

friends' always ready to assist him. The great mass of wayfarers in this arduous course, generally speaking, are like any thing rather than the good Samaritan, for they will seldom help those who either cannot or will not help themselves. We have, at all events, the authority of the parable for supposing that the chances are at least two to one against us, even in the extreme case, when we are left 'half dead;' and it seems not too much to say, that the odds become ten times more unfavorable to us when we are capable enough of assisting ourselves, but rather choose to sit bawling to Mercury to help us out of the mire, instead of placing our own shoulders to the wheel.—*Basil Hall's Fragments.*

ATTACK AND DEFENCE.—The approach of a hostile army, whose columns, glittering with arms, are seen advancing along the plain, and gradually expanding and taking post preparatory to the attack, is an imposing and majestic sight, and well calculated to augment the danger in the excited imagination of those who are quietly waiting the onset. Then increasing report of artillery, followed by the sound of the balls fiercely forcing their way through the resisting air, and every now and then striking down a file or two, whose mangled limbs and agonizing features add fearfully to the trying nature of the scene. The steadier the enemy, whose losses and waverings are no longer discernible as soon as the fire of musketry begins, advances, the more the hearts of the defenders sink and cool, the idea of danger quickly augments, and poor human nature directs all powers of thought to the means of safety. The assailants, on the other hand, derive a sort of wild courage from the very circumstance of advancing; the mere idea of attacking is 'spirit stirring,' and inspires British soldiers with a species of enthusiasm that constantly rendered them victorious, even under the most difficult circumstances, whenever the foe was fairly accessible.—*United Service Journal.*

DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC OF MEN.—It has often been made a subject of dispute, what is the distinguishing characteristic of man. And the answer may, perhaps, be given, that he is the only animal that dresses. He is the only being who is coxcomb enough not to go out of the world naked as he came into it; that is ashamed of what he really is, and proud of what he is not; and that tries to pass off an artificial disguise as himself. We may safely extend the old maxim, and say that it is the tailor that makes both the gentleman and the man. Fine feathers make fine birds—this is the motto of the human mind. Dress a fellow in sheepskin, and he is a clown—dress him in scarlet and he is a gentleman. It is then the clothes that make all the difference; and the moral agent is simply the lay-figure to hang them on. Man, in short, is the only creature in the known world with whom appearances pass for realities, words for things; or that has the wit to find out his own defects, and the impudence and hypocrisy, by merely concealing them, to persuade himself and others that he has them not. Tenier's monkeys habited like monks, may be thought a satire on human nature,—alas! it is a piece of natural history; the meaning of all which is, that a man is the only hypocrite in the creation; or, that he is composed of two natures, the ideal and the physical, the one of which he is always trying to keep a secret from the other. He is the Centaur not fabulous.—*Hazlitt.*

DISCOVERY OF AUSTRALIA.—In the *Terceira Almanack* for the present year, I find, at page 88, a paragraph, the translation of which I send you, to have it published in your paper, in hopes that justice may be done to those who are entitled to the merit of being the first discoverers of the valuable possession of Australia:—As we have alluded to the immense island, of, rather the continent of Australia, the discovery of which the Dutch of the 17th century, claim to themselves, and no Portuguese has yet reclaimed, as our natural glory requires, we shall avail ourselves of the opportunity to mention, that in the library of the convent of the Cartucian friars of Evora exists an authentic atlas, in manuscript, with maps richly coloured, of all the countries in the world, made by Fernao Vaz Dourado, cosmographer, in Goa, in the year 1750. In one of these maps is seen marked the northern coast of Australia, and underneath is written. 'This coast was discovered by Fernao de Magalhaens, a native of Portugal, by orders of the Emperor Charles, in the year 1520; that is, one hundred years before the Dutch saw it. In the same atlas are seen various Portuguese discoveries, the glory of which other nations usurped afterwards.'—*From a Correspondent.*

CHINA.—It is said that shoemakers form the most numerous class of operatives in Canton—they are estimated at 25,000; of weavers, 15,000; of lapidaries 7,000. Above 18,000 boats, of various sizes, trade between Canton and Whampou. The taika, or small boats, in which people live, are said to be upwards of 30,000.

A drama of a singular kind has been brought out at the Cirque Olympique in Paris, entitled *Les Lyons de Mysore*, in which real Lions perform their parts to the great delight of crowded houses; even kangaroos, boars, and other wild animals have been tamed and taught to bear their parts comme des personnes raisonnables.—*Athenæum.*

HEALTH.—The principal secrets of health are early rising, exercise, personal cleanliness, and leaving the table unoppressed.

THE CHASE.

To such of our readers as have not had the gratification of seeing Captain Basil Hall's recently published *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, the subjoined well-wrought narrative will afford great pleasure. The ground-work is a something trifling incident of common occurrences at sea during the time of war; but our gallant author has detailed the various circumstances attendant upon matters of the kind in such an engaging manner, that, in defiance of technicals—which to shore-going folk must necessarily be so many stumbling blocks—we must perforce be 'in at the death.'

It appears that, at the latter end of the year 1810, the *ENDYMION* frigate was ordered out of Cork, in chase of a French privateer which had been seen hovering about the coast. The ship accordingly sailed, and in a few days came in sight of a strange sail, to which she gave chase; but, the wind failing, the stranger, by the aid of her sweeps, for a time escaped. In a few hours, however, a breeze sprung up, and in due time the chase was again in sight.

Before midnight, as the breeze had freshened greatly, and we were going at the rate of nine knots an hour, we had drawn up so much with the privateer that every one could see her with the naked eye, and the gunner with his mates, and the marksmen who had lost their credit on the preceding night, were fidgetting and fussing about the guns, eager to be banging away again at the prize, as they now began, rather prematurely, to call her, little knowing what a dexterous, preserving, and gallant little fellow they had to deal with, and how much trouble he was yet to give us. It was not till about two o'clock that we once more came within good shot of him; and, as it had been alledged, that the guns were fired too quickly the night before, and without sufficient care in pointing, the utmost attention was now paid to laying them properly, and the lanyard of the trigger never pulled till the person looking along the gun felt confident of his aim. The brig, however, appeared to possess the same witch-like, invulnerable quality as ever; for we could neither strike her hull, so as to force her to cry *PECCAVI*, nor bring down a yard, nor lop off a mast or a boom. It was really a curious spectacle to see a little bit of a thing skimming away before the wind, with such a huge monster as the *ENDYMION* tearing and plunging after her, like a voracious dolphin leaping from sea to sea in pursuit of a flying fish. In time this must have ended in the destruction of the brig; for, as we gained upon her rapidly, some of our shot must by and by have taken effect, and sent her to the bottom. She was destined, however, to enjoy a little longer existence. The proper plan, perhaps, would have been to stand on, firing at her shills till we had got within musket shot, and then to have knocked down the helmsman and every one else on her deck. This, however was not our captain's plan, or perhaps he became impatient; at all events, he gave orders for the whole starboard broadside to be got ready, and then, giving the ship a yaw, poured the whole discharge, as he thought, right into his wretched victim! Not a mortal on board the frigate ever expected to see the poor brig again. What, then, was our surprise, when the smoke blew swiftly past, to see the intrepid little cocky gliding away more merrily than before! As far as discipline would allow, there was a general murmur of applause at the Frenchman's gallantry. In the next instant, however, this was converted into hearty laughter over the frigates decks, when, in answer to our thundering broadside, a single small gun, a six-pounder, was fired from the brig's stern, as if in contempt of his formidable antagonists prowess. Instead of gaining by our manœuvre, we had lost a good deal, and in two ways. In the first place by yawing out of our course, we enabled the privateer to gain several hundred yards upon us, and, secondly, his funny little shot, which had excited so much mirth, passed through the lee fore-top-sail yard arm, about six feet inside the boom iron. Had it struck on the windward side where the yard was cracking and straining at a most furious rate, the greater part of the sails on the foremast might have been taken in quicker than we wished, for we were now going at the rate of eleven and a half, with the wind on the quarter. Just as we made out where his first shot had struck us, another cut through the weather main-topgallant sheet; and so he went on, firing away briskly, till most of our lofty sails were fluttering with the holes made in them. His own sails, I need scarcely add, were by this time so completely torn by our shot that we could see the sky through them all; but still he refused to heave to, and, by constantly firing his stern chaser, was evidently resolved to lose no possible chance of escape. Had one or two of his shot struck either of our top-masts, I really believe he might have got off. It therefore became absolutely necessary that we should either demolish or capture him without further loss of time. The choice we left to himself as will be seen. But such a spirited cruiser as this was an enemy worth subduing at any cost, for there was no calculating the mischief a privateer so admirably commanded might have wrought in a convoy. There was a degree of discretion, also, about this expert privateer's man which was very remarkable, and deserving of such favour at our hands as we had to spare. He took care to direct his stern-chaser so high that there was little chance of any of his shot striking any of our people. Indeed, he evidently aimed solely at crippling the masts, knowing right well that it would answer none of his ends to kill or wound any number of his

enemy's crew, while it might irritate their captain to show him less mercy at the last moment, which, as will be seen was fast approaching. The breeze had now freshened to nearly a gale of wind and when the log was heve, out of curiosity, just after the broad side I have described, we were going 12 knots (or between 13 and 14 miles) an hour, foaming and splashing along. The distance between us and the brig was now rapidly decreasing, for most of his sails were in shreds, and we determined, as we said, to bring him to his senses at last. The guns were reloaded, and orders given to depress them as much as possible—that is, to point their muzzles downwards,—but not a shot was to be fired till the frigate came actually alongside of the chase. Such was the poor privateer's sentence of death, severe indeed, but quite necessary, for he appeared resolved never to yield. On we flew, right down upon our prey, like the enormous rock bird of the Arabian Nights. We had ceased firing our bow-chasers, that the smoke might not stand between us and the lesson we meant to read to our resolute pupil, so that there was 'silence deep as death' along our decks, and doubtless on his, for he likewise had intermitted his firing, and seemed prepared to meet his fate, and go to the bottom like a man. It was possible, also, we thought that he might only be watching, even in his last extremity, to take advantage of any negligence on our part which would allow him to haul suddenly across our bows, and by getting on a wind, have a chance of escaping. This chance, it was true, was very small, for not one of his sails were in a condition to stand such a breeze as was now blowing, unless when running nearly before it. But we had seen enough, during the two days we had been together, to apprehend that his activity was at least a match for ours, and that he did not care a fig for shot, he might bend new sails as fast as we could. At all events we were determined to make him surrender, or run him down, such was our duty, and that the Frenchmen knew right well. He waited, however, until our flying jib-boom end was almost over his taffrail, and that the narrow space between us was filled with a confused boiling heap of foam, partly caused by his bows and partly by ours. Then, and not till then, when he must have seen into our ports and along the decks, which were lighted up fore and aft, he first gave signal of surrender. The manner in which this was done by the captain of the privateer was as spirited and characteristic as any part of his previous conduct. The night was very dark; but the ships were so near to one another that we could distinguish the tall figure of a man mount the weather main-rigging of the brig, where he stood erect, with a lantern in his hand, held out at right angles from his body. Had that light not been seen, or its purpose understood, or had been delayed for 20 seconds longer, the frigate mast, almost in spite of herself, have gone right over him, and the salvo of a double-shotted broadside would have done the last and fitting honours over the Frenchman's grave. Even as it was, it cost us some trouble to avoid running him down; for, although the helm was put over immediately, our lee quarter, as the ship flew in the wind, almost grazed his weather gangway. In passing, we ordered him to bring-to likewise. This he did as soon as we gave him room, though we were still close enough to see the effect of such a manœuvre at such a moment. Every stitch of sail he had set, was blown, in one moment, clean out of the bolt-ropes. His haul-yards, tacks and sheets had been all racked aloft, so that every thing not made of canvass remained in its place,—the yards at the mast-heads, and the booms rigged out, where, but a minute before, the tattered sails had been spread. We fared, comparatively speaking, not much better, for although the instant the course was altered, the order was given to let fly the top-sail haul-yards, and every other necessary rope, and although the downhaul-tackles, clewlines, and buntlines were all ready manned, in expectation of this evolution, we succeeded with great difficulty in saving the fore or main-top-sails; but the top-gallant-sails were blown to pieces. All the flying kites went off in a crack, whisking far away to leeward, like dried forest-leaves in autumn. It may be supposed that the chase was now completely over, and that we had nothing more to do than to take possession of our prize. Not at all. It was found next to impossible to board the brig, or, at least, it seemed so dangerous that our captain was unwilling to hazard a boat and crew till day-light came. The privateer, having no sail to keep her steady, became so unmanageable that the sea made a clean breach over all, rendering it out of the question to board her on the weather side. Nor was she more easily approachable to the leeward, where a tangled net-work of broken spars, half-torn sails, shattered booms, and snaking ropes' ends formed such a line of chevaux de frise, from the cat-head to the counter, that all attempts to get near her on that side were useless. The gale increased before morning to such a pitch that, as there was still a doubt if any boat could live, the intention of boarding our prize was, of course, further delayed. But we took care to keep close to her, a little to windward, in order to watch her proceedings as narrowly as possible. It did not escape our notice, in the mean time, that our friend (he was no longer our foe, though not yet our prisoner) went on quietly, even in the height of the gale, shifting his wounded yards, reeving new ropes, and bending fresh sails. This caused us to redouble our vigilance during the morning, and the event showed we had good need for such watchfulness. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the brig having fallen a little to leeward, and a furious squall of wind and rain coming on at the same moment, she suddenly bore up, and set off once more, right before the wind. At the height of the squall we totally lost sight of our prize, and such a hubbub I hardly recollect to have heard in my life before. 'Where is she? Who was looking out? Where did you see her last?' and a hundred similar questions, reproaches, scolds, and the whole of the ugly family of oaths, were poured out in abundance; some on the privateer, whose adroitness had thus overreached our vigilance; some upon those who, by their neglect had given him the opportunity, and many imprecations were uttered merely to express the depth of anger and disappointment at this sudden loss of a good thing, which had cost so much trouble to each. All this passed over in the first burst; sail was made at once; the top-sails, close reefed, were sheeted home like lightning, and off we dashed into the thick of the squall, in search of our lost treasure. At each mast head and at every yard arm, there was planted a look-out man, while the fore-castle hammock-netting was filled with volunteer-glasses. For about a quarter of an hour a dead silence reigned over the whole ship, during which anxious interval every eye was strained to the uttermost, for no one knew exactly where to look. There was indeed no certainty of our not actually running past the privateer, and it would not have surprised us much, when the squall cleared up, had we seen him a mile or two to windward far beyond our reach. These fears were put an end to by the sharp-eyed captain of the fore-top, who had perched himself on the jib