

good opportunities offered of making a very handsome profit, and as I thought it a pity that so much good money should be idle, whilst the merchants were both ready and willing to give large interest, the temptation of converting your highness's florins to present use haunted my thoughts by day and my dreams by night. Not to detain your highness with a long story, I dug up the treasure, and deposited your jewels in this strong box, from which they have never since been moved. I employed your gold and silver in my business; my speculations were profitable, and I am now able to restore your deposit, with five per cent. interest since the day on which you left it under my care."

"I thank you heartily, my good friend," said his highness, "for the great care you have taken, and the sacrifices you have made. As to the interest of five per cent., let that replace the sum which the French took from you; I beg you will add to it whatever other profits you may have made. As a reward for your singular honesty, I shall still leave my cash in your hands for twenty years longer, at the low rate of two per cent. interest per annum, the same being more as an acknowledgement of the deposit, in case of the death of either of us, than with a view of making a profit by you. I trust that this will enable you to use my florins with advantage in any way which may appear most beneficial to your own interest."

The prince and his banker parted, well satisfied with each other. Nor did the gratitude and good will of his serene highness stop there: on every occasion in which he could serve his interests, he did so, by procuring for him, from the princes of Germany, many facilities both for international and foreign negotiation. At the congress of sovereigns which met at Vienna in 1814, he did not fail to represent the fidelity of Moses Rothschild, and procured for him thereby, from the emperors of Russia, Austria, and other European potentates, as well as from the French, English, and other ministers, promises that in case of loans being required by the respective governments, the "honest Jew of Frankfort" should have the preference in their negotiation.

Nor were these promises "more honoured in the breach than in the observance," as those of princes and courtiers are proverbially said to be. A loan of two hundred millions of francs being required by the French government to pay the allied powers for the expenses they had been put to in the restoration of the Bourbons, one of old Rothschild's sons, then residing at Paris, was entrusted with its management. The same was accordingly taken at sixty-seven per cent., and sold to the public in a very few days at ninety-three! thereby yielding an immense profit to the contractor. Other loans followed with various powers, all of which turned out equal to the most sanguine expectations of this lucky family.

Our English Fortunatus, whose reputation for wealth and sagacity is such, that, by a discreet use of his *wishing cap*, he can at will change the destinies of the nations of Europe, or play at *batledore* and *shuttlecock* with their crowns and sceptres, was, during the war with France, a small cotton manufacturer in Manchester. Leaving that town for the capital, and assisted by his father and brothers, Solomon Moses Rothschild commenced business as an English and foreign bill and stock broker. By his immense resources and connections, he was soon enabled to carry all before him; but the bargains which he was enabled to make by his early information of the escape of the Emperor Napoleon from the island of Elba—that is, twenty-four hours before the British ministry had received intelligence of the event—placed him at once at the top of the tree as a negotiator and loan contractor.

Mr Rothschild's manners and character have often been described; he is immensely rich, and is well entitled to the appellation of millionaire, being reputed to be in the absolute personal and undivided possession of seven or eight millions sterling! His brothers, likewise, viz. Baron Andreas Rothschild, the present great banker of Frankfort, and Baron Rothschild of Paris, are in the possession of immense wealth; so that it is no wonder that kings and their ministers are proud of their acquaintance, seeing that, independently of occasional loans and accommodations, they are well aware that no throne nor government can stand long which has the misfortune to have the wealth and influence of the three Rothschildes arrayed against them.

Our Rothschild is reputed to be a very charitable man; and those who know him intimately affirm that he well deserves that character, both in regard to Jews and Gentiles. Nor is Mrs Rothschild less so; many, though unostentatious, acts of kindness to the poor, being well known respecting her. Mr Rothschild's manner of evincing kind feeling toward Solomon Herchel, the grand rabbin of Duke's Place, has something in it which is both singular and whimsical: when any good speculation is afloat, Mr Rothschild deposits, on his account, a certain sum proportionate to his own risk; and whatever per centage or profit accrues therefrom, is carried by him to the rabbin, to

whom he gives a full, true, and particular account, even to the utmost fraction! The millionaire, on such occasions, invariably dines with the Levite; and the day is usually passed by the two friends in innocent hilarity and pleasing conversation.

THE SCOTTISH DIALECT.

The language which has been for some centuries spoken by the common people of the lowlands of Scotland, is well known to differ in some respects from the modern English tongue, but the origin or precise nature of the difference is, we apprehend, not very generally understood either by our southern neighbours, or by many north of the Tweed, and will therefore admit of a short explanation.

The Scottish dialect, as it is called, has for its basis, and is principally composed of, the English language as spoken and written in the course of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when the mixed language of England was only beginning to assume a comparatively settled form. In other words, the speech of the Scotch is in a great measure old English, as may be seen at a single glance of the poetry of Chaucer and Gower, and the prose of Mandeville and Wicliffe. Barbour, a Scottish poet, writes in a language very nearly resembling that of Chaucer, his contemporary. Our readers may have a tolerably good idea of the relation subsisting between the Old English or Anglo-Saxon and the common lowland Scotch, by observing the orthography and character of words such as the following: *gif*, *gin*, *an* (for *if*), *syne* (since), *mycht*, *wrocht*, *ovre*, *whanne*, *gede* (went), *perfyte*, *fer*, *dough-ter*, *anent*, *eelde* (old), *spak*, *derkniss*, *towne* (town), *acen* (one), *twai* or *twa* (two), *twa* (twelve, originally *tealif*), *wuste* (wished), *loute* (to stoop), *whyles*, *trouth*, *sustene*, *doun*, *floure* (flower), *shone* or *shoon* (shoes), *are* (ask), *have* or *ha'e* (have), *afore* (before), *laysure* (leisure), *eyen* (eyes), and so forth. It would be tiresome to adduce a larger list; it is sufficient to state that these words are all pure English of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, although ordinarily characterised as "vulgar" Scottish expressions, and that they are only a sample of many hundreds of words in the same condition. It may be remarked, that in the course of improving the language in England, many of the letters and sounds have been abandoned or polished down to such an extent as to have rendered the etymology of the words exceedingly obscure; for instance, *gif*, the original meaning of which was *give*, or *give that*, by being deprived of its *g*, and rendered *if*, loses its primitive distinct character, and can hardly be traced to its source.

While the English in this manner continued to improve their language, to modify its harshness, to refine its orthography, and to drop many of its original Saxon terms, the Scotch, who much less cultivated literature, and were less addicted to the practice of introducing Norman and Latin words, continued, and in many places still continue, to adhere to a style of speech altogether obsolete in the south. Although the Scottish dialect is thus a species of old English, it possesses qualities of its own, which have greatly tended to render it of difficult comprehension by English scholars. It possesses a considerable number of words from the Teutonic, Saxon, or German, and also the Danish and French, which in many instances, in all likelihood, were never spoken in England after the English language was formed, or at least did not continue in use above the rank of provincialisms. The reason for such an admixture is easily traced to the inroads of invaders from that part of the Continent opposite the east coast of Scotland, and to the friendly connection which long subsisted betwixt the courts of France and Scotland. The continental invaders frequently made good their settlement; and till the present day, from Northumberland on the south to Caithness on the north, we find indistinct indications among the natives of races of foreign origin. As we advance from the east to the west coast of the country, the dialect is found to be less inflected with Danish and obsolete Saxon terms, and to have a certain affinity to the Irish intonation. Perhaps the most remarkable peculiarity in the dialect of the lowland Scotch is its slight connection with the Gaelic. Its words from a Celtic original are very few, which is not a little surprising, considering that nine-tenths of the names of places in Scotland remain in their original Celtic, with extremely little modification. The only two words in our common dialect that at present occur to our remembrance as being from the Gaelic, are *aunry*—a cupboard, and *loam*—hair line for fishing.

Within the last hundred years, or since Allan Ramsay wrote his pastorals, the Scottish dialect has been daily declining in popularity, and giving way before the English, and is now never spoken among persons of refinement. It is nevertheless still used, with hardly any modification, among all classes of the peasantry, and the humbler order of society in towns; and is rendered imperishable by its liberal introduction into the works of Burns and Sir Walter Scott. In examining the Scotch which is now commonly spoken, it will be perceived by philologists that the words which are strictly peculiar to Scotland are chiefly of German and French etymology. The old pure English basis, as above mentioned, has apparently subsided into what is called a vulgar or coarse English, rendered still more gross in sound by the deep tones of voice which are generally employed in giving it utterance. In the midst of this breadth and depth of talk, the words of German and French origin, which may be called the only genuine Scotch, come dropping from the tongue, and, to a southern ear, render doubtful and difficult that which would be otherwise perfectly comprehensible. Yet it is seldom that more than two or three of these really Scottish words occur in the course of a sentence; indeed, it would not be a little puzzling to construct an entire sentence, however short, of this kind of phraseology.

The retention of Scottish words in the dialect of the common people cannot be assumed as any thing like an argument to prove an ignorance of modern English on the part of the speakers. The Scottish words so employed are found to add vigour to the expression of the sentiment, and often convey a meaning which could not be so well defined by the substitution of English verbiage. It is almost unnecessary to state that this is not always the case, but only very generally so. For instance, the signification of the Scottish word *coup* (from the French *coup*) may be as well given by the English term *overturn*; but we doubt if the word *gigot* (from the French *gigot*, the thigh), employed in reference to the thick part of a hind leg of mutton, has an exact parallel in any one word in the English language. The Scottish dialect is in fact rich in words which cannot be translated into corresponding words in English; if they are translated, they lose a shade, and often a very important shade, in their meaning. Let us instance a few of these untranslatable terms. Take first, *stour*—the nearest approach to this word is *dust*, but *stour* means dust in motion. *Foy*—what sensations rise in the minds of Scotsmen at the mention of this word, which is from the French *voyer*, to go, and signifies an entertainment given as a farewell treat! To attend a *foy*, to drink a *bon ailey*, or good success in the journey about to be undertaken by a friend, may be expressed in English, but not so briefly, or in a way so productive of sentiment congenial to the occasion. To *peinge*, *whinge*, *yirm*, *girn*, *grounge*, *mounge*, *yammer*, and *greet*, are in our opinion poorly expressed by the English verbs to whimper, grumble, cry, or weep. *Jaunder* and *maunder* are absolutely untranslatable, each expressing in one word what would require a whole sentence of English. The nearest meaning of *jaunder* is to procrastinate or put off time foolishly, yet doing something all the time by way of an excuse for delay. To *maunder* is fully a more delightful phrase. The closest approximation to it in English is the idea of an idle woman going on and on for hours in some kind of silly talk, speaking sense and nonsense, and luging in all sorts of subjects as they happen to rise in her brain. Yet this endless talk must not be loud; it must be carried on in a monotonous understrain; for if she exalt her voice, then she breaks off her *maunder* and commences a *yove*. May we all be preserved in our own persons from experiencing the qualifications of a *maunderer*—may our ears be always saved from hearing a couple of such loquacious characters breaking off full cry into a *yove*!

Personal and mental qualifications are in this manner expressed to a boundless extent in the Scottish dialect. Every variety of shade of character and appearance in men, women, and children, has its appropriate term, either in commendation or reproach. Reproachful expressions are perhaps the most numerous. *Stry*—a lazy, fat, dirty woman; *birky*—a tricky smart boy; *gilpy lassie*—a young, run-about, and uncultivated girl; *doited gell*—a thoughtless child, constantly making mistakes; a *daidling body*—applied generally to describe a silly little man of tipping and unsettled habits; *grewsome carle*—an old

• We have heard, upon authority to which we are inclined to trust, that Mrs Rothschild is of great service to her husband, not only by her dexterity in acquiring information and forming useful connections, but by the exercise of an understanding much beyond that of most females, and that Mr Rothschild attributes much of his success in life to his good fortune in possessing so valuable a wife.

man of hideous appearance; *sumph*—hardly translatable, nearest meaning one characterised by a combination of idiocy and stupidity; *jolly*—fatish and good-looking; are tolerable specimens of this class of phrases. The peculiar qualities of things are also well defined; as, *foisonless*—without substance or taste; *goo*—a peculiar flavour; *touk*—a peculiar flavour having a disagreeable taste in the mouth; *lythey*—applied to any fluid preparation, such as broth, becoming thick with boiling; *stamphish*—harsh to the feeling; *stroung*—harsh to the taste; *taivered*—boiled to rags; *wersh*—saltless. The following we consider excellent Scottish words: *fyfte*—to turn inside out; *gysan*—to fall in pieces from drought, applied to casks in a dry leaky state; *drumlic*—applied to describe a fluid in an unclean state (*muddy* is the English parallel, but a fluid may be drumlic and yet contain no mud); *sneist*—a reproachful upcast, a cutting unanswerable expression; *caryngling* (from *canis*, Latin for a dog)—noisy wrangling and finding fault; *erie*—in a state of indefinable superstitious fear, or rather having a nervous feeling of loneliness and superstitious fear at night; *kryle*—a dwarfish child; *kryne*—to shrink or diminish in bulk; *tryste*—to appoint to meet, to order to make; *bonny*—beautiful; *whomle*—to turn upside down; *mense*—a sense of propriety and moderation; *kitchen*—any thing delicate or savoury taken with food to make it more palatable; *kenspeckle*—conspicuous in appearance; *threap*—to insist vehemently; *ettle*—to design to execute; *carline*—an old energetic woman—Burns brings out the character of a female of this description in the couplet—

“a raukcle carline,

Wha kenn'd fu' weel to cleek the sterlin'!”

thole—to endure patiently, as “he that tholes overcomes it” *dreigh*—slow, tedious, commonly used in describing a person who procrastinates the settlement of demands upon his purse, as “he's a dreigh payer;” *dirl*—tremulous motion—

“He screw'd his pipes and gar'd them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl;”

dour (from the French)—sulky and repulsive; *haiver*—to talk foolishly; *disjasket*—wayworn with fatigue, or soiled and disordered in the person; *duawm*—a species of faint; *frush*—applied to describe any thing that is so tender as to moulder at the touch; *kythe*—to become manifest, to tell or appear, as “he has committed a grievous offence, but let him alone, it will soon kythe upon him,” or, to cite a common phrase among boys, “cheatery kythes;” *mutch*, *toy*, *squiny*—three various kinds of women's caps; we cannot pretend to define the peculiar shapes of these different species of the genus cap, but that they are distinct in character we have no doubt; the mutch, we apprehend, is round, while the squiny and toy are of a plainer cut, close round the face, and tie under the chin; but we leave the settlement of the point to wiser heads than ours.

Words equally expressive might be enumerated to any extent. Enough, however, has been given to show the peculiar nature of the dialect which has for several centuries been spoken by the lowlanders of Scotland. Those who still use such phraseology, as we have said, are not ignorant of modern English. What they read and write is English, but in conversation the dialectic words come more readily to the tongue, and give a greater tone of familiarity to the expression of the sentiments, besides being more effective in conveying the ideas of the speaker. During the progress of the great alteration, which, within the last half century, has taken place in the manners of the Scottish people, there has arisen a fastidious disinclination to use any Scottish expression, however emphatic; so that in point of fact the upper classes of the people are almost as ignorant of “braid Scots” as those in the south, whose fashions they imitate. In one respect, the total subsidence of the Scotch might prove advantageous, by affording greater scope for improvement in pure modern English, in respect of literature; but we would be disposed to question the general propriety of such an alteration. Whatever tends to preserve national character—provided it be innocent in its properties—is assuredly beneficial. There is too great a disposition to provincialise Scotland, and destroy its institutions, in order to make room for others neither congenial to the temperament of the people, nor in any respect superior in their qualities. National usages, costumes, and language, are the points round which each true lover of his country delights to rally, and the sources of much genial, beneficent, and agreeable feeling. Where is the Scotsman, living in the remote wilds of America or Australia, or settled in any other distant part of the globe, whose heart does not gush out with emotion on casually hearing spoken

the words of his own dear father-land? And can we doubt that the devotion which prompts this tribute of fond remembrance is not calculated to keep alive and refine the best sentiments of our nature? Or, as Byron says, when speaking of his boyish recollections—

As “Auld langsyne” brings Scotland, one and all,
Scotch plaids, Scotch smoods, the blue hills and clear streams,
The Dee, the Don, Balgounie's brig's black wall,
All my boy feelings, all my gender dreams
Of what I then dreamt, clothed in their own pall,
Like Banquo's offspring,—floating past me seems
My childhood, in this childishness of mine—
I care not—'tis a glimpse of “Auld langsyne.”

MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

THE circumstances detailed in the following narrative are altogether of so singular and romantic a character, that, but for the undeniable authenticity of every particular, the whole might be considered as the production of the ingenious brain of a Defoe. Some of the incidents, indeed, surpass in impressive interest any thing to be met with in the fictitious history of Alexander Selkirk's solitary existence and adventures.

In December 1787, the Bounty sailed from Spithead for Otaheite, under the command of Lieutenant Bligh, who had previously accompanied Captain Cook in his exploratory voyages in the Pacific Ocean. The object of the present expedition was to convey from Otaheite to our West India colonies the plants of the bread-fruit tree, which Dampier, Cook, and other voyagers, had observed to grow with the most prolific luxuriance in the South Sea islands, and which furnished the natives with a perpetual and wholesome subsistence, without even the trouble of cultivation. The crew of the Bounty consisted of forty-four individuals, including the commander, and two skilful gardeners to take charge of the plants, for the removing of which every accommodation had been provided on board, under the superintendance of Sir Joseph Banks, who had personally visited Otaheite with Captain Wallis. After a most distressing voyage, in which, after reaching Cape Horn, they were compelled to put the helm a-weather and take the route by Van Diemen's Land, the voyagers anchored in Matavai Bay, Otaheite, on the 26th October 1788, having run over, by the log, since leaving England, a space of 27,086 miles, or an average, of one hundred and eight miles in twenty-four hours.

The simple natives, who had experienced much kindness from Captain Cook, testified great joy at the arrival of the strangers, and loaded them with presents of provisions of every sort. The character, condition, and habits of the islanders, as described to us even by their earliest visitors, present a most extraordinary contrast to the usual features of savage life. They were a kind, mild-tempered, social, and affectionate race, living in the utmost harmony amongst themselves, and their whole lives being one unvaried round of cheerful contentment, luxurious ease, and healthful exercise and amusements.

Bligh appears to have been tempted to remain at this luxurious spot much longer than was either proper or necessary, as the bread-fruit plants, and provisions of hogs, fowls, fish, and vegetables of every description, were amply supplied him by the kind natives. The liberty which he gave his crew to go on shore, and enjoy all the indulgences which the place afforded, was extremely imprudent; and this, together with the capricious harshness and unjustifiable insult with which he occasionally treated every one on board—officers as well as men—appears to have been the sole cause of the unfortunate occurrence that afterwards took place. The Bounty, which, as we have mentioned, arrived October 26, 1788, did not sail till the 4th April 1789, when she departed loaded with presents, and amid the tears and regrets of the natives. They continued till the 27th amongst the islands of that archipelago, touching at many of them, bartering and interchanging presents with the natives, many of whom remembered Bligh when he accompanied Cook in the Resolution.

It was on the night of April 27th that the mutiny broke out. The affair, as far as can ever be learned by the strictest investigation, was entirely unpremeditated, and resulted entirely from the commander's giving way to one of those furious and ungovernable fits of passion which he from time to time exhibited. On the day previous (the 26th), Bligh, having missed some of the cocoa nuts that were piled up on deck, ordered a search to be made; but none being discovered, he burst into a paroxysm of passion, calling them all scoundrels and thieves alike, swearing he would make the half of them jump overboard before they got

through Endeavour Straits, and ordering the clerk to “stop the villains' (officers) grog, and give them half a pound of yams for dinner.” The officer of the watch, a young man of respectable family, named Fletcher Christian, who was master's mate, and had been two or three voyages with Bligh, incurred the greatest share of abuse, the latter cursing him for a “hound,” and accusing him of having stolen the cocoa nuts for his own use. Christian, who was a fiery-spirited young man, appears to have become exasperated at this ignominious treatment, to much of the same kind of which he had been subjected for some time previous; so much so, indeed, that he declared to some of his messmates that he had been “in hell for the last fortnight,” on account of Bligh's usage of him, and expressed his determination to leave the ship in a raft on the first opportunity, and commit himself to the waves, rather than remain on board. During the night of the 28th, he accordingly began to prepare his raft; and while so employed, one of the crew unfortunately suggested that it “would be better for him to seize the ship at once.” The idea, which Christian does not seem to have thought of till that moment, was instantly caught at, and a few whispers amongst the crew showed that the majority were quite ready for the scheme, which was forthwith put in execution. About sunrise on Tuesday, April 28, Christian, with three of the crew, entered Bligh's cabin, and secured him in bed, tied his hands behind his back, and hurried him on deck. Their companions had in the meanwhile secured those who were suspected to be disinclined to the mutiny; and amongst whom was Mr. Peter Heywood (afterwards so much distinguished in the royal navy service), and other two midshipmen, who were detained (contrary to their expressed wishes) to assist the mutineers in managing the vessel. Several others of the crew, likewise, who disclaimed all share in the mutiny, were thus forcibly detained. A boat was then hoisted out alongside, and Bligh, with eighteen unfortunate companions, were forced into it. Some provisions, clothes, and four cutlasses, were given them, and they were then cast adrift in the open ocean. Twenty-five remained on board, the ablest of the ship's company. As the boat put off, “Huzza for Otaheite!” was shouted by the mutineers, thus indicating the destination of their further proceedings.

Being near the island of Tofoa, the castaways rowed towards it for the purpose of obtaining some bread-fruit and water, with which the natives at first seemed very willing to supply them, until Bligh imprudently advised his men to say, in answer to the queries put them about the ship, that it had overset and sunk. The consequence was, that the natives attacked them, stoned one man to death, and it was with difficulty that the remainder escaped. Bligh's companions then entreated him to steer for home at all risks and hazards; and on being told that no hope of relief could be entertained till they reached Timor, off the coast of New Holland, a distance fully twelve hundred leagues, they readily agreed to be content with an allowance, which, on calculation, was found would not exceed an ounce of bread and quarter of a pint of water per day for each man. After taking them bound by a solemn promise to this effect, these unfortunate men boldly bore away, on May 2d, across a sea where the navigation was little known, in an open boat twenty-three feet long, and deeply laden with eighteen men. It is not our purpose here to detail the particulars of this adventurous voyage. Suffice it to say, that, after enduring the most horrible distresses from cold, thirst, famine, and fatigue, and running a distance, by the log, of more than three thousand six hundred miles, the whole reached the island of Timor alive on the 14th June, but so much spent as more to resemble spectres than men. They were treated with the greatest kindness by the inhabitants, but, notwithstanding every attention, four or five of them here died. The rest proceeded to Batavia, whence they obtained passages to England, where Bligh arrived in March 1790.

The intelligence of the mutiny, and the sufferings of Bligh and his companions, naturally excited a great sensation in England. Bligh was immediately promoted to the rank of commander, and Captain Edwards was dispatched to Otaheite, in the Pandora frigate, with instructions to search for the Bounty and her mutinous crew, and bring them to England. The Pandora reached Matavai Bay on the 23d March 1791; and even before she had come to anchor, Joseph Coleman, formerly armourer of the Bounty, pushed off from shore in a canoe, and came on board. He frankly told who he was, and professed his readiness to give every information that might be required of him. Scarcely had the ship anchored, when Messrs Heywood and Stewart, late midshipmen of the Bounty, also came on board; and in the course of two days afterwards, the whole of the remainder of the Bounty's crew (in number sixteen) then on the island, surrendered themselves, with the exception of two, who fled to the mountains, where, as it afterwards appeared, they were murdered by the natives.

From his prisoners, and the journals kept by one or two of them, Captain Edwards learnt the proceedings of Christian and his associates after turning Bligh and his companions adrift in the boat. It appears that they steered in the first instance to the island of Toobonai, where they intended to form a settlement; but the opposition of the natives, and want of many necessary materials, determined them to return in the meantime to Otaheite, where they arrived on the 25th May 1789. In answer to the inquiries of Tinah, the