

on both sides. Percy being made captive, and Douglas slain on the field. It has been the subject of many songs and poems, and the great historian, Froissart says that one other action only excepted, it was the best fought battle of that war-like time.

CAPTAIN CHARLES BURROWS STRONG, AND THE ALGERINE SLAVE.

A NAVAL ANECDOTE, BY WILLIAM FRANCIS WOOLFE.

In the most bustling period of the war, when it was necessary to send a British man-of-war to protect merchant vessels wherever bound, H. M. S. Bustard, forming part of the fleet under Admiral Lord Exmouth, was frequently ordered to the African shores for the purchase of cattle. The shipping under her charge was partly British and partly Spanish, but of sufficient tonnage to bring from 1000 to 1200 head of cattle, and from 200 to 400 sheep. The place of shipment was the Bay of Bona, not far from Algiers. On one occasion, on our arrival, to our regret we found a Christian ship, a Greek, had been blown upon the coast in a gale of wind, became embayed, and was captured by the Moors, who, to prevent a re-capture, had unshipped the rudder and sent the yards and sails on shore, and secured the ship under the guns of the fortress. The first question naturally asked by Captain Strong, on going ashore, of the Spanish gentleman employed by the British to purchase the cattle was, "What has become of the crew?" when, to his regret, he was informed that the captain, from a vain and useless effort at resistance, had lost his life, and the crew were sent to Constantinople to be sold in the market. The circumstance most interesting to us was to find that one man had been secreted in the hold, whom the Janizaries literally sold to Senor Marcadell, as an Englishman would sell a bale of smuggled goods. This unfortunate individual was an advocate a native of Sardinia, and had taken a passage on board this ship, to visit a brother who resided in Lisbon. This poor man's case was truly pitiable, as no ransom would have been accepted for him; for if there was any part of Christendom detested by the Moors more than another it was Sardinia. My readers must remember that I am speaking of the time before Algiers had either been chastised by the British, or subdued by the French; and when they were suffered to wage war with all Christian powers, England excepted, with impunity. I never heard the history of the Sardinian flag borne by their shipping; it was white, red cross, and a Moor's head in each quarter. That such an offensive ensign should have been carried by a power which had no men-of-war to defend its merchantmen, often surprised me: but this flag might well account for the peculiar hatred felt by all the Barbary powers for the Sardinians.

For the enfranchisement of this unhappy man, Captain Strong entered most readily into a scheme proposed by Senor Marcadell. At the same time it was necessary to take every precaution for its accomplishment, without giving offence to the Moorish authorities, which, situated as the flag then was, might have led to the stoppage of the supplies of cattle, which would have been of serious consequence to the British. It was so arranged that we should get the man out of Bona when Captain Strong should be on board his ship, to give an idea that he was ignorant of the circumstance; for my readers must understand that once on board by his own efforts, we were justified in protecting him, under the then existing treaties, but we had no authority to aid his escape to the ship.

We succeeded in getting the man from Bona, and laid in the bottom of the boat,—more dead than alive; all went well, we got into the offing, and reached the ship's side. It was night when we arrived,—the crew were singing on the fore-castle, and dancing in the waist,—all was amusement, life and jollity. Not any one on board, with the exception of the captain, was aware for what service the boat had been ordered. The captain, anxious for our success, which was well-known to him by the waving of a hat, was waiting on the gangway; the enfranchised slave still remained lying at the bottom of the boat.

Upon raising the poor fellow up, we had the greatest difficulty to convince him that his freedom was accomplished. We raised him in our arms, and stood him upon the thwarts of the boat; we hid him put his hand in the muzzle of the gun, and told him it was British, and that, if necessary, it would be used for his protection; that the noise he heard on board was the singing and dancing of British sailors. The man, on reaching the deck, fell on his knees, hiding his face in his hands, and continued in that attitude for some time; and no words can describe the instantaneous effect that such a position had on a ship's company. The officers, who were all walking the quarter-deck, instantly came to a stand still, and, with Captain Strong, immediately uncovered, and those of the ship's company that saw the circumstance, called out loudly "Stop the singing on the fore-castle, stop the dancing in the waist, and silence the fiddles!" "What's the matter," said fifty voices at once, "is there a man over board?" "No," was the prompt reply, "here is an old man saying his prayers!" Such an announcement was heard with astonishment, and the crew instantly sprang to the rigging, the booms, and every spot where a sight of the kneeling man could be obtained; and nothing was heard but the gentle whisper, "Take your hat off," and it was, to me, the most interesting sight I ever beheld.—When he rose from his knees, he asked me in Italian which was the chief officer; and, upon my pointing out Captain Strong to him, he advanced, took his hand, pressed it to his lips, and said, "In God's name I thank you," and then, bowing to the whole of the officers, added, "I have not words, I cannot speak my thanks." Upon turning round, the ship's company, which he had not seen before, caught his eye, and, overcome by his feelings, he clasped his hands together, and burst into tears. All was still silent; no cheer of congratulation was raised, but the captain kindly led the poor Sardinian to his cabin, and the ship's company did not return to the song and dance, but went quietly below to their hammocks; and I believe, most sincerely, that men prayed that night who had never breathed a prayer since they had tiptoe on at their mother's knee.

An accident of a truly appalling character occurred upon the York and Scarborough Railway, on Thursday last, by which a lady of independence, named Martia, met with a terrible death. It appeared she had been staying at Holdgate, near York, and left her residence between three and four o'clock, with the intention of taking a walk along the banks of the river Ouse. Soon afterwards she was observed by a gentleman walking on the railway near the viaduct which crosses the stream in question, and at the same time a train was approaching at a rapid rate towards York. She remained evidently unconscious of its coming on having her parasol before her, and walking leisurely along the permanent way, between the line of rails, until the engine driver gave the whistle alarm, which attracted her attention, when, seeing her danger, she turned round and ran back with the intention of escaping; unfortunately, however, the train was too close upon her, for in the next moment or so the engine struck the unhappy lady to the ground, and the whole of the carriages seventeen in number, passed over her body. She was dreadfully mangled; her body, in fact, was literally cut to pieces. It was with much difficulty her person could be identified.

THE BEST MEDICINE.—Frequent Bathing—not once or twice a month, but every day if you please, in warm or cold water—is one of the greatest medicines in the world. It will make you more hearty and more free from disease than a cart load of Medicine could. The Boston Reformer says, with reference to the subject, that from one to five pounds of decayed animal matter passes of daily by insensible perspiration from the human body. The white dust which collects on the skin, sometimes called goose flesh, is refuse matter of the system. Viewed with a microscope, it looks like a butcher's cart of putrid meat. If the pores of the skin are closed, and imperceptible perspiration is stopped, this corrupt matter is thrown upon the lungs, liver, or intestines, causing cold, consumption, fever, &c. The remedy is found in the specific that will restore the system to its proper balance, open the natural avenues for the discharge of poisonous secretions, and relieve the internal organs from burdensome clogs that are thrown upon them. Cold water has been proved to be this remedy, and nothing but its simplicity, its commonness and the almost universal hydrophobia which prevails, could have kept its virtues so long concealed.

PERSECUTION PREVENTED.—At the end of Queen Mary's bloody reign, a commission was granted to one Dr. Cole, a bigoted Papist, to go over to Ireland and commence a fiery persecution against the Protestants of that kingdom. On coming to Chester, the Doctor was waited upon by the Mayor, and commenced conversing with him by saying, "Here is what shall lash the heretics of Ireland." Mrs. Edmunds, the landlady of the Inn, hearing these words, when the Doctor went down stairs with the Mayor, hastened into the room, opened the box, took the commission, and put a pack of cards in its place. When the Doctor returned, he put the box into the portmanteau without suspicion, and the next morning sailed for Dublin. On his arrival he waited on the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council, to whom he made a speech relating to his business, and then presented the box to his Lordship; but on opening it, there appeared a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs uppermost. The Doctor was petrified, and assured the company that he had a commission, but what had become of it he could not tell. The Lord Lieutenant answered, "Let us have another commission and we will shuffle the cards meanwhile." Before the doctor could get the commission renewed, the Queen died, and thus the persecution was prevented.—*Christian Repository.*

THE TRIALS OF MARRIED LIFE.—We have a friend—an excellent friend and doting father—who came into our office the other day looking rather sleepy. "What is the matter with you?" we inquired. "Oh, nothing—that is to say," he replied in a hesitating voice, "babies are some trouble after all, ain't they?" Of course we nodded an indifferent assent, but could not help asking "how?" "Why, the fact is," said our friend, "that little fellow of ours is getting to be very knowing, and will be humoured now and then—so I get up occasionally and walk him to sleep;—but last night both my wife and myself had to carry him alternately, and—" "Surely two are not required—" "Hear me out. You see the child wanted novelty, and so I lighted the candle, and as my wife carried him up and down the room, I walked after her, making all sorts of queer manoeuvres with the light." "Well did that pacify him?" "Why yes, after a fashion. It stopped his crying, but we consumed a whole candle, and the best portion of a night, before he fell asleep, and the consequence is, I feel wretchedly stale this morning." Now old bachelors laugh, if you feel like it, and let this be a caution to you.

A GOOD APPETITE.—"My dear," said an affectionate wife to her husband, who had been sick for several days, "when you were well, you were in the habit of eating twelve apple dumplings—now that you are sick how many shall I make you?" "Well," replied her husband, "I reckon you may make eleven to-day; but be particular and make them a little larger than usual." The wife obeyed. When the husband had eaten the eleven with the exception of a half a one, his little son, a lad of some six summers, came up to him, and said: "Daddy, give me a little piece?" "Go away, sonny," replied the father, "your poor dad's sick."

GETTING 'EM MIXED.—We once heard an old fellow, famous all over the country for his tough yarns, tell the following. He was telling what heavy wheat he had seen in the State of New York:—My father, said he, once had a field of wheat, the heads of which were so close together that the Wild turkeys, when they came to eat it, could walk round on the top of it anywhere.

We suggested that the turkeys must have been small ones. No, sir! continued he; they were very large ones.—I shot one of them one day, and when I took hold of his legs to carry him, his head dragged in the snow behind me! A curious country you must have had, to have snow in harvest time! Well I declare, said he, looking a little foolish, I have got part of two stories mixed.

FOR THE CARLETON SENTINEL. ON DRAWING.

The utility of Drawing, as a department of school instruction, though acknowledged by all who have given much reflection to theoretical education, is not by any means a familiar idea to the bulk of the community.

Any one who can learn to write, can learn to draw. In general, children are fond of making efforts in drawing. In the first place the instruction in drawing will afford them pleasure and recreation of a harmless kind; if pursued with increasing interest, they will gradually inculcate a perception and love of the beautiful, both in nature and art; it will discipline their eye and hand in a most useful branch of study, and at the very least enable the pupil during his life to form a much more clear judgment on matters of size, figure, and mechanical design.

The mechanic, who perhaps has received a good common education, has learned to read, write, count, &c., but is not instructed in the first elements of drawing, is under necessity to work after patterns with great difficulty; his spirit of invention is hemmed; he has perhaps the best ideas, but he is not able to realize them for want of Design.

Design or drawing is the universal language. Before we can tell our A B C, we can tell a house from a tree, a cow from a horse, by the picture. The impressions of forms are the first made on the infants' minds, and were it taught betimes to trace those impressions on the slate, there would be few in the world incapable of speaking the language of design. The untaught savage thus records the story of his battles, as the tradition of his fathers have come down to him from generation to generation. He directs the traveller on his way by marks in the sand, tells him by his rude outlines, of mountains and rivers to be passed, and no one can mistake his meaning. Who is there in civilized life, that may have been familiar with works of art from childhood, that cannot do this? If he can do this, he is able to do more. He possesses the germ within him, and needs only proper cultivation to bring it forth.

From the delight as well as profit that awaits them, all may safely be invited and tempted to the study of drawing. They may find difficulties, but they will find pleasures also of the richest kind; they will find flowers blooming along their way, and wonders opening before them at every step; nature unfolding her ample volumes, and displaying combinations of beauty and delight, beyond the power of words to tell of them.

Who has ever hesitated to teach a child to write, because it was not intended to be an author? How many regard the art of drawing as being of no practical importance as a branch of education, to any but professional artists, and consider it in its most favourable light, as a mere accomplishment—a pursuit only for the man of science? Languages, living and dead are taught in schools, while the great universal language—the language of Design—is forgotten.

Besides those in higher classes of society, who receive instruction in drawing—some merely because it is fashionable, others because they find really delight in it,—there are thousands of dependent females, who are compelled to toil hard, to the destruction of health and life; how many there are who possess talent, that needs but cultivation to secure them support. The natural delicacy of the female mind renders it a fruitful soil, that should not be neglected or let run to waste, when its cultivation might realize such rich advantages to them. Give them the advantage of education in drawing, begin in your public schools, let them carry it to their looms, to their manufacture of articles of taste and fancy, to their firesides, to the early education of their children.

What school girl is there whose ambition does not reach to the imitation of natural objects in needlework? and although it may often puzzle the most acute to discover a tree from a broom, or a cat from a squirrel, in her worst picture, yet the taste, the inclination to try is there.—Could she be able to select subjects for imitation from the boundless resources of nature with which she is surrounded—could she have the means and opportunity afforded her by proper instruction of perpetuating the flower she has reared, the home she has been happy in, the resemblance of friends she has loved,—what a new source of intellectual enjoyment would be opened to her. And not to her alone. The influence of that refinement of sentiment and taste that must ever follow, will extend through life, and spread a charm about her which will be seen and felt in all her associations, whatever be her destiny.

Fathers! call not your boys idle fellows when you find them drawing in the sand. Give them chalk and pencil—let them be instructed in design. But you say "I don't want my boy to be an artist." Depend upon it, he will plough a straighter furrow, and build a neater and better fence; and the hammer or the axe will fit his hand the better for it; for from it, no matter what be his calling in life, he will reap advantage. Last, not least, you give him a source of intellectual enjoyment, of which no change of fortune can deprive him, and that may secure his hours of leisure from the baneful influence of low pursuits.

Let this useful and beneficial art therefore, not be considered as a mystery confined to a few gifted, but take its place amongst the other sciences taught in schools. In schools where the teacher is himself deficient in this art, try to employ a man expert in drawing to attend an hour daily for the purpose of the instruction of the pupils, in presence of their regular teacher, who very soon will be able to form a system of instruction himself, and he moreover will have the advantage to improve by practice, and to make the school hours more amusing to his pupils.