

Wherever they ruled there was a division of the state into factions, and the governors of the several settlements so abandoned themselves to those excesses which render men hateful and contemptible, that even their power ceased to intimidate the conquered natives. The Voyage of Vasco De Gama opened up an extensive field for discovery, but it was the path which eventually led to the effeminacy, degeneracy, and decay of his country; and now, of all their vast territories in Asia, they can claim but a little decayed settlement at Macao, with some inconsiderable trading port on the coast of Malabar. It has ever been thus with nations who superadded commerce by the impolitic and cruel policy of war, and Portugal, like Spain, stands a monument to the nations of the punishment that invariably follows national dishonour and cruelty.

## FATAL EFFECTS OF A FROLIC.

A NARRATIVE FOUNDED ON FACT.

The valuable talent which the Military College at Woolwich has been the means of introducing to the service of the country, would require the pen of the ablest writer to eulogize; let it suffice therefore to state, that the hero of this tale was educated there, and esteemed by all who knew him as a youth of a courageous, talented, and sportive disposition. A sort of mess had been established among the senior cadets, to which officers holding his Majesty's commission received and accepted the invite. It happened on one occasion that, among other various topics, the robberies which frequently at that time took place on Shooter's-Hill and Blackheath, absorbed the conversation; and in canvassing the subject, one party maintained that it was folly to decide that a man was a paltrone, because unarmed he did not resist the attack of a determined ruffian; the more so, as resistance would be absurdity, or, at the best, the effect of desperation. The other side maintained that odds alone could clear the attacked party from the obloquy of submitting to the disgrace of such an event; and that, without this circumstance, no one who possessed presence of mind would allow himself to be taken so much by surprise as to be robbed. The military friend of our hero was one of those who most strenuously supported, and who was loudest in upholding the latter assertion. Nay, he swore that no single armed being should ever rob him. The cadet, perceiving that it was fruitless to attempt further discussion, retired, taking from the sideboard a brass night-candlestick, and with an arch smile, and an inclination of the head, left the room, and each party to settle the subject as they chose. The time of parting arrived, and his friend shortly afterwards quitted to return to town. Though it was summer, the night was rather dark; and the nearest way of the pedestrian to his home obliged him to pass through the fields, where the path led through a valley intersected by stiles, which terminated in approaching the lower extremity of the eastern high-road on Blackheath. Just as the officer had bounded over the last stile, a man advanced—presented something like a pistol at his head—and demanded his money. The officer made no resistance, but delivered up his money and his watch, and was then allowed, without further molestation, to pursue his journey home. While some of the cadets who continued their carouse were singing and boozing, our hero, who it was supposed had retired to rest, entered, and laughing almost convulsively, placed on the table his brass bedroom candlestick, a watch, and purse. And when his fit of laughter had somewhat subsided, he ejaculated,—"Well, my boys, whom do you think this watch and purse belong to?" None present knew. "To my friend F," said he; "and how do you think that I obtained them?" he again asked—"Why," almost choked with laughter, he exclaimed—"with this dreadful weapon, my candlestick." He then informed them of the whole transaction. The laugh became general the frolic highly relished by all; the more so, as the officer's assertion was fresh in their minds. The cadet took the earliest opportunity to visit his friend, when he waggishly introduced the subject of recent robberies, merely to give his acquaintance an opportunity to relate his own adventure,—which he did with apparent confusion. At the conclusion, the cadet gave to him his watch and purse, justly telling him, that he had never before supposed that his brass candlestick possessed such powerful influence.—The jest, in place of being relished by his friend, produced a totally contrary effect. The military man assumed a distant and repulsive coolness, nor could any explanations change his frigid sternness of manner. This disconcerted the cadet, whose warm-heartedness of feeling for his friend induced him to make fresh attempts at reconciliation, but to no purpose. It was then that, taking umbrage at such unkindness, he, in his turn became angry, and with the same degree of self control, said—"That if he felt himself so deeply offended that explanations on his part had no effect, he knew his remedy, and where he was to be found." The other sarcastically replied—"Yes, sir, and you shall soon hear from me." Our hero then left the room, and returned to Woolwich, stating to a friend of his what had occurred to him. His adviser naturally intimated to him to prepare for the result.—He did so—his pistols were inspected; and his friend took up his quarter in his barack-room. They waited the expected carte of defiance, but none arrived that day. The next day passed—night came on—still no intimation. The next morning, just as his friend was on the point of quitting the cadet, an unusual bustle was heard in the corridor; when, to the astonishment of the in-

mates of the room, the commanding officer of the college entered and close behind him two most suspicious looking characters, who, on being told that our hero was cadet P—, one of them immediately stepped forward and said—"Sir, I arrest you as my prisoner on a charge of highway robbery," and produced the warrant for apprehending him, which had been made out on the affidavit of Capt F—, before two Kentish Magistrates, in which county the robbery was sworn to have taken place. Resistance was useless—nor was any attempted.

The surmise of all present on reflection was, that it was merely intended as a check to the buoyant thoughtlessness of the youth, and that the alarm, and not the prosecution, was the motive of the arrest. But the next step did not justify their expectations. The cadet was conveyed before the sitting magistrates. His accuser appeared; and though every extenuation of the case, as a matter of frolic was admitted by the Magistrate; yet the vindictive oath of the accuser obliged him to commit the prisoner to jail, nor dared he to accept bail, though offered to any amount. Thus was the poor fellow incarcerated till the ensuing assizes, to meet his trial as a felon. It may be supposed that the trial excited considerable interest. He was tried and condemned to death, but strongly recommended to mercy. A petition signed by his relatives and numerous friends, imploring commiseration, was forwarded to the proper quarter, and his case so favorably represented to his Sovereign, that the sentence was commuted to transportation for life. I shall not attempt to describe the anguish of the parting scene with his relatives and friends, to whom he was deservedly dear; nor need I state that they did everything for him that kindness and affection could dictate. He embarked on board one of the usual transport convict ships employed on such occasions for Botany Bay. The severe lesson which his youthful folly had taught him, did not, however break his spirit. What supported him in this calamitous situation was the knowledge that his disgrace proceeded from the oath of a dastardly villain, the venom of whose malice had aimed at his life. He felt also conscious, that though folly had been vice was not the inmate of his heart; and that true courage was more needed in adversity than even in prosperity. His conduct continued uncontaminated by association with his fellow prisoners, as if possible his detestation of vice the stronger. The circumstances of his case being known to all on board, the Captain, officers, and crew, vied with each other, to render his voyage as tolerable as possible; and on a future acquaintance with him, his peaceable, tractable, and manly deportment, though his fine features were marked with a dash of melancholy, gained him the love of all. On landing the convicts at their place of destination, the captain so effectually interested himself with the authorities in his behalf, that he was placed in a far less offensive situation than those whose crimes had merited the disgrace of expatriation. Twenty years had now elapsed; his circumstances had improved, and his talents became more and more appreciated. He was employed by the Governor of the settlement in various confidential situations, till at last, by honest industry he amassed a very tolerable fortune; and to crown all, his term of banishment was rescinded. He then returned to England, to cheer by his presence his few remaining relatives, bringing with him testimonials of the high character which his conduct had merited since his banishment. I have further in justice to state, that this high spirited gentleman once more visited the scenes of his youth, where he had left the accounts of his youthful extravagances unpaid. Some of the persons to whom the money had been due were dead; he however, exerted himself until he found out their heirs, to whom he not only paid the full amount of the debt, but also the interest; and in this honorable manner he settled the whole of his affairs. I must now briefly revert to the events that relate to the officer who had been the cause of mental suffering to his unsuspecting friend. His brother officers, in consequence of his vindictive conduct, would hold no converse with him, and he was consequently obliged to discontinue his commission. With the produce of the sale of his commission, he embarked in trade, in which he failed. Want of integrity lessened the respect of the few with whom in business he had associated. By degrees he descended in the grade of Society, till poverty marked him for her own.—He died a beggar.

## THE CULTIVATION OF PATIENCE.

The finest opportunity for the cultivation of patience is in a household, where there are many children—boys and girls—with no great difference of age between them. Here in the first place, the parents have need of all the faith and patience, they have to bear hopefully with the freaks of some of their children.—Their are moments, hours, and days, in the best households, when the conscientious and tender mother feels her heart rent by the spectacle of the quarrels of her children. It is a truth which had better be at once fully admitted, that where there are many children nearly approaching each other in age, their wills must clash, their passions become excited, and their affections be for the time overborne. When a mother sees children scratch and strike, when her ear catches the bitter word of passion between brothers, her heart stands still with grief and dread. But she must be comforted. All may be well if she overrules this terrible necessity as she may. She must remember that the strength of will thus shown is a great power for use in the ac-

quisition of patience. She must remember that the odiousness of passion is not yet so evident to her children as it is to her. She must remember how small is the moral comprehension of a child and therefore how intense are all its desires and how strong as the provocation when those desires are thwarted. She must remember that time and enlargement of views are what children want to make them men and women; and that time and enlargement are sure to come to these young creatures and make men of them if their parents do their part.—Her part to day is to separate the children who cannot agree to give time and opportunity for their passion to subside, the desire of the moment to pass away, and the affections and the reason to be aroused. She must obtain their confidence apart, and bring them together again when they forgive and agree.—If she finds that such trouble enables her to understand her children better, and reveal their own minds to themselves and teach them a more careful self rule, the event may be well worth the pains.

From the Lady's Wreath for January.

## STORM-SAILS.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Out with your storm sails—for the blast is loud,

And seas and skies commingle.

Pleasant smiles—

Fond cheering tones—delightful sympathies—

Story and song—the needle's varied skill—

The shaded lamp—the glowing grate at eve

The page made vocal by a taste refined—

Imparted memories—plans for other's good;

These are woman's storm sails. Fair we'd

keep

Each one in readiness—whenever the cloud

Maketh our home our fortress, and debars

The walk abroad

Come, choose ye which to spread,

My fair, young lady. For the foot of youth

Is nimblest 'mid the shrouds of social life,

And readiest should its fairy band unfurl

The household banner of true happiness.

What has thy brow to do with frowns?—thy

heart

With selfish lore—as yet so briefly school'd

In the world's venal traffic?

Make thine eye

A cheering light house to the voyager

Wearied and worn.

Shed blessed hope on all—

Parent, fraternal group, or transient guest—

Nor let the toiling servant be forgot,

Who in the casket of remembrance, stores

Each word of praise.

Mother when tempests rage,

Draw thy young children round thee. Let

them share

The intercourse, that while it soothes, in-

structs,

And elevates the soul. Implant some germ

Of truth, or tenderness, or hold faith,

And trust the rain of Heaven to water it.

So shall those sweet, unfolding blossoms, blend

In future years, thine image with the storm,

Like the pure rainbow, with its glorious scroll

Teaching of God.

Scholar and child of rhyme,

This is thy holiday. No vexing fear

Of interruption, and no idler's foot

Shall mar thy reverie.

And while the flame

Of blissful impulse nerves the flying pen,

Grave on thy storm sails deathless thoughts to

guide

Thy wind swept brother, o'er the sea of time,

To ports of peace.

## New Works.

## THE BARBER OF DUNSE.

From the Laird of Logan.

A Clergyman possessing an uncommon share of wit and humour, had occasion to lodge for the night in company with some friends at the inn of a town, which, for certain reasons we shall denominate Dunse. Requiring the services of a barber, he was recommended by the waiter to Walter Dron—who was recommended as not only skilled in that profession but excellent at cracking a joke or telling a story. This functionary being forthwith introduced, made such a display of his oral and manual dexterity, as to leave on the mind as well as the body of the customer, a very favourable impression, and induce the latter to invite him to sit down to a friendly glass. The mutual familiarity which the circulation of the bottle produced, served to show off the barber in his happiest mood, and the facetious clergyman, amid the general hilarity, thus addressed him:—"Now Wattie, I engage to give you a guinea on the following terms; that you leap backwards and forwards over your chair for the space of half an hour—leisurely yet regularly, crying out at each leap—'here goes I Wattie Dron, barber of Dunse'—but that, should you utter any thing else during the time you forfeit the reward." Wattie, though no

doubt surprised at the absurdity of the proposal yet considering how easily he could earn the guinea, and the improbability that such an opportunity would ever again present itself—agreed to the stipulation. The watch was set and the barber having stripped off his coat, leaning with one hand on the back of the chair commenced leaping over the seat, uniformly repeating, in an exulting tone, the words prescribed. After matters had gone on thus smoothly for about five minutes, the clergyman rung the bell, and thus accosted the waiter—"What is the reason, sir, you insult me by sending a mad fellow like that instead of a proper barber, as you pretended he was?"—Barber (leaping): "Here goes I, Wattie Dron, barber of Dunse."—Waiter: "Oh, sir I don't know what is the matter I never saw him in this way in all my life; Mr. Dron, Mr. Dron, what do you mean?"—Barber: "Here goes I, Wattie: Bless me Mr Dron recollect these are gentlemen, how can you make such a fool of yourself?"—Barber: "Here goes I, landlord (entering in haste) 'What the d—l, sir, is all this? The fellow is mad—how dare you, sir, insult gentlemen in my house by such conduct?"—Barber: "Here goes I, Wattie Dron."—Landlord: "Say, Rob, run for his wife for this can't be put up with—gentlemen the man is evidently deranged, and I hope you will not let my house be injured in any way by this business."—Here goes,—"Wife (pushing in) 'O! Wattie, Wattie what's this that's come ower ye? Do you no ken your ain wife?"—Barber: "Here goes I,—"Wife weeping: "Oh, Wattie, if ye care na for me mind your bairns at hame, and come awa' wi' me,"—barber: "Here goes I, Wat—" The afflicted wife now clasped her husband round the neck and hung him so as effectually to arrest his further progress. Much did poor Wattie struggle to shake off his loving, yet unwelcome spouse but it was now 'no go'—his galloping was at an end. "Confound you for an idiot!" he bitterly exclaimed, "I never could win a guinea so easily in my life." It is only necessary to add that the explanation which immediately followed was much more satisfactory to mine host than to the barber's better half, and the clergyman restored Wattie to his usual good humour by generously rewarding his exertions with the earned guinea—

## THE PLAIN OF THE JORDAN.

From the ridge we had a splendid view of the plain of the Jordan—apparently as flat as a table to the very foot of the Moab Mountains, while the Dead Sea lay, a blue and motionless expanse, to the right (the south)—and barren mountains enclosed the whole. The nearer mountains were rocky, brown and desolate with here and there the remains of an aqueduct, or other ancient buildings, the sites of settlements which have passed away. The plain was once as delicious a region as ever men lived in. Josephus called it a 'divine region'; and tells of its miles of gardens and palm groves and here grew the balsam which was worth more than its weight in silver, and was a treasure for which the kings of the east made war. Jericho is called in the Scriptures the city of Palm trees, and Jericho was but one of a hundred towns which peopled the plain. Now, all near was barren, and equally bare was the distant track at the foot of the mountains, but in the midst was a strip of verdure, broad, sinuous and thickly wooded, where we knew that the Jordan flowed. The palms are gone; and the Sycamores, and the honey which the wild bees made in the hollows of their stems. The balsam which Queen Cleopatra so coveted as to send messengers from Egypt for plants to grow at Heliopolis, has disappeared from the face of the earth; and instead of these, and the fruits and sugar canes which were renowned in far countries, we find now little but tall reeds, thorny acacias, and trees barren of blossoms or fruit. The verdant strip however, looks beautiful from afar, and shows that the fertility of the plain has not departed. There is enough for the support and luxury of man, were man but there to wish for and enjoy them.—

## THE BITTER BIT.

A butcher in the town of Middlesbro' on Tees, Yorkshire, a few weeks ago displayed his depth of acuteness in the following manner;—The captain of a French vessel then lying in the river, who had proceeded to town for the purpose of purchasing some beef, accidentally visited the shop of the tradesman, above mentioned. Business was talked of freely and the butcher and his customers became very friendly. The butcher whispered something as to smuggled brandy. The Frenchman took the hint, and a barter was agreed upon—the butcher's beef for the Frenchman's brandy. The beef was sent on board at once, and it was agreed that the brandy should be fetched away by night. At dinner that day the butcher appeared so delighted, that his wife inquired what was the cause of his joy. "Why," says he, "I have bartered beef for brandy with a Frenchman, and instead of going to fetch the brandy, I'll get £50 for informing the Custom-house officers of the affair, and at the time I told the Captain I would take the brandy away, I'll take the officers with me and make a seizure." "Ay, that will be a trick," replied she. Accordingly at the appointed time of night the butcher and the officer started for the vessel, but, behold! the Frenchman, vessel, beef and all had disappeared.

## THE MEDIA OF DIVINITY.

There are two books from which I collect my divinity—the written one of God, and the other of his servant, nature that universal and public manuscript, that lies expanded to the eyes of all. Those who never saw him in the one have discovered him in the other.