

companions in misfortune were sold in the Dardanelles to Turks, though Haji Baba had assured them that he intended to take them to Adrianople, and to dispose of them only to Christians. The greater portion of them, however, were brought to Adrianople. On his arrival, Haji Baba waited upon the consul; as the Christian subjects of the Porte did not dare to deal with him; and he himself was under the same apprehensions of treating openly with him for his slaves. The consul requested to see them. He was conducted to the place where they were confined. He describes it as the most heart-rending scene he had ever beheld. They were the true picture of misery. Pale, emaciated, sickly, dirty, and in rags, they all flocked round him, and, with the most ardent prayers, begged he would redeem them. The voice of misery never pleaded in vain to my kind-hearted friend. He purchased the redemption of the six youngest, four of them (amongst whom was the pretty Marigo) he sent to Mrs. Duveluz, and consigned the care of the two others to his shoemaker, a married man, and an Ionian. In a very few days, through the assistance of the Greek archbishop of Adrianople, together with what he himself could spare, he obtained the liberty of all the poor creatures. Some were comfortably placed in Christian families, and several of the young girls Mr. Duveluz had the satisfaction of marrying well in the town, and of restoring others to their relations, who had escaped to different parts of Greece. Mr. and Mrs. Duveluz brought Marigo's mother to Smyrna in 1828. Her two sons, although the consul offered nine thousand piastres for their ransom, to a Turk at Cassaba, near Smyrna, he could never prevail upon him to sell them, and the Mahometan has since induced them to conform to his religion. Marigo's sister has never been heard of.—*Major Kepple's Journey across the Balkan.*

POLITICAL ANECDOTES.—In Sir John Sinclair's *Reminiscences* we are told an interesting anecdote of the late Lord Melville, which is also curiously illustrative of his illustrious friend Mr. Pitt. "In December 1796, I happened to meet with the noble lord at St. James, when he said to me, 'It is a long time Sir John, since you have been at Wimbledon. Name any time when you can spend a day with us, and we shall be most happy to see you.' By accident I fixed upon the last day of that year. Upon reaching Wimbledon to dinner, I found Mr. Pitt there. Lady Melville and the beautiful Miss Duncan (afterwards Lady Dalrymple Hamilton) were the only ladies present. We spent the evening principally in conversation, but also played a short time at cards, and about eleven we went to bed. As soon as I got up next morning, I proceeded to Mr. Dundas's library, where I found him reading a long paper on the importance of conquering the Cape of Good Hope, to add to the security of our Indian possessions. I said to him, on entering, 'I come Mr. Dundas, to wish you a good new year, and many happy returns of it.' His answer I shall never forget: 'I hope that this year will be happier than last, for I scarcely recollect having spent one happy day during the whole of it.' On this remark the following reflections naturally occurred:—Here I am living in the same house with the two men the most looked up to, and the most envied of any in the country. I have just heard the declaration of the one, and I am convinced that the feelings of the other are not materially different. Can any thing more strongly prove the miseries of political pursuits? After breakfast Mr Pitt asked me to return to London in his carriage, when he immediately commenced a political conversation. He said the finances of the country were getting into a state of great disorder, from the enormous expenses of the war; and he was apprehensive that it would be extremely difficult to raise the necessary supplies for carrying it on much longer. He then added, 'As you have attended so much to those subjects, and have written the history of our finances, I should be glad to have your opinion as to the measures that ought to be pursued at such a crisis.' I suggested the idea of a loyalty loan, and that every individual should be called upon, in proportion to his income, to lend a sum of money to government, at a fair interest according to the rate at the time. He entered at once into the idea; it was subsequently carried into effect, and ultimately produced those taxes on income and property which enabled us

to carry on the war, and to bring it to so happy a conclusion.'

CURVATURE OF THE EARTH.—I remember once when standing in for the British channel, the look-out man on the fore-yard arm said he saw a light on the weather bow. The evening was dark, though clear, with the wind about north, and the sea as smooth as a mill-pond. The light reported was that on the Scilly Islands, then distant from us about fifteen or twenty miles. I was officer of the watch, and being anxious to ascertain that it was not, as so often happens, a star rising in the east, but truly St. Agnes' light, I went up the main rigging, and, sure enough, saw the splendid beacon in question performing its periodical revolutions in fine style. As there was not the slightest swell, I determined to try within what degree of nicety the curvature of the earth could be made sensible to actual observation, and therefore, came slowly down the rigging, ratlin by ratlin, till the light was lost. I then mounted again till it came in sight once more, and so on till it was brought within one step; that is to say, when standing on the upper of two ratlins the light could be seen distinctly, while from the lower one it was not discernable. In order to reduce this to the smallest observable limits, I then stood on the upper ratlin, and bent my body gradually, till the light appeared to go out. By this means it was ascertained that a range of less than six inches was sufficient either to obliterate a small and well-defined object, or to bring it into view.—*B. Hall.*

FROM THE KING'S SECRET. JUST PUBLISHED.

A TOURNAMENT.

'In our Saint's name, good Herald, cut short old Montague's preamble, else will he preach on forever!' cried the King, who had place in the front rank, to the right of the line. The Herald, thus ordered, promptly obeyed, and at his signal the trumpets of the 'Challengers' sounded, and were as loudly replied to from the other end of the course; at the same moment the barriers were once more withdrawn, and the 'Defenders' quickly entering, formed their line.

The Marshall saw the proposed interruption, but it was too late to prevent or remedy that which was already done, without many words, and much loss of time; contenting himself, therefore, with casting a dark look towards the offending Herald, he hastily galloped to his post, followed by his officers, and having seen the lists closed, he loudly gave the word—

'Sound trumpets, cry, heralds, and fare forward, brave knights!'

At that moment both the opposing masses were in active motion, whilst not an after sound was heard but the ringing of armor, and the heavy, regular, trampling of horse.

Giovanni d'Ossat, a tried soldier and accomplished cavalier, had so ordered his force, that, as the front advanced briskly, the two wings should slightly recede thus offering to the long opposing line the point of a wedge formed by the best lances of his party; by whose good help the novelty of this movement, and the great weight he should bring to bear on one point, he looked to penetrate quite through, and divide his adversaries' battle; in which case it was arranged, to bear down, in a body, quickly to their left, upon the right of the other party, (where it was known the king would fight in person,) and, with their whole force, overwhelm this moiety, before they might reform their broken array.

But the wily Italian found himself foiled in wit, where he had only looked to encounter individual and brute force; for the well experienced de Botecourt no sooner beheld the first movement of d'Ossat, than he divined his purpose. Changing, whilst in motion, his line into a column, by rapidly throwing back his left flank, to which he galloped in person, leaving the lead to the king, he avoided the enemies front, and falling on the unexpected face of the wedge, burst through it like a thunderbolt; and here the affair might have been decided, had but the "Challengers" wisely obeyed their leader's voice, and reformed their shaken rank; for full one third of the "Defenders" were overborne, with a loss of some five or six only, of the City's champions.

But hotly horsed, and assured of easy victory, most

of the younger knights, ambitious only of personal distinction—their leader's cry and the trumpet's sound both unheard, or worse, unheeded—bore them each, as he best might, right upon the yet unattained mass before them, to be beaten back from its iron front, as the light spray flies from the face of the fixed rock the mighty wave has burst upon in vain. For, in a minute's space, d'Ossat had repaired, in a great degree, the disaster his rivals' unthought-for penetration and quick action had occasioned.

The Challengers, too, being well nigh composed of foreigners, Flemings, French, and German, most of whom were grown grey in arms, they made up in fact and ready discipline, more than the 'vantage a first glance would but lately have accorded to their less experienced opposers.

It was not until, in these desultory attacks, many of their best were unhorsed, that this party was made sensible of its error, and at the same time found, that their knowledge was gained almost too late, as well as bought too dear; for the Defenders were, now, evidently about, having abided their time, to become in turn, the assailants.

'Up lances, Gentlemen: for God's sake rein back—hard back, even to the barrier!' shouted de Botecourt, actively covering his menaced front, and enforcing his orders—'So, gentlemen, serry your files—nay, yet back, I say—round to the rear, you, Courteney, and Cholmeley; your horses are hard blown.—Fye, fye, your Grace, I did not look for this mad play from you—rein by me, here,'—and the reprov'd monarch silently took the place appointed him, and having back'd till they nearly touched the barrier, the old Knight continued—'So, stand we now fast—halt here, and pass no man from his rank, or we are scattered like chaff, and shamed forever. If we can abide their shock, let them in God's name, go back as they best may—and charge not in turn, I pray ye, without the sword. So, they come—now, down lances and sit fast.'

Down went the long lances at the word, and down, too, came the Defenders on the blown City troop, shouting, cheerfully, their cry of 'd'Ossat! d'Ossat! St. Peter for Rome!' 'Through them, brave Seigneurs! then strike in the gap, with maul and glaive!'

And fearful, in truth, was the gap now made on both sides. Horse and rider came tumbling to the ground; tough lances were shivered like parched reeds, stout shields rent, and helmets burst from their wearers' head, who, heedless of risk, yet struck fiercely in the press.

Leonard now found himself one of the few cavaliers yet left in saddle, after this last shock; and, as his gallant Soldan burst through the dark assailing line before, and with well-planted lance he fairly bore down his antagonist, his heart leaped joyfully within him, for at that moment he heard the clear voice of the King shout, as he spurred by his side—'St. Mary!—a good lance and a better blow!—Wheel thou now short with me, young Borgio, and deal we such another course, for our lady's love, and if these lances again hold it out, I'll head them both with pure gold and hang them over the altar of St. Edmund, in memory of this day. Now cry, a City!—Edward for London!' shouted the gallant monarch, as, with the four or five lances yet about him, he dashed upon full double the number of d'Ossat's party. They met: Leonard's tough lance shivered against the shield of the Knight before, whilst his own was, in turn, riven from his neck: he beheld his adversary fall, and was himself shaken in his seat, when, before he could recover, he felt himself tightly grasped about the body, by a passing rider, and his vexed horse rush fairly from beneath him.

For a moment he was scarce sensible of his true situation, so well and quickly was the feat achieved. Nor was he roused to positive exertion, till he felt his bearer relaxing his hold, in order to cast him to the ground, amidst the loud plaudits of the galleries, to the front of which his captor had borne him, clear of the press.

In that moment of perception, he, by a desperate exertion, grasped, with one hand, the high pommel of the war-saddle under him, casting, at the same time, the other arm tightly about the body of the Knight, whose efforts to snake him off became now furious, but ineffectual. In vain he spurred his mettled horse to a high volt—the fixed, tenacious gripe of the young