

Literature, &c.

THE NINETY-NINE GOOD TURNS.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

As the malignant nature can never forgive the innocent being it has injured, so the ungrateful nature cannot forgive the generous man who has served it. Strange, that among the inconsistencies of which we are made up, one so gross as ingratitude should be found; seeing that the grateful feeling implies, not a sense of inferiority, but the conviction that somebody has thought us worthy of sympathy, and entitled by desert to kindness.

Not less strangely inconsistent is it, that one who is thankful in his heart for a single service, should be ungrateful for a long continued series. Such, too frequently, is he who fails to procure the hundredth favour.

Shew him at the outset of your acquaintance a little courtesy—offer him your opera glass, or snuff box—write him what is called a civil note when there is no resolute necessity for so doing, and he will trumpet your praises as one of the most gracious of mankind. Proceed from small civilities to essential benefits: heap favour upon favour on him; go out of your way to evince your anxiety for the promotion of his interests, the gratification of his desires; extend your disinterested kindness from himself to his eldest boy, and reconcile a high family to a match with his daughter; and you bind him more and more tightly in obligations to you, and hear him proclaim you nine times a day for nine years, the best friend he ever had in the world—the most generous of mortals, the noblest of benefactors; and then at the very moment when he is your own, forever, only just refuse him your gun, or horse—or tell him you could not think of writing to the Review to solicit a puff of his new pamphlet—that's all.

How in such case will the grateful fellow, to whom you have rendered the ninety-nine good turns, turn round upon you! He will teach you in no time a curious lesson—that it takes years to confer obligations, but only months to forget them.

You dragged him out of the river once, saving his life at the risk of your own; you lent him a thousand pounds; you introduced him to all the connexions in which he finds the best charms in society. Does he remember one of these little incidents?—No: he recollects that you yesterday refused to share in a crazy speculation he was so rashly concerned in.

He has been so long accustomed to receive favours, that a temporary stoppage stuns him; and he recovers his senses only to feel that he has been cruelly ill-treated. Hitherto, to ask has been to have; the denial, therefore, seems so strange, so wanton, so unprovoked, that it cancels the recollections of every debt, and turns honey.

When we hear one with malice and disappointment breathing in every word, imputing to an absent person every discrediting quality, it is not uncharitable to surmise, that the absentee had done him many good turns, then stopped. When we have listened two long hours to a fierce railer, who having fastened his teeth on the character of an old acquaintance, tears it to tatters—who is ready to swear that no particle of kindness or generosity lurks within the man—who rates him as the interposition of all meanness and covetousness—it is not always unfair to ask—"How long is it since you first began to borrow of him? and on what day this week did he decline to lend you the guinea?"

Many honest natures, that would blush to be deficient in the acknowledgment of kindness, have been precipitated, by an unexpected refusal, into a total unconsciousness of countless benefits received. There is, it must be owned; something exasperating in this turning off at the hundredth turn. One is uneasy at receiving ninety-nine obligations and a point blank denial. Custom has become our second nature, and a repulse seems a wrong.

The well that was already brim full—to find not a drop in it at last! The tree that dropped its ripe fruit for us as we approached, to be barren suddenly! Why, the well that was always empty, the tree that never bore at all, are taken into favor in preference. There is forgiveness for the man who refused at first to stir a foot in our cause, and kept his word; but there is none for him who, having walked a thousand miles to serve us, now declines to move an inch at the bidding of our caprice. Our self-love is wounded by the discovery that we cannot dictate to him.

No man can be perfectly sure that he has not within him the seeds of an ungrateful person, until he has been refused the hundredth good turn. If true there, he is a true man.

From the Log Book of a Sailor.
THE STOVEN BOAT.

On the 11th day of December, 1837, the good ship P. of Newberg, Captain, C., was cruising somewhere between the latitude of 39, and 37 S., and longitude of 60 E. in search of "right whale." It was in the forenoon, and the old ship was moving along under the top gallant sails, with a light breeze, at the rate of about five knots the hour. At the fore and main top gallant cross trees were two men on the look out for whales.

It was now nearly 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the man in the main sung out—
"There she blows!"

He repeated the cry regularly 5 or 9 times.—All was now excitement among the officers and men, every one was anxious to know if it was the kind of whale we wanted.

The mate hailed the man at the mast head.

"Where away is that whale? What do you call her?"

"Right whale, sir, on the lee beam, two miles off, look outsharp for her!"

"Keep her away!" said the captain to the man at the helm. "Boy hand me the spy glass."

"Steady!" sung out the man at the mast head.

The captain then started to go aloft, "Mr. A." to the mate, "you may square in the after yards; and then call all hands."

The deck was soon alive with men.

"Boat-steers get your boats ready?"

In a moment the boats in readiness, the tubs put in and the lines bent on the harpoons, the crew standing by, ready to follow the boats down to water, when the word came from the captain to lower away.

"There she blows!" sung out the man at the fore—"not half a mile off."

"Down helm!" shouted the Captain. "Mr. A. brace the mizen topsail, hoist and swing the boats and lower away?" Down went the boats and down followed the crews. As the boats struck the water every man on his thwart, with his hands on the loom of his oar, and in less time than I have taken to write this, the three boats were cutting their way through the water in the direction of the whale.

It was my duty to steer the mate's boat and she happened to be the faster puller, so that we all left the ship together, and for a few rods kept nearly head and head with each other, still we knew well enough as soon as the word came from the mate to "give way," we should drop the others in a moment.

"Here she is!" cried the mate; and not over ten rods from the boat. Now, my dear fellows, lay back hard! spring hard, I tell you! There she blows!—only give way my boys, and she is ours!

The boat bounded forward like a thing of life. "Stand up!" shouted the mate; and in a moment the whale was struck.

"Stern—stern all!" sung out the mate as he saw the iron in the whale. "Come here, my boy," said he to me. We shifted ends—he to the head and I to the stern of the boat. The whale started off like lightning.

"Hold on line!" said the mate; and away we shot after her, like an arrow from a bow. The mate by this time had his lance ready.

"Haul on that whale," he shouted, and all hands turned to hauling line while I coiled it away in the stern sheets. We had got nearly up to the whale when she went "to sounding," taking the line right up and down from the head of the boat. I had two turns of the line around the loggerhead, and was holding on as the boat would bear, when all at once, another larger whale, that we knew nothing about, shot up out of the water nearly her whole length, in a slanting position, hanging directly over the boat. I threw off the turns from the loggerhead, and shouted to the men to "stern!" But it was of no use, she felt the bulk of her body on the boat. I heard the crash, and as I went down, I felt a pressure of water directly over my head, caused, as I then thought, by the whale's flukes as she struck. How long I was under water I know not; but I remember that all looked dark above me, and I tried very hard to shove my head through in order to breathe.

At last I succeeded; but what a sight was that on which I gazed, when I found myself on the surface of the water! About a rod from me was the whale that we were fastened to, thrashing the water into a foam with his flukes—the ocean red, and the crimson streams pouring from the wounds made by the harpoons. In another direction I could see pieces of the boat floating around. At the distance of two or three miles, I could occasionally get a glimpse of the ship as I rode on the top of a swell, and not a human being in sight!

I struck out for a piece of our once beautiful boat, a few rods distant.—The crew came up, one after another catching at anything they could see to keep them afloat. One poor fellow came paddling along with two or three oars under him, crying out that his back was broken. Another of the crew and myself got him on the piece of a boat that we had hold of; his thigh was broken, and he could not move his leg at all. The second mate soon after picked us up with his boat, and so much had we been engaged in looking out for ourselves that we did not perceive that one of our number was missing.

But alas! it was too soon found out. He was a young man about seventeen years old, and did not belong to the boat, but went in the place of the midship oarsman, who was sick at the time. The whale fell directly on him, and probably killed him in a moment.

With what feelings we pulled round and round the spot where the boat was stoven, unwilling to believe, even after we knew there was no hope, that our shipmate was gone never more to return. And how silent we glided along side of the ship, and hoisted in our shipmate now lamed for life.

Oh! that some could have seen what I saw on board that ship—even their hearts would melt, and they would find that it is not always the polished and educated—the smooth-faced and handsome man—that has the warmest heart or the most generous feeling.

AMERICA TO ENGLAND.
All hail! thou noble land,
Our father's native soil!
O stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore;
For thou, with magic might,
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er.

The genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the great sublime;
While the tritons of the deep

With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim,
Then, let the world combine,
O'er the mail our naval line
Like the milky-way shall shine
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have passed
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot but the blast,
O'er untravelling seas to roam,
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
To its chains?

While the language free and bold
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heav'n rung,
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
And from rock to rock repeat
Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let oceans roll,
Our bright communion breaking with the sun;
Yet still from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech—
"WE ARE ONE."

New Works.

Agricultural Excursion in the Landes Border-
lises, from La Constitutionnel.

THE MOVING TOWNS OF FRANCE.

Who has not heard of those moving hills cast up by the ocean along the coast between the Garonne and the Bidassoa, and which serve as auxiliaries to the waves of the sea in the invasion which it has carried on on these shores, during a period which geologists calculate at four thousand years! These downs, of which the name is perhaps the only relic of the Celtic race, which has remained in the language of the country, were before me, some of them bare and white, others presenting the dark green that reflected from forests of pine trees. The nearest of them was not more than a few paces from me, and I could not contemplate them without emotion. This very hill, before the genius of man had fixed it to the soil, was advancing towards the town of La Teste, at the rate of four metres each year. Already, according to tradition, the inhabitants of La Teste had once been compelled to abandon their homes, and the moment seemed not far distant when another migration would have become unavoidable, from the advancement of the Downs. It was indeed possible to calculate the day when the Church, which had become a sort of advanced post, from which the progress of the enemy was watched, would have been reached. Other places have been thus swallowed up by the sands, and many villages are mentioned, the inhabitants of which, like the tribes of the desert, have been more than once compelled to abandon to the inundation of the Downs, the places where repose the remains of their parents. But nature, in giving this country the maritime pine, has designed to preserve it from destruction, and all that was required was to discover her secret. It is only just to give the honor of discovering it to two brothers born in the district named Desbiez, who, in 1776, published a memoir, in which they showed that the soil of the Landes which had become fixed and stable, owed its stability to that tree, which is a native of that district, and that it was only necessary to plant it systematically to obtain the result of fixing the downs. This memoir was received with honor by the Academy of Bordeaux. At a later period the celebrated engineer Bremonnier brought these ideas together; considered and strengthened them by more careful and profound observations, and finally proposed to the Government to cover the Downs with the seeds of the pine. This was at first ridiculed, and I must acknowledge that on seeing my feet sink deep into the mud at each tread, I could not help doubting for a moment whether it was possible to arrive at such a result, by means of the tender thread of a root first produced by the vegetation of the seed; but nothing is more true. The little root gradually works its way deeper and deeper till it finds the latent moisture; then it takes strength; it checks and diminishes the movement of the sand; when it sends forth a stem, it does it still more effectually; when it has become a young tree, the moss begins to germinate beneath it; then grass; and then the soil is formed and fixed.

From the Edinburgh Review.
GALETTE.

The physiologist of the "grissette" devotes a chapter to what he is pleased to term her passions—two innocent, and one doubtful; their objects being chestnuts, mustaches and gallette. Chestnuts and mustaches require no explanation. Gallette is a sort of a cake distributed for a sou a slice on the Boulevards. It was invented many years ago by the occupant of a stall on the Boulevard St. Denis, popularly known as M. Coupe-Tonjours. He did nothing but cut gallette from morning to night; and according to M. Guerry, the celebrated statistician, was computed to cut up and distribute 22,000 metres a year. Bets have frequently been made and won, that no two consecutive slices would be found to vary in weight above two grains in weight—his skill with the knife well nigh rivaling that of the old carver of Vauxhall, who undertook to cover the whole garden with a ham. M. Coupe-Tonjours cut to some purpose,

for he left a fortune of 3,000,000 francs, and a name at which gallette venders grow red. His behaviour during the cholera may afford a lesson to ministers of state. When his gallette was publicly accused of contributing to the epidemic, he took not the slightest notice of the calumny, but quietly went on cutting, and his customers soon rushed back to him in immense crowds.

Illustrated Polytechnic Review.
QUICKSILVER MINES.

The mines at Almaden, in Spain, are said to be unusually productive, and that the lessee will derive much greater advantages from them than was expected, if he carry English science to assist his operations. These mines seem to be the source of inexhaustible mineral product—they were worked under the Romans, yet still seem to abound in the native sulphuret of cinnabar. The process of reduction is by distilling the ore with lime, by which sulphuret of calcium is obtained, and mercury driven off in vapour along with sulphurous acid: the metal is condensed in a chamber lined with leather. In most mines of mercury, the different persons employed suffer salivation, or paralytic tremors of a very singular character. It is an ascertained fact, that it is impossible to say how persons will be effected, for the vapours of quick silver produce such different influence. Of this a curious instance occurred some time since. A barometer maker and his assistant, who had been working late at night, found on their return home that they could not get admittance, and therefore they went back to the laboratory, where the process of subliming mercury was going forward, and they slept there during the night; one of them was most fearfully salivated the other had the trembling of the limb, which the French know by the name of *tremblement metallique*, which lasted during his life. At Friuli, in the Venetian territory, when mines are worked, the havoc among the different classes of workmen is so great that there is with all the temptation of high wages, the greatest difficulty in securing their services.

From the Edinburgh Review.
MEXICO.

We must confess, for our own parts, to a great predisposition to what may be called romance, in all matters that relate to this strange portion of the earth—rich in the wonders of nature, and with a history unlike all others. All which attracts and astonishes in other regions, seems combined in one grand theatre in the Mexican isthmus. Humboldt, the most imaginative of travellers, was the first who caught the peculiar enchantment of the place, and his tinged his descriptions with the coloring of his own enthusiastic turn for recondite speculations historical and scientific. Scarcely a day's journey can be taken without some striking change—such as in other parts of the world one must traverse oceans to experience. There are the high table lands, with a sky ever bright, and pure, and keen, almost to the extreme, and so "blue as almost to dazzle the eyes even in the moonlight"—abounding in every production of European industry, strangely mingled with some of the harder forms of tropical vegetation—a land where every deserted garden is over-run with fruit trees and flowers, imported by the Spaniards in other days, and now mingling with the weeds of the soil. You travel a few hours, ascend and descend over a rugged chain clad with pine and oak, and embellished with crosses, to denote the blood that has been shed in its solitudes; or across a tract of glassy glades a natural park, with clumps of trees, in which the deer dwell unmolested; or a black burnt field of ferruginous lava; and find yourself in some rich valley, amidst chirimoyas, bananas, and granadillas, the field smiling with magnificent crops of sugar and coffee—you are in the temperate zone, "tierra templada." Another step and you are in an Arabian forest—a level region of sand and palm groves. You rise again, and are speedily amongst the clouds in the vast mother chain of porphyry and granite, the "sierra madre" which intersects the land; miser's huts, villages, and cities perched on the mountain sides, amidst ravines and waterfalls, or embosomed in leagues on leagues of waving pine forests.

"Thou fluctuate when the storms of Eldorado sound;"

while every where, for hundreds of miles, the snowy cones of three great volcanoes, shining at sunset above the violet, gold, and purple tints which color the lower ridges, seem as the landmarks of all the choicest and most beautiful district: for if you wish to live in the Indies, says the Spanish proverb, let it be in sight of the volcanoes:

"Si a morar en Indias quieres,
Que sea donde los volcanes veyres."

Over all this variegated country are scattered the remnants of an ancient and mysterious civilization, together with the fast decaying monuments of a second. The massive churches, convents, and palaces of the Spanish Conquerors are crumbling away, and bid fair, in a few years, to form a recent stratum of historical ruins; while the phantom of the gray-eyed princes of the soil, and those of the long descending Dons who succeeded them, are vanishing alike into the dominions of the past; and the countrymen of Montezuma are not more reduced in the condition of subjects and strangers in their own land than those of Cortes—

"The Alexander of the Western zone,
Who won the world young Ammon mourned unknown."

By Madame Calderon de la Barca.
THE ORANGE GROVES OF MEXICO.
This morning after a refreshing sleep, we rose and dressed at eight o'clock—and then