

LITERATURE, &c.

FROM WHITEHEAD'S LIVES OF ENGLISH HIGHWAYMEN.
ANECDOTES OF THE ROAD.

ABOUT the period the unfortunate Charles I. suffered death for his political principles, Capt. Hind conceived an inveterate enmity to all those who had stained their hands with their sovereign's blood, and gladly embraced every opportunity to wreak his vengeance upon them. In a short time, Allan and Hind met with the usurper, Oliver Cromwell, riding from Huntingdon to London. They attacked the coach; but Oliver, being attended by seven servants, Allan was apprehended, and it was with no small difficulty that Hind made his escape. The unfortunate Allan was soon after tried, and suffered death for his audacity. The only effect this produced upon Hind was to render him more cautious in his future depredations. He could not, however, think of abandoning a course on which he had just entered, and which promised so many advantages. The Captain had rid so hard to escape from Cromwell and his train, that he killed his horse; and, having no money to purchase a substitute, he was under the necessity of trying his fortune upon foot, until he should find means to procure another. It was not long before he espied a horse tied to a hedge with a saddle and a brace of pistols attached to it. He looked round and observed a gentleman on the other side of a hedge. 'This is my horse,' exclaimed the Captain, and immediately vaulted into the saddle. The gentleman called out to him that the horse was his. 'Sir,' said Hind, 'you may think yourself well off that I have left you all the money in your pocket to buy another; which you had best lay out before I come again, lest you should be worse used.' There is another story of Hind's ingenious method of supplying himself with a horse upon occasion. It appears that, being upon a second extremity reduced to the humble station of a footpad, he hired a sorry nag, and proceeded on his journey. He was overtaken by a gentleman mounted on a fine hunter, with a portmanteau behind him. They entered into conversation upon such topics as are common to travellers, and Hind was very eloquent in the praise of the gentleman's horse, which inclined the other to descend upon the qualifications of the animal. There was upon one side of the road a wall, which the gentleman said his horse would leap over. Hind offered to risk a bottle on it; to which the gentleman agreed, and quickly made his horse leap over. The Captain acknowledged that he had lost his wager, but requested the gentleman to let him try if he could do the same; to which he consented; and the Captain being seated in the saddle of his companion, rode off at full speed, and left him to return the other miserable animal to its owner.

At another time, Old Mob met with the Duchess of Portsmouth between Newmarket and London. He stopped the coach, and demanded her money. Accustomed to command a monarch, she could not conceive how a mean-looking fellow should talk in this style. Upon this, she briefly demanded if he knew who she was. 'Yes, madam, I know you to be the greatest harlot in the kingdom, and maintained at the public expense! I know that all the courtiers depend upon your smiles and that even the King is your slave! But what of all that? A gentleman collector upon the road is a greater man, and more absolute than his Majesty is at court. You may now say, madam, that a single highwayman has exercised his authority where Charles the Second of England has often begged a favour.' Her grace continued to gaze at him with a lofty air, and told him he was a very insolent fellow; that she would give him nothing; and that he would certainly suffer for his insolence; adding, 'Touch me if you dare!' 'Madam,' answered Mob, 'that haughty French spirit will do you no good here; I am an English freebooter, and I insist upon it, as my native right, to seize all foreign commodities. Your money is indeed English, but is forfeited, as being the fruit of English folly. All you have is confiscated, as being bestowed upon one so worthless. I am king here, madam! I have use for money, as well as he. The public pay for his follies, and so they must for mine!' Mob immediately attacked her, but she cried for quarter, and delivered him two hundred pounds, a very rich necklace which her royal paramour had lately given her, a gold watch, and two diamond rings. * * * Sir John Jefferies was the next to supply the wants of our adventurer; who first disabled two servants, and then, advancing to the coach, demanded his lordship's money. Jefferies, by his cruelties exhibited in the Western Assizes, had rendered himself sufficiently infamous; and supposing that his name would carry terror, he informed Old Mob of the quality of the person whom he had accosted in so rude a manner. 'I am happy,' said he, 'in having an opportunity of being revenged of you, or lately putting me in fear of my life. I might,' added he, 'deliver you over for putting me in dread of death; but shall compound the matter with the money you have in your coach.' The judge began to expostulate with him upon the danger to which he exposed both soul and body by such crimes; reminding him, that if he believed that there was a Providence which governed the world, he might expect to meet with justice as the reward of his iniquities. 'When justice has overtaken us both,' said Old Mob, 'I hope to stand as good a chance as your lordship; who have written your name in indelible characters of blood, and deprived many thousands of their lives for no other reason than their appearance in defence of their just rights and liberties. It is enough for you to preach morality upon the bench, when no person can venture to contradict you; but your lesson can have no effect upon me. I know you well enough to perceive that they are only lavished upon me to save your ill-gotten wealth.' Then thundering forth a volley of oaths, and presenting a pistol to his breast, he threatened the judge with instant death, unless he surrendered his cash. Perceiving that his authority was of no consequence to

him upon the road, Jefferies delivered his money amounting to fifty-six guineas.

One day, Du Vall and some others espied a knight and his lady travelling along in their coach. Seeing themselves in danger of being attacked, the lady resorted to a flageolet, which she commenced playing, which she did very dextrously. Du Vall, taking the hint, pulled one out of his pocket, began to play, and in this posture approached the coach. 'Sir,' said he to the knight, 'your lady performs excellently, and I make no doubt she dances well: will you step out of the coach, and let us have the honour to dance a courant with her upon the heath?' 'I dare not deny any thing, sir,' replied the knight readily, 'to a gentleman of your quality and good behaviour; you seem a man of generosity and your request is perfectly reasonable.' Immediately the footman opened the door, and the knight came out. Du Vall leaped lightly off his horse, and handed the lady down. It was surprising to see how gracefully he moved upon the grass: scarcely a dancing master in London but would have been proud to have shown such agility in a pair of pumps, as Du Vall evinced in a pair of French riding boots. As soon as the dance was over, he handed the lady to the coach; but just as the knight was stepping in, 'Sir,' said he, 'you forgot to pay the music.' His worship replied, that he had never forgot such things, and instantly put his hand under the seat of the coach, pulled out £100 in a bag which he delivered to Du Vall; who received it with a very good grace, and courteously answered, 'Sir, you are liberal, and shall have no cause to regret your generosity; this £100 given so handsomely is better than ten times the sum taken by force. Your noble behaviour has excused you the other £300 which you have in the coach with you.' After this, he gave him his word that he might pass undisturbed, if he met any other of his crew, and then wished them a good journey.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

A SCHOOLBOY DITTY.

Of all the days that form the year
From January to June,
To me there is not one so dear
As Saturday afternoon!
Of all the days that form the year
From June to dark December,
Not one presents such pleasant scenes
For schoolboys to remember!

WHIT-MONDAY has its charms I know;
SHROVE-TUESDAY has its pancakes;
ASH-WEDNESDAY is a solemn fast,
On which no fun we can take;
Grim THURSDAY has its saint I know,
Whose name I can't remember;
GOOD-FRIDAY comes but once between
Keen March and cold December.

NEW-YEAR'S-DAY comes with promises,
Which she forgets to keep;
And LADY-DAY trips after her
To send our hopes to sleep,
MIDSUMMER-DAY in pleasant June
Presents her peasant face:
Next follows stout St. MICHAEL'S MASS,
With geese the saint to grace.

Then CHRISTMAS-DAY brings up the year,
Long looked-for guest is he,
With costly gifts and noble cheer
And merry company.
And all the days that I have sung
Are welcome in their way,
For, though they very seldom come,
They bring a holiday.

But Saturday afternoon, good friend!
Thy praises I must speak,
These saint-days come but once a year,
Thou comest once a week,
Then welcome toil which thou canst end,
Though thou art past too soon,
For gloomy though the week may be,
Glad is thine afternoon.

A PASSAGE IN THE HISTORY OF SOUTH AMERICAN
INDEPENDENCE.

TOWARDS evening the wind died away into a dead calm, and the moon rose with just as much light as sufficed to render objects close at hand sufficiently distinguishable, while there was not enough of it to expose to view those at a distance. Thus favoured, the sixteen lion-hearted British seamen left their lurking-place, and stole into the bay towards the Minerva. About midnight the dull light of a lantern on board became visible, and in a few minutes afterwards the dim outline of the vessel's hull was discovered. For a moment the druggers' oars were suspended to allow her crew to draw one deep breath before striking the desperate blow. During this pause, each man ascertained that his brace of pistols was in his belt, and his cutlass and boarding-pike at hand. Their courage required no 'screwing up,' for in one and all of them it naturally remained, at all times, above the 'sticking point;' but at this moment of suspense, it may easily be conceived that their breasts were swelled with a tumult of distracting emotion, and with that burning solicitude which is produced, even in the breasts of the bravest, by the consciousness that the moment has arrived when nought remains but to do or die. Agitated but not confused by these feelings, the druggers' crew rowed fearlessly forward upon the Minerva's larboard side. All was quiet, until

they reached within musket shot of the ship; it was then that the night-watch sang out a challenge. 'Dispatches from the fleet for the captain,' was the fisherman's answer. 'Keep off—the captain is on shore,' replied the sentry. 'Pull on, ye devils,' whispered Mackay. 'Stand off, you there, or I'll sink you, by Saint Maria,' reiterated the sentry; and the threat having been disregarded, he fired his musket into the boat, but without effect. 'Slap alongside, my lads,' cried Tom Martin; 'keep clear o' her stinsails.' But Tom's warning was too late; for at this most critical moment the druggers' mast and cordage ran foul of the Minerva's swinging-boom, which, as is usual in large ships, had been rigged out for the purpose of mooring the boats, and a considerable swell causing the Minerva to roll heavily, the difficulty of boarding even without resistance was, in the situation in which they were now placed, rendered almost insurmountable. Not a moment, however was lost. Martin, firing a pistol among a knot of Spaniards, who had suddenly collected on the gangway, seized hold of the Minerva's 'quis work,' and mounting the swinging-boom, was instantly on board. He was speedily followed by several of his shipmates, who, without uttering a word, commenced an almost unresisted attack on the astonished Spaniards. Meanwhile the druggers had been swung round by the swell, till she came right alongside of the Minerva, and the remainder of the assailants easily scrambled on deck. The conflict was bloody, but of brief duration, for so instantaneous had been the assault, and panic-struck as the Spaniards were by its temerity, they made little or no resistance; and their unexpected visitors experienced little difficulty in driving those who had escaped with life down the hatchway. The only man amongst them, indeed, who defended himself with true courage, was the Minerva's boatswain. This brave fellow, who encountered Mackay, placed his back against the bulwarks, and defended himself nobly, but having refused to ask for quarter, his antagonist was reluctantly compelled to cut him down.

The hatches were now secured upon the multitude below, the captives of the sixteen dare-devils above; and the closing of the hatches was accompanied by an information, that the slightest attempt to alarm the fort or to recapture the ship would be followed by an immediate discharge of grape-shot through the decks.

Here, then, was the Minerva, and her guards and crew, fairly in the hands of our heroes, but they had yet much to do before being absolutely secure of their prize. On looking around them, they discovered that not only were her topmasts struck, but that all her sails were unbenet, and her foreyard lying across the fore-castle—her deck being, at the same time, 'lumbered up' with goods intended for disembarkation next morning. In this state it was impossible that the vessel could sail an inch, and there was no time to be lost, for an entire quarter of an hour had elapsed since they got on board, and at day-dawn the fort would at once discover what had happened—so the Indian was dispatched to the cuddy, where a number of the defeated seamen had taken refuge, to learn where the sails had been stowed—they were below, and the rolling of several guns from the ship's side to the middle of the deck, with a few intimations, 'upon oath,' that they were ready for the work of destruction, soon induced the Spaniards to haul the sails upon deck. These got, all hands were immediately at work. The topmasts were swayed away, as also the foreyard and topsail yards. In any other than the most desperate circumstances, they would have been altogether unequal to the fatigue which, exhausted as they were by previous labour and want, they sustained in putting the vessel in such trim as to enable her to sail out of the harbour. At length the sails were bent, but then there was hardly enough of wind to make them flap against the masts. It was, in fact, and had been during the whole night a perfect calm. The situation of the captors became every moment more perilous. Should morning dawn upon them where they lay, they were lost; for what defence could they make against a combined attack from the fort and from all the boats of Arica? Already voices were heard on the shore, and they dreaded that an early visit to the ship would be the first duty of the custom-house officers. They were in an agony of hope, fear, and anxiety. Daniel in the den of lions was not more awkward or uncomfortably situated; and yet what could they do? Why, without wind they could do nothing. To escape now in their own druggers appeared utterly impossible, for the lighter sailing boats of the Aricans would soon overtake and capture her. At this critical moment—not half an hour before day-break—a slight breeze *did* spring up, and in an instant their hearts were as much elated as the instant before they had been cast down. The cables were immediately cut, the sails set, and the Minerva stood out to sea. The breeze was light, however, and before she was beyond the range of the fort, the Aricans, to their utter astonishment, for they could not conjecture what had happened, as no other vessel was in sight, saw the Minerva bearing briskly down towards Moro-Blanco, a promontory on the south side of the bay, several miles distant from Arica. With the strong military force on board, they could not persuade themselves that there existed a possibility of her having been taken by an enemy. The most natural conclusion was, that the soldiers themselves had made a joint speculation of her. The alarm was immediately given in the fort, and throughout Arica; and in less than half an hour the harbour and beach were crowded with soldiers and sailors ready to embark in pursuit of the fugitive ship, in the hope, that, as the morning advanced, the breeze would die away.

The Minerva had just rounded the blunt point of Moro-Blanco, when, as the Aricans had anticipated, it became a dead calm, and she once more lay like a log upon the water. Here, then, were the captors again in a situation not much better than that from which they had so recently escaped. They were