

tion, that they may meditate on their approaching end, and repent them of their sins. Seeing things drawing to an extremity, the old governor determined to attend to the affair in person. For this purpose, he ordered out his carriage of state, and, surrounded by his guards, rumbled down the avenue of the Alhambra into the city. Driving to the house of the escribano, he summoned him to the portal. The eye of the old governor gleamed like a coal at beholding the smirking man of the law advancing with an air of exultation. "What is this I hear," cried he, "that you are about to put to death one of my soldiers?" "All according to law—all in strict form of justice," said the self-sufficient escribano chuckling and rubbing his hands. "I can show your excellency the written testimony in the case." "Fetch it hither," said the governor. The escribano bustled into his office, delighted with having another opportunity of displaying his ingenuity at the expense of the hard-headed veteran.

He returned with a satchel full of papers, and began to read a long deposition with professional volubility. By this time, a crowd had collected, listening with outstretched necks and gaping mouths. "Pry thee, man, get into the carriage, out of this pestilent throng, that I may the better hear thee," said the governor. The escribano entered the carriage, when, in a twinkling, the door was closed, the coachman smacked his whip—mules, carriage, guards and all, dashed off at a thundering rate, leaving the crowd in gaping wonderment; nor did the governor pause until he had lodged his prey in one of the strongest dungeons of the Alhambra. He then sent down a flag of truce in military style, proposing a cartel or exchange of prisoners—the corporal for the notary. The pride of the captain-general was piqued; he returned a contemptuous refusal, and forthwith caused a gallows, tall and strong to be erected in the centre of the Plaza Nueva, for the execution of the corporal. "Oho! is that the game?" said Governor Manco. He gave orders and immediately a gibbet was reared on the verge of the great beetling bastion that overlooked the Plaza. "Now," said he, in a message to the captain-general, "hang my soldier when you please; but at the same time that he is swung off in the square, look up to see your escribano dangling against the sky." The captain-general was inflexible; troops were paraded in the square; the drums beat; the bell tolled. An immense multitude of amateurs had collected to behold the execution. On the other hand, the governor paraded his garrison on the bastion, and tolled the funeral dirge of the notary from the Torre de la Campana, or Tower of the Bell. The notary's wife pressed through the crowd with a whole progeny of little embryo escribanos at her heels, and throwing herself at the feet of the captain-general, implored him not to sacrifice the life of her husband, and the welfare of herself and her numerous little ones, to a point of pride; "for you know the old governor too well," said she, "to doubt that he will put his threat into execution, if you hang the soldier!" The captain-general was overpowered by her tears and lamentations, and the clamours of her callow brood. The corporal was sent up to the Alhambra, under a guard, in his gallow's garb, like a hooded friar, but with head erect, and a face of iron. The escribano was demanded in exchange, according to the cartel. The once bustling and self-sufficient man of the law was drawn forth from his dungeon more dead than alive. All his flippancy and conceit had evaporated; his hair, it is said, had turned nearly grey with affright, and he had a downcast, dogged look, as if he still felt the halter round his neck. The old governor stuck his one arm a-kimbo, and, for a moment, surveyed him with an iron smile. "Henceforth, my friend," said he, "moderate your zeal in hurrying others to the gallows; be not too certain of your safety, even though you should have the law on your side; and, above all, take care how you play off your schoolcraft another time upon an old soldier."

PLAIN OF INDOSTAN.—Throughout the whole of this vast plain, the process of cultivation has effectually rooted out the original productions of nature, to substitute plants and grains studiously fitted for human use. Even under the most careful management, few of those delicate and exquisite shrubs are reared which have given celebrity to the vegetable kingdom of the East. Here are quite unknown those aromatic gales which perfume the lilly shores of Malabar and the oriental islands. Its staples consist of solid, rich, useful articles, such as are produced by strong heat acting on a deep, moist, and fertile soil,—rice, the eastern staff of life; sugar, the most generally used of dietic luxuries, opium, whose narcotic qualities have made it everywhere so highly prized; indigo, the most valuable substance used in dyeing; and, in the drier tracts, cotton, which clothes the inhabitants of the East, and affords the material of the most delicate and beautiful fabrics. This entire subjection to the plough or the spade, joined to the want of variety in the surface, gives to this

great central region a tame and monotonous aspect. Baber, its conqueror, complains in his memoirs of the uniform and uninteresting scenery which everywhere met his eye, and looks back with regret to the lofty cliffs, the green slopes, and murmuring streams of his native land.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library, No. VI. History of British India, Vol. I.*

FEMALE PROWESS.—The siege of Diu is considered one of the most memorable in the annals of Portuguese domination in India. Exploits of the most daring valour were achieved, the women vying with the other sex in courage and enthusiasm. Donna Isabella de Vega assembled the females within the fort, and representing that all the men were required to bear arms against the enemy, induced them to undertake the laborious task of repairing the works shattered by the incessant fire of the batteries. Ann Fernandez, lady to a physician, ran from post to post, even while the assault was hottest, cheering and encouraging the soldiers; and her son falling in one of the attacks, she carried away his body, then returned to the scene of combat, and remained till the close, when she went to perform his obsequies.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library, No. VI. History of British India, Vol. I.*

THE STRANGER.

A stranger came to a rich man's door,
And smiled on his mighty feast;
And away his brightest child he bore,
And laid her toward the East.

He came next spring, with a smile as gay,
(At the time the East wind blows,)
And another bright creature he led away,
With a cheek like a burning rose.

And he came once more, when the spring was blue,
And whispered the last to rest,
And bore her away,—yet nobody knew
The name of the fearful guest!

Next year, there was none but the rich man left,—
Left alone in his pride and pain,
Who called on the Stranger, like one bereft,
And sought through the land,—in vain!

He came not; he never was heard nor seen
Again; (so the story saith.)
But, wherever his terrible smile had been,
Men shuddered, and talked of—Death!

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE LITTLE VOICE.

Once there was a little Voice,
Merry as the month of May,
That did cry 'Rejoice! Rejoice!
Now—'tis flown away!

Sweet it was, and very clear,
Chasing every thought of pain:
Summer! shall I ever bear
Such a voice again?

I have pondered all night long,
Listening for as soft a sound;
But so sweet and clear a song,
Never have I found!

I would give a mine of gold,
Could I hear that little Voice,—
Could I, as in days of old,
At a sound rejoice!

BARRY CORNWALL.

FROM THE LONDON ATHENEUM.

SECRETS IN ALL TRADES.

A Sketch, by John Poole.

It was nearly two years since I had last paid a visit to a favourite summer retreat of mine—the *** inn,—(as the character I am about to introduce is a real, existing personage, I must be allowed this slight touch of my mysteriousness,—on the road between London and Cambridge. The rooms I usually occupied overlooked a spacious lawn and shrubbery at the back part of the house, bounded by an amphitheatre of rising ground, well wooded with firs and other sheltering trees; so that, for all the purposes of quiet and seclusion, I was as well circumstanced in this public inn, as I could have been in the most private dwelling in the most remote corner of England. In addition to this advantage, my frequent visits had familiarized me with all the great dignitaries of the establishment—meaning thereby, Burley (the landlord) and his wife; Tim, the head-waiter; and Patty Ash, the head chambermaid.—I was therefore always sure of the best rooms, the best attendance, the best-fired bed, and the best wine—yes, certainly the best wine—the house could supply. With respect to the last commodity, I must admit that I never tried my friend Burley's cellar more than twice; for finding that his 'best port,' and his 'other port,' and his 'different sort of port,' and his sherry, and madeira, and claret, and burgundy, and champagne, were alike detestable, I always pleaded the orders of my physician, and took refuge in negus or cold punch. Well! the other morning, the fineness of the weather acting powerfully in concert with the Cockney attack of the season—a longing to look at green trees—I bethought me of the *** inn, jumped into a Cambridge coach, and in little more than two hours found myself within ten miles of my place of destination. Here the coach stopped to lunch; and of the time allowed for the performance of that operation I intended to avail myself, in order to

examine the literary treasures of the churchyard, which was invitingly situated on the opposite side of the road.

Scarcely had I entered this silent city of the dead, when I perceived, on an elevated tomb, at a short distance before me, a man reading a newspaper. He was in the reclining attitude of a river-god. The instant he saw me he leaped from his pedestal, and, with many a low bow, approached me. He was a short, round person, with a good-humoured red face, and an eye twinkling and blinking with a sort of grave drollery. His light hair was combed smoothly over his forehead; and, to complete the portrait, I must add, that he wore a straw hat, a pepper-and-salt coat, white waistcoat, yellow silk neckerchief, brown corded breeches, and top-boots. It was no other than my friend Burley himself.

After a brief interchange of expressions of astonishment at our meeting in such a place, I told him I was going on to pass a few days with him at the—

'Why, bless my soul Sir!—don't you know, Sir?—I've left business these six months, Sir! Realized enough for me and Mrs. B. to live upon—no chicks, you know Sir; made over the concern to Tim, who has married Patty Ash,—a relation of Mrs. B.'—and bought a cottage just off the road here, Sir No, no, Sir; if I were still in business, you wouldn't see me taking my pleasure on a tomb-stone at this time of the day, Sir? And, as was usual with him, he accompanied each 'Sir' with a low bow.

'I congratulate you on your retirement, Burley. But you must have had a windfall, or made some lucky hit in other ways than trade; for you hadn't been many years in possession of the—

'No, Sir; all plain sailing, I assure you Sir; merely minding my P's and Q's; and above all Sir, MY—SYSTEM—SIR: the double L. B.'s.'

'The double L. B.'s!'

'Yes, Sir; long bows, Sir—long bills, Sir: you can't have a notion of its value Sir, but I know it by experience, Sir. Make a gentleman a very low bow when you give him a rather longish bill, and he's as much satisfied as if you took off twenty per cent, Sir. I don't mind letting you into the secret Sir, now I'm out of the concern; because you were always a patron of mine, Sir, and because I know you are a sort of enquirer into what we may call human nature Sir;—Eh, Sir?'

'Thank'e for your confidence, Burley. But pray, now, add to the obligation by informing me upon one other point. Although the service and accommodations of your house were generally unexceptionable, how was it you could command any custom at all, considering that your wines were, to say the best of them, execrable?'

'Bless my soul!—dear me, Sir! Well, that's astonishing!—Why, Sir, I seldom had any complaint about my wines; I assure you, Sir, my wines gave general satisfaction—Especially to the young Gentlemen from Cambridge, Sir? And, as with comical gravity he said this, he made a bow much lower than usual.

You can't deny it, Burley: your wines of all kinds were detestable—port, madeira, claret, champagne—

'There now, Sir! to prove how much gentlemen may be mistaken! I assure you, Sir, as I'm an honest man, I never had but two sorts of wine in my cellar—port and sherry.'

How! when I myself have tried your claret, your—

'Yes Sir—my claret Sir. One is obliged to give gentlemen every thing they ask for, Sir; gentlemen who pay their money, Sir, have a right to be served with whatever they may please to order, Sir, especially the young gentlemen from Cambridge, Sir. I'll tell you how it was Sir. I never would have any wines in my house, Sir, but port and sherry, because I KNEW THEM to be wholesome wines Sir; and this I will say, Sir, my port and sherry were THE—VERY—BEST I could procure in all England—'

'How! the BEST?'

'Yes Sir—At the Price I paid for them. But to explain the thing at once, Sir. You must know Sir, that I hadn't been long in business when I discovered that gentlemen know very little about wine; but that if they didn't find some fault or other they would appear to know much less,—always excepting the young gentlemen from Cambridge, Sir; and They are excellent judges!—[And here again Burley's little eyes twinkled a humorous commentary on the concluding words of his sentence.] Well, Sir; with respect to my dinner wines, I was always tolerably safe: gentlemen seldom find fault at dinner; so, whether it might happen to be madeira, or pale sherry, or brown, or—'

'Why, just now you told me you had but two sorts of wine in your cellar.'

'Very true, Sir: port AND sherry. But this was my plan, Sir. If any one ordered Madeira:—From one bottle of sherry take two glasses of wine, which replace by two glasses of brandy, and add thereto a slight squeeze of lemon; and this I found to give general satisfaction—especially to the young gentlemen from Cambridge, Sir. But, upon the word of an honest man, I could scarcely get a living profit by my madeira, Sir, for I always used the best brandy. As to the pale and brown sherry, Sir—a couple of glasses of nice pure water, in place of the same quantity of wine, made what I used to call my Delicate Pale—(by the bye, a squeeze of lemon added to that made a very fair Bucellas, Sir—a wine not much called for now Sir.)—and for my old BROWN sherry, a LITTLE burnt sugar was the thing. It looked very much like sherry that had been twice to the East Indies, Sir; and, indeed, to my customers who were VERY particular about their wines, I used to serve it as such.'

But, Mr. Burley, wasn't such a proceeding of a character rather—

I guess what you would say Sir; but I knew it to be a wholesome wine at bottom, Sir. But my port was the wine which gave me the most trouble. Gentlemen seldom agree about port, Sir. One gentleman would say, 'Burley I don't like this wine—it is too heavy?—Is it Sir? I think I can find you a lighter.' Out went a glass of wine, and in went a glass of water. 'Well Sir,' I'd say, 'how do you approve of THAT?—Why—um—no; I can't say—' 'I understand Sir, you like an OLDER wine—SOFT—' 'I think I can please you Sir.—Pump again, Sir.—' 'Now Sir,' says I (wiping the decanter with a napkin, and triumphantly holding it up to the light,) try this if you please.—'That's it Burley—that's the very wine: bring another bottle of the same.' But one can't please every body the same way, Sir. Some gentlemen would complain of my port as being poor without body. In went ONE glass of brandy. If that didn't answer, 'aye, gentlemen' says I, I know what will please you—you like a fuller bodied—rougher wine. Out went two glasses of wine and in went TWO or THREE glasses of brandy. This used to be a VERY