[*From the Edinburgh Magazine.*]

MARY ALLEN—A TALE.

Oh! thou, who sleep'st where hazel bands entwine
The vernal grass with paler violets drest:
I would, sweet girl! thy humble bed were mine,
And mine thy calm and enviable rest:
For never more, by human ills opprest,
Shall thy soft spirit fruitlessly repine!

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

The simple tale which I am now about to relate is one of those which sheds a consecrating light on the scene which witnessed it; and though its simple incidents happened within the memory of man, they breathe so much of the spirit of the "olden time," that to me, at least, they are invested with a considerable portion of that sacredness, which only remote antiquity can, in its wildest extent, bestow.

Strath-Almond is one of the most lonely of the mountain defiles which intervene between the high grounds of the north of this kingdom. The summits of the hills which encircle it, are covered over entirely with black moss and heath, and their sides, except in a few plots, where some hardy evergreens contrive to struggle out a melancholy existence, are nothing but successive ridges of bare rock. The only spots where the hand of cultivation is at all visible, are here and there on the banks of the wild brawling stream, which rambles along the bottom of the defile; and these are rare, being only a few acres of arable ground around the pastoral huts which are scattered, at long intervals, at the bottom of the hills.

Mary Allan was an only daughter of one of the inhabitants of this mountain retreat, and was considered, as well from her superior education, as from the grace and beauty of her person, the female ornament of the valley. John Allan, her father, was the wealthiest and most respectable shepherd, or rather farmer, in the Strath, and Mary, therefore, was not neglected by the rustic gallants, who were at all aware of the value of a beautiful wife and a bountiful dowry. The only youth, however, who had made any impression on Mary's heart was William Lee, then a farm servant of her father's, but who latterly exchanged

"Following the plough upon the mountain side,"

for the more heroic occupation of following the arms of his native country, in the plains of the new world. The cause of this change was his aspiring to the hand of the Highland maiden, so generally beloved. The marked civilities payed by Mary to the lowest of her father's servants, could not fail to attract the attention, as well as to excite the alarm, of the youthful suitors, who had an eye to John Allan's flocks, as well as his daughter's person; and long time did not elapse before this unfortunate young man became the object of the resentment of all the wealthy youth of the glen. His situation was at last rendered so irksome, that he determined to leave the place of his nativity, and taking the opportunity of a recruiting party, who paraded a neighbouring town, without taking leave of his mistress, he accepted the king's bounty, and set sail for the destination of his regiment, from which, it is believed, he never afterwards returned.

The grief of Mary for this sudden and unexpected departure of her lover, was almost insupportable; but she was obliged to cherish it in silence and secrecy. Her suitors having got so easily rid of their dangerous rival, lost no time in plying all their efforts to get her fettered in the bonds of matrimony. Her father, fond of her to distraction, was too anxious to see his daughter well settled in life, to be long in complying with the unremitted solicitations of so many lovers; and at last she was united, at his wish, and contrary to her own inclinations, to one of the young men who was considered rather opulent, and who had been most active in persecuting the unhappy William Lee. Many of the old women in the glen still remember the bridal of Mary Allan; and often have I heard its ceremonies dolefully chaunted over by a venerable grandame, for the instruction of a group of little urchins, who were eagerly crowding round a wintry ingle side, with gaping earnestness, to listen to them.

"I ne'er could think it a gude sign," said old Margaret Alison to me, the last time I went to inquire respecting Mary's only surviving child, "I ne'er could think it was owre gude a sign," said she, assuming a look of mysterious solemnity, that seemed put on for the purpose of impressing her auditor with an idea of her superior sagacity, "when the salt tears streamed down frae the bonny bride's face, on the green graves i' the kirk-yard."

"And that," continued Elspeth Mathers, in the same solemn tone, "on the very first Sabbath she was kirkit—and a bonny sunny Sabbath it was."

"Wha but kens," said a third gossip, "that cauld tears and new opened graves are nae mair canty than winding-sheets and death signs—and weel I wat, Mary Allen, that's now dead and gane, kens the truth o't!"

Mary certainly felt comfortless and unhappy with her husband; but either from motives of prudence, or from simple and artless notions of married life, she never expressed, by her conduct, any of her regrets and grievances. The affection which she showed towards her husband was, however, merely assumed. Her heart, in spite of herself, was still with William Lee, beyond the Atlantic, fighting the battles of his country; and often has she been surprised in tears, with no mortal beside her, on the banks of the lorn stream, where William and she first plighted their youthful vows.

The secret evil which preyed at Mary's heart was not, however, always to lurk concealed. Her spirits began gradually to deepen into a settled melancholy, and her health at last to exhibit a visible alteration. Instead of the light-hearted smiling girl, that was wont to be seen tripping to the kirk on a spring Sabbath, tricked out in all the guady finery of rustic life, you might now witness a pale and wasted figure, clothed in the simplest attire, and exhibiting the most chastened deportment; and she, who heretofore had been always foremost at the May-day sport, or the harvest merry-making, was now never seen, but sitting lonely in the chimney corner, or wandering like a disconsolate and broken-hearted widow, by the unfrequented banks of the brook, or among the desolate and melancholy heather.

This alteration could not long escape the penetration of Mary's husband; and instead of softening, it had the effect of rendering still more unendurable his naturally sour and unamiable disposition.—It would be needless and it would be endless, to attempt recounting the different ways in which this savage and merciless ruffian betrayed his coarse ill humour.—Suffice it to say, that it grew to such excess, that at last the meek and passive Mary could no longer bear it.

The sun had set in a chill and drizzling evening of spring, when this brutal monster came home in a state of intoxication. His natural temper, in addition to being stimulated by the strong liquors of which he had drank copiously, was rendered tenfold more caustic and irritable by the news which had been brought him, during the day, of the unexpected death of John Allan, without any legacy in his favour. In the most unfeeling manner he told Mary of the death of her father; and, in the same breath, upraided her with the disappointment he had suffered in not falling heir to his property. This was too much for the already broken hearted Mary; and she decided upon taking that resolution which had often occurred to her, but which, till then, she had never seriously determined to carry into execution. Cold and comfortless as the night was, she sallied forth; and clothed almost in rags, bade an eternal adieu to the scene of her connubial misery. That long night the hapless Mary Allan never closed her eyes in slumber. Alone and unprotected—labouring under a decline—without clothes—without sustenance, she pursued, at the cheerless dead of night, a wild, unfrequented path, which she would in other circumstances, not have ventured to tread alone in summer and in sunshine. Not a human step once in a twelvemonth, crossed that howling wilderness; and, in the minds of a simple pastoral people, it was associated with the personifications of a wild and romantic superstition. Surely some more than human power watched that livelong night over the gentle traveller, and ministered that strength and courage, without which she must have sunk on the desolate moor. Mary's strength, however, had not long to undergo so flinty a probation. The last shade of evening which she was to witness in this world, had already closed around her; and with another setting sun, she was to sink into her long last slumber, and to mingle with the clods over which her wearied limbs now scarce supported her.

I shall never forget the incidents of that day which closed this hapless female's humble history. At the boundary of that dreary extent of heath over which Mary Allan wandered, there is a neat cottage, connected with some plots of cultivated ground, then possessed by a David Laidlaw, with whom I was intimately acquainted. The traveller will easily distinguish it from the other cottages, which, like gems in a desert, people this interminable solitude, and give animation to the lonely moor, by its being built on a green sloping upland, from which it commands a fine prospect of the Almond, as it widens into the loch of the same name. To that beloved house I was wont to go on a tour every annual spring time; and many a gleesome holiday have I spent, in roaming with its happy inmates, over the long moor, when gaudy with all the garish bloominess of spring, seeking for the nest of the green linnet among the resplendent *broom* and scented *whins*. The day to which I allude was devoted to one of these boyish rambles. We had left the cottage, after an early breakfast, with the intention of visiting a mountain cataract that was distant among the hills. The aspect of the morning was enchanting. There had fallen, during the night a considerable quantity of rain; and the vapour, which was streaming from the tepid earth, under the radiance of the morning sun, had formed itself into a soft and silvery wreath of mist, which hung like a rich mantle over the face of the landscape. There was scarcely a breath of air; and as we turned off into the wide common, the birds on the neighbouring furze were beginning to chant sweet hymns to the sunshine; and the smell of the moistened furze came mellowed to us from the glens, on which the bright mist still lay slumbering. As the sun rose higher, the vapour gradually floated up to heaven; and before we had reached the lynn of Langolme, the sun was high above the clear blue air of noon, and the landscape on every side spread out to the eye many a long line of wild moss and bright heath flowers, sleeping as silently and as festally beneath the radiant heaven as on a Sabbath of summer. All that day we roamed up and down in the romantic dells; and the aslant beams of the evening sun were lightly twinkling through the leaves of the woods, ere we ever once thought of returning to the cottage of our friend.

It was on our return that we had the melancholy satisfaction of rescuing the heroine of this tale from an unseen death. We found her lying under a rugged hedge, verging fast to dissolution—sheltered by two lonely sycamores, which seemed also to be far advanced in the winter of their existence. Exhausted with fatigue, it appeared that she had sat down under their branches, and had fallen insensibly asleep; and the dampness of her clothes, which were removed from the influence of the spring sun by the boughs, had contributed, along with the coldness of the night, to accelerate the fatal effects of a malady which had been for a long period gradually, though imperceptibly, undermining her health. In that dead sleep, we bore her to the cottage of our friend, which fortunately was at no great distance. It was not till almost every restorative that could be suggested was employed, that she showed the slightest signs of returning animation. Young as I then was, I yet remember the pale young woman, evidently in the agony of death, casting her mild blue eyes wildly around the room, and on the countenances watching her.—Her countenance, though deadly pale, was singularly expressive and touching; and it was lighted up, every now and then, by a passing hectic flush, which seemed to impart a momentary warmth and animation to features now verging fast towards settled iciness. It was evident to all that the hand of death was on her; and I could see, from the mournful and resigned countenances of my friends, who hung over the bed, as if she had been an only daughter of their own, that no hope was entertained of her recovery.

"Carry me to my William," muttered the hapless Mary, in a wild, faint tone; and as she spoke, I fancied I could mark a faint sign of reviving animation flitting across her white features. "Carry me to my William," she repeated.

"Poor innocent!" said Mrs. Laidlaw, "you will never be carried again but to the kirk-yard!"

The hectic flush, which animated Mary's sallow countenance, was only the bright gleam that precedes total extinction. Before we had time to note it, it was gone; and the spirit that produced it was gone along with it!

The third day after, which was the Sabbath, was the day of Mary's funeral. Not a relative came to assist in conveying her remains to the burying-ground. Unknown and strange hands were to let down her coffin into the dust: and *she*, whom, in the bloom of her maidenhood, all the young and sprightly thought themselves honoured in attending, could not obtain one beloved hand to perform this last office to her memory. But, Mary! thy sleep is not less peaceful, though no company of relations bore thee to thy dwelling; and the wild flowers shall spring as sweetly, and the summer sun shall shine as brightly, on the green turf that wraps thy grave, as though a flood of conjugal tears were shed upon it!

Never was there a sweeter sabbath!—The sun was beaming with all its brilliancy on the green pastoral hills over which we bore her to the place of her final rest; and the sweet and simple beauty of the wild flowers that decked the solitude, shed over the scene a peacefulness, that imparted much of its character to the mind. I know nothing more touching than carrying a young beautiful female, to her everlasting rest, in the green smiling beauty of spring time. The festal descriptions, which poets have interwoven with their immortal hymns, of scattering flowers on the green graves of infancy and beauty, are all completely realized in imagination; and the thoughts that arise in the calm and mellowed spirit are so holy, and yet so solemn—so mournful, and yet so full of calm joy, that they seem given us as foretastes of the happiness of the spirit that has burst its clayey casement!

On such a day were the remains of Mary Allan committed to the dust. Every spring, for several years afterwards, I visited the place of her repose; and the last time I was there, "green was the churchyard, beautiful and green"—and the flowers were springing in beauty all around her grave!

The contented Porter.

This is a striking proof that happiness is not exclusively confined to any one condition of human life; this tale may leave some useful impression on the heart.

A porter one day resting himself with his load by him, groaned aloud, and "wished he had five hundred pounds." "Why," says a gentleman who was passing by, "I will give you five hundred pounds:—and now what will you do with it?" "Oh," says the porter, "I will soon tell you what I will do with it; First, I will have a pint of ale, and a toast and nutmeg, every morning for my breakfast." "Well, and what time will you get up?" "Oh, I have been used to be up at five or six o'clock, so I will now." "Well, what will you do after breakfast?" "Why I will fetch a walk till dinner." "And what will you have for dinner?" "Why, I will have a good dinner; I will have good roast and boiled beef, and some carrots and greens—and I will have a full pot every day—and then I will smoak a pipe." "Well and then, perhaps you will take a nap?" "May be I may—no I will not take a nap; I will fetch another walk till supper." "Well, and what will you have for supper?" "I do not know—I will have more beef, if I am hungry; or else I will have a Welch rabbit, and another full pot of beer." "Well, and then?"—"Why then I will go to bed, to be sure." "Pray how much now may you earn a week by your business?" "Why, master, I can make you eighteen shillings a week." "Will not you be tired now, do you think, after a little while, in doing nothing every day?" "I do not know, master; I have been thinking so." "Well then let me propose a scheme for you." "With all my heart master." "Cannot you do all this every day as you are and employ your time into the bargain?" "Why, really, so I can master I think; and so take your five hundred pounds again, and thank you."

Agricultural.

From the American Farmer.

CHEAT, *or sometimes called* CHESS.

Essex County, N. Jersey.

Mr. Skinner—I have been much puzzled by reading several publications in the American Farmer, on the subject of the production of cheat; and as to its origin, whether it was produced from seed of its own species, or a metamorphose of wheat into a weed called cheat, owing to some unknown cause, either from unfavourable seasons for the cultivation of wheat, or from a bad location, as to soil, &c. Now Sir, what puzzled me was my total ignorance as to what is called cheat in Maryland, having never heard of such a weed amongst the wheat, or other crops of grain, in New England, or in the state of New York or New Jersey, in all of which states and country I have been long acquainted. But from the last American Farmer, a plan is proposed for ascertaining the origin of this same cheat, from which I am led to suppose that it is the same troublesome weed, that in the parts of the country above alluded to, is known as *chess*, often growing amongst wheat, and in fact, other winter crops. I claim to know something of this troublesome weed, so frequently seen growing amongst our wheat. I also know that the generally received opinion, respecting its origin is, that where clean seed wheat is sown on land liable to be *winter killed*, as it is termed by farmers, from hard frosts in February and March, when there is not snow enough to cover the ground and protect the wheet plants, that an abundance of chess is found growing with the wheat. This also takes place, where water is suffered to pond and remain on low parts of a wheat field, for want of regular drains to carry it off, and the wheat is thus injured and many of the plants killed; yet in such unfavourable spots chess is seen to grow and flourish. Besides this supposed origin of chess, from unfavourable seasons, &c. I have observed it growing on newly drained land, where no crop of any kind was ever before put into the ground; and that in such quantities, as could not be supposed to arise from foul seed wheat, but from some other cause, such as a too wet or cold season, that destroyed the wheat plants. How these should turn wheat into chess, I have no pretensions of deciding. As to chess when produced, I am confident, that it will from its seed re-produce chess, the same as any other weed. It grows up with a slender hard stalk, and with a bushy head, not unlike orchard grass, and about as tall: the seed is long and slender, more like oats than wheat. From this imperfect description, your farmers will easily know whether your cheat and our chess is the same weed. A farmer who does not sow more than 20 or 30 acres of wheat, may easily clean his field of this pernicious weed, by passing through the field, and pulling up all the chess or cheat, before the seed is sufficiently ripe to vegetate; but those who sow fields too large for that experiment, may always clean their seed wheat by washing it in clean water—the chess will swim on the surface, with any light grains of wheat, and are easily separated from the heavy grains of wheat. By this means all light grains as well as smutty wheat is got rid of. A. B.

SEPTEMBER.—Now comes autumn, and if you have been diligent, you will begin to reap the fruit of your labour. Cornstalks should be now cut; if well saved they are valuable. Winter grain must be sown. It is better to plough in grain lightly, than to harrow it; covering the roots deeper, it endures the winter better. Gather apples for early cider, but I would not carry much to the still. Clean your cider barrels with warm water, and with the smoke of brimstone. New cider, by being buried in a sandy side-hill, will keep sweet till spring. Hogs should now be shut up and fattened. Keep them on a clean dry floor. *C. Alm.*

SCIENCE.

PYROLIGENOUS ACID.

The virtues of this chemical preparation in preventing putrefaction and preserving animal substances, have been sufficiently tried and found extensively useful. Meats cured by its antiseptic qualities may be kept for any length of time. By some experiments which have recently been made, it appears that this acid may be used to great advantage in embalming and preserving the dead. The body of Mr. Boardman, a senator in Congress from the state of Connecticut, who died suddenly in Ohio, has lately been brought home in this acid at a warm season of the year, without the slightest appearance of putrefaction or any change in the features. We conversed with the physician who superintended the process of embalming and the transportation of the body, and who assured us of the above mentioned fact. In his opinion, the pyroligenous acid will more than surpass the Egyptian art in preserving the dead. It will also be of great use in anatomical preparations.—[N. Y. Statesman.

Steel.—There appears reason to believe from the experiments of J. B. Boussingault of the French school of mines, that silicium, or the base of silex, is an essential ingredient as carbon, in the constitution of steel. It is found in all the varieties; whereas there was one variety in which only a trace of carbon could be perceived.

POLYPUS IN THE NOSE.—Cure for Polypus in the nose, by the application of which a lady in this city was cured after having suffered by the complaint for sixteen years.

Blood Root, and Blood Wort, [illegible] verized; of each, one tea spoon fu[illegible] roughly with one half tea spoon fu[illegible] ed allum; if the complaint is recen[illegible] vere, one-fourth of a tea spoon full [illegible] this mixture is to be taken as snuff, [illegible] per day...[Poulson.

From the President of the New-York Lyceum of Natural History, to the Members, dated New York, Sept. 11, 1823.

THE VAMPIRE OF THE OCEAN.

On the 9th day of September, 1823, returned from a cruise off Delaware Bay, the fishing smack Una. She had sailed about three weeks before from New York, for the express purpose of catching an enormous fish, which had been reported to frequent the ocean, a few leagues beyond Cape May and Cape Henlopen. The adventurers in this bold enterprise have been successful. They have brought for the enlargement of science and the gratification of curiosity, an uncommon inhabitant of the deep, which has never been seen on the land before.

The creature is one of the huge individuals of the family of *Raja*; or perhaps may be erected, from its novelty and peculiarity, into a new genus, between *Squalus* and the *Acipenser*. Its size was such, that after the body had been penetrated by two strong and well-[illegible] gigs, of the best tempered iron, the shaft of one of them was broken off and the other singularly bent. The men engaged in the three intrepid men, John [illegible], Theophilus Beebe and William Potter, was connected, after the deadly instrument had taken hold, with the wounded inhabitant of the deep, by a strong warp or line. The celerity with which the fish swam, could only be compared to that of the harpooned whale, dragging the boat after it with such speed as to cause a wave to rise on each side of the furrow in which he moved, several feet higher than the boat itself.

The weight of the fish after death was such, that three pair of oxen, one horse and twenty-two men, all pulling together, with the surge of the Atlantic wave to help, could not convey it as far as the dry beach. It was estimated from this, and probable estimate, to equal four tons and a half, or perhaps five tons.

The size was enormous; for the distance from the extremity of one wing or pectoral fin to the other, expanded like the wing of an eagle, measures, . 18 feet
Over the convexity of the back, and on the right line of the belly, . 16 feet
The distance from the snout to the end of the tail, . . 14 feet
Length of the tail, . . 4 feet
Width of the mouth, . . 2 ft. 9 in.

The operation of combat and killing lasted nine hours. It was a heroic achievement, and was witnessed by crowds of citizens, on the shores of New-Jersey and Delaware, and by the persons on board the flotilla of vessels in the bay and offing.

During the scuffle, the wings, side fins, or vast alated fine of the monster, lashed the sea with such vehemence, that the spray rose to the height of thirty feet, and rained round to the distance of fifty feet. It was a tremendous encounter. On shore all was awe and expectation.

Mr. Patchen, whose taste and zeal in zoology are well known, has attended very much to the manners of *the Vampire* of the Ocean, to the preservation of the skin and external parts, to the osteology and skeleton, the internal organization, and in short, to every circumstance that was practicable during such a hazardous business, and the tempestuous weather which distressed them almost from the beginning to the end of their voyage.

I merely mention, before I lay down my pen, that this animal is viviparous, and of course connects fishes with mammiferous animals; and that the respiratory, motory, generative and sensitive organs present an extraordinary amount of rare and interesting particulars. Incomprehensible as well as wonderful are the works, O Creator! in consummate sagacity thou hast executed them all!

This is but an outline; I intend to finish this sketch, and prepare it as well as I can for the Society's formal notice.

While I express full approbation of my friends, whom neither difficulty nor danger could discourage, I utter a further sentiment, that they may be well repaid for their intended exhibition.

SAMUEL L. MITCHILL.

Foreign Intelligence.

FROM SPAIN.

From the N. York Mercantile Advertiser.

CADIZ, 1st Aug.

"The situation of this place is neither better nor worse since I last wrote you. The French have been for months in the country, and I conceive their cause loses ground daily. The character of the Spaniards is not to brook subjection from foreign power, and though they have in the first place yielded, it has been more the effect of the seductive arts employed by their own countrymen than of the enemy's arms. A reaction will ultimately produce the effect of their total destruction.

In Catalonia there is no end to the fighting—the Spaniards always successful.

In this province, where Ballasteros is now gaining ground, we look to active measures. A sally that was made lately from the lines showed that our men know how to fight. They marched up to the enemy's parapet without firing a shot, and they reached them. All the forces employed on our side was not more than about three thousand men. The Fre