

a fire, while the black tea is dried in the wind under a shade, and subsequently in a heated ware-house; the green tea, thin like wines, does not improve by keeping; while black tea is considered by the Chinese as best fit for drinking when ten or twenty years of age, if well preserved from the action of the atmosphere. The green tea is a more quickly stimulant narcotic than the black, but the bitter of the latter is far more tonic than the former, and, as the Chinese say, it is a powerful aphrodisiac.

THE GERMAN'S STORY.

TOWARDS the close of October, 1799, two young assistant surgeons on their route to join the army of Augereau, then stationed on the Rhine, arrived in the evening at an inn, in the little town of Andernech. While they are regaling themselves at supper, and talking over the scenes they have left behind them, with the gaiety and *insouciance* characteristic of the French soldier, they are joined by a new comer, in the person of a German merchant, who, it appeared, had been obliged to fly from the devastation of the invading army. The stranger seemed particularly careful of his valise: and, as the wine circulated, won by the frank and generous demeanour of the young soldiers, he declares his satisfaction at meeting with the protection of their company, as he had a hundred thousand francs, together with diamonds in his valise. They retire to rest, and all sleep soundly except Prosper Magnan, one of the surgeons, who is troubled with an unaccountable fit of insomnia. When insensibly his thoughts took a bad direction, and could think on nothing but the sum of money beneath the pillow of the sleeping merchant.

To him a hundred thousand francs seemed an immense fortune, ready made. He began by laying them out in a variety of ways, building castles in Spain, as we all delight to do in those moments preceding sleep, at that hour when the intellect produces a confusion of images, and when, from the silence of the night, our imagination acquires a magic power. He fulfilled the wishes of his mother; he married a young girl of *Beauvais*, to whom the disproportion of their fortunes had hitherto forbidden him to aspire. With this sum he laid out for himself an entire life of enjoyment, and beheld himself rich, happy, the father of a family, considered in his province, and it might be, *Maire* of *Beauvais*. He used extraordinary warmth in combining a crime in theory; and while imagining the death of the merchant, the gold and the diamonds were distinctly before his eyes. He was dazzled by them, his heart beat quickly. Perhaps deliberation was already a crime. Fascinated by that heap of gold, he grew morally intoxicated by the reasonings of the assassin. He asked himself, if that poor German had really any need of living? He supposed that he had never existed. To be brief, he conceived the crime, so as to insure its impunity.

He rises, opens the windows, and disposes every thing for the commission of the dark deed. But as he is in the act of raising his arm for its accomplishment, he heard as it were, a voice within him, and thought he beheld a light; so that he flings down the instrument and retires. A complete reaction takes place within him; and, fearing to yield to the powerful fascination to which he was a victim, he jumps from the window, and after fatiguing himself by walking backwards and forwards returns to bed, thanking God for his deliverance. On awaking in the morning he beheld the murdered merchant by his side and as he gazed upon his fixed and staring eyes, and on the blood which had soiled his own hands and clothes, and as he recognized his surgical instruments lying on the bed, he fainted away, and fell amid the blood of the merchant. Recollecting the horrible temptation which he had the strength to resist, he feared to have accomplished in his sleep, and in a fit of somnambulism, the crime which he had projected in his waking moments.—His companion it was true, was nowhere to be found; but he deemed it impossible that he could have been the guilty person, and attributed his flight to terror. He is dragged before a court martial; circumstances and his own conscience are against him; and he is condemned and executed.

[This tale was recounted by a German soldier to the assembled company at an inn, before the evening fire, when its effect was so singular and manifestly suspicious upon a rich army contractor of the party, that he was at once pointed out as the perpetrator. On being secured, he confessed the crime, established the innocence of his companion, and afterwards suffered the extreme penalty of the law.]

PUNISHMENT OF PICKPOCKETS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

When any of the light-fingered gentry were detected in their evil deeds, either in the park or streets near it, the crowd, instead of sending them to the Justice, the watch-house, or the Old Bailey, took the execution of justice into their own hands, dragged them down to the parade, and plunged them into the canal; and when they attempted to get out, the children of justice repeated, 'he plunge, till they thought they had given them enough. The only chance the poor wretches had to elude this correction was, to wade up the north side of the lawn till their tormentors ceased to follow them, and then, getting upon dry ground, run away as well as they could. If they succeeded in this, they had to cross the park to that gate which allowed the best chance to escape further torment; but their dripping clothes and heads showed where they had been, and unless they were so lucky as to get in the street where there were no mischievous persons who would raise the cry, 'a pickpocket,' they had the additional exertion of being the subject of a chase, till they had either run themselves dry, or escaped by some lucky turning

which enables them to baffle their pursuers. I have seen many of these unfortunate wretches, when approaching the fatal canal, humbly petition not to be thrown in, ejaculating, 'Pray, gentlemen, don't throw me in; indeed, if you will give me leave, I will jump in myself, and duck myself as often as you please. Indeed, indeed, gentlemen, I will; but pray, pray don't throw me in.' If leave was granted, the poor wretch would jump from the kirb into the water, wade into the depth he was ordered to remain at, face his tormentors and crouch till his head was under water, rise again, and repeat the plunge as often as the order was given; if he was dilatory, stones were thrown at him to enforce obedience; he then ducked willingly to avoid the blows, and this discipline was repeated till the tormentors were satisfied that he had had enough. He was then allowed to escape, without further interruption from them, to take the chances of getting through the rest of his punishment as his fortunes, good or evil might decree.—*Bell's Weekly Magazine.*

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE. SONG—THE HOMEBOUND BARK.

'Tis the winter deep!
And the sea-fowl sweep
Afar o'er the gloomy tid;
And the wild waves dash,
'Neath the signal's flash,
Where the foamy tempests ride.

And dark and drear,
On the seaman's ear,
Hangs the vulture's ravening cry;
Like the startling breath
Of some fiend of death,
In wait for the souls that die.

The sails are rent—
The stout maats bent—
And the helm and bowsprit gone;
And fast and far,
Midst the billowy war,
The foundering bark drives on.

The shriek and prayer,
And the wan despair,
Of hearts thus torn away,
Are seen and heard
By the ravening bird,
In chase of his drowning prey.

Oh! many a sire,
By the low red fire,
Will wake through this night of woe;
For those who sleep
'Neath the surge's deep,
Ten thousand fathom low.

And many a maid,
In the lonely glade,
For her absent love will mourn;
And watch and wail
For the homebound sail
That will never more return.

Mourn not for the dead,
On their sandy bed,
Nor their last long sleep deplore;
But mourn for those,
In their home of woes,
Who weep for evermore! C. SWAIN.

CRUELTY OF THE ANCIENT ROMANS.

It is impossible to believe that the Romans, accustomed to the bloody diversions of the arena, were not, in general, a severe and cruel people. Instruments for the flagellation and torture of slaves, whips, thongs of bull's hides, iron collars, and even horrible engines, seem to have been hung up as ordinary and necessary pieces of furniture, like our stands for walking-sticks and umbrellas. Wo to the careless abigail who did not finish off, with a nice and exquisite touch, that symmetry of curl which formed the head-dress of her capricious mistress, or touch her cheek with the becoming tinge of ceruse! The whip hung temptingly near, and the great dame herself would sometimes take that instrument of correction into her own delicate hands, or, at least, see that it was duly administered. It was only of the lady whose locks were so naturally beautiful as to disdain the use of art, that Ovid would venture to say—
'Ornatix tuto corpore semper eras.'

The porter (the janitor) appears to have been ordinarily chained, like the house-dog, to his post; a visitor was sometimes treated with the interesting spectacle of the flagellation of an offending slave; there seem to have been professional torturers, who hired themselves out for this disgusting office.—*Blair on Slavery amongst the Romans.*

VISITING ACQUAINTANCE.

It is not usual to hear lamentations, as unreasonable as the lady's, from simple people, who have been disappointed in expecting aid or sympathy from those whom the courtesy of the word calls 'friends.' None but the inexperienced look for real services from merely fashionable connexions. They are like roughly painted

pictures, to be kept at a distance. It is understood, that people are to be charmed with each other, just so long as it is amusing to meet; but not an hour longer. Adversity not only lowers people's spirits and renders friends dull, but too often it has the unpardonable effect of taking away the means of receiving others in return. The friendships of the world lie chiefly in frequent visits and in joint subscriptions to a club, or to an opera-box; but as for the mutual self-sacrifices, so delicious to heart-felt affection, it is perfectly ridiculous to rely upon such things from such persons, or to cry out when they are refused. 'Nam illæ ambrosiæ fucosæque amicitie sunt in quodam splendore forensi, furcium domesticum non habent.' Who does not know how much or how little is meant when a correspondent signs himself 'your humble servant,' and assures you that 'he is ever most faithfully yours?' The fate of those whose talents raise them suddenly to reputation is particularly hard. The blaze of a successful first appearance, on the stage, or in Parliament, attracts the eyes of all the world. The very domestic ladies who delight in being 'at home,' immediately threw open their doors to the petted and too often the spoiled child of the season. The vogue lasts throughout the spring, and then 'farewell' perhaps for ever, to the shower of flattering notes and pressing invitations. This is bad enough in the world; but the despised dupes are often most to be blamed, who mistake notoriety for fame, and curiosity for affection.—*Letters and Essays in Prose and Verse.*

HINT TO THE FAIR.

Men may drag on existence without an object; women hardly can; for they have the activity of feeling as well as thought to keep down. Ida was capable of loving, but altogether ignorant of the duties which belong to love, and without which, the tenderest love of the fairest object is worth nothing: for it has so pleased the Disposer of human affairs, that every connexion by which the chain of mortal fellowship is held together should have its relative duties. Friendship has many—too many for the genality of mankind to fulfil—but love has more: and the woman who expects to retain her husband's affection by merely loving him, will find herself as much mistaken, as if she had calculated upon maintaining her life by the mere act of breathing.—*Miss Stickney's Pictures of Private Life.*

In a work lately published by a Spaniard, there is a comparison between the produce of the gold and silver mines in America, and the coal mines in England, from which it appears, that the gross value of the annual produce of the coal mines, which is 18,000,000 tons, amounts to 450,000,000 francs, including the wages and other charges; whilst the produce of the gold and silver mines, including the same charges, is only 220,500,000 francs; showing a balance in favour of the coal mines of England over the gold and silver mines of the New World, of no less sum than 227,500,000 francs.

STATISTICS OF THE GLOBE.—The population of the globe is estimated variously from 600 to 800,000,000; the geographical square miles at nearly 98,000,000, or 49,000,000 English square miles. The population to a square mile is, in Europe, 61, Asia 27, Africa 10, America 3, Oceania less than 1; the average of all about 17. The densest population in any whole province or state, is in Hamburg, where it is 1302 to a square mile. It is 980 in Bremen, 783 in Frankfort, 523 in Lubec, 464 in Lucca (Italy), 292 in Belgium, 314 in Saxony, 227 in Holland, 257 in Great Britain, the Sicilies 236, 208 in France, Austria 165, Prussia 155, Portugal 121, Denmark, 119, Spain 101, Turkey 63, Greece 51, Russia 37.

In Asia some provinces have a population of from 200 to 500 to the square mile; Japan 139, China 42, Siam 57, English India Empire 135. In Africa, Morocco has 46, Tunis 45, and some of the interior kingdoms a little more. In America 12, Chili 10, United States 61-2, Mexico 6.

The votaries of the different religions are reckoned as follows by Pinkerton:—Christianity 235,000,000, Judaism 5,000,000, Mahometan 120,000,000, Brahmanism 60,000,000, Baddhism 180,000,000, all others 100,000,000.—*Mer Journal.*

When Sir Charles Sedley's comedy of *Bellamira* was performed, the roof of the theatre fell down, by which, however, few people were hurt except the author. This occasioned Sir Fleetwood Shepherd to say, that there was so much fire in his play that it blew up poet, house and all. 'No,' replied the good-natured author, 'the play was so heavy that it broke down the house, and buried the poor poet in his own rubbish.'

ANECDOTE.—The Lord Chief Justice Kenyon once said to a rich friend, asking his opinion as to the probable success of a son, 'Sir, let your son forthwith spend his fortune; marry, and spend his wife's; and then he may be expected to apply with energy to his profession.