VARIOUS

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Содержание

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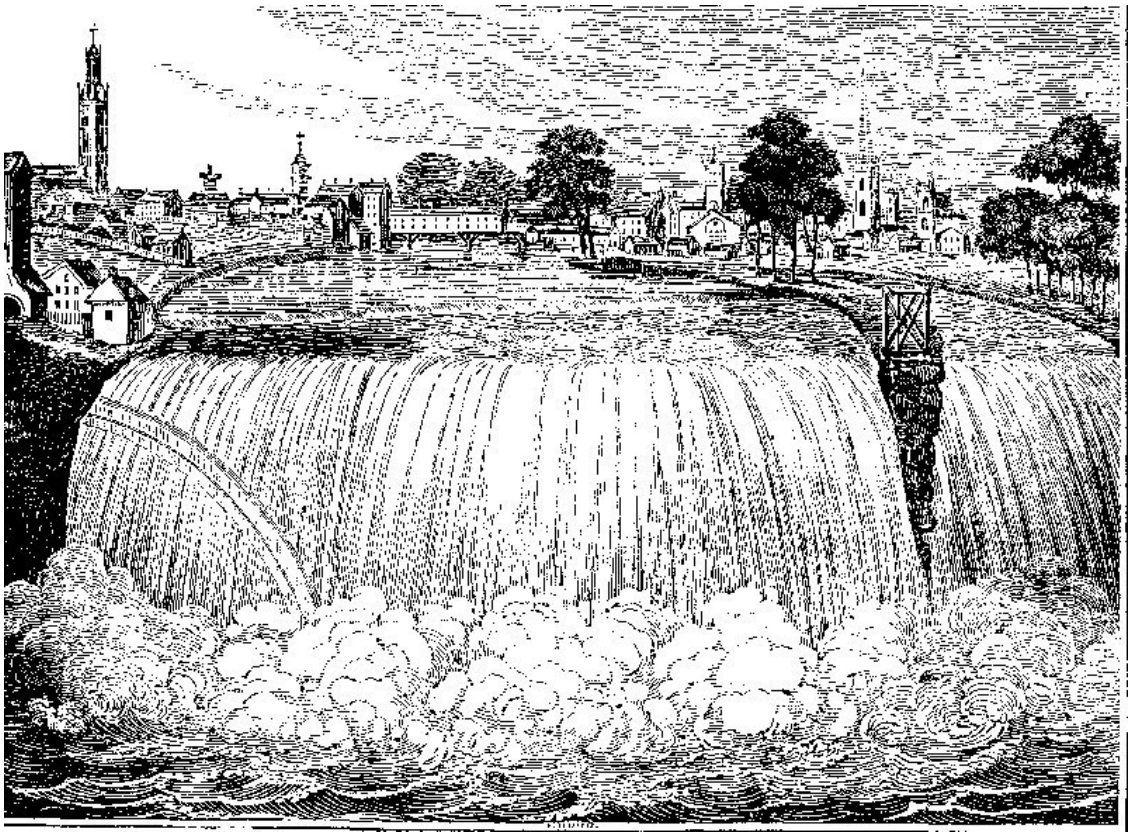
FALLS OF THE GENESEE



The Genesee is one of the most picturesque rivers of North America. Its name is indeed characteristic: the word Genesee being formed from the Indian for *Pleasant Valley,* which term is very descriptive of the river and its vicinity. Its falls have not the majestic extent of the Niagara; but their beauty compensates for the absence of such grandeur.

The Genesee, the principal natural feature of its district, rises on the *Grand Plateau* or table-land of Western Pennsylvania, runs through New York, and flows into Lake Ontario, at Port Genesee, six miles below Rochester. At the distance of six miles from its mouth are falls of 96 feet, and one mile higher up, other falls of 75 feet.[1] Above these it is navigable for boats nearly 70 miles, where are

[1] It may be as well here to quote the formation of Cataracts and Cascades, from Maltebrun's valuable *System of Universal Geography.* "It is only the sloping of the land which can at first cause water to flow; but an impulse having been once communicated to the mass, the pressure alone of the water will keep it in motion, even if there were no declivity at all. Many great rivers, in fact, flow with an almost interruptible declivity. Rivers which descend from primitive mountains into secondary lands, often form *cascades and cataracts.* Such are the cataracts of the Nile, of the Ganges, and some other great rivers, which, according to Desmarest, evidently mark the limits of the ancient land. Cataracts are also formed by lakes: of this description are the celebrated Falls of the Niagara; but the most picturesque falls are those of rapid rivers, bordered by trees and precipitous rocks. Sometimes we see a body of water, which, before it arrives at the bottom, is broken and dissipated into showers, like the Staubbach, (see *Mirror,* vol. xiv. p. 385.); sometimes it forms a

other two falls, of 60 and 90 feet, one mile apart, in Nunda, south of Leicester. At the head of the Genesee is a tract six miles square, embracing waters, some of which flow into the gulf of Mexico, others into Chesapeake Bay, and others into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This tract is probably elevated 1,600 or 1,700 feet above the tide waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

The Engraving includes the falls of the river, with the village of Rochester, seven miles south of Lake Ontario. This place, for population, extent, and trade, will soon rank among the American cities: it was not settled until about the close of the last war; its progress was slow until the year 1820, from which period it has rapidly improved. In 1830 it contained upwards of 12,000 inhabitants: the first census of the village was taken in December, 1815, when the number of inhabitants was three hundred and thirty-one. The aqueduct which takes the Erie canal across the river forms a prominent object of interest to all travellers. It is of hewn stone, containing eleven arches of 50 feet span: its length is 800 feet, but a considerable part of each end is hidden from view by mills erected since its construction.

On the brink of the island which separates the main stream of the river from that produced by the waste water from the mill-race, will be seen *a scaffold or platform* from which an eccentric but courageous adventurer, named *Sam Patch*, made a desperate leap into the gulf beneath. Patch had obtained some celebrity in freaks of this description, though his feats be not recorded, like the hot-brained patriotism of Marcus Curtius in olden history. At the fall of Niagara, Patch had before made two leaps in safety—one of 80 and the other of 130 feet, in a vast gulf, foaming and tost aloft from the commotion produced by a fall of nearly 200 feet. In November, 1829, Patch visited Rochester to astonish the citizens by a leap from the falls. His first attempt was successful, and in the presence of thousands of spectators he leaped from the scaffold to which we have directed the attention of the reader, a distance of 100 feet, into the abyss, in safety. He was advertised to repeat the feat in a few days, or, as he prophetically announced it his "last jump," meaning his last jump that season. The scaffold was duly erected, 25 feet in height, and Patch, an hour after the time was announced, made his appearance. A multitude had collected to witness the feat; the day was unusually cold, and Sam was intoxicated. The river was low, and the falls near him on either side were bare. Sam threw himself off, and the waters (to quote the bathos of a New York newspaper) "received him in their cold embrace. The tide bubbled as the life left the body, and then the stillness of death, indeed, sat upon the bosom of the waters." His body was found past the spring at the mouth of the river, seven miles below where he made his fatal leap. It had passed over two falls of 125 feet combined, yet was not much injured. A black handkerchief taken from his neck while on the scaffold, and tied about the body, was still there. He is stated to have had perfect command of himself while in the air; and, says the journalist already quoted, "had he not been given to habits of intoxication, he might have astonished the world, perhaps for years, with the greatest feats ever performed by man."

The Genesee river waters one of the finest tracts of land in the state of New York. Its alluvial flats are extensive, and very fertile. These are either natural prairies, or Indian clearings, (of which, however, the present Indians have no tradition,) and lying, to an extent of many thousand acres, between the villages of Genesee, Moscow, and Mount Morris, which now crown the declivities of their surrounding uplands; and, contrasting their smooth verdure with the shaggy hills that bound the horizon, and their occasional clumps of spreading trees, with the tall and naked relics of the forest, nothing can be more agreeable to the eye, long accustomed to the uninterrupted prospect of a level and wooded country.

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watery arch, projected from a rampart of rock, under which the traveller may pass dryshod, as the "falling spring" of Virginia; in one place, in a granite district, we see the Trolhetta, and the Rhine not far from its source, urge on their foaming billows among the pointed rocks; in another, amidst lands of a calcareous formation, we see the Czettina and the Kerka, rolling down from terrace to terrace, and presenting sometimes a sheet, and sometimes a wall, of water. Some magnificent cascades have been formed, at least in part, by the hands of man: the cascades of Velino, near Terni, have been attributed to Pope Clement VIII.; other cataracts, like those of Tunguska, in Siberia, have gradually lost their elevation by the wearing away of the rocks, and have now only a rapid descent."—*Maltebrun*, vol. i.

SONG FROM THE ALBUM OF A POET

By G.R. Carter

THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE

Away o'er the dancing wave,
Like the wings of the white seamew;
How proudly the hearts of the youthful brave
Their dreams of bliss renew!

And as on the pathless deep,
The bark by the gale is driven,
How glorious it is with the stars to keep
A watch on the beautiful heaven.

The winds o'er the ocean bear
Rich fragrance from the flow'rs,
That bloom on the sward, and sparkle there
Like stars in their dark blue bow'rs.

The visions of those that sail
O'er the wave with its snow-white foam,
Are haunted with scenes of the beauteous vale
That encloses their peaceful home.

They have wander'd through groves of the west,
Illumed with the fire-flies' light;
But their native land kindles a charm in each breast,
Unwaken'd by regions more bright.

The haunts that were dear to the heart
As an exquisite dream of romance,
Strew thoughts, like sweet flow'rs, round its holiest part,
And their fancy-bound spirits entrance.

Then away with the fluttering sail!
And away with the bounding wave!
While the musical sounds of the ocean-gale
Are wafted around the brave!

Ray wittily observes that an obscure and prolix author may not improperly be compared to a Cuttle-fish, since he may be said to hide himself under his own ink.

LINES FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER

Written on the morning of the Battle of Dänneberg

Doubt-beladen, dim and hoary,
O'er us breaks the mighty day,
And the sunbeam, cold and gory,
Lights us on our fearful way.
In the womb of coming hours,
Destinies of empires lie,
Now the scale ascends, now lowers,
Now is thrown the noble die.
Brothers, the hour with warning is rife;
Faithful in death as you're faithful in life,
Be firm, and be bound by the holiest tie,

In the shadows of the night,
Lie behind us shame and scorn;
Lies the slave's exulting might,
Who the German oak has torn.
Speech disgrac'd in future story,
Shrines polluted (shall it be?)
To dishonour pledg'd our glory,
German brothers, set it free.
Brothers, your hands, let your vengeance be burning,
By your actions, the curses of heaven be turning,
On, on, set your country's Palladium free.

Hope, the brightest, is before us,
And the future's golden time,
Joys, which heaven will restore us,
Freedom's holiness sublime.
German bards and artists' powers,
Woman's truth, and fond caress,
Fame eternal shall be ours,
Beauty's smile our toils shall bless.
Yet 'tis a deed that the bravest might shake,
Life and our heart's blood are set on the stake;
Death alone points out the road to success.

God! united we will dare it;
Firm this heart shall meet its fate,
To the altar thus I bear it,
And my coming doom await.
Fatherland, for thee we perish,

At thy fell command 'tis done,
May our loved ones ever cherish
Freedom, which our blood has won.
Liberty, grow o'er each oak-shadow'd plain,
Grow o'er the tombs of thy warriors slain,
Fatherland, hear thou the oath we have sworn.

Brothers, towards your hearts' best treasures,
Cast one look, on earth the last,
Turn then from those once prized pleasures,
Wither'd by the hostile blast.
Though your eyes be dim with weeping,
Tears like these are not from fear,
Trust to God's own holy keeping,
With your last kiss, all that's dear.
All lips that pray for us, all hearts that we rend
With parting, O father, to thee we commend,
Protect them and shield them from wrongs and despair.

H.

EQUANIMITY OF TEMPER

Goodness of temper may be defined, to use the happy imagery of Gray, "as the sunshine of the heart." It is a more valuable bosom-attendant under the pressure of poverty and adversity, and when we are approaching the confines of infirmity and old age, than when we are revelling in the full tide of plenty, amid the exuberant strength and freshness of youth. Lord Bacon, who has analyzed some of the human accompaniments so well, is silent as to the softening sway and pleasing influence of this choice attuner of the human mind. But Shaftesbury, the illustrious author of the *Characteristics*, was so enamoured of it, that he terms "gravity (its counterpart,) the essence of imposture;" and so it is, for to what purpose does a man store his brain with knowledge, and the profitable burden of the sciences, if he gathers only superciliousness and pride from the hedge of learning? instead of the milder traits of general affection, and the open qualities of social feelings. I remember, when a youth, I was extremely fond of attending the House of Commons, to hear the debates; and I shall never forget the repulsive loftiness which I thought marked the physiognomy of Pitt; harsh and unbending, like a settled frost, he seemed wrapped in the mantle of egotism and sublunary conceit; and it was from the uninviting expression of this great man's countenance, that I first drew my conceptions as to how a proud and unsociable man looked. With very different emotions I was wont to survey the mild but expressive features of his great opponent, Fox: there was a placidity mixed up with the graver lines of thought and reflection, that would have invited a child to take him by the hand; indeed, the witchcraft of Mr. Fox's temper was such, that it formed a triumphant source of gratulation in the circle of his friends, from the panegyric of the late Earl of Carlisle, during his boyish days at Eton, to the prouder posthumous circles of fame with which the elegant author of *The Pleasures of Memory*, has entwined his sympathetic recollections. The late Mr. Whitbread, although an unflinching advocate for the people's rights, and an incorruptible patriot in the true sense of the word, was unpopular in his office as a country magistrate, owing to a tone of severity he generally used to those around him. The wife of that indefatigable toiler in the Christian field, John Wesley, was so acid and acrimonious in her temper, that that mild advocate for spiritual affection, found it impossible to live with her. Rousseau was tormented by such a host of ungovernable passions, that he became a burden to himself and to every one around him. Lord Byron suffered a badness of temper to corrode him in the flower of his days. Contrasted with this unpleasing part of the perspective, let us quote the names of a few wise and good men, who have been proverbial for the goodness of their tempers; as Shakspeare, Francis I., and Henry IV. of France; "the great and good Lord Lyttleton," as he is called to the present day; John Howard, Goldsmith, Sir Samuel Romilly, Franklin, Thomson, the poet, Sheridan,[2] and Sir Walter Scott. The late Sir William Curtis was known to be one of the best tempered men of his day, which made him a great favourite with the late king. I remember a little incident of Sir William's good-nature, which occurred about a year after he had been Lord Mayor. In alighting from his carriage, a little out of the regular line, near the Mansion House, upon some day of festivity, he happened inadvertently, with the skirts of his coat, to brush down a few apples from a poor woman's stall, on the side of the pavement. Sir William was in full dress, but instead of passing on with the hauteur which characterizes so many of his aldermanic brethren, he set himself to the task of assisting the poor creature to collect her scattered fruit; and on parting, observing some of her apples were a little soiled by the dirt, he drew his hand from his pocket and generously gave her a shilling. This was too good an incident for John Bull to lose: a crowd assembled, hurraed, and cried out, "Well done, Billy," at which the good-natured baronet looked back and laughed. How much more pleasing is it to tell of such demeanour than of the foolish pride of the late Sir John Eamer, who turned away one of his travellers merely because he had in one instance used his bootjack.

[2] May we not, however, say the friendless Sheridan?

The author of "A Tradesman's Lays."

Probably our correspondent may recollect Sir William and the orange, at one of the contested City elections. A "greasy rogue" before the hustings, seeing the baronet candidate take an orange from his pocket, *put up* for the fruit, with the cry "Give us that orange, Billy." Sir William threw him the fruit, which the fellow had no sooner sucked dry, than he began bawling with increased energy, "No Curtis," "No Billy," &c. Such an ungrateful act would have soured even Seneca; but Sir William merely gave a smile, with a good-natured shake of the head. Sir William Curtis possessed a much greater share of shrewdness and good sense than the vulgar ever gave him credit for. At the Sessions' dinners, he would keep up the ball of conversation with the judges and gentlemen of the bar, in a fuller vein than either of his brother aldermen. It is true that he had wealth and distinction, all which his fellow citizens at table did not enjoy; and these possessions, we know, are wonderful helps to confidence, if they do not lead the holder on to assurance.—Ed. M.

THE SKETCH BOOK

EXTRACTS FROM THE ORIGINAL LETTERS OF AN OFFICER IN INDIA. [3]

The Sight of a Tiger. [4]

Secunderabad, 1828

A short time since, a brother sub. in my regiment was riding out round some hills adjoining the cantonment, when a *cheetar*, small tiger (or panther,) pounced on his dog. Seeing his poor favourite in the cheetar's mouth, like a mouse in Minette's, he put spurs to his horse, rode after the beast, and so frightened him, that he dropped the dog and made off. Three of us, including myself, then agreed to sit up that night, and watch for the tiger, feeling assured that his haunt was not far from our cantonment. So we started late at night, armed *cap-à-pied*, and each as fierce in heart as ten tigers; arrived at the appointed spot, and having selected a convenient place for concealment, we picketed a sheep, brought with us purposely to entice the cheetar from his lair. Singular to relate, this poor animal, as if instinctively aware of its critical situation, was as mute as if it had been mouthless, and during two or three hours in which we tormented it, to make it utter a cry, our efforts were of no avail. Hour after hour slipped away, still no cheetar; and about three o'clock in the morning, wearied with our fruitless vigil, we all began to drop asleep. I believe I was wrapped in a most leaden slumber, and dreaming of anything but watching for, and hunting tigers, when I was aroused by the most unnatural, unearthly, and infernal roaring ever heard. This was our friend, and for his reception, starting upon our feet, we were all immediately ready; but the cunning creature who had no idea of becoming our victim, made off, with the most hideous howlings, to the shelter of a neighbouring eminence; when sufficient daylight appeared, we followed the direction of his voice, and had the felicity of seeing him perched on the summit of an immense high rock, just before us, placidly watching our movements. We were here, too far from him to venture a shot, but immediately began ascending, when the creature seeing us approach, rose, opened his ugly red mouth in a desperate yawn, and stretched himself with the utmost *nonchalance*, being, it seems, little less weary than ourselves. We presented, but did not fire, because at that very moment, setting up his tail, and howling horribly, he disappeared behind the rock. Quick as thought we followed him, but to our great disappointment and chagrin, he had retreated into one of the numerous caverns formed in that ugly place, by huge masses of rock, piled one upon the other. Into some of these dangerous places, however, we descended, sometimes creeping, sometimes walking, in search of our foe; but not finding him, at length returned to breakfast, which I thought the most agreeable and sensible part of the affair. Some wit passed amongst us respecting the propriety of changing the name *cheetar*, into *cheat-us*; but were, on the whole, not pleased by the failure of our expedition; and I have only favoured you with this *romantic* incident in the life of a sub. as a specimen of the sort of amusement we meet with in quarters.

Natural Zoological Garden.

Secunderabad, 1828.

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[3] Communicated by M.L.B., Great Marlow, Bucks.

[4] Vide *Mirror*, vol. xviii. p. 343.—*Note.*

Your description of the London Zoological Garden, reminds me that there is, what I suppose I must term, a most beautiful *Zoological Hill*, just one mile and a half from the spot whence I now write; on this I often take my recreation, much to the alarm of its inhabitants; viz. sundry cheetars, bore-butchers, (or leopards) hyenas, wolves, jackalls, foxes, hares, partridges, etc.; but not being a very capital shot, I have seldom made much devastation amongst them. Under the hill are swamps and paddy-fields, which abound in snipe and other game. Now, is not this a Zoological Garden on the grandest scale?

H.C.B

OLD POETS

BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

(From "England's Heroical Epistles [5] ***.")***

Faire stood the wind for France,
When we, our sayles advance,
Nor now to proue our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the mayne,
At Kaux, the mouth of Sene,
With all his martiall trayne,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt,
In happy houre.
Skirmishing day by day,
With those that stop'd his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
With all his power.

Which in his hight of pride.
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to prouide,
To our king sending.
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry, then,
"Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed,
Yet have we well begunne,
Battells so bravely wonne,
Have ever to the sonne,
By fame beene raysed."

[5] A Collection of Poems of the Sixteenth Century.—Communicated by J.F., of Gray's Inn. We thank our Correspondent for the present, and shall be happy to receive further specimens from the same source.

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remaine,
Or on this earth be slaine,
Never shall shee sustaine
Losse to redeeme me."

Poiters and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell.
No lesse our skill is,
Then when oure grandsire great,
Clayming the regall seate,
By many a warlike feate,
Lop'd the French lillies.

The Duke of York so dread,
The vaward led,
Wich the maine Henry sped,
Amongst his Hench*men*,
Excester had the rere,
A brauer man not there,
O Lord, how hot they were,
On the false Frenchmen.

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drumme now to drumme did grone,
To hear was wonder,
That with cryes they make,
The very earth did shake,
Thunder to thunder.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.