

earthloads, causing a rise in the price of pins, and a public fit of indigestion which puts an end to the game of 'pin-patches,' pin-punches, or 'winkies'—the vulgar name of that amusing and savoury mollusc, which learned men style *Littorina littorea*. As soon as the cobbles have done their work they speed back again. The decked boats, of from forty to fifty tons burden, are the herring-boats. Weather, which would drive feeble cockle-shells, like the Hastings boats into harbour, only makes these buoyant things drop anchor, and resolve to face the storm, and ride it out. In that position they have even been rolled over by the waves—lurched completely topsy-turvy—and yet have gone on with their fishing afterwards, as if nothing had happened. Some of their ballast sticking to the unassisted or ceiling of their deck, just served to prove the somersets that had been executed.

But Great Yarmouth has been possessed of more important, though perhaps not more useful craft than herring-boats. Not to mention the forty-three ships, and upwards, of one thousand sailors, with which, in 1847, she furnished the King's Majesty, for the siege and capture of Calais—in later times she sent fourteen or fifteen sail of whalers to Greenland. Two of them the Norfolk and the Trelawney, still survive and are serviceable, although they have nearly reached the age of three-score years and ten—far beyond the usual limit of a ship's life. But a vessel of yet more advanced age had, and may still have her home in this port,—the *Betsy*, *actat*, eighty, or thereabouts. She has lately been renovated and reconstructed, at a cost greater than that of a new ship, retaining all the old-fashioned peculiarities of her build, which have been severely tested by her having weathered the destructive gales of October, 1851.

A word on the shrimpers before bidding adieu to the Yarmouth fleet. Shrimper eaters are aware of the great difference in flavour and appearance, between the red and the brown species, both are caught here, but in very different localities. The brown, or 'fatnose kind,' is taken along shore, and in the harbour; the red sort only in the road, or out at sea. The present mode and locality of the red shrimp fishery was accidentally discovered some fifty or sixty years ago. The lucky hit was made by some boats that were employed in recovering lost anchors by a process which is called 'sweeping.' Two boats, at a certain distance from each other, proceed up and down the roads, having a loose rope suspended between them, at the middle of which is fastened a large fish-basket or 'swill,' partly laden with stones to sink it. By these means the place of the anchor at the bottom is ascertained; and it is then raised. But in particular states of the tide, it was found that the swill, when brought to the surface was filled with red shrimps. The men took the hint, kept their own counsel, got nets made, and, for a time, had the first gathering of the harvest, soon to be shared with others. There are now about eighty sail of shrimp boats, quite a little fleet by themselves. But they complain that the dredging of the newly-discovered oyster beds have spoiled their fishery, by breaking up the shrimp grounds; and they are now obliged to go southward into 'the lake,' towards Corton, for a satisfactory catch.

But we must neither forget that we are visiting lands but lately trowa up by the sea, nor the troublesome consequences of such a recent appearance. A bar of sand thrown across so wide an estuary whence three rivers have to find an outlet, whether separately or in union, is not likely to be allowed to establish itself quietly, without some difficulties being raised. People who run down to Gorleston, on the Suffolk side of the harbour, once or twice in the year, for the sake of the breezy walk on the pier, the busy groups of shipping, and the curious net-work of reflected waves to be seen at high water on its southern side; holiday people seldom think of the care and expense during hundreds of years which this pleasant, as well as useful, platform has taken to erect. Ladies and gentlemen who come here simply to enjoy themselves, do not dream that it has been no holiday to Yarmouth to put the harbour into its actual working trim.

The present heaven's mouth, which now discharges its waters with such force and decision having at last been 'brought into one certain course to run out into the sea between two peores,' is the seventh which, by the persevering industry of Yarmouth man, 'was newly trenched and cut out over the Denne into the sea.' The whole history of the harbour manifests the wearing difficulties arising from a continued contention with the changing condition, both of the coast, and of the inland tract of country.

From the tenth year of King Edward the Third, for x years the course of the haven began to be thought very long and tedious, by reason of much Sande, brought into the same by the rage of the Sea, that caused many shoulders (shoals) therein, and parties by reason moste of the marsh groundes became firm lands. The which marches and fennes could not receive the fluddes in such plentifull manner as they were accustomed. Yarmouth may therefore be pardoned for showing a sensitive jealousy on the whole subject of her river; and especially respecting the preservation of Breydon, the noble expanse that now receives the flood tide, and serves as a reservoir of a power which, twice a day, scours out the mouth of the haven, and keeps its entrance in a navigable state. Outlets have been made but again and again became unavailable.

The stormy wind and sea prevailing, the mouth of the fifth haven, which had cost great sums of money, was thereby choked, and stopped up. In this extremity, with ruin starting them in the face, it was finally concluded, after many consultations and mature deliberations, that whereas the church of St. Nicholas, in Yarmouth, was then possessed of some money, a great quantity of plate, and many costly ornaments and vestments, the same should be sold for the purpose of raising money to make a navigable passage. And yet, nevertheless, the said haven did not long continue in that course but the same stopped up agene. Until at last in 1500, a Dutch engineer, named Joas or Joyce Johnson, 'a man of rare knowledge and experience' in 'orks of that nature,' was brought from Holland, and appointed master of the works with wages of four shillings per day; and by him the seventh and present haven was constructed.

Hierus or Yara, is the name of the stream which has given so much trouble to the occupants of new-formed land, the colonists of the sands, whence the town was first named Hier-muth—without the aspirate, Jermouth—which, pronounced in Saxon fashion, is Yarmouth. And without entering into local squabbles, philoso-

phers like you, gentle reader, and myself, will honour the 'Inhabitantes of Greate Yermouth' for the spirit they have shown, and the struggle they have gone through, with but little help from friends and neighbours. Their charges have always been very greete, and their Landes and Revenewes verye smalle, for they doe live onlie by ther trades into the Seas, and thereby doe mayntaine themselves, their wifes and families, and the whole Estate of the said Towne; nevertheless, by courage and self-dependence, by putting a resolute shoulder to the impending wheel, by helping themselves instead of intreating others to come and help them, they have gone on—and may they prosper!

From the London Working Man's Friend.
THE SLAVE SHIP.

BY J. M. HARE.
I have a tale for childrens ears,
'Twill move their pity and their tears;
A ship came down on Afric's coast,
Its crew, a fierce and lawless host,
Erom home, and friends, and native shore,
Six hundred helpless negroes tore;
The white man did not heed their cries,
But strifed all their sobs and sighs.
Down in the dark and noisome hold,
Enduring miseries untold,
But little food or drink had they,
And never saw the light of day.
For Indian isles the monster steer'd;
But, as the vessel westward veer'd,
A threat'ning cloud o'ercast the sky,
And wind and wave howl'd dreadfully.
The captain fear'd an instant wrock,
And all the sailors on the deck,
Whom, guilt alarm'd began to think
The o'erladen vessel soon would sink.
O did they deem their cargo nought,
But such as from the isles is brought,
Towards which they went across the sea,
To sell those men to slavery,—
The lifeless produce of the cane,
Sugar and rum, the drunkards bane?
They did!—and though one pang might cross
Their sordid souls at such a loss,
Yet terror each steel'd breast assail'd,
And over avarice prevail'd.
With fiendish fierceness, and a tone
That can belong to fiends alone,
The captain his dier mandate gave,
That, him and his fell crew to save,
Regardless of the daughter's cry,
And tender parent's swelling eye,
And all the ties as strong and true
In negroes as they are in you,—
They should,—O! what a scene was then!
Two hundred of those sumpstut men
O'erwhelm in one deep watery grave,
To pacify the clam'rous wave!
'Tis done! they fell with mournful splash,
And o'er them swift the billows dash.
Above the tempest's horrid noise,
The shrieks of death a moment rise;
A moment,—and the only sound
Is from the winds and waves around.
The storm blew o'er, and clear and bright
Returned the cheerful face of light:
The dizzy cup went briskly round,
The whispers of remorse was drown'd:
But O! there surely comes a day
When God will all their deeds repay;
When none from kindred, friends, and home
The negro man will sternly sever;
And when that reckoning day shall come,
Then he that kills shall die for ever!

From the London Working Man's Friend.
IT CAN'T BE DONE.

It can't be done is the cry of weakness, indecision, indifference, and indolence. What can't be done? Something that some other man has done. Well, you can do it; or you can do something towards doing it. At all events you can try. Until you have tried—tried once and again—tried with resolution, application, and industry to do a thing—no one is justified in saying, 'it can't be done.' The plea in such a case is a mere excuse for not attempting to do any thing at all. You remember the story of Robert Bruce and the spider in the cave.—Trying to reach a certain point, the spider fell to the ground again and again; but still the little creature came again to the task, and at the fortieth effort it succeeded. 'Surely' said Bruce 'if a spider can succeed after so many failures, so can I cover my defeats;' and he sallied from his hiding place with new hopes, rallied his men, and ultimately conquered. So in all things. We must try often, and try with increased resolution to succeed. Failure seems but to discipline the strong; only the weak are overwhelmed by it. Difficulties draw forth the best energies of a man, they reveal to him his true strength, and train him to the exercise of his noblest powers. Difficultes try his patience, his energy, and his working faculties. They test the strength of his purpose, and the force of his will. 'Is there a man,' says John Hunter, 'whom difficulties do not dishearten—who takes them by the throat and grapples with them? That kind of man never fails.' John Hunter himself, originally a working carpenter, was precisely a man of that sort; and from making chairs on weekly wages, he rose to be the first surgeon and physiologist of his time.

LOVE.

Love exercises quite a different influence upon a woman when she has married, and especially when she has assumed a social position which deprives life of its cares. Under any circumstance, that suspense which, with its occasional agony, is the great spring of excitement, is over; but, generally speaking, it will be found, notwithstanding the proverb, that, with persons of a noble nature, the straightened fortunes which they share together, and manage and mitigate by mutual forbearance, and more conducive to the sustenance of a high-toned and romantic passion than a luxurious and splendid prosperity. The wife of a man of limited means, who by contrivance, by the concealed sacrifice of some necessity of her own, supplies him with some slight enjoyment which he never asked, but which she fancies he may have sighed for, experiences without doubt a degree of pleasure far more ravishing than the patrician dame who stops the parouche at Storr and Mortimer's, and out of her pin money buys a trinket for her husband, whom she loves, and which he finds, perhaps, on his dressing-table on the anniversary of his wedding-day. That's pretty, too, and touching, and should be encouraged; but the other thrills, and ends in an embrace that is still to try,—Disrealt.

New Works.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.
MESOPOTAMIAN CITIES.
BY AUSTEN H. LAYARD.

The publication of Mr Layard's first work, *Nineveh and its remains*, in 1848, produced a sensation of interest which will not be soon forgotten. To find so much all at once revealed to us, of cities rendered familiar in name by Scripture, but which had been lost to the observation of civilised man since long before the days of Alexander the Great, took every body by surprise, nor was the gratification lessened by the reflection, that the revelation had been, in the main, the work of the unpretending *attache* of the British embassy at Constantinople. While we were enjoying the account of his excavations, and rushing to the British Museum to see the many remains of ancient sculpture which he had disinterred and sent home, the author of the work, as we now learn, had returned to his duty at the Turkish capital—there, however, to rest but a little time. So early as August 1849, Mr Layard was once more on his way to the banks of the Tigris, commissioned by the trustees of the British Museum to make further investigations, and obtain further relics. He prosecuted his work for another year, and the result is now before us in a goodly volume, containing many pictorial illustrations.

In this work, we have full details of the remains which the author has brought to light by his new researches, particularly Kouyunjik and Nimroud—places near Mosul, on the Tigris, constituting ancient Nineveh—and at Hillah, on the Euphrates, where are to be seen the mounds forming the sole remains of the Great Babylon. The objects actually excavated or cleared from the rubbish, are chiefly of the same kinds as those described in Mr Layard's former work. There are many additions to those colossal representations of human-headed and winged bulls, which appear to have been so extensively used by the ancient Assyrians as ornaments for their palaces. Some of these edifices are now pretty well cleared out, fully manifesting the grandeur of that ancient kingdom. All of the rooms and passages being, as before, panelled with alabaster sculptures representing events, and some of them bearing cuneiform inscriptions, which have been interpreted, we obtain a still improved insight into the history of ancient Nineveh and its line of kings. Clear traces of a progress in the arts are discernible, from about twelve down to seven centuries before Christ, when the kingdom was near its termination.

One of the most remarkable of the new facts, is the discovery that Sennacherib, the king spoken of in Scripture, was the builder of the great palace of Kouyunjik. His name appeared as such in an inscription, and the wall sculptures and inscription depict his victories. Among his other collisions, that with Hezekiah king of Judah, is faithfully recorded there, intolerable conformity with the narrative in the Book of Kings. Even the amount of gold treasure taken is the same in both of these histories; while there is a difference in the statements regarding the silver.

The bas-reliefs from a particular chamber in the palace at Kouyunjik, represented the siege and capture by the Assyrians of a city evidently of great extent and importance. It appears to have been defended by double walls, with battlements and towers, and by fortified outworks. The country around was hilly and wooded, producing the fig and the vine. The whole power of the great king seems to have been called forth to take this stronghold. In no other sculptures were so many armed warriors seen drawn up in array before a besieged city. In the first rank were the aneeling archers, those in the second were bending forward, while those in the third discharged their arrows standing upright, and were mingled with spearmen and singers—the whole forming a compact and organized phalanx. The reserve consisted of large bodies of horsemen and charioteers. Against the fortification had been thrown up as many as ten banks or mounds, compactly built of stones, brick, earth, and branches of trees, and seven battering-rams had already been rolled up to the walls. The besieged, on the other hand, were seen to have made equally great and suitable preparations. 'Spearmen, archers, and slingers ranged the battlements and towers, showering arrows, javelins, stones, and blazing torches upon the assailants.' Part of the city having been taken, a great number of prisoners and a large quantity of spoils were seen before the king, who sat on his throne, with two arrows in his left hand and a bow in his right—the umbrella, a significant of royalty, over him—the captives brought before him for sentence, and led horses with attendants behind. Above his head was inscribed: 'Sennacherib, the mighty king, king of the country of Assyria, sitting on the throne of judgement before the city of Lachish. I give permission for its slaughter.' The Jewish physiognomy of the prisoners is striking. Mr Layard, therefore, sets up these slabs as an illustration of the capture of Lachish, alluded to in the 18th chapter of the book of King.

The sculptures are generally well executed to a certain extent; that is, profile figures are represented in tolerably fair proportion; but there is no such thing as grouping, still less of perspective. The state of the arts must be considered as advanced, for the buildings shew the true arch, and the architectural proportions seem to have been magnificent. Iron was used, but in connection with bronze or copper, as if that earlier metal had not yet given way. And here we may cite a remark on the author, that, since tin was probably obtained by the Assyrians from Phoenicia, that used in the bronze articles lately brought from the banks of the Tigris to the British Museum, may have been exported from our island nearly 3000 years ago!

The whole process of extracting blocks from the quarry, and placing them as colossal sculptured figures at the gates of the king's palace, is delineated on a succession of slabs. We first see the block carried on a river in a boat—then landed amidst crowds—then, in its carved form, drawn forwards to assume its proper place in the building. Wonder has often been expressed regarding the means by which the ancient raised, transported, and finally posed large blocks of stone. We here see half-civilised people, of perhaps the tenth century before Christ, engaged in that very work. The mass has been placed on a kind of sledge or truck, moving over rollers, which, as soon as left behind by the advancing sledge, are brought again to the front by parties of men, who are under the control of overseers armed with staves. A multitude, arranged in four rows pull on the mass by as many ropes,

while others help it forward from behind with levers. The figure when about to be put into its final position, no longer lies horizontally on the sledge, but it is raised by men with ropes and forked wooden props. It is kept in its erect position by beams, held together by cross bars and wedges: and, what is curious, such was precisely the kind of framework used by our modern workmen when they moved these large sculptures in the British Museum.

Mr Layard had fully a hundred men, natives of the country, engaged in his excavations, and in removing the sculptures. They were amply remunerated with about fivepence a day each. He describes the whole of the operations in a most interesting manner, here and there writing in a pleasing strain of sentiment, as in the following instance:—'By the 23th of January the colossal lions, forming the portal to the great hall in the northwest palace of Nimroud, were ready to be dragged to the river-bank. The walls and the sculptured panelling had been removed from both sides of them, and they stood isolated in the midst of the ruins. We rode on calm cloudless night to the mound, to look at them for the last time before they were taken from their old resting-places. The moon was at her full; and as we drew nigh to the edge of the deep wall of earth rising round them, her soft light was creeping over the stern features of the human heads, and driving it before the dark shadows which still clothed the lion forms. One by one, the limbs of the gigantic sphinxes emerged from the gloom, until the monsters were unveiled before us. I shall never forget that night, or the emotion which these venerable figures caused within me. A few hours more, and they were to stand no longer where they had stood unscathed amidst the wreck of man and his works for ages. It seems almost sacrilege to tear them from their old haunts, to make them a mere wonder-stock to the busy crowd of a new world. They were better suited to the desolation around them; for they had guarded the palace in its glory, and it was for them to watch over it in its ruin, Sheki Abd-ur-Rahman, who had ridden with us to the mound, was troubled with no such reflection. He gazed listlessly at the grim images wondered at the folly of the Franks, thought the night cold, and turned his mare towards the tents. We scarcely heeded his going, but stood speechless in the deserted portal, until the shadows began to creep again over its hoary guardians.'

In addition to all the interest arising from the excavations, the description of the remains of ancient art and grandeur, and the additions to history thus acquired, Mr Layard's book has a value altogether apart from these considerations, in its report of the present condition of Mesopotamia, and its animated descriptions of the half barbarous life which prevails there. We see, in a most striking light, how a government which can oppress but not protect, will, in a few ages, reduce to a comparative desert a land which nature has calculated to be the seat of a large and happy population. The nearest approach to the same things in connection with European history, is presented by condition of the American dependencies of Spain, where a monstrous selfishness has constantly been seen defeating its own ends. The two beautiful valleys connected with the Persian Gulf, where, thirty centuries ago, there were large commercial cities, an organised government, palaces, canals, roads, and a laborious culture, are now occupied by a few Arabian tribes, possessed only of flocks and herds, constantly at war with each other, and exposed to continual pillage from wandering robbers, having no dwellings better than hovels, no roads, no canals, no bridges, no organised social arrangements of any kind. It adds not a little to the extraordinary and striking character of Mr Layard's enterprise, that he had to live in continual readiness to protect himself and his workmen by force of arms. Often they saw the rapacious Bedouins, but always under such precautions as prevented attack. Of course, the whole social state of the country is of a wretched character; and yet there are not wanting a few streaks of relief in certain moral habitudes, as that which forbids all injury to a guest, and even in the external romance which belongs to so stirring and so rude a life.

Amongst the Arabian tribes, as amongst the ancient Spartans, theft was held in honour, and discredit attaches only to him who is detected or frustrated in his attempts. While travelling in company with a sheik named Suttum, Mr Layard found one morning a ragged sickly looking youth sitting in his guest tent. He was a relation of Suttum, and his story was highly characteristic. His father being too poor to equip him in life, he had to provide for himself, and his first step was to obtain a horse. 'Leaving in his father's tent all his clothes, except his dirty keffiah and his tattered aba, and without communicating his plan to his friends, he bent his way to the Euphrates. For three months, his family, hearing nothing of him, believed him to be dead. During that time, however, he had lived in the river jungle, hiding himself during the day in the thickets, and prowling at night round the tents of the Aneyza, in search of a mare that might have strayed, or might be less carefully guarded than usual. At length the object of his ambition was found, and such a mare had never been seen before; but, alas! her legs were bound with iron shackles, and he had brought no file with him.

He succeeded in leading her to some distance from the encampment, where, as morning dawned, to avoid detection, he was obliged to leave his prize, and return to his hiding place. He was now on his way back to his tents, intending to set forth again, after recruiting his strength on new adventures in search of a mare and a sheik, promising to be wiser in future, and carry a file under his cloak. Suttum seemed very proud of his relative, and introduced him to me as a promising, if not distinguished character.

In this anecdote, an important feature of the economy of Arab life is touched upon: We have all heard much of the love of these people for their horses, and how they have sometimes reused enormous sums for a favourite animal. 'To understand,' says Mr Layard, 'how a man, who has not even bread to feed himself and his children, can withstand the temptation of such large sums, it must be remembered that, besides the proverbial affection felt by the Bedouin for his mare, which might perhaps not be proof against such a test, he is entirely dependent upon her for his happiness, his glory, and, indeed, his very existence. An Arab, possessing a mare unrivalled in speed and endurance, is entirely his own master, and can defy the world. Once on its back, no one can catch him. He may rub, plunder, fight, and go to and fro as he lists. Without his mare money would be of no value to him. It would either become the prey of some one