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THE CAROUSAL AT VIENNA, DECEMBER, 1841.

[From Lord W. Lennox's "Gleanings from my Travelling Journal."]
"Like a wave of steel and gold,
Swept the lovely pageant on:
Many a champion young and bold
Bearing a lance and gentalon."

Nothing could exceed the magnificence of this spectacle, which was performed by young men of noble birth, and took place in the Imperial riding school. This was a large building, surrounded by a narrow gallery about twelve feet from the ground, communicating with the apartments of the palace, and running behind the handsome Corinthian Columns which supported a second gallery above: the whole was most brilliantly illuminated. The accommodations were calculated to hold about a thousand spectators—the seats at the end of the room being set apart for the crowned heads, and at the other for twenty-four ladies, whom we were to consider as the admired objects which would this evening call forth the exertions of skill and prowess in the aspiring knights. At eight o'clock the heralds sounded their trumpets, announcing the entrance of these fair ladies, who, conducted by the champion knights, took their places of distinction. One would have imagined that all the riches of Vienna had been collected to adorn these queens of beauty. Their dresses of velvet and gold were covered with pearls and diamonds. They were divided into four companies, distinguished by the colors they wore; of one party, the velvet was black; of another, scarlet; of the third, crimson; and of the fourth, blue; and the mantle of each knight corresponded with the dress of his lady fair. The knights were in Spanish costume, splendidly adorned with gold and silver. The trumpets now sounded to announce the arrival of the Court. On the entrance of the sovereigns, the band struck up the national air "God save the Emperor," and acclamations rent the roof. The Emperors of Russia and Austria took their places in the centre, at the front, with the Empresses on each side; and then all the other sovereigns, princes and potentates, in their order of precedence. They were all in their full uniform, and formed as magnificent an assemblage as Europe could produce. The building now resounded with martial airs, and the twenty-four knights entered the arena, mounted on their gallant steeds, whose natural colors could scarcely be traced through their gold embroidery and trappings. The knights, attended by their esquires in more simple Spanish dresses, approached the sovereigns in a body, and saluted with their lances. Then, wheeling round with rapidity, they advanced, and paid the same mark of respect to the ladies, who, standing up, graciously returned their salutations. The knights then, skilfully manoeuvring their well-trained horses, retired from the arena; but four of them quickly returned for the purpose of performing the various feats of skill appointed for the amusement of the evening. For this service, figures were placed, bearing the grim heads of Turks and Moors. Towards these, each knight was to advance, and, passing at full speed, strike off in succession all the beards with his sword; then, in like manner, to raise them from the ground with his weapon; and so, in various ways, give proof of his prowess in the exercise of combat. All the knights then entered in parties of four, and went through their evolutions; the military bands playing appropriate airs or martial flourishes.

A considerable time having been occupied by these amusements, the scene again changed, and the whole company of knights and esquires appeared together, and went through various and rapid movements, skilfully managing their horses while at full speed, in all the crossings and turnings, and windings of an English country dance, and the more graceful motions of a French quadrille. Other trials of skill succeeded, in which they passed their lances, at full speed, through rings, or disengaged small objects suspended at a height above them. The exercises being ended, the knights again saluted the court, and their "ladies;" and, encouraged by their smiles and applauses, soon reappeared to lead them in triumph to the ball, prepared in the grand saloon Redoute. The whole amply realized every anticipation of an imperial entertainment; whatever was august in sovereignty, warlike in the field, great in the senate, assisted as spectators of the carousal, and not a knight entered into the lists in whose veins the noblest blood did not flow. It called to mind the days of ancient chivalry, when those military sports formed so large a part of the amusements of the European courts.

HOOD ON AUTOGRAPHS.

I am much flattered by your request, and quite willing to accede to it; but, unluckily, you have omitted to inform me of the sort of thing you want. Autographs are of many kinds. Some persons chalk them on the walls; others inscribe what may be called auto-lithographs, in sundry colours, on the flag-stones. Gentlemen in love delight in carving their autographs on the bark of trees, as other idle fellows are apt to hack and hew on tavern benches and rustic seats. Amongst various modes, I have seen a shop-boy dribble his autograph from a tin of water on a dry pavement. The autographs of the charity boys are written on large sheets of paper, illuminated with engravings, and are technically called "pieces." The celebrated Miss Biffin used to distribute autographs amongst her visitors, which she wrote with a pen grasped between her teeth. Another, a German phenomenon, held the implement with his toes. The Man in the Iron Mask scratched an autograph with his fork on a silver plate, and threw it out of the window. Baron Trenck smudged one with a charred stick; and Silvio Pellico with his fore-finger dipped in a mixture of soot and water. Lord Chesterfield wrote autographs on windows with a diamond pencil. So did Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth. Draco, when Themis requested a few sentences for her album, dipped his stylus in human blood. Faust used the same fluid in the autograph he bartered with Mephistophiles. The Hebrews write their Shpargotua backwards; and some of the Orientals used to clothe them in hieroglyphics. An ancient Egyptian, if asked for his autograph, would

probably have sent to the collector a picture of what Mrs. Malaprop calls "An Allegory on the banks of the Nile." Aster, the archer, volunteered an autograph, and sent it bang into Phillip's right eye. Some individuals are so chary of their hand-writing as to bestow, when requested, only a mark or cross; others more liberally adorn a specimen of their penmanship with such extraneous flourishes as a corkscrew, a serpent, or a circumdendibus, not to mention such calligraphic fancies as eagles, ships and swans. Then, again, there are what may be called Mosaic Autographs, i. e. inlaid with cockle-shells, blue and white pebbles, and the like, in a little gravel walk. Our grandmothers worked their autographs in canvass samplers; and I have seen one wrought out with pins' heads on a huge white pin-cushion, as thus—

WELCOME SWEET BABY.

MARY JONES.

When the sweetheart of Mr. John Junk requested his autograph, and explained what it was, namely, "a couple of lines or so, with his name to it," he replied, that he would leave it to her in his will, seeing as how it was "done with gunpowder on his left arm." There have even been autographs written by proxy. For example, Dr. Dodd penned one for Lord Chesterfield; but to oblige a stranger in this way is very dangerous, considering how easily a few lines can be twisted into a rope. According to Lord Byron, the Greek girls compound autographs as apothecaries make up prescriptions; with such materials as flowers, herbs, pebbles, ashes, and bits of coal. Lord Byron himself, if asked for a specimen of his hand, would, probably, have sent out a plaster cast of it. King George the Fourth and the Duke of York, when their autographs were requested for a keep-sake, royally favoured the applicant with some of their Latin-English exercises. With regard to my own particular practice, I have often traced an autograph with my walking-stick on the sea-sand. I also seem to remember writing one with my fore-finger on a dusty table, and am pretty sure I could do it with the smoke of a candle on the ceiling. I have seen something like a very badly scribbled autograph made by children with a thread of treacle on a slice of suet dumpling. Then it may be done with vegetables. My little girl drew her autograph, the other day, in mustard and cress. Domestic servants, I have observed, are fond of scrawling autographs on a tea-board with the sloped-milk. Also, of scratching them on a soft deal dresser, the lead of the sink, and above all, the quick-silver side of a looking glass; a surface, by the by, quite irresistible to any one who can write, and does not bite his nails. A friend of mine possesses an autograph—"REMEMBER JIM HOSKINS"—done with a red hot poker on the back kitchen door. This, however, is awkward to bind up. Another—but a young lady—possesses a book of autographs, fitted just like a tailor's pattern-book—with samples of stuff and fustian. The foregoing, sir, are but a few of the varieties; and the questions that have occurred to me in consequence of your only naming the genus, and not the species, have been innumerable. Would the gentleman like it short or long? For Doppel-dickens, the learned Dutchman, wrote an autograph for a friend, which the latter published in a quarto volume. Would he prefer it in red ink, or black,—or suppose he had it in sympathetic, so that he could draw me out when he pleased? Would he choose it on white paper or tinted, like Maroncelli's? Would he like it without my name to it—as somebody favoured me lately with his autograph in an anonymous letter? Would he rather it were like Guy Faux's to Lord Mountague (not Spring Rice) in a feigned hand! Would he relish it in the aristocratical style, i. e. partially or totally illegible? Would he like it—in case he shouldn't like it—on a slate? With such a maze to wander in, if I should not take the exact course you wish, you must blame the short and insufficient clue you have afforded me. In the mean time, as you have not forwarded to me a tree or a table,—a paving-stone or a brick wall,—a looking-glass or a window, a tea-board or silver plate,—a bill-stamp or a back-kitchen door,—I presume, to conclude, that you want only a common pen-ink-and-paper autograph; and in the absence of any particular directions for its transmission,—for instance, by a carrier pigeon,—or in a fire-balloon,—or set adrift in a bottle,—or per wagon—or favoured by Mr. Waghorn—or by telegraph, I think the best way will be to send it to you in print.—I am, sir, your most obedient servant, THOMAS HOOD.

POPULAR EDUCATION.—At a meeting recently held, for the furtherance of this object, in Yorkshire, the Bishop of Ripon said—"It was a humiliating fact, with respect to Europe at large, that, with the exception of the two extremities of it, Russia and Spain, England stood the lowest in the scale of popular education. There ought, in every country, to be one-fourth of the whole community receiving a general education. He doubted whether, in any country, the maximum had ever been attained. In Wurtemberg, perhaps the highest of any country, there was one fifth of the population submitting to education. His Lordship then referred to one of the cantons of Switzerland, where an immense sum was annually granted for the education of the people, and to the fact that a law had been passed in Austria preventing any man from being married or any tradesman from employing workmen until he could read, write, and cast accounts. His lordship next alluded to the schools in Scotland, established in every village, and supported by a tax on the landed proprietors. With respect to England, however, it proved a lamentable exception to the rest of Europe, for in this country only 1 out of every 11 or 12 were under primary education; and if that were the case with respect to England, they must be satisfied that in that diocese, comprising as it did a large manufacturing district, the average must be still less favourable. His Lordship then observed, that it was quite clear great exertions were necessary in order to remedy the evil. With a view of giving to the poor the benefits of education, it was proposed to establish a diocesan board, the rules and regulations of which had been drawn up, and would shortly be submit-

ted for the approval of the meeting." England is the richest and most intellectual country of Europe, and yet she is the lowest in the scale of popular education.

SAM SLICK'S DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A SWEETHEART AND A WIFE.—This must be an everlasting fine country beyond all doubt, for the folks have nothing to do but to ride about and talk politics. In winter, when the ground is covered with snow, what grand times they have a slaying over these here mashes with the gals, or plain ball on the ice, or goin to quiltin frolics of nice long winter evenings, and then a drive home like mad by moonlight. Nator meant that season on purpose for courtin. A little tidy scrumtuous-looking sly, a real clipper of a horse, a string of bells as long as a string of inions round his neck, and a sprig on his back, looking for all the world like a bunch of apples broke off at gathering time, and a sweetheart alongside, all muffled up but her eyes and lips, and one lookin right at you, is 'e'en almost to drive one ravin, tarin, distracted mad with pleasure, ain't it? And then the dear critters say the bells make such a din there's no hearin one's self speak; so they put their pretty little mugs close up to the face and talk, talk, talk, till one can't help looking at them instead of the horse, and then whap you both go cap-sized into a snow drift together, skins, cushions, and all. And then to see the little critter shake herself when she gets up, like a duck landing from a pond, a chattering away all the time like a canary bird, and you a haw-bawing with pleasure, is fun alive, you may depend. In this way blue nose gets led on to offer himself as a lover, before he knows where he is. But when he gets married, he recovers his eyesight in little less than half no time. He soon finds he's tread—his flint is fixed then, you may depend. She larns him how vinegar is made, "put plenty of sugar into the water aforehand, my dear," said she, "if you want it real sharp." The lark is on the other side of his month then. If his slay gets upset, it's no longer a funny matter, I tell you—he catches it right and left. Her eyes don't look to his'n any more, nor her little tongue ring like a bell any longer; but a great big hood covers her head, and a whappin great muff covers her face, and she looks like a bag of old clothes agoing to the brook to be washed.—When they gets out, she don't want any more for him to walk lock and lock with her, but they march like a horse and a cow to water, in each gutter. If there ain't a transmogrification, it's a pity. The difference between a wife and a sweetheart is near about as great as there is between new and hard cider—a man never tires of putting one to his lips, but makes plaguy wry faces at 'other. It makes me so kinder wamblecropt when I think on it, that I'm afeard to venture on matrimony at all. I have seen some blue noses most properly bit, you may depend. The marriage yoke is plaguy apt to gall the neck, as the ash-bow does the ox in rainy weather, unless it be most particularly well fitted. You've seen a yoke of cattle that warn't properly mated—they spend more time in pullin agin each other, than in pullin the load. Well, that's apt to be the case with them as chooses their wives in slayin parties, quiltin frolics, and so on, instead of the dairies, looms, and cheese house.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.—A recent number of the *Philosophical Magazine* contains the following interesting account of the awarding of the Royal medal to this distinguished astronomer at the meeting of the Royal Society:—"The Royal medal which the Council had proposed to give to the most important paper on Astronomy communicated to the Royal Society within the last three years, is awarded to Sir John Frederick William Herschel, for his Catalogue of Nebulae and Clusters of Stars, published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1833. In delivering this medal the President addressed the Society as follows:—"This, gentlemen, is the second time that a royal medal has been adjudged to Sir John Herschel, for researches in a department of Astronomy which has descended to him as an hereditary possession; and I believe I may venture to say, that in no case has a noble inheritance been more carefully cultivated, or more enriched by new acquisitions.—The catalogue for which the royal medal is now given contains a list of 2500 nebulae and clusters of stars, the same number of which had been observed and catalogued by his father, though only 2000 of them are common to both catalogues; the right ascension and declination of all these objects are determined; the general character of their appearance recorded; and all those which present any very extraordinary character, shape, or constitution, of which there are nearly one hundred, are drawn with a delicacy and precision worthy of an accomplished artist. It presents a record of those objects so interesting, as forming the basis of our speculations on the physical constitution of the heavens, which are observable in the hemisphere, which is sufficiently perfect to become a standard of reference for all future observers, and will furnish the means of ascertaining the changes, whether periodical or not, which many of them are probably destined to undergo. I trust, gentlemen, that a long time will not elapse before we shall be enabled to welcome the return of Sir John Herschel to this country, with materials for a catalogue of the nebulae of the southern hemisphere, perhaps as perfect and comprehensive as that which we are now called upon to signalise with the highest mark of approbation which it is in our power to bestow. He then will have fixed the monuments of an imperishable fame in every region of the heavens."

FAITH OF THE INDIANS.—Catin gives the following account of the belief of the western tribes of Indians in a future state, as described by an Indian Chief:

"Our people all believe that the spirit lives in a future state—that it has a great distance to travel after death towards the west—that it has to cross a dreadful deep and rapid stream, which is hemmed in on both sides by high and rugged hills—over the stream, from hill to hill, there is a long and slippery pine log, with the bark peeled off, over which the dead have to pass to the delightful hunting-grounds. On the other side of the stream there are six persons of the good hunting-grounds, with rocks in their hands, which they throw at them all when they are on the middle of the log. The good walk on safely to the good hunting-grounds, where there is one continual day—where the trees are always green

—where the sky has no clouds—where there are continual fine and cooling breezes—where there is one continual scene of feasting, dancing, and rejoicing—where there is no pain or trouble, and people never grow old, but for ever live young and enjoy the youthful pleasures. The wicked see the stones coming, and try to dodge, by which they fall from the log, and go down thousands of feet to the water, which is dashing over the rocks, and is stinking with dead fish and animals, where they are carried around and brought continually back to the same place in whirlpools—where the trees are all dead, and the waters are full of toads, and lizards, and snakes—where the dead are always hungry, and have nothing to eat—are always sick, and never die—where the sun never shines, and where the wicked are continually climbing up by thousands on the sides of a high rock, from which they can overlook the beautiful country of the good hunting-grounds, the place of the happy, but never can reach it."

HIGHLAND CLANS.—The following is an alphabetical list of all the known clans of Scotland, with a description of the particular badge of distinction anciently worn by each clan, which served as the distinguishing mark of their chiefs.—In addition to the distinguishing badge of his clan, a highland chief also wore two eagle's feathers in his bonnet.

Buchan, birch; Cameron, oak; Campbell, myrtle; Chisholm, elder; Colquhoun, hazel; Farquharson, purple fox-glove; Ferguson, poplar; Forbes, broom; Fraser, yew; Gordon, ivy; Graham, laurel; Grant, cranberry-beath; Gunn, rosewort; Lamont, crab-apple tree; McAllister, five-leaved beath; McDonald, bell-beath; McDonnel, mountain beath; McDougal, cypress; McFarlane, cloud-berry bush; McGregor, pine; McIntosh, boxwood; McKay, bullrush; McKenzie, deer grass; McKinnon, St. John's wort; McLachlan, mountain-ash; McLean, black-berry beath; McLeod, red whortle-berries; McNab, rose buck berries; McNeil, sea-ware; McPherson, variegated boxwood; McQuarrie, black thorn; McRae, fir club moss; Munroe, eagles' feathers; Munzie, ash; Murray, juniper; Ogilvie, hawthorn; O'Phant, the great maple; Robertson, fern; Rose, briar rose; Ross, bear berries; Sinclair, clover; Stewart, thistle; Sutherland, cat's tail grass.

NAMES BY WHICH THE INHABITANTS OF SOME OF THE UNITED STATES ARE CALLED.—New Englanders, Yankees; Indians, Hoosiers; Michigan, Wolverines; Ohio, Buck-eyes; North Carolinians, Cunnucks; Missourians, Pukes; Tennesseans, Corn-crackers; Virginians, Tuckahoes; Illinois, Suckers; Pennsylvanians, Pennites.

BRITISH PROVINCES.—Nova Scotians and New Brunswickers, Blue Noses.

LITERARY PROPERTY.—The manuscript of Robinson Crusoe ran through the whole trade, and no one would print it; the book seller who at last bought it, cleared one thousand guineas by it.—Burn's Justice was disposed of by its author for a mere trifle, as well as Buchan's Domestic Medicine, both of which produced immense incomes. The Vicar of Wakefield was sold for a few pounds. Dr. Johnston fixed the price of his Lives of the Poets at 200 guineas, by which the booksellers, in the course of a few years, cleared upwards of £25,000. Tanson and his family rode in their carriages with the profits of the £5 epic poem of Milton. The copyright of Vyse's Spelling Book sold for 2,000 guineas.

IRISH MILE-STONES.—A stranger riding along the road, observed that all the mile-stones were turned in a particular way, not facing the road, but rather averted from it. He called to a countryman, and inquired the reason. "Oh, bless you, Sir," replied the man, "the wind is so strong sometimes in these parts, that if we weren't to turn the backs of the mile-stones to it, the figures would be blown off them, clear and clean."

Some catalogues and printed particulars given by auctioneers are truly curious. Placards headed "Sale of a nobleman," may lead many to suppose that the sale of a nobleman's person is to take place in the most public market of the metropolis. In a catalogue, a "great man's coat," and "an elegant lady's shawl," may seem to show that the pressure of the times affects all ranks, till it is explained that, by incorrectly placing the adjectives, two common articles of dress are only meant. "A mahogany child's chair" has certainly a dubious meaning; "moveable fixtures" is declared to be correct, because technical—but in the sale of linen-drapery, "a matchless piece of Irish," with the twelve successive lots of "ditto," is certainly an unequalled specimen of Hibernianism.

TEMPERANCE IN HIGH LIFE.—Extract of a letter from Washington, dated 5th Feb., 1842, to Edward C. Delavan, Esq.

"At the great and splendid levee given on the occasion of his daughter's marriage, the President of the United States of America had not a drop of Wine or any other alcoholic drinks furnished. Nothing but cold water was to be had—and on a wedding occasion too! What a noble step—one which will draw to him thousands of hearts, warm and fresh, and will tell on the future destinies of the nation."—*Albany Journal*.

EATING AND DRINKING.—It will rather take the reader by surprise to be told, that in a life of 65 years' duration, with a moderate daily allowance of mutton, for instance, he will have consumed a flock of 350 sheep; and that altogether, for dinner alone, adding to his mutton a reasonable allowance of potatoes and vegetables, with a pint of wine daily for 30 years of this period, above 30 tons of solids and liquids must have passed through his stomach.

VALUE OF EARLY RISING.—The difference between rising at six in the morning and eight, in the course of forty years, supposing a man go to bed at the same time he otherwise would, amounts to twenty-nine thousand hours, or three years one hundred and twenty-one days and sixteen hours, which will afford exactly eight hours a-day for ten years; so it is the same as if ten years were added to life—a weighty consideration, in which we could command eight hours a-day for the cultivation of our minds or the dispatch of business.