

LITERATURE, &c.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE GREEK BARBER.

**** I crossed the ferry to Poros. Now the conveniences for the indulgences of the toilet, situated as I then was, were exceedingly limited; and, seeing the depot of an artist, vulgarly recognised as a barber, abundantly stocked with clean towels and keen-looking razors, I entered, and intimated my wish to have my hair cut, and the performance of other little operations in this line, to the effect that I might be made comfortable. I seated myself complacently upon the bench which was extended round the room, and folded my legs under me with as much grace as the little practice I had had in that position enabled me. Seeing that I was a Frank—Franks pay better than natives—the master of the shop approached me with considerable deference. He was a good-natured looking Greek, particularly neat and trim in his attire. He wore his crimson Phesi jauntily on one side, discovering a great portion of his very clean-shorn temple. His eyebrows were reduced to a beautifully fine curved line, his moustaches, though very large and thick, were balanced to a hair,—in fact, it might be said of him, that he carried the best recommendation to his customer in his face.

From his waist, hung a broad leathern strap, and his girdle was garnished with several razors of very peculiar construction, very narrow in the blade, and firmly fixed in straight wooden handles. He addressed me with an "Orieste Effendi, Ti theless;"—"Command me, Sir!—what is your wish?" I signified my intentions. "Efthese," said he,—"speedily;" and with his left hand, stretching the strap that hung from his middle, he smoothed it down with his right, and ended by giving it two or three smart slaps, that sounded like the smart clap of a rifle. The art of making this noise is as peculiar to the barbers of the East, as cracking a whip is to the French postilion. Having strapped a razor, he removed my cap, and then I thought it high time to enter a remonstrance, saying, that I did not wish to have my head shaved, but simply my hair cut. "I understand you so," said he, "and am going to do it." "But," interrupted I, "surely not with a razor,—have you not got a—" imitating the action of a pair of scissors with my fingers. "Do not be afraid," said he; and a smile of contempt passed over his features, as he without further parley, applied his razor to my devoted head, and scraped therefrom a quantity of hair. "There," said he, "if you are not content, I will send to my uncle Theodore, the tailor, for his shears." I was compelled to submit, though in the full expectation of being scalped at every stroke of his accursed tool. When he pronounced the operation ended, I was not a little surprised to find my hair very decently cut, and myself unhurt.

He then proceed to place under my chin a pewter basin, with a large rim cut out to fit the neck; and, having washed my chin and cheek with his fingers, and rubbed them with a piece of hard soap, he removed the basin, and, putting his foot on the bench on which I sat, he laid my head gently upon his knee. He went on to shave me, not as our barbers do, by drawing the razor towards himself, but by pushing it from him outwards, pinches the skin up into ridges, and taking only at a stroke just the crown of each ridge, making it not only a tedious, but to me an excruciating operation, although, on the other hand, a very perfect one; for the face will remain smooth and beardless for a day or two. They seem to cut about eight-and-forty hours' growth beneath the skin. This ended, he put some questions to me; to which I, having no idea of the consequences, but supposing some matter of course, nodded an assent. He then tucked several towels down my neck and back, and gave me another pewter basin, of the same construction as the first, but much larger. I had before observed a wooden bracket, like an old-fashioned gallows projecting from the wall, over my head, though without suspecting its use. Upon this he suspended a pewter pail, having a stop-cock in the bottom. He then produced a large wooden bowl, containing a quantity of soap, and with a piece of raw silk, made a wash sufficient to wash the whole population of the island. I saw him deposit this on the bench by his side, and bare his arms to the elbow. I witnessed all this preparation with some little anxiety, and even apprehension; but, incumbered as I was by my position and his infernal paraphernalia, he had me completely in his power; and, as to remonstrance, he took an effectual method of cutting short any solecisms I might have committed against the dignity of Greek, by turning the stop-cock of the bucket above me, and, with the speed of thought, came down a bucket of scalding water! I tried to scream, the power of utterance was gone. I would have thrown the basin at him, but then my whole body must have been parboiled; I had nothing left but to endure. At last, the deluge ceased. Now, thought I,—now, thou perfidious barber,—though thou wert even the progenitor of Sir Edward himself!—now will I be revenged of

thee. I will dip thee in thine own copper, and hang thee up to dry like a lathered napkin, as a warning to all detestable craft how they exercise their atrocities upon confiding Frank. But, alas! I opened my eyes, glistening with the fire of fury, but to be quenched with tears of torture. Oh, the lather! the lather! In an instant I was smothered—eyes, nose, ears and mouth—with the very sublimated essence of soap-suds! The souls of the great-grandfathers of all barbers, throughout all generations, must have concentrated their devilish wickedness in this individual. He insinuated the accursed compound into my eyes, he blew it up to my nostrils, he crammed it into my mouth, and thrust it into my ears. Soap suds and hot water! soap suds and hot water!! soap suds and hot water!!! three times over. I can no more; 'tis Alonso's dagger,—

"It rouses horrid images—away with it!"

At last, he took from a dome topped towel horse, that stood in the centre of the room, over a basin of burning charcoal, a hot napkin, which he folded, turban-like, upon my head, while with another, he dried my sodden countenance as well as he could. I was completely subdued—my spirit was broken—he might have tweaked me by the nose, and I could scarce have known it; but yet I wondered why these latter kindnesses were vouchsafed me. Alas! it was only to prolong my existence till I had endured, to their full extent, the enormities the monster yet meditated against me. He took my hand in one of his, and, placing the other upon my shoulder, suddenly extended my arm, making every joint crack. The other arm——. But I hasten over this part of my narrative; the remembrance is too painful to dwell upon. He took possession of my head, and causing it to perform a *roulade*, after the fashion of our harlequin, he gave it such a dexterous twist on one side, producing a report that sounded to my hearing, (almost the only faculty I had left,) like the crack of doom! I thought the whole vertebral column was dislocated. He then placed me upright, my back against the wall, retreated some three or four paces, and, raising his hands, rushed with outspread palms against my chest, with such force as to cause the involuntary ejaculation of ha! as loud as an Irish pavior. The measure of his iniquity now being full, he called for a tchibouque and a cup of coffee, and presenting them to me in the most obsequious manner, this most obsequious perpetrator of all these atrocities had the impudence to wish me a good health and many ages.

FROM THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

ODE TO THE GERMANS.

THE Spirit of Britannia,
Invokes across the main,
Her sister Allemania
To burst the tyrant's chain;
By our kindred blood she cries,
Rise, Allemanians, rise,
And hallowed thrice the band
Of our kindred hearts shall be,
When your land shall be the land
Of the free—of the free!

With Freedom's lion-banner
Britannia rules the waves;
Whilst your BROAD STONE OF HONOUR*
Is still the camp of slaves.
For shame, for glory's sake,
Wake, Allemanians, wake,
And the tyrants now that whelm
Half the world, shall quail and flee,
When your realm shall be the realm
Of the free—of the free!

Mars owes to you his thunder,†
That shakes the battle field,
Yet to break your bonds asunder
No martial bolt has peal'd.
Shall the laurelled land of Art
Wear shackles on her heart?
No! the clock ye fram'd to tell,
By its sound, the march of time,
Let it clang Oppression's knell
O'er your clime—o'er your clime!

The Press's magic letters—
That blessing ye brought forth,—
Behold! it lies in fetters
On the soil that gave it birth:
But the trumpet must be heard,
And the charger must be spurred;
For your father Anmin's sprite
Calls down from heaven, that ye
Shall gird you for the fight,
And be free!—and be free!

* Ehrenbreitstein signifies in German, 'the broad stone of honour.'

† Germany invented gunpowder, clock making, and printing.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

DESCRIPTION OF A SHARK FIGHT.—My hawk-eyed Arab now pointed out to me a line of dark spots, moving rapidly in the water, rounding the arm of the sea, and entering the great bay. At first, I thought they were canoes capsized, coming in keel uppermost; but the Arab declared they were sharks, and said; "The bay is called Shark's Bay; and their coming in from the sea is an infallible sign of bad weather." A small pocket

telescope convinced me they were large blue sharks. I counted eight; their fins and sharp backs were out of the water. After sailing majestically up the great bay till they came opposite the mouth of a smaller one, they turned towards it in a regular line; one, the largest I had seen any where, taking the lead, like an admiral. He had attained the entrance, with the other seven following, when some monster arose from the bottom, near the shore, where he had been lurking, opposed his further progress, and a conflict instantly ensued. The daring assailant I distinguished to be a sword-fish, or sea-unicorn, the knight-errant of the sea, attacking every thing in its domain; his head is as hard and as rough as a rock, out of the centre of which grows, horizontally, an ivory spear, longer and far tougher than any warrior's lance; with this weapon he fights. The shark, with a jaw larger and stronger than a crocodile's, with a mouth deeper and more capacious, strikes also with his tail, in tremendous force and rapidity, enabling him to repel any sudden attack by confusing or stunning his foe, till he can turn on his back, which he is obliged to do ere he can use his mouth. The wily and experienced shark, not daring to turn and expose his more vulnerable parts to the formidable sword of his enemy, lashed at him with his heavy tail, as a man uses a sail, working the water into a syllabub. Meanwhile, in honour, I suppose, or in the love of fair play, his seven compatriot sharks stood aloof, lying to with their fins, in no degree interfering in the fray. Frequently I could observe, by the water's eddying in concentric ripples, that the great shark had sunk to the bottom, to seek a refuge there, or elude his enemy by beating up the sand, or, what is more probable, by this manoeuvre to lure the sword-fish downwards, which, when enraged, will blindly plunge its armed head against a rock, in which case its horn is broken; or if the bottom is soft, it becomes transfixed, and then would fall an easy prey. De Ruyter, while in a country vessel, had her struck by one of these fish, (perhaps mistaking her for a whale, which, though of the same species, it often attacks,) with such velocity and force, that its sword passed completely through the bow of the vessel; and having been broken by the shock, it was with great difficulty extracted. It measured seven feet, about one foot of it, the part attached to the head was hollow, and the size of my wrist; the remainder was solid, and very heavy, being indeed, the exquisite ivory of which the eastern people manufacture their beautiful chess-men. But to return to our sea-combat, which continued a long time, the shark evidently getting worsted. Possibly the bottom, which was clear, was favourable for his enemy; whose blow, if he succeeds in striking while the shark is descending, is fatal. I think he had struck him, for the blue shark is seldom seen in shoal or discoloured water; yet now he floundered on towards the bottom of the bay, madly lashing the water into foam, and rolling and pitching like a vessel dismasted. For a few minutes his conqueror pursued him, then wheeled round and disappeared, while the shark grounded himself on the sand, where he lay writhing and lashing the shore feebly with his tail. His six companions, with seeming unconcern, wore round, and slowly moving down the bay, returned by the outlet at which they had entered. Hastening down to the scene of action, I saw no more of them. My boat's crew were assembled at the bottom of the bay, firing muskets at the huge monster as he lay a-ground; before I could join them he was despatched, and his dead carcass laid on the beach like a stranded vessel.

THE COMPOSITOR.—Let not the compositor be con-

founded with the printer or pressman. These two agents of a most marvellous art are separated by an immense interval in typographical importance. The one presides over the first transformation which speech undergoes—the other only directs the machine, which repeats it in a thousand echoes. Mechanism already begins to deprive the latter of his occupation, without his assistance the ink is now spread over the types; without his aid the paper is placed upon the form, slid under the press, and given forth by the mute instrument, with the stamp of thought and the voice of genius. Thus the pressman finds his department invaded by a workman more laborious than himself, and not like him, subject to hunger, fatigue, and sleep. The compositor is beyond such competition; he may delay the power of matter to supply the place of his intellectual activity. There can exist no subtle combination of springs and wheels to enable the fingers of an automation to seize the characters which correspond with the written word, and arrange them in the composing-stick; for to do this, the automation must be able to read. See the compositor in action, his eyes fixed upon the manuscript, and scarcely paying attention to the motion of his fingers—and you readily infer, from the intelligence of his look, and the expression of his countenance, that in him the mind alone is at work, whilst his right hand, which goes from the case to the composing-stick and back again to the case, seems but to follow the poise of his body. To read well is a very important part of the compositor's duties, and is the more difficult, because the literati and men of science who intrust their works to him, neglect for the most part, to write legibly. I speak not here of those who leave to him the care of punctuation, sometimes even that of correcting their violations of grammar and orthography. What services does he not render to ungrateful authors, who repay them in calumny, and impose upon him in their ERRATA the responsibility of their own blunders, which they term typographical errors, or negligence of the corrector? If this vanity had likewise the resource of ERRATA, how many correct sentences might he not claim, substituted in the proof for the original solecism? It may readily be imagined, that the compositor must come to his first apprenticeship in typography with a mind stored with all the elementary knowledge necessary for any literary profession. He must be grammatically acquainted with his own language, and according to the kind of work he has to do, must be conversant with, at least, the nomenclature of the science treated of in the manuscript before him. More than one compositor, it is true, has learned whilst composing, as more than one author has done whilst writing. A printing-office is a school of universal knowledge; it was there Beranger felt the first throbs of poetic inspiration, and he learned orthography in the exercise of a calling which was the first occupation of Franklin. Such are the general outlines of a compositor's life; but in this calling, as in every other, there are exceptions and individualities. I could name the man who reads his manuscript without understanding it, without seizing the idea expressed by the characters which his fingers have assembled, like the tapestry workmen at the Gobelins, who does not see the masterpiece he is producing. I could indicate another whom I could vouch for as prudent, economical, and of regular habits—he is upwards of thirty, and has a wife and children. He is preparing to become a