

Lord Glencairn found no difficulty in being introduced to the heiresses, for they were now upon intimate terms with the Ayrshire gentry, they possessed that which is a passport to the best society, not that the fortune was their only advantage, for, although they were not beautiful, yet their native gentleness and liberal education had moulded them into what at a glance, distinguishes the cultivated female. He paid his addresses to the eldest, and was accepted, and in a short time the marriage was solemnised in presence of a large and gay assemblage of the Ayrshire nobility and gentry.

When an old lady, and a widow, she, accompanied by her factor, rode out one day to give him directions as to some improvements upon her property; she then pointed to an old tenement which was falling into decay, saying, 'there, sir, is the cottage in which I was born, and the ten years I spent in it with my poor father and mother, were infinitely more happy than the forty years that I have been lady Glencairn.'

Her sister was also married, but to a gentleman in private life, and long, long after those whose names I have mentioned, were gone the way of all living, there was assembled at a ball, in Ayr, a fashionable company, among others the respective families of Cassillis and Glencairn, between whom there existed a feeling of jealousy; and when a party on the floor was about to dance, the inconsiderate young Lord Glencairn, said to the master of ceremonies, in an audible tone of voice, tell the musicians to play 'Johnny Faa.' Yes, said the Earl of Cassillis, and after that, let us have 'Fiddler's Daughter,' neither of the tunes being at all suitable for the figure about to be danced, which might be a cotillion, possibly the Minuet de la Cour; but no matter, each young noble shot his poisoned arrow in hopes of a successful hit. So much for the manners of polished society in the middle of the last century.

ADMIRAL ROWLEY'S OLD QUARTERMASTER.

By W. F. Wolfe, of Portsea.

Of all my old shipmates I have ever fallen in with, there is none that I remember with greater friendship than Charley Thompson, Admiral Rowley's old quartermaster.

Charley was not only a favorite with the Admiral, but I believe with every one who knew him; he had sailed in the old York, with Schomberg, he had also served with Sir Harry Bernard Neale and others; particularly Sir Sydney Smith, of whom he always spoke in the most affectionate terms.

Charley was a sailor to the backbone, and such a fellow for anecdote, for no man had seen more service in the navy than he had. I have walked in the mid-watch with him, when at anchor, listening to his yarns with such pleasure that deprived the watch of half its weariness, and the four hours have seemed scarcely two, and eight bells have struck when I only thought it four, so completely did Charley's yarns beguile the time. If we discoursed on seamanship I could listen and learn, and so proud was Charley of his nautical knowledge, that I might almost say it was his only weak point—unless it was his love of grog. One of his remarkable sayings was, when speaking of seamanship, 'If I am not a sailor, who should be? for I was one before I was born.' This, of course, required explanation, and when asked for, was given, as near as I can recollect, in the following words: 'My father was master of a collier belonging to North Shields; my mother sailed with him both winter and summer, and such a knowledge of seamanship had the old woman attained, that father one night, when half-seas over, was smoking his pipe at the Coal Exchange, and in company with some captains, laid a wager that mother should splice a rope, stop a block, or perform any other part of a sailor's duty they chose to name. The wager was immediately taken, the captains betting one guinea each against my father's twelve; mother was sent for, who was on board at the time, but who came on shore immediately, and accepted the task with right good will. My mother and one of the captains were placed back to back, in order to prevent the former from seeing the operation; blocks, ropes, hooks, thimbles, and seizings, were produced, and the twelve captains divided themselves into two parties—the one to watch the proceedings of the female, and the other of the male sailor. The work was at last finished, and although Mrs Thompson was a few minutes longer in completing her task than her antagonist, yet her work was so much more neatly executed, that the wager was decided unanimously in her favor. The twenty four guineas which had been placed on the table were swept into mother's lap, and each of the captains gave the old woman a hearty buss. O, how father used to laugh when he told the story, to see how the skippers puffed their tobacco harder and harder, as they saw mother gaining the advantage, and their hands going in and out of their pockets with much rapidity, expressive of their fears that their guineas would never go back to their former resting places.—Such fun did the circumstance create in Shields, that it not only became a by-word, but a vessel was actually named the 'Mary Thompson' in commemoration of the event. The exertion and excitement which mother had experienced was followed by the introduction of your humble servant into the world within twenty-four hours afterwards.'

Having introduced you to my old shipmate, I will give you three anecdotes told by him one night in the mid-watch, while in Leghorn roads.

In the course of conversation I asked him to tell me what he considered the most remarkable events of his life, for I well knew he had seen much service, to which he replied, 'I scarcely know; the Princess of Wales and I took a glass of grog together—I have stood face to face with General Bonaparte before he was Emperor of France—and I served six months in the Turkish service, in the Sultan Selim, 98.' Upon my remarking 'let us hear about the glass of grog,' he proceeded with his yarn thus:— 'You know I was quartermaster of the frigate which carried the Princess to the continent when she could not live any longer with her husband; she was a good tempered soul she would walk the deck, laugh and dance—all hands loved her, and would have died for her, and she and I drank out of the same glass' Upon my asking, with astonishment, how did that happen, he said, 'Why she was walking the deck with the boy Austin—which people said was her child, but I don't believe it—he was a nice, pretty behaved boy, for if a man handed him a spy glass he always said 'thank ye.' They were walking the deck as I told you, and the flier played 'Nancy Dawson,' which was the old way of calling the men to go for their grog. The Princess asked me what tune it was, and what it was played for; and, on being told it was to call the men to their grog, she said she should like to taste it, on which the captain very politely bent his knee and lifted his hat, and ordered me to tell the steward to bring up some of the ship's grog. I did not tell the steward what the captain told me, but said I wanted a glass, a large one—for if I had told him who it was for, he would have given me a wine glass on a silver waiter—he gave me a rummer, and I went to the tub and I said to the officer, I want some grog for the Princess of Wales; he asked me who sent me, and I told him the captain, and he said, I suppose you must take a little—but it wasn't a little I was going to take, for I dipped the glass into the tub and filled it to the brim, so full that, though I tried to carry it steadily, I could not help spilling it. When I got on the quarter deck, and her Royal Highness saw me walking so slowly, with the glass up to my eye, she bursted out a laughing.' The captain tried to look black at me, but I was sure he wasn't cross, and when he was taking it out of my hand he spilled some over his white kersey-mere breeches, in presenting it to the lady. The Princess took it in her hand and smelled to it, and just put her lips to it and drank a little drop of it, and said, 'it is very strong,' and handed it back to the captain, who handed it over to me; but, as he did not say, take it to the tub again, I thought it had gone through hands enough for one glass of grog, so, as I had my hat in my hand, I opened my mouth and dropped my quid into it, and said here's your very good health ma'am, and God bless you, and drank it all off! I then enquired what followed, he said, 'Why, the Princess laughed till the tears run out of her eyes, and young Austin, poor lad, you would have thought he was mad, he stamped and laughed so!' Upon my asking what did the captain say to it, he replied, 'He shook his head, and tried to look cross, but soon began to laugh as bad as the rest.' Upon being asked whether he made a bow or bent his knee, 'Bow,' said he, 'I never made a bow in all my life, and as to bending my knee, will the mainmast bend? I bobbed my head the best way I could, and threw out my leg behind me, at which they all laughed again as much as before; and the Princess never met me while on board without laughing, when she thought of the man with whom she had shared a glass of grog.'

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From the Family Economist. REMEMBER THE POOR.

Where? In every place. When? Every day of your life.

1. When you eat a good dinner, lie down on your feather bed, enjoy your parlor ease, take your walks of pleasure, visit your rich friends or ride into the country, remember the privations of the poor, and be determined to deny yourself, in order to afford them relief and to better their condition.

2. When you go into the pantry remember the poor, and look if there be not some cold meat, a little bacon, butter, bread or milk, which you can spare, and which would rejoice the hearts of many a poor hungry family.

3. When you look through your drawers and wardrobes, remember the poor, and see if you cannot pick up a shirt, a waistcoat, a coat, a pair of stockings, a flannel waistcoat, or some other useful article, wherewith to assist in clothing the naked.

4. When you go to a sale, remember the poor, and think if there be not a few chairs, a pan, a bedstead, a loom, or something else that you could buy cheap, in order to help some destitute family, whose house has been broken up through poverty.

5. When you have a horse standing idle, remember the poor, and consider whether it might not be employed in fetching coals for some poor fatherless family, or riding out those who are sick and almost dying for want of fresh air.

6. When your garden brings forth abundantly, remember the poor, and send them some potatoes, cabbage, onions, or anything you have to spare.

7. When you are regulating your cellars and lumber places, remember the poor, and instead of selling your useless things for a mere trifle, order all your old iron, brass, lead, spoons, pans, umbrellas, broken glass, physic bottles, skins and rags, to be collected and given to some poor person, who will make them into money.

8. When you are perambulating the back streets, or when you have a little time to spare, remember the poor, and step into their cellars and cottages, and see how they live and sleep; inquire into their earnings and the general state of their families. Unless you do this, you will be in great danger of forgetting the poor.

9. When you take stock, and you have had a prosperous year, remember the poor, and lay out a good round sum to give away, like a good steward of God.

SCRAPS FROM THE LONDON PUNCH.

Question for Baron Rothschild.—To be asked at the next London election apropos of Haynau.—'Who's your friend?'

Some 'bottle-nose whales' have been seen off Ireland. It is but fair to infer, then, that they were pointing their noses towards Cork. The opinion entertained by the more intelligent class of fishes with regard to the submarine telegraph is that we are laying down wires for the purpose of catching the American Sea Serpent.

We have heard that eating snakes was formerly reputed a good method of growing young. We can recommend something that would be perhaps quite as efficacious, and a little less nauseous possibly, than eating a snake, namely, to swallow some of the Serpentine.

The practice of using manuscripts and unsaleable printed works for the lining of trunks doubtless had its origin in the superstition, that the excessive dryness of the matter would keep the water out. There may be something in this idea, for the substances in question are quite incapable of absorbing anybody or anything.

In return for the present of a sword belonging to the Emperor, General Narvaez has given Louis Napoleon, a sword belonging to Fernando Cortez. The Spanish officer could not have performed towards the French President, a nicer act of Cortez-y.

The Times announced the other day that—The Chancellor of the Exchequer has received from 'Quere' the sum of £25 for income tax. Quere?—Quere?—Is the name spelt properly? Isn't the unfortunate individual Queer?

A question to the French.—Now, be candid, and tell the truth! Would you not be glad to part with all your change if you could get a good sovereign?

Communications.

[For the Gleaner.] THE THREE WARNINGS.

Although no great advocate for the common fire-side narratives of supernatural warnings, and the belief in dreams and ghostly visitations, as I believe this superstitious disposition generally proceeds from the tales narrated by mothers and nurses, to satisfy the news-seeking appetite of childhood, yet we must not discard those mysteries altogether. History has made us acquainted with several strange recitals, which are well authenticated, both as regards dreams and spiritual visitations. It would be folly to dispute such visible proofs of a connection between a spiritual and material creation; they appear at intervals, as it were, to check man's wanton disregard to a spiritual existence, and gleam forth occasionally to evidence how closely we are connected with the essence of things, and how effectually has it too subjected poor nervous humanity to the terrors of conscience. There are scarcely any who have not had some little incident of superstition to keep their souls in subjection, and make them feel they are heirs to another world, where the heavy accompaniment of mortality will not interfere with their future being.

The following incident was related to me by a ship captain, for whose conscientious integrity I can vouch. He stated that in the year 184-, he was about entering the Gulf, after beating down the Saint Lawrence with adverse winds. He had arrived somewhere near Cape Rozier, about 12 at night, with a misty atmosphere. He had been running towards, but not in sight of land, for some time, when he ordered the deck-watch to keep a good look-out ahead, and then went below to turn in. His previous exertions had so exhausted him, that he immediately sunk into a sound sleep. How long he had so remained, he could not say. However, when in this state, he heard his name pronounced audibly, as if some one on deck was calling. He immediately awoke, raised himself on his elbow, and glanced into the cabin; but all was quiet, with the vessel steadily pursuing her course. He remained silent for a few moments, and hearing no repetition of the summons, again sunk heavily in sleep. Having not, he thinks, remained very long, when he heard his name distinctly pronounced. He started again, rose partially in the berth, gazed into the cabin, and heard not the slightest sound of difficulty, or anything whatever to induce him to rise. The lamp was flickering away in the cabin with a lurid and solitary radiance, seeming by its monotony to calm his anxiety, and bestow upon him a heaviness which sent him again into the land of dreams. Again the voice, for a third time, rung in his ear. 'I'll sleep no more,' he said, as he immediately sprang out of bed, ran across the cabin and pursued his way upon deck, and what was his astonishment at beholding the vessel sailing quietly on upon the craggy steep of Cape Rozier, hardly a stone's throw from the rocky boundary of the Gulf. As quick as

thought he sprang to the wheel, and found the belmsman stock still, his body resting against the wheel, while his head drooped in all the calmness of profound slumber. He grasped the helm from his slacked hold, in a twinkling the vessel hove round, and in another moment her bow rounded off from the dangerous shore, while her stern actually grazed the rocky bottom, the whole deck-watch being fast asleep, with the mate stretched close under the compass box. The captain, notwithstanding his truly miraculous escape, and the mysterious warning which occasioned it, could not refrain from bestowing upon his negligent crew a hearty blessing.

Whether this little incident may be attributed to the special interference of Providence, or to an extraordinary disposition of circumstances, we must remain in entire ignorance of. Some would pronounce it the former, while others would unhesitatingly adopt the latter mode of explaining it. However, I think it well not to be hasty in forming conclusions upon an incident which is too striking not to merit serious contemplation. Happy is the man who has such an administering genii at hand, to inform him of approaching danger.

THOMAS SQUARE. Chatham, October, 1850.

ON MR WM. SMITH'S LETTERS.

To the Editor of the Gleaner.

Sir,—I have observed in your paper for some time past a number of communications purporting to explain some of the destructive phenomena of animal and vegetable life. I have read them all very carefully, and have found no connection whatever in their details. The last paper appears to be the only one at all relating to the chemical effects that would lead to a diminution of the reproductive system. About one half of this latter paper is a complete continuation of absurdities in fact, instead of any real truth or satisfactory elucidation of the subject being related. They are disconnected sentences, almost unintelligible in consequence of their obscure arrangement; and what of his meaning we can pick up, is altogether unphilosophical, and contrary to all the known laws, whether mechanical or chemical. However, to make assertions of this kind, without showing the truth of them, would be equally unjust and unreasonable on my part. Well, to commence.

He says, "We have spoken of that vast quantity of azote which hangs over the city of Glasgow," &c. He refers also to the immense collections of a similar gas, that hovers over the Continental cities of Europe and Asia, like plague deities of infection and pestilence. The larger the city, of course the greater amount of it would remain incumbent upon its roofs and pinnacles, enveloping it in one vast shroud of deleterious substance, proceeding from "external combustion." Now, what I want to show is, that this is not the case. Azote, the old name for nitrogen, is an invisible, colourless gas, incapable of supporting combustion or animal life. It appears to be merely a dilutant to oxygen, and when death occurs in, and owing to an atmosphere of nitrogen, it would be owing to the absence of oxygen, and not to the inhalation of azote, which produces no evident change on the lungs. Atmospheric air contains in every 100 parts 80 of nitrogen, being more than two-thirds of its whole bulk. It also contains a small quantity of carbonic acid, a very deleterious substance, and a product of combustion. Nitrogen being thrown off in respiration and combustion, it follows of course that the atmosphere would soon become surcharged with it.

Before we speak of the means by which nature restores the equilibrium, and maintains the relative proportions of oxygen and nitrogen, we shall explain how large quantities of azote cannot remain for any time isolated in the atmosphere, over country or city. The instant a portion of free azote becomes disengaged, it combines with the air and diffuses itself immediately through its whole extent, by a peculiar law of gases, inherent in themselves, or owing to peculiar electric affinities which as yet are inexplicable. The heaviest gas, which is carbonic acid, has been found on the highest elevations. The chemist Sasseur obtained it on the summit of Mont Blanc, and all altitudes which has been obtained has exhibited its presence, shewing the extreme diffusiveness of gaseous bodies. If we take a jar of azote which has a small crack hardly perceptible, and allow it to stand in the open air, the gas will find its way out and the atmosphere will occupy its place. Further, if we take hydrogen, which is 22 times lighter than carbonic acid, and mix it in equal proportions with the last mentioned gas, being careful to put the lightest gas in first, in a short time we find the carbonic acid at the top, and the hydrogen at the bottom, mixed thoroughly, showing plainly that gases of opposite specific gravities completely commingle, when placed in proximity. These are facts from the best authorities. The proportion of oxygen, which is the principal vitalising agent in the atmosphere, has not changed since chemists first analysed it. The chemist Seguin examined the atmosphere of an hospital, the odor of which was almost intolerable, and could discover no appreciable deficiency of oxygen, or other peculiarity of composition, showing that where pestilence reigned, and disease was rife, no perceptible change could be detected in the atmospheric proportions.

Mr Smith speaks of "moving azote from moving combustion," by which I understand that the furnaces of the steamers which cross the Atlantic, keep up an uninterrupted stream of nitrogen, accompanied by the other pro-