

EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

A SEA SCENE.—In spite of the fog and rain, our new commander relaxed nothing of what may be called the discipline of a cruising ship, however thick the weather might be. At the mast head there was perched a look-out man, with a glass in his hand, ready to peer into any of those curious openings which like fairies' avenues, cut across the wilderness of mist for an instant, and straight are closed again. These transient breaks, which are called by the sailors 'Fog dogs,' I know not why, are generally considered good symptoms of the weather clearing. It was about mid-day of the 24th February, that a momentary glimpse of the southern horizon was afforded us on the lee beam, down one of these singular vistas in the fog. 'Keep a bright look out there in the clear,' cried the Captain to the man standing on the jacks, or little iron cross-trees on which the heel of the royal mast rested, with his arm twisted round the spar, and his eye glued to the telescope. 'Ay, ay sir!' replied the fellow; and instantly afterwards roared out, in a voice that was heard even in the lowest depths of the cock pit, 'I can see two large vessels standing to the eastward!' 'Up with the helm, Mr Falcon!' said the Captain to the officer of the watch; and, catching the bright eye of the delighted boatswain, he cried out 'hands make sail Mr Cedar! Set the stunsails low and aloft—shake all the reefs out!' And then, while three hundred pair of well directed hands were busy in spreading sail after sail upon the old tub, as she was ironically but fondly called, and the foam began to hiss and splash in broad streaks on both sides of her, the captain again applied to the look out man aloft, and asked, 'Where are the two ships now?' 'I can't see them, sir; the fog has filled up the hole again through which I saw them only for one moment. Confound the fog! what did they look like?' 'Very large sir; they loomed in the haze like armed ships. I think I saw a tier of ports in each of them. They are not far off sir—we shall be close aboard of them directly.' 'Beat to quarters!' was the next order, for by this time, although only a few minutes had elapsed, the topsails were at the mast head, and the steering sails smartly run up to the yard arms, and well stretched out to the boom ends, so as not to lose a single puff of the breeze, were making the good ship tremble and spunk along, like an old hunter, conscious of the game. There was not much to do at the guns; as every thing necessary for action was kept at all times in such a state of preparation, that the men merely took their places, cast loose the tackle falls and breaching, and were ready to have dashed right along side of an enemy, without the delay of a minute. In the course of half an hour the fog cleared away entirely, and we discovered the chase to be two frigates, one totally and the other partially dismasted. On our coming nearer, the largest of them displayed on her jury mainmast a huge French ensign. The smaller ship of the two showed the unpleasant signal of capture, the French flag being hoisted over the ensign of England; and we soon recognised in her one of our own squadron, the *Cleopatra*, a 32 gun frigate. She had been taken about a week before, after a tough action with the *Ville de Milan*, a 44 gun frigate of the largest class. What resistance the Frenchman might have made to us, had he not previously got pretty well peppered by the gay little *Cleopatra*, I shall not presume to say; but hampered as he had been, he did not appear to like our double row of teeth, and at once struck, on our firing a shot across his fore foot. —Basil Hall's *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*.

ESPOUSAL OF THE ADRIATIC.—On the return of the conquerors of Lido, Alexander, in person hastened to receive his benefactor and to acknowledge his debt of obligation; and at a solemn ceremony, which continued to be celebrated so long as the republic existed, dates its origin from his gratitude. As soon as Ziani touched the land, the holy father presented him with a ring of gold. "Take," he said, "this ring, and with it take, on my authority, the sea as your subject. Every year, on the return of this happy day, you and your successors shall make known to all posterity that the right of conquest has given the Adriatic to Venice, as a spouse to her husband." Of all the privileges with which the Venetians were then gifted, this papal grant appears to have been cherished by them with the most tenacious pride. The Adriatic is now widowed of her lord; but, during the long course of six hundred years, every fresh return of the feast of ascension witnessed the renewal of the figurative nuptials. The dove and his *clarissimi*, having heard mass

in the church of St. Nicole, embarked on board the gorgeous Bucentaur; a state galley blazing with gold, enriched with costly ornaments, and preserving such fanciful identity with the original fabric as could be obtained by perpetual repair without total reconstruction. Gliding through the canals, amidst festive shouts, and triumphal music, this superb pageant arrived at the shore of Lido, near the mouth of the harbour; and there, the princely bridegroom, dropping a golden ring into the bosom of his betrothed; espoused her with this brief but significant greeting. "We wed thee with this ring, in token of our true and perpetual sovereignty."

FROM POEMS BY H. G. BELL.

ADDRESS TO A PRIMROSE.

FLOWER! thou art not the same to me
That thou wert long ago;
The hue has faded from thy face,
Or from thy heart the glow,—
The glow of young, romantic thoughts,
When all the world was new,
And many a blossom round my path
Its sweet, fresh fragrance threw;
Thou art not what I thought thee then,
Nor ever wilt thou be again.

It was a thing of wild delight,
To find thee on the bank
Where all the day thy opening leaves
The golden sunlight drank,—
To see thee in the sister group
That clustering grew together,
And seemed too delicate for aught
Save summer's brightest weather,
Or for the gaze of Leila's eyes—
Thou happiest primrose 'neath the skies!

I know not what it was that made
My heart to love thee so;
For though all gentle things to me
Were dear long, long ago,
There was no bird upon the bow,
No wild-flower on the lea,
No twinkling star, no running brook.
I loved so much as thee;
I watch'd thy coming every spring,
And hail'd thee as a living thing.

And yet I look upon thee now
Without one joyful thrill;
The spirit of the past is dead,
My heart is calm and still,
A lovelier flower than e'er thou art
Has faded from my sight,
And the same chill that stole her bloom
Brought unto me a blight,
'Tis fitting thou should'st sadder seem,
Since Leila perish'd like a dream!

CURIOUS CUSTOM.—The lace-makers resort to a curious custom to save fuel. "They agree with some farmer, who has several cows in warm winter quarters, to be allowed to carry on their operations, in company with their 'milky mothers.' The cows are tethered in a row, on one side of the apartment, and the lace-makers are seated cross-legged upon the ground, with their feet buried in straw. Opposite each girl, in a small niche in the wall, is a candle, placed behind a clear hemispherical bottle, the flat side of which is towards the candle, and the globular one towards the knitter. This bottle is filled with water, and throws a small stream of strong, pure, white light upon the cushion, which renders the minutest thread of the lace more visible, if possible, than by day. These cow-houses being generally too dark to allow of their ever working without candles, and the cattle being sometimes out in the field by day, the lace-makers prefer working all night. Numbers of young men, of their own rank, resort to these cow-houses, and sit or lie down in the straw, by the cushions of their sweethearts, and sing, tell stories, or say soft things to them all night, to cheer them in their labours."

FRENCH LOVE-MAKING.—French love-making differs very much from our English method. "During courtship, the mother generally sits in the room with the lovers, walks out with them, goes to church

with them, and, in one word, never quits her daughter's side, until she is fairly married. The other day, in a match where the lover was French, the mistress English, the gentleman, some time after he had obtained permission to pay his addresses, petitioned, with much gravity, to be allowed every day, on entering and quitting the house to kiss his mistress's cheek. The favour was granted, and the methodical and conscientious lover never dreaming of overstepping the bounds prescribed, gave his love regularly two kisses per day. The courtship was carried on in French, of which the mother did not understand one word, and the daughter very few; but the diplomacy of love requiring but little aid from language, the business was conducted with facility, and terminated as it ought. If the mother however, left the room for an instant during the courtship, the lover, in the greatest alarm for the honour of his mistress, would start up from the sofa on which they usually sat, and throwing open the door of the apartment, that the person in the next room might have a full view of him, would pace to and fro, or stand as far as possible from the girl, until the duenna returned."

A PICTURE OF WAR.—At Ciudad Rodrigo there was a great deal of bustle: a great many sick and wounded soldiers, their bandages and clothes still bloody: every thing seemed in motion. A Spanish regiment was mounting guard, officers and orderly dragoons arriving and departing in all directions,—everybody seemed to have something to do and was in a hurry. At last we met Lieut. Robe of the Horse Artillery, who told us that the siege of Burgos was raised and that the army was retreating as fast as it could; also, that his father, Colonel Robe, was badly wounded and on his way to Lisbon for England. We waited on the Colonel, who had been hit near the knee by a grape shot, of which he never recovered, but lingered, suffering great pain, for some years. His son was killed at Waterloo, after behaving most gallantly; he was a most promising officer. We stopped that night at Ciudad Rodrigo, and went on next morning, but every thing was in confusion; we could get no quarters nor any thing to eat; the roads were strewn with sick and wounded. Not being attached, we were, in a great measure, our own masters, so halted to rest, as we found it of no use to go any farther, and saw the army pass us. Such a set of scarecrows were never seen; it was difficult to say what they were, as the men's coats were patched with grey; some had blankets over them, and most of them were barefoot; every step they took was up to their knees in mud; women and sick men were actually sticking in it; if a horse, mule or donkey stumbled, there the poor starved (I was going to say half starved) creature fell, stuck fast, and the baggage had to be abandoned. A brigade of artillery that had just come from England, was, with light troops, covering the rear. This brigade had left Lisbon but a short time before, and was in high order; the clothing of the men scarce soiled, and the horses sleek and fat made a strange contrast with the others, especially the company of artillery that had served in the batteries before Burgos. We at first took the latter for prisoners, as they were mostly in French clothing, many of them riding on the carriages, sick and wounded, drawn some by oxen and some by mules and horses. I never saw British soldiers in such a state. Our Lisbon party were broke up; I having got through my provisions, and being without quarters, not being yet attached, thought it best to go where I could get something to eat, so returned to Ciudad Rodrigo; to do this I had to pass over the most shocking roads; they were in a much worse state than when I had passed over them a few days before, and the number of dead men and animals that now lay by the road-side was shocking. I heard my name called from the ditch and looking round I saw an officer lying on the road-side who had been a cadet a few years before at Marston. Some ammunition-carriages going by at the time I got him placed upon one of them; he died that evening, and I buried him soon after, digging the grave myself, with the assistance of one man only; the ceremony was not long, nor the mourners many. I cannot now recollect his name. It had been raining all this time, and I had nothing to eat except the nuts I gathered on the road-side, which I shared with my horse, as he was nearly as badly off as myself, the grass and