

Literature, &c.

The British Magazines FOR APRIL.

From Hogg's Instructor.

PERILOUS ADVENTURE IN A SNOW STORM.

We were recently put in possession of the details of one of the most singular and perilous adventures during a snow storm, which we recollect to have heard. The parties concerned are highly respectable people and well-known gentlemen in this neighbourhood—J. Sidebottom, Esq. of Waterside, near Glossop, and Mr Edward Wrigley, colliery-surveyor and civil-engineer, of cross-street, Manchester; and though these gentlemen were naturally averse to making themselves the subjects of a notoriety such as a newspaper report may be calculated to give them, yet Mr Wrigley was induced from a representation that the notice might operate as a caution to other parties, at this inclement season of the year, not hastily to place themselves in a similar position to the very dangerous one from which they have escaped, to give us the particulars of a story, and outline of which had reached our reporter through another channel. It may be remarked, that the scene of this adventure is on the same bleak and lofty range of hills, forming the boundary between Derbyshire and Yorkshire, and only five or six miles from the spot on which a soldier of the 69th regiment perished a few weeks ago, under circumstances not unlike those we are about to relate. Mr. E. Wrigley, on this occasion, was on a professional journey being to search for the inlet of the brook known by the name of the Great Crowden Brook, into the river Ethrow. He was accompanied by Mr. Sidebottom, and they reached Woodhead Station, the nearest point to their destination they could attain by a travelling conveyance, by about nine o'clock on Monday morning, by the train of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, which leaves Manchester at a quarter before eight. From thence they walked down the turnpike road towards Huddersfield, as far as the summit of Holme Moss, and turned westward on to the moors, endeavouring to follow the boundary between the counties of Derby and York; but whilst they were thus engaged, a snow-storm came on, and they were completely bewildered. They took a direction which they conceived would lead them into the valley down which the Great Crowden flows; but after a cold and fatiguing walk, they came to the turnpike road from Greenfield to Holmfirth, a distance of several miles from the place at which they aimed. The snow was coming down at this time very fast; there are neither paths or vegetation in the desolate country they had traversed, and the snow prevented them from obtaining a sight of any landmarks by which to direct their course. They had a copy of the ordinance map, however, with them, and after some consideration as to the course they should take, they again left the turnpike road to cross the moors. This was about one o'clock on Monday, and they had reason to believe that their best guide to the point of which they were in search was to walk in the teeth of the snow. To their astonishment and disappointment, however, after traversing a rough and precipitous country for nearly three hours, they came at nearly four o'clock, upon the turnpike road to Greenfield, and from thence get home by way of Stalybridge, which place they could have reached in time for a railway train. Mr. Sidebottom, however, had confidence in his knowledge of the country, and, the snow having abated for a time, thought they should still be able to reach the point at which they aimed. They consequently returned again upon the moors; and had been engaged for nearly three hours in the object of their excursion, when they came upon a brook, which they were led to hope was the Crowden. With great difficulty they reached the head of the brook, down a precipitous and dangerous ledge of rocks but with the intention of following the course of the stream. In crossing one of these rocks, Mr. Wrigley met with a serious accident. A portion of it was covered with ice, but both the snow and the darkness tended to conceal it, and the consequence was, that he was precipitated into the water, which in this place must have been four or five feet deep. Indeed, it would be difficult for any one not placed in similar circumstances to conceive the danger with which they had to contend after darkness set in. The moors in this place are covered with peat to the depth of from five to fifteen feet, often affording a treacherous footing to the traveller; and these great gullies have been washed from time to time by the rains. Many of these gullies are eight or ten feet deep, and several yards in width, but they were now, in some places partially, and in others wholly choked up with snow, adding to the fatigue as well as danger of crossing them. Mr. Sidebottom, who is a stout man, had begun to feel the fatigue of the journey much more than his companion when they arrived at the brook, and was so overcome by it and the cold together, that as they sat in a recess formed by the rocks, at the side of the brook, an almost irresistible drowsiness stole over him, and he proposed to pass the night there. That they should both have been fatigued and worn out is no wonder, for they had frequently lost their footing and had severe falls. Mr. Sidebottom slipped down a ledge of rocks ten or twelve feet in depth, and had many heavy falls, and Mr Wrigley, who fared little better, sunk at

one time into the bog to his armpits, besides getting wet in the brook, as before mentioned. Mr. Wrigley resisted the proposition to pass the night in the recess, which only partially sheltered them from the weather, believing that from the state they were then in, one or both of them could assuredly not survive till the return of day; and with some difficulty he induced his companion to make an effort to find the turnpike road, or a more suitable place of shelter. They then climbed the rock to an elevation of probably a hundred feet above the level of the stream, and it then became evident that Mr. Sidebottom was to much benumbed and exhausted to move much farther. In this dilemma, it is a singular circumstance that Mr. Wrigley, who had seated himself on a ledge of rocks, regardless of the snow to wait for his companion (who had called upon him to stop, declaring his inability to continue the journey), feeling an opening beneath his feet, which he could not fathom even by holding on the rock with his hands, was led to hope there was some recess in which they could obtain shelter for the remainder of the night. In the darkness, however, it was impossible to see of what depth it might be; and they were afraid to trust themselves to a descent which might involve serious injury. At length Mr. Sidebottom, taking hold of the hands of Mr. Wrigley, was let down, and enabled to touch the bottom with his feet, and both of them descending, found themselves immediately in a cavern of the rocks, of irregular shape, about three yards in length and one and a half yards in width. Here they at once resolved to pass the night.

It was difficult to say which was in the worst condition for such a resting place. Mr. Wrigley was wet to the skin, but had a top coat and gloves on; Mr. Sidebottom had left home without either of these useful coverings. They could not see the time by their watches, but they imagined it to be about eight o'clock when they discovered the cave. To keep out the snow, which blew into their retreat with bitter coldness, the only thing available to form a door was an ordnance map, which had been wet through in Mr. Wrigley's pocket, when he fell into the brook; and this on being held to the mouth of the cave, soon stiffened with the frost, and to some extent formed a screen from the wind and snow. For several hours they sat back to back, in the hope that they should be able, with the heat obtained in this way, to resist the effects of the cold, but they found it necessary at intervals to get upon their feet and move about, and stamp on the floor, to induce a circulation of the blood. Even with these aids, however, they found the cold so piercing about midnight as to induce them to try other means, and one of those was, to wrap their handkerchiefs over their mouths and faces as veils, to obtain the benefit of warmth to the face from the breath thus confined to that locality. For several hours Mr. Sidebottom lay across Mr. Wrigley's knees, as that gentleman sat on the floor of the cave with his back against one of the sides, and his right arm resting on a shelf of the rock; and additional warmth was obtained by each in this way. The great difficulty was to keep off sleep, which each felt must be fatal to the party indulging in it; and to keep off this friend so refreshing to the tired frame under ordinary circumstances, but now dreaded as the worst enemy that could insinuate itself, they found it necessary continually to ask each other the question. In spite of all their efforts, however, they seem to have been so benumbed and cold as only to have retained half consciousness, and daylight, at seven o'clock, surprised and gladdened them by its appearance, when they supposed it to be only three in the morning. With the return of light, on Tuesday morning, they ventured from their wretched retreat, but so nearly deprived of sensibility that they could with difficulty walk. Nor was that difficulty lessened by the nature of the country they had to traverse. They followed the course of the brook which they had supposed to be the Crowden, till they came to a sheep-track on the southerly side, and here they made the disappointing discovery, that they were several miles from the point they had supposed themselves to have reached. Instead of finding themselves on the great Crowden brook, they found it was the Greenfield Brook; and the object by which they first made this discovery was the plantation, at no great distance, at the top of which stands the house known by the name of Bill o' Jack's, the scene of a notorious murder committed some years ago upon a father and son, the perpetrators of which have never yet been discovered. They pressed forward as fast as they could, having discovered the locality, and soon arrived at a farm house called Ashway gap, where they broke a fast which had been protracted to twenty six hours' duration! If they walked with difficulty and pain, however, before reaching this shelter, they had still greater difficulty in walking after sitting before a warm fire for a time. They tried in vain to obtain a conveyance on the road, and had to walk to Stalybridge, a distance of eight or nine miles whence they took 'the rail' to their respective homes.

Mr. Wrigley had left home, stating that he might probably be away all night, and his absence created no uneasiness; but Mr. Sidebottom had given no such intimation to his family, and the alarm in which his protracted absence had placed may be conceived. Both of the gentlemen have suffered severely from the effects of cold and bruises since—Mr. Sidebottom in particular—but we believe they are now fast recovering from them. It is a singular circumstance, that though they must have

walked a distance of not less than nine or ten miles on the Monday night, after leaving the Greenfield turnpike road, the cave in which they sheltered is not more than half a mile from the point they started from, and at which they had a second time found themselves at four o'clock; so that they seem to have journeyed, probably from some peculiarity of the country, continually in a circle. The people at Greenfield stated that the night had been one of the severest they had experienced for many years, and, accustomed as they had been to the keen air of the hills, it was with difficulty they could be made to believe that human beings had survived such a bitter frost and snow in a situation so exposed. Mr. Wrigley states that the position of the cave is such that it is doubtful if it has ever been visited; and that if they had perished, it is probable that years would have elapsed before their bodies would have been discovered. Their fingers on the Tuesday morning were so benumbed and contracted, that as they took them from their pockets, pulling out with them money and other articles, which fell in the snow, they had no power of picking them up from the ground.

From the Peace Advocate.

THE COUNTRYMAN'S REPLY TO THE INVITATION OF A RECRUITING SERGEANT.

So, ye want to catch me, do ye?
Nae! I doant much think ye woul,
Though your scarlet coat and feathers
Look so bright and beautiful;
Though ye tell sich famous stories
Of the fortunes to be won,
Fightin' in the distant Ingies,
Underneath the burnin' sun.
S'pose I am a tight young feller,
Sound o' limb, and all that ere,
I can't see that that's a reason
Why thy scarlet I should wear;
Fustian coat and corded trousers
Seem to suit me quite as well;
'Tink I doant look badly in 'em—
Ax my Meary, she can tell!
Satinly I'd rather keep 'em—
These same limbs ye talk about,
Cover'd up in cord and fustian,
Than I'd try to do without.
There's Bill Muggins left our village
Jest as sound a man as I,
Now he goes about on crutches,
With a single arm and eye.
To be sure he's got a medal,
And some twenty pounds a year:
For his health, and strength, and service,
Government can't call that dear;
Not to reckon one leg shatter'd,
Two ribs broken, one eye lost,
'Fore I went in such a venture,
I should stop and count the cost.
'Lots o' glory?' lots o' gammon?
Ax Bill Muggins about that;
He will tell ye 'tain't by no means
Sort o' stuff to make ye fat;
If it was, the private so'ger
Gets o' it but precious little:
Why, it's jest like bees a ketchin'
With the sound of a brass kettle.
'Lots o' gold, and quick promotion?'
Phew! jest look at William Green:
He's been fourteen years a fightin';
As they call, it for the Queen;
Now he comes home invalided
With a serjeant's rank and pay;
But that he's made a captain,
Or is rich, I arnt heerd say.
'Lots o' fun and pleasant quarters,
And a so'ger's merry life;
All the tradesmen's—farmers' daughters
Wantin' to become my wife?
Well, I think I'll take the shillin';
Put the ribbins in my hat!—
Stop! I'm but a country bumpkin.
Yet not quite so green as that.
'Fun'—a knockin' fellow-creatures
Down like nine pins, and that ere—
Stickin' bag'nets through and through 'em—
Burnin', slayin', everywhere!
'Pleasant quarters?' werry pleasant!
Sleepin' on the field o' battle,
Or in hospital, or barracks,
Cramm'd together jest like cattle.
S'rut away then, master serjeant:
Tellyour lies as on ye go;
Make your drummers rattle louder,
And your fifers harder blow;
I sha'n't be a 'son o' glory,'
But an honest working man,
With the strength that God has giv' me
Doan't all the good I can.
TIMOTHY CLODDOLE.

From Hogg's Instructor. THE PHILOSOPHY OF JOKING.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF JOKING.
THE remark is not more familiar than true, that were it at all difficult to find a marked characteristic to distinguish man from the rest of animated nature, the decidation might be at once and more appropriately supplied by dubbing him 'a laughing animal.' So far as known, this distinctive feature in his constitution can be claimed by none of the lower animals. Whatever perceptions of the ludicrous they possess, and whatever enjoyments they derive from these, cannot be ascertained, for external indications are wanting to testify. It is possible some of them may be so constituted as to enjoy an internal chuckle at the foibles and failings of their fellows, and, perhaps, even at the wayward humours and 'fantastic tricks' of their proud superior man. But whatever their feelings risible on this score, they would seem to enjoy them all to themselves.
The faculty for the perception and enjoyment of the ludicrous would not have been bestowed upon man unless meant to be exercised, and accordingly, causes, personal and external to himself, exist in abundance for its gratification. There are, no doubt, some men gloomy and austere, who regard with contempt everything like the ebullition of wit and jokery, who think it derogatory to their dignity to confess that they spend a minute in idle waggery and merriment. But so opposed to nature and reason is such a disposition that we cannot help suspecting its manifestations to savour very much of grave imposture. Their may be more foolishness, certainly more hypocrisy, wrapped up in a never bending, solemn exterior, than can be covered by features that are ever ready, even at the most abortive joke, to expand into unrestrained risibility. Few people have known a really bad man who could burst into a hearty fit of laughter. His thoughts are of such a hole-and-corner kind, he makes them so much his own secret, they eschew the broad light of day with such shrilling suspicion, that he seems afraid lest with his laugh there might escape too much of his mind. Therefore it is, that when we conjure up the beautiful of a joker one who laughs heartily at the mischievous sallies of others and can perpetrate the like himself—we never associate the idea of a bad heart with the picture. To do so would be as prosperous as to search for the villainy of Iago in the character of Falstaff. Conceive of Iago throwing his whole heart into a laugh! We never think of a Jeffries, a Robespierre, a Danton, a Borgia, or any of the monster ruffians of fiction or real life, convulsed under the influence of a genuine laugh. The malignant grin, and withering sneer—not laughter, but the hiss of the serpent—are instantly associated in our minds with black actions, and villainous hearts.
The individual, on the other hand, who laughs on mirth provoking cause till the tears come—whose soul and body, for the time being, seems to be swallowed up in one huge grufflaw, forcibly reminding the onlooker of a small earthquake, and exciting considerable fears where the subject is more than ordinarily rotund—is rarely found to be a really bad man. So much of the heart is apparent, that we argue well for his kindly and benevolent feelings in other relations. There is no hypocrisy in a good laugh, while a great deal may be hid under a never relaxing sanctimonious face. In truth, the highest minds and the best hearts have often found amusement in frivolities, that the pompously grave man, high on the stilts of arched austerity, looks down upon with effable contempt. Plato loved a good joke, and was not only witty himself, but like Falstaff 'the cause of wit in others.' It was his habit, sometimes, to make merry with his disciples. On one of these occasions, a solemn pedant was observed approaching, when the philosopher exclaimed, with a perfect knowledge of his man 'Let us be wise now, I see a fool coming.' The celebrated Spartan Agesilaus, used to amuse himself and his children by riding on a stick. The divine Socrates, by way of relaxation, used to dance and sing. Lucian, the facetious Roman poet, and Scaliger the grave critic, entered heartily into the same amusements; Swift, most inveterate of jokers, often enjoyed himself in chasing his friends, the two Sheridans, through all the rooms of the deanery. Shakespear, whose master hand has waked the truthfallest tones from every chord of the human heart, played on the bass viol; and he, who himself had such an inimitable command of the ludicrous, we may rely could heartily appreciate a good joke. He evidently spoke his own sentiments when he made Gratiano exclaim—
'Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the juncture
By being peevish? I tell thee what Antonio,
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks—
There are a sort of men whose visage
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit?
Oh who should say, I am Sir Oracle
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark;
Oh my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore, only are reputed wise
For saying nothing!
There are a few men, indeed, of healthy