lorenzo. Wealth followed Fame; nor need I say how soon he sat at his marriage feast, or who sat beside him.



DAMASCUS.







The Traveller in Damascus.

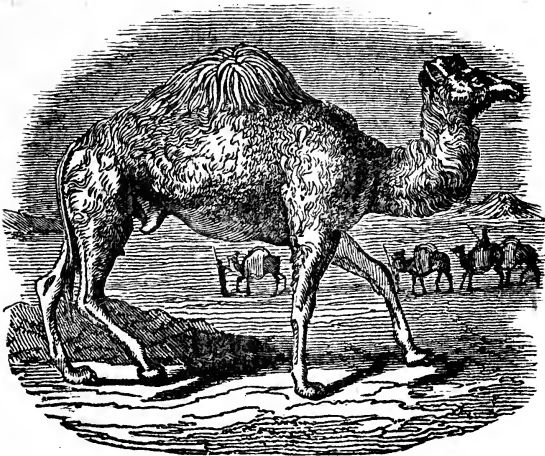
OF all the cities of the East, Damascus is described by travellers as the most romantic and delightful. A visit to it is like the realization of the wild tales of the Arabian Nights. Its Oriental luxury, its gardens of roses, its antique manners of the East, and its historical associations render a residence within it like a dream of fairy land. From the account of a recent traveller we copy a description of the city and its people.

Damascus is, perhaps, the most ancient city in the world, and the only one that has continued, though not

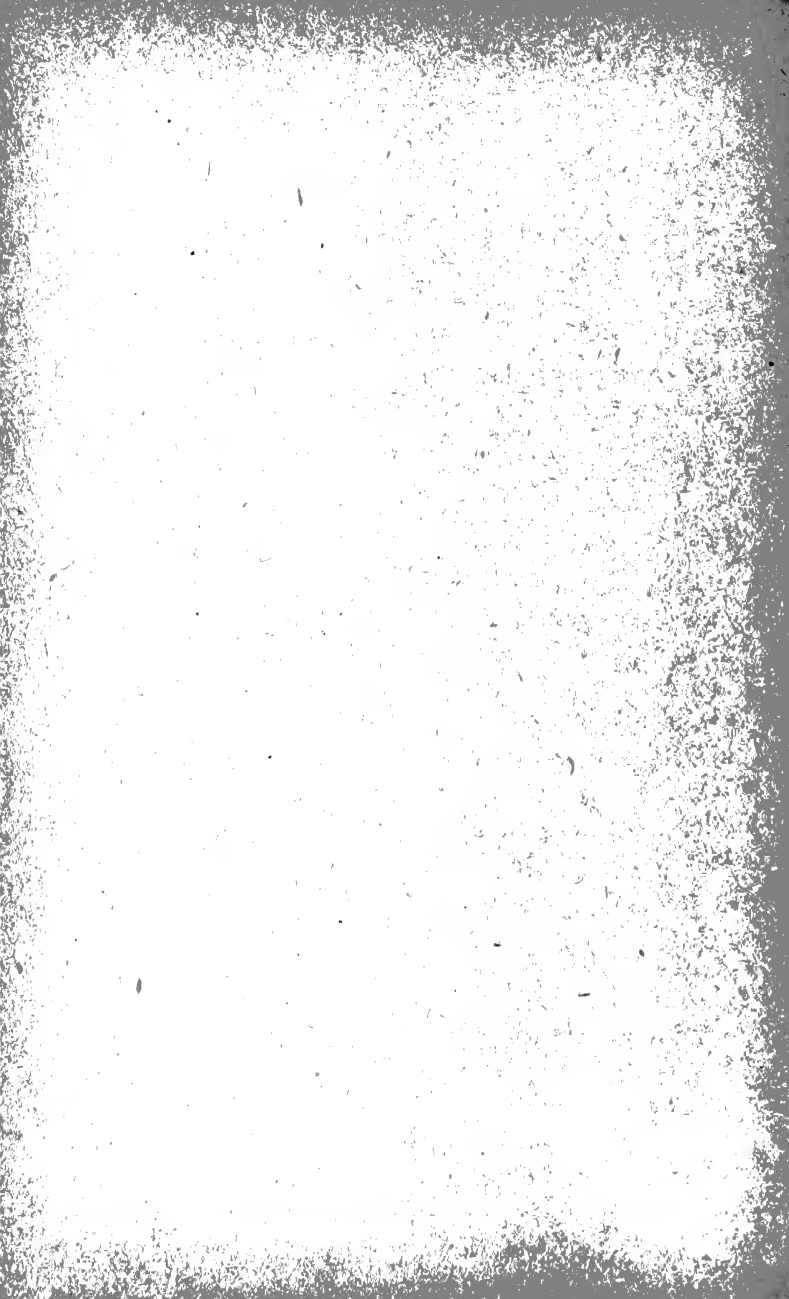
undisturbed, in a course of prosperity through so vast a succession of ages. It existed in the days of Abraham, and before them we know not how long. Founded before almost all those that afterwards rivalled or eclipsed it, it has seen them perish one by one, and sometimes so utterly as to leave them no memorial to mark the place on which they stood. And yet Damascus has had its full share of the buffetings of war and civil violence. It became the capital of the kingdom of Syria, founded by Rehsin, was taken and sacked by Jeroboam, king of Israel; but soon recovered from the blow, for it was once more the metropolis of Syria, long before the Seleucidæ had transferred the seat of their empire to Antioch. Under the Saracens, in the brilliant period of Arabian history, Damascus became, like Bagdad, the residence of the caliphs. After this, sieges and disasters were no rare occurrence in its annals. Repeatedly was it swept with fire and sword, but never did it sustain so fearful a calamity as towards the close of the fourteenth century, when it was beleaguered by the ferocious conqueror Timur Lenk (Timur the Lame, or Tamerlane.) For several days the black flag floated in vain on the Tartar's tent; and never had that signal of desolation been hoisted for three days on the same spot without the fulfilment of its fatal pre-*sa*ge. At length the city was taken by storm, and the streets were deluged with blood. They still show, near one of the gates, the spot on which stood a pyramid of heads, the horrible monument of the victor's ferocity. Timur Lenk carried off with him the ablest artizans, after butchering the rest, desiring to enrich his capital,



THE CAMEL.



THE DROMEDARY.

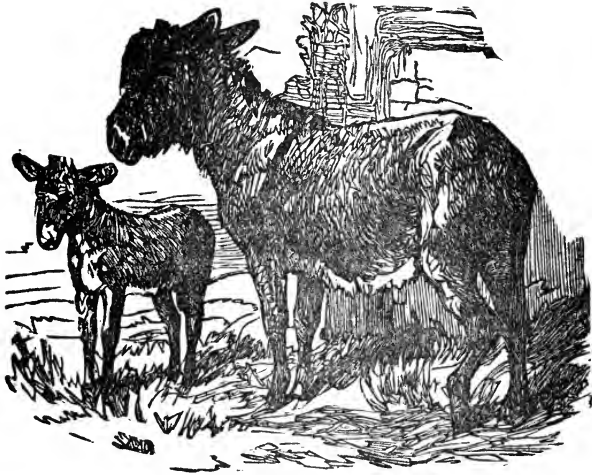


Samaracand, with all the arts of which he robbed the city of Damascus.

Damascus is a true oriental city. The aspect of its streets certainly does not meet the expectation excited by its romantic appearance as viewed from a distance; they are narrow and irregular, and flanked with ugly dead walls; but broad streets are no luxury in a warm climate: those of Damascus are seldom of a width more than sufficient to allow two laden camels to pass each other without crushing the pedestrians, and many are of much narrower dimensions. They are the most noiseless possible: there are no wheeled carriages rolling along them; and the occasional step of a Christian's ass, a camel, or a mule, or more rarely of a horse, does not much disturb the mysterious stillness in which the city appears wrapped, until you approach the bazaars, and other places of busy resort.

The city contains a great many fine mosques, and, it is said, not less than five hundred private dwellings that might rank as palaces; but the interior magnificence of the houses adds nothing to the beauty of the streets, to which they present no more than dull mud walls, with one or two ill-made lattice windows at a considerable height. The houses are sometimes constructed on arches that hang across the streets, making it quite dark. Wooden rafters, too, when the arch has not been turned, are visible frequently from below, and render the way still more gloomy.

All great eastern towns are difficult to thread, but few in so great a degree as Damascus, from the perplexing

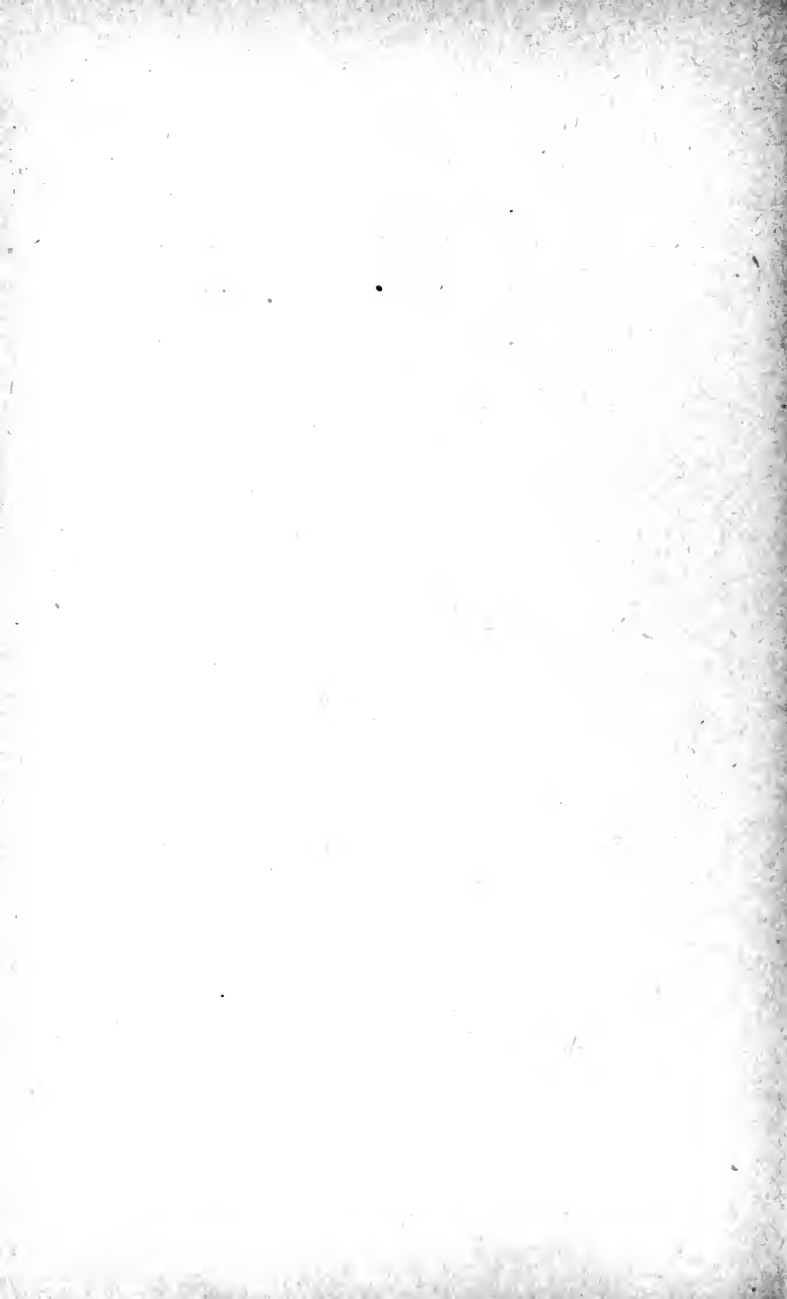


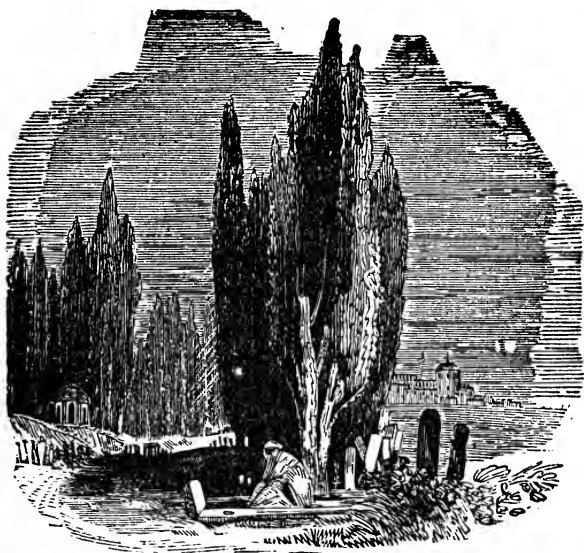
DONKEYS.

intricacy of the narrow streets, and of the many winding bazaar. Sometimes you are pinned up in a corner by a long string of camels, that fill the whole breadth of the way; and sometimes you are run down and covered with filth by a whole line of donkeys, that trot heedlessly on with noiseless tread over the sandy soil. However leisurely these animals may move, when the road is open and plain before them, they are all possessed with an insane propensity for rushing forwards whenever the passage is narrowed by any casual obstruction; and when there happens to be several of them together on these occasions, a race ensues, which ends perhaps in two or three of them becoming fast wedged together, and then their kicking and pushing only make their case the more desperate.



ARABS.





THE CEMETERY.

The streets have a large barrier at each end, which is always closed at sunset, or very soon after, as a protection against thieves, but a very small bribe will open the barrier at any hour of the night, for there is always a gatekeeper at hand. These impediments to a free circulation through the streets by night are not felt as an inconvenience by the orientals. The shops are all closed at the approach of dusk, and every true believer goes home to his own house, which he does not quit till the following morning.

The eastern gate, now walled up, is memorable as the place where the Apostle was let down by the wall in a

basket. They pretend to show the very house from which he thus made his escape; and whatever faith we may put in this tradition, it is, at least, a curious fact that, in a fortification of the present day, houses still stand on the walls with their windows towards the country, and immediately overhanging the ditch in a manner so likely to facilitate escape, and even to afford entrance to an enemy. This, at any rate, proves how little Damascus has changed from its earliest days.

The Christians have here a large uninclosed cemetery, much visited by them; and near it is a tomb, inclosed in a wooden cage, and said to be that of a warder, traditionally called St. George, who, having become a Christian, allowed the Apostle to escape, and afterwards suffered martyrdom for his zeal and humanity. There is an arch in the burial-ground, where, it is pretended, St. Paul hid himself after his descent from the wall.

In a wide, open road beyond the cemetery, about a quarter of a mile from the gate, is a place still highly venerated as the supposed scene of Saul's miraculous conversion. The present track deviates now from the straight line, leaving a few yards to the right, the precise spot believed to be that where he fell to the earth.

The other principal gates are, the gate of the Camels, leading to the rendezvous of the Arabs; the Paradise gate, a large one, with a gloomy archway, leading into a bustling bazaar, near the centre of the south wall; and the greatest throughfare of all, the gate of Thomas, so called, probably, in memory of the brave Christian champion, who so nobly, but fruitlessly, withstood the Saracen besiegers.



A TURKISH LADY.



Among the whimsical works in the city and its neighborhood, there is one carried on at this gate to a great extent. Several men, with their arms bare, are pulling with all their strength, for several hours a day, at what appears at first unusually long hanks of white yarn: at length you discover that the cables are made of flour and sugar, which, when well kneaded together in this manner, are allowed to grow crisp, and sold as the favorite sweetmeats of the bazaars.

The bazaars of Damascus are very agreeable lounging places, and offer an endless fund of amusement to the European stranger, whose eyes are bewildered amid the gay colors of the various articles exposed for sale, and the groups that are seen passing and re-passing in all the different costumes of Syria and of many other Eastern lands. Here you meet agas, moving with slow and stately tread, dressed in white turbans and crimson and scarlet silk cloaks, edged with costly fur, with diamond-hilted khandjars and yatagans gleaming in their girdles. They are followed each by five or six obsequious retainers, and a black slave carries their pipes and scarlet and blue cloth bags, adorned with sprigs and fruit embroidered in gold. Swarthy and grim-visaged Hawara Arabs, and Bedouins from the Great Desert, with their coarse cloaks hanging upon them like the drapery of an ancient statue, congregate around the shops of the tobacconists, the saddlers, and the armorers. Sometimes the crowd is obliged to fall back and open a passage to a procession of men on horseback, or of culprits led about the streets as an example to the people. The latter are preceded by a man shout-

ing out their crimes, and calling upon all to take warning. Women are as numerous as men in these places, and make all the household purchases. The shopmen have an air of gallantry in their way of dealing with their muffled customers, that seems to invite them to linger about their purchases; and frequently one may notice groups of fair ladies remaining an unconscionable time to listen to the soft tones of the shopkeeper.

The women of Damascus are esteemed the handsomest of the East; and though the fame of their charms has, no doubt, been much enhanced by the difficulty of seeing them, they sometimes, from behind their tantalizing clouds, pour forth a light that might dazzle the most discreet beholder. Black slave-girls generally attend the better class of women in the bazaar, as carefully veiled, however, as their mistresses; and it is only by the peculiar white of the eye they can be distinguished.

The shops of all kinds being open, every thing is done in public. Each commodity has its own peculiar mart; if you chance to want boots or shoes, you will be directed, on inquiry, to a bazaar filled from end to end with piles of red and yellow boots, shoes, and slippers for both sexes. There are always very entertaining doings to be witnessed in the ready-made clothing-shops, where cheapness is more regarded than fashion; and the poorer classes dress themselves in all the costumes of the East. They try the articles on, either in midst of the thoroughfare or on the board of a tailor, and loungers stop frequently to offer their opinions on the style and fit. There is a singular ostentation in the display of new clothes in the East, from



A TURKISH SHOP.



some superstitious feeling perhaps, for the ticket is never taken off the turban, or the shawl round the waist, until their novelty is completely worn away. The gayest Turks in Damascus strut with greater pride when the mark of the shop dangles from their heads. Sometimes, you observe the corner of a piece of Manchester manufacture spread over the folds of the turban it composes, and showing the name of the makers stamped on it in large blue letters: an English firm is thus converted into a decoration for a Turkish beau.

But if you would see all the humors of this perennial fair in their highest perfection, go between ten and twelve o'clock, when the auctions are going on. The bazaars are then crowded to excess, and the noise is prodigious. The staid Orientals quite forgot all their usual gravity and sedateness, and run about and bellow like bedlamites. Second hand goods, old clothes, and bedding are sold in this way. Men hurry through the crowd with the different articles hoisted on their heads, or flourish them about in their hands, and the seller screams out the bidding, whilst crowds of women are bidding with all the keen relish for "a bargain," confessed by thrifty housewives all the world over.

The manufacture of the celebrated Damascus swords no longer exists. The weapons now offered for sale by the armorers are of a very ordinary character. Some specimens of the old manufacture are still met with; but they pass as heirlooms, from hand to hand, and are esteemed exceedingly precious.

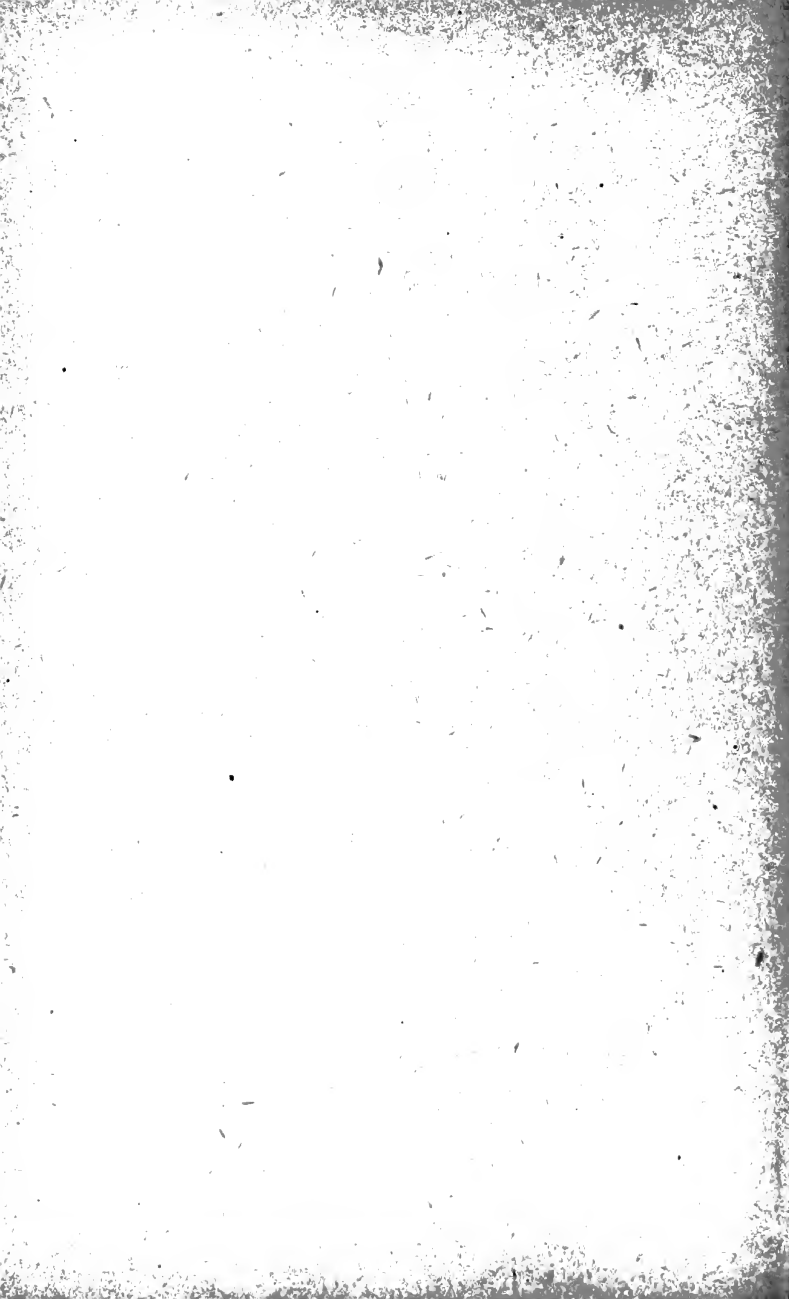
Among the lost arts of Damascus appears to be the

manufacture of splendid silk damask interwoven with gold, which is seen in some of the richest houses, but is not easily to be found in the bazaars. The present manufactures are the red leather shoes and slippers; a variety of silver work; a very durable mixed stuff, of silk and cotton, in general wear throughout Syria, some of the patterns of which are remarkably handsome; and some very neat cabinet work, chiefly in the form of boxes and coffers. This latter is a particularly important branch of trade, since the principal furniture of an Arab family consists in one or two chests, in which they keep their clothes and other movables. Most of these boxes are of cedar, painted red, and studded with gilt nails in various devices. Some are inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, or finely carved in relief. The smell of cedar wood pervades the whole bazaar, and mingling with the thousand different perfumes exhaled by the shops of the grocers and the druggists, and with the incessant smoking of countless pipes, fills these places with a peculiar atmosphere of their own.

The Armenian gold and silversmiths carry on their trade in what was once a Christian church; it is parted off into alleys, where the workmen sit with fire, bellows, anvils, hammers, pincers, drawers, and so forth; and the ear is stunned with the incessant clattering on all sides. Old men with sallow faces and gray beards, are seen poring over ingots of gold and silver, melting the metal in pots and pans on charcoal fires, or drawing it out into long wires, and hammering it into different shapes; and people are constantly coming in with rings, bracelets, silver filigree baskets, and various kinds of jewelry, to be repaired



DANCING GIRLS.



or to serve as patterns for articles to be made to order. The jewellers display little taste or skill in setting their precious stones or pearls; but the stocks they possess are considerable. These men are a numerous class: they make no great display of their tempting wares, but lock them up in small caskets, only bringing them out when a customer calls for a jewel.

The saddlers are the most numerous and the most ingenious workmen in Damascus; they occupy a long handsome bazaar at the northern end of the town. The floor is covered with skins on which men, horses, and dromedaries walk, and which are to be placed there to be turned into leather, after having been steeped in an astringent liquid made from the husk of the pomegranate. The scarlet and blue housings, embroidered in gold and silver; the gay bridles, martingales, breast and head pieces, decorated with beads, bits of silver, silk, shells, or tassels; the saddles, some of red leather, and some covered with purple and blue velvet, brocaded with silver and gold thread, either finished and exposed for sale, or in the act of being made, give this bazaar a very gay appearance. Nothing can surpass the beauty and splendor of the trappings made to be worn, on state occasions, by the horses of the Arab chiefs, or of the agas. The prices of all these rich articles are greatly below the European standard.

A variety of other manufactures of minor importance are met with; the British goods have now taken the place of many of the inferior native fabrics; and many articles which used to be brought from India by the Persian Gulf,

and reached Damascus by the caravans from Bagdad, are now imported direct from London and Liverpool to Beyrout. The principal articles of import are cotton goods, cotton twist, iron, hardware, West India produce, indigo, and cochineal. The bazaar of the mercers displays an extensive assortment of Manchester and Glasgow calicoes, muslins and printed goods, and a few articles of Swiss manufacture.

Among the shopkeepers, we must not forget the barbers, those dear old friends with whom the Arabian Nights have put us on so cordial a footing of intimacy. With that easy suavity for which their fraternity is renowned all the world over, they invite the passers by to enter and submit their heads and faces to their beautifying fingers. Their shops are always full of customers. They are long narrow rooms, with benches on each side, on which a dozen Turks may sometimes be seen squatting in a line, with their bare heads, already shaved, poked out in the most patient manner, to be kneaded between the hands of the barber, who rolls them about as if they were balls, quite unconnected with the shoulders they belong to. The barbers of Damascus are celebrated for taste and skill in all the mysteries of the toilette, including the art of imparting to the beard and mustachioes that dark, glossy hue so anxiously and universally coveted. The important affair of arranging the turban in their daily business, and the becoming variety displayed in the disposition of the turbans worn by the gallants of the city, does infinite honor to these meritorious artists.

Of all the shops in the city, those of the apothecaries



TURKISH MUSICIANS.



afford the most whimsical, and those of the dealers in eatable commodities the most agreeable, spectacle, both from the excellence of their dainty stores, and from the neatness and elegance with which they are arranged. Fruit and vegetables are found in abundance. The peaches, nectarines, and apricots, are excellent; a species of the latter, called *loosi*, possesses the most exquisite flavor; and the various conserves prepared here are marvels in their way.

Damascus is celebrated for the number and elegance of its coffee houses; they are for the most part built of wood painted different colors, green and blue predominating, and open on the sides, except when partially closed with plants coiling up the slender columns that support the roof. The softened light, that makes its way through the leafy walls, forms a charming contrast with the intense glare of the sun glancing upon the waters, or reflected from the whitened walls of the houses of the town. Nor are they more remarkable for their picturesque appearance than their happily-chosen position, being generally situated on the border of some running stream, the view opening out on a pretty cascade, with gardens and orchards lying on the opposite bank. At night, when the lamps, suspended from the slender pillars, are lighted, and Turks of different ranks, in all the varieties of their rich costume, cover the platform just above the surface of the river, on which and its foaming cataracts the moonlight rests, and the sound of music is heard, you fancy that if ever the enchantments of eastern romance are to be realized, it is here.

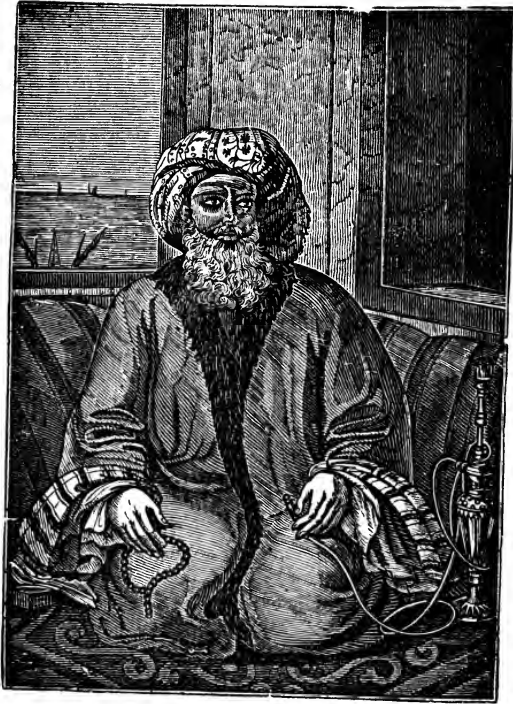
The pleasures enjoyed in these places are usually of the



ARAB STORY-TELLER.

silent kind ; but sometimes they are enlivened by the performances of professional dancers, story-tellers and singers.

The recitation of eastern fables and tales partakes somewhat of the nature of a dramatic performance. It is not merely a simple narrative ; the story is animated by the manner and action of the speaker. A variety of other story books, besides the Arabian Nights, furnish materials for the story-teller, who, by combining the incidents of different tales, and varying the catastrophe of such as he has related before, gives them an air of novelty even to persons who at first imagine they are listening to tales with which they are acquainted. He recites, walking to and fro, stopping only now and then when the expression requires some emphatical attitude. He is commonly heard with great attention ; and not unfrequently, in the midst of some interesting adventure, when the expectation



▲ TURK AT HOME.



of his audience is raised to the highest pitch, he breaks off abruptly, and makes his escape, leaving both his heroine and his audience in the utmost embarrassment. Those who happen to be near endeavor to detain him, insisting on the story being finished before he departs; but he always makes his retreat good; and the auditors, suspending their curiosity, are reduced to return at the same hour next day, to hear the sequel. He no sooner has made his exit than the company in separate parties fall to disputing about the characters of the drama, or the event of the unfinished adventure. The controversy by degrees becomes serious, and opposite opinions are maintained with no less warmth than if the fate of the city depended on the decision.

The vocal music to an European ear, seems at first not less uncouth than the Arabic language; and it seldom happens that time, which by degrees reconciles one to the language, does more for the music than to render it merely tolerable. There is, in particular, one species of song, between an air and a recitative, named mowal, which is universally held in the highest esteem. It is performed by a single voice, unaccompanied by instruments, and the singer placing a hand behind each ear, as if to save that organ from destruction, exerts his voice to the utmost stretch. The subject of the poetry is generally of the plaintive kind. Some hapless wight laments the absence of his mistress—recalls the memory of happier times, and invokes the pale moon, or the listening night, to bear witness to his constancy. The performer frequently makes long pauses, not only between the stanzas, which

are very short, but in the middle of the line; and taking that opportunity of recovering breath, he begins anew to warble, swelling his notes till his wind is quite exhausted. Fond as the natives are of this mowal, there are few strangers who can hear it with any patience, or without lamenting the perversion of voices, which often are strong, clear, and wonderfully melodious.

The mosques in the city are numerous, and the principal ones are very fine; but they lose much of their effect from the confined space in which they stand. Christians are not allowed to visit their interior, nor is it safe to pause too long in passing before them. The great mosque was once the cathedral of St. John, and is said to be the largest and most splendid of all the churches erected by the early Christians in this country. Many of the mosques were built by the caliphs as mausoleums; they possess courts, porticoes, and fountains, and some are overshadowed by a few green trees, among which sacred doves may be heard cooing.

The great mosque stands on an elevated position, nearly in the centre of the city. It was once surrounded by an open area, but this is now so encumbered with buildings that the gate can only be approached through a bazaar, filling up an arcade of ancient columns, perhaps the remains of a stately entrance.

The entrance to some even of the finest houses is by a low mean-looking door in a great blank wall, little according with the luxury and splendor within, and seeming more likely to lead to a cow-shed than to a luxurious mansion. This unpromising entrance admits you through an outer

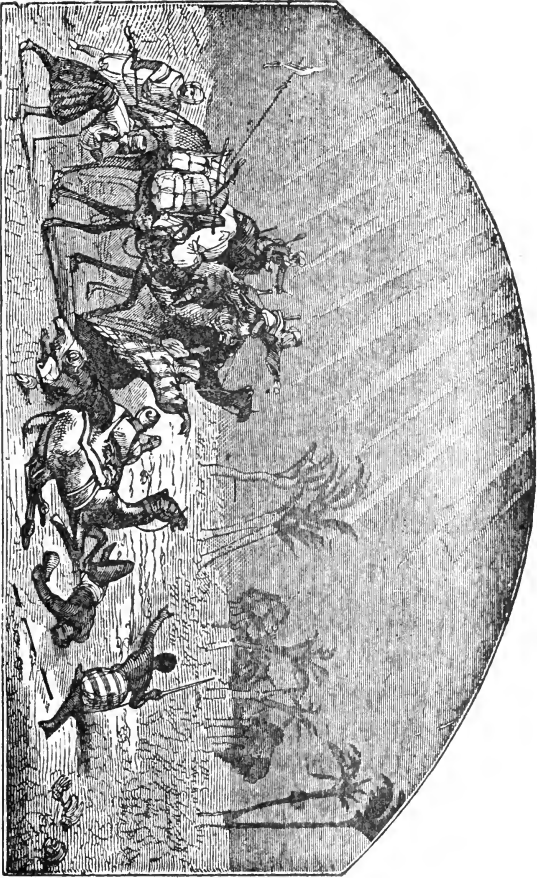
court, occupied by the porter and some other domestics, into a spacious quadrangle paved with marble, in the middle of which a fountain throws up a continual shower, cooling the atmosphere, and refreshing the evergreens and flowering shrubs, which are placed around it. In one corner stands a tall slender pole like a signal-staff, for the purpose of hoisting up an earthen jar full of water, which is cooled by the evaporation that takes place through the porous sides of the vessel. An arcade, supported by low slender columns, runs round the quadrangle, giving admission to the lower apartments; these are elaborately painted and gilded, and the cornices are ornamented with Arabic inscriptions. Rich carpets and deewans, and cushions of damask or velvet, embroidered with gold, cover the floors; and china plates, jars, basins, and bowls, are advantageously disposed in niches in the walls, or on shelves. In one of these apartments the stranger is generally received on his first introduction; but the places of common reception are the arcades, one of which is furnished with a deewan, which is shifted as the sun comes round. Here, as the Turk reclines upon the softest cushions, the mild air that fans his cheek, the delightful mellowing of the light by the evergreens, the fragrance of the blossoms, and the splashing of the fountain, all weave round him a charm of the most voluptuous repose. Even here the same mysterious solitude prevails as in the streets; the sound of your own footsteps echoing over the marble pavement, seems a rude intrusion on the genius of the place; and you almost fancy yourself in one of the enchanted palaces of the Arab romances.

All the courts and the open rooms are frequented by swallows and tame pigeons. Towards evening, the whole town is in a flutter with innumerable flights of the latter, on their return to roost: men stand in the neighborhood of the city whistling the birds in, or waving white pennants attached to poles to lure them to alight, which, after many graceful sweeps round the decoy, they accomplish.

The palaces of the agas, the aristocracy of the city, surpass, in the splendor of their internal decorations, any thing of the kind to be seen elsewhere in the empire, and seem to realize to our imagination the magnificence of the days of the caliphs, the Saladins, and the Solymans. Many of their divans are fitted up at immense cost, and in some places there are as many as eight or ten of these lordly halls. One gorgeous apartment in the house of Ali Aga Kazini-el-Katabi cost upwards of two hundred thousand piastres, more than ten thousand dollars.



THE MIRAGE OF THE DESERT.







Spectral Illusions.

THE following description of a certain class of wonderful and romantic scenes reported by travellers is from the pen of Thomas Milner, M. A. A series of curious and interesting phenomena, involving the apparent elevation and approach of distant objects, the production of aerial images of terrestrial forms, of double images, their inversion, and distortion into an endless variety of grotesque shapes, together with the deceptive aspect given to the desert-landscape, are comprehended in the class of optical illusions. Different varieties of this singular visual effect

constitute the "mirage" of the French, the "fata morgana" of the Italians, the "looming" of our seaman, and the "glamor" of the highlanders. It is not peculiar to any particular country, though more common in some than others, and most frequently observed near the margin of lakes and rivers, by the sea-shore, in mountain districts, and on level plains. These phantoms are perfectly explicable upon optical principles, and though influenced by local combinations, they are mainly referable to one common cause, the refractive and reflective properties of the atmosphere, and inequalities of refraction arising from the intermixture of strata of air of different temperatures and densities. But such appearances in former times were really converted by the imagination of the vulgar into supernatural realities; and hence many of the goblin stories with which the world has been rife, not yet banished from the discipline to which childhood is subject,

"As when a shepherd of the Hebrid Isles

Placed far amid the melancholy main,

(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,

Or that aerial beings sometimes deign

To stand, embodied, to our senses plain)

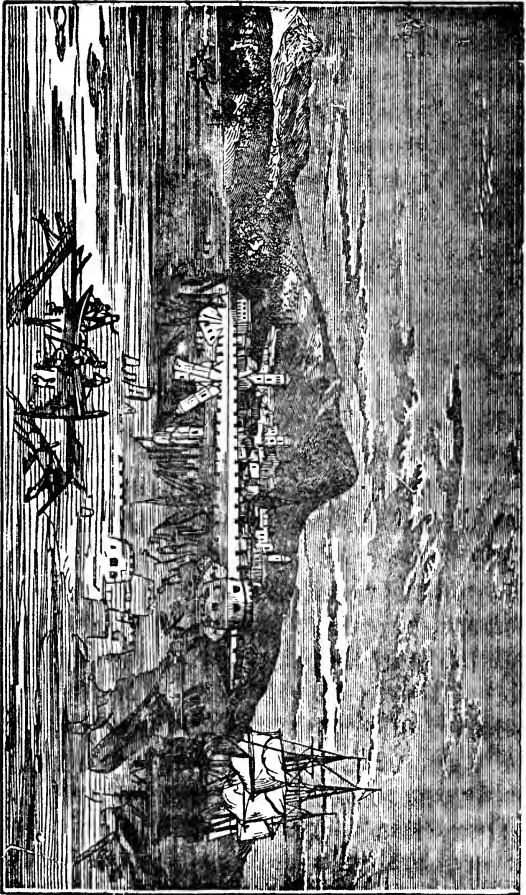
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,

The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,

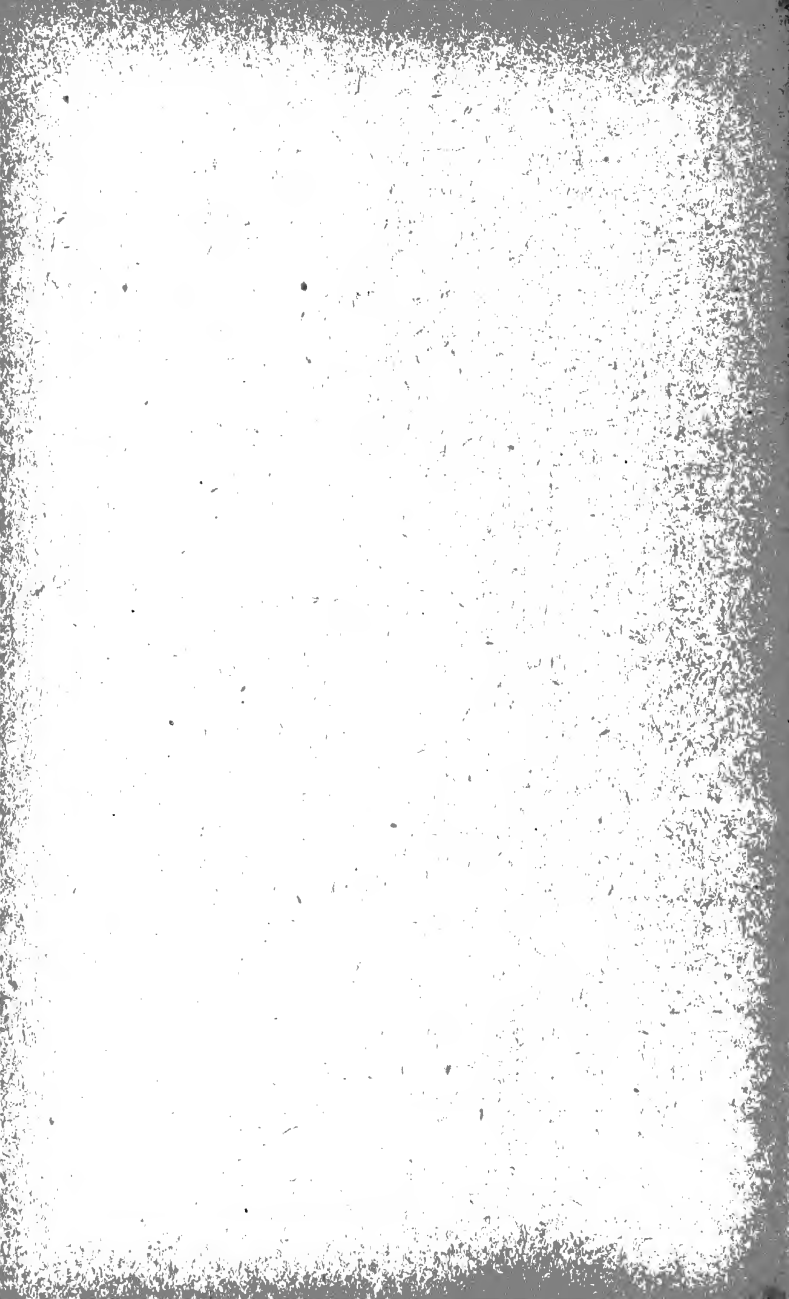
A vast assembly moving to and fro,

Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show."

Pliny mentions the Scythian regions within Mount Imaus, and Pomponius Mela those of Mauritania, behind Mount Atlas, as peculiarly subject to these spectral ap-



ATMOSPHERIC ILLUSIONS.



pearances. Diodorus Siculus likewise refers to the regions of Africa, situated in the neighborhood of Cyrene, as another chosen site: "Even," says he, "in the severest weather, there are sometimes seen in the air certain condensed exhalations that represent the figures of all kinds of animals; occasionally they seem to be motionless and in perfect quietude; and occasionally to be flying; while immediately afterwards they themselves appear to be the pursuers, and to make other objects fly before them." Milton might have had this passage in his eye when he penned the allusion to the same apparition:

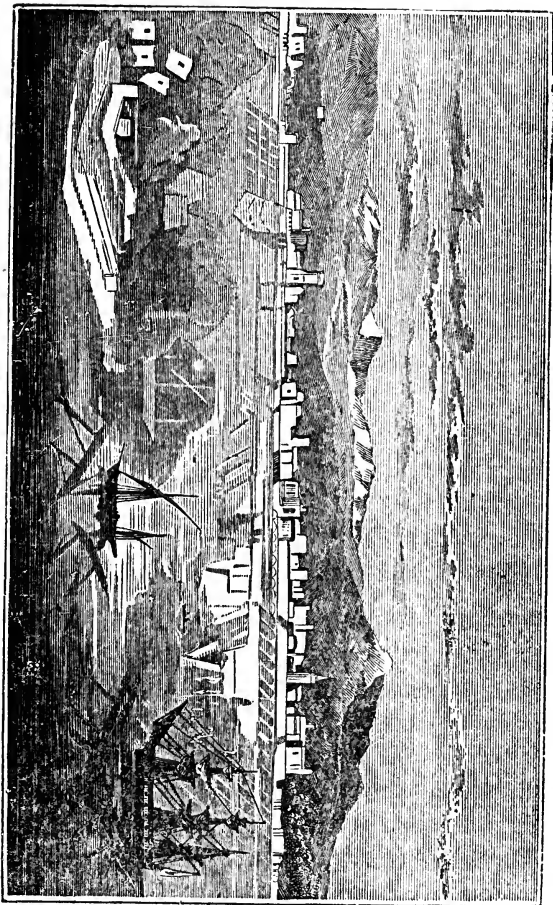
"As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds; before each van
Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their spears,
Till thickest legions close, with feats of arms
From either side of heaven the welkin rings."

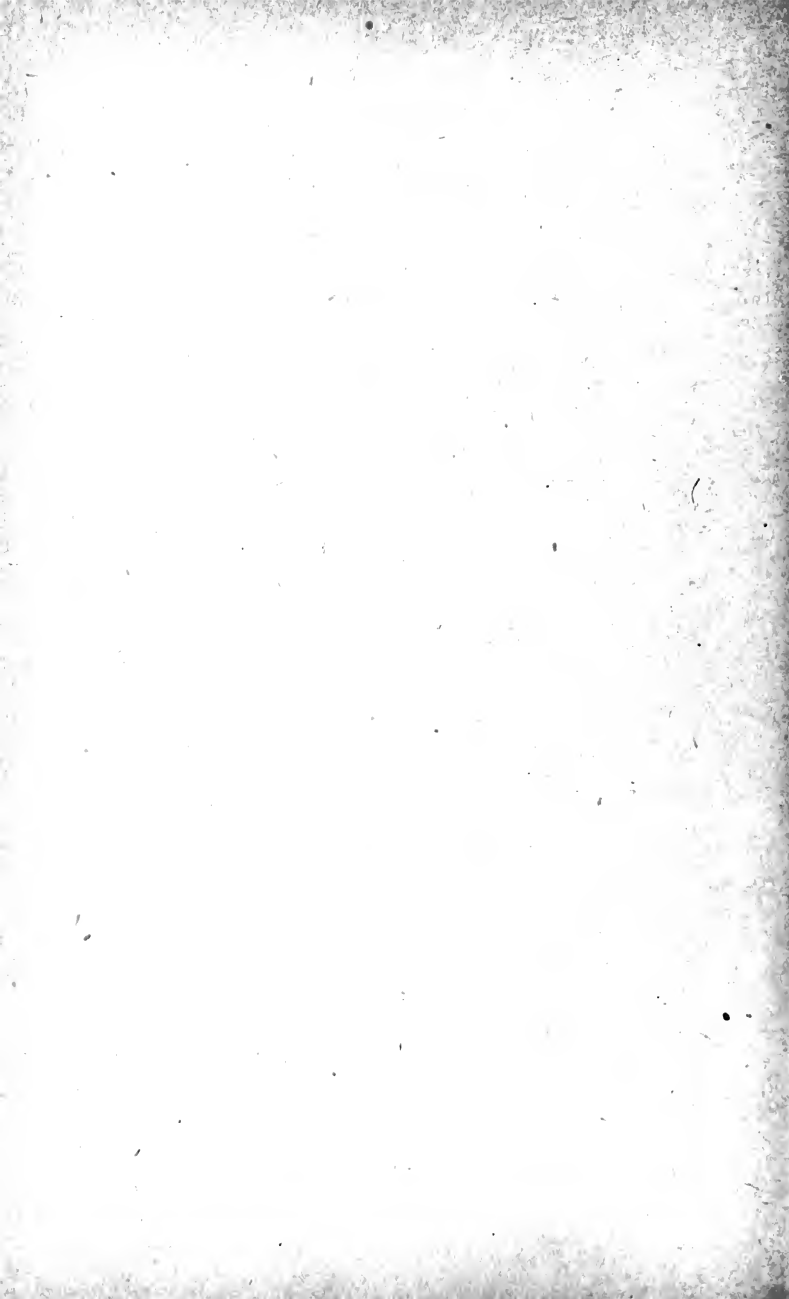
The mirage is the most familiar form of optical illusion. M. Monge, one of the French savans, who accompanied Bonaparte in his expedition to Egypt, witnessed a remarkable example. In the desert between Alexandria and Cairo, in all directions green islands appeared, surrounded by extensive lakes of pure, transparent water. Nothing could be conceived more lovely or picturesque than the landscape. In the tranquil surface of the lakes the trees and houses with which the islands were covered were strongly reflected with vivid and varied hues, and the party hastened forward to enjoy the refreshments apparently proffered them. But when they arrived, the

lake on whose bosom they floated, the trees among whose foliage they arose, and the people who stood on the shore inviting their approach, had all vanished; and nothing remained but the uniform and irksome desert of sand and sky, with a few naked huts and ragged Arabs. But for being undeceived by an actual progress to the spot, one and all would have remained firm in the conviction that these visionary trees and lakes had a real existence in the desert. M. Monge attributed the liquid expanse, tatalizing the eye with an unfaithful representation of what was earnestly desired, to an inverted image of the cerulean sky, intermixed with the ground scenery. This kind of mirage is known in Persia and Arabia by the name of "serab" or miraculous water, and in the western deserts of India by that of "tcuittram," a picture. It occurs as a common emblem of disappointment in the poetry of the orientals.

In the Philosophical Transactions for the year 1798, an account is given by W. Latham, Esq., F. R. S., of an instance of lateral refraction observed by him, by which the coast of Picardy, with its more prominent objects, was brought apparently close to that of Hastings. On July 26th, about five in the afternoon, while sitting in his dining-room, near the sea-shore, attention was excited by a crowd of people running down to the beach. Upon inquiring the reason, it appeared that the coast of France was plainly to be distinguished with the naked eye. Upon proceeding to the shore, he found that without the assistance of a telescope, he could distinctly see the cliffs across the Channel, which, at the nearest points, are from forty

FATA MORGANA AT REGGIO.





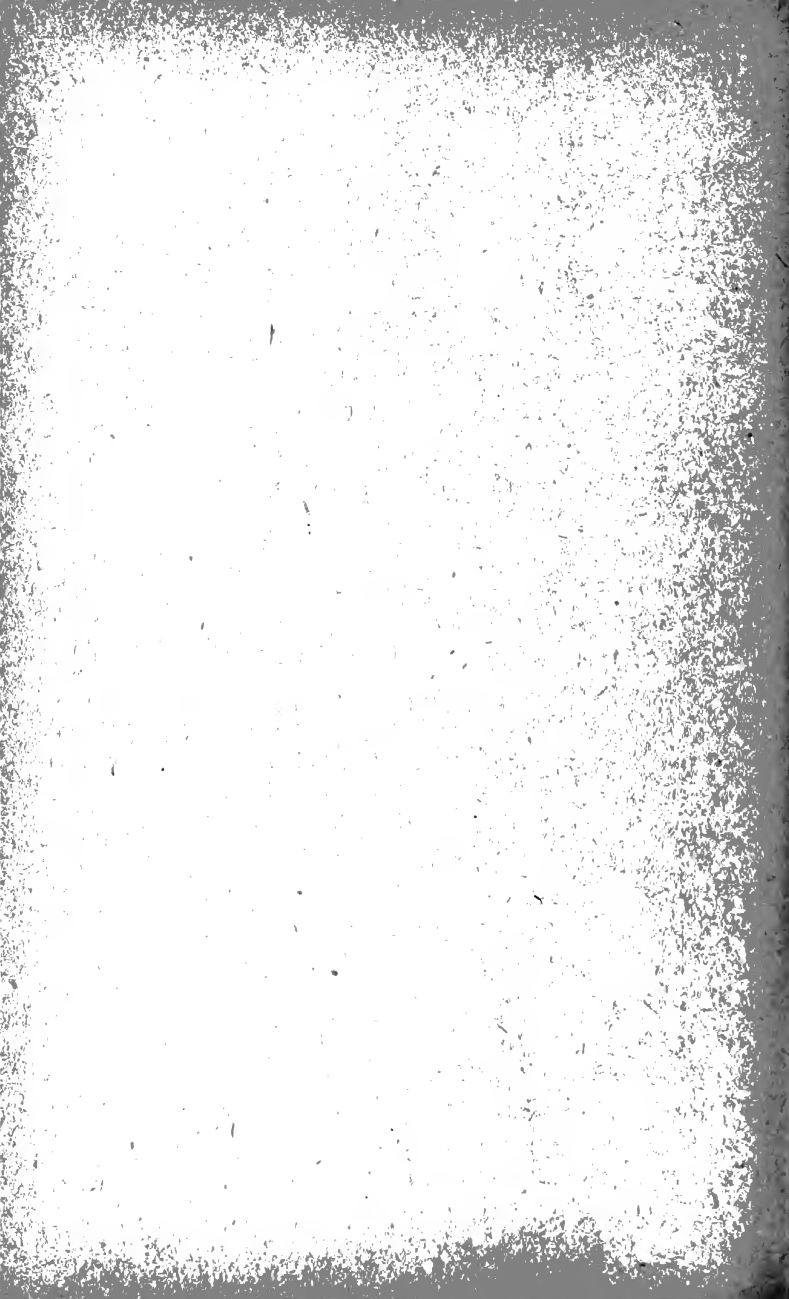
to fifty miles distant, and are not to be discovered, from that low situation, by the aid of the best glasses. They appeared to be only a few miles off, and seemed to extend for some leagues along the coast. At first the sailors and fishermen could not be persuaded of the reality of the appearance, but they soon became thoroughly convinced, by the cliffs gradually appearing more elevated, and seeming to approach nearer, that they were able to point out the different places they had been accustomed to visit, such as the Bay, the Old Head, and the Windmill at Boulogne, St. Vallery, and several other spots. Their remark was, that these places were as near as if they were sailing at a small distance into the harbor. The apparition of the opposite cliffs varied in distinctness and apparent contiguity for nearly an hour, but it was never out of sight, and upon leaving the beach for a hill of some considerable height, Mr. Latham could at once see Dungeness and Dover cliff on each side, and before him the French coast from Calais to near Dieppe. By the telescope the French fishing-boats were clearly seen at anchor, and the different colors of the land on the heights, with the buildings, were perfectly discernible. The spectacle continued in the highest splendor until past eight o'clock, though a black cloud obscured the face of the sun for some time, when it gradually faded away. This was the first time within the memory of the oldest inhabitants, that they had ever caught sight of the opposite shore. The day had been extremely hot, and not a breath of wind had stirred since the morning, when the small pennons at the mast-heads of the fishing-boats in the harbor had been at all

points of the compass. Professor Vince witnessed a similar apparent approximation of the coast of France to that of Ramsgate, for at the very edge of the water he discerned the Calais cliffs a very considerable height above the horizon, whereas they are frequently not to be seen in clear weather from the high lands above the town. A much greater breadth of coast also appeared than is usually observed under the most favorite circumstances. The ordinary refractive power of the atmosphere is thus liable to be strikingly altered by a change of temperature and humidity, so that a hill which at one time appears low, may at another be seen towering aloft; and a city in a neighboring valley, may from a certain station be entirely invisible, or it may show the tops of its buildings, just as if its foundations had been raised, according to the condition of the aerial medium between it and the spectator.

Of all instance of spectral illusion, the *fata morgana*, familiar to the inhabitants of Sicily, is the most curious and striking. It occurs off the Pharo of Messina, in the strait which separates Sicily from Calabria, and has been variously described by different observers, owing, doubtless, to the different conditions of the atmosphere at the respective times of observation. The spectacle consists in the images of men, cattle, houses, rocks, and trees, pictured upon the surface of the water, and in the air immediately over the water, as if called into existence by an enchanter's wand, the same object having frequently two images, one in the natural and the other in an inverted position. A combination of circumstances must concur to produce this novel panorama. The spectator,



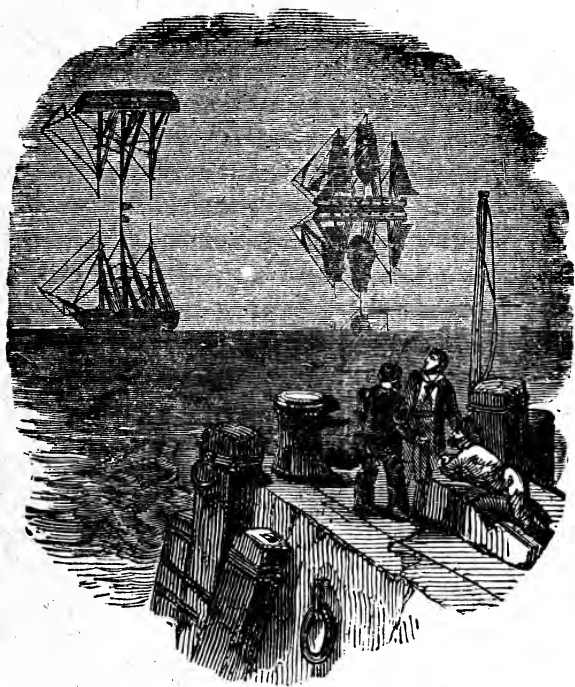
SPECTRE OF THE BROCKEN.



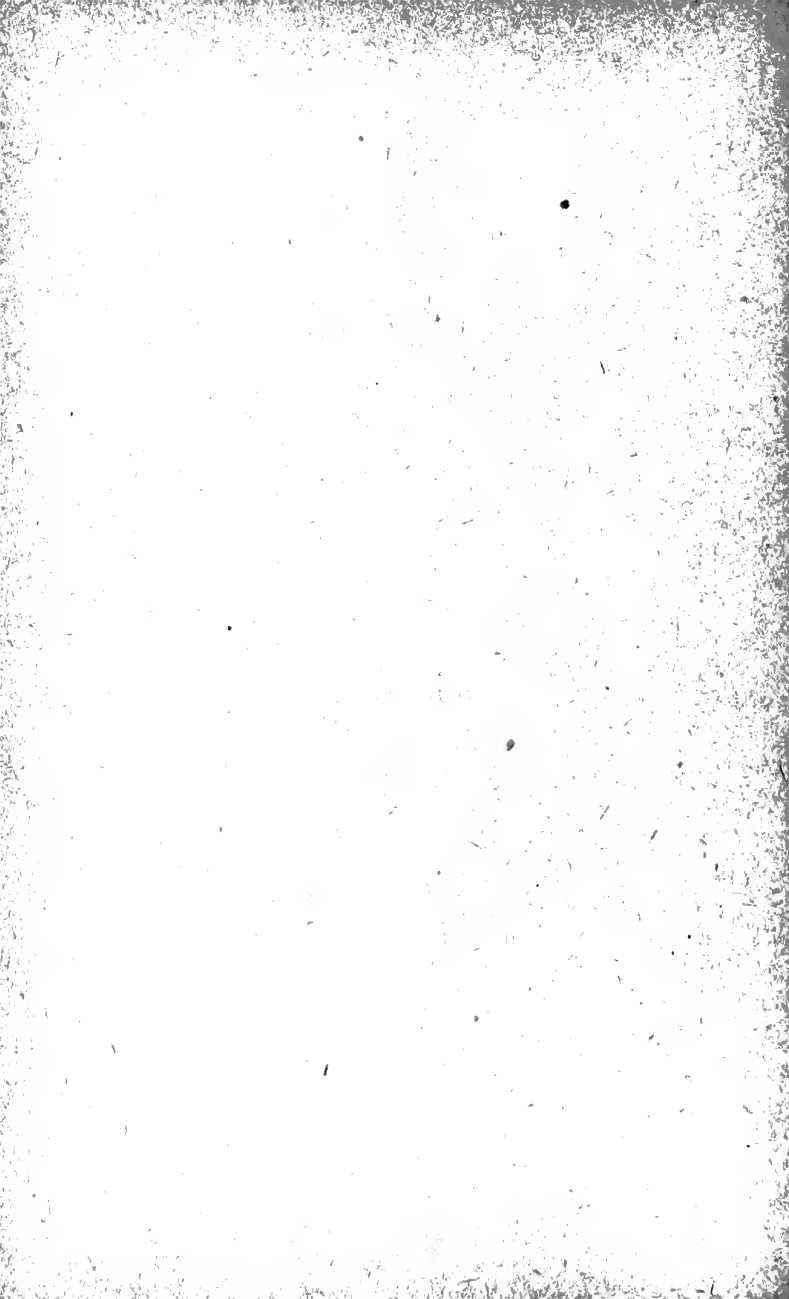
standing with his back to the east on an elevated place, commands a view of the strait. No wind must be abroad to ruffle the surface of the sea; and the waters must be pressed up by currents, which is occasionally the case, to a considerable height, in the middle of the strait, so that they may present a slight convex surface. When these conditions are fulfilled, and the sun has risen over the Calabrian heights so as to make an angle of forty-five degrees with the horizon, the various objects on the shore at Reggio, opposite to Messina, are transferred to the middle of the strait, forming an immovable landscape of rocks, trees, and houses, and a movable one of men, horses, and cattle, upon the surface of the water. If the atmosphere, at the same time, is highly charged with vapor, the phenomena apparent on the water will also be visible in the air, occupying a space which extends from the surface to the height of about twenty-five feet. Two kinds of morgana may therefore be discriminated; the first, at the surface of the sea, or the marine morgana; the second, in the air, or the aerial. The term applied to this strange exhibition is of uncertain derivation, but supposed by some to refer to the vulgar presumption of the spectacle being produced by a fairy or magician. The populace are said to hail the vision with great exultation, calling every one abroad to partake of the sight, with the cry of "Morgana, morgana!"

Aerial images of terrestrial objects are frequently produced as the simple effects of reflection. Dr. Buchan mentions the following occurrence: "Walking on the cliff about a mile to the east of Brighton, on the morning

of the 18th of November, 1804, while watching the rising of the sun, I turned my eyes directly to the sea, just as the solar disk emerged from the surface of the water, and saw the face of the cliff on which I was standing represented precisely opposite to me, at some distance from the ocean. Calling the attention of my companion to this appearance, we soon also discovered our own figures standing on the summit of the opposite apparent cliff, as well as the representation of a windmill, near at hand. The reflected images were most distinct precisely opposite to where we stood; and the false cliff seemed to fade away, and to draw near to the real one, in proportion as it receded toward the west. This phenomena lasted about ten minutes, till the sun had risen nearly his own diameter above the sea. The whole then seemed to be elevated into the air, and successively disappeared. The surface of the sea was covered with a dense fog of many yards in height, and which gradually receded before the rays of the sun." In December, 1836, a similar circumstance excited some consternation among the parishoners of Mique in the neighborhood of Poitiers, in France. They were engaged in the exercises of the jubilee which preceded the festival of Christmas, and about three thousand persons from the surrounding parishes were assembled. At five o'clock in the evening, when one of the clergy was addressing the multitude, and reminding them of the cross which appeared in the sky to Constantine and his army, suddenly a similar cross appeared in the heavens, just before the porch of the church, about two hundred feet above the horizon, and a hundred and forty feet in length, of a bright silver



LOOMING UP. DOUBLE IMAGE.



color tinged with red, and perfectly well defined. Such was the effect of this vision, that the people immediately threw themselves upon their knees, and united together in one of their canticles. The fact was, that a large wooden cross, twenty-five feet high, had been erected beside the church as a part of the ceremony, the figure of which was formed in the air, and reflected back to the eyes of the spectators, retaining exactly the same shape and proportions, but changed in position and dilated in size. Its red tinge was also the color of the object of which it was the reflected image. When the rays of the sun were withdrawn the figure vanished.

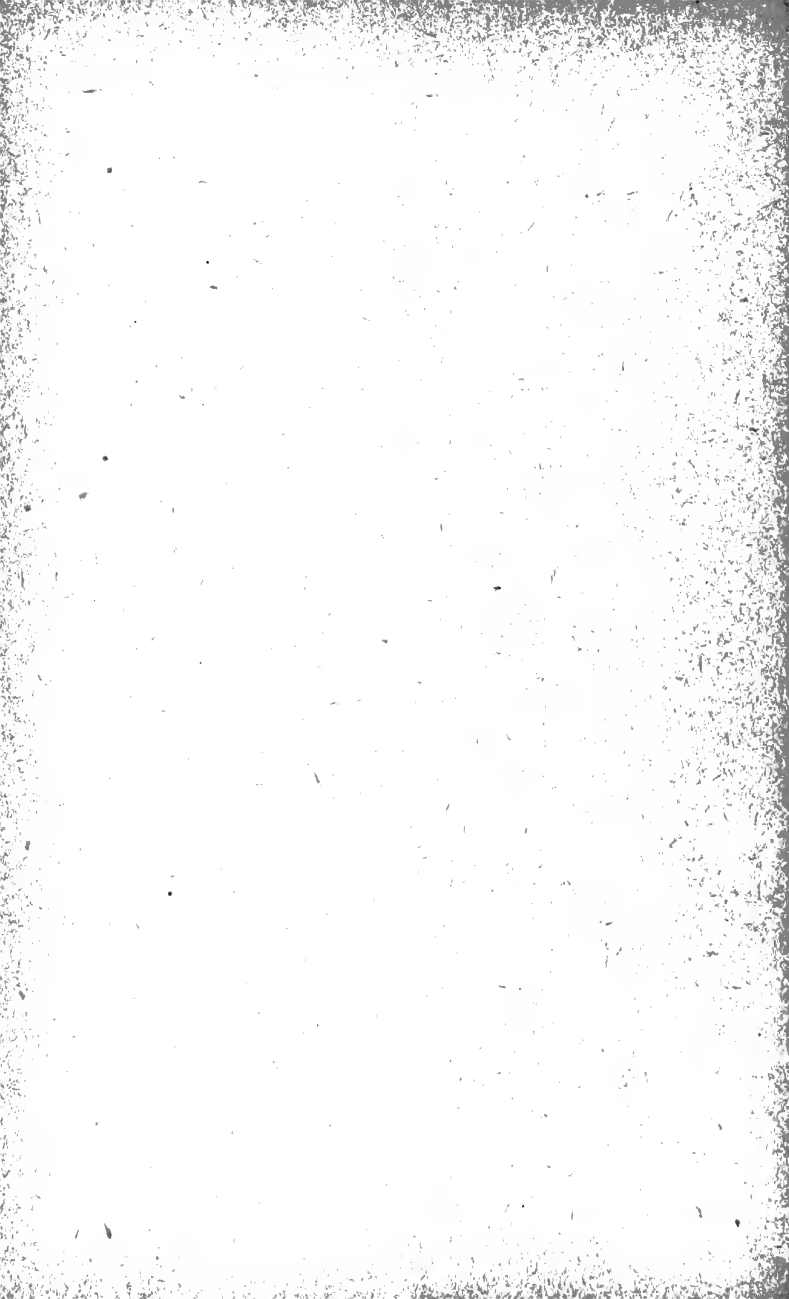
The peasantry in the neighborhood of the Hartz Mountains formerly stood in no little awe of the gigantic Spectre of the Brocken—the figure of a man observed to walk the clouds over the ridge at sunrise. This apparition has long been resolved into an exaggerated reflection, which makes the traveller's shadow, pictured upon the clouds, appear a colossal figure of immense dimensions. A French savañ, attended by a friend, went to watch this spectral shape, but for many mornings they traversed an opposite ridge in vain. At length, however, it was discovered, having also a companion, and both figures were found imitating all the motions of the philosopher and his friend.

The ancient classical fable of Niobe on Mount Sipylus belongs to the same category of atmospheric deceptions, and the tales, common in mountainous countries, of troops of horse and armies marching and countermarching in the air, have been only the reflection of horses pasturing upon an opposite height, or of the forms of travellers pursuing

their journey. On the 19th of August, 1820, Mr. Menzies, a surgeon of Glasgow, and Mr. Magregor began to ascend the mountain of Ben Lomond, about five o'clock in the afternoon. They had not proceeded far before they were overtaken by a shower; but as it appeared to be only partial, they continued their journey, and by the time they were half way up, the cloud passed away, and most delightful weather succeeded. Thin, transparent vapors, which appeared to have risen from Loch Lomond beneath, were occasionally seen floating before a gentle and refreshing breeze; in other respects, as far as the eye could trace, the sky was clear, and the atmosphere serene. They reached the summit about half-past seven o'clock, in time to see the sun sinking beneath the western hills. Its parting beams had gilded the mountain tops with a warm glowing color; and the surface of the lake, gently rippling with the breeze, was tinged with a yellow lustre. While admiring the adjacent mountains, hills, and valleys, and the expanse of water beneath, interspersed with numerous wooded islands, the attention of one of the party was attracted by a cloud in the east, partly of a dark red color, apparently at the distance of two miles and a half, in which he distinctly observed two gigantic figures, standing, as it were, on a majestic pedestal. He immediately pointed out the phenomenon to his companion; and they distinctly perceived one of the gigantic figures, in imitation, strike the other on the shoulder, and point towards them. They then made their obeisance to the airy phantoms, which was instantly returned. They waved their hats and umbrellas, and the shadowy figures

IGNIS FATUUS.





did the same. Like other travellers, they had carried with them a bottle of usquebaugh, and amused themselves in drinking to the figures, which was of course duly returned. In short, every movement which they made, they could observe distinctly repeated by the figures in the cloud. The appearance continued about a quarter of an hour. A gentle breeze from the north carried the cloud slowly away; the figures became less and less distinct, and at last vanished.

North of the village of Comrie, in Perthshire, there is a bold hill called Dunmore, with a pillar of seventy or eighty feet in height built on its summit, in memory of the late Lord Melville. At about eight o'clock of the evening on the 21st of August, 1845, a perfect image of the well-known hill and obelisk, as exactly as the shadow usually represents the substance, was distinctly observed projecting on the northern sky, at least two miles beyond the original, which, owing to an intervening eminence, was not itself at all in view from the station where the aerial picture was observed. The figure continued visible for about ten minutes after it was first seen, and was minutely examined by three individuals. One of these fancied that there was a projection at the base of the monument, as represented in the air, which was not in the original; but, upon examining the latter the next morning, the image was found to have been more faithful than his memory; for there stood the prototype of the projection, in the shape of a clump of trees, at the base of the real obelisk.

In northern latitudes the effect of atmospheric reflection

and refraction are very familiar to the natives. By the term "uphillanger," the Icelanders denote the elevation of distant objects, which is regarded as a presage of fine weather. Not only is there an increase in the vertical dimensions of the objects affected, so that low coasts frequently assume a bold and precipitous outline, the objects sunk below the horizon are brought into view, with their natural position changed and distorted.

In 1818, Captain Scoresby relates that, when in the polar sea, his ship had been separated for some time from that of his father, which he had been looking out for with great anxiety. At length, one evening, to his astonishment, he beheld the vessel suspended in the air in an inverted position, with the most distinct and perfect representation. Sailing in the direction of this visionary appearance, he met with the real ship by this indication. It was found that the ship had been thirty miles distant, and seventeen beyond the horizon, when her spectrum was thus elevated into the air by this extraordinary refraction.

Sometimes two images of a vessel are seen, the one erect and the other inverted, with their topmasts or their hulls meeting, according as the inverted image is above or below the other. Dr. Wollaston has shown that the production of these images is owing to the refraction of the rays through media of different densities. Looking along a red-hot poker at a distant object, two images of it were seen, one erect and the other inverted, arising from the change produced by the heat in the density of the air. A singular instance of lateral mirage was noticed upon the Lake of Geneva, by MM. Jurine and Soret, in the

year of 1818. A bark near Bellerire was seen approaching to the city by the left bank of the lake; and at the same time an image of the sails was observed above the water, which, instead of following the direction of the bark, separated from it, and appeared approaching by the *right* bank—the image moving from east to west, and the bark from north to south. When the image separated from the vessel, it was of the same dimensions as the bark; but it diminished as it receded from it, so as to be reduced to one-half when the appearance ceased. This was a striking example of refraction, operating in a lateral as well as a vertical direction.

Ignis Fatuus. This wandering meteor known to the vulgar as the Will-o'-the-Wisp, has given rise to considerable speculation and controversy. Burying-grounds, fields of battle, low meadows, valleys, and marshes, are its ordinary haunts. By some eminent naturalists, particularly Willoughby and Ray, it has been maintained to be only the shining of a great number of the male glow-worms in England, and the pyraustæ in Italy, flying together—an opinion to which Mr. Kirby, the entomologist, inclines. The luminosities observed in several cases may have been due to this cause, but the true meteor of the marshes cannot thus be explained. The following instance is abridged from the Entomological Magazine:—"Two travellers proceeding across the moors between Hexham and Alston, were startled, about ten o'clock at night, by the sudden appearance of a light close to the road-side, about the size of the hand, and of a well-defined oval form. The place was very wet, and the peat-moss had been dug out, leaving

what are locally termed "peat-pots," which soon fill with water, nourishing a number of confervæ, and the various species of sphagnum, which are converted into peat. During the process of decomposition these places give out large quantities of gas. The light was about three feet from the ground, hovering over the peat-pots, and it moved nearly parallel with the road for about fifty yards, when it vanished, probably from the failure of the gas. The manner in which it disappeared was similar to that of a candle being blown out." We have the best account of it from Mr. Blesson, who examined it abroad with great care and diligence.

"The first time," he states, "I saw the ignis fatuus was in a valley in the forest of Gorbitz, in the New Mark. This valley cuts deeply in compact loam, and is marshy in its lower part. The water of the marsh is ferruginous, and covered with an iridescent crust. During the day bubbles of air were seen rising from it, and in the night blue flames were observed shooting from and playing over its surface. As I suspected there was some connection between these flames and the bubbles of air, I marked during the day-time the place where the latter rose up most abundantly, and repaired thither during the night; to my great joy I actually observed bluish-purple flames, and did not hesitate to approach them. On reaching the spot they retired, and I pursued them in vain; all attempts to examine them were ineffectual. Some days of very rainy weather, prevented further investigation, but afforded leisure for reflecting on their nature. I conjectured that the motion of the air, on my approaching the spot, forced

forward the burning gas, and remarked that the flame burned darker when it was blown aside ; hence I concluded that a continuous thin stream of inflammable air was formed by these bubbles, which, once inflamed, continued to burn, but which, owing to the paleness of the light of the flame, could not be observed during the day.

The ignis fatuus of the church-yard and the battle-field arise from the phosphuretted hydrogen emitted by animal matter in a state of putrefaction, which always inflames upon contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere ; and the flickering meteor of the marsh may be referred to the carburetted hydrogen, formed by the decomposition of vegetable matter in stagnant water, ignited by a discharge of the electric fluid.





ITALIAN COSTUMES.

Travellers and Italian Banditti.

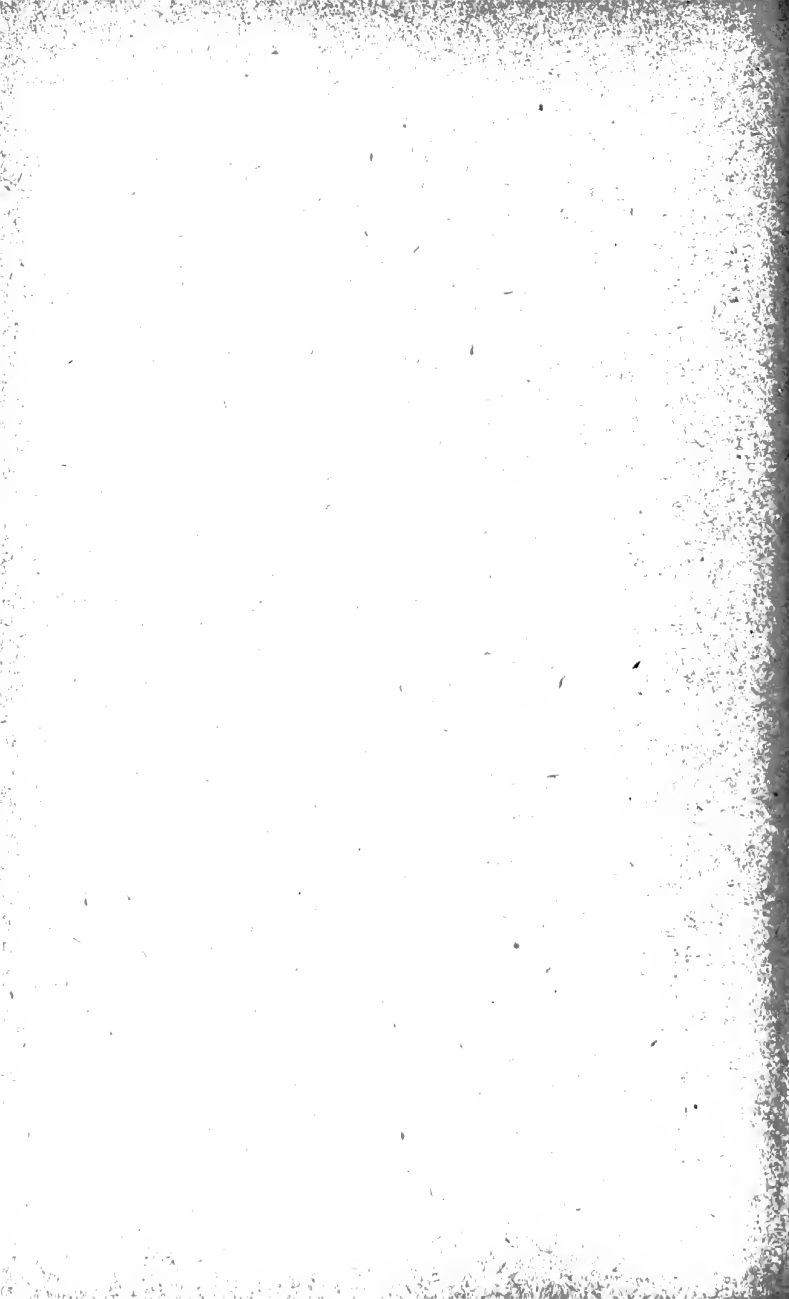
AMONG romantic adventures of travellers those with the Italian banditti hold a distinguished place. These robbers appear to have infested Italy for many centuries. Marco Sciarra, a very famous one, flourished between three and four hundred years ago. He commanded a numerous band. Favored by his position in the mountains of the the Abruzzi, and on the confines of another government—the Papal States, which for many years have been the promised land of brigandism—this extraordinary robber attained the highest eminence in his pro-



MARCO SCIARRA AND TASSO.



DEATH OF MARCO SCIARRA.



cession. His band, so formidable in itself, always acted in concert with other bands of banditti in the Roman States; they aided each other by arms and council; and in case of the Romans being pressed on their side, they could always retreat across the frontier line to their allies in the Abruzzi, while, in the same predicament, the Abbruzzese could claim the hospitality of the worthy subjects of the Pope.

The same circumstances have strengthened the banditti in our own days, and rendered the country between Terracina and Fondi, or the frontiers of the Papal States, and the kingdom of Naples, the most notorious district of all Italy for robbers.

But Marco Sciarra was moreover favored by other circumstances, and he had the grasp of mind to comprehend their importance, to avail himself of them, and to raise himself to the grade of a political partizan—perhaps he aimed at that of a patriot. His native country was in the hands of foreigners, and most despotically governed by viceroys from Spain, who were generally detested by the people, and frequently plotted against by the nobility, who, instead of assisting to put down the foreigners, would afford them countenance and protection, when required, in their vast and remote estates. A great part of the rest of Italy was almost as badly governed as the kingdom, and consequently full of malcontents, of men of desperate fortunes, who, in many instances, forwarded the operations of the robbers, and not unfrequently joined their bands. An accession like theirs added intelligence, mili-

tary skill, and political knowledge, to the cause of the rude mountaineers of the Abruzzi.

In the course of a few months after the death of Benedetto Mangone, Marco Sciarra had committed such ravages, and made himself so formidable, that the whole care of the government was absorbed by him, and every means in its power employed for his destruction.

It was about this time that the robber-chief's life was ornamented with its brightest episode. Marco and his merry men had come suddenly on a company of travellers on the road between Rome and Naples. The robbers had begun to plunder, and cut the saddle-girths of the mules and horses of the travellers, who had speedily obeyed the robbers' order, and lay flat on the earth, all save one, a man of a striking and elegant appearance.

"Faccia in terra!" cried several of the robbers in the same breath, but the bold man, heedless of their menaces, only stepped up to Marco, their chief, and said, "I am Torquato Tasso." "The poet!" said the robber, and he dropped on his knee, and kissed his hand; and not only was Tasso saved from being plundered by the mere mention of his name, but all those who were travelling with him were permitted to mount their horses and continue their journey without sustaining the loss of a single scudo. A very curious proof this, that a captain of banditti could form a juster and more generous notion of what was due to the immortal, but then unfortunate poet, than could princes of the royal or imperial lineage.

After these transactions, and others of a similar cha-

ITALIAN BRIGANDS AND PEASANTS.





racter, Marco was received into the service of Venice, a commander of mercenary soldiers.

But the expatriating bandit left a brother behind him in the mountains of the Abruzzi; and Luca Sciarra, in due time, gathered together the scattered bands, and commenced operations anew with considerable vigor. Meanwhile Marco and his men, who in the quality of subsidiaries served the Venitian government very much to its satisfaction, corresponded with their former comrades at home. Marco's glory could not be forgotten! The soul of their body was at Venice—every thing of importance was fomented by him, and he frequently employed his "leave of absence" in visiting them, and leading them, as of yore, in the more hazardous of their enterprises.

He had now been heard of so long—his deeds had been so desperate but successful, he had escaped so many dangers, that people concluded he must bear a "charmed life." His long impunity might almost have made him think so himself, when, landing one day in the marshes of Ancona, between the mountains of the Abruzzi and that town, where the Pope's commissary Aldobrandini still remained, he was met by a certain Battimello, to whom, as to an old follower, his heart warmed—with open arms he rushed to embrace him—and received a traitor's dagger in his heart.

Battimello had sold himself to Aldobrandini, and received for himself and thirteen of his friends, a free pardon from the Papal Government for his treachery.

For some years after the death of Marco Sciarra, there was a pause in his profession, whose spirit had expired

with him. Other times brought other robbers, but his fame has scarcely ever been equalled—never surpassed.

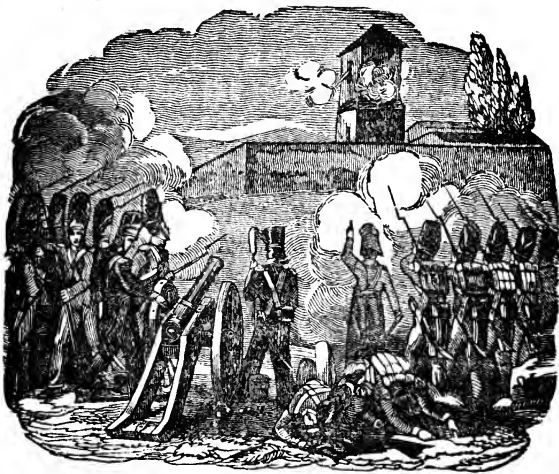
During the time when Italy was under the government of Murat, a French officer was engaged in suppressing brigandage, and he afterwards wrote a series of letters describing his service, which were ultimately published in French and English. One of his adventures will show the kind of difficulties with which he had to contend. The commandant, the author of the letters, and the other French officers had all become acquainted at Rossano with a little Calabrian. This friend and confidant was an ecclesiastic—a jolly abbot, round-paunched, animated, intelligent, and amusing. He was on such very friendly terms with them, indeed, that he accompanied them to Longo Bucco; for it was understood he possessed a perfect knowledge of the country, and he had offered to render them every service in his power. By the management of some trifling affairs, in which he showed considerable zeal and talent, the little rogue gained the heart and the entire confidence of the commandant, whose mind was still set on getting two leaders of certain late movements of the robbers into his hands.

One morning the wily monk told him, he was the man who would do this, if the commandant would but entrust him with the charge of a detachment. He knew the obnoxious individual to be concealed at a farm-house not many leagues from the spot, and all that he required for his own personal safety, was to be allowed to march in the French ranks disguised as a soldier.

The commandant, far from expecting any perfidy,



THE ABBOT AND THE FRENCH SOLDIERS.



DON CIRO'S SIEGE.



eagerly adopted a project which presented great chances of success. Behold us, says the officer, then transforming our little abbot into a soldier, (the abbot must have laughed at them in his sleeve,) laughing most heartily at this masquerade scene. No part of the uniform belonging to the lowest-sized voltigeur could be found to fit him. The great coat trailed down to his heels, the schakos covered his ears, the cartouch-box descended to his hams, and he bent under the weight of the musket, which his delicate hands scarcely dared to touch. Every thing, however, was soon adjusted for him, and the wag, completely disguised, set off in high glee, with a detachment of five-and-twenty men, under the command of an officer. After leading our soldiers from village to village, through dreary fastnesses and in dreadful weather, and after making them lie concealed for a whole day in a wood, he suddenly resumed his monk's dress, under the pretence that he was going to look out for some information, and disappeared—never to return.

It was soon ascertained that this ingenious abbot had assumed this masquerade, and borne these military fatigues, for the sole object of levying contributions, in the commandant's name, on all the most wealthy proprietors, of the neighborhood. Our author of the letters was exceedingly indignant at this; and yet, perhaps, the abbot had only been seduced by the force of French example, and had not the "rare honesty" to see their "swarms of subordinate employees" running about the country, "raising taxes in every possible manner," without the wish and the attempt to go and do likewise. The narrator of the very amusing story adds, "The indignation of the commandant and

officer who went with the detachment may easily be imagined, since their honor might be compromised under circumstances of such vile deception. "The description of the arrant knave has been sent about in all directions, and woe be to him if he should fall into our hands." The abbot, of course, was no such fool. We hear no more about him from the French officer.

Sometimes these Italian banditti are collected in such numerous bands that a large military force is required to take them, and occasionally they occupy a strong building and stand a siege.

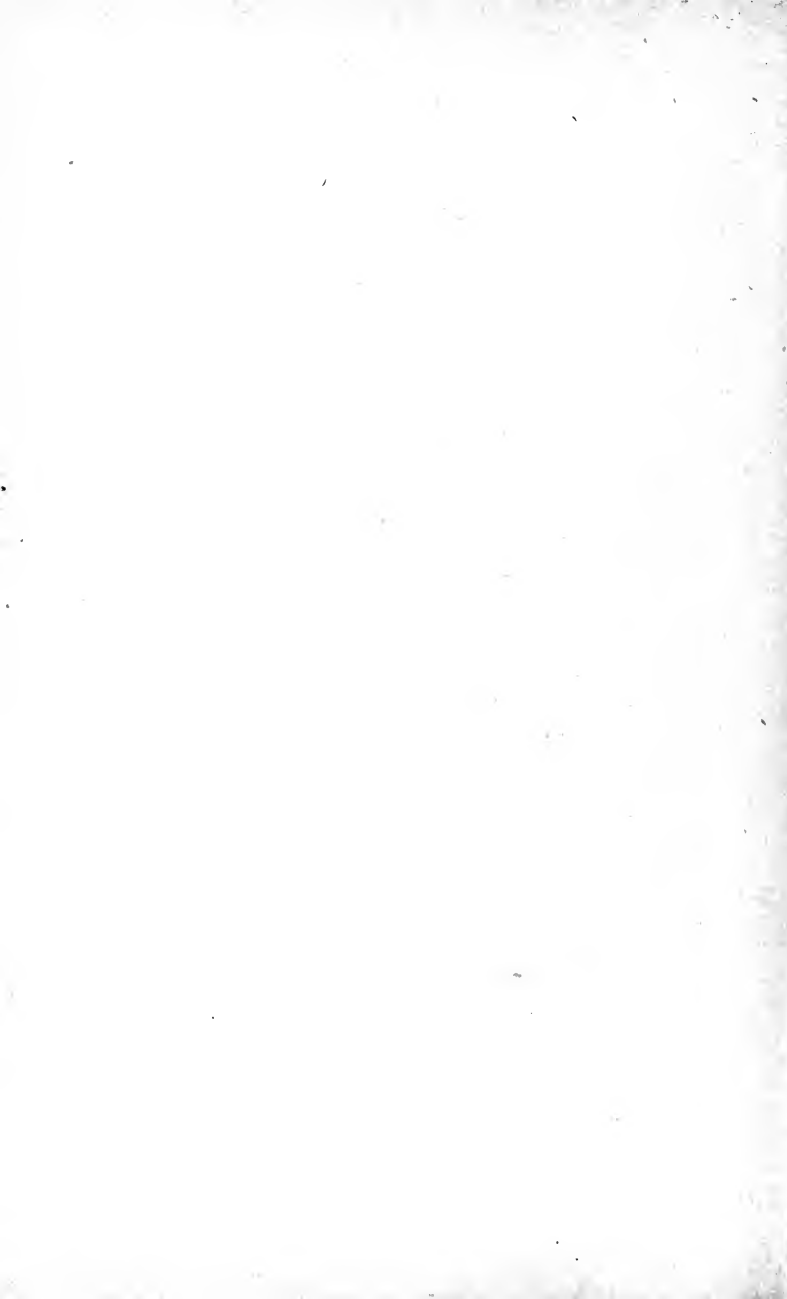
We quote from the life of Don Ciro, called the priest robber, an account of an occurrence of this last description. Our extract commences, rather abruptly, as follows :

Don Ciro had now been missing for six or seven days ; not a word had been heard of him since his escape from San Marzano, but the general fancying he could not be far off, and that he was still in intimate correspondence with some individuals in that town, threatened it with plunder and destruction, unless its inhabitants enabled him to secure the person of the robber-priest within eight days. Trembling for their houses and property, the militia of San Marzano then undertook to pursue Don Ciro, and on the 6th of February they beset him in the *masseria*, or farm-house, of Scaserba, not above ten miles from Church's quarters at Francavilla.

The masserie in Apulia and the provinces of Bari, Taranto, and Otranto, are all built on the same plan, and are very capable of defence. The word is not rendered by "farm-house," which gives but an inadequate idea of

DON CIRIO IN PRISON.





the masseria. They date from the period when the incursions of the Turks and pirates were apprehended, and when the country people shut themselves up in their strongholds with their cattle and most valuable effects, in order to secure themselves from attack. A square wall of inclosure, sufficiently high and solid, generally surrounds the dwelling-house, built against one side, and containing three or four large habitable rooms, and sometimes a small chapel. The vast stables, granaries, and out-houses, within the walls, form a right angle with this dwelling-house, but without touching it. In the midst of the inclosure, at some distance from the surrounding wall, rises a round or square tower of two stories, standing quite alone. The ascent to the upper story is either by stone steps, inserted in the tower, by a drawbridge, or by a ladder easily drawn up into the tower. This description will enable the reader to understand how Don Ciro could make so long a resistance in the masseria of Scaserba.

He had arrived at this lonely place with some of his comrades, worn out with fatigue, and had thought he could venture to repose himself there for a few hours. It was said that he had previously provided Scaserba and many other lonely masserie of the district with arms, ammunition, and some provisions. He was surprised at the sudden and hostile apparition of the militia of San Marzano, but not at all alarmed, making sure he could cut his way through them whenever he chose. Had he rushed out at once he might have done so. He coolly staid where he was, and let them form before the gate of the masseria. So strong was his spell on the minds of these men, that

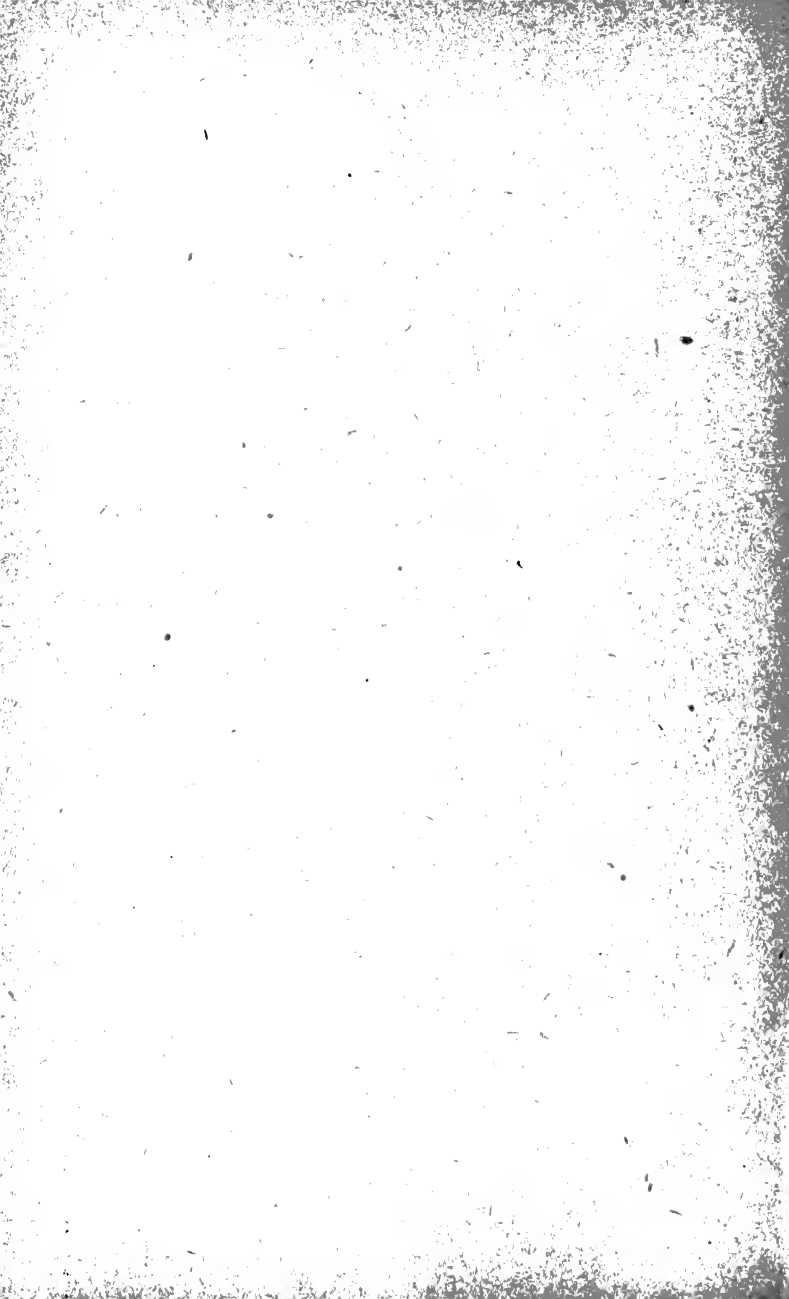
for a long time they hesitated to approach within range of his never-erring musket—the first that did so, he shot dead from the outer walls. This delay, however, cost him dear. The militia of San Marzano, though not brave, were this time in earnest, and having sent information to Lieutenant Fonsmorte, stationed at the Castelli, a position between Grottaglie and Francavilla, that officer hastened to the spot, with forty men of regular troops. As this force came in sight on the edge of the plain, Don Ciro bit his thumb until it bled, for he understood that a vigorous attack was to be made, and retreat was now hopeless. He soon, however, recovered his presence of mind, and locking up the poor people of the masseria in the straw-magazine, and putting the key in his pocket, he retired with his desperate followers to the tower. Having ascended to the upper story, they drew in the ladder after them, and proceeded to load all their guns, of which they had a good number.

It was now evening; the darkness of night soon succeeded the brief twilight of the south. That night must have been a sleepless one for Don Ciro, though no attempt was made at storming his stronghold. The morning dawn, however, afforded him no comfort, for Captain Corsi had arrived from Francavilla with a detachment of gens-d'armes, and soon after Major Bianchi came to the field with other reinforcements!

The siege of Scaserba was now formed by one hundred and thirty-two soldiers; the militia, on whom little dependence was placed, being stationed in the second line, and at some distance.



ITALIAN BRIGAND.



Don Ciro vigorously defended the outer walls and the approaches to his tower from sun-rise to sun-set. In the night he attempted to escape, but the neighing of horses made him suspect that some cavalry had arrived, whose pursuit it would be impossible to elude, and he saw piquets all round the masseria. He therefore retired, after having killed, with a pistol-shot, a voltigeur stationed under the wall he had attempted to scale. He again shut himself up in his tower, and employed himself all night in making cartridges. An afternoon, two nights, and a whole day had been spent and Don Ciro was still master of the whole inclosure, and the outer walls of the masseria! At day-break, the besiegers tried to burst open the strong wooden gate of the outer wall: Ciro and his men creeping from the tower and under the wall by the gate, repulsed the assailants, killing five and wounding fourteen of the soldiers. A barrel of oil was then rolled to the gate, in order to burn it. The first man who set fire to it was shot through the heart. But its flames communicated to the door, which was soon accessible, and Don Ciro was obliged to retreat to his tower. How long he might have kept Major Bianchi at bay, had not a piece of artillery arrived, and had he not forgotten an important part of the provision for a siege, is uncertain; but as the day advanced a four-pounder was brought to the spot, and pointed against the roof of the tower. This little piece produced great effect. The tiles and bricks which fell, drove Don Ciro from the upper to the lower story of the tower. The assailants, satisfied with the effects produced by the four-pounder, would not approach the tower; he had nothing to do in the way of

firing at them, to keep up his spirits;—at the same time, and in this horrid state of inactivity or passiveness, he was tormented with a burning thirst, for he had forgotten to provide himself with water—and he never could drink wine.

At length, after some deliberations with his companions, he demanded to speak with General Church, who he believed was in the neighborhood; then to the Duke of Monte Jasi—he seemed to have had the ancient knight's anxiety, to surrender to none save people of distinction; but that nobleman being also absent, he condescended to capitulate with Major Bianchi. On their approach, he addressed the besiegers, and threw them some bread. Major Bianchi assured him that he should not be maltreated by the soldiery, of whom he had killed and wounded so many. He then lowered the ladder, descended from the tower, and presented himself to the major and his troops, with the words, "Eccomi, Don Ciro,—Here am I, Don Ciro!"

His comrades then followed him. And how many were these desperate men, who had so long defended themselves against such a force? They were only three—Vito di Cesare, Giovanni Palmieri, and Michele Cuppoli.

Their hands, their faces, their dress, were horribly begrimed by gunpowder and smoke, but there was no appearance of wounds on their persons, and their countenances, particularly that of their daring leader, were firm and resolute in the extreme. The first thing Don Ciro did after surrendering himself to the soldiers was, to beg them to give him water to quench his consuming thirst.

He then delivered the key and desired them to liberate the people of the masseria, who had been locked up all this while in the straw-magazine. He declared that they were innocent, and as they came out of their places of confinement he distributed money among them. He patiently suffered himself to be searched and bound. Some poison was found upon him, which he said he would have taken in the tower had not his companions prevented him.

The besiegers and their captors now marched off for Francavilla. Don Ciro conversed quietly enough all the way with Major Bianchi, to whom he related the principal circumstances of his most extraordinary life.

In prison he was equally calm. He only appeared to be interested for the fate of some of his partisans, or *Decisi*: he declared that they had been compelled by his threats and their own fears to do whatever they had done, and he entreated that they might not be persecuted.

On being placed before the council of war, presided by Lieutenant-Colonel Guarini, he addressed a speech to that officer, mistaking him for General Church. Among other arguments he used, was this:

“On the day that you, general, with the Duke of San Cesareo and only a few horsemen, reconnoitred Grottaglie, I was there, with several of mine, concealed behind a ruined wall, close by the gate where you entered. I covered you with my rifle, and I never missed my aim ten times that distance! Had not the feelings of mercy prevailed in my bosom, general, instead of being here to judge me, you would have been in your grave. Think

of this, Signor General, and let me meet with the mercy I have shown !”

On being informed of his mistake, he insisted on seeing General Church ; when this was refused him, he quietly resigned himself to his fate, drily saying, “*Ho capito.*” (I understand.) He did not pronounce another word.

After sentence of death was passed, a missionary introduced himself, and offered him the consolations of religion. Don Ciro answered him with a smile, “Let us leave alone all this stuff and prating ! we are of the same trade—don’t let us laugh at one another !”

On being asked by Captain Montorj, reporter of the military commission which condemned him, how many persons he had killed with his own hand, he carelessly answered, “Who can tell ?—they may be between sixty and seventy.”

As he was led to execution he recognised Lieutenant Fonsmorte, the officer who had been the first to arrive at the masseria of Scaserba with his regular troops. Don Ciro had admired his readiness and courage, and said to him, “If I were a king, I would make you a captain.”

The streets of Francavilla, through which he passed, were filled with people ; even the house-tops were crowded with spectators. They all preserved a gloomy silence.

On his arrival at the place of execution, Don Ciro walked with a firm step to his fatal post. He wished to be shot standing—but they ordered him to kneel. He did so, presenting his breast to the soldiers. He was then told that malefactors, like himself, were always shot with their backs to the soldiers ; “It is all the same,” he replied

with a smile, and then he turned his back. As he did so, he advised a priest, who persisted in remaining near to him, to withdraw, "for," said he, "these fellows are not all such good shots as I have been—they may hit you."

He spoke no more—the signal was given—the soldiers fired at the kneeling priest-robber. Twenty-one balls took effect—four in the head! Yet he still breathed and muttered in his throat; it required a twenty-second shot to put an end to him! This fact was confirmed by all the officers and soldiers present at the execution. The people, who had always attributed supernatural powers to him, were confirmed in their belief by this tenaciousness of life, which was, indeed, little short of miraculous. "As soon as we perceived," said one of the soldiers very seriously, "that Don Ciro was enchanted, we loaded his musket with a silver ball, and this destroyed the spell."

Thus fell, in 1818, after fifteen years of a most lawless life, dating from his jealousy and first murder, Don Ciro Anacchiarico, of whom little else remains to be said, save that his countenance had nothing at all repulsive about it, but was, on the contrary, rather mild and agreeable; that he was master of a verbose but most persuasive eloquence, though pedantic in his style and over-addicted to classical allusions and inflated phrases—the general defects of his countrymen, the Neapolitans.



POLINARIO AND THE ARCHBISHOP.

Polinario.

My next anecdote is of a Spanish robber of a more agreeable character. It is extracted from the work of a recent traveller, from Inglis's "Spain in 1830." Inglis, in the course of his peregrinations, stopped one night at a posada, or inn, in the south of Spain, and sat down to sup at a sort of *table d'hote*, with such company as had gathered at the said place of repose and refection.

Towards the conclusion of the supper, a guest of no

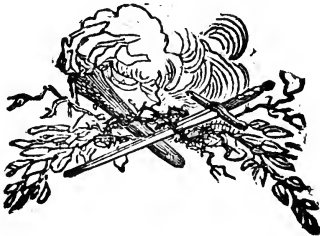
small importance took his place at table: this was no other than the celebrated Polinario, during eleven years the dread of half Spain, and now following the honest calling of guard of the Seville diligence. I never saw a finer man, or one whose appearance more clearly indicated the profession which he had abandoned. I could not help fancying that his countenance expressed a certain lawlessness of mind, and contempt of peaceable persons like myself, which an assumed suavity of manner was unable altogether to conceal: this suavity of manner is, however, very remarkable, and I believe is in perfect accordance with his conduct when a robber; for Polinario was never guilty of any act of wanton cruelty or barbarity, but along with the most fearless courage, he always evinced a certain forbearance, not uncommon among Spanish banditti; but in him, having a deeper seat than a mock civility of the Spanish thief, arising rather from a softness at heart, which afterwards led to a change in his mode of life. The history of this change is curious, and I pledge myself for its authenticity.

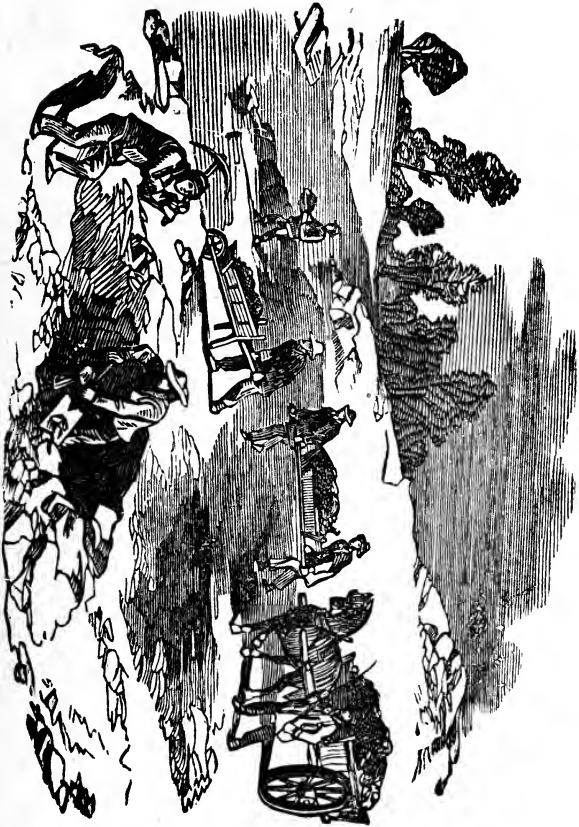
The usual range of Polinario was the northern part of Sierra Morena and the southern parts of La Mancha; and here he remained during eleven years.

A few years ago, understanding that the Archbishop of Gaen would pass the Sierra Morena in his carriage, without other attendants than his servants, he lay in wait for the prelate, and stopped his carriage. The archbishop of course delivered his money; and Polinario having received it, asked his blessing: upon this, the archbishop began to re-menstrate with the robber, setting forth the heinousness

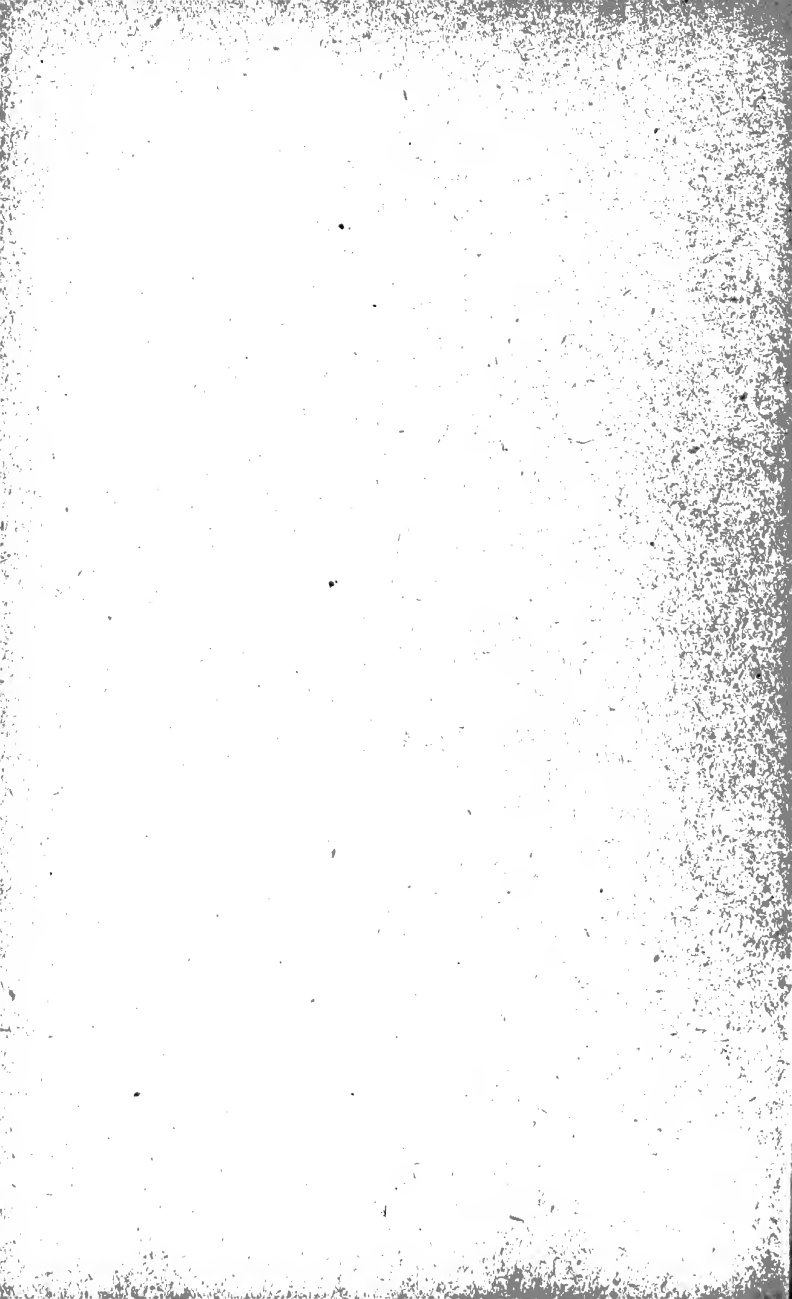
of his offences, and the wickedness of his life : but Polinario interrupted the archbishop, by telling him it was of no use remonstrating upon his manner of life, unless his Grace could obtain a pardon for the past ; because, without this, it was impossible he could change his mode of living.

The Archbishop of Gaen is a good man ; and feeling a real desire to assist Polinario in his half-expressed desire of seeking a better way of life, he passed his word that he would obtain for him his Majesty's pardon ; and Polinario came under a solemn promise to the archbishop, that he would rob no more. In this way the matter stood for eleven months ; for it was eleven months before the archbishop could obtain the pardon he had promised ; and during all this time Polinario was obliged to conceal himself from the pursuit which the offer of a considerable reward had long before instigated. At length, however, the pardon was obtained ; and Polinario was free to lead an honest life. He admits, however, that he is not contented with the change ; and makes no hesitation in saying, that the promise made to the archbishop alone prevents him from returning to his former profession ; but he says the archbishop kept his word to him, and he will keep his word to the archbishop.





GOLD DIGGERS IN AUSTRALIA.





The Emigrant Gold-digger.

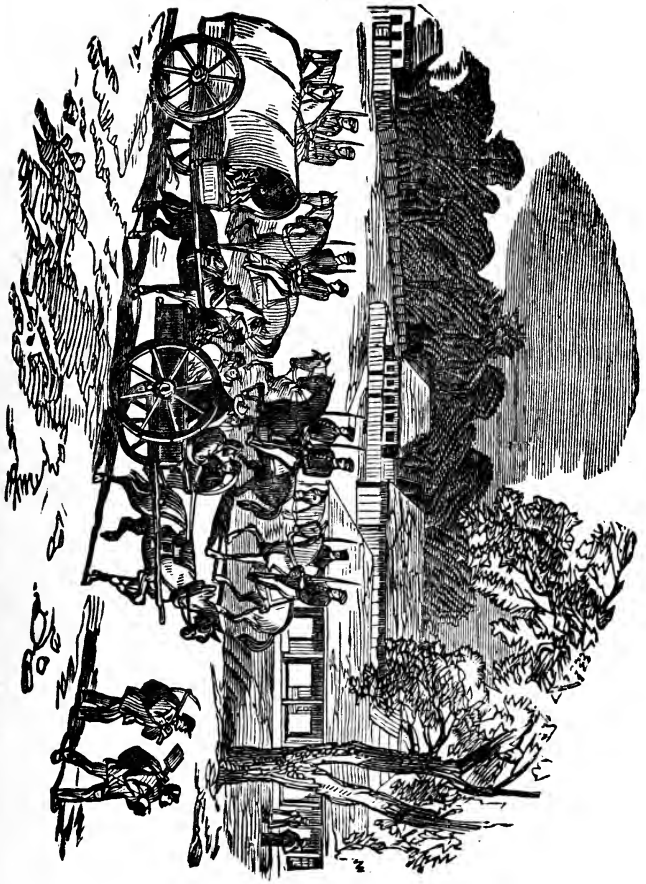
YOU can have no idea of the ferment about the gold-diggings in this part of Australia, says an emigrant, in a communication on the subject. The excitement of the Mississippi and South Sea Schemes could not have been greater. The folks of Sydney, when I saw them, seemed as if bewitched—they could talk of nothing else than the great things in store for the country. I landed only a fortnight or so after the account of the gold discoveries at Bathurst had been propagated; and as my object in emigrating had been to gain a livelihood in any honest way, and as I did not mind roughing it, or undergoing a

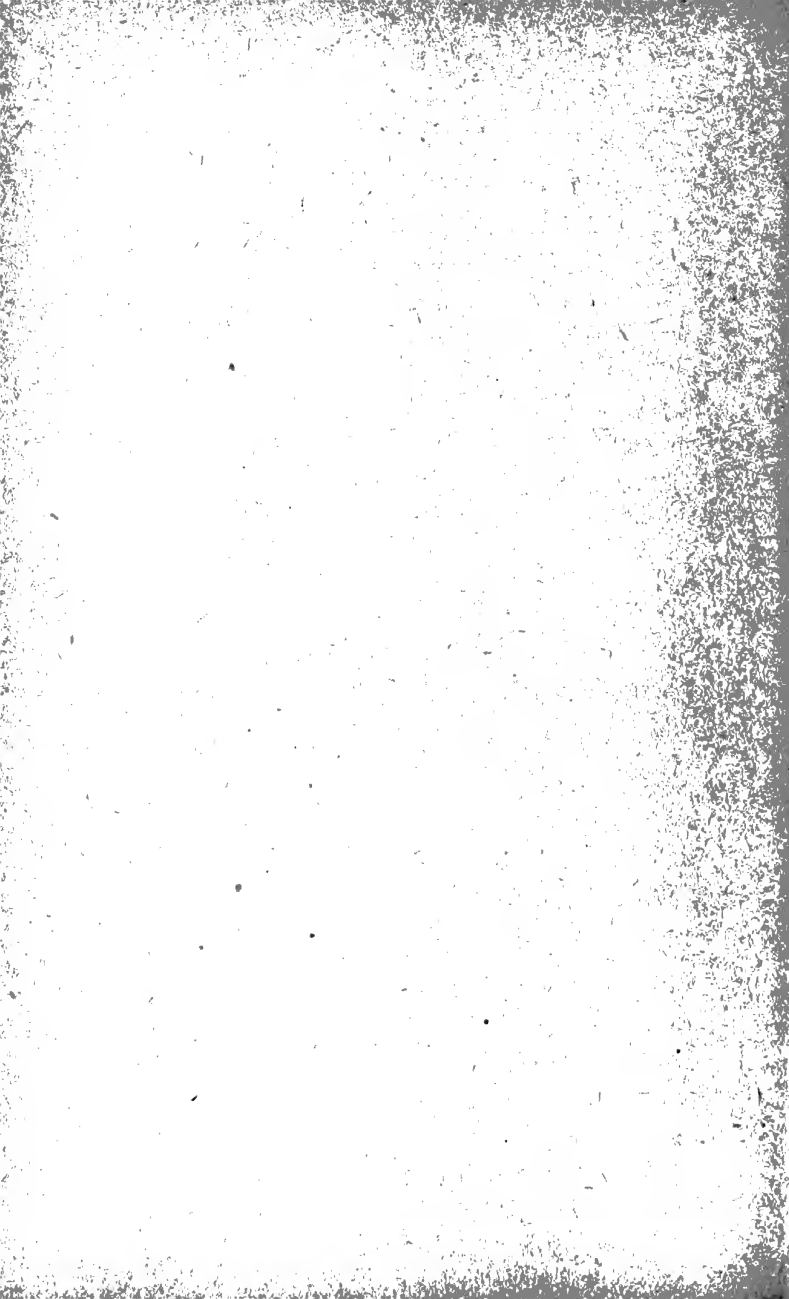
fair share of toil, you will not wonder that I set off with a band of young men, all as eager as myself. We took each with us only a small knapsack of necessaries, and we had amongst every two a small handy shovel and mattock. Some carried tin basins for washing the sand, and others had with them a few carpenter's tools. There was also a slender provision of cooking utensils. I bundled my articles in a blanket, and using my spade as a staff, took the road one morning, in the best possible spirits.

Bathurst lies west from Sydney, and to get to it we took the route through Paramatta, which also contributed numbers for the same destination. There was great fun on the road; so many parties were jogging on their way all anxious to get on, as if the gold would all be picked up before they reached the spot. No one had any distinct idea of what was seen or what was to be done. They, however, knew that the gold which they might be so lucky as to get, would be readily bought from them by the Sydney jewellers, at good prices. I did not observe any fighting or misconduct among the hurrying groups of travellers. There was general good-humor, and a disposition to help one another in any small matter. On the second day we met a man returning. He showed us a piece of gold that he had secured—it weighed three and a half ounces; and he was so elated with the prize and the prospect it held out, that he was going back to Sydney to procure apparatus for digging and washing on an extensive scale; at the same time to wind up some ordinary affairs that he had left in confusion.

I must hurry on. It was toilsome crossing the moun-

CARRYING THE GOLD FROM THE MINES.





tain-gorges; and the road was almost entirely up hill, till we got to a considerable altitude. Here there were high-lying plains and much broken country, with runs of water and much picturesque scenery. We were now in the gold regions, about thirty-five miles beyond the town of Bathurst. The first sight we got of the Ophir diggings was in coming down a rocky height, where we observed a miscellaneous body of men, scattered in twos and threes in the bed of a creek, and all busy in the search for the precious metals. Adjoining, here and there, were tents; and several stores were open for the use of the emigrants. One of the tents was occupied by a government officer, who acts as chief-magistrate, and sells licences. There were also some police present. We commenced operations almost immediately. One of our companions amused us by dashing, with a whoop and hurrah, into the bed of the rivulet, and lifting a handful of gravel to see what kind of stuff it was. Along with a young emigrant who agreed to share with me in all that could be gathered, I went to a spot which was seemingly less encroached upon than other places, and there began to shovel up the loose sandy *debris*, and wash away the lighter portions. We succeeded as well as could have been expected. Before night, we had gathered as many grains of gold as would have filled a thimble. This we thought a good beginning; and are pushing on with high hope. I wish you were here to see the strange scramble that is going forward. As yet I have seen no disorder. There are many most respectable people engaged in the operation of gold-digging, and that helps materially to preserve orderly conduct.

So far goes our informant. We add for general entertainment the following letter extracted from an Australian paper lately forwarded to us:—

At the present time there are about one thousand people at the mines, and the number is daily increasing. A friend of ours, who returned thence a few days ago, informed us that he met seventy-two on the road from Bathurst; and when it is considered that Ophir is the centre of an immense circle, from which many new trodden roads radiate in all directions, and that a steady stream of human beings is daily flowing from each, some idea may be formed of the rapid increase of the digging population. About three miles of a frontage are occupied with this busy throng. Every village of the surrounding country is emptying itself, or sending forth its quota to the great gathering. From a letter received from Carcoar, by the last mail, we learn that it is nearly deserted. Fresh faces are to be daily seen in our streets which by the following day have disappeared, their places being supplied by others; and if our readers wish to know what has become of them, we simply tell them that they are off to the diggings. A few days ago a band of about a dozen women left Bathurst for the diggings, and since that time several small knots of females have started for that locality, where we are informed they drive a profitable trade by the washing-tub. Tents and gunyas are rearing their heads in every quarter; but hundreds receive no other protection from the weather than a few boughs thrown together after the fashion of a black-fellow's mansion. In fact the whole settlement has the appearance of a vast aboriginal camp. The preci-

pitous ridges on each side of the creek are studded with horses by the hundred, which after a few days naturalization to their new homes, begin to look as rugged and haggard as their masters.

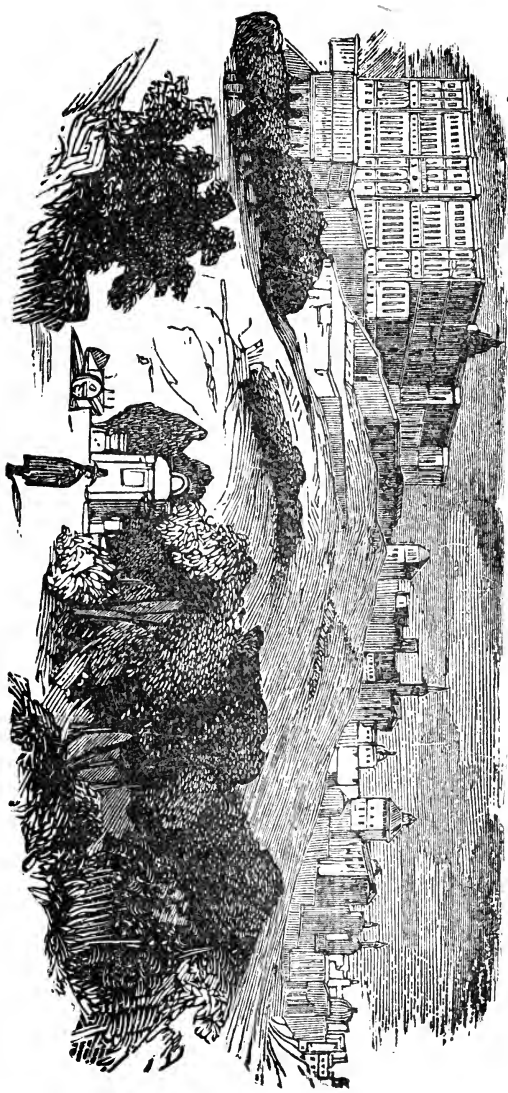
The diggings commence at the junction of the Summer Hill and Lewis' Ponds Creek, and extend downwards towards the Macquarrie. Several stores have been opened, and it is said are doing a roaring trade, taking gold in payment for their goods. The neighboring flocks supply the miners with mutton, and we hear that it is in contemplation to erect stock-yards to slaughter cattle in. Meat sells readily at four pence a pound, and we have heard of instances in which enormous prices have been given for bread. From the miserable shelter and generally inadequate outfit of scores, whom the mania has allured thither, there can be little doubt that many are paving their way to the grave. And whilst on this part of our subject, we will tender a little advice to intending miners. Before going to Ophir, you must recollect that it is a miserably cold place, and that you require not only plenty of warm bedding, but a tarpaulin or some such convenience for shelter—that as there is abundance of hard work before you, in the performance of which you are sure to get wet, and during a portion of the time must stand in the water, plenty of food is an indispensable requisite. Again, a regular set of tools, comprising shovels, pickaxes, a crow-bar, tin-dishes for lading the water, a cradle, &c., is absolutely necessary. If you have means to obtain all these, you may stand your chance of finding more or less of the auriferous wealth of Ophir; if not, stop at home and mind

your ordinary business, if you have any to mind, and we will hazard a guess that in the end you will be as rich as the gold-digger, with perhaps a much sounder constitution. Even at the present time there are much hunger and suffering which do not meet the eye.

The success of ten or a dozen men is not to be understood as the guage by which the luck of all is to be measured; and although the general impression of respectable people seems to be that most of the diggers are procuring more or less gold in return for their labor, it must be recollected that there are hundreds of whose success or failure we are unable to speak. That there are many cases of failure we have been repeatedly informed, and know of instances in which shepherds have been hired at the diggings, who have been starved and worked into intense disgust against gold-finding, and left the place much poorer than they arrived at it.

From the foregoing relation of facts, some idea may be formed of the state of our town and district. In sober seriousness, "the times are out of joint." The wisest men are mere children in the matter, and are as little aware how it will end.

According to letters of later date, discoveries of gold in incalculable abundance has been made on the Turon River; and prodigious accordingly was the fresh excitement. Wonderful times these! A great future opens on Australia,—and, if we mistake not, on the home country too!



MADRID.





SPANISH COSTUMES.

Borrow's Adventures in Spain.

MR. BORROW, the author of a well-known work on the "Gipsies of Spain," has also published, under the somewhat quaint title of "The Bible in Spain," a very remarkable work, abounding in the most vivid and picturesque descriptions of scenery, and sketches of strange and wild adventure. Of his personal history, he tells us little;

but the hints and allusions scattered throughout this and the former work, show that, in various respects, it has been a very strange one, "fuller of adventure than any thing we are at all familiar with even in modern romance." It was in the character of an agent for the British and Foreign Bible Society that Mr. Borrow visited Spain towards the close of the year 1835.

He spent the greater part of five years in this service, partly in superintending the printing of a Spanish Bible at Madrid, partly in personally distributing copies of the sacred Scriptures in the provinces. His work does not assume the form of a regular narrative, but is rather a series of sketches descriptive of the scenes through which he passed, and of the persons and adventures encountered by him in the course of his missionary enterprises. We purpose giving, as far as the fragmentary character of the work will permit us, a connected view of his efforts to circulate the Bible in the Peninsula, and of the success which has attended his labors.

Mr. Borrow landed at Lisbon about the middle of November, 1835, and proceeded without delay to take measures for the circulation of the stock of Portuguese Bibles and Testaments which had been at his disposal. A part of his stock was put in the hands of the booksellers of Lisbon, and at the same time colporteurs were employed to hawk the books about the streets, receiving a certain profit on every copy they sold.

As Mr. Borrow's stay in Portugal was limited, he determined, before leaving the country, to establish depots of Bibles in one or two of the provincial towns. With this

view, he set out for Evora, the principal city of the province beyond the Tagus, and one of the most ancient in Portugal, and formerly the seat of a branch of the Inquisition. After a dangerous passage across the Tagus, in which he narrowly escaped drowning, he reached Aldea Gallega about seven o'clock in the evening, shivering with cold, and in a most deplorable plight; and having engaged with a person for mules to carry him to Evora, started next morning in company with the proprietor of the mules and his nephew. "When we started, the moon was shining brightly, and the morning was piercingly cold. We soon entered on a sandy hollow way, emerging from which we passed by a strange-looking and large edifice, standing on a high, bleak sand-hill on our left. We were speedily overtaken by five or six men on horseback, riding at a rapid pace, each with a long gun slung at his saddle, the muzzle depending about two feet below the horse's belly. I inquired of the old man what was the reason of this warlike array. He answered, that the roads were very bad—meaning that they abounded with robbers—and that they went armed in this manner for their defence; they soon turned off to the right towards Palmella. We reached a sandy plain studded with stunted pine; the road was little more than a foot-path, and as we proceeded, the trees thickened, and became a wood, which extended for two leagues, with clear spaces at intervals, in which herds of cattle and sheep were feeding; the bells attached to their necks were ringing lowly and monotonously. The sun was just beginning to show itself; but the morning was misty and dreary, which, together with the aspect of

desolation which the country exhibited, had an unfavorable effect on my spirits. I got down and walked, entering into conversation with the old man. He seemed to have but one theme—"the robbers," and the atrocities they were in the habit of practising in the very spots we were passing. The tales he told were truly horrible, and to avoid them, I mounted again, and rode on considerably in front. In about an hour and a half we emerged from the forest, and entered upon a savage, wild, broken ground, covered with mato or brushwood. The mules stopped to drink at a shallow pool, and on looking to the right, I saw a ruined wall. This, the guide informed me, was the remains of Vendas Velhas, or the Old Inn, formerly the haunt of the celebrated robber Sabocha. I dismounted, and went up to the place, and saw the vestiges of a fire and a broken bottle. The sons of plunder had been there very lately. I left a New Testament and some tracts amongst the ruins, and hastened away."

The goat-herd of Monte Moro—the night scene at Evora, where Mr. Borrow had taken up his quarters in the midst of a motley company of smugglers of the border—the fugitive, frantic with terror at the idea that he had been pursued by witches, and wearing rosemary in his hat, to elude their malicious search—and the benighted horsemen encountered on the return to the metropolis—are sketches worthy of especial notice, and strikingly illustrative of the author's graphic powers. At Evora, he found a bookseller willing to undertake the sale of the Bibles and Testaments, and to him he entrusted one-half of his stock, the other half he consigned to the secretary

to the government at Evora, who in conjunction with the governor, was endeavoring to establish a school in the vicinity, and who promised to use all his influence to make the knowledge of the Scriptures the basis of the education which the children were to receive. During the time of his sojourn at Evora, Mr. Borrow paid a visit every day to a fountain where the muleteers and other people who visit the town are accustomed to water their horses, and entered into conversation with every one who halted at the fountain, upon matters relating to their eternal welfare. None of them, he tells us, had seen the Bible, and not more than half-a-dozen had the slightest inkling of what the holy book contained, but they listened with attention and apparent interest to the statements addressed to them. The belief in witchcraft is very prevalent among the peasantry of Portugal, and many of them wear charms, fabricated and sold by the monks for protection against witches and robbers. Mr. Borrow, however, bears emphatic testimony to the decline of the influence of the monks both in Spain and Portugal. Even the smugglers whom he met in the inn at Evora spoke of priestcraft and the monkish system with the utmost abhorrence, and said that they should prefer death to submitting again to the yoke which had formerly galled their necks.

The following description of the manner in which a *fidalgo* found it necessary to travel on the simple occasion of a household removal, gives a striking picture of the insecurity of the traveller, and of the perils of a wayfaring life in the Peninsula: "Had they been conveying the wealth of Ind through the deserts of Arabia, they could

not have travelled with more precaution. The nephew, with drawn sabre, rode in front; pistols in his holsters, and the usual Spanish gun slung at his saddle. Behind him tramped six men in rank, with muskets shouldered, and each of them wore at his girdle a hatchet, which was probably intended to cleave the thieves to the brisket should they venture to come to close-quarters. There were six vehicles, two of them calashes, in which latter rode the fidalgo and his daughters; the others were covered with carts, and seemed to be filled with household furniture; each of these vehicles had an armed rustic on either side; and the son, a lad about sixteen, brought up the rear, with a squad equal to that of his cousin in the van. The soldiers, who by good fortune were light horse, and admirably mounted, were galloping about in all directions, for the purpose of driving the enemy from cover, should they happen to be lurking about."

About a fortnight after his return from Evora, Mr. Borrow set out for Madrid by way of Badajos. At Elvas, he encountered the oldest woman in Spain, who described the great earthquake as having happened within her recollection. Shortly after crossing the Spanish frontier, he fell in with those singular people, the Zincali, Gitanos, or Spanish gipsies. One of them, named Antonio, offers to be his guide to Madrid. The hankering for gipsy society, and the desire to make himself acquainted with the ways of the Spanish gipsies, proved an irresistible temptation. Mr Borrow accepts the offer, and for more than a week we find him pursuing his way mounted on a spare pony from the gipsy camp, lodging as gipsies are wont to

SPANISH GIPSIES.



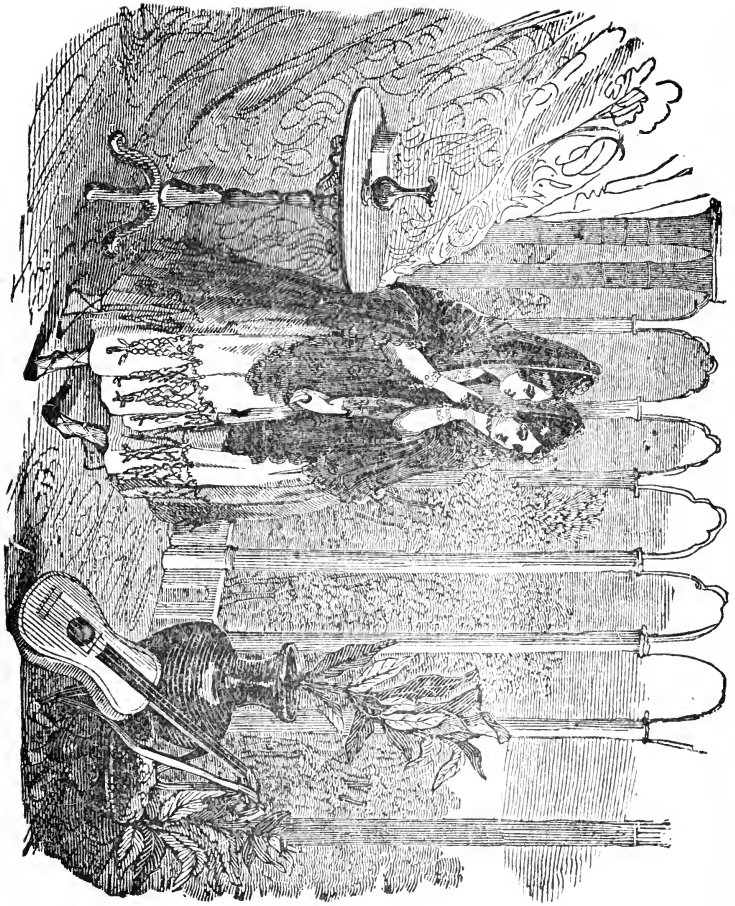


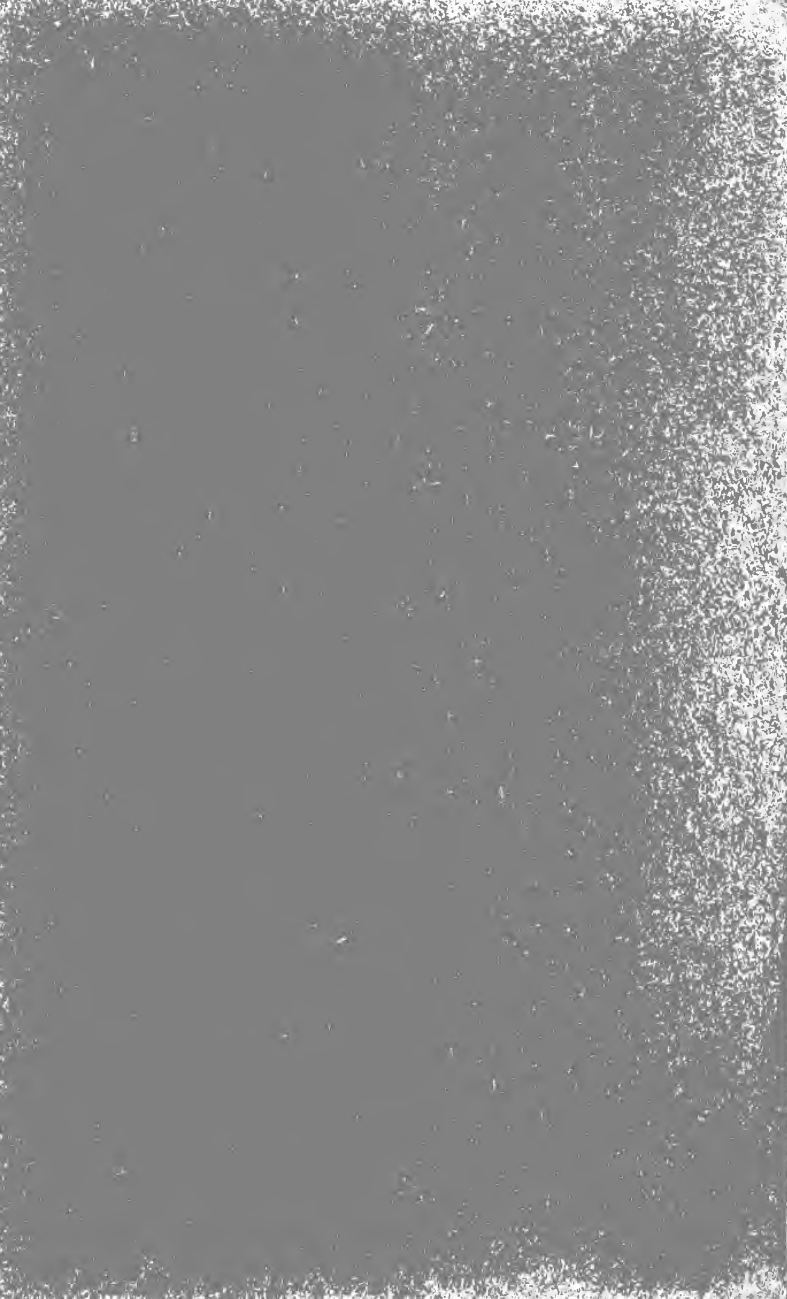
lodge, sometimes in field and forest, sometimes in town or village, and passing through some very queer scenes, in company with his gipsy guide.

At Merida, they stayed three days in the house of an old gipsy crone, who astonished the author with wonderful tales of the Moors, prison escapes, thievish feats, and one or two poisoning adventures, in which she had been engaged in her early youth. The old lady became so much attached to Mr. Borrow, as to offer him her grand-daughter in marriage, and resolutely to combat the excuses by which he sought to evade this tender proposition. After various other singular adventures, Antonio, who, for very excellent reasons, was afraid of being recognised in the town through which they required to pass, found that he had no chance of escape, except in quitting the high road altogether. Mr. Borrow, therefore, proceeds on his journey alone. But near Talavera, he overtakes another traveller, the tallest and bulkiest man he had hitherto seen in Spain, dressed in a manner strange and singular for the country. The stranger spoke good Castilian, but in the course of conversation, a word escaped him which betrayed the *Moresco*; and the subsequent communications which he made to Mr. Borrow, bring to light some interesting facts respecting the condition of his race in Spain.

On reaching Madrid, Mr. Borrow lost no time in taking steps to obtain permission from the government to print the New Testament in the Castilian language, for circulation in Spain. Having received from the British minister, Mr. Villiers, a letter of introduction to Mendizabal, who was at time prime minister of Spain, he repaired to

his office. "Several individuals," says Mr. Borrow, "were admitted before me; at last, however, my own turn came, and I was ushered into the presence of Mendizabal. He stood behind a table covered with papers, on which his eyes were intently fixed. He took not the slightest notice when I entered, and I had leisure enough to survey him. He was a huge athletic man, somewhat taller than myself, who measure six feet two inches without my shoe; his complexion was florid, his features fine and regular, his nose quite aquiline, and his teeth splendidly white; though scarcely fifty years of age, his hair was remarkably gray; he was dressed in a rich morning-gown, with a gold chain round his neck, and morocco slippers on his feet. His secretary, a fine intellectual looking man, who, as I was subsequently informed, had acquired a name both in English and Spanish literature, stood at one end of the table with papers in his hands. After I had been standing about a quarter of an hour, Mendizabal suddenly lifted up a pair of sharp eyes, and fixed them upon me with a peculiarly scrutinizing glance. My interview with him lasted nearly an hour. As I was going away, he said: 'Yours is not the first application I have had. Ever since I have held the reins of government, I have been pestered in this manner by English, calling themselves Evangelical Christians, who have of late come flocking over into Spain. What a strange infatuation is this, which drives you over lands and waters with Bibles in your hands! My good sir, it is not Bibles we want, but rather guns and gunpowder, to put the rebels down with, and, above all, money, that we may pay the troops. If





you come with these three things, you shall have a hearty welcome; if not, we really can dispense with your visits, however great the honor.' ”

A change of ministry having taken place shortly after this interview, Mr. Borrow renewed his application, but found his designs thwarted by the secretary of the Duke of Rivas, an obstinate Aragonese, who had got an idea into his head on this subject which it was found impossible to dislodge. Galiano, minister of marine, gave Mr. Borrow a letter of introduction to the duke, in whose department was vested the power of granting permission to print the Bible. The interview ended in the disappointment of our author; and we next find him engaged in describing the revolution of the Granja and the death of Quesada, events which he has painted with a master-hand; but we can only find room for an incident illustrative of the coolness and activity of English newspaper reporters. “ ‘These men mean mischief,’ said I to my friend D——, of the Morning Chronicle, ‘and depend upon it, that, if they are ordered, they will commence firing, caring nothing whom they hit.’ Taking me by the arm, ‘Let us get,’ said he, ‘out of this crowd, and mount to some window, where I can write down what is about to take place, for I agree with you that mischief is meant.’ Just opposite the post-office was a large house, in the topmost story of which we beheld a paper displayed, importing that apartments were to let; whereupon we instantly ascended the common stair, and having agreed with the mistress of the house for the use of the front-room for the day, we bolted the door, and the reporter prepared to take notes of the com-

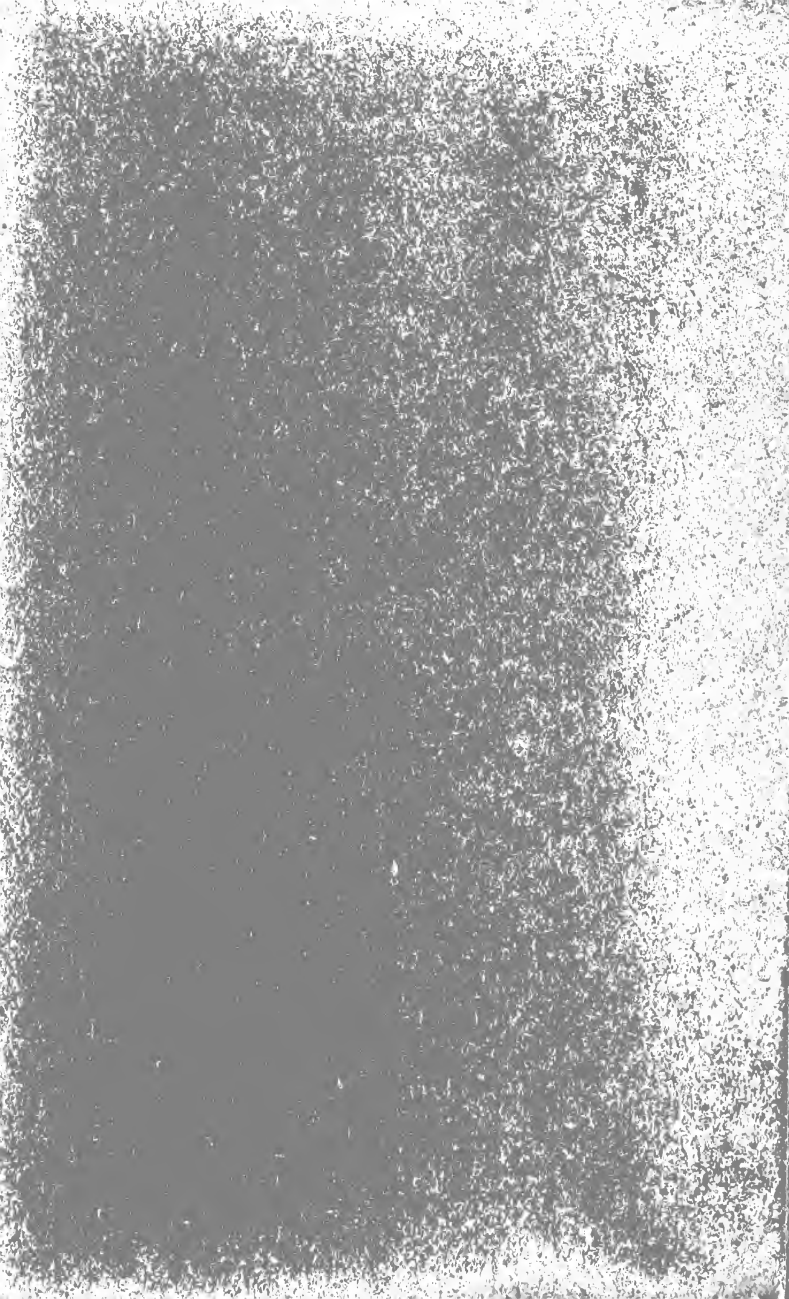
ing events, which were already casting their shadows before.

“What most extraordinary men are these reporters of newspapers in general—I mean English newspapers! Surely, if there be any class of individuals who are entitled to the appellation of cosmopolites, it is these.—The activity, energy, and courage which they occasionally display in the pursuit of information, are truly remarkable. I saw them during the three days at Paris, mingled with canaille and gamins behind the barriers, whilst the *mitraille* was flying in all directions, and the desperate cuirassiers were dashing their fierce horses against these seemingly feeble bulwarks. There stood they, dotting down their observations in their pocket-books, as unconcernedly as if reporting the proceedings of a reform meeting in Covent Garden or Finsbury Square; whilst in Spain, several of them accompanied the Carlist and Christino guerillas in some of their most desperate raids and expeditions, exposing themselves to the danger of hostile bullets, the inclemency of winter, and the fierce heat of the summer sun.”

Shortly after the revolution of La Granja, Mr. Borrow returned to England, for the purpose of consulting with his friends, and for planning the opening of a Biblical campaign in Spain. He lost no time in returning to the scene of his labors, and having landed at Cadiz, proceeded through Seville and Cordova to Madrid. He had received intimation from the proper Spanish minister, that though a formal licence could not be given to print the Bible, yet his operations would not be interfered with by the government; and acting upon this tacit permission, an

CADIZ.





dition of the New Testament, consisting of five thousand copies, was speedily published. As soon as this was accomplished, the indefatigable agent resolved to put in execution a plan on which he had mused off Cape Firisterre in the tempest, in the cut-throat passes of the Morena, and on the plains of La Mancha, as he jogged along with his smuggler guide. "I had determined," says he, "after depositing a certain number of copies in the shops of the booksellers of Madrid, to ride forth, Testament in hand, and endeavor to circulate the Word of God among the Spaniards not only of the towns, but of the villages; amongst the children not only of the plains, but of the hills and mountains. I intended to visit Old Castile, and to traverse the whole of Galicia and the Asturias—to establish Scripture depots in the principal towns, and to visit the people in secret and secluded spots—to talk to them of Christ, to explain to them the nature of His book, and to place that book into the hands of those whom I should deem capable of deriving benefit from it. I was aware that such a journey would be attended with considerable danger, and very possibly the fate of St. Stephen might overtake me; but does the man deserve the name of a follower of Christ, who would shrink from danger of any kind in the cause of him whom he calls his Master?" Into the details of this journey, which occupied a considerable portion of the year 1837, our limits forbid us to enter. It abounds in strange and deeply-interesting adventures and hairbreadth escapes, not merely from the banditti, by whom the roads were infested, but especially from the

partisans of Don Carlos, who were at that time ravaging the country with fire and sword.

At Finesterre, Mr. Borrow was mistaken for the redoubtable Carlos himself, or at the very least one of his partisans, and narrowly escaped being shot, by the orders of a stupid, ill-natured alcaid. The results of the journey, however, were on the whole propitious, as regarded the great object which the missionary had in view. He succeeded in securing the friendly interest and co-operation of the booksellers of Salamanca, Leon, Compostella, and the other towns through which he passed, and, moreover, disposed of a considerable number of Testaments with his own hands to private individuals of the lower classes. On his return to Madrid, he took the bold step of establishing a shop for the sale of Testaments; and to call public attention to it, he resorted to the English practice of covering the sides of the streets with colored placards, no doubt to the great surprise of the Spaniards; and, besides this, inserted an account of it in all the journals and periodicals. These proceedings, of course, caused a great sensation in Madrid, and excited no little indignation and alarm among the priests and their partisans; and their fury was so much increased by the publication of the Gospel in the Spanish, Gipsy, and Biscayan languages, that they procured from the governor a peremptory order prohibiting the further sale of the New Testament in Madrid. Mr. Borrow was even threatened with assassination unless he would discontinue selling his "Jewish books," and shortly after, on some frivolous charge, was committed to prison. This last step, however, was taken in such an illegal manner,

that the authorities were glad to release him, after making a humiliating apology for the violence to which he had been subjected. Mr. Borrow's sketches of the prison and its robber inmates are among the most interesting portions of his work. Snow-white linen, it seems, constitutes the principal feature in the robber foppery of Spain. But it is only the higher classes among them—in other words, the most hardened and desperate villains—who can indulge in this luxury.

Various interesting incidents are mentioned by Mr. Borrow, to show the desire which the people manifested to obtain possession of the Scriptures. "One night," says he "as I was bathing myself and my horse in the Tagus, a knot of people gathered on the bank, crying: 'Come out of the water, Englishman, and give us books; we have got our money in our hands.' The poor creatures then held out their hands, filled with small copper coins of the value of a farthing; but, unfortunately, I had no Testaments to give them. Antonio, however, who was at a short distance, having exhibited one, it was instantly torn from his hands by the people, and a scuffle ensued to obtain possession of it. It very frequently occurred that the poor laborers in the neighborhood, being eager to obtain Testaments, and having no money to offer in exchange, brought various articles to our habitation as equivalents; for example, rabbits, fruit, and barley; and I made a point never to disappoint them, as such articles were of utility either for our own consumption or that of the horses."

A poor old schoolmaster expended all the money he possessed in purchasing a dozen testaments for his scholars.

“An old peasant is reading in the portico. Eighty-four years have passed over his head, and he is almost entirely deaf; nevertheless, he is reading aloud the second of Matthew; three days since, he bespoke a Testament, but not being able to raise the money, he has not redeemed it till the present moment. He has just brought thirty farthings.”

Our limited space prevents us from entering into the enthusiastic proceedings. We regret to say that sudden illness compelled Mr. Borrow to return to Madrid, and afterwards to visit England for change of scene and air. On the last day of the year 1838, Mr. Borrow again visited Spain for the third time, and resumed his labors, with considerable success, among the villages to the east of Madrid; but he soon found that his proceedings had caused so much alarm among the heads of the clergy, that they had made a formal complaint to the government, who immediately sent orders to all the alcaids of the villages in New Castile to seize the New Testament wherever it might be exposed for sale. Undiscouraged by this blow, Mr. Borrow determined to change the scene of action, and abandoning the rural districts, to offer the sacred volume from house to house. This plan he forthwith put into execution, and with such success, that, in less than fifteen days, nearly six hundred copies had been sold in the streets and alleys of the capital; and many of these books found their way into the best houses in Madrid. One of the most zealous agents in the propagation of the Bible was an ecclesiastic. He never walked out without carrying one beneath his gown, which he offered to the first person he met whom

as thought likely to purchase. The circulation of these volumes has produced a powerful effect on the minds of the Spanish people; indeed, their influence is already beginning to be felt. Mr. Borrow informs us that, in two churches of Madrid, the New Testament was regularly expounded every Sunday evening by the respective curates, to about twenty children who attended, and who were all provided with copies of the Scriptures. By the middle of April, Mr. Borrow had sold as many Testaments as he thought Madrid would bear. Every copy of the Bible was by this time disposed of; and with the remaining copies of the Testament, he betook himself to Seville, where he succeeded in circulating about two hundred. Finding, however, that the authorities still continued to thwart his exertions, he determined to repair for a few months to the coast of Barbary, for the purpose of distributing copies of the Scriptures amongst the Christians whom he hoped to meet with there. He accordingly sailed from Cadiz to Gibraltar, and thence to Tangier, where his narrative abruptly terminates. The extracts we have given will enable our readers to form some idea of the nature of this work, which has been pronounced on high authority to be "about the most extraordinary one that has appeared in our own, or, indeed, in any other language for a very long time past." We have confined our notice of Mr. Borrow's book almost entirely to the events connected with the main object which he had in view in visiting Spain; but some of his episodical narrations are among the most remarkable and interesting portions of the work.



Scoresby the Whaler.

A VOLUME of "Memorials of the Sea," has just been made public by the Rev. Dr. Scoresby, who; we may presume, raises this little monument to his parent's memory not less for example's sake, than out of filial affection and grateful remembrance. The author's aim has been to present a faithful portraiture of his progenitor, to show us what manner of man he was; and we shall endeavor to transfer a sketch of the picture to our columns, for the edification of such readers as are interested in the study of human effort and perseverance. There ought to be something worth reading in the history of a man whose memoir comprises two hundred and thirty-two pages.

The name of Scoresby, it appears, is limited to one or two families in the north of England, most of whom have been of the yeoman class, with the reputation of good citizens and worthy members of society. There are, however, two or three exceptions to the uniform level: a Walter Scourby was "bayliffe of York" in 1312; another, Thomas, was lord mayor of the same city in 1463; and a second Thomas represented it in parliament in the reign of Edward III. So much for ancestral honors and dignities; and we pass to the individual who more immediately claims our attention. He was born in May, 1760, at Nutholm, about twenty miles from Whitby; went to an endowed school in the adjoining village of Cropton during the fine season only, as the distance was considerable, and the roads were uncomfortable in winter. Even these scanty ways and means of knowledge were cut off when William Scoresby grew to his ninth year: he was then placed with a farmer, and underwent the "rudiments" of cattle-feeding. In this situation he plodded on for more than ten years, until "unpleasant treatment" caused him to resent the indignity by walking to Whitby, and binding himself apprentice to a Quaker ship owner for three years. He then went to his father's house, and informed his parents of what had occurred, and returned forthwith to the farm to fulfil his duties until a successor should be appointed to his place. His next care was to set to work on such studies as might be useful in his new vocation, and so employ the interval prior to the sailing of the ship in the spring of 1780.

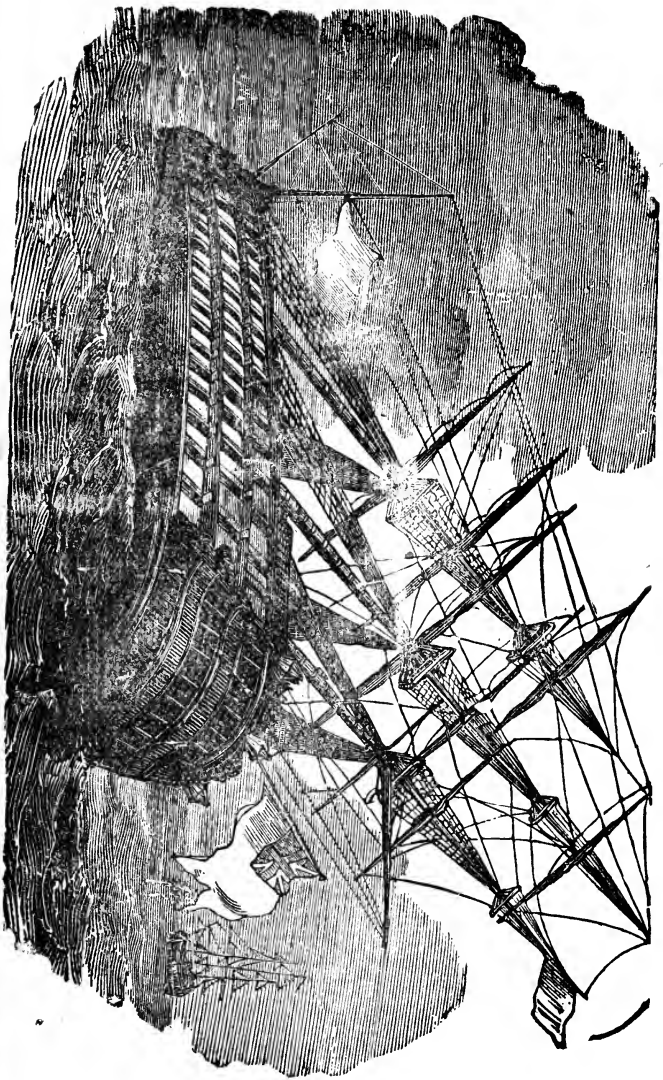
Mr. Scoresby here draws a parallel between his father



SCORESBY WANDERING IN THE SNOW.

and Captain Cook : natives of the same county, both began life with farming work, though the great circumnavigator was afterwards apprenticed to a general shopkeeper ; in which service, having been unjustly suspected of stealing " a new and fresh-looking shilling " from his master's till, he determined, if he could get permission to do so, to leave his employment as a shop-keeper, and, indulging a strongly-imbibed prepossession, turn to the sea. The result is well known.

According to agreement, Scoresby went a second time to Whitby in February to ratify his engagement ; and finding that his services would not be required before April, he set out to return home on foot the same day, being desirous of losing no time from his studies. More than half the road lay across a wild uninhabited moorland district. Night had set in when a furious snow-storm surprised him ; all



traces of the imperfect track were speedily obliterated, and the traveller "could neither see his way to advance nor to return." In this uncertainty his geometrical knowledge came into play. "He had observed how the wind first assailed him, with reference to the direction of the line of road, which, fortunately for him, like the roads of ancient construction generally, followed a steeple-chase directness, regardless of hill or dale, for the point aimed at; and, by adjusting his progress on the same angle, in respect to the course of the wind, he hoped to be guided in his now perilous undertaking." The experiment was fully successful, and the journey finally accomplished in safety.

Scoresby's sea-service commenced by a journey to Russia; while discharging a cargo of Memel timber at Portsmouth, a professional grievance made him resolve to enter on board the Royal George. Afterwards when that vessel went down, with all her crew, he regarded his having changed his intention as one of the many providences of which he had been the subject. A seaman's duties were not permitted to divert him from the pursuit of knowledge; what he learned in books he reduced to practice, keeping the ship's reckoning for his own private instruction. He suffered much from the taunts and jeers of the crew for refusing to share in their debasing practices, but made no attempt to retaliate so long as the annoyance was confined to words. He proved, however, on fitting occasion, that he could defend himself from personal violence; and so great was his strength, that his two aggressors were effectually humbled. He was fully impressed with the feeling "that under the blessing of Providence, to which he

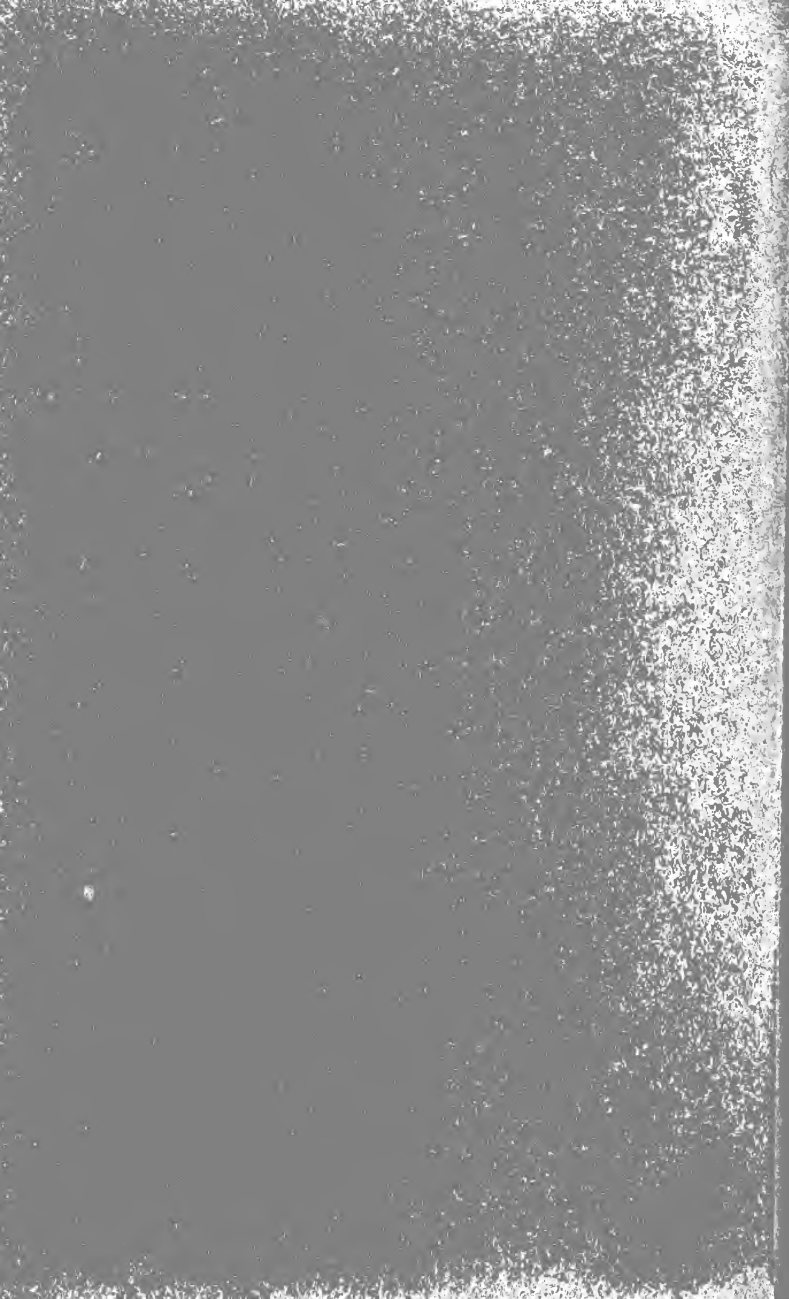
distinctly looked, he must be the fabricator of his own fortune ;” and his custom was, “ unless he could find a somewhat like-minded aspirant after a better position, to walk alone on the main-deck or fore-castle, holding companionship only with his own thoughts.”

In moral and physical qualities such as these, we see the elements of success. Scoresby’s habit of keeping the reckoning, and the greater exactitude which he brought into the method, once saved the ship from being wrecked in foggy weather between the Riga and Elsinore. His assertion that the vessel was off the island of Bornholm caused a sharper look-out to be kept. Presently breakers were seen ahead ; the anchor was dropped, “ just in time to save the ship from destruction. When she swung to her anchor, it was in four and a half fathoms water. The breakers were close by the stern, and the stern not above twenty fathoms from the shore.” This manifestation of ability on the part of an apprentice excited so much jealousy and ill-feeling towards him from the officers, that on the arrival of the vessel in the Thames, he left her, and engaged on board the Speedwell cutter, bound for Gibraltar with stores.

This proceeding led to a new course of adventure. While on the voyage in October, 1781, the cutter was captured by the Spaniards, and the whole of her crew made prisoners of war, and kept in durance at St. Lucar, in Andalusia. After a time, the rigor of imprisonment being somewhat relaxed, and the captives permitted to fetch water without a guard, Scoresby and one of his companions contrived to escape ; and concealed themselves as



SCOBESBY IN THE RIGGING.

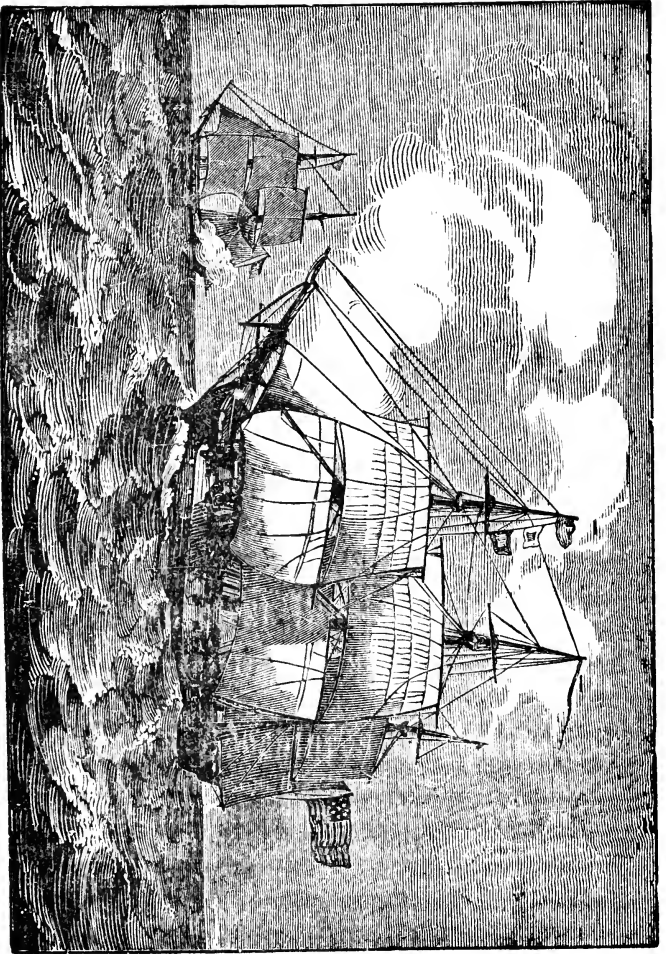


much as possible during the day, and guiding their course by the stars at night, they made their way direct for the coast, where they eventually arrived in safety, after encountering much risk and difficulty. On all occasions when they had to ask for assistance, they found the women ready to help them and facilitate their escape, sometimes while their husbands had gone to denounce the strangers. By a fortunate coincidence the fugitives arrived on the coast just as an English vessel of war was about to sail with an exchange of prisoners. By the contrivance of the crew, they concealed themselves on board until the ship was fairly at sea, when they made their appearance on deck, greatly to the astonishment and vexation of the captain, who made them sign a promise to pay a heavy sum for their passage, as a punishment for their intrusion. In the Bay of Biscay a formidable gale came on. The two intruders refused to work, on the plea of being passengers, unless the captain destroyed the document exacted from them. This was done; immediately the two sprang up the rigging, and before long, Scoresby, by his superior seamanship, had brought the reefing of sails and striking of masts to a successful accomplishment, and by his example cheered the before dispirited crew, who, during the remainder of the voyage, were observed to manifest a "higher character, than before."

After this, Scoresby married the daughter of a small landed proprietor at Cropton, and resided with his father for two or three years, assisting in the management of the farm. But a desire for more stirring employment made him again turn his attention to the sea. In 1785 he entered

as seaman on board the *Henrietta*, a vessel engaged in the whale-fishery, at the time an important branch of the trade at Whitby. Here the general good conduct and ability for which he was remarkable gained him the post of second officer and *specksioneer* of the ship; a technical title used to distinguish the chief harpooner and principal of the fishing operations. In 1790, he became captain of the vessel, greatly to the mortification of his brother officers, who, being inconsiderately engaged by the owner to go out on the first voyage under their new commander, conducted themselves so vexatiously that a mutiny broke out. "One of the men, excited by his companions' clamors and his own dastardly rage, seized a handspike, and aimed a desperate blow, which might have been fatal on the head of his captain. The latter, now roused to the exertion of his heretofore unimagined strength and tact, while warding the blow with his hand, disarmed the assailant, and seizing him in his athletic arms, actually flung him headlong among his associates, like a quoit from the hand of a player, filling the whole party with amazement at his strength and power, and for the moment arresting, under the influence of the feeling, the unmanly pursuance of their mutinous purpose." In addition to these adverse proceedings, the season was a bad one, and the *Henrietta* returned to Whitby without having captured a single whale.

The mortification to a man of Scoresby's ardent character was extreme; to guard against an occurrence of a similar misadventure, he insisted on engaging the whole of the next crew and officers himself, and carried his point,



CHASE OF THE DUNDEE.



notwithstanding the opposition of the owner. The advantageous consequences of this measure appeared in the result of the voyage; "no less than eighteen whales were captured, yielding one hundred and twelve tons of oil." The unusual importance of this achievement will be best understood from the fact, that six and a half whales per year had previously been regarded as a satisfactory average. Scoresby's fifth voyage gave a "catch" of twenty-five whales, the proceeds being one hundred and fifty-two tons of oil. Such, indeed, were his ability and enterprise, that his average success was "four times as great as the usual average of the Whitby whalers; in like proportion above the average of the Hull whalers during the previous twenty years; and more than double the Hull average for the same actual period!" These successes, which excited no small amount of envy and hatred in some quarters, spread Scoresby's fame abroad in other ports, and produced many tempting offers and solicitations; but for a time, chiefly on his wife's account, he preferred retaining his connection with Whitby.

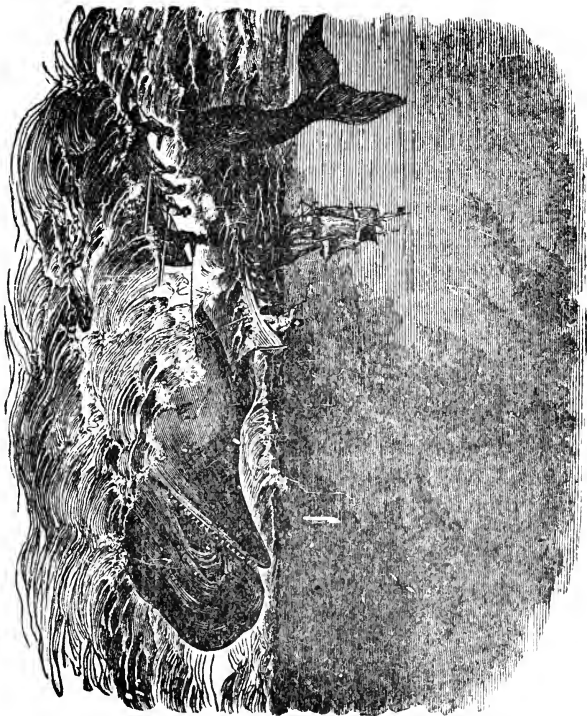
At length, in 1798, he accepted an engagement as captain of the Dundee, a vessel much larger and finer than the Henrietta, sailing from London. With this ship he brought back thirty-six whales from his first voyage; a number unprecedented in the annals of whale-fishery. This and subsequent voyages were performed, too, more rapidly than usual, whereby the greater freshness of the blubber, when brought to the coppers, produced a superior quality of oil. On one of the voyages in the Dundee he first took his son, then a lad ten years old (the author of

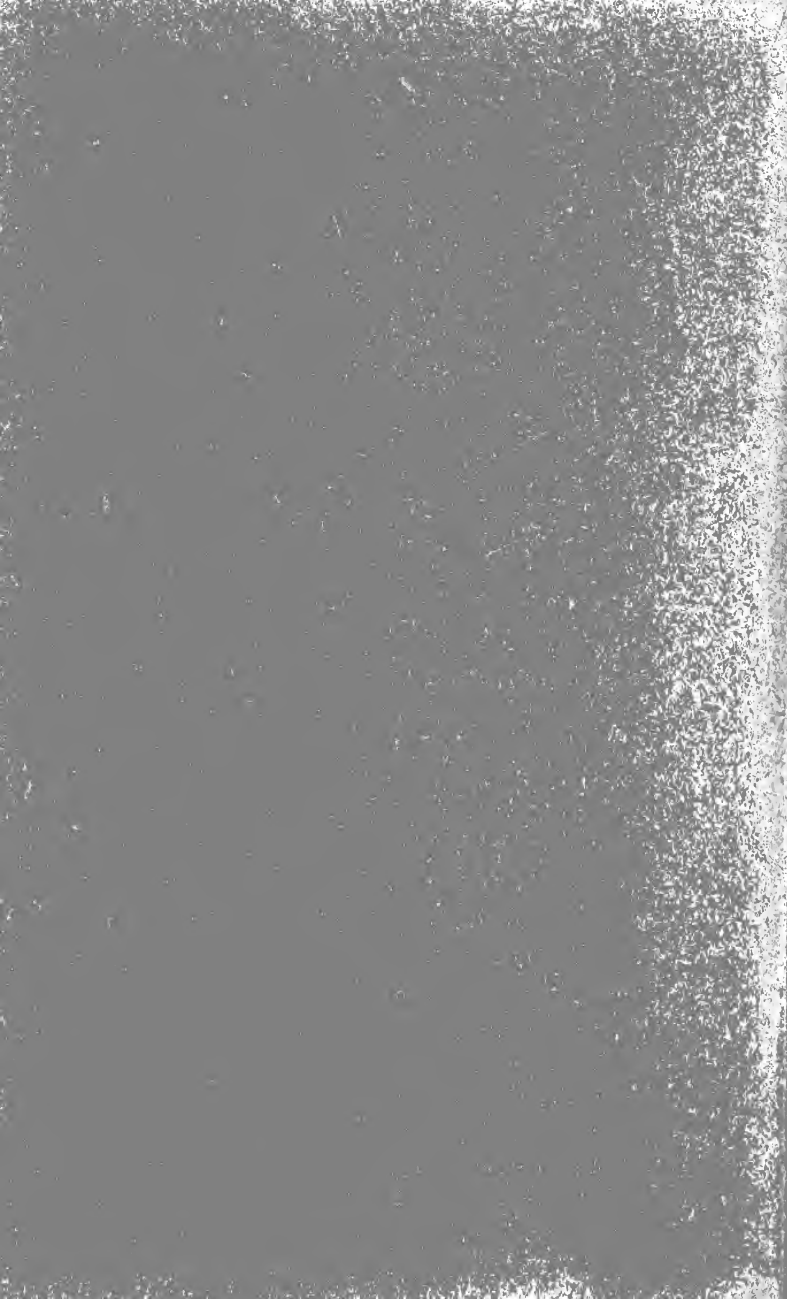
the work before us,) to sea with him. At that period armed vessels of the enemies of Britain cruised in the North Sea. A few days after leaving England a ship was suddenly observed bearing down so as to intercept the track of the whaler. Scoresby, however, had anticipated the possibility of such an occurrence; the Dundee carried twelve eighteen-pounders, besides small arms, and a well-selected crew of sixty men. Among the latter, one had been chosen for his expertness in beating the drum, and another for his proficiency "in winding a boatswain's call;" and with all these means and appliances a surprise was planned. We shall leave Mr. Scoresby to tell it in his own words: "The men on deck," he writes, "were laid down flat on their faces. My father, coolly walking the quarter-deck, and the helmsman, engaged in his office of steering, were the only living beings who could be discerned from the deck of the assailant.

"Without showing any colors, in answer to our English ensign waving at the mizen-peak, the stranger came down to within short musket-shot distance, when a loud unintelligible roar of the captain through his speaking-trumpet indicated the usual demand of the nation or the denomination of our ship. A significant wave of my father's hand served instead of a reply. The drum beat to quarters, and while the roll reverberates around, the shrill sound of the boatswain's pipe is heard above all. And whilst the hoarse voice of this officer is yet giving forth the consequent orders, the apparently plain sides of the ship becomes suddenly pierced; six ports on a side are simultaneously raised, and as many untomponed cannon, threat-

SCORESBY ON A WHALING VOYAGE.

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ening a more serious bellowing than that of the now-astounded captain's trumpet-aided voice, are run out, pointing ominously toward the enemy's broadside!

“The stratagem was complete; its impression quite perfect. The adversary seemed electrified. Men on the enemy's deck, some with lighted matches in hand, and plainly visible to us, by reason of her heeling position while descending obliquely from the windward, were seen to fall flat, as if prostrated by our shot; the guns pointed threateningly at us, remained silent; the helm flew to port, and the yards to the wind, on our opposite tack; and without waiting for the answer to his summons, or venturing to renew his attempt on such a formidable-looking opponent, he suddenly hauled off, under full sail, in a direction differing by some six points from that in which he had previously intercepted our track.”

According to long-continued custom, the flensing or cutting-up of a whale could only be performed with a prescribed number of incisions and apparatus, causing much loss of time when the fish was a small one. Scoresby had often remonstrated with his subordinates on this hindering process, but in vain. At last, to convince them, he offered, as a challenge, “that, with the assistance of only one-third part of the available crew, he would go on a fish, and send it in single-handed, in half the time occupied by the four or six harpooners, with the help of all hands.” This he actually performed. The work, which had occupied the harpooners and the whole of the crew for two hours, was successfully accomplished “in almost forty minutes;” and by the exercise of forethought on

the part of the chief operator, the assistants were not kept standing a single instant.

Here we see a man prompt in emergencies, and ready with new inventions when the old failed to satisfy him. No one was more active than Scoresby in pushing his way into the ice when on the whaling fields. If a full cargo was not obtained, it was that certain natural obstacles were insurmountable by ordinary means, not that energy or perseverance were lacking for the attempt. Scoresby's spirit of enterprise once led him into a higher northern latitude than any other on record. This was in the year of 1806, he being then in command of the *Resolution*. The ship had been worked through the ice on the western side of Spitzbergen as far as seventy-seven degrees north latitude. All the other whaling vessels were left behind out of sight, when the adventurous captain determined to push for an open sea more to the northwards, the existence of which he considered certain, from several sagacious observations. In this task he is said to have been the first to introduce the operation of "sallying the ship;" that is, swaying her from side to side, so as to facilitate her onward motion when beset by ice. At last, after extraordinary labor, the open sea was entered—an ocean lake, as it were, of vast extent, surrounded by ice. Here, in thirty-two days, a full cargo was captured, and the sea explored for a distance, in a direct line, of three hundred miles—the highest latitude reached being eighty-one degrees thirty minutes north, not more than five hundred and ten miles from the north pole, and the farthest northerly point ever attained by sailing. Parry



BURNING OF THE FAME.



went beyond it in 1827, but in boats drawn over the ice; and subsequent navigators have been baffled in their endeavors to penetrate so far in the same directions.

After several voyages in the *Resolution*, Scoresby became a member of the Greenock Whale-fishing Company, and made four voyages in the *John* without any diminution of success—the proceeds of only one out of the four having been eleven thousand pounds sterling. He then went out again for a Whitby firm; and in 1817 bought the *Fame* on his own account, and made with her five voyages to the north, and was preparing for a sixth, when the vessel was accidentally burnt while lying at the Orkneys. This event caused him to retire, though with an ample competence, from active life. He had been thirty-six years a mariner, and had sailed thirty times to the arctic seas, and captured five hundred and thirty-three whales—"a greater number than has fallen to the share of any other individual in Europe—with many thousands of seals, some hundreds of walruses, very many narwals, and probably not less than sixty bears. The quantity of oil yielded by this produce was four thousand six hundred and sixty-four tons; of whalebone, about two hundred and forty tons' weight; besides the skins of the seals, bears, and walruses taken:" the money value of the whole being estimated, in round numbers, at two hundred thousand pounds sterling.

Scoresby lived but a few years after his retirement. Subsequently to his decease, a manuscript was found among his private papers, which proves him to have been possessed of mechanical genius as well as nautical ability and usefulness. In stature he was tall and athletic; and

in the power of his eye he exercised a remarkable control over the lower animals, and individuals on whom he wished to make an impression. A life like his shows that there is no path in existence wherein superior intelligence, energy, and moral feeling may not distinguish themselves through the benefits which they will diffuse around them. Our brief sketch of him may be considered as complete, when we add that he held "Temperance to be the best physician, Seriousness the greatest wisdom, and a Good Conscience the best estate."





A WHALE STRUCK.



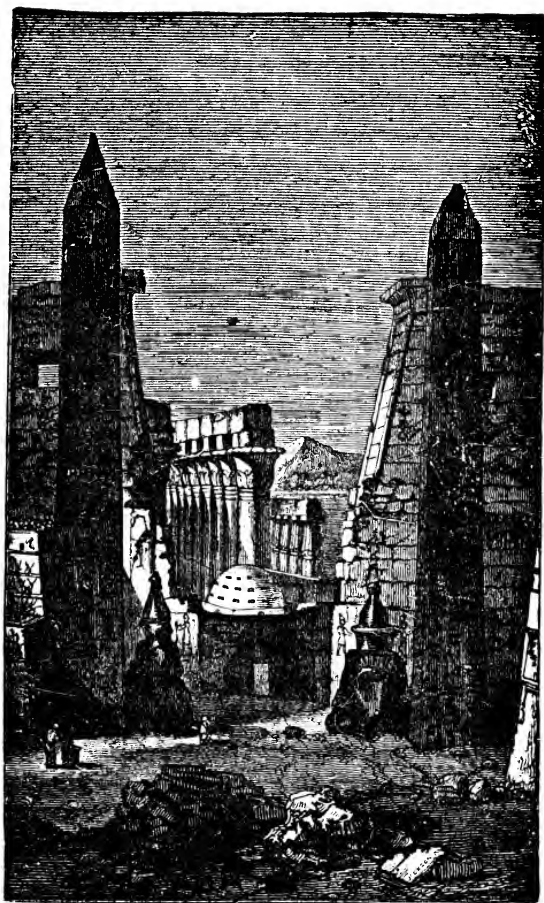
Thebes.

THE name of Thebes is given to two cities, both situated in the East, and both the ruined memorials of ancient times. One is found in Upper Egypt, the other in time-honored Greece. The latter retains few traces of its former magnificence; but the beauty and extent of the ruins of the former, render it an object of great interest to the inquiring traveller, to the architect, and the lover of antiquity. To an account of the Egyptian city we shall here confine our remarks. It is situate on both sides of the Nile, about two hundred and sixty miles south of Cairo, and one of the largest and most important cities of

ancient Egypt. Thebes is celebrated as the city of one hundred gates, and is said to have been about twenty-seven miles in circumference; but amongst its relics nothing is now to be found of these hundred gates or of its famous walls. Luxor and Karnac on the eastern, and Gournou and Mendinet Abou on the western bank of the river, were comprised in the ancient boundaries; but these are now three miserable villages, some miles apart, all still possessing remains of the grandeur of the olden city. The origin of the name and the date of the foundation of this earliest capital of the world is unknown.

It is impossible to enter here into a detailed description of the ruins still found in Thebes. They have in all ages deservedly excited the admiration of travellers, and several have attempted to convey by language some idea of them with more or less success. The greatest works of the greatest Egyptian princes were erected here. Most of the structures are of a sacred character; and columns, obelisks, sphinxes, colossal statues, mysterious sculpture, and subterranean palaces, all fail not to move powerfully, and fill the mind with images of gorgeous magnificence and costly labor.

On the western bank of the Nile are the Tombs of the Kings, the spots chosen by the ancient Egyptian monarchs for their eternal abode. In entering them we descend magnificent flights of steps, or wander through long corridors, vast galleries, lofty halls, and spacious banqueting-rooms, hewn in the solid rock, and extending five or six hundred feet into the bowels of the mountain; the walls, ceilings, and pillars, covered with symbolical



TEMPLE OF LUXOR.



representations, resembling an endless picture-gallery. The Palace of Rameses, otherwise called the Memnonium, and sometimes the Tomb of Osymandyas, deserves, perhaps, the first rank among the monuments of Thebes. The portals, with which it was furnished, and on which may still be made out many military representations, are nearly destroyed, and the waters of the river, which year by year undermine their bases at the time of the inundation, must succeed at length in utterly destroying them. Among its ruins are to be seen the fragment of the colossal statue of Rameses, the most prodigious production of the statuary art. The monarch, in a sitting posture, was chiseled, as well as his seat, out of a single block of rose granite of extraordinary beauty, and it is said that at this day the Arabs take fragments of it to Cairo, where they are used to supply the place of diamonds in glass-cutting. A vast hall, adorned with columns, affords one of the most perfect models remaining of Egyptian architecture. The roof is supported by two rows of pillars, whose capitals, fashioned to represent the lotus flower, are executed in a style of great purity. A doorway, once gilded, leads from this to another chamber now completely ruined.

On the adjoining plain are the colossal statues, one of which, supposed to be that of Memnon, is reported to have emitted vocal sounds when touched by the first rays of the sun. Elevated on bases or low pedestals, those statues rise about fifty-two feet above the surface of the ground, and when seen from the western hills at sunset, their effect is very remarkable. The eye can scarcely define their

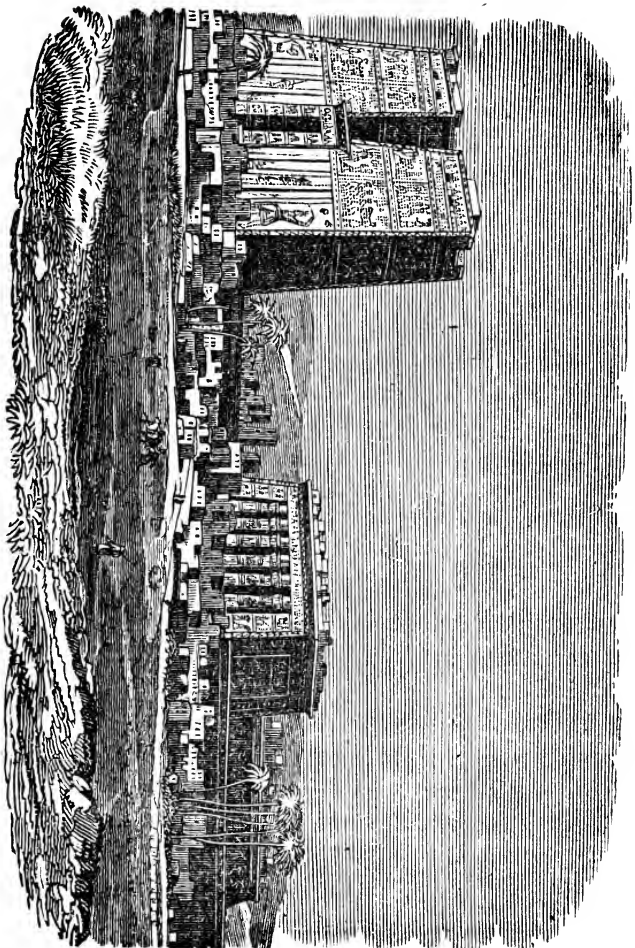
forms as sitting figures, and they rise isolate in the midst of the plain like rocks in the expanse of ocean. Each was originally a single block of sand-stone. The features are scarred and half obliterated; the massive head-dress descends over the breast; the hands lie stretched upon the thighs; a line of hieroglyphics descends the back.

The upper part of the musical statue has been broken off at the waist, but has been subsequently built up with masonry, and thus remains. The legs are covered with inscriptions in prose and verse, ancient and modern.

The tradition of the morning sound is still retained among the peasantry in the vulgar name of the statue, *Salamat*, the common Arabic salutation. Numerous theories have been started to explain the miraculous sounds uttered by this statue of Memnon. One writer supposes a man to have been concealed high up in the interior, but without evidence or probability. Another suggests that some kind of pipe may have been employed; while others have imagined various other means of accounting for the phenomenon. Tradition says, that as the first beams of the sun breaking over the Arabian mountains, and shooting athwart the plain of Thebes, smote upon the swarthy countenance of Memnon, a noise issued from the statue, which was interpreted into a salutation.

A modern traveller determined to ascertain the truth of this assertion, set out one morning at peep of dawn, and arrived at the spot about half an hour before sunrise. He remained till the sun was an hour above the horizon, and, "though the god of day shone out as bright as ever

GENERAL VIEW OF THE GREAT TEMPLE OF KARNAC.



he did, no graceful salutation of welcome was echoed in return—all was silent and still as the grave."

At a few hundred yards from the river, on its eastern bank, is the Temple of Luxor, the first object that strikes the eye on approaching Thebes. It stands on an artificial foundation, sufficiently elevated to place it above the inundation. A stupendous portal, more than two hundred feet broad, and eighty feet high, gives entrance to the temple. Two colossal statues, half-buried in the sand, are placed against the entrance; and immediately in front of them were two beautiful obelisks, eighty feet in height, and covered with hieroglyphics, cut in granite, near two inches deep, with a finish and niceness of touch that is as fresh now as when first sculptured. One of these obelisks is now removed to Paris: the other still maintains its original position. The whole surface of the portal is covered with representations of battle scenes, comprising a prodigious number of human figures, horses and chariots.

Behind the central portal is a court, which is much obstructed by an Arab village built within it, the huts of which, erected against the columns, impair the effect of the whole. Beyond this court are other portals, behind which is a double row of seven columns, each twenty-two feet in circumference. This row of columns conducts into a court one hundred and sixty feet long, and one hundred and forty wide, terminated at each side by a row of pillars. Beyond this is another portico, of two columns, and then follows the sanctuary, or innermost part of the temple. In the grand hall one hundred and sixty-two columns, covered with painted sculpture and hieroglyphics, support

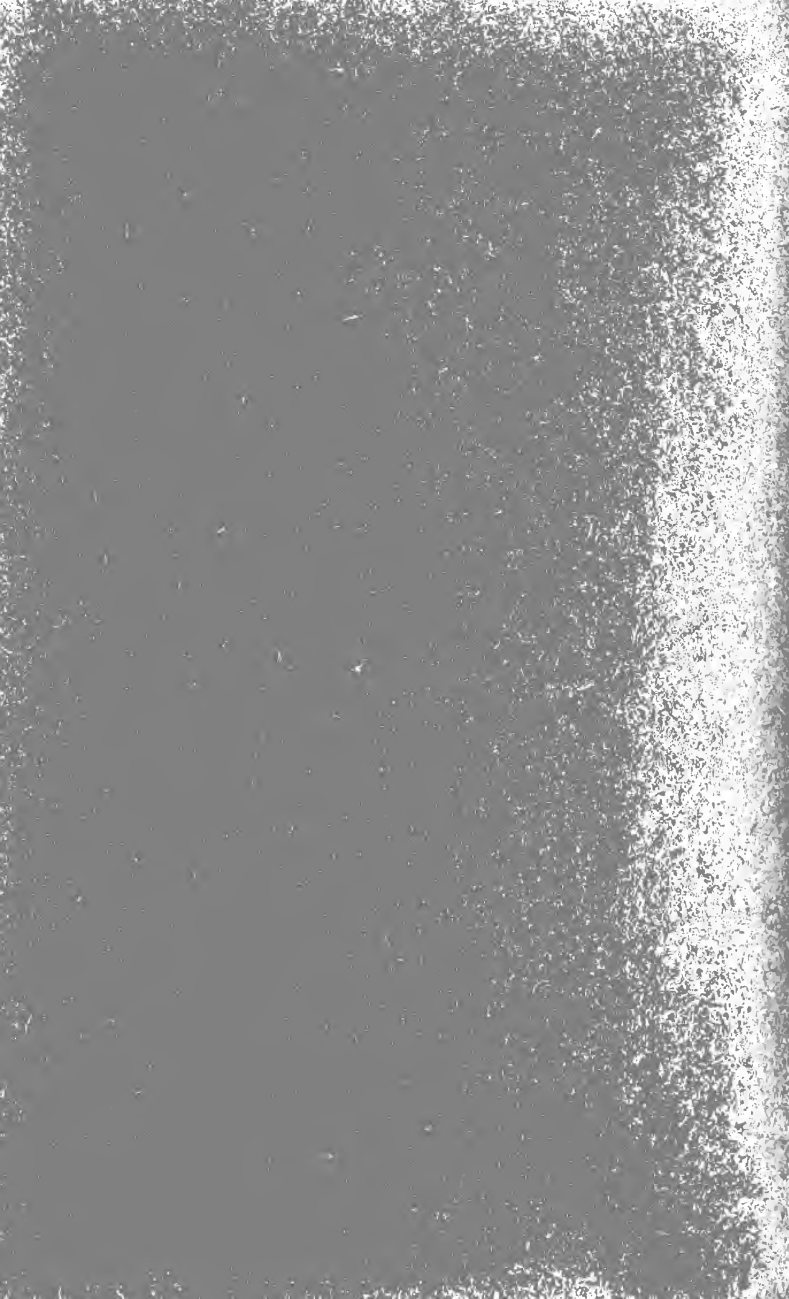
the roof, and, disposed in numerous ranges, produce a series of long vistas, resembling the opening in a forest. It is impossible, by description, to give an adequate idea of these extensive ruins. The Temple of Luxor is supposed to be of great antiquity. Vast cost and labor were expended in its construction; and though it does not equal the grandeur of Karnac, it exhibits much of that gigantic architecture which characterises all the works of the Egyptians. The interior of the temple is, however, so much filled up with sand-heaps and Arab huts, that it is impossible to get an idea of it in its original state. The exterior colonnades remain in almost unbroken lines, while the interior is completely unroofed and ruined. It is still the skeleton of a magnificent temple.

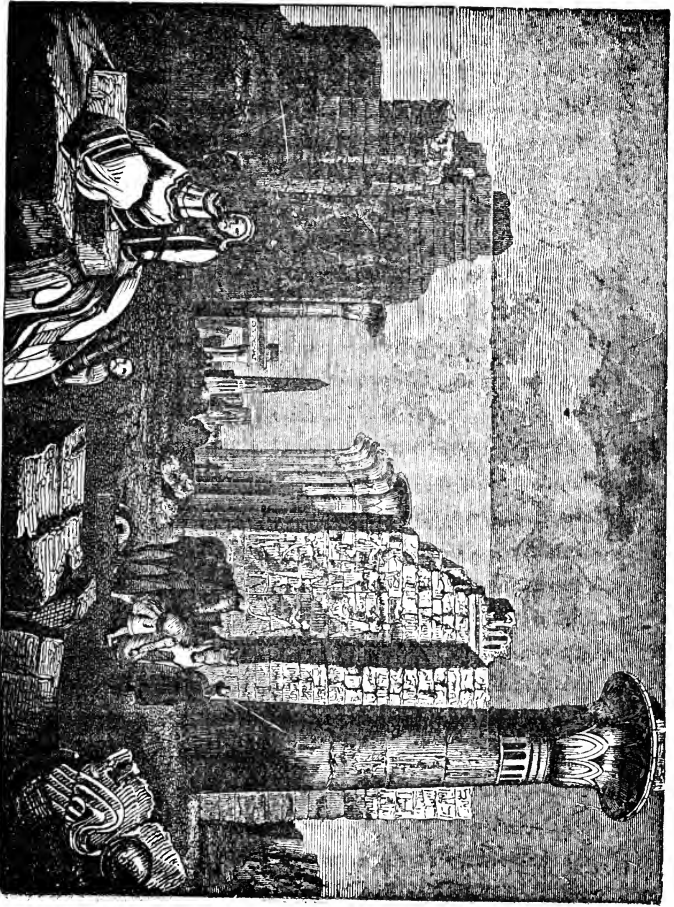
The imposing front of the Temple of Luxor faces that of Karnac, which is distant from it nearly two miles, in a direction a little east of north. These sacred edifices were formerly connected by an avenue of sphinxes, fifty feet wide, extending from one to the other, and which for a quarter of a mile or more, next to Karnac, still remain, though in a very mutilated condition.

The sphinxes, which face each other, look directly across the avenue, and each holds between his paws a small human figure, the hands crossed over the breast, and grasping a sort of mace, in form like a cross. They are sacred with the Egyptians, and the whole number upon this avenue when entire was about sixteen hundred. Another avenue of sphinxes, of which a large number are still to be seen next the temple, extended from its eastern point to the Nile, about the same distance from Karnac as Luxor. A

third connected its north front with some unknown point in that direction. Of these two, a considerable number of sphinxes still remain in their original position. Not less than four thousand of these massive statues adorned the different approaches to this magnificent edifice. They formed the avenues through which individual worshippers and religious processions arrived.

The avenues that led from Luxor terminates in front of a temple of Isis, which is connected with the grand temple. There are ten or more smaller temples embraced within a circumference of less than two miles, all of which were united with the main structure by colonnades and other splendid architecture, and formed with it a system of sacred edifices which might, without exaggeration or impropriety, be regarded as one immense temple.





THEBES. PORTICO OF THE GREAT TEMPLE AT KARNAC

