

not to be daunted, however, by this fresh difficulty, but ordering the Spaniards on deck, by two at a time, they pinioned them, and shipped them on board the dragger, the ship's launch, and small boats, reserving only one of the smallest for their own use. This accomplished, they pointed the guns towards the boats, ordering the Spaniards on shore, a small number of rowers remaining unbound, and threatening to blow them out of the water on the slightest indication of a disposition to disobey orders. They now took a snatch of refreshment, which to their empty stomachs and exhausted frames was true balm, and then hurried to prepare for the attack, which, as a matter of course, was to be expected from Arica. They double-shotted the ship's guns with grape, and unloosing those on the starboard side, brought them over to the larboard, on which side, being that opposite Arica, the attack was naturally to be anticipated. They soon smashed out rude port-holes in the bulwarks, and pointed the cannon.

In the meantime, the crew of the *Minerva*, with the Spanish soldiers, reached Arica, where the particulars of the exploit were immediately made known. Not a moment was lost in manning the boats that could be collected. Their number was not great, it is true, but they were crowded with men, who, had they been all cannibals, would have made but a sorry breakfast of the sixteen half-starved hands on board the *Minerva*. Having learnt the precise number of the *Minerva's* captors, their exasperation at the audacity of the adventure was unbounded; but for so daring an insult, they promised themselves the satisfaction of making an immediate return of most ample vengeance. They were, in fact, so filled with resentment, and so anxious for revenge, that they neglected to be cautious. In the hurry and heat of the moment, they seemed only to strive which should first reach the *Minerva* by the shortest road. To men of cooler passion and calmer judgment, it would probably have occurred, that the safest, and in other respects the best mode of attack, would have been to disperse the boats, and, by surrounding the vessel, be in a situation to board on all points at once. Had this been done, the handful of Englishmen must inevitably have been cut to pieces. But the Spaniards did not condescend to consume time in concerting a plan of co-operation. They pulled on in a body, to devour, as they said, the devoted Englishmen. The Englishmen, however, were prepared for them. As the fleet of boats approached, they coolly took their aim with every gun on board. The boats advancing in a dense extended line, each gun was brought to bear upon particular parts of them, so that there should be no useless expenditure of powder and shot. The *Minerva* being a deep-waisted vessel, with a top-gallant fore-castle and poop, the boats' crews did not discover the preparations that had been made for their reception—so they continued pulling on until they were within pistol shot of the ship's side. At that moment Mackay, to whom all eyes on board the *Minerva* were now directed, every thing having been in perfect readiness, gave the signal to 'fire.' A shower of millstones could not have been productive of more frightful effects. The moment before, the boats were in gallant array, burdened with some hundreds of bold hearts, inflamed with rage and revenge—the next, it was as if the besom of destruction had gone over them. To use a homely simile, the broadside of heavy grape made a commotion among the boats, similar to that which is produced by an unexpected shot from a well-loaded fowling-piece among a flock of ducks on the bosom of a pond. Instead of one such shot, however, five and twenty double shots of grape and canister were sent by deliberate aim among the boats of Arica, and each shot struck its allotted portion of the line of attack. At the scene which presented itself when the smoke cleared away, even the dragger's crew were appalled. The grape had swept the entire line, carrying death and destruction before it; and the cannon's roar was in an instant succeeded by the loud shrieks of the wounded and drowning. Several boats were sunk, others were fast sinking, while those that swam were soon overloaded by such as had scrambled into them, or had been picked out of the water, some of the craft, indeed, were in this way swamped, and their crews suffered to perish, for there existed no means of saving them. All around was covered with shattered planks, drifting ours, and the still buoyant bodies of the killed, while here and there were seen wounded soldiers, sailors, and citizens, engaged in an ineffectual struggle for life.

The surviving boats soon made for Arica, and the authorities there wisely resolved to make no further attempt to disturb the new masters of the *Minerva*. One of these, the same Tom Martin whose name has been already mentioned, and from whom this narrative has been chiefly derived, was informed, some years afterwards, that the *Minerva's* fatal broadside consigned to eternity upwards of 150 men!

Not in the least surprising incident in the fortunes of Mackay and his shipmates remains to be related. After having deliberately put the ship in proper sailing trim, they stood out to sea, in order to catch the trade wind, which, at the distance of 150 miles from the land, blew at that season from the north. Having reached this wind, they bore down for Valparaiso, with the view of disposing of the ship and cargo, and of dividing their spoil. Off Valparaiso lay a strong Spanish fleet, blockading the port; but of this circumstance our adventurers were not aware, neither did they entertain the slightest suspicion that an obstacle of so formidable a nature was at all likely to oppose itself to the completion of an adventure already so nearly crowned with success. At nightfall, previous to the morning when they expected to reach Valparaiso, they were not sufficiently near that city to distinguish the fleet that lay in the offing; so the wind being favourable, they skimmed over the waves with hearts bounding in the pride of being the undisputed masters of so gallant a ship and all she contained, little dreading the danger into which they were about to fall. On they went, how-

ever, and a dense fog coming on at day-dawn, they sailed through the very thickest of the Spanish fleet, not only without either seeing or been seen by a single ship, but without even suffering that annoyance which is produced by a consciousness of being in a situation of extreme danger; and, before the fog cleared away, they lay safely moored below the fort of Valparaiso—so true does it seem to be that 'fortune favours the brave!'

On the morning, they received the congratulations of the governor of the city, by whom the *Minerva* was declared a lawful prize, and all Valparaiso resounded with the praises of her captors' heroism.

The vessel and her cargo turned out a prize of great value, and the English tars soon found themselves in the possession of what appeared to them inexhaustible riches. They would not have been true British seamen, however, had they hoarded up their wealth. No less characteristic of their profession was the reckless intrepidity which one and all of them had displayed, than was the profusion of their expenditure after getting fairly on shore. Each got his riding horse, and his sweetheart, of course. They gave balls, grand theatrical parties, and all sorts of sumptuous entertainment; and when they met, as they often did, it was quite a common thing with them to toss up for a score of dollars, or to play 'evens or odds' for a handful or a pocketful at a time. In a few years afterwards, so effectual had been the exertions of some of them to get rid of their money, that they again found themselves before the mast in Lord Cochrane's fleet; while others, more provident, established themselves as respectable and substantial citizens. Mackay became one of the most considerable of the merchants and shipowners in Valparaiso, where, for ought that is known to the contrary, he still lives in the enjoyment of his wealth.

#### NORTH MAGNETIC POLE.

At a meeting of the Royal Society, a memoir was read from Captain Ross, of the discovery of the North Magnetic Pole. He began by stating the importance attached to the solution of this difficult and perplexing problem, assigning as the chief impediments to its investigation hitherto the unequal distribution of magnetic influence, and the difficulty of approaching the magnetic foci. Great advances, however, had been made; Professor Faraday all but demonstrated the identity of magnetism and electricity; the observations of Sabine, Franklin, Parry, Foster, &c. had shown in what direction the point of magnetic concentricity was to be sought. Before leaving England Captain Ross had obtained from the Admiralty a dipping-needle, constructed by Jones, whose accuracy had been tested in previous expeditions.—From some defect in the vertical circle, the observations made prior to 1831 are not very perfect, but that defect was remedied when discovered. The table of observations showed that the differences of observations were remarkable and great, but they also proved the tendency of errors to correct each other. When from these observations the direction in which the magnetic pole should be sought had been determined with tolerable precision, it was feared that it could only be approached by a land journey, the accomplishment of which was beyond the limited powers of the expedition. But these fears were dispelled by the discovery of the Great Western Ocean. The party first sent to explore brought back some imperfect indications of the object of their search, because they could only take with them a small supply of instruments; but when it appeared that another winter would necessarily be spent in these regions, Captain Ross made the necessary preparations for a more accurate survey.

In May, 1831, he landed on the coast, and by a series of observations determined the place of the magnetic meridian, and at least approximately, the position of the magnetic pole. Captain Ross detailed minutely all the tests used to determine that the place where he stood was the point of magnetic concentricity, and, so far as the evidence of instruments is decisive, the fact of the discovery was established. But he candidly added that, further investigations, and more especially accurate observations to the north west and south west of the place indicated, are necessary to ascertain the limits of error. These investigations he deemed an object worthy of national attention, because magnetism was peculiarly a British science. Besides ascertaining the position of the pole, it would be also of importance to determine its diurnal and annual motion, and its periodical variations, if any such exist. The place ascertained to be either the precise spot or one in its immediate vicinity, was easily attainable; and he expressed his hopes that the British flag would soon wave on the magnetic pole.—In the course of this interesting paper Captain Ross paid a merited compliment to the generous and liberal conduct of Felix Booth, Esq., by whose aid chiefly the gallant officer was enabled to proceed on his important enterprise.—*Athenæum*.

#### THE VENTRILOQUIST NONPLussed.

As Mr Bennet, whose ventriloquistic powers are confessedly unrivalled, was lately travelling in the country at a considerable distance from Glasgow he was met by an acquaintance, who urged him to try his necromantic skill upon a ferocious Celt who lived in a small thatched cottage at no great distance. Mr Bennet having, without much reluctance, entered into the frolic, they proceeded to the hut, and having got admittance, they asked for a drink. They met with rather a gruff sort of reception from the inhospitable Ian Dhu, for so he was called, although his poll was red as a carrot. His voice and manners bore by no means a faint resemblance to those of the 'swinish multitude' of Tiree, of which classic island he was a native. Besides himself, his wife and five children were in the cottage. Having somewhat tardily got a can of water,

Mr Bennet and his friend seated themselves by the fire, when a voice was suddenly heard at the top of the chimney. Ian, thinking there was somebody on the roof of the house, ran out to see who it was, but soon returned saying it must have been the wind; again the voice was heard, but more loud and distinct than before, and apparently half-way down the chimney. The house was filled with consternation. Ian stood the picture of blank dismay: his wife smote her breast, and ejaculated 'O Dhia!' and the children squalled as if for a wager. At last he summoned up all his courage, approached the chimney, and bawled out, 'Wha the devil's up in the lum?' A lugubrious voice answered, 'A poor devil, who will be choaked, unless you put out the fire.' Ian ran for water, but finding the pitchers empty, he hit upon a rare expedient for extinguishing the fire. He seized a fry-pan, and pressed it down upon the red-hot coals with tremendous energy. But his effects were unavailing, and the imprisoned voice became more clamorous than ever. He stood upon the floor for a few seconds in a state of utter bamboozlement and perplexity, and then as if in a fit of desperation, bolted out at the door. In his haste, he capsized an old woman who was coming in. He stopped to raise her, and briefly explained in Gaelic what was the matter. She uttered an exclamation of terror; and the ventriloquist, on looking out at the window, saw her scampering across the fields as if the devil were after her. Ian remained out for some time, and Mr Bennet and his friend sat by the ingle, laughing in their sleeves at the success of their frolic. Again these words were heard proceeding from the chimney—'Take me out, or I'll be choaked,' and the ventriloquist stared in astonishment and terror at his friend, and exclaimed, '———, what can that be?' 'Come come, Bennet,' was the answer, 'none of your tricks; do you think I'm so simple as to be deceived?' Bennet protested the voice was not his, and the other being convinced that it was not, on hearing it a second time, they both ran out to ascertain what it could be, when they were convulsed with laughter on looking up to the top of the house, and seeing Ian Dhu, with his nether end up in the air, and his head down the chimney, bawling out lustily for assistance. It seems he had got a ladder and mounted the rigging; and, in his eagerness to discover who was in the chimney, had lost his balance, and stuck in it himself. Some of the neighbors came running to his rescue, and soon succeeded in placing Ian in his natural position. Before this, however the two wags had thought it prudent to sheer off, and well it was that they did so, for the stultified Celt, having learnt it was a trick, seized a hatchet, and pursued them with infuriate gestures and menaces; but they, having had a start of him by nearly a furlong, plied their heels well, and soon left him out of sight.—*Glasgow Free Press*.

SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.—We found the mighty Charybdis, so much dreaded by the ancients, dwindled to an inconsiderable whirling eddy, caused by the conflicting currents. The furious bellowing of the surge, which continually lashes the precipitous and cavernous promontory of Scylla, is, however heard to a great distance. Charybdis is reported to be still formidable in stormy weather. The strait, most probably, is now wider than it was in olden times; but I imagine that poetic license in former days greatly exaggerated its terrors.—*Brown's Voyage from Leghorn to Cephalonia, with Lord Byron*.

INTELLECTUAL PLEASURES.—Hunger is the great impellent to corporeal labour, and the gratification of this appetite is its reward. Curiosity is a great impellent to mental labour; and, whether we look to the delights or the difficulties of knowledge, we cannot fail to perceive that this mental appetency in man and its counterpart objects in nature are suited with marvellous exactness to each other. But the analogy between the mental and corporeal affections does not stop here. The appetite of hunger would, of itself, impel us to the use of food, although no additional pleasure had been annexed to the use of it in the gratifications of the palate. The sense of taste, with its various pleasurable sensations, has ever been regarded as a distinct proof of the benevolence and care of God. And the same is true of the delights which are felt by the mind in the acquisition of knowledge as when truth discloses her high and hidden beauties to the eyes of the enraptured student; and he breathes an ethereal satisfaction, having in it the very substance of enjoyment, though the world at large cannot sympathize with it. The pleasures of the intellect, though calm, are intense; inasmuch, that a life of deep philosophy were a life of deep emotion, when the understanding receives of its own proper ailment, having found its way to those harmonies of principle, those goodly classifications of phenomena which the disciples of science love to gaze upon. And the whole charm does not lie in the ultimate discovery. There is a felt triumph in the march along the footsteps of the demonstration which leads to it; in the successive evolutions of the reasoning, as well