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"NON TUA TE MOVEANT, SED PUBLICA VOTA."

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A STATE OF NATURE.

It is a custom with too many members of the social community to find fault with their state or condition in life, especially while labouring under the wholesome and necessary restraints imposed upon them by the ordinary rules of civilized society. Among this deluded class may be found some who even wish to be entirely rid of the trammels of society—to be left to dwell in peace in some favored spot, where law and government are alike unknown. Those who indulge in such feelings, but too often chimerical, forget that the slight troubles which affect them are the penalties paid for a state of social freedom, more happy than is enjoyed by almost any other community. There are few countries, out of the pale of the British Empire, in which a virtuous family can sit down securely at their own fireside, with hearts entirely free from dread of disturbance or personal molestation. And surely that man is unwise and short-sighted, who would not, to enjoy this secure state of happiness, surrender a small portion of his individual rights and personal convenience, for the good of the whole. Man is formed for social life, he naturally and necessarily prefers society, with all its binding yet salutary conditions, to a life of solitude. The young and ardent may be charmed with the natural independence possessed by Alexander Selkirk; but, should not the falsity of this captivating dream become apparent with increasing years, a trial of this supposed state of peace and enjoyment would assuredly deprive it of its fancied allurements. The dismal quietness that would prevail, the difficulties of gaining a rude subsistence, the fear of wild beasts or venomous reptiles, the frightful idea of lying in a helpless state of disease, if not of dying unheeded and uncared for, all these, and other incidents to be expected, form no pleasing prospect. Still more irksome and fatal would a state of natural independence among fellow-men prove, for then the strong would overpower the weak, and the artful, with impunity, would deceive the unsuspecting. All this makes it absolutely necessary that order and law should exist and operate. "A state of nature (says Doctor Wade in his history of the middle and working classes) is a state of great inequality; as much so as men's abilities and physical power. It follows that it is civil, not natural liberty, which introduces equity among mankind, by making the law, not force, the shield and arbiter of right.

The natural right of a man to do as he desires, and can, supposes the same right in every other person; but the exertion of so many independent rights would

often cause them to clash and destroy each other. A law that would restrain all, might be beneficial to all; because each might gain more by the limitation of the freedom of others, than he lost by the curtailment of his own. Natural liberty is the right of every one to go where he lists, without regard to his neighbour; civil liberty compels him to go on the public road, which is most convenient to himself, consistently with the enjoyment of the same convenience by other persons. The establishment of civil liberty is the enclosure of the waste, by which each surrenders his right of common, for the quiet possession and culture of a separate allotment.

The transition from the natural to the civil state, subjects man to responsibilities to which he was not before liable. In the former, he indulges his appetites, solely with reference to himself; in the latter, he can only indulge them, with reference to the society of which he is a member: and this he is bound to do, first, by the criminal restraint which the law imposes on actions of importance; and, secondly, by the moral restraint, which public opinion imposes on those of lesser degree.

As the natural was the first state of man, it may be inferred that this state would have continued, had not a persuasion arisen that social order would be more conducive to happiness. As the public good was the motive, so it must continue the end of civil society; and for this reason, that there is no obligation imposed on mankind, save their advantage, to maintain the social in preference to the individual state of existence. And upon this principle the laws of a free people are founded, namely, that they shall impose no restraints on the acts of individuals, which do not conduce in a greater degree to the general good.

Whether man has benefited by the introduction of civil society, is a moral problem, which, like other problems not mathematical, can only be solved by inferential testimony. Two reasons make strongly, and, I think, decisively in favour of the affirmative conclusion. First, mankind had their *choice*, and it is contrary to human nature to suppose that they would voluntarily have left the natural state, had not experience shown them that the social was better. Secondly, by the surrender of a portion of his natural freedom, man appears to have been well compensated by civil enjoyment. Civilization only divests man of a fraction, not the whole of his primitive liberty: all those acts that are personal to himself, he may continue to indulge in as freely as the savage, subject to no other control than public opinion, which he may

defy if he pleases. The law restrains public deeds, and this it does because they are hurtful to others, not to the perpetrator only. Such restraint is civil liberty, and he who seeks greater licence, can neither be just nor rational; he can scarcely be a man, but something worse.

The establishment of civil rights entirely supersedes the operation of the natural rights, which previously governed the relation of individuals. The right of revenge, of the strong to oppress the weak, and of all those powers which are supposed to appertain to the wild justice of nature, are abrogated by the institution of society. The law is then supreme arbiter: it may be a bad law, but while it continues unrepealed, it is the sole rule, the only tribunal of resort to establish a claim, or redress an injury.

It is unnecessary to illustrate further the distinction between natural and civil liberty. The first is a chimera, like the points and lines of mathematicians: but, like them, it serves as a basis for reasoning, and enables us to deduce the real from the abstract. Alexander Selkirk might possess his natural rights in Juan Fernandez, but nobody else. Two men could not live a day on a desolate island—they could not meet at the fountain for a pitcher of water, without settling the question whether age, strength, or first comer, should have precedency; and the termination of the dispute would be the establishment of civil order between them."

THE BOOK-BINDER.

BOOK-BINDING is the art of sewing together the sheets of a book, and securing them with a back and side boards. Binding is distinguished from *stitching*, which is merely sewing leaves, without bands or backs; and from *half-binding*, which consists in securing the back only with leather, the pasteboard sides being covered with blue or marbled paper; whereas, in binding, both back and sides are covered with leather.

At what time the art of book-binding was first invented it is impossible to ascertain; but Phillatius, a learned Athenian, was the first who pointed out the use of a particular kind of glue for fastening the leaves of a book together; an invention which his countrymen thought of such importance as to entitle him to a statue. The most ancient mode of binding consisted in gluing the different leaves together and attaching them to cylinders of wood, round which they were rolled. This is called Egyptian binding; and continued to be practised long after the age of Augustus. It is now wholly disused, except in oriental countries, and in Jewish Synagogues, where they still continue to write books of the law on slips of vellum sewed together so as to form only one long page, with a roller at each extremity, furnished with clasps of gold or silver. The square form of binding which is now universally practised, at least in Europe, is said to have been first invented by one of the kings of Pergamus, the same to whom we owe the invention of parchment.

Modern or square binding is of two kinds; the one particularly adapted to printed books where leather forms the general covering, and the other more immediately applied to account books, where parchment or vellum is made use of as the outside covering.

In this business the first operation is to fold the sheets according to the proper form; that is, folios into two leaves, quartos into four, octavos into eight, and so on; this is usually the work of women, who perform it with a slip of ivory or box-wood, called a folding-stick: in this they are directed by the catch-words and *signatures*, which are the letters with the numbers annexed to them, at the bottom of the pages of the first one or more leaves in each sheet.

The leaves thus folded and laid over each other in the order of the signatures, are beaten on a stone with a heavy hammer, to make them solid and smooth, and then they are pressed. Thus prepared, they are sewed in a sewing-press, upon pack-threads or cords, which are called bands, at a proper distance from each other; which is done by drawing a thread through the middle of each sheet, and giving a turn round each band, beginning with the first, and proceeding to the last. The

common number of bands is six in folios, and five in quartos and octavos. In neat binding a saw is made use of, to make places for the bands, which are sunk into the paper, so that the back of the book, when bound, may be smooth, without any appearance of bands. After this the backs are glued, the ends of the bands being opened with a knife, for the more convenient fixing of the pasteboard; then the back is turned with a hammer, the book being fixed in a press between boards, called backing boards, in order to make a groove for admitting the pasteboards. The boards being then applied, holes are made for drawing the bands through, the superfluous ends being cut off; and the parts hammered smooth. The book is then pressed, in order for cutting, which is performed by a machine called a plough. After this the book is put into a press, called the cutting-press, betwixt two boards, the one lying even with the press, for the knife to run upon, the other above, for the knife to cut against.

The book being cut, the pasteboards are squared with a proper pair of iron shears, and it is then ready for sprinkling, gilding, blacking, or marbling the leaves. If the leaves are to be gilt, the book is put between two boards into a press, and when the leaves are rendered very smooth, they are rubbed over with size-water, the gold leaf is then laid on, dried by a fire, and burnished off.

The head-band is now to be added, which is an ornament of thread or silk, placed at the extremities of the book across the leaves, and woven or twisted about a roll of paper.

The book is now fit for covering: calf-skin is the most usual cover; this is moistened in water, and cut to the size of the book; the edges are then pared off on a marble stone. The cover is next smeared over with paste, then stretched over the pasteboard on the outside, and doubled over the edges within-side. The book-binder then fixes it firmly between two boards to make the cover stick the stronger to the pasteboards and the back; on the exact performance of which depends the neatness of the book. The back is now to be warmed by the fire to soften the glue, and the leather of the back is rubbed down with a folding-stick or bodkin, to fix it close to the back of the book. After this, it is washed over with a little paste and water; two blank leaves on each side are then to be pasted down to the cover, and when dry, the leaves are burnished in the press, and the cover rolled on the edges. The cover is now glazed with the white of an egg, and then polished with a polishing iron. If the book is to be lettered, a piece or pieces of morocco are pasted between the bands, to receive the title, &c. in gold letters.

The letters or other ornaments are made with gilding-tools, engraved in *relievo*, either on the points of puncheons, or a round little cylinder of brass. The puncheons make their impressions by being pressed flat down, and the cylinders by being rolled along by a handle, to which they are fitted on an iron stay, or axis.

To apply the gold, the binders glaze the parts of the leather with a liquor made of the white of eggs diluted with water, by means of a bit of sponge; and when nearly dry, they slightly oil them and then lay on pieces of gold leaf; and on these they apply the tools, having first warmed them in a charcoal fire. When the gilding is finished, they rub off the superfluous gold, and polish the whole.

The business of the book-binder, in general, requires no great ingenuity, nor any considerable strength of body.—Journey-men can earn thirty shillings a week; and much more if they are good workmen, and are intrusted with very fine work. Formerly book-binding was not a separate trade, but it was united with that of the stationer; it is now, however, often carried on alone, and book-binders are generally employed constantly throughout the year.

All *stationery* work is sewed with strong waxed thread, and as the vellum or parchment is never attached to the back like leather, but lies hollow and loose, when the book is open, it cannot, of course, afford that security to the back which leather does; it is therefore common to line the back, between the slips, with coarse convass or slips of leather, letting them come as much over the sides, as to paste down with the boards and slips. The boards for stationery are not so thick in proportion as for printed work, and when put on, are placed at least half an inch from the back, on each side of the parchment slips which books are sewed upon: you must cut with scissors, a very narrow strip, which is not to be pasted down, but left for the purpose of drawing through the parchment when the cover is applied, serving to attach the cover, before it is pasted to the boards. Parchment or vellum covers should always be lined before they are put on, and applied before they are quite dry.

Different kinds of bindings are distinguished by different names, such as *law binding*, *marble binding*, *French binding*, *Dutch binding*, &c. In Dutch binding, the backs are of vellum. In French binding, a slip of parchment is applied over the back between each band, and the ends are pasted on the inside of each pasteboard. This indorsing, as it is called, is peculiar to the French binders; who are enjoined, by special ordinance, to back their books with parchment. The parchment is applied in the press, after the back has been grated to make the paste take hold. The Italians still bind in a coarse thick paper, and this they call binding *alla rustica*. It is extremely inconvenient, as it is liable to wear without particular care.

The price of binding is regulated by certain printed lists agreed on between the bookseller and the bookbinder.

In London, the business of gilding the leaves of books is a separate employment, and it is done before the boards of the book are covered with the leather.

“KEEP OFF THE GRASS.”

“THE rising generation,” both vegetable and human, appears at present to be a most interesting subject, and one on which much anxiety is evinced both by senator and soldier; for while our Legislature have been debating, our military have been acting, and the result of their acting may be plainly seen in the printed boards placed at the Barrack-gates of our city, commanding the public to “keep off the grass!” It is an old and well-accredited proverb, that neither “good nor bad luck ever come single;” and it is supported by an inspired writer, when he tells us “all things are double, one against another:” this we often find true, and seldom are these proverbs more strikingly supported than in the present movement concerning “the rising generation.” There are the Educational Reformers, the Stanley systemites, who have suddenly discovered that the young of the colony are receiving great injury, and the country running to ruin, because ministers of religion have too much to do in our schools,—and that these “messengers of mercy” are moreover very improper persons “to teach the young idea how to shoot;” hence they wish to banish them from our schools, nearly, if not entirely, and at most permit them to exert their influence only “once a week.” It was really interesting to see these Reformers holding their meetings at the first moot of the subject; at first, the addresses of their titled advocates were stopped by the stupid din of illiberal and ignorant opponents, but, alas! at future meetings some of these same titled defenders were again incapable of proceeding—not this time from clamour of the mob, but from clamour of the mind—apparently unconvinced themselves of the superiority and worth of their scheme, they were unable to convince others, and being unwilling to abandon a scheme they had so ardently espoused, from argument they changed to invective, assertion and command, and were loud and determined in their charge to the ministers of religion to “Keep off the grass.” Yes! thought they,—here are the youth of our colony springing up: verdant and green is this field of human nature; and the catechists, and Bible-teachers, and ministers of religion, are treading down this fine herbage; and the Bible is too heavy—a volume of too great weight, to be allowed to be carried over this verdant crop. Yes! ministers of grace “keep off the grass.” Away with you and your Bible—human nature will spring up heavenward without your training; we will have a general system, and an unbiassed population, and an unreligionized community: and thus, more liberal to the children than to their parents, they thought it would be right of the Legislature to

FORCE their system on the people—and not content with thinking, they said so too! so that with unparalleled effrontery they were themselves trampling down the ripe herbage, shouting at the same time to the ministers of the people—“keep off the grass!”

The people knew that the young herbage was their own property, that the ministers of religion were training masters authorised by themselves; while the senators, who owe to them their place and power, are the stewards who are expected in that capacity to see the wishes of their constituents carried out in the most effective manner; and the majority of the people feeling indignant at these their stewards attempting to frighten them from employing whoever they chose to cultivate their soil—and writhing under such unwarrantable audacity, declared their will by sheets on sheets, and signatures after signatures, until their number almost outstript the arithmetical powers of the Council. What! said the people and their ministers, will you have the effrontery to turn us out of our own field? the herbage is of our own sowing, and our own seed, and do you our stewards turn on your employers, and tell us to “keep off the grass!” will you prevent us from cultivating our own soil, and weeding our own crop, and watering our own field, and training our own herbage? And what said the senators—the stewards, in reply? Oh! answered they, “you may send who you choose on your field ‘once a week,’ but petitioning and grumbling are of no use, for we have the power in our hands, and though we are your representatives we will for once represent ourselves!” so they ordered a bill to be drawn up, carrying out their original command—“keep off the grass!” and for want of better paper, it was drawn out on some of the Wentworth manufacture, which is well known to be of so rotten a fabric that it is questionable whether it will bear the rough handling it will get before it is done with: the bill was written too with ink manufactured for the occasion, and composed of the tears of the people, and the venom of their rulers; and the bill thus drawn up they are going to send to Sir George for his endorsement, so that we may expect it to be shortly brought into force, and then, with the exception of those already there, or who may have the luck to scramble on before twelve months’ elapse—yes! with these exceptions, men of Australia!—free-willed, well-informed, honest-hearted fellow-countrymen, away you must go off your own lands, driven by your own stewards, who audaciously command “the lords of the soil” to “keep off the grass;” and according to intended arrangements—lest the public should become incensed, and still determined to walk in their own meadows—a number of curs are to be appointed in the form of an Educational Board, who are required to prevent intrusion by yelping and bow-wow-ing to the original tune—“keep off the grass!”

After such proceedings as these, it was not so surprising that the military should follow the example of the senate; and that from the Council-room the subject should find its way to the Barracks, where the men of power determined to carry out their affection for the “rising generation” a little further, as they extended their care to the vegetable world, for want of a better sphere, and had the command painted in conspicuous situations, that henceforth the public must “keep off the grass.” Like Lord Stanley’s system, however, which allows ministers to tread the grass “once

a-week," so likewise the military band are to be permitted to trample the greensward of the Barrack-square, just as often, though we are not quite sure whether on these occasions they will be allowed to wear their shoes. And, moreover, as the Stanley systemites have arranged for the assistance of curs as an Educational Board, so also the military have appointed a like committee for the same purpose.

Since, then, it appears, that the military have an excuse for their narrow-minded despotism, their penny-wise and pound-foolish grass-growing reform, in the example of the senate, who were first in raising the cry of "keep off the grass," we will be lenient in our remarks, knowing the force of bad example, and how prone men are to do what their betters do, with the idea that in apeing their superiors, they are showing their own power. We should not wonder that when this grass-protecting mania is known, there will be a considerable rise in the price of "green stuff."

FREDERICK.

BARNY O'REIRDON THE NAVIGATOR.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, Esq.

BARNY O'REIRDON was a fisherman of Kinsale, and a heartier fellow never hauled a net nor cast a line into deep water: indeed, Barny, independently of being a merry boy among his companions, a lover of good fun and good whisky, was looked up to, rather, by his brother fishermen as an intelligent fellow, and few boats brought more fish to market than Barny O'Reirdon's; his opinion on certain points in the craft was considered law; and in short, in his own little community, Barny was what is commonly called a leading man.

Seated one night at a public-house, the common resort of Barny and other marine curiosities, our hero got entangled in debate with what he called a strange sail—that is to say, a man he had never met before, and whom he was inclined to treat rather magisterially upon nautical subjects, at the same time that the stranger was equally inclined to assume the high hand over him, till at last the new comer made a regular outbreak by exclaiming, "Ah, lave aff your balderdash, and maybe I don't know you and your's as well as the mother that bore you, ay, in throth; and shure I know the very thoughts o' you as well as if I was inside o' you, Barny O'Reirdon."

"Thin you know better thoughts than your own, Mr. Whipper-snapper, if that's the name you go by."

"No, its not the name I go by; I've as good a name as your own, Mr. O'Reirdon, for want of a better, and that's O'Sullivan."

"Throth there's more than there's good o' them," said Barny.

"Good or bad, I'm a cousin o' your own, twice removed by the mother's side."

"And is it the Widda O'Sullivan's boy you'd be that's left this come Candlemas four years?"

"The same."

"Throth thin you might know better manners to your eldher, though I'm glad to see you, anyhow, agin; but a little thravellin' puts us beyant ourselves sometimes," said Barny, rather contemptuously.

"Throth I niver bragged out o' myself yit, and its what I say, that a man that's only a fishin' aff the land all his life has no business to compare wid a man that has sailed to Fingal."

This silenced any further argument on Barny's part. Where Fingal lay was all Greek to him; but unwilling to admit his ignorance, he covered his retreat with the usual address of his countrymen, and turned the bitterness of debate into the cordial flow of congratulation at seeing his cousin again.

The liquor was freely circulated, and the conversation began to take a different turn, in order to lead from that which had nearly ended in quarrel between O'Reirdon and his relation.

After the introduction of the liquor, it would not be an easy matter to pursue the conversation that followed. Let us, therefore, transfer our story to the succeeding morning, when Barny O'Reirdon strolled forth from his cottage, rather later than usual, with his eyes bearing eye-witness to the carouse

of the preceding night. He sauntered about in the sun, at which he often looked up, under the shelter of compressed bushy brows and long-lashed eyelids, and a shadowing hand across his forehead, to see "what time o' day" it was, and from the frequency of this action it was evident the day was hanging heavily with Barny. He retired at last to a sunny nook in a neighbouring field; and stretching himself at full length, he basked in the sun, and began "to chew the cud of sweet and bitter thought." He first reflected on his own undoubted weight in his little community, but still he could not get over the annoyance of the preceding night, arising from his being silenced by O'Sullivan, "a chap," as he said himself, "that lift the place four years ago, a brat iv a boy, and to think iv his comin' back and outdoin' his eldher, that saw him runnin' about the place, a gassoon, that one could tache a few months before;" 'twas too bad. Barny saw his reputation was in a ticklish position, and began to consider how his disgrace could be retrieved. The very name of Fingal was hateful to him; it was a plague-spot on his peace that festered there incurably. He first thought of leaving Kinsale altogether; but flight implied so much of defeat, that he did not long indulge in that notion. No; he would stay "in spite of all the O'Sullivans, kith and kin, breed, seed, and generation." But, at the same time, he knew he should never hear the end of that hateful place, Fingal; and if Barny had had the power, he would have enacted a penal statute, making it death to name the accursed spot, wherever it was; but not being gifted with such legislative authority, he felt Kinsale was no place for him, if he would not submit to be flouted every hour out of the four-and-twenty, by man, woman, and child that wished to annoy him. What was to be done? He was in the perplexing situation, to use his own words, "of the cat in the thripe shop;" he didn't know which way to choose. At last, after turning himself over in the sun several times, a new idea struck him. Couldn't he go to Fingal himself? and then he'd be equal to that upstart, O'Sullivan. No sooner was the thought engendered than Barny sprang to his feet a new man; his eye brightened, his step became once more elastic, he walked erect, and felt himself to be all over Barny O'Reirdon once more. "Richard was himself again."

But where was Fingal?—there was the rub. That was a profound mystery to Barny, which, until discovered, must hold him in the vile bondage of inferiority. The plain-dealing reader will say, "couldn't he ask?" No, no; that would never do for Barny—that would be an open admission of ignorance his soul was above, and, consequently, Barny set his brains to work, to devise measures of coming at the hidden knowledge by some circuitous route, that would not betray the end he was working for. To this purpose, fifty stratagems were raised and demolished in half as many minutes, in the fertile brain of Barny, as he strided along the shore, and as he was working hard at the fifty-first, it was knocked all to pieces by his jostling against some one who he never perceived was approaching him, so immersed was he in his speculations, and, on looking up, who should it prove to be but his friend, "the long sailor from the Aysthern Injees." This was quite a god-send to Barny, and much beyond what he could have hoped for. Of all the men under the sun, the long sailor was the man in a million for Barny's net at that minute, and, accordingly, he made a haul of him, and thought it the greatest catch he ever made in his life.

Barny and the long sailor were in close companionship for the remainder of the day, which was closed, as the preceding one, in a carouse; but on this occasion there was only a duet performance in honour of the jolly god, and the treat was at Barny's expense. What the nature of their conversation during the period was, we will not dilate on—we will keep it as profound a secret as Barny himself did, and content ourselves with saying, that Barny looked a much happier man the next day. It was in this agreeable spirit that Barny bent his course to the house of Peter Kelly, in order to put in practice a plan he had formed for the fulfilment of his determination of rivalling O'Sullivan.

As the Irish saying is, "to make a long story short," Barny prevailed on Peter Kelly to make an export, but in the nature of the venture they did not agree. Barny had proposed potatoes; Peter said there were enough of them already where he was going, and Barny rejoined that "praties were so good in themselves, there never could be too much o' thim any where." But Peter being a "knowledgeable man, and up to all the saycrets o' the airth, and understanding the the-o-ry and the che-mis-thery," overruled Barny's proposition, and determined upon a cargo of *scalpeens* (which name they give to pickled mackerel), as a preferable merchandise, quite for-

getting that Dublin Bay herrings were a much better and as cheap a commodity, at the command of the Fingalians. But by many similar mistakes, the ingenious Mr. Kelly has been paralleled by other speculators. But that is neither here nor there, and it was all one to Barny whether his boat was freighted with potatoes or *scalpeens*, so long as he had the honour and glory of becoming a navigator, and being as good as O'Sullivan.

Accordingly, the boat was laden, and all got in readiness for putting to sea, and nothing was now wanting but Barny's orders to haul up the gaff and shake out the jib of his hooker.

The next day passed without the hooker sailing, and Barny gave a most sufficient reason for the delay, by declaring that he had a warnin' given him in a dhrame, and that it was given to him to understand that it wouldn't be looky that day.

Well, the next day was Friday, and Barny, of course, would not sail any more than any other who could help it on this unpropitious day. On Saturday, however, he came running in a great hurry down to the shore, and, jumping on board, he gave orders to make all sail, and taking the helm of the hooker, he turned her head to the sea, and soon the boat was cleaving the blue waters with a velocity seldom witnessed in so small a craft, and scarcely conceivable to those who have not seen the speed of a Kinsale hooker.

"Well," said one of Barny's companions, for there were but two with him in the boat, "I was thinkin' myself, as well as Jimmy, that we lost two fine days for nothin', and we'd be there a'most, maybe, now, if we sail'd three days ago. What course are you going to steer?"

"You'll find out soon enough when we get there—and so I bid you agin' lay me alone—just keep your toe in your pump. Sure I'm here at the helm, and a waight an my mind, and its fitter for you, Jim, to mind your own business, and lay me to mind mine; away wid you there, and be handy; haul taught that foresheet there; we must run close an the wind; be handy, boys; make everything draw."

These orders were obeyed, and the hooker soon passed to windward of a ship that left the harbour before her, but could not hold on a wind with the same tenacity as the hooker, whose qualities in this peculiarity render them particularly suitable for the purposes to which they are applied, namely, pilot and fishing-boats.

We have said a ship left the harbour before the hooker had set sail, and it is now fitting to inform the reader that Barny had contrived, in the course of his last meeting with the "long sailor," to ascertain that this ship, then lying in the harbour, was going to the very place Barny wanted to reach. Barny's plan of action was decided upon in a moment: he had now nothing to do but to watch the sailing of the ship, and follow in her course. Here was, at once, a new mode of navigation discovered.

For this purpose he went to windward of the ship, and then fell off again, allowing her to pass him, as he did not wish even those on board the ship to suppose he was following in their wake; for Barny, like all people that are quite full of one scheme, and fancy everybody is watching them, dreaded lest any one should fathom his motives. All that day, Barny held on the same course as his leader, keeping at a respectful distance, however, "for fear 'twould look like dodging her," as he said to himself; but as night closed in, so closed in Barny with the ship, and kept a sharp look-out that she should not give him the slip in the dark. The next morning dawned, and found the hooker and ship companions still; and thus matters proceeded for four days, during the entire of which time they had not seen land since their first losing sight of it, although the weather was clear.

"The channel," thought Barny, "must be mighty wide in these parts, and, for the last day or so, we've been goin' purty free with a flowin' sheet, and I wonder we arn't closin' in wid the shore by this time; or maybe it's farther aff than I thought it was." His companions, too, began to question Barny on the subject, but to their queries he presented an impenetrable front of composure, and said, "it was always the best plan to keep a good bowld offin'." In two days more, however, the weather began to be sensibly warmer, and Barny and his companions remarked that it was "goin' to be the finest sayson—God bless it—that ever kem out o' the skies for many a long year, and maybe its the whate wouldn't be beautiful, and a great plenty of it." It was at the end of a week, that the ship which Barny had hitherto kept a-head of him, showed symptoms of bearing down upon him, as he thought, and, sure enough, she did, and Barny began to conjecture what the deuce the ship could want with him, and commenced inventing answers to the questions he thought it

possible might be put to him in case the ship spoke him. He was soon put out of suspense by being hailed and ordered to run under her lee, and the captain, looking over the quarter, asked Barny where he was going?

"Faith, then, I'm goin' an my business," said Barny."

"But where?" said the captain.

"Why, sure an it's no matter where a poor man like me id be goin'," said Barny.

"Only I'm curious to know what the deuce you've been following my ship for, for the last week?"

"Follyin' your ship!—Why, thin, do you think it's follyin' yiz I am?"

"It's very like it," said the captain.

"Why, did two people niver travel the same road before?"

"I don't say they didn't; but there's a great difference between a ship of 700 tons, and a hooker."

"Oh, as for that matter," said Barny, "the same high road serves a coach and four, and a low-back car; and the thravellin' tinker, an' a lord a horseback. Don't you know that sometimes vessels is bound to sail undher saycret ordhers?" said Barny, endeavouring to foil the question by badinage.

There was a universal laugh from the deck of the ship, at the idea of a fishing-boat sailing under secret orders; for by this time the whole broadside of the vessel was crowded with grinning mouths and wondering eyes at Barny and his boat.

"Oh, its a thrifle makes fools laugh," said Barny.

"Take care, my fine fellow, that you don't be laughing at the wrong side of your mouth before long, for I've a notion that you're cursedly in the wrong box, as cunning a fellow as you think yourself. Confound your stupid head, can't you tell what brings you here?"—and so the ship proceeded in its course.

In four days more, however, the provisions in the hooker began to fail, and they were obliged to have recourse to the *scalpeens* for sustenance; and Barny then got seriously uneasy at the length of the voyage, and the still likely greater length, for anything he could see to the contrary, and, urged at last by his own alarms and those of his companions, he was enabled, as the wind was light, to gain on the ship; and when he found himself alongside, he demanded a parley with the captain.

The captain, on hearing that the "hardy hooker," as she got christened, was under his lee, came on deck; and, as soon as he appeared, Barny cried out—

"Why, thin, captain dear, do you expec' to be there soon?"

"Where?" said the captain.

"Oh, you know yourself," said Barny.

"It's well for me I do," said the captain.

"Thru for you, indeed, your honour," said Barny, in his most insinuating tone; "but whin will you be at the ind o' your voyage, captain jewel?"

"I dare say in about three months," said the captain.

"Oh, Holy Mother!" ejaculated Barny; "three months! arrah, it's jokin' you are, captain dear, and only want to freken me."

"How should I frighten you?" asked the captain.

"Why, thin, your honour, to tell God's thruth, I heard you wor goin' there, and as I wanted to go there too, I thought I couldn't do better nor to folly a knowledgeable gentleman like yourself, and save myself the throuble iv findin' it out."

"And where do you think I am going?" said the captain.

"Why, thin," said Barny, "isn't it to Fingal?"

"No," said the captain; "'tis to Bengal."

"Oh!" said Barny, "what'll I do now, at all at all?"

The captain ordered Barny on deck, as he wished to have some conversation with him on what he, very naturally, considered a most extraordinary adventure. Heaven help the captain! he knew little of Irishmen, or he would not have been so astonished. Barny made his appearance. Puzzling question, and a more puzzling answer, followed in quick succession between the commander and Barny, who, in the midst of his dilemma, stamped about, thumped his head, squeezed his caubeen into all manner of shapes, and vented his despair anathematically—

"Oh! my heavy hathred to you, you tarnal thief iv a long sailor—its a purty scrape yiv led me into. I thought it was Fingal he said, and now I hear it is Bengal. Oh! the divil sweep you for navigation, why did I meddle or make wid you at all at all! and my curse light on you, Terry O'Sullivan, why did I iver come across you, you onlooky vagabonde, fo put sitch thoughts in my head? An so its Bengal, and not Fingal, you're goin' to, captain?"

"Yes indeed, Paddy."

"An might I be so bowld to ax, captain, is Bingal much farther nor Fingal?"

"A trifle or so, Paddy."

"Och, thin, millia murther, weirasthru, how 'll I iver get there at all at all?" roared out poor Barny.

"By turning about, and getting back the road you've come as fast as you can."

"Is it back? Oh! Queen iv Heaven! an how will I iver get back?" said the bewildered Barny.

"Then you don't know your course, it appears?"

"Oh, faix, I knew it iligant as long as your honour was before me."

"But you don't know your course back?"

"Why, indeed, not to say rightly all out, your honour."

"Can't you steer?" said the captain.

"The divil a better hand at the tiller in all Kinsale," said Barny, with his usual brag.

"Well, so far so good," said the captain; "and you know the points of the compass—you have a compass, I suppose?"

"A compass! by my sowl an it's not let alone a compass, but a pair o' compasses I have, that my brother, the carpinther, left me for a keepsake whin he went abroad; but, indeed, as for the points o' thim, I can't say much, for the the childher spylt thim intirely, rootin' holes in the flure."

"Confound your thick head!" said the captain. "Why, what an ignoramus you must be, not to know what a compass is, and you at sea all your life? Do you even know the cardinal points?"

"The cardinals! faix an it's a great respect I have for them, your honour. Sure, ar'n't they belongin' to the Pope?"

"Confound you, you blockhead!" roared the captain, in a rage—"twould take the patience of the Pope and the cardinals, and the cardinal virtues into the bargain, to keep one's temper with you. Do you know the four points of the wind?"

"I do, and more."

"Well, never mind more, but let us stick to four. You're sure you know the four points of the wind?"

"By dad, it would be a quare thing if a sayfarin' man didn't know somethin' about the wind, any how."

"Well, Paddy," said the captain, after trying to persuade him to come along with the ship, "as you are determined to go back, in spite of all I can say, you must attend to me while I give you as simple instructions as I can. You say you know the four points of the wind, North, South, East, and West?"

"Yis, Sir."

"How do you know them; for I must see that you are not likely to make a mistake. How do you know the points?"

"Why, you see, Sir, the sun—God bless it—rises in the aist, and sets in the west, which stands to raison; and whin you stand bechuxt the aist and the west, the north is forninst you."

"And when the north is forninst you, as you say, is the east on your right, or your left hand?"

"On the right hand, your honour."

"Well, I see you know that much, however. Now," said the captain, "the moment you leave the ship, you must steer a nor-east course, and you will make some land, near home, in about a week, if the wind holds as it is now, and it is likely to do so; but, mind me, if you turn out of your course in the smallest degree, you are a lost man."

"Many thanks to your honour!"

"And how are you off for provisions?"

"Why, thin, indeed, in the regard o' that same, we are in the height o' disthress, for, exceptin' the scalpeens, sorra taste passed our lips for these four days."

"Oh! you poor devils!" said the commander, in a tone of sincere commiseration, "I'll order you some provisions on board before you start."

"Long life to your honour! and I'd like to drink thè health of so noble a jintleman."

"I understand you, Paddy; you shall have grog too."

"Musha, the heavens shower blessins an you, I pray the Virgin Mary and the twelve Apostles, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, not forgettin' St. Pathrick."

"Thank you, Paddy; but keep all your prayers for yourself, for you need them all to help you home again."

"Oh! never fear, whin the thing is to be done, I'll do it, by dad, wid a heart and a half."

"Now then, Barny, the sooner you turn your face towards home, the better," said the captain; "since you will go, there is no need in losing more time. Are you sure you remember my directions?"

"Throan I'll niver forget them to the day o' my death, and is bound to pray, more betoken, for you and yours."

"Don't mind praying for me till you get home, Barny; but answer me—how are you to steer when you shall leave me?"

"The nor-aist coorse, your honour; that's the coorse agin the world."

"Remember that I never alter that course till you see land—let nothing make you turn out of a nor-east course."

"Throan that id be the dirty turn, seein' that it was yourself that ordered it. Oh, no, I'll depend my life an the nor-aist coorse, and the Saints help any one that comes betune me an' it—I'd run him down if he was my father."

"Well, good bye, Barny."

"Good bye, and God bless you, your honour, and send you safe."

"That's a wish you want more for yourself, Barny—never fear for me, but mind yourself well."

"Oh, sure I'm good as at home wanst I know the way, barrin the wind is contrary; sure the nor-aist coorse 'ill do the business complate." And so saying, Barny descended the ship's side, and once more assumed the helm of the "hardy hooker."

The two vessels now separated on their opposite courses. What a contrast their relative situations afforded. Proudly the ship bore away under her lofty and spreading canvass, cleaving the billows before her, manned by an able crew, and under the guidance of experienced officers—the finger of science to point the course of her progress, the faithful chart to warn her of the hidden rock and the shoal, the log-line and the quadrant to measure her march and prove her position. The poor little hooker cleft not the billows, each wave lifted her on its crest like a sea bird; but three inexperienced fishermen to manage her; no certain means to guide them over the vast ocean they had to traverse, and the holding of the "fickle wind" the only chance of their escape from perishing in the wilderness of waters. By the one, the feeling excited is supremely that of man's power. By the other, of his utter helplessness. To the one, the expanse of ocean could scarcely be considered "trackless." To the other, it was a waste indeed.

Yet the cheer that burst from the ship at parting was answered as gaily from the hooker as though the odds had not been so fearfully against her, and no blither heart beat on board the ship than that of Barny O'Reirdon.

Happy light-heartedness of my poor countrymen! they have often need of all their buoyant spirits! How kindly have they been fortified by nature against the assaults of adversity; and if they blindly rush into danger, they cannot be denied the possession of gallant hearts to fight their way out of it if they can.

But each hurrah became less audible. By degrees the cheers dwindled into faintness, and, finally, were lost in the eddies of the breeze.

The sense of utter loneliness and desolation had not come upon Barny until now; but he put his trust in the goodness of Providence, and in a fervent inward outpouring of prayer, resigned himself to the care of his Creator.

The night fell, and Barny stuck to the helm as long as nature could sustain want of rest, and then left it in charge of one of his companions, with particular directions how to steer, and ordered, if any change in wind occurred, that they should instantly awake him. He could not sleep long, however; the fever of anxiety was upon him, and the morning had not long dawned when he awoke. He had not well rubbed his eyes, and looked about him, when he thought he saw a ship in the distance approaching them. As the haze cleared away, she showed distinctly bearing down towards the hooker. On board the ship, the hooker, in such a sea, caused surprise as before, and in about an hour she was so close as to hail, and order the hooker to run under her lee.

"The divil a taste," said Barny, "I'll not quit my nor-aist coorse for the king of England, nor Bonyparty into the bargain. Bad cess to you, do you think I've nothin' to do but to plaze you?"

Again he was hailed, and fired at, but he preserved his course, and got clear off.

The third day Barny's fears for the continuity of his nor-aist coorse were excited, as a larger brig hove in sight, and the nearer she approached, the more directly she came athwart Barny's course.

"May the divil sweep you," said Barny, "and will nothin' else sarve you than comin' forninst me that-a-way. Brig a-hoy there!" shouted Barny, giving the tiller to one of his messmates, and standing at the bow of his boat. "Brig a-hoy there!—bad luck to you; go 'long out o' my nor-aist coorse." The brig, instead of obeying his mandate, hove to, and lay

right ahead of the hooker. "Oh look at this!" shouted Barny, and he stamped on the deck with rage—"look at the blackguards where they're stayin', just a-purpose to ruin an unfort'nate man like me. My heavy hatred to you; *quit* this minit, or I'll run down an yes! and if we go to the bottom, we'll hant you for ever more—go 'long out o' that, I tell you. The curse o' Crummil an you, you stupid vagabones, that wont go out iv a man's *nor-aist* coorse!!"

The brig was immoveable, and Barny gave up in despair, having cursed and prayed himself hoarse, and finished with a duet volley of prayers and curses together, apostrophising the hard case of a man being "*done out of his nor-aist coorse.*"

"A-hoy there!" shouted a voice from the brig: "You're a small craft to be so far at sea. I suppose you have provision on board?"

"To be sure we have; throth if we hadn't, this id be a bad place to go a beggin'."

"What, have you eatables?"

"The finest o' scalpeens."

"What are scalpeens?"

"Why you're mighty ignorant intirely," said Barny; "why, scalpeens is pickled mackarel."

"Then you must give us some, for we have been out of everything eatable these three days; and even pickled fish is better than nothing."

It chanced that the brig was a West India trader; that unfavourable winds had delayed much beyond the expected period of time on her voyage, and though her water had not failed, everything eatable had been consumed, and the crew reduced almost to helplessness. In such a strait, the arrival of Barny O'Reirdon and his scalpeens was a most providential succour to them, and a lucky chance for Barny, for he got in exchange for his pickled fish a handsome return of rum and sugar, much more than equivalent to their value. Barny lamented much, however, that the brig was not bound for Ireland, that he might practise his own peculiar system of navigation; but as staying with the brig could do no good, he got himself put into his *nor-aist coorse* once more, and ploughed away towards home.

The disposal of his cargo was great good luck to Barny in more ways than one. In the first place, he found the most profitable market he could have had; and, secondly, it enabled him to cover his retreat from the difficulty which still was before him, of not getting to Fingal after all his dangers, and, consequently, being open to discovery and disgrace. All these beneficial results were not thrown away upon one of Barny's readiness to avail himself of every point in his favour; and, accordingly, when they left the brig, Barny said to his companions, "why thin boys, 'pon my conscience but I'm as proud as a horse wid a wooden leg this minit, that we met them poor unfort'nate craythers this blessed day, and was enabled to extind our charity to them. Sure an' it's lost they'd be only for our comin' across them, and we, through the blessin' o' God, enabled to do an act of marcy, that is, feedin' the hungry; and sure every good work we do here is before uz in heaven—and that's a comfort any how. To be sure, now that the scalpeens is sowld, there's no use in goin' to Fingal, and we may as well jist go home.—To the devil now wid Terry O'Sullivan, what does he know what's an iligant place? What knowledge has he of iligance? I'll go bail he never was half as far a navigatin' as we—he wint the short cut I go bail, and never daar'd for to vinture the round as I did."

Nothing particular occurred for the two succeeding days, during which time Barny most religiously pursued his *nor-aist coorse*—but the third day produced a new and important event. A sail was discovered on the horizon, and in the direction Barny was steering, and a couple of hours made him tolerably certain that the vessel in sight was an American; for though it is needless to say he was not very conversant in such matters, yet from the frequency of his seeing Americans trading to Ireland, his eye had become sufficiently accustomed to their lofty and tapering spars, and peculiar smartness of rig, to satisfy him that the ship before him was of transatlantic build: nor was he wrong in his conjecture.

Barny now determined on a manœuvre, classing him amongst the first tacticians at securing a good retreat. He calculated the American was bound for Ireland, and as she lay *almost* as directly in the way of his "*nor-aist coorse*," as the West Indian brig, he bore up to and spoke her.

He was answered by a shrewd Yankee captain.

"Faix an it's glad I am to see your honour again," said Barny.

The Yankee had never been to Ireland, and told Barny so, and that a pilot was wanted for Cove.

"You know Cove?" said the American.

"Is it the Cove o' Cork, why?"

"Yes."

"I was bred an' born there, and pilots as many ships into Cove as any other two min out of it."

Barny thus sheltered his falsehood under the idiom of his language.

"But what brought you so far out to sea?" asked the captain.

"We wor lyin' out lookin' for ships that wanted pilots, and there kem an the terriblest gale o' wind aff the land, an' blew us out to say intirely, an' that's the way iv it, your honour."

"I calculate we got a share of the same gale; 'twas from the *nor-east*."

"Oh, directly!" said Barny; faith you're right enough—'twas the *nor-aist coorse* we wor an sure enough; but no matter now that we've met wid you—sure we'll have a job home any how."

"Well, get aboard then," said the American.

"I will in a minit, your honour, whin I jist spake a word to my comrades here."

"Why sure it's not goin' to turn pilot you are?" said Jemmy, in his simplicity of heart.

"Whishr, you omadhaun!" said Barny, "or I'll cut the tongue out o' you. Now, mind me, Pether; you don't understan' navigashin' and the various branches o' knowledge, an' so all you have to do is to follow the ship when I get into her, an' I'll show you the way home."

Barny then got aboard the American vessel, and begged of the captain, that as he had been out at sea so long, and had gone through "a power o' hardship intirely," that he would be permitted to go below and turn in to take a sleep, "for, in throth, it's myself and sleep that is schrayngers for some time," said Barny; "an' if your honour 'll be plazed, I'll be thankful if you won't let them disturb me until I'm wanted—for sure, till you see the land, there's no use for me in life, an' throth I want a sleep sorely."

Barny's request was granted, and it will not be wondered at, that after so much fatigue of mind and body, he slept profoundly for four-and-twenty hours. He then was called, for land was in sight; and when he came on deck, the captain rallied him upon the potency of his somniferous qualities, and "calculated" he had never met any one who could sleep "four-and-twenty hours on a stretch, before."

"Oh, Sir," said Barny, rubbing his eyes, which were still a little bazy, "whiniver I go to sleep, I pay *attention* to it."

The land was soon neared, and Barny put in charge of the ship, when he ascertained the first land mark he was acquainted with; but as soon as the Head of Kinsale hove in sight, Barny gave a "whoo," and cut a caper that astonished the Yankees, and was quite inexplicable to them, though, we flatter ourselves, it is not to those who do Barny the favour of reading his adventures.

"Oh! there you are, my darlint ould head! an' where's the head like you! throth its little I thought I'd ever set eyes an your good-looking faytures again."

In such half-muttered exclamations did Barny apostrophise each well-known point of his native shore, and, when opposite the harbour of Kinsale, he spoke the hooker, that was somewhat astern, and ordered Jemmy and Peter to put in there, and tell Molly immediately that he was come back, and would be with her as soon as he could after piloting the ship into Cove.

The hooker put into Kinsale, and Barny sailed the ship into Cove. It was the first ship he ever had acted the pilot for, and his old luck attended him; no accident befel his charge, and, what was still more extraordinary, he made the American believe he was absolutely the most skilful pilot on the station. So Barny pocketed his pilot's fee, swore the Yankee was a gentleman, for which the republican did not thank him, wished him good bye, and then pushed his way nome with what Barny swore was the easiest made money he ever had in his life. So Barny got himself paid for *piloting* the ship that *showed him the way home*.

IN HAZLITT'S "Conversations in Switzerland," as described in *Fraser's Magazine*, there is the following ludicrous passage:—"You know Kenny. Coming upon him unexpectedly one day, I found him on the flat of his back, kicking at a prodigious rate, and apparently in strong convulsions. I ran up to him in order to assist and raise him, but his malady was an obstetrical one: he was in all the agonies of a *fausse couche*. 'What is the matter, Kenny?' said I. 'Oh, my dear Hazlitt,' he said, with tears in his eyes, 'I have been for three hours labouring hard to get out an idea to finish a scene; but it won't—it won't come!'"

History.

ANCIENT HISTORY: SECTION XVI.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

1. ALEXANDER, the son of Philip, succeeded at the age of twenty to the throne of Macedon, (B. C. 337.) He had been educated by Aristotle, and his extraordinary natural endowments sedulously cultivated. This prince possessed military abilities of the highest order, and had given proof from his earliest years of that singular heroism, which afterwards distinguished him. On the death of his father, the states of Greece attempted to regain their natural independence, but after being defeated in several battles, they submitted to him the command of Greece. Assembling the deputies of the nation at Corinth, he communicated to them his resolution of prosecuting the designs of his father for the conquest of Persia, and called upon them for the contingents they had voted for that purpose.

2. With an army of 30,000 foot, and 5,000 horse, the sum of seventy talents, and provisions only for a single month, he crossed the Hellespont, and in traversing Phrygia, visited the tomb of Achilles, (B. C. 334.) Darius Codomannus, resolving to crush at once this inconsiderate youth, met him on the banks of the Granicus with 100,000 foot and 10,000 horse. The Greeks swam the river, their king leading the van, and attacking the astonished Persians, left 20,000 dead upon the field, and put to flight their whole army. The loss of the Greeks amounted only to eighty-five horsemen and thirty infantry. Drawing from his first success a presage of continued victory, Alexander now sent home his fleet, leaving to his army the sole alternative, that they must subdue Asia or perish. Prosecuting their course for some time without resistance, the Greeks were attacked by the Persians in a narrow valley of Cilicia, near the town of Issus, (B. C. 333.) The Persian host amounted to 400,000; but their situation was such that only a small part could come into action, and they were defeated with prodigious slaughter. The loss of the Persians in this battle was 110,000; that of Greeks (according to Q. Curtius) only 450.

3. The history of Alexander by Quintus Curtius, though a most elegant composition, is extremely suspicious on the score of authentic information. Arrian is the best authority.

4. The generosity of Alexander was displayed after the battle of Issus, in his attention to his noble prisoners, the mother, the wife, and family of Darius, a conduct which made a deep impression on the mind of that generous and ill-fated prince. To the credit of Alexander, it must be owned that humanity, however overpowered and at times extinguished in the heat of his passions, certainly formed a part of his natural character.

5. The consequence of the battle of Issus was the submission of all Syria. Damascus, where Darius had deposited his chief treasures, was betrayed and given up by its governor. The Phœnicians were pleased to see themselves thus avenged for the oppression they had suffered under the yoke of Persia.

6. Alexander had hitherto borne his good fortune with moderation: 'Felix,' says Curtius, 'si hac continentia ad ultimum vitæ perseverare potuisset; sed nondum Fortuna se animo ejus infuderat.' He

directed his course towards Tyre, and desired admittance to perform a sacrifice to Hercules. The Tyrians sent him a golden crown as a token of their respect and amity, but refused his request, and shut their gates. They maintained for seven months a noble defence. The city was at length taken by storm; and the victor, incensed at the opposition he had met with, glutted his revenge by the inhuman massacre of 8,000 of the inhabitants, and the rest, to the number of 30,000, were sold as slaves (B. C. 332). The fate of Gaza, gloriously defended by Bætis, was equally deplorable to its citizens, and more disgraceful to the conqueror. Ten thousand of the former were sold into slavery, and its brave defender was dragged round the walls of the city at the wheels of the victor's chariot: 'Gloriante rege, Achillem, a quo genus ipse deduceret, imitatum se esse, pœna in hostem capienda.' Curt.

7. The taking of Gaza opened Egypt to Alexander, and the whole country submitted without opposition. Amidst the most incredible fatigues, he now led his army through the deserts of Lybia, to visit the temple of his father, Jupiter Ammon. On his return he built Alexandria, at the mouth of the Nile, a situation so happily chosen, that in twenty years it rose to great wealth and consequence, and afterwards became the capital of the Lower Egypt, and has ever since been one of the most flourishing cities in the world. Twenty other cities of the same name were reared by him in the course of his conquests. It is such works as these that justly entitle the Macedonian to the epithet of Great. By rearing in the midst of deserts those nurseries of population and of industry, he repaired the waste and havoc of his conquests. But for those monuments of his real glory, he would have merited from posterity no other epithet than that assigned him by the Brahmins of India, 'The Mighty Murderer.'

8. Returning from Egypt, Alexander traversed Assyria, and was met at Arbela by Darius, at the head of 700,000 men. The Persian had proffered peace, consenting to yield the whole country from the Euphrates to the Hellespont, to give Alexander his daughter in marriage, and the immense sum of 10,000 talents. But these terms were haughtily rejected, and peace refused, but upon the unqualified submission of his enemy. But these terms were haughtily rejected, and peace refused, but upon the unqualified submission of his enemy. The Macedonian army did not exceed 40,000 men. The Persians were defeated at Arbela (B. C. 331), with the loss of 300,000 men, while the loss of the Macedonians is estimated by Arrian at not more than 1,200. Darius fled from province to province. At length, betrayed by Bessus, one of his own satraps, he was cruelly murdered; and the Persian empire, which had subsisted for 206 years from the time of Cyrus the Great, submitted to the conqueror, 330 B. C.

9. Alexander now projected the conquest of India, firmly persuaded that the gods had decreed him the sovereignty of the whole habitable globe. He penetrated to the Ganges, and would have advanced to the Eastern Ocean, had the spirit of his army kept pace with his ambition. But his troops, seeing no end to their toils, refused to proceed. He returned to the Indus, from whence, sending round his fleet to the Persian Gulf under Nearchus, he marched his army across the desert to Persepolis.

10. Indignant that he had found a limit to his

conquests, he abandoned himself to every excess of luxury and debauchery. The arrogance of his nature, and the ardour of his passions, heightened by continual intemperance, broke out into the most outrageous excesses of cruelty, for which, in the few intervals of sober reflection, his ingenuous mind suffered the keenest remorse. From Persepolis he returned to Babylon, and there died in a fit of debauch, in the thirty-third year of his age, and thirteenth of his reign, 324 B. C.

11. Of the character of Alexander the most opposite and contradictory estimates have been formed. While by some he is esteemed nothing better than a fortunate madman, he is by others celebrated for the grandeur, wisdom, and solidity of his political views. Truth is rarely to be found in extreme censure or applause. We may allow to Alexander the spirit and the talents of a great military genius, without combining with these the sober plans of a profound politician. His great object seems to have been the establishment of one great and permanent empire, of which the different parts would be united by mutual, political, and commercial advantages; and for this purpose he sought to do away with all national prejudices. But his early death frustrated all these great projects, and the ambition of his generals overturned the fabric he was erecting. In a moral view of his character, we see an excellent and ingenuous nature corrupted at length by an unvarying current of success, and a striking example of the fatal violence of the passions, when eminence of fortune removes all restraint, and flattery stimulates to their uncontrolled indulgence.

Varieties.

BAD TRANSLATIONS.—Madame de la Fayette (authoress of some of the French Fairy tales) used to compare a bad translation to a footman sent with a compliment from his mistress; what she had directed him to say in the most polite terms, he quite murders by his bungling rusticity in delivering it; and the more delicate the message is, the more it is sure to suffer from the ignorance of such a messenger.

LAUGHTER.—Man is the only animal with the powers of laughing, a privilege which was not bestowed upon him for nothing. Let us then laugh while we may, no matter how broad the laugh may be, short of a lock-jaw, and despite of what the poet says about "the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind." The mind should occasionally be vacant as the land should sometimes be fallow; and for precisely the same reason.—*The Melange.*

AN ENTHUSIASTIC BARBER.—"Was he in the easy shaving way, Sir," inquired Mr. Slithers, "or in the cutting and curling line?"—"Both," replied Sam; easy shavin' was his natur, and cuttin' and curlin' was his pride and glory. His whole delight was in his trade. His spent all his money in bears, and run in debt for 'em besides, and there they was a growling away down in the front cellar all day long, and ineffectoally gnashing their teeth, vile the grease o' their relations and friends vos being retailed in gallipots in the shop above, and the first floor winder was ornamented with their heads; not to speak of the dreadful aggrawation it must have been to 'em to see a man always a valkin' up and down the pavement outside, with the portrait of a bear in his last agonies, and underneath, in large letters, 'Another fine animal vos slaughtered yesterday, at Jinkinson's!' Hows'ever, there they vos, and there Jinkinson vos, till he vos took wery ill, with some in'ard disorder, lost the use of his legs, and vos confined to his bed vere he laid a wery long time; but, sich vos his pride in his profession, even then, that, whenever he vos worse than usual, the doctor used to go down stairs and say, 'Jinkinson's wery low this mornin', we must give the bears a stir; and, as sure as ever they stirred 'em up a bit, and made 'em roar, Jinkinson opens his eyes, if he vos ever so bad, and calls out. 'There's the bears!' and revives again."—*Humphrey's Clock, No. IX.*

RISE IN THE WORLD.—The only way to rise in the world, even for the prosperous man, is to cultivate his mind and manners, and educate his family. It is not to set up his carriage, though this may be perfectly allowable, if he can afford it. It is not to resort to this or that watering place, though there is no objection to his doing that, if he pleases. *It is to raise himself and family in the scale of moral and intellectual beings.* It is not to bring up his sons in idleness, under the preposterous notion of making them gentlemen, and, in so doing, making them fops and dandies, instead of men, and thus prepare them for squandering his estate much faster than he amassed it. It is not to educate his daughters with merely showy accomplishments, and with the expectation, that this world is to be a show, and life a holiday. The best symptom of rising in the world that he can give is, to despise the follies of society, to set at naught the despotism of fashion, to perceive and reject the absurdity of a business community, following in the footsteps of the aristocracy of Europe. It would shew hopeful signs of rising above the vulgar, both great and small, if he should refuse to countenance the nonsense of turning night into day, and day into night.—*Burnap.*

TABLE HYDROPHOBIA.—Peirese, dining at London with several literary persons, could not be exempted from drinking a health (proposed by Dr. Thorius, a German) in a glass of frightful capaciousness. Peirese alleged freedom, civility, decency, health, and a thousand other reasons, but to no purpose; the glass must be drank off to that health; but before he consented to it, he required a promise that this Bacchanalian doctor should also drink *his* toast; then having, with much ado, finished such a copious draught, he drank a health in the same glass filled with water. Thorius appeared quite thunder-struck, and, after many a heavy sigh, put the glass to his mouth, but quickly drew it back; and though he fortified himself with all the Greek and Latin Apoptegms on thwarting the senses, he was an hour before he emptied his glass, to the great diversion of the company, and his own advantage; for afterwards he never broke in upon any one's temperance.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL LOVER was asked by what means he lost his fair. "Alas!" cried he, "I flattered her, until she got too proud to speak to me."

LOVE OF POWER.—In man's impatience under suffering, is there not something of that sense of superiority which was the origin of the slavish state in which woman has existed for ages, and to which she is still doomed in many parts of the world? When exposed to the same trials, do we not often see the woman enduring with a quiet patience, a cheerful courage; while lordly man either submits with a cold and haughty calmness, or fiercely resists and complains, as if his chartered rights were infringed? This gives rise to a fault in woman, which deserves still more to be reprobated; it is that of flattering this weakness in man, and, by that means, gaining by art that ascendancy over him which he finds so much self-complacency in thinking he possesses over her by nature. In both sexes it is an unrighteous love of dominion. Amy equally detested any approach to the character of tyrant or slave. She would neither flatter nor be flattered. It was this noble independence of soul that first attracted Edward; and, although his self-love was sometimes tried by it, yet did he always love and honour her the more for her faithful allegiance to his as well as her own principle of action.—*Mrs. Follen's Sketches of Married Life.*

THE PRESS. In 1598, the first printing press was erected in Manchester; in 1844 there are, there, it is estimated, upwards of 500! The press may indeed be well named the fourth estate.

PRUDENT SENSIBILITY.—The relations of a Dutch heiress, who had run away with an Englishman, addressed an advertisement to her in the papers, requesting that if she would not return to her disconsolate parents, she would at least send back the key of the tea-chest which she had taken away with her.

LEAF YEAR.—The following is extracted from an old volume, printed 1606, entitled, "Courtship, Love, and Matrimony":—"Albeit it is now become a part of the common lawe, in regard to social relations of life, that, as often as every bissextile year doth return, the ladies have the sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making love unto the men, which they doe either by wordes or lookes, as unto them it seemeth proper; and moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefite of clergy who dothe refuse to accept the offeres of a ladye, or who dothe in any wise treat her proposat with slight or contumely."

The Moralists.

BROTHERS.

YE are the children of one father, provided for by his care ; and the breast of one mother hath given you suck.

Let the bonds of affection, therefore, unite you, that peace and happiness may dwell in your father's house.

And when ye separate in the world, remember the relation that bindeth you to love and unity ; and prefer not a stranger to your own blood.

If thy brother is in adversity, assist him ; if thy sister is in trouble forsake her not.

So shall the fortunes of thy father contribute to the support of his whole race ; and his care be continued to you all in your love to each other.

MORAL MAXIMS.

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.
No. 18.

As the bell is, so is the clapper.

As the crow is, the egg will be.

A stitch in time saves nine.

A stumble may prevent a fall.

As you salute, you will be saluted.

As you sow, so you shall reap.

At a great bargain, pause awhile.

A tale out of season, is as music in mourning.

A thousand pounds, and a bottle of hay, are all one at doomsday.

A thousand probabilities will not make one truth.

A thread-bare coat is armour-proof against an highway-man.

A truly-great man borrows no lustre from splendid ancestry.

DICTATORIAL MANNERS.—In the too frequent way of communicating even useful counsel, there is almost invariably something to vex, often to insult, and almost always the arrogance which assumes authority, and exercises a species of despotism. Now, if men were as willing, and as ready to give reasons as they are to give rules, much mischief might be prevented, and some good might be done. Pride is undoubtedly gratified by being enabled to deal out its animadversions, and self-regard is flattered, but at a terrible expense,—a great sacrifice of benevolence. Yet, it is no small part of good breeding and good morals to give appropriate advice appropriately.—*Bentham*.

A REMARK WELL WORTHY UNIVERSAL ATTENTION.—If mourning were altogether out of use, a vast mass of suffering would be prevented from coming into existence.—*Ibid*.

TRIFLES.—Those persons who cannot find pleasure in trifles are generally wise in their own opinion, and fools in the opinion of the wise ; they neglect the opportunity of amusement, without which the rugged road of life would be insupportably tedious. I think the French are the best philosophers, who make the most they can of the pleasures, and the least they can of the pains of life ; and are ever strewing flowers among the thorns all mortals are obliged to walk through ; whereas, by much reflection, the English contrive to feel and see the thorns double, and never see the flowers at all, but to despise them ; expecting their happiness from things more solid and durable, as they imagine : but how seldom do they find them!—*Lady Lu.borough*.

THE PASSIONS are in some degree at the mercy of the thoughts, as are the thoughts of the passions. It is a moral duty therefore to endeavour to think rightly.—*Brydges*.

ADMIRATION AND CONTEMPT.—Of unwise admiration much may be hoped, for much good is really in it ; but unwise contempt is itself a negation ; nothing comes of it, for it is nothing.—*Carlyle*.

FRIENDSHIP consists properly in mutual offices, and a generous strife in alternate acts of kindness. But he who does a kindness to an ungrateful person, sets his seal to a flint, and sows his seed upon the sand : upon the former he makes no impression, and from the latter he finds no production.—*Dr. South*.

LOVE LABOUR : for if thou dost not want it for food, thou mayest for physic. It is wholesome for the body, and good for thy mind. It prevents the fruits of idleness, which many times come of nothing to do, and leads too many to do what is worse than nothing.—*Penn*.

ACQUAINTANCES.—When an acquaintanceship happens between two persons, and either of them finds himself deceived in the other, he should at once act as St. Paul did with the viper—shake him off.—*Gale*.

Select Poetry.

THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE.

I said to Sorrow's awful storm,
That beat against my breast,
"Rage on! thou may'st destroy this form,
And lay it low at rest ;
But still the spirit, that now brooks
Thy tempest raging high,
Undaunted, on its fury looks
With steadfast eye."

I said to Penury's meagre train,
"Come on! your threats I brave ;
My last, poor life-drop you may drain,
And crush me to the grave ;
Yet still the spirit, that endures,
Shall mock your force the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
With bitter smile."

I said to cold Neglect and Scorn,
"Pass on! I heed you not ;
Ye may pursue me till my form
And being are forgot ;
Yet still the spirit, which you see
Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws from its own nobility
Its high-born smiles."

I said to Friendship's menaced blow,
"Strike deep ; my heart shall bear ;
Thou canst but add one bitter woe
To those already there ;
Yet still the spirit, that sustains
This last severe distress,
Shall smile upon its keenest pains
And scorn redress."

I said to Death's uplifted dart,
"Aim sure! oh, why delay?
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart—
A weak, reluctant prey ;
For still the spirit, firm and free,
Triumphant in the last dismay,
Wrapt in its own eternity,
Shall smiling pass away,"

—*Anonymous*

FOOLS THE BEST LOVERS.

This, too, observe—that men of sense, in love,
Dupes more complete than fools and blockheads prove ;
For all that knowledge lent them as a guide,
Goes off entirely to the lady's side ;
Whereas the blockhead rather sees the more,
And gains perception that he lack'd before.
His honest passion blinds the man of sense,
While want of feeling is the fool's defence ;
And with insensibility he comes,
When more repell'd, he but the more assumes,
And thus succeeds where fails the man of wit ;
For where we cannot conquer, we submit.

CRABBE.

EDUCATION.

A child is born—now take the germ, and make it
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it
In richest fragrance and in purest hues ;
When passion's gust, and sorrow's tempest shake it,
The shelter of affection ne'er refuse,
For soon the gathering hand of death will break it
From its weak stem of life—and it shall lose
All power to charm ; but if that lovely flower
Hath swell'd one pleasure, or subdued one pain,
O who shall say that it has lived in vain,
However fugitive its breathing hour ?
For virtue leaves its sweets wherever tasted,
And scattered truth is never never wasted.

BOWRING.