

the kitchen, the boy came in chuckling and laughing, and rubbing his hands with the utmost expression of delight. When asked what made him so happy, he said, he had been playing John Wright a clever trick. John Wright was always tricking him, now he had tricked John Wright. 'John Wright's sleepin', and I've hidden his head in the barrel of feathers, and when he wakens I'm sure he'll not be able to find it.' A glance at the boy showed his hands bloody; the people started up and rushed into the barn, where their worst fears were more than confirmed by the awful spectacle of the headless body lying in a loch of blood; the poor creature having, as he said, cut off the unhappy man's head with his own axe, and hid it in a tub of feathers!—Real Life.

APPEARANCE OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—While Lord Grey was replying, and for a short time before the division, the House of Lords had a curious and interesting appearance, marking most strongly, the importance of the question on which their Lordships were about to decide, as well as the sacrifices which some of them were content to make in support of their opinions. On both sides were to be seen the aged and the infirm, evidently suffering under the greatest mental and bodily exhaustion, yet firmly maintaining their posts up to the hour of trial; and such of them as were of the party of the Premier, rousing themselves ever and anon to the exertion of a vigorous cheer, in approbation of the sentiments that fell from him. The pale and agitated expression of their faces, rendered yet more striking by the strange mixture of the rays of the sun with the light from the half-extinguished chandeliers, contrasted with the eager and anxious feelings exhibited in the countenances of the strangers in the gallery, and the members of the Commons below the bar, presented altogether a picture such as few, who had an opportunity of contemplating it, will, perhaps, ever and erased from their memory. The Lord Chancellor, weak from recent illness, and bowed down with the effort of speaking, and the fatigues of the sitting, seemed peculiarly an object worthy of compassion; while the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, asleep, on one side, with his head leaning on the Chancellor's shoulder, and Lord Holland endeavouring, but with difficulty, to support himself on the other, afforded a spectacle such as few have ever before witnessed in that house. The peeresses, who were present in great numbers at the very commencement of the evening, remained even to the last, and their faded colour, when they retired on the exclusion of strangers, afforded abundant evidence of the sacrifice of health and beauty which the noxious atmosphere had exacted from them as the price of the mental gratification of the night. The house divided at twenty-five minutes to seven; at seven, expresses were on their way to every part of the empire, and of the continent, with the tidings of the second reading of the bill.

A SAILOR'S DEPARTURE AND ARRIVAL.—Oh! the joy, the relief, unspeakable of feeling one's self fairly under weigh, and of seeing the white cliffs of old England sink fast in the north-eastern horizon right to windward! Let the concoctors of romances and other imaginary tales say what they please of the joys of returning home; give me the happiness of a good departure, and a boundless world of untried enjoyments ahead. If a man be out of debt and out of love, or only moderately involved in either of these delicate predicaments; if he have youth, and health, and tolerable prospects, a good ship under his foot; a good officer above him, and good mess-mates to serve with, why need he wear and tear his feelings about those he leaves behind? Or, rather, why need he grieve to part from those who are better pleased to see him vigorously doing his duty than idling in other people's way at home? Or wherefore should he sigh to leave those enjoyments in which he cannot honourably participate till he has earned his title to them by hardy service? On the other hand, who is there so sensible as not to feel the deepest apprehension—very often, as I know, by sad experience, almost devoid of a single drop of pleasure—on returning from a long and distant voyage? How can he tell in what condition the friends from whom he parted so long ago, and of whom he may, perhaps, not have heard a word for many a long season of anxiety? It is not probable, that his busy fancy will conjure up many more images of death and sickness, of losses and sorrows, than it can paint pictures of health, good fortune, and happiness? And will it ever happen, if the interval of absence have been long, that some of these gloomy forebodings will not be realized? May it not prove but too often the case, that those who, from being the dearest to us, we had ingeniously and fondly exempted from the fatal doom, are its first victims? Indeed, I have, on these occasions, been grieved and irritated at myself for canvassing beforehand, in my own mind, and in spite of every effort to change the current of my thoughts, which of all the friends, in

whom I was interested I could consent to lose with the least regret! And when the pile of accumulated letters is first placed in our hands, after a voyage, with what sickening eagerness do we not turn from the superscription to discover the colour of the seal?—Captain Basil Hall's Fragments.

WONDERFUL MEMORY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—His memory, or, perhaps, I should say, his recollection, surpasses that of all men whom I ever knew. I saw a pleasant instance of it recorded lately in Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope;" but I think I can relate a more extraordinary one. He and Skene of Rubislaw and I were put out one night, about midnight, leistering kippers in Tweed, and, on going to kindle a light at the Elibank Marsh, we found, to our inexpressible grief, that our coal had gone out. To think of giving up our sport was out of the question; so we had no other shift save to send Bob Fletcher home all the way through the darkness, the distance of two miles, for another fiery peat. While Fletcher was absent, we three sat down on a piece of beautiful green sward on the brink of the river, and Scott desired me to sing him my ballad of "Gilmansleuch." Now, be it remembered, that this ballad had never been either printed or penned. I had merely composed it by rote; and, on finishing it, three years before, I had sung it once over to Sir Walter. I began it at his request; but at the eighth or ninth verse I stuck in it, and could not get on with another line; on which he began it a second time, and recited it every word from beginning to end. It being a very long ballad, consisting of eighty-eight stanzas, I testified my astonishment. He said, that he had lately been out on a pleasure party on the Forth, and that, to amuse the company, he had recited both that ballad and one of Southey's, (The Abbot of Aberbrothock,) both of which ballads he had only once heard from their respective authors; and he believed he had recited them both without misplacing a word.—Hogg's Altrive Tales.

LAST WORDS OF LORD BYRON.

"I must sleep now."—BYRON.

The splendour of the Poet's lyre—
The eloquence of fame—
The spirit's intellectual fire—
The glory and the name—
The eagle wing that leaves behind,
The proud stars in its flight—
The power—the energy—the mind
Unutterably bright.

The heart that sheds its own bright hues,
And sings its own sweet strain;
Imagination's gorgeous views—
(That rainbow of the brain!)
Are all but transcripts of one truth—
Reflections of one ray—
And speak to man, and hint to youth,
Of future dust—decay!

Sleep!—with thy glory round thy head—
Far from the grasp of wrong;
Sleep!—mightiest of the mighty dead—
Thou idolized of Song!
Sleep!—thou hast won a living tomb,
Within the heart's warm core;
Not grief, nor care, nor blight, nor gloom,
Shall ever reach thee more!

I fling my young song like a leaf,
On Time's disastrous stream;
To find existence frail and brief,
The record of a dream;
But earth shall be a thing forgot—
Existence but a name—
When British hearts remember not
Thy genius and thy fame!

Sleep!—in thy majesty alone—
No earthly shroud is thine;
Sleep!—with a kingdom for thy throne—
With Nature for thy shrine!
Sleep! till the voice of Ages wake,
The glorious and the brave,
Sleep, till Eternity shall break
The slumber of the grave!

FROM LANDERS' TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

DISGUISED PRACTICE.—The messenger of the King of Katsanga arrived this morning, and came to see us in the afternoon, accompanied by a friend. We regaled him with a glass of rum, the first mouthful whereof he quitted from his own into the mouth of his associate, and vice versa. This is the first time we have witnessed this dirty and disgusting practice.

CURIOUS AFRICAN ORDEAL.—Justice is not unfrequently administered at Baddagry by means of a large wooden cap, having three corners, which is placed to the head of a culprit at the period of his examination. This fantastic work of mechanism, no doubt by the structure of internal springs, may be made to move and shake without any visible agent, on the same principle as the enchanted Turk, or any other figure in our puppet-shows. It is believed the native priests alone are in the secret. Whilst this cap is observed to shake, whilst on the head of a suspected person, he is condemned without further evidence being required; but, should it remain without any perceptible motion, his innocence is apparent, and he is forthwith acquitted. The fame of this wonderful cap makes a great fuss in the town, and as many

marvellous stories are told of it here as were related in England a century or two ago of the famous brazen head of Roger Bacon. A respectable man, the chief of French Town, was tried by the ordeal of the cap a short time since, for having, it was alleged, accepted a bribe of the Lagos Chieftain to destroy Aduoley, by poison. The fatal cap was no sooner put on his head than it was observed to move slightly, and then to become more violently agitated. The criminal felt its motion, and was terrified to such a degree that he fell down in a swoon. On awakening, he confessed his guilt, and implored forgiveness, which was granted him by Aduoley, because, it was said, of his sorrow and contrition, but really no doubt of his birth and connexions.

DISFIGURED WOMEN.—Many of the Women of Bidjie have the flesh on their foreheads risen in the shape of marble, and their cheeks similarly cut up and deformed. The lobes of their ears are also pierced, and the holes made surprisingly large, for the insertion of pieces of ivory and wood into them, which is a prevailing fashion with all ranks.

RED AFRICAN.—To our infinite astonishment, we saw a middle aged woman, sitting on the road side, the colour of whose skin was, naturally, as bright a red as a piece of our own scarlet cloth. We were informed she was in good health; but we were in too great a hurry to ask her any questions, or to take a nearer view of her person. Indeed, our guide seemed much disinclined to go within a hundred yards of her. She was a most singular looking being.

FALATAH WOMEN.—A company of women and girls from the Falatah village of Aoba, impelled by a curiosity so natural to their sex, came likewise to see us in the afternoon but their society, instead of being disagreeable, as the company of all our visitors proved to be, was hailed by us with pleasure. For these females are so modest and so retiring, and evince so much native delicacy in their whole behaviour, that they excited in us the highest respect. Their personal attractions are no less winning. They have fine sparkling jetty eyes, with eyelashes dark and glossy as the raven's plume. Their features are agreeable, although their complexions are tawny. Their general form is elegant, their hands small and delicate; and the peculiar cleanliness of their persons, and neatness of dress added to these, rendered their society altogether as desirable as that of their neighbours was disagreeable. On returning to our lodgings, we had the pleasure of receiving the morning salutation of our fair friends, the Falatahs, on bended knees. Resolved to have another and a last chat with the white strangers, these females had come for the purpose of offering us two calabashes of new milk. This, and former little acts of kindness, which we have received from these dark-eyed maidens, have effectually won our regard, because we know they were disinterestedly given; and the few minutes we have had the pleasure of spending in their company, and that of their countrymen, have redeemed many hours of listlessness and melancholy, which absence from our native country, and the thoughts of home and friends, but too often excite in our breast. It was, therefore, not without a feeling of sorrow that we bade them adieu. For my own part, when they blessed me in the name of Alla and their prophet, and implored blessings on my head, and, when I gazed upon the faces of the simple-hearted and innocent females who had so piously and fervently invoked the benediction, with the consciousness of beholding them no more in this life, my heart was touched with sorrow; for, of all reflections, this is certainly the most melancholy and dispiriting!

'Ye who have known what 'tis to dote upon

A few dear objects, will, in sadness, feel

Such partings break the heart they fondly hoped to heal.'

NATIVE GRATITUDE.—We had travelled about half a mile from the wall of Kiama, when, looking behind us, we observed a great fat woman running after us at her full speed. She soon overtook us, almost breathless with the exertion. We then found, that the object of her care was to present us with a bowl of new milk, which she had neglected to bring in time for us before we set out. From the violence of her exertions, her whole person was thrown into the utmost disorder imaginable. This woman is a favourite singer to the king, and had supplied us with milk and provisions two or three days before our departure, for which we gave her a few trifling articles in payment; these, it appears, had produced so sensible an effect on her, that, when taking leave of us last evening, she began to shed tears, and sobbed aloud. This was now renewed, and we were obliged to spur on our horses to spare our feelings. We were afterwards told, that the woman's sorrow was only feigned in our presence for the purpose of obtaining a reward, and that she has always an abundance of tears at command.

AN AFRICAN PRIEST.—The fetish priest of the town came dancing into our hut this afternoon, looking exceedingly wild, and rearing as if possessed of an evil spirit. We paid little attention to the fellow's follies, who, not liking his reception, left the hut, after we had given him the accustomed fee of a few cowries. The man's person and dress, together with its whimsical ornaments, were admirably fitted to impose on the credulity and superstition of the inhabitants, although many of the town's people, influenced, perhaps, by the spreading doctrines of Mahomet, spoke their minds pretty freely, calling him a scoundrel and a devil. There was something peculiar in the priest's countenance that we could not define. On his shoulders he bore a large club, carved at one end with the figure of a man's head. A vast number of strings of cowries were suspended on this weapon, which were intermixed with bells, broken combs, small pieces of wood, with rude imitations of men's faces cut on them, large sea-shells, bits of iron and brass, rattles, &c. Perhaps the number of cowries on his person did not fall short of twenty thousand; and the weight of his various ornaments almost pressed him to the ground.

STRENGTH OF THE AFRICANS.—Burdened with them, as with the natives of many parts of the continent, are invariably carried on the head, which, it is more than likely, occasions that dignified uprightness of form and stateliness of walk so often spoken of by those acquainted with the pleasing peculiarities of the African female. The weight of a feather is borne on the head in preference to its being carried in the hand, and it not unfrequently requires the united strength of three men to lift a calabash of goods from the ground to the head of a man, and then, and not till then, does the amazing strength of the African appear.

SINCE THE FANCY.—We saw a black woman, who, although she was yet cool and pleasant, and, as we were told, before eleven o'clock in the forenoon, she had an extraordinary amount of fancy, that white skin was found of country to an extent, inasmuch