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**CHAMBERS'  
EDINBURGH JOURNAL**

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**KNOWLEDGE.**

It was for a long time the custom to recommend knowledge to the attention of the people by depicting the material advantages and pleasures incident to its pursuit. Glowing and attractive pictures were exhibited of the career and progress of meritorious and successful persons, who

had been elevated by their intelligence to positions of consideration and distinction. Universal history and biography were ransacked to furnish instances of a persevering and well-rewarded prosecution of knowledge 'under difficulties;' and the general mind was invited to contemplate and reflect on these, as worthy exemplars for its imitation. The inference, moreover, that was almost uniformly intended to be drawn, was such a one as was naturally acceptable to the crude and undisciplined understanding—the obvious purpose of all such representations being to stimulate the energies and enterprise of the ambitious, by the offer or indication of material rewards, and to make intelligence respected and desirable for the sake of its sensible compensations.

There might perhaps be reasons adducible to justify the employment of such incitements, as there may doubtless be circumstances under which the cultivation of knowledge might, for a time, be more effectually advanced by means of interested considerations, than by an appeal to motives more strictly rational, and accordant with a disinterested reverence for its spiritual worth and dignity. There are evidently stages of human progress when a regard for their personal interests has a more powerful efficacy in urging men into improvement, than any of the finer influences of which they are susceptible, or which an advanced culture would probably awaken. Thus, as an exoteric or introductory intimation of the value and desirableness of knowledge, it may not be amiss to attract a people, otherwise indisposed to its acquirement, by an exhibition of the conventional advantages and distinctions which it may contribute, more or less successfully, to realise. And though it cannot be allowed that the culture of the intellect is to be subordinated to the acquisition of any of the temporal benefits of life, yet inasmuch as an increase of intelligence and sagacity may be reasonably applied to the promotion of such comforts and conveniencies as tend to enhance the rational satisfactions of existence, it is not to be questioned that the latter may be innocently, and even serviceably, urged upon the attention, as reasons and motives for stimulating the slothful or indifferent mind to an appropriate activity, whensoever higher and worthier considerations may have been found to be ineffectual, or are in any likelihood of being imperfectly apprehended. The sole condition needful to be observed by those who thus endeavour to promote the education and enlightenment of the people, is a clear and firm persuasion in themselves that such a method of interesting men in the pursuits of literature or science, can only be considered as initiatory, and preparatory to something higher, and that at last knowledge must stand recommended to the mind by its own intrinsic charms, and by its grand and native tendency to further a man's spiritual advancement.

It is scarcely to be doubted that the oversight of this has greatly contributed to occasion the failure of many of those popular schemes and institutions which have had for their object the intellectual improvement of the people. Starting with the flattering assumption that literary and scientific information possessed the power of raising men to social consequence, it was presently perceived that the result was not answerable to the expectations which had been excited, and that the more generally intelligence was spread, the greater was the competition for the advantages in view, and the less the chance of attaining them. By being taught to regard their education as a means or process whereby they might be more readily and securely inducted into positions of emolument and honour, not only were the people misdirected with respect to the real and authentic signification of manly culture, but even the inducements held out as the encouragements of their efforts were found to end mainly in disappointment. The generality were not, and could not be enriched, nor very sensibly elevated in the estimation of the world; they did not usually attain to what they had been taught to aim after, which was, in most cases, antecedence of their fellow-men, distinction and exalted notice in the eyes of accredited respectability. The conditions of society to which they were subjected limited most of them to their old employments and pursuits, and it only occasionally happened that a man's personal fortunes were very materially promoted by the intelligence he had gained through studious exertion. If, by some favourable concurrence of circumstances, one might chance to attain eminence, or realise any considerable share of the substantial possessions of life, for every individual thus fortunate, there has probably been a thousand whose efforts were utterly unproductive of any such success. Upon the whole, it is evident that the more universally the benefits of instruction are extended among a people, the casual prizes which were formerly accessible to rare examples of ability and intelligence become less and less easy of attainment, and have an eventual tendency to become distributed altogether without reference to that intellectual superiority which, when education was less general, more invariably commanded them. The peculiar distinctions which knowledge is competent to confer must be looked for in other directions than those which are supposed to lead to the acquisition of wealth or mere conventional reputability—must be sought, indeed, among the inner laws and necessities of the human mind. The power which we ascribe to intelligence must be exercised for ends and objects which have hitherto been too commonly overlooked, and the purposes and aims of education will need to be more intimately adjusted to the essential demands of character.

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A notorious consequence of the popular instruction most prevalent within the last twenty years, has been the elicitation of a certain superficial cleverness, valuable principally for marketable or ostentatious purposes, and no more indicative of intellectual elevation than the frivolous accomplishment of rope-dancing. It is for the most part an affair of memory, a mere mechanical agility, expertness in acts of routine; and in its superior developments takes most commonly the shape of a keen vulpine perspicacity, which may very readily be cultivated independently of any coincident development of the reflective reason or the moral attributes. The practical understanding, being trained into separate activity, and exercised apart from its constitutional connection, may obviously be used like an implement, in subordination to the propensities or the will, and for the accomplishment of purely selfish, or even discreditable ends. Thus, while it is

perfectly true that a liberal and complete education—using the word in its largest and strictly philosophical significance—is the sole and certain means of human elevation, it is not to be denied that very considerable acquisitions of information, and much intellectual ability and shrewdness, may subsist together with a manifest unscrupulousness or depravity of disposition. And hence it is evident that the power of knowledge is good or evil according as it is used; and so long as its cultivation is enjoined out of motives involving a primary regard to worldly advantages and promotions, there will never be wanting persons to pursue it out of mercenary, and in other respects questionable considerations. The entire grounds of the common advocacy of education must be abandoned; we must ascend from the low places of expediency and selfish benefit to the nobler platform of that universal and inborn necessity in man, which demands a circular and simultaneous culture of his whole nature—that essential and inward law of being whose perfect and successful development shall be answerable to the destination contemplated in the origin and intention of the human constitution.

The true reason for individual cultivation is undoubtedly to be sought for in the native requirements of the soul. The essential worth of knowledge lies not so much in its adaptations to our temporal conveniences or ambition, as in the service it performs in promoting spiritual enlargement. What we more especially understand by education is a progressive process whereby the intellectual and moral powers are expanded and developed to the extent of their capabilities, and directed towards objects of action and speculation which have a tendency to advance the effectual wellbeing of the individual—a wellbeing whose character is not to be determined arbitrarily by opinion, or considered as consisting in conditions accordant with mere conventional preconceptions of mortal happiness, but one which pre-exists as an ideal prefigurement in human nature. That only is a right and sufficient education which aims at the perfect culture of the man—which, as far as is possible with objective limitations, educes and invigorates his latent aptitudes and gifts, to the end that he may employ them in a manner which is consistent with the pure idea of his own being. The consideration to be kept continually in view is, what is a man by natural capacity destined to become?—what heights of intellectual and moral worth is he capable of attaining to?—and, on the whole, what courses of discipline and personal exertion are most suitable, as the means of raising him to that condition wherein he will most admirably fulfil the design of his creation? To instruct and educate him with respect to this design is the highest and ultimate purpose of all knowledge. It has thus a grander aim than the mere promotion of the conveniences of our material life. Prosecuted with reference to this loftier end, it is exalted into the appropriate guide of a man's endeavours—acquainting him with the laws and relations of his existence, and shaping for him the authentic course of his sublunary conduct.

It is accordingly obvious, that in order to obtain its lasting and most prizable advantages, the pursuit of knowledge must be entered on and followed as a *duty*. A man must esteem his personal culture as the noblest end of his existence, and accept his responsibility in regard to it as the most paramount of obligations. To this one pre-eminent aim all other aims and aspirings must be held as inconsiderable and subordinate. Let him know, and lay earnestly to heart, that all his efforts at cultivation are to be everlasting in their results—fruitful for ever in blessed consequences to himself and to the world, or otherwise miserably and perpetually abortive, according to the character and spirit of his activity. All learning and experience have an intimate and natural respect to the progressive perfection of the human soul. The original idea of a man—what he individually ought to *be* and *do*—that is the basis whereon he is to found and build up his entire being. He must therefore prosecute knowledge with a reverent and religious earnestness, strive diligently to comprehend the relations in which he stands to God and his fellow-men, and sedulously endeavour to fulfil his true and peculiar destination, which is, to make his temporal existence correspondent with the inner laws of his own soul, and to leave behind it in the spiritual world an imperishable and eternal consequence.

This view of the intrinsic worth and significance of knowledge must be admitted to be far more exalting and salutary to the mind than any which has reference exclusively or principally to its agency in simply secular affairs. It leads a man inevitably to respect the integrity and rightful exercise of his capacities, by discountenancing all employment of them which might tend in anyway to invalidate or impair the natural supremacy of the moral sentiment. Considered as the power whereby he may cultivate and enlarge his being, knowledge is invested with a lofty and perennial momentousness, which cannot, and may not, be disregarded without derogation to our highest interests as human and spiritual intelligences. It is indeed a revelation, in all its manifold departments, of that vital and sustaining element of things which is designated Truth, and whereon every effort that can reasonably be expected to be lastingly successful is most intimately dependent. As man liveth not by bread alone, but by every gracious word that proceedeth from the mouth of God, by every just and everlasting law which He has established for the guidance and edification of mankind, so assuredly is it of primary concern to men to be qualified to interpret those sublime utterances, and to apprehend their import and significancy, in relation to the aims and hopes of life. This is the great and inestimable excellency of knowledge, that it acquaints us with something of the reality and nature of the mysterious frame of things wherein we live, and are necessitated constantly to work, and unfolds for us the laws and reasons of that obedience which we are constrained to yield to the established economy wherewith our existence and essential welfare are connected. The highest and most binding obligation for us to know anything at all, is our natural need of intellectual enlightenment—the soul's unquestionable necessity for an intimacy with Truth, and the joy and satisfaction which it finds in its contemplation. And thus it is that all knowledge is eminently sacred, as being the stream through which a human mind draws insight from the central source of all intelligence; as being that which

informs us of self-subsistent Law and Power, and consciously connects us with their reality and operations. That baneful divorce between intelligence and holiness which a sceptical and frivolous age has so disastrously effected, will need to be set aside as altogether founded on a serious mistake; and indeed men are already beginning to apprehend that no pure faith can be sustained, no sound or abiding virtue inculcated and established, which is not deeply grounded in that mental certainty and assurance which clear, indisputable knowledge alone can furnish.

Let knowledge, then, be recognised as a primary indispensability for the mind, the natural and appropriate inheritance of every human soul; and let us esteem it as a sufficient and authentic plea for its universal dissemination, that it is ever needful for the soul's health and welfare; and condescend not to demand it on any inferior pretext. If there is one right of man more essentially sacred than another, it is his right to as complete and perfect an education as his own capacity, and the attainments and adaptations of the age he lives in, are adequate to supply him with; and again, if there is one human duty more paramount and obligatory than the rest, it is that which enjoins upon a man the use of his best energies and efforts to advance himself in intellectual and moral vigour, and to turn every talent and capability most honestly to account; since upon the depth and extent of his own inward force will depend the essential worth of his subsequent performances. The rational enlargement of the individual is indeed the one great end of life. Nothing has so high a claim on us as the cultivation of ourselves. 'It is most true,' as a vigorous and thoughtful modern writer has remarked—'it is most true, and most fitting to be said to many in our day, that a man has no business to cut himself off from communion with so rich and manifold a world as ours, or arbitrarily to harden and narrow his life on any of the sides on which it is open and sensitive. But it is also no less necessary, and perhaps in this time more required to urge, that a man's first vocation is to be a man—a practical, personal being, with a reasonable and moral existence, which must be kept strong, and in working order, at all expense of pleasure, talent, brilliancy, and success. It is easy to lose one's self, or, as the Scripture has it, one's own soul, in the midst of the many and glittering forms of good which the world offers, and which our life apprehends: but to know any of these as realities, it is necessary to begin by being real in our own human ground of will, conscience, personal energy. Then will the world also begin to be real for us; and we may go on through eternity mining deeper and deeper, and in endless diversities of direction, in a region of inexhaustible realities.'<sup>[1]</sup>

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## WORLDLY WISDOM.

### A TALE.

MR and MRS DAVENANT especially prided themselves on their worldly wisdom and on their strong good sense—excellent qualities undoubtedly, but susceptible of being carried to an injurious excess. If it be true that in our faults lie the germ of virtues, no less true is it that almost every virtue is capable of being exaggerated into vice. Thus was it with the Davenants: in their code everything was made subservient to *worldly wisdom*: all their own and their friends' actions were measured by that standard; consequently every generous aspiration was checked, every noble, self-denying action decried, if it could not be reconciled to their ideas of wisdom. In course of time Mr and Mrs Davenant grew cold-hearted, calculating, and selfish; and as their fortunes flourished, more and more did they exult in their own wisdom, and condemn as foolish and Quixotic everything charitable and disinterested. To the best of their power they brought up their children in the same principles, and they succeeded to admiration with their eldest daughter, who was as shrewd and prudent as they could wish. Mrs Davenant would often express her maternal delight in her Selina: there never was a girl possessing such strong good sense—such wisdom. Some people might have thought that in Miss Selina's wisdom the line was somewhat faint that divided it from mere cunning; but mothers are rarely very quick-sighted with regard to their children's faults, and Mrs Davenant never saw the difference.

With their other daughter they were not so successful. When Lucy Davenant was but five years old, a relation of her mother's, a maiden lady residing in Wales, had, at her own earnest request, adopted the younger daughter. Miss Moore was very rich, and her fortune was entirely at her own disposal, so Mr and Mrs Davenant at once acceded to her request, never doubting that she would make Lucy her heiress. Lucy remained with Miss Moore till that lady died; but although she left her nothing in her will but a few comparatively valueless mementos, she owed more to her care and teaching than thousands could repay. Under the influence of her precepts, and the admirable example she afforded, Lucy became generous, unselfish, open-hearted, and truthful as the day. But her parents, unhappily, were blind to these virtues, or rather they deemed that, in possessing them, their child was rather unfortunate than otherwise. Lucy was utterly astonished when she came home from Wales after her kind friend's death, at the strange manner and stranger conversation of her parents and her sister. Her father had accompanied her from Pembrokeshire, and he had scarcely spoken a word to her during the whole of the journey; but, in the innocence of her heart, she attributed this to his grief at the loss of his relation. But when she arrived at her father's house in the city of B—, where he was the principal banker, she could not avoid perceiving the cause. Her mother embraced her, but did not pause to gaze on her five-years-absent child; and as she turned to her sister Selina, she heard her father say, 'Lucy hasn't a farthing in the will.'

'You don't mean it?' cried Mrs Davenant. 'Why, how in the world, child, have you managed?'

turning to Lucy. 'Did you offend Miss Moore in anyway before she died?'

'Oh no, mamma,' murmured Lucy, weeping at the thought of her aunt's illness and death thus rudely conjured up.

'Then what is the reason?' began her mother again; but Mr Davenant raised a warning finger, and checked her eager inquiries. He saw that Lucy had no spirit at present to reply to their questions, so he suffered the grieved girl to retire to rest, accompanied by her sister; but with Selina, Lucy was more bewildered than ever.

'My dear Lu,' said that young lady, as she brushed her hair, 'what is the meaning of this mysterious will? We all thought you would be Miss Moore's heiress.'

'So I should have been,' sobbed Lucy; 'but'—

'But what? Don't cry so, Lucy: what's past can never be recalled,' said Selina oracularly; 'and as you're not an heiress'—

'Oh, don't think I am vexed about *that*,' said Lucy, indignant at the idea, and drying her eyes with a determination to weep no more. 'I have no wish to be an heiress: I am very glad, indeed, I am not; and I would rather, much rather, not be enriched by the death of any one I love.'

'Very romantic sentiments, my dear Lu, but strangely wanting in common sense. All those high-flown ideas were vastly interesting and becoming, I daresay, among your wild Welsh mountains; but when you come into the busy world again, it is necessary to cast aside all sentiment and romance, as you would your old garden-bonnet. But, seriously, tell me about this will: how did you miss your good-fortune?'

'Miss Moore had a nephew, a barrister, who is striving very hard to fight his way at the bar: he has a mother and two sisters entirely depending on him, and they are all very poor. All my aunt's property is left to him.'

'Well, but why at least not shared with you?'

'I did not want it, you know, Selina, so much as they do. I have a home, and papa is rich, and so'—

'And so, I suppose, you very generously besought Miss Moore not to leave her fortune to you, but to her nephew?' said Selina with a scornful laugh.

'No, no; I should not have presumed to speak on the subject to my kind, good aunt. But one day before she had this last attack of illness she spoke to me about my prospects, and asked me if papa was getting on very well, and if he would be able to provide for me when I grew up'—

'And I've no doubt in the world,' interrupted Selina, staring with excessive wonderment in her sister's face, 'that you innocently replied that he would?'

'Of course, sister,' replied Lucy calmly; 'I could say nothing else, you know; for when I came to see you five years ago, papa told me that he meant to give us both fortunes when we married.'

'And you told Miss Moore this?'

'Certainly. She kissed me when I told her,' continued Lucy, beginning to weep again as all these reminiscences were summoned to her mind, 'and said that I had eased her mind very much, her nephew was very poor, and her money would do him and his family great service; and it is never a good thing for a young girl to have much money independent of her parents, my aunt said; and I think she was quite right.'

'Well,' said Selina, drawing a long breath, 'for a girl of nineteen years and three months of age I certainly do think you are the very greatest simpleton I ever saw.'

'Why so?' inquired Lucy in some surprise.

'Why, for telling your aunt about the fortune you would have: you might have known that she would not make you her heiress if you were rich already.'

'But she asked me the question, Selina.'

'That was no reason why you should have answered as you did.'

'How could I have answered otherwise after what papa had told me?'

Lucy was imperturbable in her simplicity and guilelessness. Selina turned from her impatiently, despairing of ever making her comprehend how foolishly she had behaved.

The next morning Mr and Mrs Davenant were informed by their eldest daughter of Lucy's communications to her respecting Miss Moore's property. Selina was surprised to find that they exhibited no signs of great anger or disappointment, but contented themselves with inveighing against Lucy's absurd simplicity, and her fatal deficiency in worldly wisdom.

'Not that it matters so *very* much this time,' said Mrs Davenant philosophically; 'for it appears that the amount of Miss Moore's fortune was very much exaggerated. Still, Lucy might as well have had her three thousand pounds as Arthur Meredith; and it grieves me—the entire affair—because it shows how very silly Lucy is in these matters. She sadly wants common sense I fear.'

Similar verdicts were pronounced with regard to poor Lucy almost every hour in the day, until she would plaintively and earnestly inquire, 'What *could* mamma mean by worldly wisdom?' Certainly it was a branch of knowledge which poor Miss Moore, with most unpardonable negligence, had utterly neglected to instil into her young relative's mind. But though it was

greatly to be feared that Lucy would *never* possess wisdom, according to her mother's definition of the word, she could not avoid, as in course of time she became better acquainted with the principles and practices of her family, perceiving *what* it was that her parents dignified by so high-sounding a name. It made her very miserable to perceive the system of manœuvring that daily went on with regard to the most trivial as well as the more important affairs of life. She could not help seeing that truth was often sacrificed for the mere convenience of an hour, and was never respected when it formed an obstacle to the execution of any plan or arrangement.

She felt keenly how wrong all this was, but she dared not interfere. On two or three occasions, when she had ventured, timidly and respectfully, to remonstrate on the subject, she had been chidden with undue violence, and sent sad and tearful to her own room. With Selina she was equally unsuccessful; only, instead of scolding, her lively, thoughtless sister contented herself with laughing loudly, and contemptuously affecting to pity her 'primitive simplicity and ignorance.'

'It's a thousand pities, Lu, that your lot was not cast in the Arcadian ages. You are evidently formed by nature to sit on a green bank in shepherdess costume, twining flowers round your crook, and singing songs to your lambs. Excuse me, my dear, but positively that's all you are fit for. I wonder where I should be if I possessed your very, *very* scrupulous conscience, and your infinitesimally nice notions of right and wrong? I daresay you'd be highly indignant—excessively shocked—if you knew the little *ruse* I was forced to resort to in order to induce cross old Mrs Aylmer to take me to London with her last year. Don't look alarmed; I'm not going to tell you the whole story; only remember there *was* a ruse.'

'Surely, Selina, you don't exult in it?' said Lucy, vexed at her sister's air of triumph.

'Wait a minute. See the consequences of my visit to London, which, had I been over-scrupulous, would never have taken place. Had I been *too* particular, I should not have gone with Mrs Aylmer—should not have been introduced to her wealthy and fashionable friends—should not have met Mr Alfred Forde—*ergo*, should not have been engaged to be married to him, as I have at present the happiness of being.'

'My dear Selina,' said Lucy timidly, but affectionately, laying her hand upon her arm, and looking up into her face, 'are you sure that it is a happiness? Are you quite sure that you *love* Mr Forde?'

Selina frowned—perhaps in order to hide the blush that she could not repress—and then peevishly shook off her sister's gentle touch.

'No lectures, if you please,' she said, turning away. 'Whatever my feelings may be with regard to my future husband, they concern no one but him and myself. Be assured I shall do my duty as a wife far better than half the silly girls who indulge in hourly rhapsodies about their love, devotion, and so forth.'

Lucy sighed, but dared not say more on the subject. She was aware that Selina classed her with the 'silly girls' she spoke of. Some time before, when her heart was bursting with its own weight of joy and love, Lucy had been fain to yield to the natural yearning she felt for some one to whom she could impart her feelings, and had told her sister of her own love—love which she had just discovered was returned. What an icy sensation she experienced when, in reply to her timid and blushing confession, Selina sneered undisguisedly at her artless ingenuousness, and 'begged to know the happy individual's name!' And when she murmured the name of 'Arthur Meredith,' with all the sweet, blushing bashfulness of a young girl half afraid of the new happiness that has arisen in her heart—and almost fearing to whisper the beloved name even to her own ears—how crushing, how cruel was the light laugh of the other (a girl, too, yet how ungirlish!), as she exclaimed half in scorn, half in triumph, 'I thought so! No wonder Miss Moore's legacy was so easily resigned. I did not give you credit, Lu, for so much skill in manœuvring.' Lucy earnestly and indignantly disclaimed the insinuation; but Selina only bade her be proud of her talents, and not feel ashamed of them; and she could only console herself by the conviction that, in her inmost heart, Selina did not 'give her credit' for the paltriness she affected to impute to her.

A short time afterwards, Arthur Meredith presented himself at B—, and formally asked Mr Davenant's consent to his union with Lucy. The consent was granted conditionally. Arthur was to pursue his profession for two years, at the end of which time, if he was in a position to support Lucy in the comfort and affluence she had hitherto enjoyed, no further obstacle should be placed in the way of their marriage. Arthur and Lucy were too reasonable not to perceive the justice of this decision, and the young barrister left B— inspired by the consciousness that on himself now depended his own and her happiness.

The time passed peacefully and happily with Lucy even after he was gone. She heard from him frequently; and his letters were always hopeful, sometimes exulting, with regard to the prospect which was opening before him. Selina used to laugh at her when she received one of those precious letters, and ran away to read it undisturbed in her own room. Little cared she for the laugh—she was too happy; and if she thought at all about her sister's sneers or sarcasms, it was to pity her, sincerely and unfeignedly, that she could not comprehend the holiness of the feeling she mocked and derided. Selina's destined husband meanwhile was absent on the continent. He had an estate in Normandy, and was compelled to be present during the progress of some improvements. On his return they would be married, and Selina waited till then with considerably less patience and philosophy than Lucy evinced. Fifty times a day did she peevishly lament the delay; but not, alas! from any excess of affection to the man she was about to marry: it was always *apropos* of some small inconvenience or privation that she murmured. If she had to walk into the town, she would sigh for the time 'when, as Mrs Forde, she would have a carriage at her

own exclusive command;' or if she coveted some costly bauble, the name of Alfred was breathed impatiently, and a reference to 'pin-money' was sure to follow. The marriage might have taken place by proxy with singular advantage: if Mr Forde had sent a cheque on his banker for half the amount of his income, Miss Selina would have married it with all the complacency in the world!

Mr Davenant's worldly affairs at this juncture were not in such a prosperous state as a man of his wisdom had a right to expect. In fact he was involved in considerable difficulties, from which he scarcely saw a way of extricating himself, when most fortunately, as he averred, an old uncle of his, from whom he had what is called 'expectations,' voluntarily proposed visiting him at B——. The night before his arrival, the *wise* portion of the Davenant family sat in solemn conclave, discussing the proper method of turning this visit to account. Lucy sat in a corner, silent and unnoticed, quietly sewing, while the family council went on.

Of course Mr Davenant never thought for an instant of pursuing the truthful and straightforward course of stating his difficulties to his relation, and honestly asking him for assistance.

'If old Atkinson suspected my affairs were in the disorder in which they unfortunately are,' said Mr Davenant gravely, 'he would instantly alter his will, and leave the considerable sum, which I know he intends for me, to some one who is not so *imprudent*, as I suppose he would call it, as I have been. I shall not easily forget his anger when my Cousin John ran into debt, and applied to him for the money to save him from prison. He gave him the money; but you'll see John won't have a sixpence more: so much for being candid and sincere, as the silly fellow said to me.'

At length it was arranged that Mr Davenant should ask his uncle to lend him L.5000, in order to make a singularly-profitable investment which was then open.

'I shall tell him,' said Mr Davenant, 'that I could easily command the money without troubling him, by calling in part of my capital, but that I scarcely think that a prudent course at the present juncture, because I expect soon to be called upon to pay the girls' marriage portions. He will be pleased at my *prudence*, and the last thing he will suspect will be that I really need the money: so that will do excellently.'

'Dear papa,' ventured Lucy, bent on making one attempt to induce him to adopt the simpler course of conduct—'dear papa, are you sure this is really your most politic plan? Would it not be *safer* to tell Mr Atkinson your position, and ask him to assist you? Indeed—indeed—the *truth* is the best and surest policy.'

'Doubtless,' said her father contemptuously, 'my *candid* Cousin John found it so, and will find it so when Mr Atkinson's will is read and he sees his name is struck out. Leave me alone, child; you understand nothing of such things—you haven't the least idea of worldly wisdom.'

Thus was poor Lucy always repulsed when she attempted to advise. She could only comfort herself with the hope that one day perhaps her parents would think and act differently.

Mr Atkinson came the next day: he was a cheerful, pleasant-looking, silver-haired old man, and was cordial and affectionate to the whole family. Sincere and truthful himself, he was perfectly unsuspecting of deceit or design in others. Thus everything promised well for Mr Davenant's plan, more especially as the old man had rapidly become much attached to the two girls: Selina, with her liveliness and spirit, amused; and Lucy, gentle, and ever anxious for the comfort of all about her, interested him.

On the fourth day, therefore, Mr Davenant commenced operations. He alluded to a particular foreign railway, the shares of which were then much below par, but which were certain, at a future and no very distant period, to arrive at a considerable premium. He said that he would willingly invest L.5000 in these shares, certain that in a short time he should quadruple the sum, if it were not for the payment of his girls' marriage portions, for which he should soon be called on. And after a great deal of preparatory 'beating about the bush,' he *candidly*, as he said, asked his uncle if he would lend him this L.5000 for twelve months.

Mr Atkinson looked grave, which his nephew observing, *he* looked grave also.

'You see, Samuel,' said the old man, 'if it were really to do you a service, you should have the money. If your *business* required it—if you were in temporary embarrassment, and needed these thousands to help you out of it—*they should be yours*; but'——

He paused, and fixed his eyes on the ground in deep thought. Mr Davenant started, and coloured as he listened; and involuntarily he thought of poor Lucy's slighted advice. Her earnest words, 'Indeed—indeed—the *truth* is the best and surest policy,' rung clearly in his ears, and he felt now that she was *right*: but it was too late now (or at least *he* thought so) to repair his error, and return to the straight path. He had made a point, ever since his uncle's arrival, of boasting to him of his improved prospects, of the solid basis on which his fortune stood, and of the flourishing state of his business. He could not now retract all he had said, and lay bare his difficulties—his necessities. Besides, even now perhaps that would not be *prudent*: old Atkinson might be but *trying* him after all. Mr Davenant's little moment of right feeling soon passed away, and he was, alas! 'himself again' by the time his uncle again began to speak.

'I don't like these speculations, Samuel,' said he; 'they are dangerous things: if once you get involved in them, you never know when to leave off: besides, they distract your attention from more legitimate objects: your business might suffer. The business of a man prone to speculate in matters he is unused to deal with rarely flourishes.'

Mr Davenant inwardly acknowledged the truth of these remarks. It was by *speculation* that he was brought to his present embarrassments; but he said nothing.

'Take my advice, Sam,' continued Mr Atkinson, placing his hand impressively on his nephew's arm, 'and have nothing to do with these railways. Whether you gain or lose by them, they distract your attention, you see, from your business, and so you lose one way at all events. Don't meddle with them.'

Mr Davenant felt it imperative to make one grand effort more.

'Nay, my dear uncle,' he said smiling, 'whether you can accommodate me with this sum or not, it's of no use trying to persuade me out of my scheme. I am determined to invest the money, but shall not afterwards trouble myself more about it. I shall purchase the shares; and whether I eventually make or lose money by them, I shall not worry myself respecting them. At a fitting opportunity I shall turn them into money again, and whatever they produce is (but this is *entre nous*, you understand) to be divided equally between my two girls.'

Mr Atkinson's face brightened. 'Oh, I begin to see, he exclaimed; 'I perceive—it is for your two dear children. You are a good fellow, Davenant: forgive me that I misinterpreted your object. Certainly, if ever speculation is justifiable, it would be in such a case,' continued the old man in a ruminative tone; 'and you shall not lose your object, Sam; your girls shall have the chance; the L.5000 shall be invested, and they shall have whatever it may produce. Don't you trouble yourself; don't in the least embarrass or inconvenience yourself in order to raise this sum; leave it to me—leave it to me: I'll arrange it for the dear girls' sake.' {358}

Mr Davenant, never doubting that a cheque for L.5000 would soon be forthcoming, was profuse in his acknowledgments, and the uncle and nephew parted mutually satisfied—the one to enjoy his matutinal walk, the other to exchange congratulations with his wife, and receive proper praise for his successful diplomacy.

Still, he could not but wonder, and feel somewhat uncomfortable, as the day appointed for Mr Atkinson's departure drew nigh, and he had yet heard nothing of the L.5000. At length he grew so very apprehensive, that it had been forgotten, or that something would interfere with his possession of it, that as the money was becoming every day of more vital importance to his interests, he ventured again to speak to his uncle on the subject. His first words were checked; and the old man, by rapidly speaking himself, prevented his saying more.

'Rest easy—rest easy,' said he; 'it is all right: I haven't forgotten anything about the affair, I can assure you. You shall hear from me on the subject after I get home; meanwhile make your mind *quite* easy. The girls shall have their railway shares, Sam; don't worry yourself.'

With this Mr Davenant was fain to be content; yet it was not without sundry uncomfortable feelings of doubt and perplexity that he watched his uncle enter his travelling-carriage, and waved his hand to him, as two post-horses rapidly whirled him away from B—. A fortnight passed, and excepting a hasty letter, announcing his safe arrival in Gloucestershire, nothing was heard from Mr Atkinson. Mr Davenant's creditors were clamorous, and would no longer be put off; a complete exposure of his affairs appeared inevitable; and in this extremity he wrote to his uncle, saying that he wished to purchase the shares in the — Railway immediately, as it was a desirable opportunity, and every day might render it less advantageous. Therefore he intreated him to enclose a draft for the amount, that he might forward it to his broker, and obtain the shares.

By return of post an answer arrived:—

'MY DEAR SAM,' ran the letter, 'you need not be so very impatient. I was only waiting till the whole affair was concluded to write to you. I have heard this morning from the broker I have employed. The purchase of the shares is concluded, and very advantageously I think. Your dear girls may expect, I think, pretty fortunes in time; but don't *say a word about it to them*, in case of disappointment. I've transacted the whole business without you, because I don't want you to turn your thoughts from your own affairs, and, more or less, your attention would have been distracted from them by dabbling in these railway matters. I've managed it all very well. The broker I employ is, I am told, an honest, trustworthy fellow, and I have given him orders to *sell out* when the shares are at what he considers a fair premium. So you will have nothing to do with the matter, you see, which is what I wish, for I fear you are rather disposed to speculate; and if once you get into the way of these railways, perhaps you may be led on further than you originally intended. And you needn't be disappointed; for instead of *lending* you the money, I *give it* to the two dear girls, and all that may accrue to it when these shares are sold. I hope it will be a good sum: they have my blessing with it; but, as I said before, don't *say a word to them* till you give them the money. Enclosed are the documents connected with the shares.—Yours faithfully,

SAMUEL ATKINSON.'

Poor Mr Davenant! This letter, with the enclosed documents (which he had fondly hoped were cheques for the L.5000)—documents utterly useless of course to him to aid him in his present difficulties—this letter drove him to despair. Mrs Davenant and Selina were likewise confounded: Lucy, by her father's express request, was not informed of their defeated plans.

But matters now grew worse with Mr Davenant, and bankruptcy was looming in the distance. His affairs were now more involved than ever; and even the L.5000, had he obtained it, would not now have availed to restore his sinking credit. In this dilemma he proposed raising money on the security of the railway shares, but here Selina showed the result of her education in *worldly wisdom*.

'Nonsense, papa,' was her dutiful remark in reply to this suggestion; 'it will do you no good, you know, and only render me and Lucy poorer. I am of age; and as the shares are mine, you can't



sell them, you know,' she added in some confusion; for even her selfishness could not quite supply her with a proper amount of *nonchalance* in thus speaking to her father.

'I can sell them with your permission, of course?' said Mr Davenant, hardly comprehending the full extent of her meaning.

'Yes, I know. But you see, papa, it's bad enough for me as it is: I shall not have the fortune I was always taught to expect; and really, as it won't do you any real good, I think I should be very unwise to let you sell them.'

'You refuse your permission then?' exclaimed the father. Selina bowed her head, and left the room. Mr Davenant clasped his hands in anguish, not at the failure of this last hope, but at the agonizing ingratitude of his favourite child, and wept; and while he yet groaned aloud in his misery, Lucy entered the room. It is always a sad thing to behold a man weep; but to Lucy, who now, for the first time in her life, beheld her father under the influence of feeling, it was a great and painful shock. But it is one of the first instincts of woman to console, and in a moment she was kneeling by his side, her arms wound about his neck, her tears mingling with his. All his harshness to her—the little affection he had ever shown her—the many times her love had been repulsed—all was forgotten; she only remembered that he was her father, and in trouble, and either of these ties was sufficient to insure her affectionate sympathy. Mr Davenant felt deeply the ingratitude of Selina; but yet more intensely did the tenderness of his youngest child cut him to the soul. It was a lesson which he never forgot; and from that day he was a better, if not, according to his former creed, a *wiser* man. He told Lucy the whole story of the railway shares, and his impending ruin. Lucy intreated him to use *her* portion of the shares immediately; and though his recent grief had humbled him, and rendered him less selfish—and he was unwilling to take advantage of her generosity—yet as she assured him that she would never accept the money which was originally intended for his use, he at length consented. But the tide of ruin was not to be so easily stemmed, and the stricken man and his bewildered wife now patiently listened to their only remaining daughter; for Selina had gone with some friends, and with her 'shares' in her pocket, to Normandy, there to join Mr Forde, and be married to him before he became aware that his bride's father was a ruined man. Lucy advised her father to go to Mr Atkinson, tell him the *whole truth*, and intreat his assistance. 'He is so kind-hearted, dear papa, that he *will* do what you want: he will lend you sufficient money to relieve you from these embarrassments, and then you will do very well.'

Mr Davenant clung to this hope like a drowning man to a frail plank. He set off instantly for Gloucestershire. With what intense anxiety Mrs Davenant and Lucy awaited his return may be imagined. They received no letter from him; but three days after his departure he returned, looking pale, weary, and hopeless.

Mr Atkinson had died a few days before he had arrived at his house. He had been present at the reading of the will, which was dated only a month back. In it he bequeathed the bulk of his property to that same 'candid Cousin John' whose *wisdom* Mr Davenant had so decried. 'Because,' said the will, 'I have reason to know that he is in difficulties; and as he has a wife and family depending on him, he must need the money more than my other nephew, Samuel Davenant, whom I visited a short time since for the express purpose of seeing if his affairs were prosperous. I have reason to suppose that they are so, and that any increase to his means, so far from adding to his prosperity, would induce him to speculate, and perhaps so lose all he has acquired by years of industry. Therefore I revoke a former bequest to him of L.20,000, and bequeath it instead to my third nephew, George Charles Atkinson,' &c. &c.

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'You were right, Lucy!' exclaimed Mr Davenant penitently; 'the truth *is* the safest, surest policy.'

Fortitude and perseverance were among the virtues of both Mr Davenant and his wife. They met their difficulties steadily and firmly, and got ultimately through them with credit. But they were now too old to commence life anew, and gladly availed themselves of the affectionate intreaty of Lucy and her husband—for Arthur Meredith was now a flourishing barrister—to take up their house with them.

Selina was not happy in her marriage. Her husband's large property was all imaginary; he was, in fact, a ruined spendthrift; and all they had to subsist on after they were married was the money arising from those oft-named railway shares. Selina could not reproach her husband for deceiving her, for she had deceived him. Not till they had been three weeks wedded did Mr Forde know that his bride's father was ruined, and that he need expect no marriage portion further than that she already had. 'Had you told me the truth,' he said to her, when one day she reproached him with his poverty, 'I would have told *you* the truth. But I thought you would be a rich woman, and that your fortune would be sufficient to support us both.' Selina could not reply.

Mr and Mrs Davenant, when they contrast the melancholy accounts of the end of Selina's scheming with the happy married life of their younger daughter, cannot but own how superior was the *wisdom* of the latter; and they now cordially acknowledge the veracity of that golden sentiment of one of our modern sages—'One who is always *true* in the great duties of life is nearly always wise.'

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## THE TAMARIND-TREE.

EVERYBODY knows the agreeable tamarind preserve we receive from the West Indies; everybody

has occasionally produced by its aid a cooling and welcome beverage; and everybody (at least in Scotland) has conferred, by its means, upon the insipid gruel recommended for a cold a finely-acidulated taste. Everybody likewise knows that the tamarind is pretty largely employed in our *Materia Medica*, and that its effect, when eaten uncompounded, is gently aperient: but for all that, very few persons are acquainted with certain curious particulars connected with the tree which produces this popular fruit.

The tamarind-tree is one of the *fabaceæ*, or order of leguminous plants; 'an order,' says Lindley, 'not only among the most extensive that are known, but also one of the most important to man, whether we consider the beauty of the numerous species, which are among the gayest-coloured and most graceful plants of every region, or their applicability to a thousand useful purposes.' To give an idea of the wide extension of this order, we may say that it includes the acacia, the logwood and rosewood of commerce; the laburnum, the furze, and the broom; the bean, pea, vetch, clover, trefoil, indigo, gum-arabic, and other gums and drugs. There are two species of tamarinds—the East and the West Indian—exhibiting some considerable difference, more especially in the pods, which are much shorter in the latter species, and the pulp less rich and plentiful. In the West Indies, the shell is removed, and the legume preserved, by being placed in jars intermixed with layers of sugar; or else the vessel is filled up with boiling sugar, which penetrates to the bottom. The Turks and Arabs use this fruit, prepared either with sugar or honey, as an article of food; and for its cooling properties it is a favourite in journeys in the desert. In Nubia it is formed into cakes, baked in the sun; and these are afterwards used in producing a cooling drink. In India, likewise, it is used both as food and drink; but there it is never treated with sugar, but merely dried in the sun. When eaten as food, it is toasted, soaked in water, and then boiled, till the taste, it is said, resembles that of the common bean.

In India the tamarind-tree is a very beautiful object, its spreading branches flinging even with their tiny leaves an extensive shade. In one season its pretty straw-coloured flowers refresh the eye; and in another its long brown pods, which are shed plentifully, afford a more substantial refreshment to the traveller. The Hindoos, however, prize it chiefly as a material for cleaning their brass vessels, although they likewise use it as a condiment for their curries and other dishes, and likewise make it into pickles and preserves. For the last-mentioned purpose a red variety is the most esteemed, both the timber and the fruit being of a sanguine hue. The tamarind, however, is chiefly planted by the roadside, or on the rising banks of a tank; and in the lower parts of Bengal, where it grows in the natural forests of the Sunderbunds, it is the most common kind of firewood, being never used for any more dignified purpose. The native never chooses this beautiful tree, as he does the palm, the neem, or the mourungosh, to overshadow his hut; and it is never admitted into the mango groves sacred to the gods, although the silk-cotton and the mouwha are not forbidden that consecrated ground.

But the prejudice goes further still. No *khitmutgar*, or cook, will hang a piece of meat on a tamarind-tree: he believes that meat thus exposed does not keep well, and that it becomes unfit for salting. A traveller, though very willing to eat of the fruit, will not unload his pack or rest under its branches; and a soldier, tired as he may be with a long march, will rather wander farther on than pile his arms in its shade. There is an idea, in fact, at least in Bengal, that there is something unlucky or unhealthy, some antique spell or some noxious vapour, surrounding this beautiful tree; although we are not aware that science has yet discovered that there is anything really hurtful in its exhalations.

Another strange notion connected with the tamarind-tree is thus mentioned by a correspondent:—'Often have I stood as a youngster gazing with astonishment at a couple of bearers belabouring a large knotty root, of some eight feet in girth, with their axes, making the chips fly off in every direction; which, upon picking up, I used to find covered over with unintelligible scribbles, which the bearers gravely told me was the writing of the gods.'

Here we have our tree in a new light: this outcast from the sacred groves is inscribed with holy characters! Who shall interpret their meaning? Are they like the mark set upon the forehead of Cain? Or is the legend intended as a perpetual consolation under the prejudices and indignities of men? All we know is, that the white fir-like grains of the tamarind wood are written over in an unknown tongue by means of a small thread-like vein of a black colour.

There is a similar superstition connected with another Indian tree, the kulpa briksha, or silver-tree, so called from the colour of the bark. The original kulpa, which now stands in the garden of the god Indra in the first heaven, is said to have been one of the fourteen remarkable things turned up by the churning of the ocean by the gods and demons. But however this may be, the name of Ram and his consort Seeta is written upon the silvery trunks of all its earthly descendants! Colonel Sleeman, when travelling in Upper India, had the curiosity to examine many of these trees on both sides of the road; and sure enough the name of the incarnation of Vishnu mentioned was plainly enough discernible, written in Sanscrit characters, and apparently by some supernatural hand—'that is, there was a softness in the impression, as if the finger of some supernatural being had traced the characters.' The traveller endeavoured to argue his attendants out of their senses; but unluckily he could find no tree, however near or distant, without the names; the only difference being in the size of the letters, which in some cases were large, and in others small. At length he observed a kulpa in a hollow below the road, and one on a precipice above, both in situations accessible with such difficulty, that he was sure no mortal scribe would take the trouble to get at them. He declared confidently his opinion that the names would not be found on these trees, and it was proved that he was right. But this was far from affecting the devout faith of his Hindoo followers. 'Doubtless,' said one, 'they have in some way or other got rubbed off; but God will renew them in His own time.' 'Perhaps,' remarked another, 'he

may not have thought it necessary to write at all upon places where no traveller could decipher them.' 'But do you not see,' said the traveller, losing patience, 'that these names are all on the trunk within reach of a man's hand?' 'Of course they are,' replied they, 'since the miracle could not be distinguished by the eyes of men if they were written higher up!'

A shrub called the trolsee is a representation of the same goddess Seeta, and is every year *married* with great ceremony to a sacred stone called Saligram, a rounded pebble supposed to represent the good Vishnu, of whom Ram was an incarnation. On one occasion described, the procession attending this august ceremony consisted of 8 elephants, 1200 camels, and 4000 horses, all mounted and elegantly caparisoned. Above 100,000 persons were present at this pageant, at which the little pebble was mounted on the leading elephant, and thus carried in state to his tree goddess. All the ceremonies of a Hindoo marriage were gone through, and then the god and goddess were left to repose together till the next season in the temple of Sudora.

Indian trees, however, it must be said, are, from all accounts, much more worthy of the honours of superstition than those of less fervid climes. A traveller mentions an instance of the 'sentient principle' occurring among the denizens of an Indian forest. Two trees, he tells us, of different kinds, although only three feet apart, had grown to the height of fifty or sixty feet, when one of them took the liberty of throwing out a low branch in such a way as to touch the trunk of his neighbour, and thus occasion much pain and irritation. 'On this the afflicted tree in turn threw out a huge excrescence, which not only enveloped the offending branch, but strangled it so completely as to destroy it utterly; the ends of the deadened boughs projecting three or four feet beyond the excrescence, while the latter was carried on a distance of three feet across to the shaft of the tree, so as to render all chances of its future movement wholly impossible!' This appears to our traveller to display as much forethought and sagacity as taking up an artery for aneurism, or tying splints round a broken bone.

But in a country where trees are the objects of such veneration, and where those that are neither holy nor sagacious are admitted without scruple to the best arborical society, how comes it that the beautiful, the umbrageous, and the beneficent tamarind is looked upon as the outlaw of the plantation, the pariah of the forest? This is a very puzzling circumstance, and one that, in the present state of our knowledge, we can only set down to the caprice and ingratitude of man.

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## TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

### CHRISTIANIA TO LAURGAARD.

A LAND journey of 334 English miles, which usually occupies five or six days, was now before me. The road passes along one of the finest as well as most extensive valleys in Norway, and is further distinguished by crossing the celebrated range of mountains called the Dovre Field [Dovre pronounced *Dovra*], which may be called the backbone of the country, as the Grampian range is that of the Scottish Highlands. Along this road, as usual, there is a series of stations, but none of them is of so high a character as to present the luxury of wheaten bread. One of my duties, therefore, on the last day of my stay in Christiania, was to obtain a bag of biscuits for use on the way. Being anxious to secure a passage in a steamer which was to leave Trondheim on the 18th July, I allowed seven days for the journey, and started at one o'clock on the 11th, thus allowing an extra day for any accidental delay upon the road.

The first two or three stages being across certain intermediate valleys, we have much up-hill and down-hill work along roads by no means good. It was pitiable to see the little heavy-laden carts of the peasantry toiling up the steep ascents, each with its forked pike trailing behind it, on which to rest the vehicle, while the horse should stop a few minutes at a time to recover breath and strength. Many were conducted by women; and I could not but admire the hardy, independent air of these females, as they sat, whip in hand, urging their steeds along, though, as might be expected from such a rough out-of-door life, their figures exhibit little of the attractions of their sex. At many places I found rock-surfaces with dressings generally in a north and south direction, being that of the valleys. It is not unworthy of remark that two of the rivers are crossed by modern wooden bridges, where a pontage is paid; and these were the only charges approaching to the character of a toll to which I was subjected throughout the whole of my travels in Scandinavia. Of the valleys, one is full of sandy, a second of clay terraces, marking some decided difference in the former submerged condition of the two districts. On passing into a third at Trygstad, we find a vast plateau composed of clay below and pure sand above, bearing magnificent pine-forests, and which extends, without any intermission, to the foot of the Miösen Lake. It would be a curious study to any native geologist to examine this formation, and to trace its source, and the circumstances under which it was deposited. There are remarkable generalities about such things. Instructed by what I had seen in Scotland, as soon as I observed the valley filled with sand up to a certain height a few miles below where I knew a lake to be, I mentally predicted that this formation would terminate at the foot of the lake, and that there would be no terraces on the hill-sides above that sheet of water. Such proved to be the case.

A short stage before reaching the foot of the Miösen Lake, we pass one of those objects so extraordinary in Norway—a country mansion; that is to say, a handsome house adapted for the residence of a family in affluent circumstances. It is called Eidsvold, and was once the property of a family named Anker, but now belongs to the public, in consequence of the interesting distinction conferred on it in 1814, when a national assembly sat here and framed the

constitution under which the country is now so happily placed. The purchase of this house by a national subscription is an agreeable circumstance, as it marks that deep and undivided feeling which the Norwegian people entertain regarding their constitution—a feeling perhaps more important than the character of the constitution itself, as it is what mainly secures its peaceful working. This constitution has now stood for thirty-five years, with a less amount of dissent and dissatisfaction on the part of the people than has happened in the case of any other experiment of the same kind in modern Europe. It is entitled to be regarded as a successful experiment; and, as such, of course may well be viewed with some interest by the rest of Europe, especially at a time when so many political theories are on their trial, and so few seem likely to stand good. The main fact is the election, every three years, of a body called the Storting, which separates itself into an Upper and Lower House, enacts and repeals laws, and regulates all matters connected with the revenue. The royal sanction is required for these laws; but if the people are bent upon any measure disapproved of by the king, they have only to re-introduce and pass it in two more successive Storthings, when it would become law without the royal assent. Thus the Norwegians may be said, in Benthamian language, to *minimise* the monarchical principle. But how is the Storting constituted? The right of voting depends on a low property qualification. The qualified voters in small districts elect persons called election-men, who again meet by themselves, and elect, usually, but not necessarily, out of their own number, representatives of larger districts, who in turn form the Storting, the whole numbers of which are somewhat under a hundred. It is a system of universal suffrage, exclusive only of the humblest labouring-class. It may be said to be a government of what we call the middle-classes, and all but a pure democracy; but it is essential to observe that the bulk of the people of Norway are of the kind which we recognise as a middle-class, for of hereditary nobility they have none, and the non-electors are a body too humble in circumstances, and too well matched in numbers by the rest, to have any power for good or evil in the case. There are other important considerations: land is held in Norway, not upon the feudal, but the *udal* principle, which harmonises much better with democratic forms; there being no right of primogeniture, estates are kept down at a certain moderate extent; in the general circumstances of the country, there can be no massing of wealth in a few hands, and therefore little of that species of influence. The apparently ultra-liberal system of Norway being thus adapted to many things more or less peculiar to the country, it may have attained a success here which it would not obtain elsewhere, or at least not till a proper groundwork had been laid in social arrangements. This is a proposition which seems to derive much support from recent political failures in Germany, Italy, and, shall we add, France? The abrupt decreeing of a democratic constitution, in supersession of a government which has been absolute for centuries, is seen to be an absurdity, though one, perhaps, which nothing but experiment could have demonstrated.

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It was still far from night when I arrived at Minde, at the foot of the Miösen Lake. This sheet of water, sixty-three English miles in length, terminates here in a curve formed in the sandy plateau, through which its waters have made for themselves a deep trench. The little inn nestles under the steep bank on the west side of the outlet, commanding from its back-windows a view along the lake. As the point where the river must be ferried, and whence the steamers start on their course along the lake, it is a place of some importance. It has even been proposed to have a railway from Christiania to Minde, and the ground has been surveyed by Mr Robert Stephenson; but this is not likely to be realised for some years to come. I found the porch of the inn filled with guests enjoying their pipes; two or three of them were officers, and one of these, I was told, had the duty of superintending the post stations of a certain district. Amongst others was one of those dirty young men of the student genus who are so prevalent on the continent; travelling with only a little satchel slung from their shoulders, and thus evidently unprovided with so much as a change of linen or a set of night-clothes, yet always sure to be found lugging along a tobacco-pipe half as big as themselves, together with a formidable pouch of tobacco depending from a button-hole. The inn consisted of two floors, in the lower of which was a good-sized public room, gay with prints of the royal family and such-like; from this on one side went off two bedrooms; on the other adjoined a kitchen, and other family apartments. Stables, sheds, and storehouses of various denominations stood near by, so as to form what Allan Ramsay calls a rural square. It was a comfortable establishment, and the females who conducted it were respectable-looking people. There was also a landlord, who was always coming in, apparently under an anxiety to do something, but never did it. I had a good meal served up in the public room, and enjoyed the evening scene on the lake very greatly, but found the occasional society of the other guests in this apartment disagreeable, in consequence of their incessant smoking, and their habit of frequent spitting upon the floor. It is seldom that I find associates in inns who come up to my ideas of what is right and proper in personal habits. The most of them indulge, more or less, in devil's tattooing, in slapping of fingers, in puffing and blowing, and other noises anomalous and indescribable, often apparently merely to let the other people in the room know that they are there, and not thinking of anything in particular. Few seem to be under any sense of the propriety of subduing as much as possible all sounds connected with the animal functions, though even breathing might and ought to be managed in perfect silence. In Norway the case is particularly bad, as the gentlemen, in addition to everything else, assume the privilege of smoking and spitting in every room of every house, and even in the presence of ladies.<sup>[2]</sup> To a sensible and wellbred person all such things are as odious as they are unnecessary. It is remarkable throughout the continent how noisily men conduct themselves. They have not our sense of quietness being the perfection of refined life. At Minde a gentleman over my head made an amount of noise with his luggage and his personal movements which astonished me, for it created the idea of a vast exertion being undergone in order to produce it, as if it had been thought that there was some important object to be served by noise, and the more noise the

better.

I had intended to proceed next morning by the steamer along the lake, but I had been misinformed as to the days of sailing, and found it necessary to spend my reserve day at Minde. It was less of a hardship to me than it might have been to others, as I found more than enough of occupation in examining the physical geography of the district. The sandy plain runs up to the hills on both sides at an exceedingly small angle of inclination, and perfectly smooth. On the east side, near a place called Cevre, there is, close to the hills, a stripe of plain of higher inclination, and composed of gravel, so that the whole is exceedingly like that kind of sea-beach which consists partly of an almost dead flat of sand, and partly of a comparatively steep though short slope of gravel, adjoining to the dry land. That the sea did once cover this plain, and rise against the gravel slope, I could have no doubt: the whole aspect of the objects spoke of it. There were also terraces in the valley below, indicating pauses in the subsidence (so to speak) of the sea. It was of some importance, since the point formerly reached by the sea could here be so clearly marked, to ascertain how high that point was above the present sea-level. My measurements, which were conducted with the level and staff, using the lake as a basis, set it down as just about 656 feet above the sea, being, as it chanced, the height of an ancient sea-terrace at Bardstadvig, on the west coast of Norway, and also that of certain similar terraces in Scotland.<sup>[3]</sup> This coincidence may be accidental, but it is worthy of note, as possibly a result of causes acting to a general effect, more especially as it is not in this respect quite solitary.

The dinner presented to me on the day of my stay at Minde might be considered as the type of such a meal bespoke at a tolerable country inn in Norway. It consisted of a dish of fried trout from the lake, with melted butter-sauce, and something like Yorkshire pudding to take with it: no more animal food, but a dish of cream prepared in a manner resembling *trifle*, and accompanied by a copious supply of an over-luscious warm jelly; finally, a salad. It is common in small Norwegian inns to put down, with one dinner-like dish, a large bowl of what we call in Scotland *lapped milk*, but bearing a creamy surface, along with sugar: it seems to be a favourite regale with the natives; but I never could get into a liking for it. In the clear warm day which I spent in the Minde inn, the lake presented a beautiful placid scene; a boat was now and then seen rowing lazily across its mirror-like surface; but more generally nothing studded the silver sheet but the image of a passing summer cloud.

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In my rambles to-day I saw many of the peasantry, and the interiors of a few of their houses. The women are poor-looking creatures, dressed in the most wretched manner. They want the smart taste seen even among the poorest young females farther south, as is particularly evidenced in their head-dress, which consists merely of a coarse handkerchief tied under the chin—a sort of apology for a hood rather than a head-dress. There are great differences in the interiors of the peasants' houses; but certainly many of them are miserable little cabins. As yet, I see few symptoms of a prosperous life for the labouring-class in Norway. It is different with the peasant proprietors or yeomen, called *bonder* in their own country. The house of a *bonde* is a long, double-storeyed, wooden house, painted a dull red or yellow, with gauze window-curtains, and very neatly furnished within. The life of this class—the leading class of Norwegian society—seems generally comfortable, though not to the degree which is alleged in the glowing pages of Mr Laing; for they are very often embarrassed by debt, mostly incurred in order to pay off the claims of brothers and sisters to their inheritance. At present, the labouring-class are leaving Norway in considerable numbers to settle in America. There is one particular district in Wisconsin which they flock to, and which, I am told, contains at least 6000 of these poor people. A government officer, whom I conversed with at Christiania, says it is owing to the superabundant numbers of the people. The land, he alleges, has been brought to the utmost stretch of its productive power. Meanwhile, to use his expression, there is *trop du mariage*: the food being insufficient for the constantly-increasing numbers, they must needs swarm off. There is a like emigration of the humbler class of peasantry from Sweden. Thus we see that equally in the simple state of things which prevails in Scandinavia, and in the high-wrought system of wealthy England, there is but a poor life for the hireling unskilled labourer. Nowhere does it afford more than a bare subsistence; often scarcely gives this.

The weather was now becoming very warm, while, with the increasing latitude, the day was sensibly lengthening. On the evening of the 12th of July I went to bed at ten o'clock under a single sheet, with the window fully up, and read for an hour by the natural light. Next morning at six I went on board the Jernbarden steamer, and was speedily on my way along the Miösen Lake. A raft behind contained my own and another carriage. It proved a pleasant day's sailing, though there is nothing very striking in the scenery of the lake. The gentlemen sauntered about, or sat upon deck, constantly smoking from their long pipes. There were a few ladies, who seemed not at all discomposed by the smoke, or any of its consequences. A tall old general of infantry, in a dark cloak, exhausted I know not how many pipes, and his servant seemed to have little to do but to fill the tube afresh from a *poke* of chopped tobacco not much less than a nose-bag. Notwithstanding these barbarian practices, there is a vast amount of formal politeness among the native gentlemen and ladies; there is an incessant bowing and taking off of hats; and whenever one is to leave the vessel, he bids adieu to the company, though he perhaps never met one of them before. The captain could converse in English, as is the common case in steamers throughout Norway and Sweden, this gift being indeed held as an indispensable qualification for the appointment. I had also some conversation with the engineer, an intelligent German, who had been some years in England. Along with these circumstances, the idea that the engines had been made in Glasgow caused me to feel more at home on the Miösen Lake than I could have expected. We had, however, a more tedious voyage than usual, in consequence of the drag upon the vessel's movements which we carried behind us, and we consequently did not reach the

landing-place beneath the town of Lillehammer till four o'clock.

This being the only town between Christiania and Trondheim, I was desirous of stopping at it; but we had left ourselves barely enough of time to reach the station of a steamer at the foot of a second and smaller lake a few miles onward, by which I hoped to make out a hundred miles of travelling before we should sleep, and thus leave myself comparatively at ease about the remainder of the journey. I therefore reluctantly drove through this pleasant-looking little place. Soon after leaving Lillehammer, the hills, which as yet had been low and rather tame, became steep and rough. We pass along the left bank of the *Laug*, a large, fierce, and rapid stream, of that green colour which indicates an origin among snow-clad mountains. My journey might now have been described by a line from a Scottish poet—'By Logan's streams that run sae deep'—for, by the usual affix of the article *en*, the name of this river is sounded Logan, and thus is identical with a name attached to more than one stream in Scotland.<sup>[4]</sup> Nor is this, by the way, a solitary case. The river which enters the sea at Trondheim is the Nid, identical with the Nith of Dumfriesshire fame. Even the generic name for a river in Norway, *elv*, or, with the article, *elven*, appears in our numerous tribe of Elvans, Alwynes, Allans, Evans, and Avons.

About a couple of miles before reaching Mosshuus, the first station from Lillehammer, we meet a steep rough barrier, which crosses the valley, curving outwards from the hill-face towards the river, and leaving only a narrow space between itself and the opposite hills for the stream to pass. On mounting to the top, we find that it has a flat surface of considerable extent. It is composed of blocks of stone of all sizes, up to that of a cottage, mixed with a pale clay. Presently another such mass appears, in a terrace-like form, on the opposite bank of the river. A very little reflection, aided by the recollection of some Swiss observations of the preceding summer, enabled me to detect in these strange objects the fragments of an ancient *moraine*. A glacier had once poured down the valley, terminating at this place, and here depositing the loose materials which it had carried along with it from the higher grounds. Such loose materials come to form what is called the terminal *moraine* of the glacier. Norway must have then had a much colder climate than now, for there is not permanent snow in this district except upon the tops of the mountains—though in Western Norway there are still glaciers which descend almost to the level of the sea. On an improved temperature becoming prevalent, the glacier of the Logan valley had shrunk back, leaving its moraine as a memorial of the point it had once reached. In connection with this object, it is important to remark that the exposed rock-surfaces in the bottom, and a little way up the sides of the valley, are smoothed; but the higher parts of the hill-sides are extremely rough and angular, and have evidently never been subjected to the action of ice. So far there is a difference between this glen and the southern parts of the country. In the latter, where the eminences are low, the ice has passed over hill and vale in its own proper direction. Any ice that has been here has, on the contrary, followed the direction of the valley, forming in it one local and limited stream.

While Quist waited for fresh horses at Mosshuus, I walked on before to examine the country. I found the rocks to be of a schistous character, generally having their sharp angular sides presented to the road. The contrast which they presented to the smoothed surfaces lower down, and to the general surface of Sweden and Southern Norway, was striking, and such as to leave no doubt that the one set of objects had been exempted from a mechanical agency which had powerfully affected the other. Amidst the thin woods of pine and birch which clothed the hill-sides I found abundance of the wild strawberry, and made my acquaintance with this pleasant fruit for the first time. Here and there were piles of cut wood, and the woodman's stroke sounded through the glades. The declining sun threw the one side of the valley into deep shade, and brought out the other into equally strong light. Now and then a wain was heard moving up the steep parts of the road, cheered by the voices of a rustic cortège, whose red cowls would have been keenly appreciated by the eye of a painter. It was a beautiful scene, and a beautiful season—one of those opportunities which the heart sometimes finds to fall in upon itself in perfect satisfaction and repose. I was glad, however, when, after what I thought a too long delay, my carriage made its appearance. We pushed rapidly on towards the bottom of the lake, and were fortunate enough to reach it just as the steamer was about to move off, about nine o'clock.

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It was a small and plainly-furnished vessel, which seemed to have exceedingly little custom, for there were not more than three other passengers; and as I only paid about 1s. 8d. for myself, servant, and carriage, the general receipts must be very small. The vessel is, however, conducted on so economical a principle, that comparatively few passengers must suffice to make it pay. A chatty old gentleman, who seemed to be the sole or chief owner, took me down to the engine-room, and showed me the pile of wood required for one of its voyages (sixteen English miles); it measured a fathom each way, and cost 4s. 6d. English! A good-looking, middle-aged woman, attended by a daughter, was there to furnish refreshments, and I supped at an expense ludicrously trifling. While light served, the view from the deck was fine, the immediate banks of the lake presenting slopes of intense green, divided into small farms, each provided with its snug little suite of wooden buildings; while over these spaces rose the dark, steep mountains, shaggy with rock and scrub. A little before midnight we arrived at the landing-place under Elstad station, which is situated pretty far up the hill-side, and to which it was necessary to send for horses to take up the carriage. Walking on before, I soon found myself at the house, but had some difficulty in attracting attention, as the inmates were all in bed. After a little trouble, a stout lass came and bustled about for the preparation of a couch in a very plain upper chamber, and I consigned myself to Morpheus with all possible despatch, as it was necessary that I should be on the road at an early hour on the morrow.

Rising between six and seven, I found Elstad picturesquely situated on a prominence

commanding extensive views of the valley. The house is black with age: the date 1670 appears by the door-check, showing that these wooden edifices are more durable than might be supposed. There is, however, no observable difference between this and more modern houses as regards the internal arrangements or the size of the apartments. All such things are stereotyped in Norway. We started at seven, and had a fine morning drive along the valley, which is enlivened by some cataracts of the river, and by the inpouring of two fierce side streams—the Vola and Fyre. At Oden, while they were procuring fresh horses, I obtained breakfast with some difficulty, using some tea of my own, but indebted to the house for sugar, eggs, and butter. The charge for all, besides Quist's breakfast, was a mark (9½d.); and it probably would have been less if I had not been regarded as an Englishman. In the space between this station and the next, at a place called Toostamona (spelt as pronounced), I found a detrital barrier across the valley, very much like that at Mosshuus, but so little charged with large blocks, that I felt doubtful whether it was a second moraine, the mark of a second position of the skirt of the glacier, or the spoils of some side stream, the product of a later though still ancient time. Things are now becoming very simple. The internal economy of the stations is manifestly getting more rude. When, after a stage is done, I give, at Quist's dictation, four or five skillings to the man who has come to take back the horses—and four or five skillings are only about three-halfpence—the poor fellow takes off his cowl, thrusts a huge coarse hand into the carriage to shake mine, and utters his 'Tak, tak' (thanks, thanks) with an *empressement* beaming in his honest visage which affects while it amuses me, it being impossible to see a fellow-creature so profoundly gratified by anything so trifling, without at once seeing that his share of the comforts of life must be small indeed, and feeling contrite at the recollection of the very slight impression which blessings incomparably greater make upon myself.

At Sletsvig occurs an undoubted ancient moraine, exactly like that at Mosshuus, being composed of huge angular blocks mixed with clayey matter. As it lies opposite a side valley, which here comes in from the west, it may have been a product of that valley; though I am inclined to regard it rather as the accumulation left by the glacier of the Logan vale after it had shrunk up to this point. On the inner side, looking up the main valley, there is a bed of sand, evidently laid down by water, and which it seems allowable to regard as the memorial of a time when this moraine served as a barrier, confining the waters of the river in the form of a lake. In this part of the valley there is a system of irrigation extensively practised by means of wooden troughs laid down along the hill-sides. The cheapness of the material makes it of course highly available. On my journey to-day I met few persons of any kind: amongst these were children offering little platefuls of the wild strawberry for sale. A couple of skillings for a plateful was evidently received as a great prize. Owing apparently to a change in the stratification, the valley makes a rectangular bend at *Viig*—a word, by the way, expressive of a *bend*, being identical with Wick, which so often occurs in Britain in names of places signifying a bay. The Viig station, which is a superior one, is said to contain in its walls some of the timbers of the house in which St Olaf was born—a fact strange if true, seeing that this saint, who was a king of Norway, lived in the tenth century.

Having sent on no forebud to-day, I experienced some delay at each station while fresh horses were procuring from the neighbouring farmers. Leaving Quist to bring on the carriage from Solheim, I walked forward to examine at leisure the scene of a remarkable historical event in which some countrymen of mine were concerned. Above the junction of a tributary from the west, the valley of the Logan becomes still more contracted than formerly. The hill-side, steep to an unusual degree, and rough with large blocks fallen from above, descends to the left bank of the river, leaving no level stripe to form a road. The public road is, in fact, by a preference of circumstances, conducted along the hill-face fully a hundred feet above the stream. In the year 1612, when the king of Denmark and Norway was at war with the king of Sweden, a Colonel Mönnichhofen was despatched to Scotland to hire troops for the assistance of the latter sovereign. He, with 1400 men, landed near Trondheim, and after an ineffectual attempt to surprise that city, made his way through Norway by Stordalen into Sweden. A second party of 900 men, under Colonel George Sinclair, landed a fortnight later at Romsdalen, and endeavoured to pass into Sweden by a different path. As all regular troops had been draughted away from Norway to fight the king of Denmark's battles, there seemed little likelihood of any difficulty being encountered on the march. The peasantry, however, became exasperated by the extortion of free provisions, and those of three parishes in this district assembled for the purpose of opposing the Scotch. According to a Norwegian ballad, which has been spiritedly translated by David Vedder—

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—'the news flew east, the news flew west,  
And north and south it flew;  
Soon Norway's peasant chivalry  
Their fathers' swords they drew.

The beacons blazed on every hill,  
The fiery cross flew fast;  
And the mountain warriors serried stood,  
Fierce as the northern blast....

The boors of Lessie, Vaage, and Froen,  
Seized axe, and scythe, and brand—  
"Foredoomed is every felon Scot  
Who stains our native land!"<sup>[5]</sup>

A guide in the interest of the peasants conducted the Scottish party towards the narrow defile which has been described. The peasants themselves were gathered in force on the mountains above. As it was impossible for them to see what was going on in the pass, they caused a man mounted on a white horse to pass to the other side of the river, and move a little way in front of the advancing enemy, that they might know when he was near at hand. At the same time a girl was placed on the other side of the Logan, to attract the attention of the Scots by sounding her rustic horn. When the unfortunate strangers had thus been led to the most suitable place, the boors tumbled down huge stones upon them from the mountain-top, destroying them, to use their own expression, like potsherds. Then descending with sword and gun, they completed the destruction of the Scots. There is a romantic story, which seems far from likely, that Sinclair had been accompanied on this occasion by his wife. It is added that a young lady of the neighbourhood, hearing of this, and anxious to save an innocent individual of her own sex, sent her lover to protect the lady in the impending assault. Mrs Sinclair, seeing him approach, and mistaking his object, shot him dead. Some accounts represent the immediate destruction of the Scottish party as complete, excepting only that two men escaped. One more probable states that sixty were taken prisoners, and kept by the peasants till next spring, when, provisions failing, and the government making no movement in the matter, the poor captives were put into a barn and murdered in cold blood, only two escaping, of whom one survived to be the progenitor of a family still dwelling in these wilds. Such were the circumstances of the bloody affair of Kringelen, to commemorate which a little wooden monument has been erected on the wayside, at the precise spot where the Scottish party was surprised. The grave of Sinclair is also pointed out in the neighbouring churchyard of Quham. An inspection of the scene of the massacre gives a thrilling sense of the utterly desperate circumstances of the Scottish troops when beset by the Norwegian boors. One looks round with horror on the blocks scattered along the hill-side, every one of which had destroyed a life. 'Now all is peaceful, all is still,' on the spot where this piece of savage warfare was acted, save that which only marks the general silence—the murmur of the river. Resting here for a while, I could not but enter a mental protest against the triumphant spirit with which the affair is still referred to by the Norwegians, seeing that the assailants fought at such advantage, not to speak of the safety in which they fought, that nothing but the grossest misconduct could have failed to give them a victory. The grace of a generous mercy would have been worth twice their boast. I walked on about a mile to a hamlet where there is a sort of rustic museum, devoted to keeping certain relics of the Scottishmen. In the inner chamber of a little cottage a woman showed me, ranged along a wall, five matchlocks, two of them very long, two Highland dirks, a broadsword, a spur, two powder flasks, the wooden tube of a drum, and a small iron-hooped box. The sight of these objects so near the scene of the slaughter helps wonderfully to realise it; and it is impossible for a Scotsman at least to look on them without emotion. I thought, however, of the mercy of Providence, which causes the waves of time to close over the most terrible and the most distressing things, sweeping away all the suffering—exhaling calamity, as it were, into air—and leaving only perhaps a few tangible objects to remind us by association that 'such things were.'

In the evening I arrived at Laurgaard, where it was necessary to spend the night.

R. C.

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## LONDON GOSSIP.

*November, 1849.*

THE long vacation is over—cholera has flown away, or gone into winter quarters—the raising of blinds and unclosing of shutters in stylish streets indicate the return of families whose absence has been prolonged by fears of contagion—business, long stagnant, is reviving—street-traffic is resuming its wonted density—the new Lord Mayor has 'showed' himself, as of old—the November fogs are entombing us in their fuliginous darkness—all of which, whether fact, figure, or fancy, is an intimation that we are in the advent of another London season.

Butchers and bakers are of course busy under the influx of mouths, and not they alone, for booksellers are 'looking up,' and making proclamation of literary supplies. Some famous names are already announced—Guizot, Grote, and Lord Campbell in matters of history; Washington Irving in a trio of biographies of individuals so opposite in character—Washington, Mohammed, Goldsmith—as to make one imagine that Knickerbocker must have written all three at once, on the principle that change of work is as good as play. Reprints are in force; travels and adventures are not lacking; while fiction is as copious as ever, or more so, for we are promised a republication of the works of two well-known writers of romance in shilling and eighteenpenny volumes. Quite a boon this for travelling readers who love the exciting, and patronise railway libraries. Besides these, there is the usual inundation of pocket-books, almanacs, *et id genus omne*, which for a time urges printing-presses into preternatural activity. 'Cooking up an almanac,' as the old song has it, must be a profitable business: the 'throwing off' of that delightful periodical vouched for by 'Francis Moore, physician,' to the extent of hundreds of thousands, is divided among three of our 'city' printers—no small item in the Christmas bill. The wide sale of a work relying on credulity for its success is no compliment to the intelligence of the age; yet, as I myself know, there are hundreds of people, especially in rural districts, who would rather give up fifty pages of their Bible, than forego the almanac with its annual prognostications. Power-presses are kept constantly at work for weeks to supply the multifarious demand.



Among other literary gossip is Fredrika Bremer's visit to the United States. Perhaps the contrast to Scandinavian manners which she will there perceive, may have the effect of giving her a new inspiration, which by and by will awaken the sympathies of thousands on both sides of the Atlantic and in Northern Europe. Talking of the United States, reminds me that Mr Bancroft has taken up his residence in New York, and intends to devote himself to the completion of his history, in which, like our own Macaulay, he may possibly win higher honours, and effect more lasting good, than in active political life.

You have heard of the sultan's generosity towards a celebrated French writer. A large tract of land in the vicinity of Smyrna has been granted by his highness to M. de Lamartine, and it is said the author of a 'Voyage en Orient' will go out to take possession. A fact highly honourable to M. de Lamartine has lately come to my knowledge, and as it illustrates a point of character, I may communicate it. You are aware that the extemporised minister of foreign affairs has been compelled to sell his family estate of Macou to satisfy his creditors. Some of our members of the Peace Congress proposed, on their return home, to get up a subscription on this side the Channel, which should enable them to purchase the paternal acres, and restore them to their late owner. M. de Lamartine was written to on the subject, but declined to accept the proffered generosity, being 'determined to rely solely on his own literary exertions for the re-establishment of his affairs.' Such a resolution is worthy of all respect. {365}

Some very curious and instructive facts have come to light in the evidence taken before the late parliamentary committee on public libraries; and the 'blue book' in which that is reproduced is one of the most valuable that have of late been published 'by authority.' Certain results come out which are said to make unfavourably against our country. For instance, the proportion of books in public libraries to every hundred of the population is, in Great Britain and Ireland, 63; while Russia and Portugal show from 76 to 80; Belgium, Spain, and Sardinia, 100; France, 129; Italy, 150; Austria and Hungary, 167; Prussia, 200; Sweden and Norway, 309; Denmark, 412; some of the smaller German states, 450. There has been a good deal of talk about this; but those who point to British deficiencies omit to inquire whether the books in countries so liberally furnished are really read by the people. The presence of books does not necessarily imply much reading; and if it were possible to poll real readers, there is reason to believe that the balance would be on the other side. We Britons are a domestic race; we like to see books on our own shelves, and to read them at home. It does not follow that a comparatively small number of public books betokens a deficient number of readers.

With the return of short days and long nights come the season's pursuits, pleasures, and recreations. Our twenty-two theatres are doing somewhat in the way of amusement: casinos, saloons, bowling-alleys (an importation from the United States), and exhibitions, are getting into full swing. Music—concerts and oratorios—is liberally furnished, of good quality, and at little cost. The improvement of public taste in the matter of sweet sounds within the past two or three years is not less striking than gratifying. But with the decline of coarseness, care must be taken to avoid the creation of a censorious fastidiousness: a willingness to be amused is by no means an unfavourable trait of character.

Mechanics' Institutes are publishing their programmes, and in several of these there are also signs of improvement. A course of fifteen or twenty lectures on as many different subjects is no longer considered as the most improving or desirable. Real instruction is not to be conveyed by such means; and now two or three suitable topics are to be chosen, and each discussed in a series of four, five, or six lectures. In this way we may hope that hearers will be able to carry home with them clear and definite ideas, instead of the meagre outline hitherto furnished.

Apropos of lectures: a striking characteristic of the time must not be overlooked. The attempts recently made towards a just acknowledgment and recognition of the worth and *status* of the working-classes in society have aroused similar efforts here in the metropolis. To mention only one instance: a course of lectures to working-men is to be delivered during the month of November, by gentlemen whose name and character are a guarantee for the value of their teachings. The subjects are—On the advantages possessed by the working-classes for their social advancement—On the importance of this advancement to the nation at large—On the franchise as a public trust—and On the favourable influence of religion on the intelligence, liberty, virtue, and prosperity of states. Each lecture, after having been given at the London Mechanics' Institute, Chancery-Lane, will be repeated the same week at Finsbury. The topics are good ones; and if the working-classes do really feel an upward tendency, now is the time to prove it.

Another fact which I must not forbear to notice is the 'Evening Classes for Young Men in London,' first set on foot last winter by several public-spirited clergymen and others. A few passages from the prospectus will not only explain the objects, but serve as a guide to those who may wish to bestir themselves in similar efforts in other places. 'The range of subjects,' thus it proceeds, 'will be nearly the same as that adopted at King's College London; but, generally speaking, of a more elementary character, so as to suit the requirements of young men whose time is otherwise much engaged. All young men of the metropolis and suburbs are admissible on producing a note of introduction from a clergyman, a subscriber, or a respectable householder, and paying 2s. 6d. per term for each class.... The year of study will be divided into three terms—Michaelmas, Lent, and Trinity; that is from October to July, with short vacations at Christmas and Easter. A record of the attendance of pupils will be kept in each class: certificates of regular attendance can be obtained; and these may be found very useful in after-life, as indicative of steadiness of conduct, and of a wise application of leisure time.' There is a liberal spirit in this programme, which is no unimportant essential towards a realisation of the promoters' aim. As soon as twenty young men in any part of the metropolis unite to form a class, a teacher is appointed for them. For the

present (Michaelmas) term there are more than forty such classes, the subjects of study being Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, English; history, general, Scriptural, and ecclesiastical; natural philosophy, chemistry, mathematics, drawing, writing, and singing. When I tell you that Dr M'Caul conducts the Hebrew, and the Rev. C. Mackenzie the Greek class, you will be able to form a fair idea of the value of the instruction imparted. Besides the weekly class-lesson, a lecture, free to all the members, is given on two evenings of the week. Those who have long laboured to prove the rectifying and elevating influence of education, will take courage from the facts which I have here set down.

After this long discourse about learning and literature, I may turn to a few minor subjects of gossip. One is the Westminster improvements: the new line of street by which it is proposed to connect the royal palace at Pimlico and Belgravia with the grand centre of law and legislation, is now laid open nearly in its whole length. It is to be 80 feet wide; and with a view doubtless to its becoming the royal route, a good breadth of building-land has been reserved on each side. The making of this avenue has removed a mass of squalid dwellings, nests of filth and fever, which is of course a public benefit; but it is hard to imagine what becomes of the late squalid occupants; one can only suppose that they force themselves into dismal districts already too thickly peopled. Southey discovered the 'lost tribes,' and a few others, in London; and it would not be difficult to find a Dismal Swamp here as well as in Virginia.

Besides this, there is again talk of a new bridge at Westminster, to be built a little lower down the stream than the present unsightly structure, by which means a better view than at present will be obtained of the nine-acre legislative palace. We shall perhaps learn something definite on this pontine business when Sir John Burgoyne's report comes out. Meantime a 'lion' is not lacking; for sight-seers go to look at Mr Hope's new mansion at the corner of Dawn Street, Piccadilly. It is a magnificent building, in the Renaissance style, and makes one long to see whole streets of such architectural innovations on the dreary uniformity of West-end thoroughfares. With slight exceptions, the whole of the works have been executed by foreign workmen. Some silver-plate for the dining-rooms was 'on view' at the last exhibition by the Society of Arts, and was greatly admired by those who love revivals of ancient art.

Of course you have heard of the dismissal of the first Sewers' Commission, and the appointment of a new one, with Lord Ebrington as chairman? we must hope not without an intention of *real* work. The call for competing drainage-plans was answered by not less than 148 projects being sent in, among which no single one is found efficient; the schemes, in fact, comprise all sorts of possibilities and impossibilities. A good many are mere modifications or reproductions of the plan proposed by Mr J. Martin many years ago, which included a continuous sewer on each side of the Thames from Vauxhall to Rotherhithe, to be surmounted by a terrace to serve as a public thoroughfare. Could this noble scheme be realised, Londoners would have what has long been a desideratum—a river promenade. Cleaning of streets and water-supply come in as part of the same subject: in some parishes bands of 'street orderlies,' as they are called, have been set to work. They wear a broad-brimmed, black-glazed hat, and a blue blouse, and in appearance remind one of the 'cantoniers' who work on the roads in France. The orderlies are provided with a broom and shovel, and remove all litter as fast as it accumulates. So well do they do their work, that crossing-sweepers are not needed in their districts. As regards water, it is a prime subject of discussion at present, and it is to be hoped that something will come of it. Several schemes are advocated: to bring water from the Thames at Henley, some thirty miles distant; to tap Bala Lake, and so introduce the pure element from North Wales; to bore Artesian wells. If Bala will give us all we want, in name of the Naiads let us have it! for those who are learned in subterranean matters declare the Artesian supply to be an impossibility, and we don't want to drink the out-poured refuse of Reading or Henley. At all events, the Duke of Wellington has authorised the sinking of an Artesian well within the precincts of the Tower, that the garrison may, for once in their lives, know the taste of good water. It will be a proud day for Cockneydom when it ceases to drink the superflux of sewers and cesspools!

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Touching miscellaneous matters, there is the machine for making envelopes lately invented at Birmingham, where it was exhibited to several members of the British Association. It is constructed on the pneumatic principle, is beautifully simple and effective, and can be produced at a cost of L.25. You are to imagine the prepared sheets of which the envelopes are to be formed placed in a small chamber or receptacle, upon which a bellows-box descends, lifts off the upper sheet, transfers it to a mould, which gives the size, and pinches the corners; then, instead of metallic thumbs to rub down each angular flap, a blast of air enters and effects the purpose; away goes the envelop to be gummed, and drops finished into the receiver, at a rate, it is said, exceeding anything yet accomplished. Then there are Professor Schroeter's experiments on phosphorus, producing what he calls the 'allotropic condition.' In few words, when exposed to light and heat of different temperatures, phosphorus undergoes remarkable changes; no real chemical alteration takes place, yet there seems to be an entire conversion into other substances. One effect of the modifications is to render the manipulation of phosphorus harmless without destroying its properties; and the professor, more fortunate than scientific men generally, has received a liberal sum from a Birmingham manufacturer as the price of his discovery. And *last*, what think you of a mechanical leech, to supersede the little black snake which so often makes patients shudder? A scientific instrument with such a name has been invented by M. Alexander, a civil engineer in Paris. It has been tried in some of the hospitals, and according to the reports, is a more effectual leech than the natural one.

In a former 'gossip' I mentioned Dr Mantell and his iguanodon: he (the doctor, not the reptile) has a batch of new 'Wonders of Geology.' An arm-bone of a *saurian*, nearly five feet in length, the

original possessor of which must have been as much larger than the iguanodon as the latter is than a modern crocodile: the monster is to be called the *Colosso-saurus*. In addition there is a 'consignment' of *dinornis* bones from New Zealand, still further exemplifying the gigantic scale of pre-Adamite creation. They will doubtless be brought before the public in some of the doctor's popular lectures.

The return of Sir James Ross and Sir John Richardson from the Arctic regions without any intelligence of Franklin and his adventurous band of explorers has created both surprise and pain. Sir James, it appears, was driven home by ice-drifts against his will and against his instructions, and the consequence will be another expedition next spring, should nothing in the meantime be heard of Sir John Franklin by way of Behring's Straits or Russia. Notwithstanding the sums already lavished on these next to useless expeditions, a search must still be made for the party who have now been four years exposed to polar frosts.

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## A CHEAP CLASS OF RAILWAYS.

A SHORT time ago (October 13) we took occasion, in speaking of the present railway system, to hint at the possibility of constructing a class of useful railways, auxiliary to the great lines, at a very moderate expense. Our observations have drawn the attention of the conductors of 'Herapath's Railway Journal' to the subject, which is discussed by them in two able articles (Nov. 3 and 10), of which we take the liberty of offering an analysis, along with some general remarks.

The first thing noticed by Herapath is the unnecessarily large cost at which most of the existing railways have been constructed. While the railway mania lasted, cost was of inferior consideration. In the inordinate hurry of the moment, engineers gave only a rapid glance at the proposed route; they thought nothing of tunnelling hills and crossing deep valleys, rather than go a mile or two out of their way; and then, to avoid local opposition, or to promote local jobbing in land, enormous sums were recklessly promised or expended. 'To show how lines are projected,' says Herapath, 'we remember that there was one for which a bill was actively and zealously prosecuted in parliament in the eventful year 1845, which tunnelled and cut nearly all the way from Liverpool to Leeds. From the extent of its works, this line, though not a very long one, would have taken fifteen or twenty years to make. At the head of this hopeful project was an engineer ranking high amongst the talents of the day, a gentleman who had made one of our longest railways, and in support of it as a feasible project it numbered amongst its directors or committeemen gentlemen of the first respectability. It narrowly escaped the sanction of the legislature, which would no doubt have been granted had not a strong opposition been raised to it by parties interested in a competing line. But even where there is opposition to expose merits and demerits, it is not always that parliament can be depended upon to sanction the better of two lines proposed; the best line remains most likely undiscovered by engineers. In the case of the Brighton line, of three proposed, parliament actually selected the worst, the most expensive, and the shortest only by a trifling distance. There was a route proposed, which, passing through a natural gap in the hills, avoided the necessity of tunnelling, and the enormous outlay and permanent inconvenience consequent upon it. This superior route parliament discountenanced, and favoured the present long-tunnelled and costly line.' The parliamentary expenses, caused by the opposition of rival companies and landowners, told also most seriously on the initiatory cost of the lines. 'There probably never was a bill passed without having to encounter great opposition, because there probably never was a bill for a railway prosecuted in quiet ordinary times. There must be, it would seem, a *mania* to bring forth railways, and then all the world comes out with railway schemes. It is opposition which engenders expense; and a mania is the hotbed for the raising of opposition. One of our railway companies had to fight so hard for their bill, that they found, when at length they reached the last stage—namely, that of receiving the royal assent—that their parliamentary expenses had mounted up to half a million of money. Half a million of money spent in barely acquiring from parliament the *right* of making a line of railway which is to confer a benefit on the nation! Such is the fact. Without opposition, the same bill would have been passed into an act at a cost not worth naming by the side of that enormous sum.'

The result of all this was, that the cost of constructing railways went far beyond what was warranted by prospects of traffic; and in point of fact, had the traffic not turned out to be greater than was contemplated by the projectors, scarcely a railway in the country would ever have paid a shilling of profit. The usual expense of construction and putting in working order—all outlays included—was L.30,000 to L.40,000 per mile; some lines were executed at L.20,000 per mile; but in several instances the cost was as high as L.300,000 per mile. The mere parliamentary expenses of some lines were L.5000 per mile; and a railway got well off at L.1000 per mile for expenses of this nature. But the primary cost of railways is only one element of calculation as respects the chances of profit: another large item is the expense of working. It is now discovered that a railway cannot be worked, to be at all efficient, under the present heavy locomotive system, at a less cost than L.700 per mile per annum. 'Several branch lines owned by wealthy companies,' says Herapath, 'do not receive more than L.500 per mile per annum, while the expense of working them cannot be less than L.700 per mile per annum. Here the loss is L.200 per mile per annum in addition to the loss of the capital expended' for construction. 'The [present] locomotive railway system is of too costly a character to admit of every town having its railway. It is too costly in *working* as well as in *construction*. A vast number of places have not

traffic sufficient to support railways, though the capital cost of them should be nothing. The working of trains is too expensive to allow of any profit being derived from the traffic conveyed.'

The announcement of these truths brings us to the consideration of a new and cheaper kind of railway system. It will naturally occur to every one that there are towns and districts which might find a paying traffic for some species of thoroughfare superior to what is afforded by a common road. A road is a general pathway on which so many cart-loads of stones are laid down to be ground to mud annually, at great labour to horses, and no small pain and loss of time and money to passengers. The way they are supported by toll-bar exactions is in itself a pure barbarism. It is not an advance beyond the rudest stage of social economy. We pity towns that are cut off from the general intercourse of the world by so miserable a class of thoroughfares; and the question we propound is—whether something better, yet not so stupendous as ordinary railways, could be brought into operation? We think there could; yet only provided certain concessions were made. The following is what we propose:—

Railways to be constructed with only one line. The rails to be of a somewhat lighter make than those ordinarily employed. The routes to be accommodated, as far as possible, to the nature of the country. Tunnels, deep cuttings, high embankments, and expensive viaducts, to be avoided. The best levels to be chosen, even although the route should be some miles divergent. No sidings of any kind, so that local superintendence to shift points would be altogether avoided. Small locomotives, of not more than ten-horse power, to be employed. Light omnibuses for passengers, and light wagons for goods, only to be used. On the supposition that the lines of this nature shall be made only of from ten to twenty miles in length (larger lines not being immediately contemplated), there ought on no account to be more than one locomotive in use: if there were a second, it should only be as a reserve in case of accidents. This rule for locomotives to form a main feature in the whole plan. The locomotive, with its one or two omnibuses for passengers, or its short train of wagons, or with omnibuses and wagons mixed, to be kept almost constantly going. Instead of standing during long intervals doing nothing, with its steam ineconomically escaping, and its driver idle, let it be on the move, if necessary, the whole twenty-four hours. As soon as it comes in at one terminus, let it return to the other. Let it, in short, do all the work that is to be done; and as by this means there can be only one train at a time in operation, so there can never be any collisions, and sidings would be useless. The speed to be regulated according to circumstances. Trains with coal, lime, or other heavy articles, may go at the rate of six or eight miles an hour; those with passengers may proceed at an accelerated rate of twelve to fifteen miles, which we anticipate to be a sufficient maximum speed for railways of this kind, and more would not be expected. The width or gauge might be that commonly employed, and the lines might be in connection with the existing railways. But we would not consider it indispensable for the light trains here spoken of to run into the main lines. It might be proper to run the same wagons on both; but the shifting of passengers would be of less importance. At present, people shift into stage-coaches at certain stations, and they would have no greater trouble in shifting into the omnibuses on the single branch lines. To leave nothing untried as regards saving in the working expenses, it might be preferable to have no station clerks. Stations need only be covered sheds, to afford shelter from the weather; and instead of a class of clerks and porters fixed to a spot, a conductor to sell tickets, and a porter as an assistant, might travel with every train.

Such are the leading features of a plan for establishing cheap railways. If no fallacy lurk under our calculations, the expense of working such lines would be comparatively small. The number of attendants would be on the most moderate scale, and so likewise would be the amount of the engines and carriages in active operation. Possibly, in some instances, horse-power would be preferable to that of steam; but on this point it is needless to say much, for the question would be determined by circumstances. Herapath seems to indicate that horse-power might be deemed sufficient in the first instance. He observes, 'It is probable that on railways of the character recommended for local purposes the average traction would be about one-tenth of the common road traction. One horse on a local railway would therefore draw as much as ten on a common road, perhaps more. But even this gives a great advantage over the common road. Horses, in the room of the heavy locomotives now in use, would effect great saving, in carrying a limited amount of traffic, in working, as well as in the repairs of the permanent way. Should the traffic of these local lines increase much, it may then become advisable to put on light locomotives equal to the duty. Improvements are every day being made in the locomotive; and it is highly probable that in course of time we shall have light locomotives fit for the working of branch lines, where there is but a meagre supply of traffic, and where the expense of the giant locomotive now in use cannot be borne.'

The only matters remaining to be discussed are the mode and cost of construction. It may be as well to say at once, that unless the landowners and general inhabitants of a district cordially concur in establishing such lines, they cannot be made, and the whole project falls to the ground. It must be regarded in every instance as assumed, that the parties locally interested wish for the lines, and will earnestly, and without selfishness, promote their execution. It will, we believe, be very generally found that on a line of ten to twenty miles in length there are not more than six to eight principal landowners. We could mention instances in which lines would go six miles over one person's property. In a variety of cases the lines might run for certain distances alongside the public roads, so as to cause the least possible damage to property or general amenity. In any case, supposing that nothing more than the fair price of the land taken is to be paid for—no contest in parliament, and no great works to be attempted—it is reasonable to conclude that the first cost of the lines would be little more than a tenth of what is ordinarily charged. According to Herapath—'instead of L.30,000, L.40,000, or L.50,000 a mile, the cost of a town's or landowner's branch line, constructed on the above principle, would only be a few thousands—probably as low

as L.2000, L.3000, or L.4000 a mile. The expense, however, would vary according to the nature of the country to be traversed. Where the ground is flat and sound (not boggy) the expense would be lightest. But in each case an estimate could ascertain—not to a nicety, but nearly—what a line would cost. We should advise that, prior to entering upon the construction of a line, the parties should carefully estimate the cost of construction, the charges for working—say by horses—and thus see, before they commenced, that there was no chance of their being on the wrong side. We imagine that lines constructed and worked so cheaply as these would be, would pay well; in dividend far outrival their more costly connections, the great locomotive lines. A wide field is here opened for legitimate and safe speculation; for benefiting all parties, if it be only properly carried out. To raise funds for this purpose, the townspeople and landowners could form themselves into partnerships or companies. We have no doubt they would amply benefit their pockets in a direct manner, by the profitable return such a railway would make upon its capital, as well as obtain railway communications which would enhance the value of their estates and the importance of their towns.'

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With these explanations, the subject may be left in the hands of the public. Only one obstacle seems to present itself—and that is the present disheartened condition of the country respecting all railway schemes whatever. On this account projects such as we speak of would have a difficulty in obtaining a hearing. At the same time, the penalties of neglecting opportunities must be borne in mind. To conclude in the words of Herapath:—'The local parties interested in lines of this description should not delay directing their attention to the subject; for while they are waiting and dreaming, the trade of their towns may permanently pass away from them, and centre in places provided with railway accommodation. Trade remains with a place for a long time after another place has possessed itself of superior advantages for carrying it on; but when it *has* passed away, owing to neglect to retain it, it is almost impossible to regain it. Certainly, it may be said, the sooner the inhabitants of isolated places in want of railway communication bestir themselves in this matter, the better for their own interests. In self-defence they will be called upon in the course of years to do so; when they find their trade slipping through their fingers they *must* have railways; and as railway companies will never be allowed to do it for them, they must needs make the lines themselves. Is it not better to set about this work before it is a matter of necessity, before they lose their business, and before others take it away? To our mind there is not a doubt of the propriety of local parties attending to this notice at once; not in haste, but with deliberate judgment, reviewing the local position in which they stand, the capability of forming a cheap line, and the advantages of it both directly and indirectly to themselves.'

W. C.

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## CURIOUS PECULIARITY IN THE ELEPHANT.

The Bombay Times notices a paper by Dr Impey in the 'Transactions of the Bombay Medical and Physical Society,' containing an account of the rise of a malignant pustule from contact with the flesh of a dead elephant. It furnishes a curious new fact in the natural history of the animal. 'It is so seldom,' says the Bombay Times, 'that tame elephants amongst us die from natural causes, or under such circumstances as permit of dissection, that this peculiarity of the carcase has not, we believe, till now been described, though perfectly well known to the natives. A baggage elephant accompanying the third troop of horse artillery having died on the march betwixt Mhow and Poona at the commencement of the hot season of 1846, the elephant was cut up by some of the artillerymen and attendants, under the supervision of Dr Impey, to see, if possible, to determine the cause of its death. The *mochee* was ordered to work amongst the rest, but could not be induced to touch the carcase until he had smeared his hands and arms with oil, assigning as the reason of his aversion the certainty of disease supervening, and its liability periodically to attack those who had once suffered from it. This at the time was heartily ridiculed; but the laugh was on the *mochee's* side when every man employed in the dissection but himself was two days afterwards attacked with acute disease. The character of this was at first purely local: the pain felt like that arising from the bite of a venomous insect; it was accompanied by slight local inflammation. This soon extended, and became a sore. These deepened to the bone, and extended on all sides, manifesting a remarkable degree of sluggishness and inactivity. Fever accompanied the earlier symptoms, exhibiting a remittent type, and being most severe towards the evening. After a fortnight, secondary fever appeared, and three weeks elapsed before the sores could be healed up. The patient had by this time become emaciated, sallow, and enervated, so that active dietetic measures required to be taken for his restoration.'

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## DIG DEEP TO FIND THE GOLD.

Dost thou seek the treasures hidden  
Within earth's rocky bed,  
The diamond for beauty's tresses,  
Gems for the queenly head?  
'Tis not on the dewy surface

That they their rays unfold,  
But far in the distant hollows—  
Dig deep to find the gold.

Dost thou long thy fields should brighten  
With golden harvest ears,  
And thy pastures yield in verdure  
Riches for coming years?  
Then dream not that while you linger  
Earth's bounty you'll behold;  
But *strive*, and win her treasures—  
Dig deep to find the gold.

Dost thou sigh for wealth of knowledge,  
The riches of ages past,  
And o'er the bright world of science  
Thy longing glances cast?  
With love and zeal undaunted,  
Seek for the wealth untold,  
In the soul-lit mines of genius  
Dig deep to find the gold.

C. T.

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## SCOTLAND IN ENGLAND.

The great annual Caledonian Ball is soon to come off with its accustomed splendour; the Scottish National pastimes and fêtes are to be celebrated under the most influential auspices; and the [late] Scotch Lord Mayor continues to keep up the national character for hospitality with unwonted liberality and *éclat*. A Scotch nobleman has won the Derby, an achievement surpassing, in the estimation of the Cockneys, all the exploits of Lord Gough. Another Scotch nobleman has added the splendid territory of the Five Rivers to the British empire in India; and a third is wisely, and ably, and approvingly, suppressing rebellion in Canada. Two Scotch noblemen made the best speeches, *pro* and *con*, on the Navigation-laws. The temporary absence from illness of one Scotch member (Hume) from the Commons is generally lamented. Scotch music is heard and applauded in the streets despite of the *dilettanti* and tramontane attractions of Alboni and Lablache; and Scotch steamers are universally allowed to be the finest models of marine architecture in the river. From the stone bridges over the Thames—nearly all built [of Scotch stones] by Scotchmen—you are perpetually reminded of the genius of James Watt. Scotch banking is getting more into vogue, and is trenching on the originally Scotch organised Bank of England. Scotch cakes, Scotch shortbread, Scotch gingerbread, Edinburgh buns, and Selkirk bannocks, Scotch whisky, ale, salmon, herrings, haddocks, and oats, maintain their accustomed supremacy. Scotch plaids and tartans are in the windows of every clothier, draper, and tailor's shop; and you scarcely meet a smart female in the streets without some part at least of her person being decorated in tartan array. In the printshop windows you see the departure of the 'Highland Drove'—the Illicit Still on the mountain side—the Stag at Bay—the Lassie herding Sheep, in juxtaposition with her Majesty the Queen and her Court at the Coronation.—*London Correspondent of Inverness Courier*.

[Might we be permitted to add, in the most delicate way possible, that little is now read but Scotch periodicals! The only thing which seems to keep patriotically at home is Scotch sectarianism.]

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### FOOTNOTES:

- [1] Sterling's Sayings and Essayings.
- [2] I am told that these habits do not exist in good society at Christiania.
- [3] The greatest summer height of the Miösen Lake is 430 feet; the winter height, 410. Finding the level at this time ten feet below the mark considered as that of highest water, I considered the lake as being now 420 feet above the sea.
- [4] Laug in Norwegian signifies *water*. It is a generic term here specially applied.
- [5] See Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, September 1837, where the original ballad is also given.

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