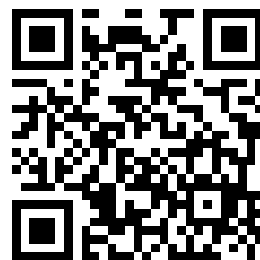

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THE
LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

JOURNAL

OF

Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

FOR THE YEAR

1830.

COMPRISING

REVIEWS OF NEW PUBLICATIONS;

ORIGINAL ESSAYS ON POLITE LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES;
POETRY; **CRITICISMS ON THE FINE ARTS, THE DRAMA, &c.;**

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THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE; AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

O. RICH, 12, RED LION SQUARE, LONDON, AGENT FOR THE UNITED STATES.

Orders received for Books and Periodicals, the cost of which, including Commission and Shipping Charges, will in no case exceed the regular London Prices.

No. 689.—AMERICAN EDITION.

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1830.

THE LITERARY GAZETTE, containing the earliest information in regard to Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts, is well worthy of the attention of all those persons in the United States who wish to become acquainted with the progress of knowledge in Europe, which they may, through this medium, as efficaciously and as promptly as if they kept up an active correspondence with the principal literati and philosophers of the Old World. From the regularity in the sailing of the New York packets, each Number can be sent off within a day or two of its publication, and will frequently reach the most distant part of the United States within a month of its date; and in consequence of the low rate of postage on newspapers, the cost will not be greater to the subscriber in Missouri than to the subscriber in London. From these considerations, Mr. RICH has been induced to make arrangements for supplying his fellow-citizens with this important work, which he will do on the following terms:

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Booksellers throughout the United States are authorised to receive subscriptions, and will be allowed a commission of ten per cent, and, on transmitting the amount of ten sub-

scriptions, will be entitled to an eleventh copy gratis.

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*. Publishers of Newspapers and Periodicals, who may feel inclined to co-operate with one of their fellow-citizens in facilitating the literary intercourse between the Old World and the New, are requested to notice this Prospectus.

The Editor of the London Literary Gazette having excluded an extract from his second review, to make room for Mr. Rich's preceding announcement, takes the opportunity of saying a few words upon this plan for supplying an American edition of his publication with rapidity and certainty. It has met with his most cordial concurrence; and he trusts that, unpretending in form as the means are, they will conduce in spirit to draw closer the links of amity and friendly feelings between the two countries. It will be his object, throughout the whole of their intercourse, to promote this good understanding; while he endeavours to make his work as acceptable in the United States as it has fortunately become in the Old World, as an impartial compendium of what is valuable in literature, science, and the fine arts.

It is in itself a circumstance worthy of notice, and a new and curious feature in the history of the periodical press, that any journal of this kind should have acquired so high a general character and influence at home as to entitle it to the flattering distinction of being thus widely circulated among other nations. But as the arrangements made by Mr. Rich will enable him to produce the Literary Gazette at the same charge on the banks of the Susquehannah and the Mississippi, as it costs on the Thames and the Tweed; so have we also in progress other arrangements which will extend this advantage to the Indus and the Ganges. So universal a dissemination was never enjoyed by a periodical journal of any class; and we hope to prove ourselves deserving of the honour by diligent exertions, copious information, and unalterable independence.

It is pleasant to us in this No. to announce to our new friends across the Atlantic, that this day (Saturday, April 3d) the Council of the Royal Society of Literature awarded one of the two gold medals, placed annually at their disposal by his Majesty, to Washington Irving, Esq. Secretary to the American Embassy, in testimony of their admiration of his literary works. These medals are beautiful specimens of art, and of the value of fifty guineas each: they are voted yearly to individuals who have distinguished themselves by the production of works of standard reputation; and Mr. Irving shares the distinction with Scott, Southey, Milford the

Greek historian, Angelo Mai of classic fame, Baron Sylvestre de Sacy, Hallam (his colleague this year), and other eminent men in various walks of learning and genius. But this election is perhaps still more to be prized as an evidence of the kindly and liberal sentiments entertained by the Royal Society of Literature towards the citizens of the United States. Nor will the compliment be less esteemed when we mention, that upon the Council (to which also we are proud to belong) are to be found the Bishops of Salisbury and Bath and Wells, the Marquess of Lansdowne, the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Clive, the Hon. G. Agar Ellis, Mr. L. H. Petit, M.P., Colonel Leake, Mr. Caley, Dr. Richards, and other individuals of literary celebrity, as well as of exalted rank in church and state.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Travels in Kamchatka and Siberia, with a Narrative of a Residence in China. By Peter Dobell, Counsellor of the Court of H. I. Majesty the Emperor of Russia. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

THESE Travels are full of interesting adventures, and relate many curious particulars both of Siberia and China (in the latter of which countries the author remained between seven and eight years); which will be both new and entertaining to readers. He landed in Kamchatka in 1812, and journeyed through Siberia, giving a much more favourable account of that frozen region than we have been accustomed to hear: but his previous visit to China in 1798, though it forms the end of the second volume, possesses more attraction for us in the way of extracts, and we shall illustrate the work by a few selections bearing on the customs, &c. of the Chinese, as observed by a European, who had better opportunities than common for acquiring correct information:—

“I have been told that the whole military force of the empire is upwards of a million of men. This may be true; but I will answer for it there never existed an army of the same numerical force, so feeble, so little adequate to the defence of the country, or so perfectly ignorant of the art of war. In the province of Fokien, civil wars have occurred between two powerful clans, which the military were unable to quell. Indeed, they never attempt it, when eight to ten thousand men of a side meet to decide some family quarrel. They look calmly on until the affair has had its bloody issue, when they intrigue with the stronger party, to deliver over for trial some of those whom they have conquered. The governor then despatches a flaming account to Pekin, relating the victory obtained over the rebels; and asks permission to cut off the heads of the prisoners. On receiving an answer (always in favour of cutting off heads), those poor wretches suffer punishment, and there ends the affair. There is a sect in China, very formidable, called ‘the Celestial Fraternity,’ who, certainly, if what the Chinese say of them be true, have some influential characters among them, by whose

intrigues many of the revolts we have read of have been produced. Although the fraternity at Canton is said to be composed of gamblers, robbers, pirates, and the very dregs of society, these men, being very daring, do oftentimes defy the police. Their object, I have been told, is the subversion of the Tartar dynasty. * * *

"The perfection of the mechanic arts in China cannot be denied in certain instances; but this is evidently not the result of a regular combination of scientific improvements. It appears to be the effect of the laboured experience of ages, brought slowly and difficultly to a certain point, where it is stationary, and cannot advance further, until science shall dispel the prejudices of habit and the clouds of ignorance. There is certainly a superiority in several of their silk manufactures, as it regards the gloss and the fixing of the colours, and the rendering them so bright and permanent; but this is not produced by any secret mordant or process unknown to Europeans. I was once present at the dyeing of silks; and, on examination, found the process conducted in the simplest manner, with the commonest mordants used in England. They know very little of the chemical agents, the use of which has become so common in Europe; and the brightness and permanency of their colours must be derived from a very nice experience of the application of the mordants, the climate, and other favourable and concurring circumstances. Owing to the cheapness of labour, a very large number of hands are employed; therefore the work goes on with a rapidity almost beyond conception, and the silks are immediately hung out to dry, during the prevalence of the north wind, called by them *Pak Fung*. Certainly, in any other

amputation, are there cured without the loss of limb. It may serve to account for this in some degree, if I state that the food of the poorer classes is principally rice and vegetables, accompanied by a couple of little ragouts of fish or flesh, and also a glass or two of their favourite *santchoo*, which is very rarely drunk to excess. Several workmen were placing tiles on the roof of a house not far from where I lived, when the beam that supported it, being old and rotten, broke, and the roof and the whole party fell into the house. There were no limbs broken, but fifteen of the men received cuts on their heads and bodies; some of them very deep. As the master-workman was an old acquaintance, he brought them all to my house, and requested me to dress them. I washed their wounds with laudanum, and closing the lips with strips of court-plaster, gave orders not to remove the bandages until the wounds should suppurate. Although some had several deep cuts, only two wounds suppurated, and these were on the back part of the head,—a place which the Chinese refused to have shaved, and, consequently, the hair interfered with the adhesive quality of the court plaster. All the rest were healed by what is called the first intention. The master-builder (who was also a joiner), thanked me much; for he said, had the men been left without dressing their wounds, it would have taken a long time to cure them, and he should have been obliged to nurse and feed them. He never forgot this friendly act, and gave me many proofs of his gratitude afterwards. * * *

Many persons have supposed (who only know the Chinese superficially) that a nation so grave, sedate, and monotonous, cannot include either fops or boys

without giving offence to delicacy; and these before the women, who appeared quite pleased at the entertainment. This must be owing, on their part, to a want of education and refinement, and to the habit of witnessing spectacles which European women, of even the worst class, would turn from with disgust. At a Chinese theatre there is always a place set apart for the females (I will not call them ladies), separating them from the rest of the audience by a curtain or screen; but, as they sit in front, near the stage, one has a good view of them, and near enough to discover how much they seem pleased with the play. Women in China are not even taught to read and write: needle-work and music (if it deserves the name) are their only accomplishments. To kill time, they play at cards and dominoes, and smoke incessantly. Men and women of the better classes never mix in society; it is considered disgraceful to eat with their wives; they do not even inhabit the same side of the house. I have, however, known some who broke through this custom, and who have assured me they found much pleasure in dining with their wives. Polygamy has certainly done a great deal of mischief in the way of morals. Some men, even at an advanced age, continued to increase their stock of wives, when they have already sons grown to manhood. I have been confidently informed, that intrigues between those sons and the younger wives, or concubines, of the father, are not uncommon. Dining once with a rich merchant, some comedies were represented to us, where the wit turned upon the refined tyranny of a husband, who beat his wives most unmercifully. We asked him if the wives did

beginning of October. This wind is so remarkable in its effects, and so immediately felt, that should it begin at night, even when all the doors and windows are shut, the extreme dryness of the air penetrates into the house immediately, and the furniture and floors begin to crack, with a noise almost as loud as the report of a pistol. If the floors have been laid down in summer, when the air is damp, or if the planks be not exceedingly well seasoned, and secured with iron cramps, they will open an inch at least when the north-east monsoon commences. The Chinese will not even pack teas or silks for exportation in damp weather; that is to say, unless they are hurried to do it by the strangers who have business with them, and wish to get their ships away sooner than ordinary. I have known a ship detained three weeks longer than the captain wished at Canton, because the security-merchant would not pack the silks which formed part of her cargo, until the weather became favourable. This will account, in some measure, not only for the permanency and beauty of the dye, but likewise for the care that is taken to preserve it. The Chinese say that if newly-dyed silks be packed before they are perfectly dry, or in damp weather, they will not only lose the brightness of the colour, but will also become spotted. They may have some secret in the spinning and tissue of silks, which we know nothing of; but certainly not in dyeing them.

"When they are wounded, there are no people so easily healed as the Chinese; fractures, which in other countries would require

of a particular simplicity. The richest black satin of Nankin, the soles of a certain height; his knee-caps elegantly embroidered; his cap and button of the neatest cut; his pipes elegant and high priced; his tobacco of the best manufacture of Fokien; an English gold watch; a tooth-pick, hung at his button, with a string of valuable pearls; a fan from Nankin, scented with *chulan* flowers. Such are his personal appointments. His servants are also clothed in silks, and his sedan chair, &c. &c. all correspondingly elegant. When he meets an acquaintance, he puts on a studied politeness in his manners, and gives himself as many airs as the most perfect dandies in Europe, besides giving emphasis to all those fulsome ceremonies for which the Chinese nation is so remarkable. The rich Chinese, who are cleanly, are all fond of dress; though some, from avarice, attend only to outward show, whilst the shirt and undergarments remain unchanged for several days, and expose, at the collar and sleeves, the dirty habits of the master through his splendid disguise. Those who are in the habit of mixing with Europeans are more attentive to cleanliness; but, generally speaking, the Chinese are certainly not so clean in their persons as one would expect from the inhabitants of a warm climate. The Chinese indulge in every species of sensuality, are fond of indecent shows and books, which debauch the minds of youth, and, indeed, are too apt to carry all pleasures to a criminal excess. At their theatres I have seen exhibitions such as it would be impossible to describe

imaginable. The strangers present all laughed heartily; and we could perceive the women enjoyed it beyond measure; but, the moment the master of the house discovered this, and that we passed some jests upon him, he became serious and embarrassed, and would not permit a continuance of those representations. We may therefore fairly conclude, that in spite of the strict and despotic manner in which wives are treated in China, they sometimes get the upper hand of their lordly masters. On stricter inquiry I found, that when a Chinese became enamoured of one of his wives in preference, she generally contrived to wheedle him, and govern him as she liked. The rich men, however, are not over-blessed with domestic habits. They dissipate a great deal of their time at the theatres, or in parties on the water, at the flower-boats, or receptacles for public women, at the exhibitions of fighting quails, gaming, &c. This latter vice is very prevalent amongst all classes and descriptions of people, and is carried to a great excess. *Pack-thai-Yen*, whom I mentioned before as having been civil governor and also viceroy of Canton, attacked it very severely; but, although he caused the public gaming-houses to be shut, and punished the proprietors, yet, in a short time afterwards, a number of new ones sprang up on the ruins of the old, and were as much frequented as if nothing had happened. No doubt the magical qualities of gold produced this effect. It seems to be the talisman of the Chinese soul, the deity to whom he pays his most fervent adoration; nor ought we to feel surprised at his de-

tion, when he sees it bind the rod of justice, and arrest the arm of the executioner. Besides cards and dice, they have other sports and games of chance peculiar to the country. The most remarkable are quail-fighting, cricket-fighting, shuttle-cock played with the feet, and ruffling, at which they are very expert. To make two male crickets fight, they are placed in an earthen bowl, about six or eight inches in diameter; the owner of each tickles his cricket with a feather, which makes them both run round the bowl different ways, frequently meeting and jostling one another as they pass. After several meetings in this way, they at length become exasperated, and fight with great fury, until they literally tear each other limb from limb. This is an amusement for the common classes; but quail-fighting belongs to the higher orders. Quails that are to be prepared for fighting require the strictest care and attention. Every quail has a separate keeper: he confines it in a small bag, with a running string at the top, constantly attached to his person; so that he carries the bird with him wherever he goes. The poor prisoner is rarely permitted to see the light, except at the time of feeding, or when the keeper deems it necessary he should take the air for his health. When he airs his quail, he will hold it in his hand (taking great precautions not to spoil his plumage) for two or three hours at a time. The patient care and attention of the Chinese to their fighting-quails and singing-birds, are equal to those of the fondest mother for a favourite child. When two quails are brought to fight, they are placed in a thing like a large sieve, in the centre of a table, round which the spectators stand to witness the battle and make their bets. Some grains of millet-seed are then put into the middle of the sieve, and the quails, being taken out of the bags, are put opposite to each other near the seed. If they are birds of courage, the moment one begins to eat the other attacks him, and they fight hard for a short time, say one or two minutes. The quail that is beaten flies up, and the conqueror remains, and is suffered to eat all the seed. I should suppose the best quail-fight never lasted more than five minutes. Rich men have always a number of birds ready trained, in order to have as many battles as will amply a considerable portion of the day. Immense sums of money are won and lost on them. A good deal of time also is spent in making the bets. Sometimes one quail has been known to win several hundred battles, and all of a sudden, gets beaten by a new and unknown bird; a circumstance which occasions high betting and fresh encounters, until the new comer is again beaten in turn. If we consider what a trifling gratification this sport affords, when compared with the time, trouble, and expense of preparing the quails, it is astonishing it should be so much esteemed. An extreme fondness for gaming can be the only inducement; but it exhibits at the same time a strong proof of their effeminate character. It is, however, pursued with great ardour in China, many persons losing and winning large fortunes at it, and some of the most voracious men I was acquainted with were great quail-fighters. I have been told also by the adepts, that there is a great deal of art in choosing and dressing quails, as well as feeding them and handling them. Next to quail-fighting, the flower-boats occupy most of a Chinese gentleman's leisure hours.

Among their dinner customs, the following would do well for Mr. Planché's Easter piece. Besides the stated periods for drinking, the guests drink with one another occasionally, as

in England. But when it is done ceremoniously, the parties rise from their chairs, with their wine-cups held in both hands, and proceed to the middle of the room. They then raise their cups as high as their mouths, and lower them again until they almost touch the ground—the lower the more polite. This process is repeated three, six, or nine times, each watching the other's motions with the greatest exactness; nor will one of them drink before the other, until, after repeated attempts, their cups meet their mouths at one and the same instant, when they empty them, and turn them up so as to expose the inside, and shew that every drop has been drunk. After this, they hold the empty cups and salute one another in the same manner, retreating by degrees towards their chairs, when they sit down to resume their functions at the repast. Here, sometimes, a polite contention takes place who shall be seated the first, and is not decided until after a number of ceremonious bows, nods, curvings of the bodies, and motions of the hands, when they contrive to lower themselves into their chairs at one and the same moment. At the commencement of this ceremony, when the parties approach one another so as almost to touch their wine-cups, they very often exchange them before they begin their salutations. They have also a game for making each other drink, which I shall endeavour to describe. The wine-cups being filled, the two persons engaged stretch forth their right hands towards the centre of the table, with their fingers closed. When the hands come almost in contact, they open as many fingers as they please, and each person cries out the number he opens, as one, three, five, &c. Whoever hits on the exact number of fingers presented by both persons, obliges his adversary to drink. I have seen this game continued for an hour, until one of the parties, finding himself the loser, and his head a little affected, is obliged to recede. It is an extremely noisy amusement when any number of guests engage in it. In passing up and down Canton river, on a holyday, one's ears are assailed on all sides with this boisterous merriment, which savours strongly of the barbaric customs that prevailed at the feasts of our uncivilised ancestors."

But we must conclude, which we do with the Chinese account of the origin of letters in Europe. "A Chinese, who was accustomed when he walked to take a book for his amusement, went once some distance into the woods, where he stopped to read and rest himself. Finding himself fatigued, he put the book down on the ground and placed a stone on it, whilst he lay down to repose himself. After a while he got up and went home—but forgot the book. It remained there for several years, until every part was decayed, except twenty-four characters covered by the stone. These a monkey afterwards found, and not being able to read them, he presented them to the Europeans, who formed their language with them. This story, ridiculous as it is, shews the vanity and pride of the Chinese, and the contempt they have for Europeans."

The Game of Life. By Leitch Ritchie. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Bull.

THIS tale is the history of a young man who, with no friends, and only ten pounds in his pocket, but with the birth, education, and feelings of a gentleman, is forced, by the pressure of necessitous circumstances, to visit London, and seek his fortune on the slender foundation we have indicated, having passed all the early portion of his life in the ignorance and seclu-

sion of the country. The scenes are uniformly dark—vice and want go hand in hand; and the exertions to escape from this double bondage are made in the lowest channels by which a livelihood can be gained. Copying law papers, collecting or manufacturing news for the daily press, and writing for magazines, finally leave him in a state of absolute destitution. However, the book ends very happily, owing to the intervention of an old gentleman, such as is seldom to be met with in life, though very often in novels, a Mr. Vesper, who, because the mother jilted him, sentimentally protects the son, helps him out of his difficulties, and finally marries him to his newly-discovered niece, the heroine of these pages. The plot is nothing; the argumentative portions somewhat lengthy; and we do not find much originality in the more creative efforts. But the great merit of the author is in the true and graphic pencil with which he draws pictures from actual life. Evidently an eye-witness, and perhaps an actor, in the scenes he describes, they are exhibited with startling fidelity. The lodging-house, and various street occurrences, are copied from the daily panorama of life, with the tact and accuracy of a very acute observer. We have room only for the following night piece, sketched in a very vivid manner.

"It was nearly twelve o'clock, the public-houses had already emptied their lawful contents into the vast thoroughfares of population; the shops were shut, with the exception, here and there, of an avaricious pastry-cook's, which still gaped upon the street for the purpose of tempting stragglers on their way home from the playhouses; the customary noises of evening had died away, all but now and then a drunken shout, or the rattle of a hackney-coach, or the hoarse voice of a watchman bawling the hour. By and by, the theatres flung their gushing volumes into the stream, which gave token of the addition to the furthest corners of the metropolis. Men and women, boys, girls, and children, flowed rapidly along; some absorbed as they passed into the ducts and creeks which opened by their side, and others disappearing in the gloom before. The eager remark, the abrupt question, the recollected laugh, echoed on all sides; and when the crowd gradually melted away, and their voices died in the distance, the loneliness of the desert street seemed strange and startling. The silence was now only broken at long intervals by the scream of the female night-wanderer, driven by intoxication and despair to remonstrate with the sullen guardian of the hour; but elsewhere the drowsy voices of the watchmen themselves seemed to add to the calmness of the scene,

'Imposing silence with a stilly sound.'

As William turned into Bridge Street by the Obelisk at Fleet Market, he heard a singular cry, which even his practised ear was unable to syllable into any of the customary sounds of a metropolitan night. A figure in white came rushing along the pavement, uttering a short, shrill, definite scream, repeated in rapid yet regular succession. As she approached, he could see that she was dressed in the extreme of fantastic tinery, and that her wild and bacchanal air denoted a profession of shame. 'Lost! lost! lost!' was her cry as she ran; 'Lost! lost! lost!' she shrieked most wildly in William's ears, as she swept past him like a spirit. Shocked and heart-stricken, he stood still and gazed after the phantom; and when her form had melted into the darkness, and the voice of the lost one fallen for the last time upon his heart, it was with a gasp of unat-

terable relief he pursued his aimless journey. On the neighbouring bridge he stood for a while, contemplating instinctively the imposing scene before him. No sensible perception, however, of beauty or sublimity at first entered his mind. He seemed to be awakened gradually from a dream, of which he remembered not the form or meaning, by the moon breaking from the clouds which had till now enveloped her, and calling out from the chaos of darkness the elements of a magnificent city. The proud dome of St. Paul's raised its head supreme amidst the mass of buildings, while meaner spires, countless in number, and various in form and character, were scattered around. To the west, the more definite part of the view was bounded by Waterloo Bridge, which threw its superb length, as straight as an arrow, over the wide and glittering river; and beside it, Somerset House, rising, with its palace-walls, from the water's edge, seemed a building created and existing only in the fancy of a painter. On the north, a forest of dark houses burdened the earth as far as the eye could reach, oppressing the imagination by their multitude, and their close and compact array; on the south, the line of Blackfriars' Road extended its rows of bright lamps with mathematical nicety to such a distance that it seemed to terminate in a point; and to the east, the cast-iron bridge bestriding the broad stream, like a giant, seemed to guard the tract beyond from view, into which, nevertheless, the eye could penetrate, although dimly, as in a dream, through darker clouds and shadows, which it learnt by its past experience to lead into homes.

...the mighty volume of waters which rolled in silence through the silent city; and in thick darkness its course was lost and swallowed up. William gazed with a feeling of littleness, which at last diverged into absolute terror. He forgot that he was himself an individual of that species of insects which had created the wonders around him!"

NOOKTA SOUND.

Journal of Travels in the United States, and on the North-western Coast of America. By Ignatius Hülschwitt, ci-devant Lieutenant of Artillery. 8vo. Coppenrath, 1829. Münster.

Dire scenes of horror on a savage shore,
In which, a witness sad, a part I bore.
The Author's motto.

THERE is little that can be said on the subject of the United States, with which the gleanings of our own industrious explorers have not made us familiar. In this point of view, indeed, the modest and straightforward narrative before us presents nothing that is strikingly novel; but it is far otherwise when we come to deal with the account of the writer's captivity and residence among the inhabitants of one of those remote corners of the New World, the name of which will remain co-existent with the recollection of the splendid enterprises led by a Cook and a Vancouver. Here, indeed, is a picture of men, and manners, and incidents, full of life, originality, and interest; and, what is rare enough in these days, pencilled with a simplicity and absence of art, which serve, in no slender degree, to attest its title to our confidence.

Hülschwitt quitted his home at Luxemburg in

1819, in company with his father-in-law, his wife, and a servant; embarked for America at Rotterdam; and reached Kennibank towards the end of the following December.

The first striking incident that arrests our attention, arises out of adult immersion; it is a practice rather honoured in the breach than the observance, as the reader will speedily acknowledge: and although we would pick no quarrel with Greek or Roman for baptising his full-grown Tom of bell-metal; nor with the schismatic Montanist of Africa for submerging his departed relatives; Heaven deliver the Christian, who has just turned the corner of his teens, from dipping when Fahrenheit is under 32°!

The party had reached widow Mason's at Kennibank. "Her civility," says the pilgrim, "was so much to our liking, that we boarded and lodged with her all the time we remained there. The cold was excessive; the snow had drifted together in hills, to such a degree, that in many places the inhabitants could not get at one another without delving themselves a passage. In doors, our breath froze on the counterpane, although a blazing fire was kept up during the whole night in an enormous chimney. The second day after Christmas, a new-married couple belonging to the baptist confession were baptised. After a few staves, the young people, dressed in white, stepped into the appointed hole; and the priest, who had bound his kerchief round their waists, dipped them completely under water, reciting the usual benediction. The young man, however, was so much affected by the cold, that he fell into the water, and was obliged to be rescued. In fact, the young man, who had been translated to the mansions of happiness."

Hülschwitt, having established a brewery at Catskill, on the Hudson, was doomed to witness the blasting of a very promising future in the destruction of his establishment by fire. We soon after find him at New York, where he accepted the situation of a supercargo in a vessel bound on a trading voyage to the north-western coast of America; and leaving his wife behind him, auspicious breezes and trade-winds brought him, in due time, to an anchor at Nootka. "The following morning several of the natives came on board, and amongst them, their king, Makina, who," says the traveller, "appeared much pleased to see us. He was a man of dignified deportment, prepossessing manners, erect in stature, and above six feet in height. His features were regular and agreeable, and a large Roman nose and lofty arched brow distinguished him above all his countrymen. His face, arms, and legs, were so completely covered with red paint, that it was scarcely possible to detect his dark, copper-coloured skin. His long, black hair, which shone with oil, was powdered with white down, bound together round his head, and gave him a most ferocious appearance. A mantle of sea-otter skins descended from his shoulders nearly to his knees, and was made fast by a girdle, which was bedizened with all sorts of figures in all sorts of colours. The dress at least became him, and befitted the dignity of his barbarian majesty. His people also wore mantles, but they were of woven bark of trees, like Indian mats, and were fastened with a girdle of one single colour: their hair was universally

tied round their heads, intertwined with a sprig of the fig-tree by way of ornament."

These savages, with Makina at their head, paid frequent visits on board the vessel, and an amicable intercourse subsisted between them, until on one occasion the captain, a man of very irascible temper, fired at a remark made by the royal savage, branded him with the epithets of a liar and a scoundrel—words to the import of which he was no stranger. "He did not open his lips, but his features bespoke a fierceness of anger which he would willingly have kept concealed from us. He drew his hand repeatedly across his throat and down to his breast; this he did, as he afterwards explained to me, for the purpose of keeping down his heart, which threatened to rise into his throat and choke him. He speedily took his departure, in a state of considerable excitement."

Cunning is the child of no exclusive soil, and the handmaid of revenge as well under uncivilised skies as in polished life. The next day Makina came on board, with more than common hilarity in his eye and manner; and having dined with the strangers, tempted the captain to despatch the helmsman and ten of his crew in search of salmon at Friendly Cove. Our traveller suspected that mischief was intended, but dared not expose himself, by hinting his misgivings, to the ridicule of his American messmates, as "they consider themselves (says he) the bravest nation in the world, and are therefore very much disposed to cry down every other as deserters." He, however, (he adds) in no manner was alarmed; and he had not been long on board, when I heard the shrill cry of alarm, which was instantly repeated from the deck. My ears were then struck by the howl, which was repeated from several places. I hurried up the ladder to Charles's workshop, where I found him lying on the floor in a state of total insensibility, with his head bleeding. Struck with horror, I attempted to make my way on deck, but the door was bolted on the outside. I looked through a chink, and what a horrible scene lay before me! To this day my hair stands on end, and my blood runs cold, whenever I recur to it. My companions lay stretched upon the deck, each of them chained down under the grasp of three or four Indians. In the absence of arms, the latter wrested their knives from the sailors, and deliberately severed their heads from their bodies! The convulsive struggles of my unfortunate messmates availed but to aggravate the sufferings of their dying moments. It is utterly impossible for me to describe the state of my feelings: I stood for a while stupified and speechless with trepidation. After the bloody deed had been consummated, a song of victory was set up, which thrilled through my ears like howlings from the infernal regions. Every sense within me was palsied and harrowed up. How willingly, had it been possible, would I have laid down my own life, to avenge myself on these incarnate demons! The slaughter was at an end. The heads of the murdered were placed in a row, and I had the misery to discern that of our brave and respected commander amongst them."

Hülschwitt and the smith were the only parties who contrived to save their lives; they became Makina's slaves, after they had, by his orders, brought the vessel ashore in the bite of Nootka, "where the inhabitants, men, women, and children, received it with loud shouts of joy; and setting up a terrific din against the roofs of their dwellings with huge sticks, kindled a quantity of torches made from the

resinous sprays of the pine, by way of celebrating the successful result of their expedition with an illumination."

Shortly afterwards, some neighbouring tribes pay their respects to Nootka, for the purpose of beholding the white lions captured by his majesty of the copper skin; and we cannot forego the opportunity of enlivening this dismal page with the humours of a public reception, where

"Half transform'd and half the same,
He bade them take their place;
Though still they kept their native grin,
And all their old grimace."

"Makina, proud of his conquest, was desirous of welcoming his guests after the European fashion. As soon as the canoes approached, he ordered his people to assemble on the strand with loaded muskets. The smith's duty and mine was to load and serve the cannon, whilst his majesty esconced himself on the roof of his mansion, with the speaking-trumpet. It would be difficult to conceive any thing so sublimely ridiculous as the motley array of savages, decked out in the most fantastic garbs, with our captured wardrobes on their backs. Some shone in women's attire of red and yellow; others strutted in the Highland plaid; here was one with a stocking dangling from his head; and there another had thrust his tawny arm through a pair of breeches. Powder-horns, shot-bags, cartridge-boxes, mock pearls and corals, dangled promiscuously about their necks. More than one contrived to carry as many as four muskets across his shoulders, half a dozen cutlasses hung by his side, and a like number of dirks were thrust into his girdle. Striking the but-ends of their firelocks upon the ground, they awaited, with evident apprehension, the king's order to fire, which they set about in as bungling a style as can be imagined. After discharging a few rounds, we let off our cannon, upon which the whole party fell down, and cut their antics in the sand. This done, they sprung upon their legs again, started a triumphant chorus, and capered like so many madmen about the shore, raising their spoils aloft as trophies of their victory. In fact, there was such a mad and laughable intoxication about their freaks, and it formed so ridiculous a contrast with the weapons of war and other paraphernalia they had heaped upon their persons, that the gravest fellow under the sun could not have suppressed a laugh."

Things are not more regularly ordered at Almack's, or Devonshire House, than at Nootka. The landing of the chiefs was followed by a banquet and ball, at which Terpsichore herself might have taken a lesson in the *pirouette*. "The king's son began his exhibition, which consisted of interminable jumpings, and every variety of attitude, besides twisting himself round upon his heels with amazing velocity. The dance was led off to the *obligato* of songs from his majesty; at every jump extraordinary the ladies cried out, '*Wocash! wocash, tye!*' (bravo! bravo, prince!) It lasted, with little or no interruption, for a space of nearly two hours; during which the chiefs rendered the music still more unbearable, by beating their sticks against hollow boards."

We must now listen to the captive's report of the place and its occupiers. "The village of Nootka is bounded on the east by a monotonous plain, but where European plants would thrive, if properly tended. The coast is low, and bordered with alternate hills and valleys; and the whole country is studded with woods of beautiful firs, pines, oaks, and beech trees, and rivulets of translucent water. The village lies upon the same eminence formerly occupied by a

Spanish garrison; the foundations of the church and governor's house are still visible. Some of the European vegetables, such as turnips, peas, and onions, are to this day occasionally springing up in the soil. Makina told me that the inhabitants, when driven out by the Spaniards, quitted their favourite abode with much regret; and when the English came and turned out the Dons, they again took possession of it. The houses are built in a row, and of different sizes, according to the rank of the *teyc*, or prince; that of the king, which stands next the sea, is one hundred and fifty feet long, forty in width, and about fourteen in height; but the others are not above ten feet high."

Of the people themselves his account is by no means unfavourable. "They lead a very simple life. Their food consists wholly of fish, marine animals, and berries of various kinds. All their victuals are eaten with a superabundance of train-oil, by way of gravy. They sit at their meals with their legs crossed under them, and place themselves round their troughs, which are generally three feet long, a foot broad, and eight inches deep. Their teeth and fingers serve them in lieu of knives and forks, and shells are the substitute for spoons. The king and his chiefs have their particular troughs, into which none but themselves—not even their wives and children—are allowed to dip. When the sovereign gives a feast, he is always attended by his master of the ceremonies, whose duty it is to receive strangers, and shew them where they are to sit; their places being punctually regulated in accordance with their rank. The king occupies the seat of honour, next comes his son, and then follow his eldest brother and the several chiefs according to their rank. As regards their stature, the inhabitants of Nootka are taller than their fellow-countrymen in its vicinity. The greater number of the men are six feet high, well-made, slim, and erect. There are no such beings as cripples or deformed persons among them. Their face is oval, their features regular, and their teeth handsomely set, and as white as ivory. They have large black eyes, nose somewhat arched, and uncommonly fine, long, black hair. The hair of the beard, &c. is plucked out by the roots; and Makina alone wore a mustachio, in token of his dignity. The women are much fairer than the men, and many of their girls would be deemed handsome even among Europeans: they are much cleaner in their dress than the males, and extremely modest both in their manners and attire. So vain are the natives in the painting of their faces and bodies, that I have seen Makina employed upon it for hours together; and if the performance did not turn out to his liking, he washed the whole off again and set to work anew. The ornaments they wear are armlets, ear-rings, and neck-bands of copper; but there is nothing they prize so much as the noselet, which they are, therefore, chary of using on common occasions. It is a piece of polished wood, about eight inches long, which is thrust through a hole bored in the cartilage of the nose, and at times of sufficient size to admit one's whole finger. That worn by the chiefs is made of brass, by way of distinction.*

* It is deserving of remark, that this sort of decoration obtains among many other islanders of the Pacific; nay, Duperrey, when coasting New Guinea, found it equally prevalent in that quarter. "The Arackis paid us a visit," says he, "on board of our corvette. They wear a stick through the cartilage of their noses. They are like the Papous, black, but more robust and resolute." That they are not of a copper complexion, like the Nootkaers, renders the existence of a similar custom amongst both races still more remarkable. We should

"The people of Nootka, as well as their neighbours, are not destitute of a taste for music: the melody of their songs is soft, plaintive, and very simple, though not devoid of harmony. The accompaniment is performed on three different instruments, namely, a drum, made from a thin board scooped out; a clapper, consisting of a sea-dog's hide, distended by blowing; and a clear-toned pipe, constructed of the bone of the deer. They dance to the music of an instrument made of muscle shells bound together, which is shaken and accompanied with men's voices."

From a subsequent page of the captive's narrative we steal the following war-song:

"Ei gi maai tsill, atla Klaha, haje bab
Que nok ar parts sarwas, gegi hab
Waubu naks mar hashi, jarba, El hie jar
Wahu naks get quits sisch ni ihese hieje hie jarba.
Ye little know, ye men of Klaha,
What valiant souls we are;
When with our poniards we approach,
Flies every foe like wind."

Visual deformity is as unpalatable under a savage as a civilised latitude. "There was a frightful storm; the whole expanse of heaven appeared on fire; trepidation and dismay were depicted in every countenance; they rushed together into Makina's house; mounted the roof, drummed against it with their sticks, sang aloud, and prayed to Quahuze, their god, not to destroy them. About this time, the king's sister came on a visit to Nootka: she was tall, slender, of extremely agreeable features, and fairer than any of the rest: indeed, she would have been a very handsome woman, if she had not accidentally lost one of her eyes. This was the reason she was not married; for, amongst the Indians, such a defect is unardonable."

As it was the determination of Hulswitt's hosts that he should become one of themselves, he was compelled to doff his European habiliments, and assume the dress of the country, and a spouse to boot; despite his qualms and remonstrances. To their credit be it recorded, that he was forced to put up with Yustoca, a king's daughter; the most beautiful maiden throughout the land, and, by his own report, every way fitted to console him in his captivity. "Fortunately," says he, "I found my Indian princess to be not merely amiable, but extremely intelligent, considering the confined sphere of her situation, and very anxious to lend herself to every arrangement which I proposed for the improvement of our household comforts. At the same time, she was indisputably the finest woman at Nootka, not excepting the queen herself. Her feminine and regular features wore the reflection of her modesty and amiability. She was not more than sixteen, and full of innocence and friendliness. Yet so far was this event from bringing me content or happiness, that I considered it a fetter, which linked me irrevocably to these barbarians, and raised an insuperable obstacle to the chance of my ever setting foot again on a civilised soil."

From this moment, the European was admitted to the full and free enjoyment of the rights of Indian citizenship, was treated with great kindness and confidence, accompanied them on a warlike expedition, and had occasion to witness their religious celebrations, during which he had formerly been compelled to remove to a distant wood. A few words as to their belief and penances must close our

like to know whether they adopt it as a charm, or from any superstitious feeling? A habit which, in its early use, must be painful, and, at all times, neither convenient nor agreeable *per se*, must surely be derived from something more than mere accident.—Ed.

extracts. "Their religion consists in a belief of a Supreme Being, whom they call Quahuze. He is, to use Makina's own words, king of all the kings in heaven, who vouchsafes them fish, sea-otters, &c. Water is apparently the usual spot for their devotional exercises; and they never bathe without reciting a long prayer. Many go out whole miles to bathe, probably that they may not be overheard when praying for the termination of some domestic schism. This was particularly the case with females, though they might have been impelled to it by a sense of decorum; for they are modest to an eminent degree. They frequently shed tears whilst praying, and on their return from their devotions have invariably a downcast look. This year their penance began in October and lasted a fortnight. Makina ordered us to join in their supplications to Quahuze, that he would again send them abundance of fish and sea-otters: and the men and women assembled under his roof in their worst clothes; their looks were extremely melancholy; they sang songs, to which the king beat time with a drum, took food only once in the day, slept little, and often rose at midnight to sing. The last scene was a drama, of a still more cruel description than that of the preceding year. Six bayonets were thrust through the flesh of a boy of fourteen; four through the arms and legs, and two above the hips. Six men laying hold of these bayonets, carried him about the house, without his uttering one single note of pain. I asked Makina the reason of this barbarous practice, and he told me, that in former times a human being had been offered up during these penitential rites, but that his father Alapilla had instituted this ceremony as a substitute for human sacrifices. These sacrifices were bound up by a rope to the sides of a large and heavily-lashed canoe, and the savage crew, in compliance with this custom, for their previous sins, carried him down the river. As to his wife's subsequent fortune, we have not seen to relate more than that he ultimately escaped on board an American ship which anchored at Nootka; found his way once more to New York, proceeded with his German wife, by the great canal of Erie and down the Ohio and Mississippi, took a plantation at Pointe-coupée, one hundred miles below Natchez, lost his wife by the yellow fever, and was compelled by ill health to embark for Europe, after vainly struggling against the scourge of the southern states of North America for more than twelve months.

THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

Dr. Walsh's Notices of Brazil in 1828-9. Vol. II.

[Third Paper: Conclusion.]

THE influx of novelties will only permit us to give one sample from Dr. Walsh's second vol.: it is a picture of the Emperor Pedro, and will, we think, be read with much interest; both on account of the light which it throws upon his character generally, and from containing some pleasing traits of him not hitherto known in this country.

"The church of Da Gloria, close by our house, was that to which Don Pedro was particularly attached, from a sincere and deep feeling, I was told, for the memory of his wife. Every Saturday, at nine in the morning, as regular as the movement of a clock, he passed our door, driving four mules in a phaeton, and attended by a troop of horse with a trumpeter. I frequently followed in my morning walk over the hill. The emperor always stopped his phaeton at the bottom, and walked up, leaning on his

chamberlain, and dressed generally in plain clothes. A few respectable people of the neighbourhood formed the congregation on this occasion; and when he walked in, they followed him; he knelt on a carpet laid on the steps of the altar, and they knelt behind him. I have observed him during the continuance of the service, and he seemed serious and sincere, frequently crossing himself with much devotion. When it was over, they all rose, and he walked out among the crowd, as a simple individual of the congregation. He was generally accosted in the portico by some person, with whom he entered into familiar conversation; and on one occasion a droll, forward fellow, of the lower ranks, told him some story with the ease and familiarity he would to a common acquaintance, at which the emperor laughed heartily, and every one about him joined, as if they were not in the smallest degree restrained by his presence. On his way down he generally had a group about him joking in the same way, and his whole progress was totally divested of any seeming dislike to the *profanum vulgus*, or a wish to repel them, but was on the extreme of familiarity. When he again entered his carriage he drove off with velocity, followed by his guards at a gallop, and was soon lost in clouds of dust and sand. I had, however, an opportunity of a more intimate knowledge of him by a personal interview. * * * *

"I found the emperor standing in the middle of a room inside. When I had seen him before, on the steps of the throne, with his little boy beside him, he looked to me a tall and portly man; but when I now approached, and we stood close together, I perceived his person was more slender than I had supposed, and remarkably thick and fleshy. His face was full, and appeared more than middle-aged. His hair was black and thick on his forehead, with large whiskers, which, in contrast rather coarse and abundant. His manner, however, though dry, was affable and courteous. When I approached him, he said to me in French, 'I am much obliged to you for the books you sent me by the Marquês d'Aracaty.' 'Your majesty does me too much honour: I trust you found in them something to approve of.' 'Oh, as to that, I have not had time yet to read them; besides, I do not understand English well.' 'I have been informed your majesty speaks it fluently.' 'No: I was learning it from Father Tilbury, but he is ill, poor man. How did you find the interior of the country through which you travelled?' 'Oh, the country is very superb—it only wants inhabitants.' 'What do you think of our botanic garden?—we hope to make something of it.' 'It will be highly useful, when the indigenous plants are scientifically arranged.' After a few more similar observations I made my bow, and was conducted out by the Marquês; and I have transcribed for you, verbatim, what passed, as perhaps you would wish to know in what manner the emperor converses. As there were some interesting things in the palace, I wished to see the interior. Besides the cabinet of the late empress, there are also specimens of the handiworkmanship of the emperor. He, like his great namesake of Russia, is a good mechanic; and these memorials will hereafter be preserved and exhibited in a national museum to posterity, as the remains of this second Peter, and founder of a great empire in the new, as the other was in the old world. While yet a child, an ivory ship was presented to him by Colonel Cunningham, a gift from Sir Sidney Smith. It had been broken in the carriage, and required some ingenuity to put it again together. He

called for his box of tools, and soon repaired it in all its parts, with the skill of a shipwright, and the dexterity of a carpenter. His apartment is a workshop, in which is a lathe and a bench, and here he has constructed sundry articles. Over the lathe is a tablet on the ceiling, I believe of his own device and execution. It represents a telescope, an ear trumpet, and a padlock, implying by these emblems that all who enter the palace, should see, hear, and say nothing. Had I been shewn this device, I should perhaps have held myself bound not to transgress it, even by the foregoing communication. The emperor's habits are very active and very temperate. He rises every morning before day, and, not sleeping himself, is not disposed to let others sleep. He usually begins, therefore, with discharging his fowling-piece about the palace, till all the family are up. He breakfasts at seven o'clock, and continues engaged in business, or amusement, till twelve, when he again goes to bed, and remains till half-past one; he then rises and dresses for dinner. The Brazilians, as far as I have observed, are neat and cleanly in their persons; and the emperor is eminently so. He is never seen in soiled linen or dirty clothes. He dines with his family at two, makes a temperate meal, and seldom exceeds a glass of wine, and then amuses himself with his children, of whose society he is very fond. He is a strict and severe, but an affectionate father, and they at once love and fear him. I heard Baron Marchal, the Austrian minister, say he one day paid him a visit: he met no person at the door to introduce him; so availing himself of his intimacy, he entered without being announced. He found the emperor in an inner room, playing with his children with his coat off, entering with great interest into all their amusements, and like another Henry IV. was not ashamed to be found by a foreign ambassador so employed. At nine he retires to bed. His education was early neglected, and he has never redeemed the lost time. He still, however, retains some classical recollections, and occasionally takes up a Latin book, particularly the breviary, which he reads generally in that language. He wished to acquire a knowledge of English, and to that end he commenced, along with his children, a course of reading with the Rev. Mr. Tilbury, an Englishman who has taken orders in the Catholic church. After having made some progress, he laid it aside, and began to learn French, in which he sometimes converses. He has an English groom, from whom also he unfortunately learned some English. This fellow, I am informed, is greatly addicted to swearing and indecent language, and the emperor and even the late empress adopted some of his phraseology, without being aware of its import. In his domestic expenses he is exceedingly frugal. The careless profusion of his father, and the total derangement of the finances, had involved the country in such difficulties, that he found it necessary to set an example of frugality in his own person, by limiting himself to a certain expenditure. In his speech to the constituent assembly he announced this determination. 'The king's disbursement,' said he, 'amounted to four millions; mine does not exceed one. I am resolved to live as a private gentleman, receiving only 110,000 milreis for my private expenses, except the allowance to which my wife is entitled by her marriage contract.' This, at the rate of exchange before we left Rio, would not have amounted to more than 10,000*l.* per annum. His present allowance, as fixed by the chambers, is 200,000 milreis for himself, and 12,000 for his

children. To make this answer, he engages in various profitable pursuits, and adopts, in every thing, the most rigid system of economy. He lets out his fazenda at Santa Cruz for grazing cattle passing to Rio from the Minas Gerais, and receives so much a-head from the drovers. His slaves cut capim, and sell it, on his account, in the streets, where they were pointed out to me, distinguished by plates on their caps. He derives, also, a revenue, I am told, from several caxas shops, of which he is the proprietor, and thinks, like Vespasian, that the money is not at all affected by the medium through which it passes. In his domestic expenses, he is rigid even to parsimony. He allows a very small sum to his cook, of the expenditure of which he exacts a minute account, and is very angry if this trifling sum is exceeded on any occasion; and it is said that this was one cause of his disagreement with the late empress, whose free and careless bounty he never could restrain. His natural abilities, however, seem to be very considerable. Left, at a very early and inexperienced age, entirely to himself, in a region where every state around him was revolutionised into republics, and the same spirit rapidly advancing through his own, he, with great sagacity, saw the line of conduct left him to adopt, and, with equal dexterity, pursued it. He could not hope to resist the public sentiment, but by appearing to lead, he has hitherto contrived effectually to guide it; and by these means he has established a free constitution in Brazil, without any violent transition, and preserved it from the anarchy and confusion that still convulse every other state in South America. It is said, however, that he has conjured up a spirit of democracy, which it is his anxious wish entirely to lay, and that he is essentially despotic in his principles; that his apparent design to establish constitutional freedom was merely a bait to catch popularity; and having, as he supposes, guided the enthusiasm of the people till it has harmlessly exploded, and established himself firmly on the throne, he is now determined to reign by himself, and dispense altogether with troublesome popular assemblies, which he has already twice forcibly suppressed."

And here we close our extracts from these instructive and entertaining volumes; again heartily recommending them to the public.

Private Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte, during the Periods of the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire. By M. de Bourrienne, Private Secretary to the Emperor. Vols. I. and II. 8vo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

THE publishers of this work deserve the thanks of the public—we mean, of every English reader who is not sufficiently master of the French language to understand the original. As a part of the history of the most extraordinary man, and the most extraordinary times, that ever invited elucidation, these *Memoirs* must continue to the latest ages to be records of invaluable interest. We speak advisedly when we say that their general authenticity is unquestionable; for we know, from the best political authority now living in England, (from one who had a near share in all the matters where England was concerned with France, during the transactions related by De Bourrienne), that the writer's accounts are perfectly corroborated by facts. To add a syllable to this, would be to injure the highest commendation which could be bestowed on this production; and as in its French form it has

been abundantly quoted in a hundred periodicals, we shall only add, that it is as piquant and amusing as it is veritable and trustworthy. Slips, or slight mistakes, may be attacked; but the spirit of true history must always look back on this book for genuine information, when the eventful era in which we have lived is delineated.

Fishes of Ceylon, &c. By J. Whitchurch Bennett, Esq. F.L.S. &c. Royal 4to. Nos. I. II. III. IV. V. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

THIS work has the honour to be dedicated, by special permission, to the King. It consists of a selection of the most remarkable and interesting fishes found on the coasts of Ceylon; with every appearance of being accurately drawn, as they are cleverly engraved and finely coloured. The extraordinary forms here delineated are treasures of ichthyology; so grotesque as to seem mere imaginations, and so strangely marked in colours as to look more like artificial than real creatures. The scientific descriptions, however, are as perfect as the execution of the plates is beautiful; and the naturalist will rejoice in the definitions, while the connoisseur will delight in the prints. The author has received the highest tributes of praise from the best-informed individuals and public bodies; and wherever his work is known he must meet with similar eulogies. There are fine specimens (and curious they are) in every No.

The British Celestial Atlas, being a complete Guide to the attainment of a Practical Knowledge of the Heavenly Bodies. By G. Rubie, Part II. London, Baldwin and Cradock; Hastings, G. Wood.

THE second part of this useful publication contains a number of astronomical definitions; a description of the form, measurement, and magnitude of the earth; and an account of the phenomena of the heavens, arising from the diurnal motion of the earth, illustrated by various problems. It is accompanied by a plate of the zodiac, and three plates of the constellations, as they appear in the months of April, May, and June. We see no reason to retract the favourable opinion which we pronounced upon this work on the appearance of the first portion of it.

Views of Country Seats of the Royal Family, Nobility, and Gentry of England, &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, Ackermann and Co.

A HUNDRED and forty-six coloured engravings, after original designs by W. Westall, J. Gendall, and other artists, accompanied by concise letter-press descriptions, form the numerous attractions of these volumes; and display the rural beauties and riches of England. We do not know a work more fit to add an interest to the country seat than such a production as this is; so full of variety, so pleasing to turn over, and so amusing to read, by such snatches as the delightful idling of time suggests. Many of these seats also possess a charm, from being associated with the names of occupants about whom the public are anxious to have every kind of information; and the little anecdotes interspersed throughout the accounts of libraries, pictures, grounds, all contribute to render the work agreeable and entertaining. The views have appeared in *Ackermann's Repository*; but produce a better effect by being collected together.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

THE following is a report of Mr. Faraday's lecture on Mr. Wheatstone's discoveries relative to linear conductors of sound; it will be found exceedingly interesting, which circumstance we trust will excuse its length.

The fact of the transmission of sound through solid bodies, as in the case of a metal rod placed at one extremity to the ear, and struck or scratched at the other end, has been long since observed; but as an aerial medium was formerly thought to be alone capable of propagating sonorous undulations, even Lord Bacon, when describing this experiment, falls into the error of attributing its transmission to spirits contained within the pores of the body. The first correct observations on this subject appear to have been made by Dr. Hooke, in his *Micrographia*, (1667); and he made an experiment through a distended wire of sufficient length to observe that the same sound was propagated far swifter through the wire than through the air. Professor Wunsch of Berlin (1783) made a similar experiment, substituting 1728 feet of connected wooden laths for the wire, and confirmed Dr. Hooke's results. Other experiments of a similar nature were subsequently made by Herhold and Rafn, Hassenfratz and Gay Lussac, Lamarck, &c.; but the first direct observations of the actual velocity of sound through solid conductors were made by Biot, assisted at different times by Bouvvard and Martin: his experiments were made on the sides of the iron conduit pipes of Paris, through the length of 951^m 25; and the mean result of two observations made in different ways gave 3,459 metres, or 11,080 feet per second, for the velocity of sound in cast iron. Previous to these direct experiments, Chladni had in an ingenious manner ascertained the velocity of sound in different solid substances; and his result has been fully confirmed by calculations from other grounds. His method was founded on Newton's demonstration, that sound passes through a space filled with air, of a given length, in the same time that a column of air of the same length, contained in a tube open at both ends, makes a single vibration. Chladni's discovery of the longitudinal vibrations of solid bodies, which are exactly analogous to the ordinary vibrations of columns of air, enabled him to apply this proposition to solid bodies, and to establish the general law, that sound passes through every body in the same time in which that body, when it vibrates, freely makes one longitudinal vibration. In this manner he ascertained the velocities of the following substances, among others: tin 7,800, silver 9,300, copper 12,500, glass and iron 17,500, and various woods from 11,000 to 18,000 feet per second. The intensity with which sound is transmitted has been found to be nearly in proportion to its velocity. Some known practical applications of this principle were then noticed, such as the stethoscope, microphone, &c. In all the preceding experiments the sounds transmitted were mere noises, such as the blow of a hammer, or, as in Herhold and Rafn's experiment, a single musical sound, produced by striking a vibrating plate attached to the conducting wire; and in no case were any means employed for the subsequent augmentation of the transmitted sound. Mr. C. Wheatstone was the first who tried experiments on the transmission of the modulated sounds of musical instruments; and who shewed that the undulations propagated

through linear conductors of considerable length, were capable of exciting in surfaces with which they are in connexion, a quantity of vibratory motion, sufficient to be powerfully audible when transmitted through the air. The following observations will illustrate the nature of this resonance or reciprocation. A sonorous body is audible in proportion to the quantity of its vibratory surface. Thus, a plate of metal or wood is capable of producing powerful sounds without accessory means; but insulated strings, or tuning-forks, being vibrating bodies of much smaller dimensions, are scarcely audible at any great distance; but they are capable of considerable augmentation when communicated to surfaces, as when the insulated string, or the tuning-fork, is placed on a table, or on the sounding-board of a musical instrument. There are several circumstances which influence the intensity of the tones of a sounding-board: the principal of these is the plane in which the vibrations are made, with respect to the reciprocating surface. Thus, the vibrations may be so communicated as to be perpendicular or normal to the surface: in which case the sound is the most greatly augmented; or they may be tangential to, or in the same plane with, the surface, when the sound is the most faint. These two cases may be illustrated by placing, for the first, a vibrating tuning-fork perpendicular to the surface of a flat board; for the second, placing it perpendicular to one of the edges of the board. In intermediate positions, viz. when the vibrations are communicated obliquely to the surface, the sounds have intermediate degrees of intensity. These facts being ascertained, the possibility of communicating the vibrations of musical instruments to surfaces, by means of a tube, and to a distance, may be better understood. It is found that the intensity of the vibrations of a tuning-fork, when placed on a sounding-board, is increased by the addition of a second board. The difference of intensity is more marked when the vibrations of the tuning-fork vibrate in the way in which it vibrates parallel to the surface, than when it vibrates perpendicular to the surface, and may be easily tried. In the sounding-boards of the harp, the guitar, the violin, &c., the circumstances are less simple; but it would encroach too much on our space to enter into details. Sufficient having been said to illustrate the subsequent applications, we will only add, that the volumes of air contained between the sounding-boards of a musical instrument greatly augment the intensity of the sound. The office of the bridge is obviously to communicate the vibrations of the strings to the sounding-board. Aware of this fact, Mr. Wheatstone substituted a glass rod five feet in length for the bridge, and found that the sound of a tuning-fork, or of an insulated string, placed at its end, was as distinctly audible as when it was immediately in contact with the board. This experiment, which was the first Mr. W. made on this subject, and which suggested all the subsequent ones, was repeated in the lecture-room, by substituting a deal rod forty feet in length, extending from the roof of the cupola to the floor of the room. The experiment was neat and decisive. When no sounding-board was placed at the lower extremity of the conductor, no sound was heard; but it became powerfully audible the instant the communication was made: this experiment was repeated with different acute and grave-toned tuning-forks, both in succession and in combination. As the sounds employed in these experiments are only audible when they become augmented by resonant surfaces after transmission, it is easy to repeat them, and to appreciate their results, under any circumstances;

but when it is required to transmit the sounds of a musical instrument, it is necessary to prevent the sounds being heard through the air, otherwise the communicated sounds will not be distinguishable from the original sounds: this may be effected by having the originally vibrating and the reciprocating instruments in different rooms, and allowing the conductors to pass through the floor or wall separating the two rooms. This experiment was tried, by communicating, by means of a slender deal rod, the sounding-board of a harp in the lecture-room with a piano-forte in a room below; and the performance of the latter was transmitted in the most perfect manner to the former instrument; and when the communication was interrupted, the transmitted sounds ceased. The construction of the lecture-room did not admit of the experiment being tried in the way first employed by the experimenter; viz. the sounds transmitted from a piano-forte in a chamber above, by a wire of very small diameter, to a lyre suspended from the ceiling. The transmission of the sounds of other stringed instruments, such as the harp, violin, violoncello, &c., were found to be equally effective. But Mr. W. did not confine his experiments to the transmission of the sounds of vibrating sounding-boards: he discovered also the means of transmitting the sounds when produced from wind instruments. He observed that the peculiar sounds of a clarinet, or other reed instrument, were not to be attributed either to the column of air or to the vibrating tongue alone, but that they mutually influenced each other, in such a manner, that whether the sounds are communicated to the atmosphere from the column of air, or from the tongue, or from the vibrating tongue, the quantity of the sound undergoes a change. The communication of the sounds of wind instruments, therefore found as subject as the communication of the sounds of vibrating sounding-boards. In other classes of instruments, the difficulties of transmission are greater; for it is not possible to transmit the vibrations of the air immediately through solid conductors with any degree of intensity; but if the intermediation of other bodies which enter readily into vibration, from the agitations of the air, be employed, the transmission may be effected. Thus, if the end of the conducting wire be placed in the most strongly vibrating part of the column of air in a flute, there is but little perceptible transmission of sound; but if it touch the sides of the instrument, it will more readily transmit the sounds in proportion as the sides are more susceptible of entering into vibration. In a similar manner, the sounds of an entire orchestra, or of the human voice, may be transmitted, viz. by connecting the end of the conductor with a sounding-board so placed as to resound to the various instruments; but in such cases the sounds are by no means so intense as when they are communicated directly from the instruments. The effect of such intermediate transmission was exemplified by some performances on Mr. W.'s new instrument, the symphonion. A few observations were then made on various proposed applications of this principle, and on the possibility of telephonic communication. It was stated, that as sound has been proved to travel through several conducting substances at the extraordinary velocity of 18,000 feet in a second, were it possible to transmit audible sound so far, a phonic communication might be made between London and Edinburgh—a distance of nearly 400 miles—in less than two minutes. Theoretical considerations have shewn, that when sound is commu-

nicated without any divergence through a perfectly elastic body of equal density throughout, its energy suffers no diminution; it follows, therefore, that the more perfectly we can approximate to these conditions of a conducting body, the less limitation there will be to the transmission of the sonorous undulations. But these points can be determined only by extended experiments. Some further investigations by Mr. Wheatstone, on certain remarkable properties of the sonorous undulations in their passage through linear conductors, were announced for a future evening.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

LORD AUCKLAND in the chair.—Some conversation bearing on the management of Mr. Sabine took place. The noble chairman, Earl Caernarvon, and Mr. Vigors, severally spoke in support of that gentleman: notices of two motions, evidently aiming at him, and to be discussed at the next meeting, were given; they were to the effect, that no honorary servant of the Society do cause the Institution any expense (alluding to Mr. Sabine's residence at the inn at Kingston, on his visits to the farm); and the other, that it is expedient to relinquish the farm. The Marquess of Douro, and several others, were elected Fellows; after which, Mr. Vigors read a very satisfactory report for the last month, which shewed a considerable balance in favour of the Society. Lord Lansdowne, Lord Stanley, the Earl of Jersey, &c. made donations to the Society: amongst these were rare specimens of the *simia* tribe.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE President in the chair.—A letter from the Rev. James Farquharson, containing the sequel of his observations on the Aurora Borealis, was read. Another communication was also read; it was a statement of the principal circumstances respecting the united Siamese Twins, now exhibiting in London; by George Berkley Bolton, Esq.: the youths were brought to the meeting by their guardian, the better to illustrate Mr. Bolton's paper. On the table were placed a variety of important donations. Mr. Coddington exhibited his improved microscope, and explained its peculiarities; Mr. Ritchie his new and exceedingly delicate torsion balance and galvanometer, in both of which glass threads are employed: the balance is an invention of great interest, and is intended to shew extremely minute weights; as small as even to indicate the millionth part of a grain! Captain Fleming brought his very ingenious mechanical invention, meant to be employed on board ship for several useful purposes.

At a late sitting a paper was read, entitled, "on the Twelfth Axiom of the First Book of Euclid;" by Philip Henry Viscount Mahon, F.R.S., of which we give the following extract:—

The axiom states, that "if a straight line meets two straight lines, so as to make the two interior angles on the same side of it, taken together, less than two right angles, these two straight lines, being continually produced, shall, at length, meet upon that side on which are the angles that are less than two right angles." This proposition, the author remarks, is improperly placed among the axioms, as it is far from self-evident. Dr. Jenison has accordingly undertaken to prove it by an elaborate process of reasoning, employing for that

purpose no fewer than two definitions, one axiom, and five propositions. The object of the author in this communication is to furnish the same proof in a single proposition. For this end he proceeds on the self-evident position, that if the lines do not meet on the side stated in the enunciation of the axiom, they must either be parallel, or they must meet on the other side. He then proves, by a *reductio ad absurdum*, that they are not parallel; and next, by a more direct demonstration, that they cannot possibly meet on the other side. It follows, therefore, that they meet on that side on which are the angles that are less than two right angles.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

APRIL 1. — Hamilton, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Mr. Kempe exhibited to the Society some highly curious ancient paintings on panel, discovered at Hayes, near Bromley in Kent, which had been described by him in a former communication to the Society. A paper was read, being the substance of a pamphlet preserved in the British Museum, shewing the dread entertained in the reigns of Elizabeth and James at the increase of buildings in London, which, as it was supposed, became a harbour for an influx of lewd and disorderly people; and recommending the appointment of a committee to watch and direct all new buildings, and to prevent the erection of cottages or small houses.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

WE had heard in some quarters that the further prosecution of this undertaking was likely to be abandoned. Our regret at the prospect of so unlooked-for a termination to what we have throughout considered a highly useful project, both in a domestic and a national point of view, has induced us to make further inquiry; and it affords us sincere gratification to be enabled to assure the public, that no thought of relinquishing the measure has ever been contemplated. On the contrary, the parties more immediately concerned in carrying it into effect, have been, and are, using every exertion to hasten the erection of the College, and are diligently engaged in maturing the internal arrangements, so that they may take advantage of the very first moment of its completion, to open both the higher and lower departments for the reception of pupils. We understand, indeed, that confident expectations are entertained of opening the latter in the course of the ensuing spring, and the former in the succeeding autumn.

LONDON PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE anniversary general meeting of this Society was held on Wednesday last, when the following gentlemen were elected as officers and members of the council for the ensuing year:—President, Edward Wright, M.D.; Vice-Presidents, Joseph Moore, M.D., David Pollock, Esq. F.R.S., Robert Maugham, Esq., H. B. Churchill, Esq.; Treasurer, John Elliotson, M.D. F.R.S.; Secretary, John Bell Sedgwick, Esq.; Librarian, Tarver Richard Fearnside, Esq.; Curator, Henry P. L. Drew, Esq.; Members of the Council, John Epps, M.D., Edward Lance, Esq., George Taylor, junior, Esq., Henry Belmes, Esq., Thomas Alcock, Esq., Chas. Aug. Tulk, Esq., F.R.S. F.S.A., James Sedgwick, Esq., Sir James Gardiner, Bart., John Morris Bennett, Esq., John Gray, Esq., Frederick Debell Bennett, Esq., George Rudall, Esq.

ETRUSCAN VASES.

SIR,—In a late Number of your Journal I saw a short notice of the discovery of numerous Etruscan vases on the estate of the Prince of Canino: it has struck me, that you would be glad to give your readers a more detailed and correct account, which I am happy in being able to lay before you. It is very true, that some dishonest agents had discovered many very beautiful and valuable specimens, and disposed of them to a learned Prussian, M. Dörow, who repaired in person to Canino to secure such matchless treasures. In justice to this eminent archaeologist, it must be supposed, that, in bargaining for these discoveries, and removing them from the premises, he doubted not but that the prince, who was then at a distance, was privy to the transaction. However, as such exquisite specimens of art could not long remain unknown in a country where so many persons devote their studies to its productions, whether ancient or modern, information of this important discovery soon got abroad, and was not long in reaching the ears of the proprietor of the soil. In October 1828, the Princess of Canino repaired to this estate, and fixed upon the ground which was to be the scene of further excavations. So great was the success of the operations which she superintended, that the prince himself was soon induced to leave his observatory at Sinigaglia (for he was at that time deeply engaged in certain astronomical studies), and cause excavations to be made on a much larger scale. A hundred workmen were now employed, and in the space of four months, more than two thousand articles were discovered, all of them exquisitely fashioned, and, for the most part, adorned with paintings, which have drawn forth the warmest expressions of admiration from the first artists of the day. Thorwaldsen, the celebrated sculptor, was quite lost in wonder at the sight of these treasures of art: Cammuccini, and his brethren of the easel, pronounced the paintings, with which they are all more or less embellished, *capri d'opera*: Dr. Nett, our countryman, formerly sub-preceptor to the lamented Princess Charlotte, who, from a residence of many years in Italy, is become a *cognoscente* of the first order, considered one vase in particular, called the "Cup of Hercules," as a matchless production, and beyond all price. The most eminent antiquaries were deputed by the Archaeological Society to inspect these treasures on the part of the government, who regards their removal to other shores with a jealous eye. They have, of course, the refusal of all antiquities found in the Roman states, and there offered for sale; but it is whispered, that the price set on these would more than drain the Papal treasury. It is reported, that one hundred vases, to be selected by the purchaser, may be had at the rate of one thousand crowns each! The prince has resolved, it seems, that no price shall tempt him to part with fifty of the finest specimens, which are to form his small but unrivalled collection. The King of Naples was one of the distinguished individuals who visited the Palazzo Gabrielli, where the vases are deposited: as his large collection has been thrown into the shade by the superior beauty of these specimens, it is said, that his majesty has signified a wish to treat for some of them, in order still further to ennoble his collection. It is agreed on all sides, that no discovery, since Pompeii and Herculaneum were disclosed to the view of us moderns, has caused such a sensation. Superior in every respect to those at

Naples, they have the additional interest of being enriched with inscriptions, which are to be seen on a great number of them, chiefly in the Greek character. The great Hellenists of Europe will have enough to do to illustrate them; for there are words amongst them quite unknown to the learned, which, if they turn out to be Greek, will serve to enrich our lexicons with some precious novelties. As for myself, who am no great scholar, but still have a great love for the language of Homer, and quite doat upon its characters as exhibited in the Porsonian type, I looked upon these venerable letters with more awe and reverence than the good people of Rome feel on beholding their most sacred relics. A vast number of the proper names inscribed on them are familiar to me and to every one. Scenes from the Theban war, and the Iliad and Odyssey, are very common, and the names of the gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines, are generally inscribed; a circumstance which saves much ingenious speculation. The potter and the painter are often indicated by name. We have,

ΤΕΛΕΣΟΙΚΟΝΕΑΡΧΟΒΟΙΕΣΗ

Let the name of this artist, Tlesonkonearcho, be added forthwith to the list of the ancient Wedgewoods, for he seems to be the very prince of potters. Sometimes the modest *imperfect* is used; Andocides writes *ΕΠΙΕ*; Kosthenes *ΕΠΟΙ*, which last I give from its singular orthography. Phittias, a painter, subjoins to his name, *ΕΠΑΦΣΕΙ*. Pheidipos, the *imperfect*, *ΕΠΙ*, &c. Sometimes the final N is omitted, as in No. 572, representing the death of Busiris. Epiktetos writes *ΓΑΡΑΦΣΕ*, Puthon the potter, *ΕΠΟΙΕΣΗ*, adding N. But the most remarkable thing is a genuine accent, perhaps the most ancient on record; it is placed over the

penult epsilon of *epoiesen*—thus, *Ε*: it is not accidental, but plainly traced with the same colour and varnish as the entire inscription. A great number of the vases are marked with *kalos*, sometimes repeated three or four times; sometimes *kaloi*; sometimes *kale*: this has not been explained to my satisfaction. In vase, No. 1547, on which there is a representation of a marriage-procession, in which a young couple, seated in a chariot, cut a conspicuous figure, their meaning is significant enough; for the inscription runs Lusipides *ΚΑΥΟΣ* Rodon *ΚΑΒΕ*. The vase, No. 1900, inscribed at the bottom *ΕΧΣΕΚΙΑΣΕΝΟΕΣΗ* (for so the last word is written), has a very remarkable inscription that runs round the interior of its rim, consisting of thirty-three words in a very bold character, similar to that Egyptian character which M. Champollion styles *demotic*. I will give you the first word as nearly as I can imitate it.



It would be endless, were I to state the interesting speculations to which these curious discoveries have given birth. There seems a pretty general idea, that the opinion, long since entertained by many learned men, that their beloved Italy cultivated the fine arts in great perfection at a time when Greece was semi-barbarous, is now fully confirmed. These vases are ascribed to an age anterior to the foundation of Rome, not long after the Trojan war, the actions of which are here represented,

varying in many particulars from Homer's account of them. They are all supposed to have been found on the site of Vitulonia, a city, according to Pliny, destroyed before the foundation of Rome: many striking circumstances go to confirm this idea. Although the site was unknown, still it was certain that this capital of ancient Etruria was situated a short way inland from that part of the coast where the minerals of Elba were landed, and that it was celebrated for its warm baths. Now, the iron of Elba continues to be landed on this coast, and foundries are still at work on the very spot: the baths are also in use, having been restored by the Prince of Canino about twenty years ago: but in further confirmation of this idea, a vase was discovered, on the 22d of April, 1829, in a vault twenty palms deep, which bears this remarkable inscription, of which I give you an accurate copy:

VIOLONOTEI

This discovery, in the minds of most men, has fixed the position of this ancient city, and established the fact of the great antiquity of the vases, and the claim which Italy puts forth to priority in the fine arts, as compared with Greece.

Besides these vases, a vast number of gold ornaments were found, consisting of necklaces, ear-rings, brooches, clasps for girdles, bracelets, rings; fifty of which number have engraved stones: they are of the purest gold, and some of them of the finest workmanship. These articles, from their beauty, novelty of form,

valuable antiquities in gold, and the most striking—it is a wreath of bay, in thin gold leaf, which is supposed to have encircled some royal head, as the vaults in which these gold ornaments were found are imagined to have contained the ashes of the kings of the country; all the vases here discovered being of finer workmanship. The articles in bronze are also numerous—spear-heads, greaves, a shield, and a variety of utensils for domestic purposes; a number of small statues, sphinxes, fawns; one of the latter Thorwaldsen considered the most perfect work he had ever seen. I must not omit mentioning two fluted rods of bronze, about five feet high, on a pedestal of the same metal, which are surmounted with an exact representation of the famous group on Monte Cavallo; which interesting fact proves that this subject was a favourite one in the remotest ages. Should further discoveries of any interest be made, (for the excavations are still going on,) I shall take the earliest opportunity of transmitting an account of them. Yours, &c.

C. S. T.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

No. 75. *From the Grounds of Lord Yarborough, Isle of Wight.* W. R. Earl.—Whether considered as a local view, or as a composition, Mr. Earl has, in the execution of this fine picture, exhibited some of the highest qualities of landscape art.

No. 143. *Interior of a Polish Synagogue, at the moment when the Manuscript of the Law is elevated, after the portion for the day has been read to the congregation.* S. A. Hart.—A very fine picture, by a young painter of the Jewish persuasion. It is a fortunate circumstance, when an artist contemplates any remarkable combination of colour, or any powerful effect of chiaroscuro, that he does not waste his genius on gross or unworthy matters—an error of frequent occurrence in the works of some of the best masters of the Flemish school,—but that, as in the present instance, he selects a subject of exalted character and interest. We congratulate Mr. Hart on his success; and we have no doubt that we shall have frequent cause to speak of his future labours with praise.

No. 142. *Girl looking from a Window.* F. Y. Hurlstone.—Little promise as there is in the title, Mr. Hurlstone's performance, whether as regards the expression, which is pleasing, or the effect, which is singular and spirited, does him high credit.

No. 215. *The Rat-catcher.* C. Hancock.—We can see no reason why this species of amusement should not rank among field sports; since few pleasures of that kind appear to excite more interest in the pursuit, or to give a more vivid expression both to man and to beast. In addition to the animation which Mr. Hancock has imparted to his subject, he has treated it with admirable technical skill.

No. 160. *A Field-day.* R. Farrier.—“Another, and another, and another; and,” we are bound to add, “the last work's as welcome as the former.” This, we believe, is the fourth of a series of entertaining pictures of boy-soldiers, by the same artist. We are glad to see the artist who has so long been the forerunner of the forked bill, and the black of a cock's tail, on the side of the picture, has now, in his watch-dog, introduced a new element into the mind of the beholder. The picture, which evidently excites a train of interesting recollections, is a very happy introduction.

No. 201. *The Sportsman.* J. Inskipp.—Varying only in his subjects, Mr. Inskipp exhibits the same broad and harmonious treatment which so greatly distinguished his former works in this Gallery. Much, however, as we admire his “Sportsman,” we are still more struck with No. 435, *The empty Wallet.* Besides the fine intensity of the expression, it awakens remembrances of a tone and a colour to be found only in the best works of the best masters in the Spanish school of art.

No. 186. *All Hands to the Rescue.* J. Tennant.—There are few actions which surpass in daring, and none which equal in generosity, those, one of which the skill of Mr. Tennant has here so ably displayed. They ought to find a place in the pictured records of our naval achievements, by the side of the deeds of valour of another description, which have rendered the annals of England for ever glorious. As a work of art, this performance does great credit to the artist. The demons of the storm seem to ride the clouds, and the destructive billows to roll at their bidding; while the spirit and energy of the gallant human beings who, with noble self-devotion, are preparing to encounter them, are no less vigorously designed and executed.

No. 175. *Stage-struck Hero.* W. Kidd.—As the farce often follows the tragedy, and the sublime is succeeded by the ridiculous, so we pass from the wreck and the rescue to the would-be wearer of the buskin. In the latter

work Mr. Kidd has been no less successful in provoking a smile, than in the former Mr. Tennant was in raising a sigh. The ludicrous energy of his principal figure, the delight of one of the audience, the awe of another, and the irate expression of the critic with the cane, who is slyly stealing in, for the purpose, no doubt, of taking an active part in the performance, combine in producing a very humorous effect.

No. 48. *The first Offence.* E. Prentis.—“What dire events from trivial causes spring!” We quote the line appended to the performance; but we are sure, that if the artist had consulted any country squire, interested in the preservation of game, he would have declared that he did not consider poaching “a trifle.” Mr. Prentis's picture is, however, a very just and a very feeling appeal both to humanity and to policy; and involves a question of a very serious nature, on which it is probable the legislature will one day pronounce an opinion different from that which it has hitherto maintained. In this affecting representation, the quiet and submissive character of the offender is well contrasted by the brutal triumph and villanous countenances of those who are dragging him from his home, and his weeping and imploring family. The invalid boy is an incident full of pathos.

No. 246. *Infant Visions.* Miss Dagley.—Pleasingly executed, and very interesting; as indeed what work is not, in which infancy forms a conspicuous feature.

Among other distinguished portraits which this room contains, No. 92, *The late Mr. Park*, and No. 101, *The late Sir F. Bourgeois*, both by Sir W. Beechey, are among the most attractive, both from the skill of their execution, and their striking resemblance to the well-known originals. Nor must we omit to state, that besides those which we have already mentioned, there are several very admirable portraits by Messrs. Lonsdale, Howell, Bradley, Barber, Faulkner, Meyer, Middleton, Mrs. Pearson, &c.

No. 107. *Gipsies removing their Tents.* Sir W. Beechey, R.A.—We have frequently had occasion to remark the ability and taste with which Sir William introduces rich and varied landscape into the backgrounds of his portraits; and we are much gratified by this exclusive specimen of his powers in the representation of rustic scenery. The picturesque in composition unites in it with the harmonious in colouring, in a manner highly fascinating.

NORTH ROOM.

No. 265. *Nero's Tomb.* J. Giles.—We are not aware of having met with the name of this artist in any previous catalogue, or his works in any former exhibition; and we are equally surprised and gratified by the display of the original and brilliant talents which he evidently possesses. The effect which he has here thrown over his composition,—the solemn gloom, the partial light, the shower, the rainbow,—are appropriate and poetic. Judging from this, and other of Mr. Giles's pictures in the Gallery, we should say that his style combines the qualities of Salvator Rosa and Francesco Mola; at once elevated and picturesque.

No. 319. *Delights of Summer.* J. W. Wright.—A gay group of youthful persons, male and female, in the picturesque costume of other climes or times, reposing under umbrageous foliage of luxuriant growth, and recreating themselves with the concord of sweet sounds, forms the basis of this pleasing performance. The composition partakes of much of what has before appeared; but the judg-

ment and skill evinced in the execution of the work, and the taste which pervades the whole, render it as delightful to the sight as the season which it represents is to the feelings.

(To be continued.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Admiral Sir Edmund Nagle, K.C.B. Painted by W. Corden; engraved by W. Ward. Sams.

This portrait in mezzotint is a very characteristic likeness of an individual, whose long attachment to his Majesty (to whom it is dedicated, by permission,) was rewarded by the constant favour, and we may say friendship, of his royal master. As a work of art it is well composed and beautifully engraved; but the higher merit in the eyes of those who knew the original, will be the traits of that humour and frolic which often set the table in a roar. Sir Edmund's recent death adds an interest to the publication.

Views illustrative of Pugin's Examples of Gothic Architecture. Part I.

THE merits of Mr. Pugin's *Examples of Gothic Architecture*, with respect both to scientific details and to tasteful execution, are well known. The present publication is an exceedingly pleasing illustration of that work. This first part consists (besides the cover and title) of ten views, drawn from nature, and on stone, by Mr. Joseph Nash, pupil to Mr. Pugin. The subjects selected are from Oxburgh Hall, Norfolk; Wolterton Manor House, East Barham, Norfolk; Eltham Palace, Kent; and the Episcopal Palace, at Croydon, Surrey. They possess enough of accuracy to satisfy the architect, and; at the same time, enough of freedom and of picturesque effect to please the general amateur. The introduction of figures in the costume of former times is very appropriate; and produces a harmony of sentiment, the absence of which we have frequently felt in looking at delineations of ancient and half-dilapidated buildings, embellished with ladies and gentlemen, who appear to have dressed from the plates in the last number of *La Belle Assemblée*.

Panorama of the Maine, and of the adjacent Country from Mayence to Frankfort; designed from nature by F. W. Delkeskamp; engraved by John Clark. S. Leigh.

UNLIKE in that respect the *Panorama of the Thames from London to Richmond*, recently published by Mr. Leigh, the *Panorama of the Maine* is a bird's-eye view, representing the meanderings of the river, and the roads, woods, houses, towns, &c. within a certain distance of its banks. To the traveller in Germany who stems the current of the Maine, for the purpose of visiting the celebrated city of Frankfort, it will be very useful; as will also the descriptive notices which accompany it, and which are concluded by a detailed account of Frankfort. Views of Hochst, Hochheim, and Frankfort, add to the interest of the publication.

Fisher's Views in Devonshire and Cornwall, from original Drawings by T. Allom and W. H. Bartlett; with Descriptive Accounts, forming brief County Histories, by J. Britton and E. W. Brayley, Esqs. Part II. Fisher and Son.

THIS second part is exclusively devoted to Devonshire, and contains a number of beautiful views. We were especially struck with the "Interior of St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth," "Shaugh Bridge, Bickleigh Vale," "Tiver-

ton Church, from the Bridge," and "Oreston and the Catwater." The descriptions are full of interesting information. The following curious fact is stated with reference to the quarries at Oreston, whence the stone for constructing the Breakwater at Plymouth was procured. "In working the quarries an extraordinary discovery was made in the midst of the substrata. At the depth of sixty-five feet from the surface, and twenty-five feet from the margin of the sea, a mass or module of clay, twenty-five feet in length, by about twelve feet thick, was embedded in the limestone. Enveloped in this clay were found the bones of a rhinoceros, in a more perfect state than they have yet been met with in any other place."

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LADY BYRON'S REMARKS, &c.

THIS subject continues to be discussed in almost every society, and a new fillip has been given to it by a determined attack upon Mr. Moore and his biography, by Mr. T. Campbell, as a friend to Lady Byron, in the *New Monthly Magazine*. In this article Mr. Campbell distinctly accuses Lord Byron of some dark crime, and charges Mr. Moore with screening his hero, by disparaging his exemplary lady and her relatives. Having perused this demi-official paper too late for adequate remarks in this No. of the *Literary Gazette*, we shall abstain from offering any—for indeed the matter is too serious and indelicate, not to say disgusting, to be treated of hastily.

With regard to our share in bringing on the discussion by publishing the "Remarks," we are happy to find ourselves fully justified by all the parties concerned, and thanked by the public. What we did might be compared to a gentleman in a crowd pressing, perhaps, too closely upon another individual, but being instantly excused by the circumstances of the case: the conduct of those who pirated our account, resembled that of a gang of thieves taking advantage of such circumstances to pick a pocket.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Legendary Ballads by T. Moore, Esq. Arranged &c. by H. R. Bishop. J. Power.

THIS publication has several claims to favourable notice—the poetry is by Moore; the music select, with one addition by Bishop and another by Mrs. Robert Arkwright; and the drawings, which illustrate the legends, by a fair and young amateur. Of the twelve ballads in the volume, we may say that they are all extremely graceful and pleasing; some, indeed, possessing higher powers of attraction than others, but each, in turn, charming the fancy or rivetting the feelings. The "Leaf and the Fountain," (previously published in the *Apollo's Gift*), is a very light and pretty air: "Youth and Age," (Mrs. R. Arkwright's contribution) does infinite credit to that lady's taste, and is well worthy of the composer of the beautiful legend, "The Brave Roland": "The Magic Mirror" is also prominent in our good opinion, as is the sweet "Pilgrim," and the perfect romaunt of "The high-born Ladye." Having thus characterised the music, we have but to give a sample of the poetry; and we cannot do better than take the playful lines, "Youth and Age," to which we have alluded.

"Tell me, what's Love?" said Youth, one day,
To drooping Age, who crost his way,

'It is a sunny hour of play,
For which repentance dear doth pay;
Repentance! Repentance!
And this is Love, as wise men say.'

'Tell me, what's Love?' said Youth once more,
Fearful, yet fond, of Age's lore.
'Soft as a passing summer's wind,
Wouldst thou know the blight it leaves behind?
Repentance! Repentance!
And this is Love,—when love is o'er.'

'Tell me, what's Love?' said Youth again,
Trusting the bliss, but not the pain.
'Sweet as a May tree's scented air,—
Mark ye what bitter fruit 'will bear,
Repentance! Repentance!
This, this is Love—Sweet Youth, beware.'

Just then, young Love himself came by,
And cast on Youth a smiling eye;
Who could resist that glance's ray?
In vain did Age his warning say,
Repentance! Repentance!
Youth laughing went with Love away.

Tam o' Shanter and Souler Johnny. Words by C. Butler; Music arranged by Mr. Smith, and accompanied by Burns' Poem of Tam o' Shanter. Willis and Co.

SUNG by Braham in one of his best styles, for he has many; and from the noblest music of Handel to the convivial song like this, he can throw his magic power into them all. No wonder, therefore, that this Tam o' Shanter should have become popular, like its glorious archetype by Burns, and, like its remarkable illustrator, the statues which have done so much honour to untutored art. The song itself is playful, and remonstrates against gentlemen remaining too long in the dining-room after the ladies have retired—of course it will, and ought to be patronised wherever high fashion has not banished enjoyment. We wish Braham would teach the Cockney population to relish this *bonne bouche*.

Quand on est deux. Birchall.

A LIGHT French air, with more of sweetness and simplicity than is usual even in the best of its kind. It is a pretty romance, and just what a romance should be.

O deem not that I love her less! Words by T. H. Bayly, Esq. Mori and Lavenu.

So pretty an air, that it would be a musical and moral offence to find fault with it. If not one of Mr. Bayly's best, it is certainly one of his most pleasing songs.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE *Matilde di Shabran e Corradino*, as amended by Rossini at Paris, was produced at this theatre on Saturday night, to a very crowded and fashionable audience. The opera was originally brought out at Rome; and there is an anecdote connected with its first representation in that capital highly characteristic of the great *maestro*. Rossini had repeatedly promised the Roman manager that he would compose an opera purposely for the theatre of the "eternal city;" but his promises were so often broken, that it was pretty generally suspected he never intended to keep them. At length the master appeared with his promised production. The representation of his opera was duly announced. The house was crowded; the Romans having predetermined, in revenge for being so often disappointed, to punish the composer by hooting his composition throughout. The overture (which, by the by, is very spirited) was barely concluded, ere Rossini was assailed by hisses in every direction. He rose from his seat in the orchestra, and, gravely placing his hand on his heart, bowed several times to the audience. The vocal performance proceeded; but, though the singers were occasionally,

applauded, disapprobation fell thick and threefold on the head of the perfectly composed composer, who, in return for every round of hisses, expressed his grateful acknowledgments to his auditory by the most graceful bows and staid gesticulations of heartfelt satisfaction: but, in the end, the waggery and good humour of Rosini triumphed; for, on the close of the second representation, he was carried through the streets on the shoulders of those to whom, on the first night's performance, he had been most obnoxious.

Now of the opera itself, which is really a very attractive composition. It is true that it may be considered, as the Italians term it, a species of *centoni*, or rather a mosaic, of some of the author's most favourite phrases re-manufactured: but it is equally true, that some of those beautiful *motivos*, supposed to be traceable to other operas of the same composer, were originally written for this: to wit (as some of our contemporaries have observed), several palpable plagiarisms from *Semiramide* are detected; but the critics, perhaps, were not aware that *Matilde di Shabran* was written some four years prior to *Semiramide*; so that, if there be any borrowing (and there is some), it is in *Matilde* taken from *Il Barbiere* and *Otello*, its predecessors; and in *Semiramide* the reverse, i. e. from *Matilde*. This opera, speaking of its representation, we pronounce to be the most successful performance of the season; and we think no little merit is due to the company, but more especially to our present *prima donna*, when it is taken into consideration, that it is the ninth representation which has been given in the short period of six weeks,—

the first time, perhaps, that so many representations of the same opera have been given in so short a period. It is true, that the company were not perfectly successful in their performance; but the merit of the composition is not to be denied. The fashion affects the fashion opportunity of the language is not to be denied, though it is only justice to say, that in this opera she acquits herself in a manner which bespeaks something of promise. Her duet, "*No, Matilde, non morrai,*" with Mdlle. Blais, was given in a style which would have done credit to an *artiste* of greater pretensions. Of Blais's performance of the truly trying and difficult part of *Matilde*, we can only say that, in Italy, her singing in the quintettes commencing "*Questa è la dea,*" &c. (in the first act), and "*E palese il tradimento*" (in the second), together with her unrivalled execution of her last song, "*Ami alfin e chi non ama,*" would have brought down the house. But, as we remarked on a former occasion, merit will find its level. Last year, when the Sontag and Malibran mania was raging in a violent degree, we had the temerity, in opposition to the whole metropolitan press, to pronounce Mdlle. Blais an actress of extraordinary versatility of talent; and now we have the satisfaction to perceive that, with hardly an exception, the London journals are no longer blind to her merits, but, on the contrary, are loud in her praise. The same opera was repeated on Tuesday, yet, in spite of our opinion of it, with little effect; and, as we cannot suppose ourselves wrong, we must fancy the audience were touched by the change of the weather into apathy.

ORATORIOS.

ON Wednesday Mr. Hawes delighted a house so well and so respectably filled as to be almost worthy of the occasion, by the performance of the *Messiah*, not only excellently in its leading features, but with that masterly attention

to details which always renders an oratorio complete. Miss Paton in full voice—for, great as she was before, she is really improved this season both in force and sweetness—was most admirable in the recitatives and airs; but, what is still more commendable in a singer of her eminence, she entered with spirit into the choruses, and conducted to the magnificent style in which they were executed. "But who may abide?" by Phillips, was beautifully given; and Millar (after Brahm) was heard with credit to himself. Mr. Bennett (the other new vocalist) also sang in a pleasing manner; and Miss Bruce (Miss Wyatt, we believe, and daughter to one of the distinguished architects of that name, whom a devotion to music has carried before the public) displayed taste and talents of very considerable promise. Between the acts, a M. de Flor played on a keyed instrument resembling several which have of late years been produced as inventions. It owes its tones to metal bars, and is, generally, like the soft stops in the swell of an organ. The upper notes, however, are extremely fine, and remind us of the reed stops in the same instrument. The "Floradino," as it is called, was played rather too long; for there is a monotony about it which requires relief. A Master Cooper performed a concerto on the violin with great precision and skill; and a trumpet obligato, by Harper, was one of the most striking treats of the whole of this grand entertainment.

ADELPHI: ASTRONOMICAL LECTURES.

LAST evening Mr. Adams delivered his concluding lecture on astronomy (a very interesting and instructive one) at the Adelphi Theatre, on Monday evening, the 10th inst. The lecture was attended by a large number of persons, and was well received. The lecturer's address is to be published in the next issue of the *Literary Gazette*.

MRS. H. SIDDON'S ADDRESS.

WE observe, in the Edinburgh journals, that this accomplished actress and admirable private character has taken her farewell of the stage, delivering on the occasion a fine address, written by Sir Walter Scott. We remember her well, in all the charms of youth, beauty, intelligence, and natural simplicity, when she first adorned the London boards: since then she has nobly upheld the honours of the Drama in the Scottish capital by performances in the foremost walks of the comic Muse, and in parts of tenderness and pathos, as well as of spirit and gaiety. She retires in the meridian of her powers and life—before her brilliant fame is dimmed by the slightest shadow. Need we say that the theatre was crowded, and the applause enthusiastic?—it would have been a disgrace to Scotland had it been otherwise. Mrs. H. Siddons was much agitated throughout the play (*the Provoked Husband*); and her Lady Townley towards its close shewed the feeling to be increased so much, that on being led forward by Mr. Murray to speak the address, she nearly fainted on the stage. Having rallied, the lines which we subjoin were most effectively delivered; and the exit was triumphant, the audience simultaneously rising and testifying their sentiments by shouts and the waving of handkerchiefs.

"The curtain drops—the mimic scene is past—
One word remains—the saddest and the last:
A word which oft in careless mood we say;
When parting friends have pass'd a social day;
As oft pronounced in agony of heart,
When friends must sever, or when lovers part;
Or, o'er the dying couch, in whispers spoken,
When the frail thread of life is all but broken—
When all that ear can list, or tongue can tell,
Are the last, mournful accents, Fare ye well!

Such is the spell the actress must divide
From duties long her pleasure and her pride;
So brief the syllables that must bid adieu
To public life, to Scotland, and to you;
To hopes, to doubts, to efforts, and to fears,
And all the business of my scenic years.
Yet, ere we part—and even now a tear
Bedims my eye to think our parting near—
Fain would I speak how deeply in my breast
Will the remembrance of your kindness rest:
Fain would I tell, but words are cold and weak—
It is the heart, the heart alone can speak.
The wanderer may rejoice to view once more
The smiling aspect of her native shore;
Yet oft in mingled dreams of joy and pain
She'll think she sees this beautiful land again;
And then, as now, will fond affection trace
The kindness that endears her dwelling-place.
Now then it must be said—though from my heart
The mournful accents scarcely will depart—
Lingering, as if they feared to break some spell—
It must be uttered—friends, kind friends, farewell!
One suit remains—you will not scorn to hear
The last my lips shall falter on your ear—
When I am far, my patrons, oh! be kind
To the dear relative I leave behind;
He is your own—and, like yourselves, may claim
A Scottish origin—a Scottish name:
His ripened talents—let the truth be told—
A sister in a brother's cause is bold—
Shall cater for your eve of leisure still
With equal ardour and improving skill;
And though too oft the poor performer's lot
Is but to bloom, to fade, and be forgot,
Whene'er the mimic sceptre they resign,
A gentler destiny I feel as mine;
For as the brother moves before your eyes
Some memory of the sister must arise;
And in your hearts a kind remembrance dwell
Of her, who once again sighs forth—Farewell!"

VARIETIES.

Banks; United States.—By an official statement, it appears that at the beginning of the year 1829 there were in the state of Pennsylvania, possessing a population of 1,200,000 souls, no fewer than twenty-nine banks, with a nominal capital of 2,300,000*l.*, and a circulation in paper of 1,392,000*l.*, and in specie of 390,000*l.* In the same state there was, during the four years 1825—1828, an average of 6,593 children annually educated at the public charge, and at a yearly expense of 4,830*l.* The total sum expended by Pennsylvania on public education for the year 1828 was 6000*l.*

Dr. Waugh.—We insert the following characteristic letter, as a pleasing illustration of the review in our last Number, and of its amiable, sensible, and pious writer:—

Copy of a Letter from the Rev. Alexander Waugh to Alexander B—, on his going to Newfoundland.

My dear Alex.—Set the Lord always before you. Read a portion of God's blessed word every morning and evening alone in your cabin. Watch over the movements of your own heart, and check the first risings of evil desires. In the company of the ungodly, let prudence and firmness, modesty and resolution, mark your demeanour. Live near to God in prayer, in holy meditation. By an accommodating disposition in all things lawful, turn every acquaintance into a friend. Approve yourself in all things to your superiors, by readiness to obey, and fidelity to your trust. I commend you to the care of Heaven, in hopes of seeing you in health on your return. I remain, my dear Alex., most affectionately yours,
A. WAUGH.

Paris Academy of Sciences.—M. Jaume St. Hilaire presented a paper read by him in February last to the Society of Agriculture, on the soils more or less adapted to the spontaneous production of vegetables. After a careful analysis of specimens taken from the Bois de Meudon, the Plain des Sablons, the Bois de Boulogne, &c., he had come to the conclusion, that all the soils were composed of silex, magnesia, chalk, &c., in various proportions, in addition to a vegeto-animal matter, more or less abundant as the soils are more

or less adapted to the production of plants; 2dly, that plants growing on soils, the constituent parts and relative proportions of which are most favourable to their own particular nature, do not exhaust the ground; and lastly, that a course of observations on the various species of plants which grow spontaneously, and perpetuate themselves on certain soils, with a chemical analysis of those soils, would be attended with great practical utility to the science of agriculture.

Election.—General Count Philip de Segur was elected to the place in the Academy vacant by the death of the Duke de Levis, by thirty-one votes out of thirty-two; and M. Bussy to that of Professor to the School of Medicine.

Medals.—At the sitting of the Geographical Society of Paris on the 5th ult., a letter was read from M. Caillié, presenting a copy of his Travels in Central Africa, and expressing a hope that they would be viewed with favour by the Society. A gold medal of 500fr. value was subsequently voted to this gentleman; and another to the widow of the enterprising and unfortunate Major Laing, his precursor in that arduous field of discovery. Honourable mention was also made of the exertions of Captain d'Urville.

Percussion Cannon.—It seems unknown in England that percussion locks were introduced into the artillery of the Austrian marine two years ago, on board of the Guerriera frigate and USSaro brig; and the success which has attended the experiment has determined the government of Austria to employ these locks generally throughout their marine artillery.

American Protestant Missionary Society.—This Society in 1829 printed 172,000 copies of the Bible in the Chacta language, an equal number in that of the Senecas, and 175,000 in Cherokee. The Phoenix, a Cherokee journal, edited by a native (and fully described in our last year's Literary Gazette) who has invented written characters for his language, announces that a Temperance Society has been formed at New Echota, the Cherokee capital.

French Universal Statistic Society.—At the sitting, on the 25th ult., 156 new members were enrolled, and a great number of works, charts, &c., were presented to the Society. A committee of twenty members was nominated to decide on the subjects of the prize essays, and the value of the prizes to be given by the Society, &c. &c. The Dukes of Orleans and Chartres sent letters of excuse, regretting their being unable to attend.

Horses in France.—Great attention is still paid to the breed of horses in France, and well-bred animals fetch twenty to thirty per cent more than in London. Horses for ordinary use, however, are cheaper than in this country. On the last market-day in Paris, small draft horses for coaches, diligences, &c. averaged from 14l. to 18l. each; riding-horses 25l. to 30l. each; and ponies (being fashionable) 14l. to 16l.

Mathematics.—The Journal of Odessa, in a letter from Mr. Mayouroff, claims the discovery in mathematics, after the research of twenty-one years, of a very easy method of solving equations of all degrees, and of proving the method in every case. He has solved equations of the eleventh degree, and entertains no doubt that his method is applicable to all possible degrees. In equations of the fifth and sixth degree, which could not be solved by any method, he has not only obtained the roots of whole quantities,—but even when these equations are composed of fractional roots, he has found the real value in a few minutes.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XIV. April 3.]

PUBLISHING.

Messrs. Colburn and Bentley are about to publish, dedicated, by permission, to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Illustrations of the Exodus: consisting of Six Views from Drawings taken on the Spot, during a Journey through Arabia Petrea, in the Year 1828. By W. H. Newham, Esq., and engraved on stone by J. D. Harding. The scenes portrayed are those in which the principal events recorded in Exodus occurred. The Scriptural passages thus illustrated are to be given on a page of letter-press, facing each plate, together with remarks, notes, &c. explanatory of the present state of the country and its inhabitants.—Proposals for publishing the Wycliffite Versions of the Old Testament are circulated, under the sanction of the Royal Society of Literature. The editors are the Rev. J. Forshall and Mr. Madden, both eminent scholars, and connected with the British Museum: so that we may expect a work of great interest both to English philology and the Protestant religion from their hands.—The Author of Rome in the Nineteenth Century, and of Continental Adventures, is said to be preparing a new work.—By Mr. Ferrari, one of the oldest musical professors in London, we are promised Memoirs of his Life, and Anecdotes of his Musical Contemporaries. Mr. Ferrari was the intimate friend of Paisiello and Haydn, the precursor of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and of Madame Catalani.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. V. Kater and Lardner's Mechanics, fcp. 6s. bds.—Travers's Venereal Affections, 8vo. 3s. bds.—Cooper on the Testis, royal 4to. India plain, 1l. 1s. 6d.; coloured, 3s. 3s. bds.—Boll on the Nervous System, 4to. 1l. 16s. bds.—Hooke's Mission to India, Part II. 8vo. 3s. 6d. bds.—The Game of Life, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s. bds.—Beale on Deformities, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Inglis's Vindication of Christian Faith, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Kodes on the Battle of the Monastery, 8vo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Croly's Poetical Works, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Family Classical Library, Vol. IV. 18mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Grammar of the German Language, 12mo. 2s. 6d. sewed.—Sidney Anecdotes, Part II. 18mo. 2s. 6d. sewed.—Spalding's Scotland, 8vo. 12s. bds.—The Quarterly Part of the Foreign Literary Gazette, in wrapper, 10s. 10d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 25	From 32. to 65.	30.24 to 30.28
Friday... 26	34. — 69.	30.41 — 30.47
Saturday... 27	28. — 70.*	30.50 — 30.42
Sunday... 28	29. — 67.	30.40 — 30.30
Monday... 29	28. — 67.	30.13 — 30.06
Tuesday... 30	28. — 65.	29.99 — 29.96
Wednesday 31	30. — 62.	29.80 — 29.70

Generally clear; rather foggy on the morning of the 29th. Prevailing winds, N.W. and S.W.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 31" N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51" W. of Greenwich.

* The warmest day since the 13th of August, 1829.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Population: Relief.—We have received the Prospectus of a Plan for affording Relief to the Pauper Labouring Classes, by means of Systematic Colonisation, under a "National Emigration Society," respecting which a public meeting was held on the 13th ulto. We have also received an able letter recommending the allotting small portions of land to the poor, and the use of spade husbandry, as a remedy for the same evil. The former states the annual increase in Britain to be two per cent, or 400,000 persons per annum; and proposes the annual export of 100,000, being young couples, and consequently most productive, to Canada, South Africa, and Australasia; and so to continue, till all the waste land at the disposal of government shall have been appropriated and cultivated. The estimated expense of removal is 10l. per head; and the first operation projected is that of sending out the several thousand destitute children who starve in and infest the metropolis, as apprentices to emigrants already established. The latter plan has been tried on a limited scale in various parts of the country, and always attended by local benefits. Even as near London as Richmond, where land is so valuable, it is now acted upon with advantage.—We have only to mention the suggestion of another, and apparently a hard-hearted correspondent, who, either in jest or in earnest (we know not which from his style), earnestly recommends the abolition of cow-pox practice, and the re-introduction of small-pox, as a means of keeping the surplus population within due bounds!

* * * * * The accumulation of new works upon our table, and the continual influx of others, put it out of our power to insert so rapidly as we wish the reviews we have prepared of several poetical volumes, and other productions of genius. We intend, however, to take these up in our following Nos.; and also, by classing the publications on law, medicine, the drama, &c. &c. to give our readers a sufficient acquaintance with these arrears.

We request notice to the very interesting account of Etruscan Vases in a preceding page: it is by far the most complete yet published in Europe.

ERRATUM.—In the Celestial Phenomena for April, No. 688, page 209, column 2, last line, dele "of a mile."

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is open Daily, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening. Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s. WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS. The

Exhibition for the Sale of the Works of living British Artists, in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, is now open to the Public, from Nine till Six. Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s. R. B. DAVIS, Secretary.

PAINTED WINDOW. A Magnificent

Painted Window, painted in Enamel, of the Tournament of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, painted by T. Wilmshurst, from an original Sketch by Mrs. R. T. Bone, will be opened for Exhibition on Monday, April 5th, at No. 15, Oxford Street. Size of the Window, 24 Feet by 18 Feet. Contains more than 100 Figures, including upwards of 40 Portraits, with the strictest Attention to Costume. Admittance, 1s.—Description, 6d. Open from Ten till Five.

EDINBURGH REVIEW. Advertisements, Notices, &c. to be inserted in the General Advertising Sheet of No. 101 of the Edinburgh Review, which will be published in April, are requested to be sent to Longman and Co. Paternoster Row, by Saturday the 10th; and Prospectuses, Catalogues, Bills, &c. to be stitched in the Number, not later than the 15th. Advertisers will perceive the great advantage of sending their Advertisements and Bills early, as they are placed in the exact order they are received by the Publishers.

LITERARY PARTNERSHIP. A Gentleman fond of Literature, and having from 200l. to 500l. at his command, may obtain a Share of a respectable Periodical, realising at present a good profit, and capable of great improvement. Apply, by letter only, (post-paid) addressed to M. R., Peeli's Coffee House, Fleet Street.

MICHAEL THOMAS SADLER, Esq.

M.P. Just published, by L. Houghton, Printseller, 30, Poultry, Cheap-side, a Portrait of this distinguished Gentleman, who so ably advocated the Protestant Cause in the late Debate on Catholic Emancipation. Engraved by Thomas Lupton, from the original Picture by William Robinson. Price, Prints, 15s.; Proof, 35s.

Also, nearly ready, The Law Student's Common-place Book.

Eden Hall, Chesham. Published by G. Clarke, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, price 6s. 6s. in boards, 2s. 6d.

TWENTY LARGE VIEWS OF EATON HALL;

with descriptive Letter-press, dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon. Earl Grosvenor, from Drawings by J. Buckler, F.S.A., and J. C. Buckler.

MUSIC.

New Vocal Music.

A SET OF LEGENDARY BALLADS.

The Poetry by THOMAS MOORE, Esq. Arranged, with Symphonies and Accompaniments, by HENRY R. BISHOP; and embellished with Illustrations. Price 12s. Published by J. Power, 34, Strand.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Monthly Magazine for Families. On the 1st of April was published, price 1s. 6d. No. IV. of

THE BRITISH MAGAZINE. The

object of the publication is effectually to supply a desideratum in periodical literature.—It is a want of a Journal intended expressly for Families, that shall be more general in its character than Magazines that are exclusively religious, and more solid and beneficial than those that are merely literary.

Contents of the Number for April:—

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No. XXV. will be published on the 30th of June next, and will contain Articles on the Distress of the Country—On Canada and the Colonial System—On the Ballot—On Planting and Vegetable Physiology—On the Life and Character of Thomas Jefferson—The Newspaper Press, &c. &c.

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Waverley Novels—New Edition. VOL. XI. of this Edition, containing the Conclusion of Old Mortality, and the Commencement of the Heart of Mid Lothian, with an Introduction by the Author, and illustrated by J. Burnet and A. Fraser, published this day.

All the early volumes of this work are again reprinted, and may be had from the Commencement, or any Volume or Novel separately. Printed for Cadell and Co. Edinburgh; and Simpkin and Marshall, London. Of whom, and of Moon, Boys, and Co. 6, Pall Mall, may be had, separately.

The Illustrations to the first Eight Volumes of the present edition of the Novels. These are from the pencils of Stephanoff, E. Landseer, Newton, Leslie, Kidd, A. Cooper, Chalton, &c. &c.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. LXXXIV. was published on Tuesday.

Valpy's Classical Library. THE FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY; Translations of the most valuable Greek and Latin Biographical Sketches of the most eminent Authors, and Embellishments on Steel by the first class. 6d. per volume, neatly bound in cloth, average 350 pages of Letter-press. Edited by A. J. VALPY, M.A., and Richard Bentley, 8, New Burlington Street.

Prospectus. It not to know what has been transacted in infancy or knowledge; and the learned Dr. Parr says, "If you desire your son, though no great scholar, to read and reflect, it is your duty to place in his hands the best Translations of the best Classical Authors."

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Three Numbers are already published, comprising the orations of Demosthenes, Sallust, and the Analysis of Xenophon; and the publication will be regularly continued on the first day of every Month, so as to be delivered by the end of the Month. The testimonials in favour of this important undertaking, and its execution being far too numerous to quote in an advertisement, the publishers beg leave to refer the public for them to the leading Journals and Periodicals of the day.

Orders (which, to prevent mistakes should be particularly specified as being for Valpy's Family Classical Library) are received by every Bookseller throughout the Kingdom. Agents for Scotland, Messrs. Bell and Bradfute; for Ireland, Mr. John Cumming.

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THE LIFE OF LORD BYRON, including his Correspondence with his Friends, and Journals of his own Life and Opinions.

By THOMAS MOORE, Esq. The Second Volume of Mr. Moore's Life of Lord Byron will be published early in April.

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THE UNITED SERVICE JOURNAL, and NAVAL and MILITARY MAGAZINE, for April, price 2s. 6d.

Contents: Personal Narrative of Captain Glasgow, of the Hon. Company's ship Margrave of Ely, relating the Captivity of that Officer amongst the Ladrones of the Chinese Sea, and describing the haunts and habits of those Pirates—Song, by John Bowring, Esq.—The Kogniat Controversy concluded—Lines by Mrs. Hemans—Two Months' Recollections of the late War in Spain and Portugal, by a private Soldier, concluded—Letters from Gibraltar, No. 1.; by the Author of the "Military Sketch-Book"—Biographical Sketch of the late Major Taylor, of the Royal Artillery—The Story of Ja Far, Son of the Sultan of Wadal—Extracts from a Cruiser's Log—A Commander's Petition on the present Naval Uniform—Colloques with Folard, No. II.—Navarino in 1825, from the unpublished Journal of a late Naval Officer amongst the Ladrones of the Chinese Sea, by Sir Gilbert Blane—The Marquis of Londonderry's Narrative of the late War in Germany and France. Correspondence: Editor's Portfolio—Monthly Naval Register—Courts Martial, &c.

The attention of the Public, and particularly that of the United Service, is respectfully invited to this popular Journal, which embraces subjects of such extensive variety, and of such powerful interest, as must render it scarcely less acceptable to readers in general, than to the Members of those Professions for whose use it is more peculiarly intended. Conducted by Officers in His Majesty's Service, who have ensured the effective co-operation of gentlemen of high professional and literary character, it will be uniformly animated by the same ardent spirit of patriotism and loyalty which achieved the triumphs of Trafalgar and Waterloo. Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley, 8, New Burlington Street.

THE COURT JOURNAL.

The Numbers that were out of print having been again Reprinted, complete Sets of the First Quarterly Part for 1830 may be obtained on early application. The last Number of the Quarter, for Saturday last, contains the Articles on English Equipages and Noble Cèlibataires, which have excited so much attention. This new Weekly Journal of Fashion, the companion not only of the Drawing-room and Boudoir, but of the Break-up on a Stamped Sheet; and Subscribers may therefore receive and transmit it to their friends, postage free, throughout all parts of the Kingdom.

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THE EXCITEMENT; or, a Book to induce Young People to Read; containing remarkable Appearances in Nature, signal Providences, and such Incidents as are peculiarly fitted to arrest the youthful Mind.

This is an admirable selection.—Literary Gazette, Jan. 1830. Published by Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. Ave Maria Lane, London; and Waugh and Innes, Edinburgh.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

Shortly will be published, in 8vo. dedicated, by permission, to Thomas Storer, Esq.

THE TRAVELLER'S LAY; a Poem. Written during a Tour on the Continent. By THOMAS MAUDE, Esq. A.M. Oxon. Printing for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

Family Library. On Saturday, April 10th, will be published, illustrated with numerous Woodcuts, from Designs by George Cruikshanks, engraved by Thompson and Williams, complete in 1 vol. 6s. a new edition, with Corrections and Additions, &c.

THE LIFE OF NELSON. By ROBERT SOUTHBY, Esq. LL.D. Poet Laureate. Fosting No. XII. of the Family Library. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Early in May will be published, with a Portrait, 3 vols. 4to. THE LIFE OF BISHOP HEBER, with Selections from his Correspondence and from his Unpublished Works. By HIS WIDOW. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

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No. 690.—AMERICAN EDITION.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1830.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The King's Own: a Novel. By the Author of the "Naval Officer." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS is, for the most part, a tale of the sea, written, we believe, by an English post-captain, whose life has been more than usually active, and who, having seen much, not only in "the service," but out of it, seems determined to turn to account materials so acquired. The result of this determination is a very remarkable book, full of vigour, and characterised in many places by incidents of perfect originality, both as to conception and treatment. While we speak thus of the work as a whole, we cannot avoid expressing our opinion, that had it not been for the romances of Cooper, the novel before us would probably never have been written: not that it is, in the slightest degree, a copy of any of the sea-stories of the American; but that the great success of the latter as a naval novelist has excited the literary rivalry of English seamen, (for our navy can boast of men as distinguished for intellect as for physical hardihood); and hence the nautical tales which have recently been added to our literature.

The King's Own is the second novel of Captain Marryat. Of his first production, the *Naval Officer*, we spoke in terms of dispraise; because we saw in it evidences of haste, carelessness, rashness even, and, above all, want of due regard to that propriety which is now demanded and commanded in every branch of literary production. It was said of Sir John Vanbrugh, in an epigram of the day, that he often wanted *grace*, (meaning, in that instance, chastity of thought,) though he never wanted wit; and had it not been for the signs, and more than the signs, of intellectual force which we recognised in the *Naval Officer*, we should assuredly not have taken the pains to point out and reprehend what appeared to us to be defective in the taste of the writer. Nothing is more provoking than the slightest sign of mental perversion in a man of real talent. In the present work, however, we have no errors of that kind to condemn. The author has evidently written with greater care than before; he has, if we may so speak, respected his task,—he has learned, that to construct a fiction which shall represent truly human character, passions, and manners, as modified and contrasted by difference of occupation and variety of country, and rendered subservient to the purposes of a consistent tale, is not an undertaking to be lightly approached.

The story opens with a picture on board of one of the ships at the general mutiny of the *Nore*. In this particular ship the commotion was excited, as it too often has been, not by an unruly spirit among the men, but by oppression on the part of the commanding officer. The tyrant on this occasion is designated as a Captain A—; and we cannot help fearing, so strong and peculiar are the markings of his character, that he is not merely a phantom of the novelist's imagination. The accumulated

injustice heaped by this person on the head of one of his crew in particular, a man of the name of Peters, is a main cause of the mutiny, or rather, as in the case of Massaniello, it converts Peters, from an obedient sailor, to a formidable avenger, strong in his wrongs, and suddenly eloquent from a keen sense of them. The following scene, connected with this event, is very striking.

"The irritated mind of Peters was stimulated to join the disaffected parties. His pride, his superior education, and the acknowledgment among his shipmates that he was an injured man, all conspired to place him in the dangerous situation of ringleader on board of his own ship, the crew of which, although it had not actually joined in the mutiny, now shewed open signs of discontent. But the mine was soon exploded by the behaviour of the captain. Alarmed at the mutinous condition of the other ships which were anchored near to him, and the symptoms of dissatisfaction in his own, he proceeded to an act of unjustifiable severity, evidently impelled by fear, and not by resolution. He ordered several of the petty officers and leading men of the ship to be thrown into irons, because they were seen to be earnestly talking together on the fore-castle,—and, recollecting that his conduct towards Peters had been such as to warrant disaffection, he added him to the number. The effect of this injudicious step was immediate. The men came aft in a body on the quarter-deck, and requested to know the grounds upon which Peters and the other men had been placed in confinement; and, perceiving alarm in the countenance of the captain, notwithstanding the resolute bearing of the officers, they insisted upon the immediate release of their shipmates. Thus the first overt act of mutiny was brought on by the misconduct of the captain. The officers expostulated and threatened in vain. Three cheers were called for by a voice in the crowd, and three cheers were immediately given. The marines, who still remained true to their allegiance, had been ordered under arms; the first lieutenant of the ship—for the captain, trampling and confused, stood a mere cipher—gave the order for the ship's company to go down below, threatening to fire upon them if the order were not instantaneously obeyed. The captain of marines brought his men to the 'make ready,' and they were about to present, when the first lieutenant waved his hand to stop the decided measure, until he had first ascertained how far the mutiny was general. He stepped a few paces forward, and requested that every 'blue jacket' who was inclined to remain faithful to his king and country, would walk over from that side of the quarter-deck upon which the ship's company were assembled, to the one which was occupied by the officers and marines. A pause and silence ensued; when, after some pushing and elbowing through the crowd, William Adams, an elderly quartermaster, made his appearance in the front, and passed over to the side where the officers stood, while the hisses of the rest of the ship's com-

pany expressed their disapprobation of his conduct. The old man had just reached the other side of the deck, when, turning round like a lion at bay, with one foot on the *comings* of the hatchway, and his arm raised in the air to command attention, he addressed them in these few words: 'My lads, I have fought for my king five-and-thirty years, and have been too long in his service to turn a rebel in my old age.' Would it be credited that, after the mutiny had been quelled, no representation of this conduct was made to government by his captain? Yet such was the case, and such was the gratitude of Captain A—. The example shewn by Adams was not followed:—the ship's crew again cheered, and ran down the hatchways, leaving the officers and marines on deck. They first disarmed the sentry under the half deck, and released the prisoners, and then went forward to consult upon further operations. They were not long in deciding. A boat-swain's mate, who was one of the ringleaders, piped, 'Stand by hammocks!' The men ran on deck, each seizing a hammock, and jumping with it down below on the main deck. The object of this manœuvre not being comprehended, they were suffered to execute it without interruption. In a few minutes they sent up the marine, whom they had disarmed when sentry over the prisoners, to state that they wished to speak with the captain and officers, who, after some discussion, agreed that they would descend and hear the proposals which the ship's company should make. Indeed, even with the aid of the marines, many of whom were wavering, resistance would now have been useless, and could only have cost them their lives; for they were surrounded by other ships who had hoisted the flag of insubordination, and whose guns were trained ready to pour in a destructive fire on the least sign of an attempt to purchase their anchor. To the main deck they consequently repaired. The scene which here presented itself was as striking as it was novel. The after part of the main-deck was occupied by the captain and officers, who had come down with the few marines who still continued steadfast to their duty, and one sailor only, Adams, who had so nobly stated his determination on the quarter-deck. The foremost part of the deck was tenanted by a noisy and tumultuous throng of seamen, whose heads only appeared above a barricade of hammocks, which they had formed across the deck, and out of which at two embrasures, admirably constructed, two long twenty-four pounders, loaded up to the muzzle with grape and canister shot, were pointed aft in the direction where the officers and marines were standing—a man at the breech of each gun, with a match in his hand, (which he occasionally blew, that the priming powder might be more rapidly ignited,) stood ready for the signal to fire. The captain, agnast at the sight, would have retreated; but the officers, formed of sterner materials, persuaded him to stay, although he shewed such evident signs of fear and perturbation as seriously to injure a cause,

in which resolution and presence of mind alone could avail. The mutineers, at the suggestion of Peters, had already sent aft their preliminary proposals, which were, that the officers and marines should surrender up their arms, and consider themselves under an arrest,—intimating, at the same time, that the first step in advance made by any one of their party would be the signal for applying the match to the touchholes of the guns. There was a pause and dead silence, as if it were a calm, although every passion was roused and on the alert, every bosom heaved tumultuously, and every pulse was trebled in its action. The same feeling which so powerfully affects the truant schoolboy,—who, aware of his offence, and dreading the punishment in perspective, can scarce enjoy the rapture of momentary emancipation,—acted upon the mutineers, in an increased ratio, proportioned to the magnitude of their stake. Some hearts beat with remembrance of injuries, and hopes of vengeance and retaliation; others with ambition, long dormant, bursting from its concealed recess; and many were actuated by that restlessness which induced them to consider any change to be preferable to the monotony of existence in compulsory servitude. Among the officers, some were oppressed with anxious forebodings of evil,—those peculiar sensations which, when death approaches nearly to the outward senses, alarm the heart; others experienced no feeling but that of manly fortitude and determination to die, if necessary, like men; in others, alas!—in which party, small as it was, the captain was pre-eminent—fear and trepidation were almost to the loss of reason. Such was the state of the deck of the ship at the moment when we are now describing. In the very centre of the deck stood one who, although surrounded by a crowd of anxious—astonished and divided parties stood a little boy, about six years old. He was the perfection of childish beauty; chestnut hair waved in curls on his forehead, health glowed in his rosy cheeks, dimples sported over his face as he altered the expression of his countenance, and his large dark eyes flashed with intelligence and animation. He was dressed in mimic imitation of a man-of-war's-man,—loose trousers, tightened at the hips, to preclude the necessity of suspenders, and a white duck frock, with long sleeves and blue collar,—while a knife, attached to a lanyard, was suspended round his neck; a light and narrow-brimmed straw hat on his head, completed his attire. At times he looked aft at the officers and marines; at others he turned his eyes forward to the hammocks, behind which the ship's company were assembled. The sight was new to him; but he was already accustomed to reflect much, and to ask few questions. Go to the officers he did not, for the presence of the captain restrained him. Go to the ship's company he could not, for the barricade of hammocks prevented him. There he stood, in wonderment, but not in fear. There was something beautiful and affecting in the situation of the boy; calm, when all around him was anxious tumult; thoughtless, when the brains of others were oppressed with the accumulation of ideas; contented, where all was discontent; peaceful, where each party that he stood between was thirsting for each other's blood:—there he stood, the only happy, the only innocent one, amongst hundreds swayed by jarring interests and contending passions. And yet he was in

keeping, although in such strong contrast, with the rest of the picture; for where is the instance of the human mind being so thoroughly depraved, as not to have one good feeling left? Nothing exists so base and vile, as not to have one redeeming quality. There is no poison without some antidote—no precipice, however barren, without some trace of verdure—no desert, however vast, without some spring to refresh the parched traveller, some Oasis, some green spot, which, from its situation, in comparison with surrounding objects, appears almost heavenly;—and thus did the boy look almost angelic, standing as he did between the angry, exasperated parties on the main-deck of the disorganised ship. After some little time, he walked forward, and leant against one of the twenty-four pounders that was pointed out of the embrasure, the muzzle of which was on a level with, and intercepted by, his little head. Adams, the quarter-master, observing the dangerous situation of the child, stepped forward. (He saves him; and the author adds), Reader, this little boy will be the hero of our tale."

The mutiny, however, is quelled, and Peters, as the ringleader, is hanged. His child is committed to the protection of an old sailor, who marks him with the broad arrow, and devotes him to the service of his king:—and in this affecting manner, and under this rough nurture, is the hero of the tale introduced to the reader. Nothing can be better conceived than this. The words which terminate the above extract—"Reader, this child will be the hero of our tale"—touch the ear with an ominous sound, and raise expectations which, as far as the hero himself is concerned, are, we are sorry to say, not fulfilled. The story itself, in many parts, particularly in the *finale*, is worthy of the noble commencement: but, alas! for the hero who, as a little child standing in the unconsciousness of infancy between the two desperate parties of men on board the mutinous ship, affects the reader almost to tears! One or two of the early events in his career are, indeed, very striking; but he soon degenerates into a well-disciplined midshipman, and hence loses all the individuality of character which might have been anticipated from the striking nature of his origin. The author himself is aware of this, and endeavours to reconcile himself to the hero's "decline and fall," by alluding to some illustrious masters of fiction whose heroes are the most insipid characters of their tales.

In the course of the adventures of this story, which are many and various, we meet with sketches which would seem to be portraits of living naval officers; but we cannot afford room for any more extracts, and must very briefly state the characters which have pleased us most, and which demonstrate, we think, unequivocally, the author's strong dramatic talent. Foremost among these is M'Elvina, the smuggler, a perfectly original sketch; Admiral de Courcy, a tragic portraiture; Mr. Rainscourt, the *roué*, who repudiates his wife, and then makes love to her; Jerry, the midshipman, with his eternal jokes at all times and seasons; and Captain M. Though the author's chief scenes are at sea, his knowledge does not seem to be confined to maritime affairs; his general observations deserve attention; he is a shrewd observer, too, of human nature, and throws about his gibes with no little effect. With regard to the more reflective portions of his work, we prefer those which have reference to politics, wherein Captain Marryat seems to be rather a dexterous tactician. Altogether, we

are of opinion that few persons will take up the book without going fairly through it to the catastrophe, which startles the reader by its unexpected nature.

Satan; a Poem. By R. Montgomery. Second edition. London, 1830. Maunders.

WE are induced to take up this second edition of R. Montgomery's volume not more for his sake than for our own. To the first we did not pay that sufficient regard which we purposed, and which it merited; and the gauntlet run which the young poet has experienced from our brethren seems to require that we should do him justice.

Of his design and of its execution we spoke in our former Review; objecting, in some measure, to the former, and pointing out the overwhelming burden which both imposed upon the most skilful and ambitious author. But because we felt these obstacles, and because we noticed blemishes and faults in Mr. Montgomery's page, were we, therefore, to shut our eyes to the original beauties and true poetical powers which he also displayed? Far be it from the *Literary Gazette* to dispense such criticism, or subject youthful genius to ordeals of ridicule and tests of composition which no genius that ever existed could withstand. Be it ours, while we adhere to justice, to be the encouragers of literature: to any others we will leave the distinction of earning notoriety by the easy paths of censure and abuse.

In the third book of *Satan* are many splendid passages, which ought to shield any writer from the severity of criticism—at all events, from criticism fraught with the personal hostility which has been so evident respecting this publication: we will quote an example or two in proof.

"There is a stormy greatness, by the sense
Of vulgar apprehension hail'd, yet vain
When match'd against an all-prevailing mind:
A warrior's glory in his banner waves:
The ocean-hero, where the tempest howl'd,
Outdared the winds; and echoes of renown
Roll mighty round the living head of each;
Yet ebb away to indistinct applause,—
A dying sound when Death has call'd them home.

But he who makes the mind a fame, each thought
Eternized, will become a voiceless charm,
A thinking power, a still omnipotence,
Whence half the heaven on pining earth will bloom.
For what a tale would time have told, had none
Burst through the thralldom of degrading sense,
And bade the spirit eloquently tell
Of truth, and beauty, and pervading love!"

In running over pictures of vain desires, we find the following:

"Another scene where happiness is sought!
A festive chamber, with its golden hues,
Its dream-like sounds, and languishing delights.
Since the far hour when England lay begirt
With savage darkness, how divinely raised
Art thou, Society! The polish'd mode,
The princely mien, the acquiescing smile
Of tutor'd lips, with all that beauty, love,
Accomplishment, and sumptuous art, bestow—
Are thine; but, oh, the hollowess within!
One mingled heart society should be,
Of glowing words and generous feelings made,
And hallow'd by sincerity; but hark!
The whisper'd malice of the envious vain:—
The shrug of falsehood, and the sly deceit
Of changing looks; the hypocritical glance,
The supple base, and stiff-neck'd proud,—behold!
From sim'ring youth to unregarded age
'Tis vapour, vanity, and meanness all!
Where honest natures sicken with disgust;
While school'd Hypocrisy, with glistening tongue,
Performs the social serpent of the night:—
A lying atmosphere, a soulless haunt,
Where fools are pamper'd, and the vile prevail.

From Fashion moved I to the loftier scenes,
Where hoets by learning titled, for renown
And rank more elevate than kings bestow,
Their inward toil pursue,—and yet how vain!
There is a craving for some higher gift,
A thirst which fame and wisdom fail to quench
Alone; the fountain hath a deeper well
And what is fame? When Hope, the morning-star

Of life, arose, enthusiast! thou wouldst climb
Her steep height, to hear th' acclaiming roar
Of thousands echoing round thee, like a choir
Of ocean wafted o'er a mountain-head.
In the dark womb of some weird solitude
Where destiny delights to colour years;
Or by some gush of beauty, or the glow
Of emulation, quicken'd by a mighty name,—
Didst first her music whisper, be thou great?
No matter: midnight watchings, gloom and tears,
Thy heart a fever, and thy brain on fire,—
The martyrdom of thought hath won the prize;
And midstmost thou, among the laurel'd tribe
A paramount art throned! And dear to thee,
Young hero of the mind, is first renown;
Fresh, warm, and pure, an early love, ere Time
Bath nipt it with his frosty wing. Awhile,
In Paradise thou dream'st, and seem'st to hear
The hallowing worship of posterity.
But now, come down from thy celestial height!
Descend, and struggle with the heartless crew
Who out of others' tears extract their joy.
The rocky nature of ignoble minds,
Ambitious spits, and unremitting hate,
And all who nibble at each young renown,—
'Tis thine to wrestle with: thy spell is o'er,
And glory is a feast for shame:—reproach
Is not, true happiness it never breathed!"

Again:—

"Glorious, and pleasure, learning, power, and fame,
All idols of deceptive sway,—mankind
Have crown'd them for the master-spell of life;
And yet, a mocking destiny they win.
How often dwelleth gladness in the smile
They raise, or rapture in the heaven they dream?—
Unknown, unhonour'd, in the noiseless sphere
Of humbleness, the happy man I found.
It was not that the tears or toils of fate
Were never his; or that no stormy change
The sober current of his days annoy'd:
But in him dwelt that true philosophy
That flings a sunshine o'er the winniest hour,
The proud he envied not; no splendours craved,
Nor sigh'd to wear the laurels of renown;
But look'd on greatness with contented eye,
Then smilingly to his meek path retired!
Thus, o'er the billows of a troublous world,
As o'er the snarthy of waters moves
The seaman's bark, in safety did he ride,
Forgot his woes, and left his wants to Heaven.
I envied, tempted; but could not decoy
His spirit to the perilous ascent
Of cumulative thought. He look'd around,
When glory wooed him with her trait'rous glare,
On the calm luxuries of humble life.
There sat the echo of his own pure mind,
The peaceful sharer of his love and lot:—
What beaming fulness in that tender eye,
What a bright overflow of spirit shone!
When by her sinless babe she mused, who lay
In beauty, still and warm as summer air,
And what could camp, or court, or palace yield,
Of nobler, deeper, more exalted bliss,
Than when, as weary daylight sunk to rest,
He shut his door upon the noisy world;
And with no harrowing dream of guilty hue
To meet the witching hours of love and home,
Set by his hearth, adoring and adored!"

The next is, to us, extremely poetical and touching.

"But now for country, and her chaster scenes!—
The melody of summer winds, the wave
Of heritage, in a bloomy radiance clad,
And chant of trees, that languishingly bend
As gazing on their shadows, meet around
This charmed haunt of Nature's sanctitude.
How rickety piled, how venerably graced
This hamlet fane! by mellowing age imbrown'd,
And freckled like a rock of sea-worn hue.
No marble tombs of agonising pomp
Are here; but turf-graves of unfolding green,
Where loved, yet lowly, generations sleep:
And o'er them many a Sabbath sigh is heaved
From hearts that live on sadness from the tomb.—

And such is thine, lone muses! by yon grave
Now ling'ring, with a soul-expressive eye
Of sorrow. Corn-fields glowing brown, and bright
With promise, sumptuous in the noon-glare seen;
The meadows, speckled with a homeward tribe
Of village matrons, sons, and holy sires,—
The hyming birds, all music as they soar,
And those twin brooks, so beautifully glad,
That whisper happy secrets to the wind,—
Such life and beauty by the landscape breathed,
And yet,—a tomb-shade overclouds it all!

A churchyard! 'tis a homely word, yet full
Of feeling; and a sound that o'er the heart
Might shed religion. In the gloom of graves
I read the curse primeval, and the voice
That wreak'd it seems to whisper by these tombs
Of village quiet, that around me lie
In green humility:—can Life, the dead
Among, be nursing, nor to me advance
The spirit of her thought! True, Nature wears
No rustic morning here: in golden play
Her sprightly grass-flowers wave; the random breeze

Hums in the noon, or with yon froward boughs
A murr'ring quarrel wakes; and yet how oft
In such a haunt, the insuppressive sigh
Is heard, while feelings that may pilot years
To glory, spring from out a minute's gloom!

Mind overcomes me here. Amid the hush
Of stately tombs, of dim, sepulchral pomp,
And monumental falsehood, piled o'er men
Whose only worth is in their epitaphs,
I fear thee not, thou meditating one!
Infinity may blacken round thy dream
Perchance, and words inaudible thy mind
With shadowy bodements fill;—but worldly gauds
Entice thee; whisper'd vanities of thought
Arise, and though Life lose her glare awhile,
Ambition tints the moral of the tomb.—
'Tis not so here: th' uncheated eye can dwell
On few distinctions, save of differing age;
The heart is free to ponder, and the soul
To be acquainted with herself alone.
And more development of man is found
In such calm scene, than in the warring rush
Of life."

And here, brief as our specimens are, we conclude; claiming for the young bard that public favour, of which, in some instances, notoriously jealous criticism has endeavoured to rob him. Be it remembered, that we, the objects of his early assault and his castigations, therefore, can entertain no sentiments upon this subject, but such as the fair, liberal, and honest exercise of our functions demand, not simply with respect to the author, but to the public and to literature. We hold it to be the bounden duty of the press to expose empiricism and put down immorality; but we are as certain that it ought to avoid the paltry and easy triumph of exhibiting smartness and rancour (though such means do attract notice) to the injury of real talents, and the depression of that cause common to all who write and publish, be it for fame or be it for profit. If we cannot be generous, we ought at least to be just.

Partings and Meetings: a Tale, founded on Facts. 12mo. pp. 255. London, 1830. J. B. Bell.

THIS is a very interesting tale, and written with that sweetness and grace which mark a feminine pen. Some traces there are of inexperience; for example, the treachery of Isabel is too unmitigated, and for the villany of Lawson there is scarcely sufficient cause: but, as a whole, these slight defects do not prevent the little volume before us from deserving much praise, while it gives earnest of more future promise. It is very difficult to quote from a story without destroying its interest; we shall, therefore, extract the following poem—a very original idea, well turned.

"There stood a young and blushing Hour
Beside the Morning's gate;
Sleep came to render up his power,
And all his deeds relate.

'A lover I soothed on his anxious pillow;
A sailor I rock'd on the foaming billow;
An infant wept on its mother's breast,
I breathed around, and it sunk to rest;
I've been to the prison, I've been to the cot,
And labour and sorrow awhile were forgot!"

'But where were you at dawn of day?'
Replied the blushing Hour,
'Oh! I was summon'd far away,
To a baron's lofty tower.

In peril and fear he had past the night,
His chamber he sought at dawn of light,
'And now,' said the baron, 'I'll call on sleep,
Round my aching temples his watch to keep!"

Your sister came, the youngest Hour,
To guide me on my way;
We softly enter'd that dark tower,
Where on his couch he lay.

Ask me no further: the bright rising sun
Would shrink from the course, ere his race began!
The birds would fall lifeless, while thunders peal'd
Through the dusky air, were the truth reveal'd;
But never shall you, or your sister, bright Hour,
Conduct me again to that desolate tower!"

A very lively introduction opens the book; and we cannot but think the fair writer would

succeed in a longer work, in which were mixed both pathos and gaiety. Of her animation, deprived as we are of the power of selection from the fiction itself (so interwoven every thread of it is with the whole weft), we shall venture a slight example from this preface.

"A young lawyer in our town, who wished to try his fortune in London, borrowed 500*l.* of my father: at his death, I thought I might as well see about it. Mr. Vellum was married, and lived in Montague Place. I soon found the house, and, though he was not at home, I was shewn into the drawing-room: it did my heart good to look at the blue silk curtains, and chandeliers, and all Mrs. Vellum's bracelets; for I felt that 500*l.* could be nothing. Mrs. Vellum seemed a very discreet woman, so I made no scruple of telling her the whole business; then she asked me to return at six o'clock to dinner, and go with her to a ball in Bedford Square: she would take no denial—luckily I had packed up my diamond shirt-pin: the waiter at the White Horse Cellar recommended a very fashionable hair-dresser; I chose out a nice-looking chariot from the stand in St. James's Street, and arrived at Mr. V.'s door just at the moment his hand was on the knocker. After dinner he was so kind as to offer to pay the 500*l.* immediately; but he felt it a duty to say, that if I chose to make it up a thousand, and leave it in his hands, there was an opportunity of increasing my fortune, which might never occur again. The 1000*l.* would purchase twenty shares in the 'United Brass Company'; they started with one million capital: this would enable them to supply the whole coast of Africa, and several islands in the Mediterranean with coal-skuttles and warming-pans. Now reckoning the sale at the rate of one skuttle to four souls, (a very moderate computation,) the profit would be immense. Mr. V. took the pains to explain it so clearly that I should have been a fool to hesitate; he arranged it all, and wrote the advertisement for the sale of my farm at East Grattanby; indeed he was so kind as to send his own servant to the office of the Times newspaper: then I went to the ball. I resolved to remark every circumstance, because I never might be in such fashionable society again! One thing I could not understand; the company went down two and two into a small back parlour: there was a long table with tea-things and glasses; there might have been other things. I was afraid to look; for seven maid servants, dressed all in white, stood behind the table, and whichever way I turned, I found one of them staring at me. And before the fire were wet dusters drying, and a pair of boots. When I asked Mrs. V. the reason, she only said it was tongueish; (alluding, no doubt, to the clatter of the tea-tongs.) One young gentleman (a Lancer they called him, which is the London name for an apothecary, I suppose, and certainly much genteeler,) led his partner close up to the table, and they began to converse: now, thought I, let me take advantage of this to learn the opinions of society. The Lancer said he was just up by the mail. 'Oh!' said the lady, and she lived in the square, 'how I wish to be once in a stage-coach, I do so long! but pa-wont hear of it, now we have our own barouche.' 'Quite—right!' replied the Lancer; and here I beg to inform all country practitioners, that *London Lancers* never speak more than two words, and those, divided,—thus. 'Oh, but I must,' the lady continued, 'for do you know, I am told the people sit with the straw up to their shoulders.' Now when I remembered this, a question naturally arose;

did not this lady speak the sentiments of her sex and rank? and may I not gratify hundreds and hundreds by opening the door, and shewing the interior of a stage-coach, while they sit genteel and proper in 'their own barouche?'"

Altogether, between plainness and observation, gentleness and acuteness, this is a most un-book-making and truly natural production.

Three Lectures on the Cost of obtaining Money, and on some Effects of Private and Government Paper Money, &c. By N. W. Senior, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford. 8vo. pp. 103. London, 1830. J. Murray.

It will be remembered by those of our readers who take an interest in economical speculations, that we have from time to time endeavoured to draw their attention to the lectures of Mr. Senior, as they were (in compliance with the statute by which the professorship was founded) successively published. And though we have not always agreed with Mr. Senior's opinions, even upon important points, we are not disposed to attribute these differences to any partiality in his views, or haste and want of caution in arriving at his conclusions; nor do we feel inclined to abate one jot of censure in consideration of "the imperfect" manner in which the lectures, by the very statute of foundation, are required to be submitted to the press. Neither, for the same reason, can we allow that their merits are enhanced by the precipitancy exacted in their publication. These lectures are in fact well considered. The author must have sat in his chair already an easy and accomplished economist; and the lectures are composed of a considerable number of only important contributions to science, but, what is of peculiar value, they are peculiarly adapted for the use of beginners. We have made these general remarks on Mr. Senior's lectures, because, on reference to the statute, we apprehend that the present number (if we may so speak) will be the last; and that the volume of published lectures is now complete.

Our immediate business, however, is to offer a few observations on the three lectures recently published. The subjects discussed—always important—possess at the present moment a peculiar interest, and will continue to engross the public attention from time to time, so long as the general ignorance concerning them shall enable foolish or designing persons to put forward "the currency" as a bug-bear to frighten and to mislead. We cannot pretend to discuss the question, or even to examine the doctrines propounded in the first of these lectures, relating to the means of obtaining gold and silver,—to the comparative expediency of employing the precious metals or paper as money,—or to the effects which alternations from the use of one sort of money to that of the other have really produced, or are capable of producing, upon prices. We shall only remark, that Mr. Senior appears to us,—although he may not appear to himself,—to concur in substance with the opinions of Mr. Ricardo, and the modern school of political economists. It seems to us, that what he treats as "the effects produced on the value of money in any country by the skill and diligence with which the labour of that country is applied," amounts in other words to this: that the cheaper any given country can afford to sell its produce, either to the mining countries, or to others which can pay in gold or silver, the more gold

and silver it will import, whether for the purposes of currency or for private use. We think that these propositions, when duly examined, will prove to be identical; and we are at all events convinced, that all the consequences which Mr. Senior has drawn from the former are equally deducible from the latter. To some of these consequences we would call a moment's attention,—particularly on the part of those who have lately petitioned the legislature to resort to a prohibitory system of trade, as a remedy for low prices.

"It would be a painful task to trace the steps by which the increasing embarrassments of commerce, occasioned partly by our own adherence to the barbarous policy called protection, and partly by the retaliatory follies of other countries, by diminishing the market for English labour, are now gradually lowering its price, increasing the cost of obtaining the precious metals, and reducing the income of every producer, while the public burdens, nominally the same, are, for that very reason, really in a state of constant increase. It is a lamentable proof of the public ignorance on these subjects, that the general fall of prices, or, in other words, the increasing difficulty of obtaining the precious metals, of which every one is sensible, should, by almost every one, be attributed to some cause of almost ridiculous inadequacy. It has been attributed to our return to a metallic currency, as if the subtraction of twenty millions of sovereigns, or less than four hundred thousand pounds troy of gold, from the ten millions of pounds troy of gold bullion, coin, and plate, supposed to be in use throughout the world; that is to say, the removal of one-twenty-fifth part, could sensibly affect the value of gold. It has been attributed even to the substitution of gold and silver for the three or four millions of one pound notes lately called in; as if the value of the two thousand millions sterling of gold and silver bullion, coin, and plate, supposed to be in use throughout the world, could be materially affected by the subtraction of less than one-five-hundredth part of it. It has been attributed to over-production. We have been told that our agriculturists and manufacturers all produce too much; as if it were possible that every body could have too much of every thing; as if there were a single family that would not like to spend 1000*l.* a year. It has been attributed, which is nearly the same explanation, to the increased use of machinery; as if it were possible that general embarrassment could be the result of the improved efficiency of labour; as if all men would be impoverished if their force and their skill were doubled. It has been attributed even to free trade; as if any thing approaching to free trade had ever been conceded; as if free trade were not specifically the cure of the evil of which it is represented as the cause; as if the allowing every man to exert his industry in the mode which he finds, from experience, to be most productive, would diminish its value; as if we could increase the incomes of the inhabitants of Manchester, by forcing them to turn their bleaching grounds into corn fields; or those of the neighbouring farmers, by forcing them to weave their own shirts."

Can any thing, in fact, be more obvious than the proposition, whether applied to the precious metals or any other foreign commodity—that those who have most to give will get most in return?—that if (as some persons appear to wish) our foreign commerce were destroyed, we should not only be deprived of tea and sugar, but of gold and silver; and all this for the sake

of eating our own corn, and pleasing those who produce it?

The last two essays in this volume treat of certain effects of paper money: first, when issued by individuals; and secondly, by governments. These essays contain a brief but highly instructive account of the Bank Restriction Acts in England; the issue of inconvertible paper in France, during the regency (commonly called the Mississippi scheme); and finally, an account of the revolutionary currency, well known by the name of *assignats*. Our space will not allow us to allude to the latter two subjects; but we heartily recommend them to the best attention of our legislators and the public.

Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry. With Etchings by W. H. Brooke, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. Dublin, 1830. W. Curry.

GENUINE and capital Irish Stories and Traits these are; equally entertaining as descriptive of manners, and diverting as humorous illustrations of the grotesque-romantic, if we may duplicate and coin a word of such a fashion. We opened the book, indeed, with some fear that the grain had been pretty nearly thrashed out of this crop by the amusing and characteristic labours of Mr. Crofton Croker, of Mrs. Hall, and by the clever novels of Crowe, Griffin, Banim, and other writers who have recently done so much for Irish literature: but our fears were groundless; and what between Brooke's felicitous designs and the author's naive and native talent, we have here a publication which may well be placed on the shelf beside its most popular contemporaries.

A preface brings the story-tellers together, like Boccaccio in his Decameron, but by the fireside of an Irish cabin public-house; where each in turn tells his tale, consisting of "The Three Tasks," "Shane Fadh's Wedding," "Larry M'Farland's Wake," "The Battle of the Factions," "The Funeral and Party Fight," "The Hedge School and the Abduction of Mat Kavanagh," and "The Station." All of these possess peculiar merit; and never were the festivals or feuds of Ireland painted with a more accurate pencil. Besides, though we have already admirable delineations of the Milesians of the southern and western provinces, we do not remember to have met before with any accounts which afford so lively a picture of the peculiarities which mark the northern Irish—the Ulster Creachts, as they are called, and who, the author observes, are as different from the others as the people of Yorkshire are from those of Somersetshire. We are, therefore, well pleased to accompany him to the poor mountain haunts of Tyrone, Donegal, and Derry; and we can promise our readers much amusement from following the same course for themselves, after we have given them such a taste as we can of the treat—*not* having the dread of the author's shillaly* before our eyes at all, at all.

The sketch of Ned M'Keown, which forms the introductory part, is excellent; nor is that of his wife Nancy inferior to it. The party assembled about them—priest, rustic, traveller—are also replete with individual character; and the scenery is worthy of the inhabitants.

* "In presenting (says he) the following 'Traits and Stories' to the public, the author can with confidence assure them, that what he offers is, both in manufacture and material, genuine Irish; yes, genuine Irish as to character—drawn by one born amid the scenes he describes—reared as one of the people whose characters and situations he sketches—and who can cut and dress a shillaly as well as any man in His Majesty's dominions; ay, and use it, too; so let the critics take care of themselves!"

The following, for example, is very new to us:—

“It may be right here to inform the reader, that about two hundred yards from Ned’s house stood a piece of Roman Catholic worship, called ‘The Forth,’ from the resemblance it bore to the forts or raths so common in Ireland. It was a small green, perfectly circular, and about twenty yards in diameter. Around it grew a row of old, overspreading hawthorns, whose branches formed a canopy that almost shaded it from sun and storm. Its area was encompassed by tiers of seats, one raised above another, and covered with the flowery grass. On these the congregation used to sit—the young men probably swearing-in a ribbonman, or ogling their sweethearts on the opposite side; the old ones in little groups discussing the politics of the day, as retailed by Mich M’Caffry, the politician; while, up near the altar, hemmed in by a ring of old men and women, you might perceive a *voicen* repeating some new prayer or choice piece of devotion—or some other, in a similar circle, gallouring with sanctimonious avidity ‘Doctor Gallaher’s Irish Sermons,’ ‘Pastorini’s History of the Christian Church,’ or ‘Columbkil’s Prophecy’—and perhaps a strolling pilgrim, the centre of a third collection, singing the *Dies iræ* in Latin, or the ‘Hermit of Killarney’ in English. At the extremity of this little circle, was a plain altar of wood, covered with a little thatched shed, under which the priest celebrated mass; but before the performance of this ceremony, a large crowd used to assemble opposite Ned’s shop-door, at the cross-roads. This consisted of such as wanted to buy tobacco, candles, soap, potash, and such other groceries as the peasantry require. After mass, the public-house was filled to the door-posts with those who wished to get a sample of Nancy’s *iska-belagh*, and many a time has little Father Neddy himself, of a frosty day, after having performed mass with a celerity that was the admiration of his auditory, come in to Nancy, nearly frost-bitten, to get a toothful of mountain-dew to drive the cold out of his stomach. The fact is, that Father Neddy Deleery made himself quite at home at Ned’s, without any reference to Nancy’s saving habits; the consequence was, that her welcome to him was extremely sincere—‘from the teeth out.’ Father Ned saw perfectly through her assumed heartiness of manner, but acted as if the contrary was the case; Nancy understood him also, and, with an intention of making up by complaisance for her nearness in other respects, was a perfect honeycomb. This state of cross purposes, however, could not last long—neither did it. Father Ned never paid, and Nancy never gave credit; so, at length, they came to an open rupture: she threatened to process him for what he owed her, and he, in return, threatened to remove the congregation from ‘The Forth’ to Ballymagowan-bridge, where he intended to set up his nephew, Bill Buckley, in the ‘public line,’ to the ruin of Nancy’s flourishing establishment. ‘Father Ned,’ said Nancy, ‘I’m a hard-workin’, honest woman, an’ I don’t see why my substance is to be wasted by yer reverence, when ye won’t pay for id.’ ‘And do you forget,’ Father Ned would reply, ‘that it’s me that brings you your custom? Don’t you know that if I bring my flock to Ballymagowan, ye’ll soon sing to another tune?—so lay that to yer heart.’ ‘Troth, I know that whatever I get I’m obliged to pay for id: an’ I think every man should do the same, Father Ned. You must get a hank iv yarn from me, an’ a bushel or

two iv oats from Ned, an’ yer riglar dues along wid all; bud, avourneen, id’s yerself that wudn’t raise yer hand over iz, if we war in the last gasp, for all that, widout gettin’ the silver.’ ‘Salvation to me, but ye’d akin a flint.’ ‘Well, if I wud, I pay my debts.’ ‘You do?’ ‘Yes, troth, do I.’ ‘Why, then, that’s more than you’ll be able to do long, plase the fates.’ ‘If all my customers war like yer reverence, it is.’ ‘I’ll tell ye what it is, Nancy, I often threatened to take the congregation from ‘The Forth,’ an’ I’ll do id—if I don’t, may I never sup sorrow.’ Big with such a threat, Father Neddy retired. The apprehensions of Nancy on this point, however, were more serious than she was willing to acknowledge. This dispute took place a few days before the night in question. Father Neddy was a little man, with a red face, slender legs, and flat feet; he was usually cased in a pair of ribbed minister’s gray small-clothes, with leggings of the same material. His coat, which was much too short, rather resembled a jerkin, and gave him altogether an appearance very much at variance with an idea of personal gravity or reverence. Over this dress he wore, in winter, a dark great coat, with high collar, that buttoned across his face, shewing only the point of his red nose; so that, when riding or walking, his hat rested more upon the collar of his coat than upon his head. The curate was a tall, raw-boned young man, with high jutting cheek-bones, low forehead, and close knees. To his shoulders, which were very high, hung a pair of long bony arms, whose motions seemed rather the effect of machinery than volition. His hair, which was a bad black, was cropped close, and trimmed across his eyebrows; the small-clothes he wore were of the same web which had produced Father Neddy’s, and his body-coat was a dark blue, with black buttons. Each wore a pair of gray woollen mittens. ‘There, Pether,’ said Father Ned, as he entered, ‘hook my bridle along with your own, as your hand’s in.—God save all here! Paddy Smith, ma bouchal, put these horses in the stable, till we dry ourselves a bit—Father Pether an’ I.’ ‘Musha, bud yer both welcome,’ said Nancy, wishing to wipe out the effects of the last tiff with Father Neddy, by the assistance of the stranger’s punch, ‘will ye bounce, ye spalpeens, an’ let them to the fire. Father Neddy, yer dhreepin’ wid the rain; an’ Father Pether, avourneen, yer vet to the skin, too.’ ‘Troth, an’ he is, Nancy, an’ a little bit farther, if you knew but all—four tumbler, Ned—deuce a *spudh* less. Mr. Morrow, how do you, do sir?—’

We are obliged to break off in the middle of this colloquy, which leads to the tale-telling, and is so connected with the whole substance of the work, that it is out of our power to separate it for extract; and, indeed, as we have almost weekly to acknowledge, we find nothing so difficult to review and illustrate fairly as narratives of fiction. We shall endeavour, however, to do our best with the “Three Tasks,” adding our own task, as a fourth, to the number.

Jack Magennis is the son of a decent widow, Nancy Magennis;—a well-behaved lad, and attached with strong filial affection to his mother. “Jack, indeed, grew up a fine slip; and, for hurling, foot-ball playing, and lepping, hadn’t his likes in the five quarters of the parish. Is’t he that knew how to handle a spade and a raping-hook, and what was betther nor all that, he was kind and tindher to his poor ould mother, and would let her want for nothing. Before he’d go to his day’s work in

the morning, he’d be sure to bring home from the clear spring-well that ran out of the other side of the rock, a pitcher of water to serve her for the day; nor would he forget to bring in a good creel of turf from the snug little peat-stack, that stood, thatched with rushes, before the door, and leave it in the corner beside the fire; so that she had nothing to do but put over her hand, without rising off of her sate, and put down a sod when she wanted it. Nancy, on her part, kept Jack very clane and comfortable; his linen, though coarse, was always a good colour; his working clothes tidily mended at all times; and when he’d have occasion to put on his good coat to work in, for the first time, Nancy would sew on the fore part of each sleeve a stout patch of ould cloth, to keep them from being worn by the spade; so that when she’d rip these off them every Saturday night, they would look as new and fresh, as if he hadn’t been working in them at all, at all. Then, when Jack came home in the winter nights, it would do your heart good to see Nancy sitting at her wheel, singing ‘*Stachlan Maragah*,’ or ‘*Peggy Na Larccen*,’ beside a purty clear fire, with a small pot of *murphys* boiling on it for their supper, or in a wooden dish, comfortably covered with a clane prakeen, on the well-swept hearthstone; whilst the quiet, dancing blaze might be seen blinking in the nice earthen plates and dishes that stood over against the side-wall of the house. Just before the fire, you might see Jack’s stool waiting for him to come home; and, on the opposite side, the brown cat washing her face with her paws, or sitting beside the dog that lay asleep, quite happy and contented, purring her song, and now and then looking over at Nancy, with her eyes half shut, as much as to say, ‘Catch a happier pair nor we are, Nancy, if ye can.’ Sitting quietly on the *rost* above the door, were Dicky the cock, and half-a-dozen of hens, that kept this honest pair in eggs and *egg-milk* for the best part of the year—besides enabling Nancy to sell two or three clutches of March-birds every sason, to help to buy wool for Jack’s big-coat, and her own gray-beard gown and striped red and blue petticoat. To make a long story short—no two could be more comfortable, considering every thing. But, indeed, Jack was always observed to have a dacent, ginteel turn with him; for he’d scorn to see a bad gown on his mother, or a broken Sunday-coat on himself: and instead of dhinking his little earning in a sheeben-house, and then eating his praties dry, he’d take care to have something to *kitchen* them; so that he was not only snug and dacent of a Sunday, regarding wearables, but so well fed and rosy, that the point of a rush would take a drop of blood out of his cheek. Then he was the comeliest and best-looking young man in the parish, could tell lots of droll stories, and sing scores of merry songs, that would make ye split your sides with downright laughing; and when a wake or a dance would happen to be in the neighbourhood, maybe there wouldn’t be many a sly lookout from the purty girls for pleasant Jack Magennis. In this way lived Jack and his mother, as happy and contented as two lords; except now and then, that Jack would feel a little consarn for not being able to lay past any thing for the sore foot, or that might enable him to think of marrying—for he was beginning to look about him for a wife; and why not, to be sure? But he was prudent for all that, and didn’t wish to bring a wife and small family into poverty and hardship. It was one fine, frosty, moonlight night—the sky was without a cloud, and the stars all blinking

that it would delight any body's heart to look at them, when Jack was crassing a bog that lay a few fields beyant his own cabin. He was just crooning the *Humours of Gylinn* into himself, and thinking that id was a very hard case that he couldn't save any thing at all, at all, to help him to the wife—when, on coming down a bank in the middle of the bog, he saw a dark-looking man, leaning against a clamp of turf, and a black dog sitting at his ase beside him, with a pipe of tobacky in his mouth, and he smoking as sober as a judge. Jack, however, had a stout heart, becase his conscience was clear, and, barring being a little daunted, he wasn't very much afeard. 'Who is this coming down toardst us?' said the black-favoured man, as he saw Jack approaching them. 'It's Jack Magennis,' says the dog, making answer, and taking the pipe out of his mouth with his right paw, and after puffing away the smoke, and rubbing the end of it against his left leg, exactly as a Christian (this day's Friday, the Lord stand betune us and harm), would do against his sleeve, giving it at the same time to his comrade—'it's Jack Magennis,' says the dog, 'honest Widow Magennis's dacent son.' 'The very man,' says the other back to him, 'that I'd wish to sarve, out of a thousand.—Arrah! Jack Magennis, how is every tether-length of you?' says the ould fellow, putting the *furraun* on him—'and how is every bone in your body, Jack, my darling? I'll hould a thousand guineas,' says he, pointing to a great big bag that lay beside him, 'and that's only the tenth part of what's in this bag, Jack, that you're just going to be in luck, this very night.' 'And may worse never happen you, Jack, ma' says the dog, putting in his tongue, and holding out his tail and *houding* out his paw to Jack. 'Gintlemen,' says Jack, 'to give the dog his paw, it wasn't safe to touch me, says he, 'ye're in luck, this frosty night.' 'Why, then,' says the ould fellow, 'but if we're sitting far from the fire, we're sitting very near the makings of it.' So, with this, he pulls the bag of goold over to him, that Jack might know, by the jingle of the shiners, what was in it. 'Jack,' says dark-face, 'there's some born with a silver ladle in their mouth, and others with a wooden spoon; and if you'll just sit down on the one end of this clamp with me, and take a hand at the *five and ten*,' pulling out as he spoke, a *peck* of cards, 'you may be a made man for the remainder of your life.' 'Sir,' says Jack, 'with submission, both yourself and this cur—I mane,' says he, not wishing to give the dog offence—'both yourself and this dacent gentleman with the tail and claws upon him, have the advantage of me, in respect of knowing my name; for, if I don't mistake,' says he, putting his hand to his hat, 'I never had the pleasure of seeing either of ye before.' 'Never mind that,' says the dog, taking back the pipe from the other, and clapping it in his mouth; 'we're both your well-wishers, any how, and it's now your own fault if your not a rich man.' Jack, by this time, was beginning to think that they might be after wishing to throw look in his way; for he had often heard of men being made up entirely by the fairies, till there was no end to their wealth. 'Jack,' says the black man, 'you had better be sed by us for this bout—upon the honour of a gentleman, we wish you well; howsoever, if you don't choose to take the ball at the right hop, another may, and you're welcome to toil all your life, and die a beggar after.' 'Upon my

reputation, what he says is true, Jack,' says the dog, in his turn, 'the lucky minnit of your life is come; let it pass without doing what them that wishes your mother's son well desire you, and you'll die in a ditch.' 'And what am I to do,' says Jack, 'that's to make me so rich all of a sudden?' 'Why, only to sit down and take a game of cards with myself,' says black-brow; 'that's all, and I'm sure it's not much.' 'And what is it to be for?' Jack inquires, 'for I have no money—tare-nation to the rap itself's in my company.' 'Well, you have yourself,' says the dog, putting up his fore claw along his nose, and winking at Jack, 'you have yourself, man—don't be faint-hearted:—he'll bet the contents of this bag; and with that the ould thief gave it another great big shake, to make the ginneys jingle again—it's ten thousand ginneys in hard goold; if he wins, you're to sarve him for a year and a day; and if he loses, you're to have the bag.' 'And the money that's in it?' says Jack, wishing, you see, to make a sure bargain, any how. 'Every penny,' answered the ould chap, 'if you win it; and there's fifty to one in your favour.' By this time the dog had got into a great fit of laughing at Jack's sharpness about the money. 'The money that's in it, Jack,' says he; and he took the pipe out of his mouth, and laughed till he brought on a hard fit of coughing: 'O, by this and by that,' says he, 'but that bates Bannagher! and you're to get it ev'ry penny, you thief of the world, if you win it; but for all that, he seemed to be laughing at something that Jack wasn't up to. At any rate, surely, they palavered Jack betune them, until he sot down and consinted. 'Well,' says he, scratching his head, 'why, worse nor lose I can't, so here goes for one trial at the shiners, any how!' 'Now,' says the obscure jintleman, just whin the first card was in his hand, ready to be laid down, 'you're to sarve me for a year and a day, if I win; and if I lose, you shall have all the money in the bag.' 'Exactly,' says Jack; and just as he said the word, he saw the dog putting the pipe in his pocket, and turning his head away for fraid Jack would see him breaking his sides laughing. At last, when he got his face sobered, he looks at Jack, and says, 'Surely, Jack, if you win, you must get all the money in the bag; and upon my reputation you may build castles in the air with it, you'll be so rich.' This pluck'd up Jack's courage a little, and to work they went; but how could it end otherwise, than Jack to loose betune two such knowing schemers as they soon turned out to be?"

His future adventures are so laughable and marvellous, that we must bestow a second paper upon them next week.

Herodotus, translated from the Greek, for the use of general Readers; with short explanatory Notes and Maps. By Isaac Taylor. 8vo. pp. 766. London, 1820. Holdsworth and Ball.

We are happy in giving a cordial welcome to this very seasonable publication: the father of history has never yet made his appearance among us in an unexceptionable form till now. Littlebury is coarse, and not trustworthy; Beloe loose and uncertain; while both are objectionable on the score of delicacy. Though Herodotus is not fairly chargeable with pruriency, he has occasionally permitted himself to communicate specific details which, in their naked form, render it impossible to recommend an indiscriminate perusal; and we must confess that we had, hitherto, taken for granted the impracticability of so discarding or dis-

guising them, as to make him fit for the parlour table. Mr. Taylor has, however, undertaken to accomplish this; and, we can venture to affirm, from a rather extensive comparison, with decided success. We have felt some surprise at the ease with which he has contrived to communicate the fair amount of the information, while extirpating every remnant of grossness; and there is now nothing to prevent us from putting into the hands of youth, one of the most entertaining, as well as most important, among historical compositions.

Our readers would hardly thank us, at this time of day, for a regular analysis of the nine books of Herodotus; nor could we, were such an abstract desirable, give up so much space as it would demand; since, although their proper subject is a mere episode of Grecian history—the illustrative and ornamental matter ranges over a large surface. In connexion, immediate or remote, with the feuds and hostilities of Persia and Greece, the ancient historian brings in the annals of Lydia, Assyria, Media, Persia, and Egypt, mixed up with traditions and legends, always amusing, and frequently valuable. It is quite obvious, that to give all these their full effect, extensive commentary and annotation are required; and we cannot imagine a finer textbook for the scholar. In the present instance, such an apparatus would have been superfluous, since a different object was contemplated.

No one will question the advantages to be derived from studying history in its sources, rather than in secondary authorities; and it is highly expedient that every facility should be afforded, even to the general reader, for the attainment of primary information. There are in this country thousands of intelligent individuals to whom the languages of antiquity are unknown; but who are both capable and desirous of searching out for themselves the original materials of history. To all such persons, the volume before us will be found a valuable acquisition. The translation is clear, fluent, and expressive; while the preface and notes, though brief, are comprehensive and satisfactory.

If Herodotus should ever become—and why should it not?—a school-book, even in a course of English education, no translation that we have seen can be better suited to such a purpose. A single volume, excellent typography, neat and available maps, are circumstances which every way favour the pretensions of Mr. Taylor's work.

Encyclopædia Britannica; or, a Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature. Vol. I. Part I. Seventh Edition, with the Supplement to the former Edition incorporated. Illustrated by an entirely new set of Engravings on Steel; and edited by Professor Napier. 4to. Dissertation, pp. 64—Encyclopædia, 72. Edinburgh, Adam Black: London, Simpkin and Marshall; Whittaker and Co.; Hamilton and Adams; Jennings and Chaplin: Dublin, J. Cumming.

THE very respectable character attained by the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on its first appearance, has been continually heightened by the improvements made upon subsequent editions; and now that the seventh edition is commenced on a popular plan, and so many able parties have followed the example set, we need only refer to these facts, and to the extent of publication, in proof of the great value of the work, and of the estimation in which it is deservedly held. The Supplement, published a few years ago, and which attracted much notice, from the talents displayed in it, is here incor-

pared with the original text; and still more modern improvements and discoveries are also promised to be carefully added,—so that the Dictionary will be complete to the present time, *i. e.* to the current ten years,—for the letter *A* will be ten years old before the letters *Y Z* are produced. The parts are to follow in monthly succession, so as to form two volumes, each of about 800 pages, in a year; and the whole, it is calculated, will reach to 20 or 21 vols. The prefatory dissertation is to appear by portions in the first twelve parts, so as to be the first of the two volumes in the first year; the second beginning the alphabetical order. Upon the specimen on our table we shall simply remark, that we like the arrangement and general appearance of the typography; and that the plates (acoustics, aërostatic, and agriculture, four in all,) are well engraved; but the two maps of Africa do not please us so well, wanting clearness in execution, and the correctness they might have possessed in nomenclature. Besides the lights thrown on geography by the latest travels, no one now prints the Straits of Bab el Mandeb by the old erroneous title of Babelmandel. We would also recommend to the spirited and intelligent publisher of this work to consider it, as it is, a great national undertaking, and to strive to render it amply worthy of national favour by employing competent persons to polish the style. We do not require, in so mixed a production, that every subject should be treated in refined language; but all ought to be plain and lucid, and, especially, correct. By referring to the article Abyssinia, it will be seen that there is on the contrary some very slovenly writing, such as a well-educated corrector of the press (a class of infinite value to authors) would not have suffered to pass. *Wishing* Mr. Black the popularity he so justly deserves, we do not mention these points in any unfriendly tone, but as hints for his consideration. It is easy to mend at Part I., and it would be fatal to great success at Part XXX. or XL. to have public opinion fixed that the *Encyclopædia Britannica* was an inferior performance; and Professor Napier is bound to be very attentive to this subject, both for the sake of the large capital embarked, and for his own literary reputation.

The Perth Miscellany. Nos. I. and II. Morrison, Perth.

WE always rejoice to hail new contemporaries in the common field of literature; and the present, from the specimens before us, appears to be well worth a hearty welcome. It is very difficult for any provincial journal, even though produced in the most populous place, and conducted with great talent, to keep alive that spirit of novelty, and furnish that general intelligence, which is demanded by the pampered appetite of the public, with such success as to reward the toil and expense of publication. Merely local encouragement makes a long starvation, but does not support even the best efforts of this kind; and we see them successively “rise like the rocket, and fall like the stick.” And this is a vexation to us, the parent, as it were, of the whole progeny. We could wish to see our children, legitimate and illegitimate, prosper; for there is not one of the breed that would not do some good; and when we read the contents of such able claustrums as we have in Edinburgh, Dublin, Oxford, Liverpool, Manchester, &c. &c., we feel a degree of pride in having led to a system, which, by the diffusing of useful knowledge, unencumbered by pedantry, and treading in the ways of

pleasantness, may produce much good, and can do no evil. *The Perth Miscellany*, (and Perth ought to be named with praise, as a town of marked intellectual cultivation, and literary and scientific activity), is more original than almost any periodical we have seen out of London; and from the abilities displayed in it, deserves to be not only a favourite (where, they say, no man is ever esteemed a prophet) in its own country, but in a wider circle.

A Letter to the Bishop of Norwich from the Bishop of Salisbury. Rivingtons; Hatchard and Son.

THE firm friend of the Church of England, and the uncompromising defender of the Protestant faith, the excellent Bishop of Salisbury has here addressed a letter to his brother of Norwich, in which he repels the charge of bigotry and prejudice applied by his lordship to those who opposed the Roman Catholic claims. It is an able pamphlet, and, what is better, written in a spirit of Christian moderation and charity, the great object being to re-assert the religious principles of the Reformation, and the consequent opposition to the admission of “Papists” into Parliament. As we abstain from all polemical discussions, we shall only repeat that the learned and pious author’s arguments are put with admirable simplicity and logical as well as historical strength: his motto speaks the rest.

ΑΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ ΜΗ ΠΙΠΤΑ ΘΕΟΥ, ΝΟΜΟΣ ΔΙΑΚΥΡΙΑΣ, ΤΡΟΣ, ΚΑΙ ΣΕΒΟΤ ΟΡΚΟΝ.

RELIGION HONOUR, AS BY LAW ESTABLISHED, YOUR FIRST GREAT CARE; AND VENERATE AN OATH.

Good Thoughts in Bad Times, &c. By Thomas Fuller, D.D. 12mo. pp. 365. London, 1830. Pickering.

A VALUABLE reprint of a too much neglected work, by the author of our *Church History* and *Worthies*. These pages (exactly the number of the days of the year) abound in fine and original thoughts, applicable to all periods, though written during the stormy times of the struggles between the Cavaliers and Roundheads. To the serious part of the community, the volume may be recommended for its matter—to the merely literary, for the beauty of its similes and other merits of manner.

The Poetical Works of the Rev. George Croly. A.M. H.R.S.L. 2 vols. 12mo. Colburn and Bentley.

WE have, perhaps, the only good excuse which any literary or critical periodical could offer for confining our remarks upon these volumes within a narrow compass, having paid our tribute of just applause to nearly the whole collection, (now made for the first time,) as the principal poems appeared in separate publications.* Yet we rejoice to see the fruits of Mr. Croly’s poetical genius thus brought together and presented to the public in one point of view, as it must not only tend to exalt his fame, but afford much gratification to the lovers of fine composition. We have, indeed, felt more than surprise that such works as *Paris in 1815*—*The Angel of the World*—*Gems from the Antique* (in conjunction with Mr. Dagley’s designs)—the drama of *Catiline*—and *Sebastian*—did not obtain a wider popularity than the most successful of them reached on their first appearance; but we are sure that the union of these not less various than beautiful productions will now obtain for them the need they so amply deserve. Full of lofty

* Some of the minor poems, too, were first published in the *Literary Gazette*.

imaginings and poetic thought; occasionally playful and often strikingly pathetic, though the general tone of Mr. Croly’s muse rather belongs to grandeur than to passionate feeling,—we will venture to say, that there is hardly a theme which he has not awoken with a masterly hand, and hardly a sympathy which he has not beautifully touched in the great and multifarious range of subject embraced in these volumes. Thus enriched, we most cordially recommend them to that universal attention which they will repay tenfold by the pleasure they are so well calculated to yield.

Carwell; or, Crime and Sorrow. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

NEVER did volume more truly keep the promise of its title—a record of crime indeed do these pages unfold; but the melancholy interest that is excited is well sustained, and relieved by a most exquisite tone of feminine tenderness. Few readers would, we think, begin *Carwell*, and not have their attention kept alive to the last. Charlotte, the heroine, is a most touchingly drawn character; and the pages do credit to the talents of their fair authoress.

A Vade-Mecum of Morbid Anatomy, Medical and Surgical; with Pathological Observations and Symptoms. Illustrated by upwards of two Hundred and Fifty Drawings. Royal 8vo. London, 1830. Burgess and Hill.

THIS is an anonymous production; but it is, nevertheless, one of more than common pretensions and execution. The drawings are lithographic, and well done: the morbid changes and their attendant symptoms are succinctly, but accurately, described; and the work is altogether a very cheap and useful manual of morbid anatomy.

Hospital Facts and Observations, illustrative of the Efficacy of the New Remedies, Strychnia, Brucia, Acetate of Morphia, Veratria, Iodine, &c., in several Morbid Conditions of the System, &c. A Report on the Efficacy of Sulphureous Fumigations in Diseases of the Skin, Chronic Rheumatism, &c. By J. L. Bardsley, M.D., Physician to the Manchester Infirmary, &c. 8vo. pp. 235. London, 1830. Burgess and Hill.

THIS work contains a candid report of the virtues of the remedies enumerated in its title-page, and of the benefits which the author has obtained from a very extensive and discriminating use of them, in the public charities to which he is physician. We can add, with great truth, that it is a production of considerable merit, and deserving of a place in the libraries of medical men.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, April 3.

THE Italian theatre has closed for the season. On Tuesday evening Madame Malibran surpassed herself in the opera of *La Gazza Ladra*. The public have still another opportunity of proving their admiration of this accomplished singer, her benefit being fixed for this evening (Saturday), at the Académie Royale de Musique. This concluding representation will be composed of the opera of *Tancredi*, and a scene from Azoli’s *Pygmalion*, which has never been performed before a Parisian audience. On the whole, the Italian season has this year been splendid. The double gratification afforded to the public by the union of two such singers as

Mademoiselle Sontag and Madame Malibran in *Tancredi*—the powers displayed by the latter in *La Gassa Lutra*, in *Otello*, and in *Romeo*, have left a lasting impression on the recollections of the *dilettauti*. It will be no easy task again to unite a similar assemblage of talent on the boards of the same theatre. Mademoiselle Sontag is engaged for a number of years at the theatre at Berlin; Madame Malibran is about to visit England; Madame Pisaroni retires from the stage; and Mademoiselle Heinefetter quits us for Italy. Madame Mérie Lalande and Lablache are engaged, it is said, for October next. Meanwhile, definitive arrangements have been made for the representation of a series of German operas at this theatre. These performances, which are limited to twenty-four, will commence on the 13th of April, and close on the 5th of June. An opera will be performed every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, during the above period. The orchestra will be chiefly composed of the musicians belonging to the Italian theatre, assisted by a certain number of German artists. Particular attention will be paid to the choruses, which form a prominent feature of the German opera. The public will, therefore, shortly have an opportunity of judging of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the best German masters. Among the compositions selected for representation are Spohr's *Faust*, the *Oberon* of Weber, the *Bibiana* by Pixis, the *Vampire*, and a new opera of Marchner, which has obtained considerable success in Germany.

In point of *bizarrierie*, an author of the romantic school could scarcely have chosen a more appropriate subject for dramatic representation than the career of Mademoiselle of Sweden, who has been the subject of her author's imagination, and liberty, and unbridled imagination. The drama, which has been represented on the theatre of the *dramma per musica*, the *tragedie*, the *tragedie* are translated into the secret of the *tragedie* with Donaldelchi, and the Italian's tragical end. In short, M. Dumas seems to have undertaken the task of exhibiting, through a sort of magic lantern, all the events of Christina's life. At Paris we see her in the midst of wits and favourites, and keeping up a secret intelligence with Sweden, in the hope of recovering the crown which she formerly abandoned for the sake of freedom. At Rome she finishes her career surrounded by cardinals, monks, grand seigneurs, and gallants. The fourth and fifth acts of this drama were loudly applauded; but a species of epilogue, with which it concludes, was ungraciously received by the sovereign public, who seemed, on the whole, rather fatigued with a composition prolonged to the romantic duration of six hours.

Private accounts from Italy, as well as various paragraphs inserted in the Italian journals, state that the lovers of *harmony* at Venice have formed themselves into two opposite parties; the one violently in favour of Madselle. Grisi, and the other as outrageous in support of Madame Caradori Allan. It appears that the representations at the Opera seldom terminate without a few broken heads given and received. The *habitués* of the pit are the partisans of Madselle. Grisi, while the more aristocratic lessees of the boxes vouchsafe Madame Caradori their gracious protection. A prodigious uproar took place on the first representation of *Maria di Brabante*. Madselle. Grisi not appearing in this opera, the pitites declared open war against the composer, and, it is said, even bribed the leader of the orchestra to introduce confusion

among his musicians, in order to spoil the effect. The trick, however, was discovered, and as a recompense for the signor leader's ingenuity, the commissary-general of police invited him to take up his abode for a few days in prison.

Pacini has composed a new opera (*Giovanna d'Arco*) for the theatre of La Scala; but the representation has hitherto been postponed, in consequence of the illness of some of the principal performers.

The inhabitants of Verona have requested Madame Pasta's acceptance of a medal representing the bust of the *prima donna* crowned by Melpomene and Euterpe.

At Dresden, a new opera of Wolfram is much talked of: the title is said to be the *Bergmanch*, or Monk of the Mountain.

Mademoiselle Sontag arrived at Berlin on the 9th of March, and was expected to make her first public appearance in the course of the week, either in the opera of *Otello*, or of *Don Juan*. On her way through Göttingen she gave a concert, which was attended by upwards of 1200 auditors. At the conclusion of the entertainment the university students unharnessed the horses from her carriage, which they drew in triumph to her hotel.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

ON the different methods of constructing tables of lives from which the values of annuities and reversions might be computed. The lecturer began by explaining the method of forming such tables from parochial registers: from which it appeared, that the lives embraced by tables so formed are not selected, but are taken promiscuously at their births; and that the number living at every age, according to these tables, must consist of both sick and healthy persons. The lecturer argued, that such tables were therefore unfit to be used in computing the values of annuities on healthy lives. Hence it becomes an important object to construct other and more correct tables for this purpose; and as the lives of the annuitants themselves appeared to afford the most certain data for estimating the average duration of such lives, on the supposition that the average state of health of this class of persons, at the time of their becoming annuitants, would not differ much in different individuals, it was stated that several tables of such lives had been constructed within the last few years.

It was then shewn, that an increase had taken place in the population of the country, between 1801 and 1821, amounting to more than 1-3d of the number of inhabitants contained in the census of 1801; and that it was probable the number at this time would be to that in 1801 as 3 to 2, or $\frac{1}{2}$ more; an increase which might alone (observed the lecturer) be expected to produce much of the distress now complained of. The increase in the population of London had not, it appeared, kept pace with that of the kingdom at large. In 1700 it was about 1-8th of the whole population; in 1801 it was 1-10th; in 1811 and 1821 it was 1-12th; the number of persons coming annually from the country and settling in London had been estimated at 1-4th of the yearly deaths in the metropolis. The proportion of deaths in the kingdom at large was stated to have considerably diminished within the last century. In 1780 the proportion was supposed to be about 1 in 40; in 1801, it was 1 in 47; in 1811, it was 1 in 52; and in 1821, it was 1 in 58. The extreme duration of life does not, however,

appear to have increased. The proportion of deaths in Pembrokeshire had been estimated as low as 1 in 83; and in another county, the name of which we could not catch, it had been found as high as 1 in 22 $\frac{1}{2}$; in Russia, it was stated as 1 in 41, but attended with many remarkable instances of great longevity, there having died in 1828, 895 persons between the ages of 100 and 120, and 53 between 120 and 160. The relative mortality in summer and winter was stated to be about as 57 to 72; and the difference in the number of deaths in large towns and the country nearly as 2 to 1. The well-ascertained difference in the duration of life among males and females was also pointed out, that of the females being the greatest at all ages; and it was shewn that as a compensation for the greater mortality of males, the number born to the number of females was very nearly as 20 to 19.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

SIR HENRY HALFORD, Bart., in the chair.—The meeting of this evening was well and numerously attended. Dr. Francis Hawkins read a letter from Sir Robert Ker Porter, addressed to the President of the College, on the subject of a medicinal plant growing wild in South America, and called the *guaco*; respecting the virtues attributed to which plant, Sir Robert had been at great pains to collect some facts and interesting information. It appears that there are native Indians and negroes in some parts of South America, who possess a wonderful power of handling the most venomous serpents with impunity. It has been ascertained that they owe their protection to the internal use and external application of the leaves and expressed juice of the *guaco*. The same means are also found effectual for the cure of the bites of serpents and other poisonous reptiles. It is further stated, that the use of this plant is the best preservative from, and the only cure for, that most dreadful of diseases, *hydrophobia*. The plant has received its name from the manner in which its properties were discovered. A bird of the kite kind, a great destroyer of serpents, had been observed to attack them always with impunity, after feeding on this plant;—the bird is called the serpent-falcon, or *guaco*, from the monotonous cry which it utters; and the plant has been named after the bird. It is a creeper plant, corymbiferous, growing in the hotter regions of the New World, along the sides of rivulets, and in well-shaded spots. Many other virtues are attributed to it; as, that it is a cure for rheumatism and consumption, and various other disorders. After making due allowance for some degree of exaggeration, and for the influence of superstition, it appears certain that it possesses some virtues as an antidote to animal poisons. On the table there were placed a bottle of the juice of the *guaco*, expressed in South America, as well as a dried flower, and a leaf from a plant raised in this country in a hot-house, where it grows readily.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

AN election of five new members of council, in lieu of Mr. Sabine and others, was proposed. Mr. Stapleton objected to the election, and moved a postponement, as well as a repeal of the by-laws, which he characterised as "infamous;" these resolutions were put and negatived;—the election then commenced. At its close, Lord Caernarvon and others were declared duly elected. Mr. Anderson, an old

botanist, one of the earliest members of the Society, and among the first associates of the Linnæan Society, complained loudly;—his pocket, he said, had been picked of 67L by the Society for its *Transactions*, which, excepting the engravings, (pictures, we think, he called them), were not worth taking off the street, so trashy were they. Some members objected to the ballot; and we were informed, after we left the room, that the chairman acknowledged it was illegal, inasmuch as it had not taken place within the hours prescribed by the by-laws.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.
ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

AT a special meeting of the Council on Saturday last, to determine upon the appropriation of the two gold medals placed annually by his Majesty at their disposal, to be awarded to authors distinguished by works honourable to themselves and to literature, the medals of the present year were voted to Washington Irving and Henry Hallam, Esqrs. The historical productions of the last-mentioned gentleman have entitled him to this honour; and we cannot notice the high claims of the first, without also expressing a sense of additional pleasure upon the occasion, from his being the son of another country, which, though British by descent, has not before been gratified by such a mark of parental attention. We think this decision, however, justly due to Mr. Irving's talents, will be equally agreeable to the United States and to England, as an example of that right and kind feeling which ought never to be interrupted between two such nations. Nor can the compliment to Mr. Irving be considered with less than a general interest, when we observe that the body which conferred it consists of high and dignified churchmen, noblemen of great rank and estimation, and gentlemen eminent alike for station in society and for literary attainments. We hail it as an auspicious omen of future good in the intercourse between the countries—not limited to science or letters, but extended to every possible relation of commerce and politics. The medals will, of course, be presented at the general anniversary on the 29th.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SIR G. STAUNTON, Bart., in the chair.—A variety of donations in natural history, literature, and art, were laid out the table; amongst which were a collection of fragments of human bones, military weapons, vases, &c., taken out of a tumulus near Hydrabad, with a plan and section of the tumulus, presented by Col. Hopkinson. This cemetery formed one of a number noticed by Colonel H. near Hydrabad, having the appearance of a long low hill, composed of many circles, each about eighteen feet in diameter; at the bottom of one of which were found the remains now presented: they appear to have been a sword, a spear, two large vases, and several smaller relics, besides the bones: the metal fabrications, it is stated, seemed to be quite perfect when uncovered, but crumbled to pieces on being touched. The bones have evidently been burnt; and it is therefore imagined that the tumulus must have been the burial-place of a Hindu. The sword and spear are very similar to those still in use in India; but the other articles are of a shape now unknown. The Pasha of Egypt was elected an honorary member of the Society. Among the papers read were a few original

letters of the late Sir William Jones; in one of the earliest of which is a remark upon the advantage of writing Sanscrit words in Roman characters, instead of according to the sound: the word *pacsha* he instances as being pronounced in different provinces *pokyo*, *puch'h*, and *puck*.

ETRUSCAN VASES.*

IN the account of the important discovery of Etruscan vases published in our last *Literary Gazette*, the writer observes, "There seems a pretty general idea that the opinion long since entertained by many learned men, that their beloved Italy cultivated the fine arts in great perfection, at a time when Greece was semi-barbarous, is now fully confirmed."

This impression (upon which it was not in our power to offer any observations at the moment), so far as regards the early civilisation of Italy, appears amply borne out by the subjects of the paintings on the vases, their Greek inscriptions, and by the Vitulonian inscription; all which tend to refer them to an age between the taking of Troy and the foundation of Rome. Not so, however, as regards the claim of Italy to a priority in the fine arts over Greece. For the inscriptions being chiefly in the Greek character and language, and the paintings commonly taken from Grecian subjects, as the Theban and Trojan wars, &c., conclusions diametrically opposed to such a claim appear inevitable; viz. that Greece was the source of the arts as well as of the language of Italy in the ages in question. The art of pottery may indeed have been carried on more extensively, and consequently in greater perfection, in Italy than elsewhere; but it seems quite gratuitous to seek any other derivation for those of painting and sculpture than the parent country indicated by the language of the inscriptions—the country through whose medium the arts of Egypt were refined and communicated to the rest of the civilised world.

Were history altogether silent on the subject of the colonisation of Italy, it is evident that we need go no further than these vases for the origin of the inhabitants (at least of the western coast), their language, arts, and customs, which, after this singular discovery, would be no longer a secret. But as on this subject history speaks plainly, it may be well briefly to notice the outline of the peopling of Italy preserved by Dionysius of Halicarnassus. We learn from this writer, that the Siculi, the indigenous inhabitants of the land, were expelled and succeeded by a colony of Arcadians from Peloponnesus under Cenotrus, seventeen generations before the Trojan war; that these were afterwards joined by the Pelasgi, from Thessaly, under their leader Tyrrhenus. Next came Evander, with a second colony of "Arcadians, who brought with them the Greek literature, laws, and musical instruments,"† and settled in the neighbourhood where Rome was afterwards built. The next were the Heraclidæ from Peloponnesus, who fixed themselves in Latium; and, lastly, the Æneadæ, from Troas. About the same time arrived other Greek colonies, under Nestor and Diomedes, as Strabo informs us (lib. 6). The same writer acquaints us, that the Cumani, settled in Campania, left many vestiges of Grecian institutions at their colony of Naples (Neapolis)

* It is very apropos to this subject, that an Exhibition of fine Etruscan Vases, and other antiquities, is about to be opened in London. (See Advertisement.)

† Vide Dion. Hal. cited in Euseb. Chron. Armen. ed. Venet. lib. 1.

(lib. 5). There were several other Greek settlements on the western and southern coasts. Seneca extends Magna Græcia along the whole coast of the Tyrrhene sea: "Totum Italiæ latus, quod Infero mari alluitur, Major Græcia fuit."

Enough has, it is hoped, been said to prove that the important antiquities in question, far from establishing "the claim which Italy puts forth to priority in the fine arts, compared with Greece," do but confirm the account of the introduction of the Greeks, their literature and arts, supplied by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and other ancient writers; and thus far, like the monuments of Egypt, contribute to the verification of ancient history. It seems probable, that when the general contents of the inscriptions on the vases are made known, considerable light may be thrown on this subject; but so little remains of primitive Italian history, that any light thus derived must be very limited in its historical utility.

Thus much seems, however, already proved—that European civilisation was far more widely extended in the very early ages than has been generally admitted; that as the age of the Æneadæ appears to have been an age of civilisation and refinement in Italy, the vague histories of that period which have reached us through Diodorus Siculus and Dionysius of Halicarnassus, &c. are not to be despised; and that, granting the arts to have been in a high state of cultivation in Italy long before the foundation of Rome, it follows that the arts of Greece were of a much older date.

This is perfectly conformable to the accounts we have of the arrival of Egyptian colonies in Attica and Argos, under Cecrops and Danaus, about 1500 years before the Christian era; in the days of Moses, as Diodorus affirms (lib. 40, apud Phocium). Thus, as history accounts for the introduction of the arts into Italy by the means of Grecian colonies, it accounts for their prior introduction into Greece by means of Egyptian colonies. This is all perfectly consistent;—and consistency is one of the chief tests of historical truth.

It is remarkable, that, besides the Greek names of potters and painters given in the account of these vases, we find the oriental names Tlesonchonearcho and Echsiekias, both which appear to be Phœnician.* This seems to argue a commercial intercourse with other countries. Italy may have been the grand emporium for pottery to the traders of those ages, when the Phœnicians were the great carriers of the world.

This may perhaps account for the demotic inscription (if it be really such) found on one of the vases; the potters of Vitulonia might have had orders to execute for the traders of Egypt. Such communication may moreover account for the bronze sphynxes which have been discovered with the vases; and perhaps also for the celebrated pyramidal tomb of King Porsenna.

An ancient tradition is preserved by John Malala, Cedrenus, the author of the *Paschal Chronicle*, Suidas, &c., which, if well founded (and all such obscure histories are proved by the discoveries of the present resuscitating age to be entitled to some consideration), shews how the progress of the Italian arts might have become known in Egypt. It is, that Faunus, called also Hermes, or Mercurius, king of Latium, on the arrival of Hercules, father of Latinus (Lavinia's father), migrated

* These names are not unlike those of Sanchoniatho and Echnibal, the Phœnician historian and judge. The former flourished in the age to which these vases appear to belong, according to Porphyry.

to Egypt, where he taught philosophy and became a king, and was deified as the bestower of riches and the god of gold. He might have been the same whom Manetho denominates the second Hermes, and who first transcribed the sculptured annals of the Pharaohs into the sacred Hermaic books (the source of Manetho's chronicle). It is certain that the time of this Faunus, or Hermes, in the 12th century B.C., quadrates with Egyptian history—for in that century we find two princes of the name, according to the Theban chronicle of Eratosthenes, viz.

No. 33. Sistris-Hermes, B.C. 1298 to 1243.
No. 35. Siphos-Hermes, B.C. 1200 to 1195.

C.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

(Third Notice.)

No. 294. *A Hindoo; a Sketch*. H. C. Slous.—We should not have considered it just to have called this performance a sketch, as, in the way of effect at least, we do not imagine that any thing more could have been accomplished. The sunbeam-light which crosses the lower part of the figure is admirable; and the strength and mellowness of the colour are equalled only by

No. 295. *Study of Fruit*. J. Holland; in which a similar power and richness of tone prevails.

No. 296. *October*. S. A. Hart.—If double-dealing be at all allowable, it is in the present instance, where the autumnal title is equally applicable to the toper and to his beverage. The drawing is bold and beautiful execution and the colouring is a fine production.

No. 297. *Open Door*. P. F. Poole.—The drawing is similar to the last-mentioned work, as showing the abuse of a good thing produces not enjoyment, but misery. The drawing of the window is remarkable for its drawing-like transparency. It may be in parts rather too slight and sketchy; but the finished portion conveys all that can be wished for of character and expression.

No. 291. *Dancing Dolls*. W. Gill.—The delights of childhood are the favourite subjects of Mr. Gill's cabinet pencil, with which he fascinates equally those who are and those who are not familiar with the principles of the fine arts.

No. 288. *Moor Game*. J. Oliver, A.R.A.—Pictures of this class, like those of fruit and still-life, are essential to the agreeable variety of every well-arranged collection. We have seldom seen one more skilfully painted; and we strongly recommend Mr. Oliver in future to "keep the game in view." We echo his title,—"More Game."

No. 286. *Portrait of a Horse*. R. B. Davis.—It is well for an artist when his reputation in his profession allows him occasionally to depart from what may be considered the common routine. In this point of view we regard Mr. Davis's animal portraits. The character of that noble creature the horse, in his free, unconstrained movements, is given by him in a manner that renders his pictures as interesting to the general amateur as to the critic of the stable.

No. 328. *The Giaour*. E. F. Green.—The principal figure in this highly-imaginative subject is very ably treated. The wild expression of the eye is well suited to the vision which the fancy has conjured up. The colouring, effect, and execution, are also entitled to great

praise. The spectre, however, strikes us as being too substantial, and too well dressed, for a ghost.

No. 315. *Travelling Tinker*. G. Vincent.—Under this title (the tinker being a very subordinate feature in the performance) will be found one of those picturesque and spiritedly-pencilled landscapes, for which Mr. Vincent is so justly celebrated. No. 833, *Landscape and Cattle*, by the same artist, is similar in character.

No. 354. *The Frosty Reception*. R. W. Buss.—A good lesson for those who are unacquainted with the world. To break in upon the solitude of a gourmand, at the moment when he fancies that he has secured to himself the exclusive enjoyment of some delicious dish, and is lifting the first savoury morsel to his mouth, is indeed a fearful experiment. Mr. Buss has well depicted the fixed and ferocious glare of the annoyed host, the obsequious deportment of the unwelcome guest, and the sly delight of the servant who witnesses the scene. Perhaps the first is a little overcharged.

No. 348. *Moonlight*. J. B. Crome.—Mr. Crome, in this pleasing work, as well as Mr. Hofland in No. 269, *Composition—Moonlight*, have "visited the glimpses of the moon," not for the purpose of "making night hideous," but in order to display its beauty and loveliness.

No. 347. *Lane Scene, near Tissington, Derbyshire*. T. Creswick.—Although in the spirited execution of this picturesque subject we recognise much of the pencil and feeling of Gainsborough, yet we also see in it, as in the other works of this able artist, an originality and a variety of style and composition which place him very high in the ranks of our landscape painters.

Leaving, for the present, the North, we shall take a peep into the South Room.

No. 419. *Pro and Con*. H. Pidding.—As in Wilkie's celebrated picture of a similar subject, a batch of village politicians have assembled, no doubt to set every thing right; but, if a judgment may be formed from the apparent ardour of the principal antagonists, the debate will end in setting every thing wrong. This well-filled interior exhibits great variety of character and expression. The apathy of some of the listeners, and the different degrees of excitement in others, are admirably discriminated. Several amusing episodes add to the interest of the main story; and the whole does Mr. Pidding infinite credit.—No. 453. *The Fair Penitent*, by the same artist, is an entertaining piece of graphic wit,—a painted pun. It represents a negro in the stocks!

No. 431. *Half-way House*. E. Child.—All that belongs to the truly picturesque, and all that can render rustic scenery pleasing, are associated in this clever composition. Such scenes as these, whether in nature or in art, are, or ought to be, productive of tranquillising thoughts and gratifying feelings.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations of the Waverley Novels.

FOUR landscape gems are now before us; viz., Doune Castle, (see *Waverley*), drawn by J. D. Harding, engraved by E. F. Finden; Penrith, by P. Dewint and E. Finden; Arran, (see *Heart of Mid Lothian*), by W. Daniell and W. Finden; and Windermere, by W. Westall and E. Finden. These are exquisite views of beautiful and varied scenes, executed in the sweetest and most skilful manner—a few inches of paper affording to the eye all the details of

earth and sky, of sea and land, of mountain and champaign, of wood and rock, and church and tower, and, in short, of every charm of British scenery and artist-like composition. They are such prints as have adorned the most finished of the Annuals; and we rejoice to see them addressed to the works of our great novelist.

The Hon. Mrs. Hope. Engraved by Scriven, from Lawrence.

THIS very sweet portrait is the sixty-fifth embellishment of *La Belle Assemblée*; which, really, with such a mass of female grace and beauty, has well sustained its rights to the name, by the assemblage. Mrs. Hope possesses greater simplicity, combined with elegance of costume, than is common to the pencil of the late admired President; and the composition is altogether very pleasing.

National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century. With Memoirs by William Jerdan, Esq., F.S.A. No. XII. Fisher, Son, and Co.

THE memoirs which form the twelfth number of the *National Portrait Gallery* are those of the Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the Right Rev. William Carey, D.D., and the Most Noble the Marquess of Ormonde, &c.;—the first distinguished for his genius and misfortunes, the second for his learning and virtue, the third for his illustrious descent. It is not surprising that the notice of Mr. Sheridan should be more copious than that of either of the eminent persons with whom he is here associated. Of course there cannot be any striking novelty in the incidents; but the narrative occasionally gives rise to reflections, the perusal of which may be beneficial to the hasty and harsh-judging, who forget how frequently

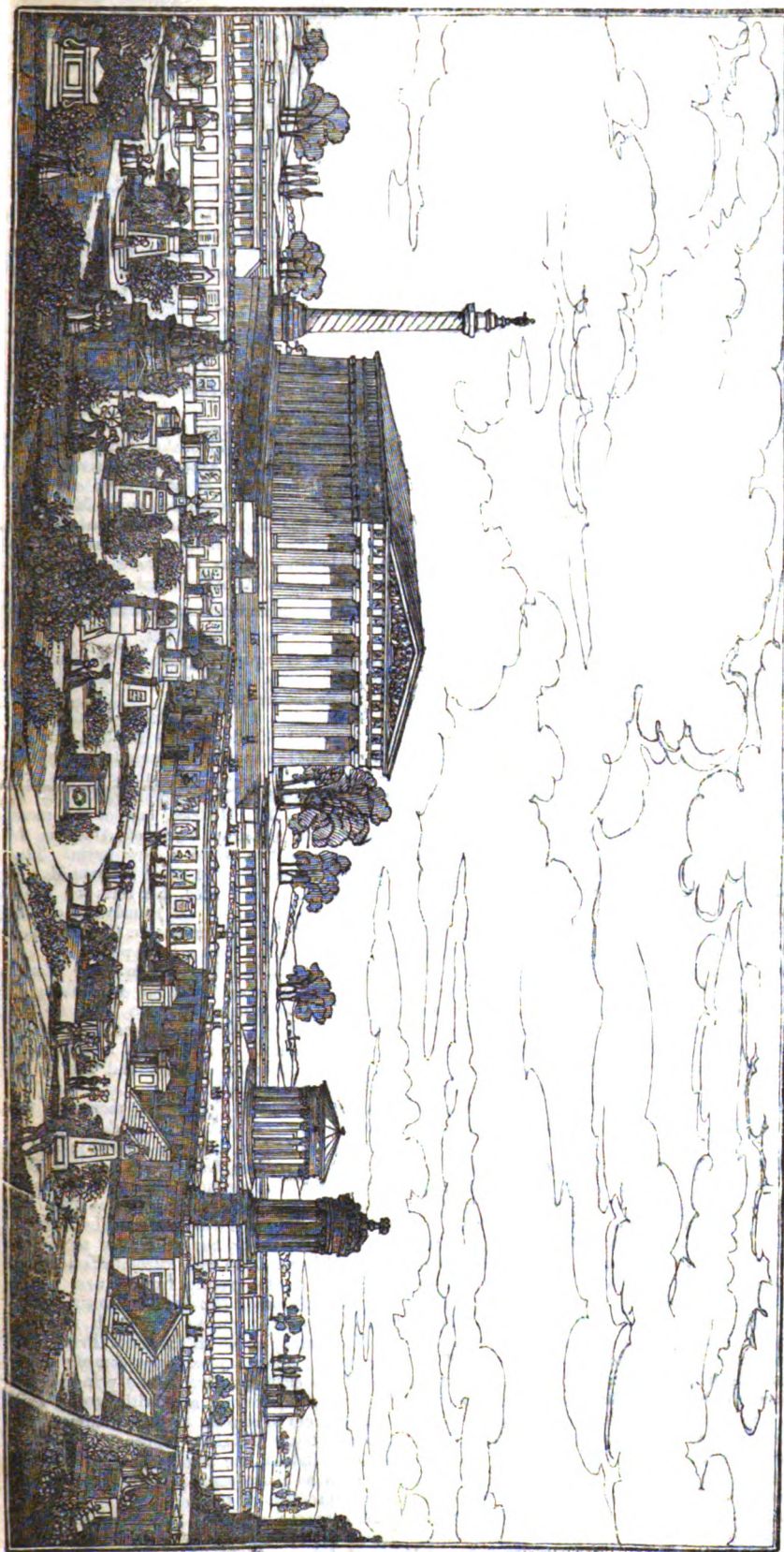
"—the light that led astray
Was light from heaven!"

This Number, completing the first volume, also comprehends a title-page, a dedication (by permission) to his Majesty, and an address to the public. In the last, the proprietors state the difficulties with which they had to contend in the commencement of their undertaking, the gratification which they feel at the present state of the work, and the confidence which the promises they have received of original portraits and materials, from many of the most eminent individuals in the kingdom, justify them in indulging with respect to the future.

NATIONAL CEMETERY.

WE this week present our friends with a representation of the inmost region of the proposed National Cemetery, which is now exciting so much interest. This View looks towards the Parthenon;—for the design embraces the erection of temples after the models of the noblest architectural remains which have been preserved to us from classic antiquity; and would thus afford to the architect and the sculptor an almost exhaustless field for the exercise of their genius.

Our readers are aware that Mr. Goodwin's drawings are objects of public exhibition; and we are informed that great admiration of these splendid designs is so prevalent, that a society of shareholders is already on the eve of being embodied for the purpose of carrying the plan into effect. Its novelty, beauty, and magnitude, certainly recommend it to general notice; and we shall have much pleasure in making it better known to the world.



BRITISH DIORAMA.

THE Royal Bazar, in Oxford Street, having risen from its ruins with increased splendour, the British Diorama has been re-opened in it with four pictures, viz. "A View in Venice," by Allen; "The Interior of Durham Cathedral," by Arrowsmith; "The Thames Tunnel," also by Arrowsmith; and "The Pass of Briançon," by Stanfield. The two last mentioned are in our opinion the most striking, and are finely contrasted in character and effect. The one represents a stupendous work of nature, the other a stupendous work of art; the one is invested with all the glowing hues of the most brilliant sunshine, the other makes the spectator fancy that he feels the damp and chilliness of a subterranean, or rather of a subaqueous position. They are both highly creditable to the able artists by whom they have been executed.

BIOGRAPHY.

M. CHENEVIX.

It is with much regret that we announce the death of Richard Chenevix, Esq. which took place at Paris on the 5th inst. after an illness of a few days. Mr. Chenevix was a fellow of the Royal Society, and a member of most of the scientific and literary institutions of Europe, to the promotion of which his time and fortune were devoted. In chemistry, his name ranks as one of the highest among those who have cultivated the analytical branches of that science; and a volume of plays, written in the style of the writers of the age of Elizabeth, full of poetical beauties, together with many contributions of great interest, on various topics, to the most eminent periodicals of the day, attest the versatility and extent of his talents and acquirements. In private life, Mr. Chenevix was universally beloved and esteemed, and his death will be long and deeply deplored by his numerous friends and admirers.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LADY BYRON'S REMARKS, &c.

THIS strange matter has, as we noticed in our last, assumed another and a darker shade, from the interference of Mr. Campbell, who, assuming to be the personal champion of Lady Byron, has stepped forward to throw the most odious imputations upon the character of Lord Byron which can possibly be left to the worst imaginations to conceive. Against this course we protest, in the name of all that is honourable in human nature. We were the undeviating censurers of the poet's injurious productions during his life-time; but we cannot do otherwise than condemn, in far stronger terms, any attempt, after he is laid in his grave, to blast him for ever by mysterious and voiceless whisperings. Of what monstrous crime was he guilty?—for unless he was guilty of some monstrous crime, a foul wrong is done to his memory. His accusers are bound, by every moral and sacred tie, to be definite in their charge; against such there is a possibility of defence; but there can be no shield against the horribly vague denunciation which has been so intemperately hurled at the unprotected and unanswering dead. And what called this forth? A very slight surmise by Mr. Moore against the parents of Lady Byron—to repel which she comes rashly out with a statement that damns the husband of her bosom; and, as if this were not enough, the zeal of Mr. Campbell advances to pour additional suspicion and ignominy upon his mouldering ashes. The fame of a Byron is public property; and, after what has passed, it

is imperative on his adversaries either to fix some eternal brand upon it, such as can justify their language,—or confess that they have used expressions which no conduct of his could authorise. And we are persuaded that they must do the latter; for it is incredible that any woman of the spirit and honour of Lady Byron could have lived an hour with a man whom she knew to be a detested criminal; and far less that she should have corresponded with him in playful and soothing letters. The plea of insanity itself cannot reconcile this with anything like the atrocious guilt now by circumstance imputed; and we do earnestly trust that an explanation will yet be vouchsafed, which shall set this painful discussion to rest in a manner more satisfactory to the world.

Having, in these few remarks, grappled with the main point at issue, we abstain saying a syllable on minor affairs: and we do not deem ourselves in a condition to blame any one of the parties we have been obliged to name.

ROYAL DESCENT: AN ANECDOTE.

WE extract the following from the third and fourth volumes (unpublished) of the "Chroniques de l'Œil de Bœuf."

"Dufresney, a descendant of Henry IV. by the left side, has just taken it into his head to marry; but only see to what excess a poet may carry his originality. A young and comely washerwoman, whose account with the wit might be compared to a theatrical piece without a *dénouement*, made her way one morning into the author's apartment, and in a positive tone demanded, once for all, as she termed it, the settlement of her account. "Your account!" exclaimed the poet, slipping on his coat, and taking up the bill for the night. "I am not a poet," said the girl, "but I am a washerwoman; and I have come to you to demand the settlement of my account. You have had my money for thirty pistoles, and I have given you my labour for nothing. You are going to begin just as I left off last night." "But in eight days I am to be married; and it's no use talking; you must in the meantime find wherewithal to pay your debt." "Ah! you are going to be married! then it seems you have money; for alas! if you count upon my thirty pistoles—" "I lean upon a rotten staff,—is that your meaning?" "Not exactly, child: I will assuredly pay you one of these days; some morning when you chance to find me in possession of the vein that I was forced to abandon last night. But, a moment: thirty pistoles are not your entire portion?" "Certainly not: by dint of washing, and scouring, and plaiting, and starching, I have amassed about a couple of hundred ducats." "The devil you have! Jeannette; you have indeed starched and plaited to some purpose. And who is the bridegroom?" "An honest Norman coachee, who has promised to manage our little household matters as carefully as he drives his master's carriage." "A coachman! Fie! fie! a girl like you might do better." "Whom then would you have me marry? a duke, I suppose?" "In truth, Jeannette, there are dukes who do not deserve you, and who are incapable of amassing in a century the two hundred ducats which your little hands have put together in so short a time. What say you to me, girl, for a husband,—his majesty's *valet-de-chambre*, and comptroller of the royal gardens?" "You, M. Dufresney! you marry a washerwoman?" "Why not? my

great-grandmother worked in a garden.' A slight whispering of ambition tingled in Jeannette's ear:—"I don't exactly refuse," said she, with a downcast look;—"you are his majesty's *valet-de-chambre*, and comptroller of the royal gardens?" "Even so, child." "And in case of accidents, mayhap you could become *valet-de-chambre* in some other great house,—or gardener?" "I don't promise that,—but—I am a poet." "Oh, for the matter of that, your trade is not worth much. I wash for twenty poets, not one of whom pays me—but—" "Well! have you made up your mind? Here I am—quite dressed; give me your arm,—we'll have the banns published immediately." "With all my heart," said the washerwoman, taking the poet lovingly by the arm; and in a fortnight the fair starcher, whom we must now call the grand-daughter of Henry IV., was obliged to scrub and plait harder than ever to gain another couple of hundred pistoles, her husband having spent the first in a fruitless search after his vein of luck. But in a week afterwards, Dufresney made his appearance with a thousand pistoles, which Louis XIV. had given him; his majesty good-naturedly observing, that his *relation*, Jeannette, must not be suffered to starve for the crime of having married a great monarch's illegitimate grandson."

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Collection of Peninsular Melodies. With Words by Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Norton, Dr. Bowring, &c. The Airs selected by G. L. H. Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.

WHEN we first saw the announcement of this work, we entertained great expectation as to the result, knowing, as every one must do who has ever heard a Spanish national tune, that in originality of melody and strength of expression, no music can surpass the traditional airs of the Peninsula. The *guarachas* and *boleros*, with which we have been familiarised here, have begotten, in all lovers of sweet sounds, a longing for more tunes from the same source; not scholastic compositions from modern Spanish musicians; not mere elegancies, common to all countries where music is cultivated, and which have become wearisome common-places; but vigorous and peculiar strains, born in old times of strong feeling, and finding a vent, without what Ben Jonson calls "the adulteries of art;"—we mean, in one word, "national airs." Of these, one of the finest, as regards Spain, is to be found in Corelli's violin solos: it is there called, we believe, *La Follia*, and a volume of such tunes would be inestimable.

The work before us has done much towards satisfying the hitherto ungratified wishes of the lover of music; but it does not wholly fill the void. Many of the airs are not original, not *national* in the emphatic sense of the word. They consist too much of smooth prettinesses, without distinctive character. They abound in *apoggiaturas*, and other effeminate luxuries of art; and they seem to have been compiled with too cautious a view to the sensibilities of the boarding-school and drawing-room. Some songs there are, however, which are genuine things, new to this country, and in themselves worth the whole price of the volume. Of these, three have fixed themselves on our memory, namely, a trio called "Expostulation;" a *zorzico*, "The Biscayan to his Mistress," and an *epigramma*, entitled "Mary's Glance." The last is exquisite.

Altogether, we cordially recommend the work to the notice of the cultivator of melody, and

of the inquirer into the early and unpolluted sources of musical expression.

J. N. HUMMEL.—This celebrated composer was to leave Paris on Tuesday last on his way to England, where his arrival will make quite an epoch in the musical world. His concerts are, we hear, to be given at the King's Theatre music-room.

DRAMA.

WE have no theatrical criticisms in Passion week, though our Paris letter contains some curious dramatic reports from that capital. At home, the note of preparation is struck for the Easter spectacles, and Stanfield has been reviving all his travelled recollections of China for the scenery of Planché's Chinese piece at Drury Lane. Nor is Covent Garden behind in efforts: we anticipate that both will be gorgeous.

From the Edinburgh journals we gather, that after Mrs. H. Siddons' farewell, the *gude* folks of the Northern Athens had derived some consolation from the *début* of their countryman, and Crevelli's celebrated pupil, Mr. Wilson. He has appeared in *Massaniello* and *Harry Bertram*, with immense success; and his admirable tenor seems to have captivated all the connoisseurs of that musical capital.

VARIETIES.

Sheep in Hungary.—There are in Hungary 7,000,000 sheep, of which three millions belong to Prince Esterhazy.

Cincinnati.—The inhabitants of this city in the year 1802 did not exceed 800, and at this moment they amount to more than 25,000; the population during the last three years alone having increased eight thousand souls.

American.—Mr. Halleck, one of the most popular and sweetest bards of America, is about to give the world a new poem. The subject is supposed to be the "Minute Men," from which, it is hinted, his lines on Connecticut are extracted. A translation of the French novel, "*La Chronique du Charles IX.*," is also forthcoming from an able pen.

New York.—We learn from New York, that a plan is in agitation for establishing in that city a university, on the plan of the London College. May we notice, as another sign of the march of mind, that masquerades were begun there last year, and are to be continued this season! !

Astronomy.—Mr. South has mounted the extraordinary glass which he so *dashingly* secured at Paris (see *Literary Gazette*); and it now forms a striking feature in his superb Observatory at Kensington. The cloudy state of the weather has hitherto prevented us from enjoying the study of the heavenly bodies through this powerful tube; but we rejoice to find it employed in hands so well calculated to deduce important scientific results from its use.

French Dramatic Readings.—Monsieur Dupont finished his course of French readings last Wednesday at Willis's Rooms. Previously to entering upon the exquisite comedy of *Le Joueur*, he eloquently traced the principles of dramatic composition, and with great skill brought them to bear on the productions of his own country. Monsieur Dupont's exhibition has been, indeed, one of considerable interest; and such as must place him in the foremost rank of professional teachers.

New Invention.—The *Journal de Cadix*, of March 14, states, that a French watch-maker, named Auguste Morieau, residing in that city,

has just invented a machine, to which he has given the name of *calador*, (guardian,) as it affords complete security against robbers. The *calador* is very portable; and being placed behind a door or window, or against the wall, or on the floor, if any one should attempt to break into the apartment, it makes three successive reports, similar to those of a pistol.

Vaccination.—A statement has been published in Bohemia of the number of men who have died of the small-pox within the last twenty years, which affords a new proof of the advantages of vaccination. From 1809 to 1828 the number of deaths from this disorder has greatly diminished, notwithstanding a large increase of population. In 1809 the number of births was 134,651, and of deaths from the small-pox 13,291: in 1828 the number of births was 144,095, and that of the deaths was only 520. At the end of the last century, in 1799 and in 1800, 1,7000 children died of the small-pox. The number of births was then 125,750 upon the average; and that of the deaths was not less than 135 out of 1000:—it is now hardly four. These satisfactory results afford reasonable ground for the hope that the small-pox will in a few years be completely harmless in its effects.

Parisian Statistics.—There were sold, in 1829, 412,000 sacks of corn, 290,710 of flour, 1,050,000 hectolitres of oats, 3,875,000 of salt, 72,590 oxen, 14,500 cows, 66,580 calves, 340,730 sheep, 85,180 hogs. In the markets, exclusive of what was purchased at the residences of the consumers, were sold 7,940,000 francs' worth of game and poultry, 5,950,000 f. of butter, 4,180,000 f. of eggs, 4,470,000 f. of sea-fish, 815,000 f. of oysters, 580,000 f. of fresh-water fish. There have also been brought to market 901,700 hectolitres of wine, 50,630 of brandy, 7,120 of cider and perry, 97,800 of beer, 17,160 of vinegar, 5,300 of olive oil, 70,000 of common oil, 864,350 cords of firewood, 167,500 cords of white firewood, 4,160,000 faggots, 2,166,900 hectolitres of coal, 9,500,000 pottles of hay, 13,920,000 of straw, 40,185 cords of building wood, 5,459 of white wood, 2,350,000 lineary metres of sawn timber, 4,250,000 of white wood, 2,100,000 hectolitres of plaster, 72,000 hectolitres of lime, 138,600 measures of rough stone, 55,600 of marble and granite, 5,800,000 tiles, 7,450,000 bricks.

Canova.—The beautiful group of *Piety* by Canova, the only work in plaster left by that illustrious sculptor, has just been executed in marble by M. Cincinnato Baruzzi, one of his most distinguished pupils. The Italian journals speak very highly of this work.

Walking Skeleton.—There is at this moment at Douai a man thirty years of age, known by the appellation of the Walking Skeleton. He has the faculty, although sufficiently *embonpoint*, of contracting his muscles and reducing his flesh, leaving his bones protruding, so as to give himself the appearance of a skeleton. With this he combines other surprising feats. He swallows with impunity all sorts of poisons, arsenic, sulphuric acid, corrosive sublimate, and devours live coals. He can also free himself from chains and manacles of every description. The most expert of the gendarmerie have in vain applied thumb-screws, hand-cuffs, irons of all sorts, to secure him; he rids himself of them in an instant. A triple chain, by way of experiment, was fastened round his body and secured with screws; by one or two movements, of which he alone possesses the secret, they fell at his feet. The name of this juggler is Jean Pierre Decure, a native (as he says himself) of Africa.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette's Weekly Advertisement, No. XV. April 10.]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

McKenzie's Notes on Haiti, 2 vols. post 8vo. 12. 1s. —Howison's Tales of the Colonies, 2 vols. post 8vo. 12. 1s. —Coventry's Coke upon Lyttelton, royal 8vo. 12. 1s. —Sturgeon's Bankrupt Act, 12mo. 6s. —Riland on Church Reform, 12mo. 6s. —Letters of a Recluse, 12mo. 3s. —Caldington on the Eye and Optical Instruments, 8vo. 5s. —Seale's Principles of Dissect, 12mo. 2s. —Sims' Memorials of Oberlin and De Staël, 12mo. 4s. —Irvine's Sermons, 8vo. 8s. —Bailey's Algebra, 8vo. 8s. —Bucke's Julio Romano, a Drama, 8vo. 8s. —Muir's Sermons on the Seven Churches, 12mo. 4s. —Mather's Elements of Drawing, 12mo. 3s. —The Young Cook's Assistant, 18mo. 1s. —Turner's Hertford, 8vo. 13s. —royal 8vo. India proof, 12. 10s. —Appleyard's Sermons, 12mo. 4s. —Grant on Liberty, 12mo. 5s. —Webster's Dramatic Works, 4 vols. crown 8vo. 2l. 2s. —Holt's Bible Cuts, 8vo. 12. 1s. —India, 2l. 2s. —Lewentwater, a Tale of 1715, 2 vols. post 8vo. 12. 1s. —Seager's Bos Elliptica, 8vo. 9s. —Caunter's Island Bride, a Poem, 8vo. 10s. —

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 1	From 29. to 43.	29.68 to 29.69
Friday ... 2	— 30. — 41.	29.56 — 29.40
Saturday ... 3	— 31. — 39.	29.16 — 29.76
Sunday ... 4	— 24. — 42.	29.99 — 30.12
Monday ... 5	— 19. — 46.	30.12 — 30.02
Tuesday ... 6	— 19. — 58.	29.95 — 29.74
Wednesday 7	— 37. — 55.	29.81 — 29.74

Prevailing winds, N.W. and S.W. Generally clear; raining on the 2d and 3d, accompanied with a little hail and snow. Rain fallen, 1.275 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. February 1830.

Thermometer—Highest	53°
Lowest	2-25
Mean	32-96535
Barometer—Highest	30-98
Lowest	29-12
Mean	29-62036

Number of days of rain and snow, 13.
Quantity of rain and melted snow in inches and decimals, 2-36375.
Winds.—2 East—3 West—0 North—2 South—1 North-east—5 South-east—9 South-west—6 North-west.

General Observations.—The early part of the month was very cold, attended by snow: on the 5th, at night, the thermometer stood at 2° 25', which was much colder than for many years in the same month: a thaw commenced on the 7th, and rain fell on eight different days—the greater part on the 7th and 8th, and 21st and 22d: the whole quantity of rain and melted snow 2-36375 inches, which was more than since February 1826, a remarkably wet month: there were five snowy days, and the whole depth was about 4½ inches: the mean of the barometer lower than last year, and the range less than usual. The evaporation 0-68125 of an inch.

Thermometer—Highest	62°
Lowest	27-35
Mean	43-38508
Barometer—Highest	30-34
Lowest	29-25
Mean	29-82376

Number of days of rain and snow, 5.
Quantity of rain and melted snow in inches and decimals, 0-725.
Winds.—5 East—9 West—1 North—1 South—3 North-east—1 South-east—10 South-west—1 North-west.

General Observations.—The month was particularly fine, and the thermometer rose to a height not experienced at Wycombe during the last seven years; the mean temperature was also much above those of the same period: the six last days had more the appearance of summer than of spring; but in the night of the 31st an extraordinary change took place, and rain, sleet, and snow fell: the whole quantity of rain and melted snow was small for the month, though much more than last year: the barometer was considerably higher than usual, and the mean 24-100ths of an inch above that of March 1829. The evaporation 0-55625 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The constant recurrence of publications at stated intervals, such as the Library of Useful Knowledge, the Family Library, Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Constable's Miscellany, &c. &c. falls very heavily upon our columns, and forces us into an arrear not only with regard to these, but to other publications. In our present No. also will be found some of the fruits of those communications which were opened for the *Foreign Literary Gazette*, and which will henceforward give variety to these pages. But if we find that, with all our exertion, we cannot keep pretty equal pace with the influx of new and interesting matter, we shall again and again have recourse to additional sheets, to be presented gratuitously to our readers.

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William John Donthorne, Esq. George G. Wyattville, Esq.
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- W. J. ROPER, Assistant Secretary.

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No. 691.—AMERICAN EDITION.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1830.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE CUT-AND-DRY SYSTEM OF CRITICISM!

The Literary Gazette, No. 691.

It is a melancholy task to us, though far from an unusual thing in the general practice of contemporary book-makers, to review our own work! At any rate, we have the consolation of performing it openly, and also of following the common example of the larger Reviews,—i. e. saying little or nothing about the publication at the head of our article. But in these days, when the schoolmaster is so much abroad, (our friend Captain Windlass says he thinks him "all abroad;" by which sea phrase the amphibious animal seems to mean aught but a compliment), there are many new modes of teaching; and it is to the latest of these we wish to call the public attention.

THE CUT-AND-DRY SYSTEM OF CRITICISM, which has recently sprung up, and is rapidly growing into great force and magnitude, is individually and patriotically odious in our eyes. It affects us, and it injures literature: it is founded on selfish motives, and abuses the public mind. And what is the *cut-and-dry system*? we hear our readers ask. It is altogether a novel custom, we reply, and performed as herein after described.

Almost every book that is now published being an excellent book, in the opinion of its author, compiler, or publisher, one or other of them kindly takes the trouble to pick out some score or two of its best and most striking passages, which are forthwith printed on a loose, separate sheet of paper, duly labelled as being extracted from such or such an able, or admirable, or extremely popular, or widely circulated, or piquant, or exquisite, or highly poetical, or (which is rather the favourite phrase) *talented* work. With every volume sent to review, magazine, or newspaper for notice, one of these *cut-and-dry* Helps (as the Americans call their servants*) is forwarded; so that the critic or editor, relieved from the need of labour, or the fatigue of reading the book, has only to re-echo that such or such a work has appeared, and that to show the public how good it is, he has to quote the following able, or admirable, or piquant, or exquisite, or highly poetical, or *talented* paragraphs, anecdotes, &c. from a production which is already extremely popular and widely circulated!! And all this passes current for the genuine opinion of the reviewer or

* *Master and servant* are names unknown in the United States. There, servants will not acknowledge they have a master. I am *helper* to such a one, is their term. In the French revolution, too, it may be curious to mention, the word *master* was abolished, and *bourgeois* was substituted. A servant talks of his *bourgeois*, or the *bourgeoisie*, meaning the master, and if his *bourgeoisie*, the mistress. The hatred of the word *master* may be traced back to, not republican, but imperial Rome. Augustus never could bear it. Suetonius tells us, that at the theatre an actor, in his part, said: "O the just, O the good master!" The public, with one accord, and with transports of joy, applied it to Augustus, who testified by his countenance and action how much it displeased him; and the next day he issued an edict severely reproaching the people on the subject; and he forbade the term to be applied to him, by high or low, in jest or earnest.

newspaper writer; whereas, he has had no occasion to open the book, or to look into it; but, finding a parcel of favourable tit-bits sought out for him, just has the politeness to retail them as the fruits of his own taste, judgment, and sagacity.

It is very ungrateful in us to expose this *cut-and-dry* course, which is calculated in an especial manner to contribute to our great ease and comfort; *firstly*, by sparing us the toil and pains of wading through lots of dulness and trash; and *secondly*, by placing us on such excellent terms with authors, compilers, and publishers, that we might live unmolested and be praised by them all the days of our lives, instead of being, as now, abused for cruelty sometimes, and reproached for not bestowing sufficient panegyric always. It is a singular fact, and we record it as a wonder to future generations, that we do not remember ever having quite satisfied an author in the whole "march" of our literary career, though, Heaven knows, we have eulogised some of them till the force of language could no farther go! But this by the by.

We dare say the *reflecting* public is often astonished at the rapidity with which the merits of new works are spread abroad; and the marvellous unanimity which prevails respecting them throughout the press. Why, even the most remote provincial journal is within the reach of a *cut-and-dry sheet*; and it is delightful to the over-busied and intelligent editor, who generally presides over such an organ of opinion, to fill up his columns with the clippings of amusing or striking paragraphs, so civilly provided for him as samples of the able, admirable, piquant, exquisite, *talented*, &c. &c. &c. which, he can assure his readers, has as yet hardly been seen in London.

Now, what are the consequences of this? The efficient expressions to answer the question are "humbug and imposition;" the palming of partial, egotistical, and interested views upon the world, instead of the honest sentiments of the party who is apparently responsible for the statements. And thus are the public every day, and day after day, gulled into the belief, that the most contemptible performances are possessed of extraordinary claims to attention and patronage: they buy, the bubble bursts, they feel they have been cheated, and the next hour they or others fall into the same trap again; and "the million" keep up the game, like reproduction, by furnishing a never-ending succession of dupes. Perhaps it may be thought, at first sight, that these are too strong terms in reprehension of a practice so innocuous as merely sending a few of the best extracts from a publication to the newspapers;—and so they would be, were the evil confined to the delusion of procuring a market for what is undeserving of encouragement. But the great wrong lies deeper—it is by the protrusion of what is worthless that real merit and talent are stifled. The voice of modest Genius cannot be heard amid the din of clamorous puffing; and the expense of making a sterling production known

amounts to a prohibition against the efforts of learning and intellect, unsupported by the long purse and ingenious devices, to create a demand, of the existing mode of publishing. It is, therefore, for the sake and on behalf of humble Genius that we think it time to enter our protest against the oppression of this monopoly: it is our painful province to be made acquainted with hundreds of estimable persons, emulous of literary fame, and competent to acquire it too, whose hopes are crushed and destroyed by the system of which we speak. It is the roaring of the ocean that condemns full many a gem of purest ray to lie waste and unnoticed amid the wreck below: it is the upas that blights every fair floweret under its baleful shade.

The effect upon our national literature is another of the considerations which attaches much importance to this mode of proceeding. Let us look at the class of publications which inundate the Circulating Libraries, and compare it with an annual catalogue of the works of a superior character for information, learning, or lasting utility. Where are they? It is not worth while to publish a learned volume, or a volume of beautiful poetry, or any unpretending book of original research and valuable application. It would require a hundred pounds, perhaps, to advertise the limited number of the buyers of such sterling production that it existed, and the return would not cover this expense or remunerate the bookseller. He must therefore, and does, reject nearly all labours and efforts of this kind, however deserving; and turns to the ephemerides of the hour, which, by being puffed into notoriety, attract the multitude, are disposed of, repay the outlay, disgrace our literature, deprave the public taste, and are forgotten.

The connexion formed between the periodical journals and publishers in this way, is another curious part of the business. Newspapers devoted to political news, do not generally hold themselves to be authorities on literary subjects, though almost every newspaper now dabbles a little in the trade of criticism. They, therefore, care no great deal for what their columns contain in the mere ordinary routine of inserting what is paid for: the booksellers' paragraphs and advertisements come together, and the latter insures the companionship of the former. And this has grown to so vast an extent, that the entire press of the country, with hardly an exception, is subservient to it. We cannot take up a paper without recognising page after page of the materials already familiar to us from the circular *cut-and-dry* sheets which we, like others, have received, to guide us, as it were, in the path we are wished to go, but which we are determined never to follow. Indeed, the more we see it pervade the system, so as to lead and mislead the public, the more resolutely shall the *Literary Gazette* adhere to the opposite course, and, at all events, deliver its own opinions. These may be erroneous, and liable to be questioned, as well as others; but as we

think the cut-and-dry fashion to be more insidiously detrimental to real literature than the outrageous puffing which it has in some measure supplanted, and with which it has in some degree combined, we shall fearlessly oppose ourselves to its continuance.

What we have said must contribute to throw a light upon it, and will, we trust, conduce to an honest and better order of things. Should it be otherwise, should it be agreed that every man being his own reviewer is a convenient and proper plan, we must also submit to be silenced; but until we are made to feel that our Othello's occupation's gone, we will not consent to have it performed by the little black slaves of the cut-and-dry manner.

In submitting this exposition we have made no personal allusions; for we regret to say that the cause of complaint is but too widely spread, and in that lies its power of mischief. A few insulated examples would only offend, but the mass almost utterly smothered justice, and debilitates our national literature into trifling and superficial trumpery of the day, destitute of vigour and standard excellence. The old saying, of "every one a mouthful, and no one a bellyful," is being fulfilled to the utmost letter; and if the English reader wants a book calculated for future times, he must go to Germany, or France, or Russia! for in England there are nothing but reprints, compilations, annuals, periodicals, and the old species of machinery of the druggists' bottles mingling the contents of several, and shewing off the mixtures of every colour of the rainbow.

We will now take our leave of the *cut-and-dry* fashion, which has been detected, and its influence, and its influence:—
The *cut-and-dry* fashion is a very unequal mixture of the various elements of literature, and is a very unequal mixture of the various elements of literature.

Walter Colyton: a Tale of Love. By the Author of "Brambletye House." 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn and Bentley. London, 1830.

MR. SMITH'S most successful efforts are certainly his historical ones: he evidently commences no work till he has thoroughly examined his ground, and made himself master of all its details; in all his allusions to, or descriptions of, the manners, customs, and events of the time, he is strikingly correct; and we have now to notice one great improvement,—he has been much more sparing of his antiquarian lore; and peculiarities of style and dress are chiefly introduced as they illustrate necessarily the period and characters. Though Mr. Smith is not the founder of his school, he is, at least, one of its best followers; originality he does not possess; he would never of himself have raised the historical novel to its present distinction: but he writes very pleasantly, and communicates much information in too popular a manner not to secure many readers. We prefer *Walter Colyton* to many of its predecessors; the story is interesting, and the *dénouement* very unexpected; and that, at least, we will take care not to spoil. Among the personages introduced is the celebrated Catherine Sedley, countess of Dorchester, favourite of James II., in whose reign the scene is laid: we shall extract a portion in which she figures.

Walter, the hero, has been condemned to death by a court-martial for striking his superior officer, though under circumstances of great provocation. Seagrave has been prin-

cipal accessory to an attempt to marry him, even by force, to a mistress, of whom Lord Sunderland, then minister, is weary. Hetty, his own attachment (an animated copy from Jeannie Deans), learns from her lover, that chance has thrown him into contact, and also into favour, with the Countess of Dorchester; and she forthwith proceeds to London in man's attire, trusting, through Catherine's interest, to present the petition for his life to the king.

Influenced by the same considerations that had weighed with her before her departure, Hetty determined to preserve her male attire in London; but as her travelling garb was of rather a rude, rustic description, and she feared that there might be some difficulty in making her way quickly to the countess's presence, unless she presented a handsome exterior, she purchased a genteel dress suit, hung a sword to her side, exchanged her close wig for one of the small, fashionable perukes, and, without waiting to recruit herself after her long journey, hastened in her new habiliments to St. James's Square. On the afternoon of Hetty's visit, the countess, seeing the rapid approach of that crisis, which by her counsels she had not less strenuously than vainly endeavoured to avert, and anticipating, in the probable loss of her royal lover, a deprivation of all her splendour and distinction, was endeavouring, in a half melancholy and half bantering mood, to drive away the dismal forebodings that haunted her.

'Morlay, *mia cara!*' she exclaimed to her parasite, with a forced smile, 'I was advised not long since to imitate Madame de la Valière, to retire into a Carmelite convent, and practise all sorts of austerities; but, methinks, if I am to turn *religieuse*, I had rather, like Fenelon, attach myself to Madame de Guyon, and become a Quietist.' 'A Quietist! Sprightly, vivacious, and witty, as you are by nature, how can you ever expect to become a Quietist? Not that I know any thing of Madame de Guyon's doctrines, though we have heard so much about her.' 'She preaches the entire renunciation of self, the silence of the soul, the annihilation of all its powers, interior worship, and that pure and disinterested love of God which is neither degraded by the fear of punishment, nor animated by the hope of reward. Now, methinks if I had a very romantic hermitage, and a smart young hermit to chat with after my fits of quietism were over, I should not object now and then to indulge in a holy abstraction from the world, to turn my thoughts inwards, and to sit, as it were, in the solemn, solitary temple of my own heart, musing ineffable reveries *à la Guyon*. But positively I must have the smart young hermit.' 'Nay, now you are rattling and talking like a giddy madcap as you are, for nobody was ever half so free from flirting or gallantry: you are a very turtle-dove towards the king. At times, indeed, you have been too careless of appearances, too indifferent, in the consciousness of your innocence, as to what people might say. There you must confess that blunt Morlay has proved herself your friend, for I have always warned you to be scrupulously observant of decorum, always told you that Caesar's wife ought to be not only virtuous, but even free from suspicion.' 'I am not Caesar's wife, however, but his mistress.' 'Tush! is it not exactly the same thing? A king's wife is his state mistress, and his mistress is his private wife.' '*Eh va via, non mi romper la testa!* Prithree no more of this.'

"A servant entering, announced that a stranger was below, who declined giving his name; but had desired him to state that he

was a friend of Captain Colyton. 'Not give his name! What is he like? is he a gentleman? is he young? is he handsome?' inquired the countess. 'Quite a gentleman,' my lady, 'very young, and remarkably handsome.' 'Had I three ears, I'd hear thee! Shew him up, by all means.' In another minute Hetty Chevill entered the apartment, endeavouring to make a man's bow, in which she did but indifferently succeed; and catching her foot in her sword as she advanced, — a circumstance that added to her confusion as she blushingly said, 'If I have the honour of addressing the Countess of Dorchester, may I entreat you, madam, to favour me with a private interview?' 'A private interview! truly this is a modest request for a stranger to make! Morlay, *duenna mine*, how is Caesar's wife to act?' 'How can you ask such a question, when I know your thorough discretion?' said the scrupulous observer of decorum, taking the hint, and immediately quitting the apartment. 'Oh madam!' cried Hetty, throwing herself upon her knees before the countess, 'forgive me for thus intruding into your presence, and, above all, for appearing in this disguise; but when I tell you that I am an unhappy and almost heart-broken maiden —, 'Maiden! Egad, wench! I could have better forgiven you had you really been what your dress betokens; though I had discovered you before you spoke, for I am not easily deceived in these matters. As one of my own sex, however, you can have no business at my feet; so prithree seat yourself, resume your composure, and tell me the purport of your visit, particularly as it has reference to my friend Captain Colyton.'

Hetty gives all the necessary information, and at the conclusion of her narrative.

"'Betrothed to Captain Colyton! Are you aware, my love-lorn donzella,' continued the countess, who even upon so grave an occasion could not altogether refrain from bantering — 'that I have a sneaking kindness for him myself, and that, if I save his life, it will be only to tie him to my own apron-string as my *ciois-beau*, my fashionable dangler, my private lover?' 'Save him! save him! only save his life, and I care not what becomes of myself; I can bear any thing, provided Walter be spared. I could even resign him for ever — yes, cheerfully, madam, will —' A rising sob, which she vainly endeavoured to suppress, prevented the completion of the sentence, while the tear that started to her eye refuted the assertion she was about to make. 'Tut, wench! I did but joke,' said the countess, taking her companion's hand, and affectionately pressing it. 'A pest, however, upon the mistimed pleasantry that could thus trifle with your feelings! Kate Sedley may be accused of levity, of folly, of misconduct, but heartless I am not; and may I perish if I would not thrust this right hand into the fire, and burn it to a coal, like Cranmer's, rather than interfere between you and the object of your affection.'

"'I promise that I will set in motion all the influence and interest I possess; that I will exert every faculty of my soul; that I will importune the king without ceasing, until I obtain a remission of Captain Colyton's sentence.' Hetty's vehement emotions could now no longer be repressed. Throwing herself at the countess's feet, and pressing to her heart the hand which she still held, she passionately exclaimed, 'A thousand, thousand thanks, best and most generous of women! you have saved me from despair; you have attached me to you for ever; and if the most fervent gratitude, if my readiness to lay down my life in your service, could

be deemed a fitting return for your condescension and goodness —' She broke off abruptly; for the door of the apartment suddenly opened, and a person entered, whom, from the portraits she had seen, she immediately recognised to be the king. 'Hah!' exclaimed the monarch, starting back, and snatching at the pommel of his sword, while his whole face whitened with rage, even to the lips, — 'treachery here, too! Nothing but treachery on all sides! It is well, madam, it is well; but I could have been better pleased had your audacious paramour been a king, and worthy of my sword. Traitor as the villain is, I cannot draw against a subject.' Releasing the hilt of his weapon, he paused for a moment, in apparent irresolution whether to retire from the apartment or await an explanation; while Hetty arose from her kneeling posture, and stood with averted face and eyes fixed upon the floor, overcome with awe, surprise, and confusion. 'It were well for your majesty if you had no worse treasons to fear than this,' said the countess, whose peulance was instantly piqued by any thing like a taunt, especially when she knew it to be unmerited: 'Oh! what a precious discovery have you made, and how eager do you seem to become your own Actæon! Send for Sir Godfrey, that he may paint us as we stand — your majesty pale with anger — yonder detected gallant twiddling his sword-knot after a most sheepish and lackadaisical fashion — and Kate Sedley looking as saucy as if she had committed no offence. Pardon my impertinence, but were it not well that you should rub your eyes, and exclaim with the jealous-pated man in the play, 'Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Awake, awake! Master Ford; I will now take the gallant; he is at my house; he cannot escape me — 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places.' *Basta!* enough of this; I will myself search for your majesty's rival beneath this disguising periwig!' Turning Hetty suddenly round towards the king, she twitched off her wig, and resumed, as her luxuriant locks fell about her shoulders, — 'There, sir, you may see by these modest blushes, and by the palpitation of her bosom, threatening to break the buttons of her vest, that the Imogene who was kneeling at my feet, is, in spite of her alarming garb, a poor, timid, harmless maiden!' 'I understand not this mummery; who is she? what is she?' inquired James, still speaking sternly, though his ordinary complexion had returned, and his countenance was now not more saturnine than usual. 'Speak for yourself,' said the countess to Hetty; 'you implored me to present you to the king; there is his majesty; tell your own story.' Believing that the fate of her beloved Walter might depend upon her conduct and self-possession at the present moment, Hetty summoned all her energies to her aid, threw herself at the feet of the sovereign, stated in a hurried manner the cause and the nature of Walter's offence, with the sentence it had drawn down upon him, and in a passionate appeal, such only as a loving woman could pronounce, implored a remission of the fatal decree. 'Your majesty now perceives,' said the countess, 'that there is nothing more criminal in the whole affair, no more important discovery to be made, than that a very small fraction of my Lord Sunderland's private-life treacheries has come to light; his public treasons remain yet to be developed!' This speech

was luckily thrown in, and the moment was altogether propitious to Hetty's suit; for recent events, in spite of James's infatuation, had begun to force open his eyes to the perfidious proceedings of his minister. By the arrival of Skelton, the ambassador in Holland, it was found that the various letters he had officially written, positively announcing the destination of the prince's armament, had been all suppressed, and carefully kept from the king's knowledge. Other revelations had filled the royal mind with grave misgivings as to the honesty of the man upon whom he had lavished his favour and confidence; and as instances of ingratitude and perfidy multiplied around him, he was the better pleased to find that his suspicions of the countess's fidelity were unfounded. 'Who is this Captain Colyton?' he inquired, speaking in a still more gracious mood than he had hitherto used. 'The same,' replied the countess, 'whom Sunderland, that he might the better inveigle and insnare him, presented at a late drawing-room, when your majesty condescended to converse with him, and led him to expect that you would serve him, should occasion offer. Your majesty's promises have ever been held sacred and inviolable, — an honourable fact which not even your bitterest enemies can deny.' 'I made no promise: even if I had, it would have been abrogated by misconduct in the party. This is a grave, almost an irremissible offence; at the present moment it is peculiarly necessary to enforce a strict observance of discipline in the army.' 'It is still more necessary not to alienate that army and extend disaffection by sacrificing a gentleman of whom they may well be proud, to such a low and worthless character as Lord Sunderland's creature, whom they cannot but view as a disgrace to their profession. Clemency,' continued the countess, who knew that the king, like other men, loved to be most highly lauded for those virtues in which he was most deficient, 'clemency is not only your majesty's noblest prerogative, but the one which you have ever shewn to be the dearest to your heart. In Monmouth's infamous affair, did you not pardon thousands who had forfeited both life and estate? My Lord Brandon, Lord Stamford, Mr. Hampden, and many others, after being convicted of high treason, have received their lives at your hand; and will your majesty, who can thus generously forgive traitors, rebels, and enemies, suffer a brave and loyal soldier to be shot, because in a hasty moment he struck a bully of Lord Sunderland's?' 'I do not remember to have seen the report of this court-martial. Has that too been suppressed, like Skelton's letters?' 'This active and undaunted girl, who travels faster than most of the royal couriers, has outstripped its arrival. She left Somersetshire as soon as it was agreed upon, travelled incessantly both day and night, and has hardly been an hour in London.' 'It will probably, then, be laid before me to-morrow.' After pausing for a few seconds, as if considering how he should word his promise, the king, addressing himself to Hetty, continued — 'And if there be no more aggravating circumstances in the case than those you have mentioned, the capital part of the punishment shall be remitted.' 'There! do you hear?' cried the countess to Hetty — 'you may retire. Say no more — do no more — the word has gone forth from the mouth of one who never yet violated a promise.'

The following passage has so much historical truth, that we must give it place. Forrester is speaking of the time-serving character of too

many of the then English courtiers, and addresses William III.

"I can easily believe that this covetousness and inconsistency on the one side, coupled with the insight which your majesty must have obtained into the clamorous protestations of universal loyalty that preceded the general defection from the late king, may have lowered our nation in your eyes; nor can I deny, that the revolution, however glorious to your majesty, however blessed in its results, may be hereafter deemed dishonourable to the people of England in the mode of its achievement. But the Stuarts are only the victims of the general corruption they themselves effected. At the time of the restoration, high-minded Puritans of the Hutchinson and Ludlow stamp were still living, men who might have strengthened the public mind by imparting to it their own morality and strict religious tone; even as the Goths, when they intermingled with the degenerate people of Italy, corroborated their bodily strength. But in the reign of Charles the Second, drunkenness, irreligion, immorality, and corruption, became tests of loyalty; and the people at large soon learned to imitate, though they could not surpass, the gross depravity of the court. Charles and his successor were both pensioners of France; both secretly leagued with a foreign despot against their subjects; and they can have no right therefore to complain when the people turned the stream of corruption, and entered into conspiracies against themselves. It will be for your majesty to commence a moral revolution, still more glorious than the political one you have achieved, by making the court a school of religion, morality, and decorum; and thus gradually reforming the people by the same high example that has so thoroughly corrupted them."

We must apply to some part of this work a censure we have used towards another in a different place of this *Gazette*; viz. the introduction of so much of the Somersetshire dialect: it seems to us strangely bad taste in a writer, whose object we suppose is to interest a refined class, to devote pages to recording the vulgar corruptions of their native tongue in use among boors. If these provincial imitations continue, novels and dictionaries must go together; and, moreover, we doubt the policy of an author throwing a stumbling-block in the way of that large body of readers who seek but amusement.

The Doom of Devorgoil, a Melo-drama: and Auchindrane; or, the Ayrshire Tragedy. By Sir Walter Scott. Bart. 8vo. pp. 337. Edinburgh, Cadell and Co.: London, Simpkin and Marshall.

HAVING, we believe, with the exception of the publishers' duplicate, the only copy of this volume which has found its way to London, we seize a hurried hour (for it reached us late) to bring the performance before our readers. And we regret this haste the less, because it would have been an idle waste of time to attempt elaborate criticism on a new work from the pen of Sir Walter Scott; though its dramatic form, and the nature of the two traditions which it embodies, might entitle it to some observations beyond those of a mere cursory report. But be that as it may hereafter, we are, for the present, limited to the pleasant duty of making a *cento* of the beauties that have struck us most; and adorning this No. with the earliest blossoms we have been able to collect into a nosegay, from the dark wreaths of *Devorgoil* and *Auchindrane*.

The first, though entitled a melo-drama, Sir

And the strap, from the hide of a lame racer, sold
By Lord Match, to his friend, for some hundreds in gold.
Both. For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buzz,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.
Cockatelemog (placing the napkin).
And this cambric napkin, so white and so fair.
At a usurer's funeral I stole from the heir.
[*Throws something from a vial, as going to make vuds.*]
This dewdrop I caught from one eye of his nother,
Which wept while she ogled the parson with 'other.
Both. For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buzz,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.
Octopiegle (arranging the father and the basin).
My soap-ball is of the mild alkali made,
Which the soft dedicator employs in his trade;
And it froths with the pith of a promise, that's sworn
By a lover at night, and forgot on the morn.
Both. For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buzz,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.
Halloo, halloo,
The blackcock crows,
Thrice shrieked hath the owl, thrice croaked hath the
raven,
Here, ho! Master Gullcrammer, rise and be shaven!"

And he is trimmed accordingly.
We have only to remark, that the names
"fool," "ass," &c. are rather liberally dis-
pensed throughout this drama;—and turn to
the more fatal and bloody tragedy of *Auchin-
drane*, founded on the real crimes of Mure,
the feudal laird of that domain, in the county
of Ayr, whose trial and fate forms a remark-
able record in Pitcairn's Criminal Trials of
Scotland.* Mure was a Richard III. in a
lower sphere, and destroyed all that stood in
the way between him and his ambition. One
of his victims, Quentin, returns home after an
absence of six years, and thus apostrophises the
scene:—

"Each rock, each stream I look on,
Each bosky wood, and every frowning tower,
Awakens some young dream of infancy:
Yet such is my hard hap, I might more safely
Have look'd on Indian cliffs, or Afric's desert,
Than on my native shores. I'm like a babe,
Doom'd to draw poison from my nurse's bosom."
"A lord,
The master of the soil for many a mile,
Dreaded and powerful, took a kindly charge
For my advance in letters, and the qualities
Of the poor orphan lad drew some applause.
The knight was proud of me, and, in his halls,
I had such kind of welcome as the great
Gee to the humble, whom they love to point to
As objects not unworthy their production,
Whose progress is some honour to their patron."

His friend, Sergeant, an old campaigner,
who has returned with him, endeavours to get
him from this fated region; and the following
ensues:—

"Sergeant. Mark, me, Quentin.
I took my license from the noble regiment,
Partly that I was worn with age and warfare,
Partly that an estate, such as a kinsman's death,
Of no great purchase, but enough to live on,
Has call'd me owner since a kinsman's death.
It lies in merry Yorkshire, where the wealth
Of fold and furrow, proper to Old England,
Stretches by streams which walk no sluggish pace,
But dance as light as yours. Now, good friend Quentin,
This copyhold can keep two quiet inmates,
And I am childless. Wilt thou be my son?
Quentin. Nay, you can only jest, my worthy friend!
What claim have I to be a burden to you?
Sergeant. The claim of him that wants, and is in danger,
On him that has, and can afford protection:
Thou wouldst not fear a foeman in my cottage,
Where a stout mastiff slumber'd on the hearth,
And this good halbert hung above the chimney?
But come—I have it—thou shalt earn thy bread
Duly, and honourably, and usefully.
Our village schoolmaster hath left the parish,
Forsook the ancient schoolhouse with its yew-trees,
That turk'd beside a church two centuries older,—
So long devotion took the lead of knowledge;
And since his little flock are shepherdless,
Thou shalt be promoted in his room;
And rather than thou wantest scholars, man,
Myself will enter pupil. Better late,
Our proverb says, than never to do well.
And look you, on the holidays I'd tell

* This very curious and deeply interesting work, so illustrative of the history of Scotland and the manners of every age, is publishing in 4to Parts, of which we have four on our table, containing the memorable transactions of the criminal courts from 1569 to 1802. The violence and atrocities of ruthless barons, the superstitions regarding witchcraft, and the cruel murders of the deluded or accused practitioners of the black art, and many other strange matters, fill these extraordinary pages.—*Ed. L. G.*

To all the wondering boors and gaping children,
Strange tales of what the regiment did in Flanders,
And thou shouldst say Amen, and be my warrant,
That I speak truth to them.
Quentin. Would I might take thy offer! But, alas!
Thou art the hermit who compell'd a pilgrim,
In name of Heaven and heavenly charity,
To share his roof and meal, but found too late
That he had drawn a curse on him and his,
By sheltering a wretch foredoom'd of heaven!"
"Sergeant. Faith, thou hast borne it bravely out.
Had I been ask'd to name the merriest fellow
Of all our muster-roll—that man wert thou.
Quentin. Seest thou, my friend, yon brook dance
down the valley,
And sing blithe carols over broken rock
And tiny water-fall, kissing each shrub
And each gay flower it nurses in its passage,—
Where thinkest thou is its source, the bonny brook?—
It flows from forth a cavern, black and gloomy,
Sullen and sunless, like this heart of mine,
Which others see in a false glare of gaiety,
Which I have laid before you in its sadness."
The following simile is good:—
"What should appal a man inured to perils,
Like the bold climber on the crags of Ailsa?
Winds whistle past him, billows rage below,
The sea-fowl sweep around, with shriek and clang,
One single slip, one unadvised pace,
One qualm of giddiness—and peace be with him!
But he whose grasp is sure, whose step is firm,
Whose brain is constant—he makes one proud rock
The means to scale another, till he stand
Triumphant on the peak."

The next is also worth quoting as a speci-
men:—
"Father, what we call great, is often ruin'd
By means so ludicrously disproportion'd,
They make me think upon the gunner's instock,
Which, yielding forth a light about the size
And semblance of the glow-worm, yet applied
To powder, blew a palace into atoms,
Sent a young king—a young queen's mate at least—
Into the air, as high as e'er flew night-hawk,
And made such wild work in the realm of Scotland,
As they can tell who heard."

And as this play ends, so must we, somewhat
abruptly. In the way of observation, we might
say that several of the characters are perhaps
rather refined or metaphysical for their rude
age; and, for the sake of shewing that we are
critical, point out the use of the same image
three times in the same composition:—

"Thine officer,
Whom yon ungrateful slaves have pitch'd ashore,
As wilt waves heap the sea-weed on the beach,
And left him here, as if he had the pest."
"Yonder mutineers that left their officer,
As reckless of his quarters as these billows,
That leave the wither'd sea-weed on the beach,
And care not where they pile it!"
"O, my soldiers!
My merry crew of vagabonds, for ever!
Scum of the Netherlands, and wash'd ashore
Upon this coast like unregarded sea-weed!"

But enough: we are sure our readers will
be glad to possess so much of this celebrated
author, till they can procure the work itself;
and great as he is, we are not without a hope
that he will be obliged to us for our prompt
tribute. For, altering only one word, and put-
ting *author* for *soldier*, we flatter ourselves that,
even among the highest,

"Your author
Begs for a leaf of laurel, and a line
In the GAZETTE!"

Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.

WE regretted to leave our readers in suspense,
though only for a week, respecting the fate of
Jack Magennis; and we now take him up
where we left him, playing a losing game with
the dark gentleman.

"For what do you think, but as Jack
was beginning the game, the dog tips him a
wink, laying his fore claw along his nose, as
before, as much as to say, 'Watch me, and
you'll win,'—turning round, at the same time,
and shewing Jack a nate little looking-glass,

* We wonder what sort of *Gazettes* there were in those
days of spectres and goblins?—neither Government nor
Literary, we suspect: perhaps the phrase is an anachron-
ism.—*Ed. L. G.*

that was set in his oxther, in which Jack saw,
dark as it was, the spots of all the other
fellow's cards, as he thought, so that he was
cock sure of bating him. But they were a pair
of downright knaves, any how; for Jack, by
playing to the cards that he saw in the looking-
glass, instead of to them the other held in his
hand, lost the game and the money. In short,
he saw that he was blarried and chated by them
both; and when the game was up he plainly
tould them as much. 'What, you scoundrel!'
says the black fellow, starting up and catching
him by the collar, 'dare you go for to im-
pache my honour?' 'Leather him if he says
a word,' says the dog, running over on his hind
legs, and laying his shut paw upon Jack's
nose, 'say another word, you rascal,' says he,
'and I'll down you;' with this the ould fellow
gives him another shake. 'I don't blame you
so much,' says Jack to him; 'it was the look-
ing-glass that desaved me.' 'What looking-
glass, you knave you?' says dark-face, giving
him a fresh haul. 'Why the one I saw under
the dog's oxther,' replied Jack. 'Under my
oxther! you swindling rascal,' replies the dog,
giving him a pull by the other side of the
collar; 'did ever any honest pair of jintlemen
hear the like?—but he only wants to break
through the agreement; so let us turn him at
once into an ass, and then he'll brake no more
bargains, nor strive to take in honest men and
win their money.' So saying, the dark fellow
drew his two hands over Jack's jaws, an' in a
twinklin' there was a pair of ass's ears growing
up out of his head. When Jack found this, he
knew that he was'n't in good hands; so he
thought it best to get himself as well out of the
scrape as possible. 'Jintlemen, be aisy,' says
he, 'an let us understand one another: I'm
very willing to sarve you for a year and a day,
but I've one request to ax, and it's this: I've a
helpless ould mother at home, and if I go with
you now, she'll brake her heart with grief first,
and starve afterwards. Now, if your honour
will give me a year to work hard, and lay in
provision to support her while I'm away, I'll
sarve you with all the veins of my heart—for a
bargain's a bargain.' With this the dog gave
his companion a pluck by the skirt, and, after
some chat together, that Jack didn't hear,
they came back and said they would com-
ply with his wishes that far; 'so, on to-morrow
twelve-month, Jack,' says the dark fellow, 'the
dog here will come to your mother's, and if you
follow him, he'll bring you safe to my castle.'
'Very well, your honour,' says Jack; 'but as
dogs resemble one another so much, how will I
know him whin he comes?' 'Why,' answers
the other, 'he'll have a green riband about his
neck, and a pair of Wellington boots on his
hind legs.' 'That's enough, sir,' says Jack,
'I can't mistake him in that dress, so I'll be
ready.' During that year Jack wrought night
and day, that he might be able to lave as much
provision with his poor mother as would support
her in his absence; and when the morning
came that he was to bid her farewell, he went
down on his two knees and got her blessing.
He then left her with tears in his eyes, and
promised to come back the very minnit his
time would be up. 'Mother,' says he, 'be kind
to your little family here, and feed them well,
as they're all you'll have to keep you company
till you see me again.' His mother then stuffed
his pockets with bread, till they stuck out be-
hind him, and gave him a crooked sumpence for
luck; after which, he got his staff, and was
just ready to tramp, when, sure enough, he
spies his ould friend the dog, with the green
riband about his neck, and the Wellington

drollery or curious traits of national manners and feelings. In justice to the writer, and to shew that his reflective mind is as competent to take original and enlarged views as to describe localities, we shall conclude with a brief extract from the opening of the second volume, which strikes us as being particularly happy.

"It has been long laid down as a universal principle, that self-preservation is the first law of nature. An Irishman, however, has nothing to do with such a law; he disposes of that as he does of the rest, and washes his hands of it altogether. But commend him to a fair, dance, funeral, or wedding, or to any other sport where there is a likelihood of getting his head or his bones broken, and if he survives, he will remember you with a kindness peculiar to himself, to the last day of his life—will drub you from head to heel, if he finds that any misfortune has kept you out of a row beyond the usual period of three months—will render the same service to any of your friends that stand in need of it; or, in short, go to the world's end, or fifty miles further, as he himself would say, to serve you."

The context and illustration of this position are admirable.

The Cabinet Cyclopædia, No. V. Natural Philosophy: Mechanics. By Captain H. Kater, V.P. R.S., and the Rev. D. Lardner, LL.D., F.R.S. London, Longman and Co.

THE *Cabinet Cyclopædia* has here struck into a new path, and with the utmost success; as might well have been anticipated from the talent employed in exploring it. Captain Kater has supplied those portions which treat of balances and pendulum, the instruments on which the measurement of weight and time depends; and Dr. Lardner himself the remainder of this valuable volume, which, though replete with philosophical information of the highest order in mechanics, is adapted to ordinary capacities in a way to render it at once intelligible and popular. This is a great advantage derived from procuring scientific essays from those who are not only masters of the particular subject in hand, but equally qualified to instruct the world in the general circle which connects all sciences the one with another. Thus we find a pouring out of knowledge, and a mass of illustration, which is far different from the too common class of publications, that are got up, manufactured we may say, for the occasion, the writer or compiler merely making himself acquainted with as much of the matter assigned for his work as may enable him to recast the old materials into a new shape, without adding one scintilla to the original stock. It is not so, when superior abilities are brought to bear upon the given point; they not only illustrate and exhaust it, but throw light upon all its collateral associations: and such is the volume before us.—a production of the greatest merit, and containing the latest and most valuable information on mechanical properties and powers. Although such a production does not afford much room for quotation, we shall give one short paragraph, to shew that when teaching philosophy, a lesson of what is useful in every-day life is also imparted.

— "It frequently happens that the stopper of a glass bottle or decanter becomes fixed in its place so firmly, that the exertion of force sufficient to withdraw it would endanger the vessel. In this case, if a cloth, wetted with hot water, be applied to the neck of the bottle, the glass will expand, and the neck will be

enlarged, so as to allow the stopper to be easily withdrawn."

There are many similar remarks; but one is sufficient to shew the character of the work.

The Last Days of Bishop Heber. By Thomas Robinson, A.M. 8vo. pp. 355. Printed at Madras. Reprinted, London, 1830. Jennings and Chaplin.

THE great popularity of the memoirs, &c. of Bishop Heber has led to this publication—an addendum to the tide. Mr. Robinson was his chaplain, is now archdeacon of Madras, and has here preserved some more threads of the mantle which has been so much admired. From his account of the death of the Bishop, it seems difficult to determine whether it proceeded from apoplexy, or drowning in the bath. There is much of missionary zeal in this volume.

Sermons on the Dangers and Duties of a Christian, &c. By the Rev. Erskine Neale, B.A. 8vo. pp. 283. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

THERE is much curious matter in this book; for the sermons are the least remarkable part of it. In introductory remarks, and other miscellanea, the author shews himself a zealous churchman; but makes admissions, and argues cases, which we think the dissenting interests might impugn with considerable effect.

Sermons. By the Rev. S. Pope, M.A. 12mo. pp. 177. London, 1830. Rivington and Hatchard.

THE curate of St. Mary's, Lambeth, in this little volume inculcates stricter principles than the living world around him acknowledge. Whether he is over-righteous or not, we must leave to others: he seems sincere, which is a great point.

Bower's History of the University of Edinburgh. 8vo. Vols. I. and II. Edinburgh, Oliphant; Waugh and Innes: London, J. Murray.

WHEN the third volume of this work was recently presented to us, we mentioned in our favourable notice of that portion of the production that we could not form a competent judgment of the whole, as we had not seen the former volumes. This desideratum the publishers have since politely supplied; and upon the general consideration we will repeat our praise of the history as a diligent record. The London University appears to be modelled on the same plan as the Edinburgh—a school of science, without reference to religious opinions; and this circumstance gives an additional interest to the work before us. Still, the biographies are the most valuable portions of the work.

Microscopic Illustrations of a few new popular and diverting Living Objects, with their Natural History, &c. By C. R. Goring, M.D., and A. Pritchard. 8vo. London, 1830. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co.

THIS curious volume contains enlarged coloured engravings of the extraordinary creatures which the improved principle of microscopes exhibit to the wondering gaze. As we have before noticed these monsters, in glancing at the Quarterly Journal of Science, and on other occasions, we shall now only repeat, that they are marvellous in the extreme, and their natural history, as far as ascertained, not less remarkable.

Anecdotal Reminiscences of distinguished Literary and Political Characters. By Leigh Cliffe, Esq. Author of "Margaret Coryton," "Parga," &c. 12mo. pp. 288. London, 1830. R. and S. A. Bielefeld; Simpkin and Marshall.

A PRODUCTION of this kind (anecdotes and traits of individuals now living or only recently removed from amongst us) must be liable to objections, if every tale be not favourable to those concerned. Accordingly, we think, some of these pages might have been omitted with advantage: of the rest, some are so-so, some poor, some tolerable, and some good. We quote two paragraphs which are most new to us:—

"*The Margrave of Anspach.*—At one of the gay parties at Brandenburg House, a gentleman by some accident had the misfortune to break one of the magnificent pier-glasses with which the apartment was ornamented. He felt exceedingly confused, and knew not what to say in apology for his awkwardness, till he was relieved by the amiable consideration of the margrave, who, pushing the decanter towards the gentleman, observed kindly, that "where the glass stands there is no mirth."

"*An honest Bookseller.*—Mr. Robson, of Bond Street, was at one time persuaded to take a partner in his business, who advanced a handsome sum of money on the articles being signed. The profits were increased to a degree which had not been anticipated, and it was supposed that Mr. Robson, when the first quarter's accounts were made up, would be highly gratified at the impulse which had been given to his trade. But the contrary was the case—he declared that he did not conceive such great profits could be obtained fairly, and dissolved the partnership, to the surprise of every person, who thought he, for once in his life, had lost his senses."

The Family Library, No. XII.: Southey's Life of Nelson. J. Murray.

SOUTHEY'S *Life of Nelson* needs no comment: it is one of the most popular biographies in our language; and this new edition of it is an ornament even to the *Family Library*.

The Works of John Webster, now first collected; with some Account of the Author, and Notes. By the Rev. Alexander Dyce, B.A. 4 vols. London, 1830. Pickering.

THE perseverance and the zeal of Mr. Pickering in reproducing the sterling works of the earlier and vigorous times of English literature, is most deserving of praise; nor can we do less than extend the eulogy to the neatness, it may be called beauty or elegance, with which he revives these works. This edition of the celebrated dramatist Webster is worthy of his press; and the interest of the author will not be diminished by the renewal of his claim upon public attention. Webster, forming himself upon Marston, is unquestionably one of our best painters of manners; and if he had only written Westward and Co., (in which, however, he had Dekker's aid,) he would have deserved to be a favourite with every curious and inquiring reader: and when we consider that, independently of his vivid local traits, he abounds in poetical beauties, (not debased by any of the very gross coarsenesses so familiar to his age,) we shall find more reason to commend Mr. Dyce's labours to the favour of all literary persons. The publication is an indispensable addition to every good collection of our national literature.

Derwentwater: a Tale of 1715. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. W. Kidd.

EVIDENTLY the production of a young writer, it is also evidently the production of a clever one: there are several characters of considerable originality, and many scenes written with a vivacity which promises much for the author's future efforts. The study of good models is recommended to all youthful writers; but, like all other good things, it may be carried to an excess: our present candidate for public favour shews excellent taste in his evident admiration of Sir Walter Scott; but this admiration has led to too direct imitation. We also think him quite mistaken, in supposing that filling page after page with the barbarous dialect of Northumberland could be entertaining to the mass of readers. Nothing but the extreme popularity of Scott would, we think, ever have reconciled his English admirers to the introduction of his native tongue so much; though, for the use of the Scotch, there were reasons, of no avail in the present instance: the Scotch is the language of a nation spoken equally by the lower and higher classes, and has a standard literature of its own; whereas the Northumbrian speech is but the barbarous corruption of the lower classes, whose only characteristic is its vulgarity.

The Jewish Maiden; a Novel. By the Author of "Ambition." 4 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Newman and Co.

REALLY a prettily told story, and the heroine Miriam a very sweet creature.

Chronicles of a School Room. By Mrs. S. C. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. T. Agnew and Sons.

THESE two volumes, the first and second, ripen- ing in the mind of the author, and the feeling of the heart, the sense of the danger shade cast by approaching the end. It is a difficult period for the writer, one at which the error of the imagination has most powerful effect; when stronger interest is required than the simple narrative, and when the knowledge of good and evil is most dangerous and most necessary. This is truly the task of a woman; and Mrs. Hall has executed it delightfully. Touching and natural, the tales are riveting as stories; while the narration derives every possible advantage from graceful language, snatches of picturesque description—those little home truths, put so simply but so forcibly—and observations, as just in their sentiment as they are elegant in expression. For example, how true are the following!—"We are too apt to think that we confer obligations when we only perform our duty; and this occasions us sometimes to overrate our exertions." "I am certain that there is no habit or propensity which cannot be overcome, if the person be conscious of the error, and anxious to amend; and the eagerness, the longing after perfection, and, at all sacrifices, endeavouring to attain it, is the unerring proof of a mind of a superior cast. The proud (in common parlance), the selfish, the mean, the giddy, are incapable of such an exertion." "Children, if unsophisticated, have a wonderful knack of manufacturing pleasures for themselves: give them a few simple materials, and not too much leisure, and they will make themselves happy in their own simple way."

Most cordially do we agree in the disap-

probation expressed of children's balls—not the dance of mirthfulness and animated exercise, but that of display and dress: parents too much neglect the happiness of their offspring, in not keeping children as long as possible. Again we give these *Chronicles* our unqualified praise; we congratulate the author, but still more her young readers, to whom they will be at once a great treat and a great benefit.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DRAMA IN PARIS.

AMONG the dramatic novelties described by one of our Paris correspondents, at greater length than we have room to detail, are a three-act comedy, in prose, entitled *Le Dueliste*, in rehearsal at the Théâtre Français; and it is said that an ex-ministerial personage, and an unfortunate individual long known in Paris by the appellation of *l'homme à la longue barbe*, figure among the *dramatis personæ*. Most of our countrymen who have visited Paris have probably seen the last-mentioned singular character, whose real name is Chodruc Duclos; and to those who have not seen him, it would be impossible to convey an adequate idea of his outward and visible man. His costume is the *recherche* (if I may so call it) of raggedness and filth, and his whole appearance the *beau idéal* of vagabondage. From sunrise to sunset he may be seen parading the long galleries of the Palais Royal, with the slow, monotonous march of old Father Time, to whom his venerable gray beard, and the not undignified sternness of his aspect, may be supposed to give him additional resemblance.

An agreeable tale of Zchokke, who is designated by the flattering title of the Swiss Walter Scott, has furnished the incidents of *Le Mariage du Défunt*, a little one-act comedy, performed at the theatre of the Ambigu Comique.

Another, entitled *Le Mari à neuf Femmes*, and which can boast but slender claims to originality, has been represented at the Théâtre des Nouveautés. The hero of the piece, an honest sailor established in Mexico, and, like his *caste*, rather given to polygamy, has, in the course of his different voyages, contrived to pick up a wife at every port. The Mexican tribunals, instead of mercifully hanging him for his uxorious propensities, condemn him to live with his nine muses. The *ménage* is, however, by no means visited with the harmony of the sacred nine, and the poor husband, glutted with his dose of conjugal tribulations, sails for England with a tenth wife, his cook-maid, who rules the roast which she formerly basted, "and dines from off the plate she lately washed." The juxtaposition of so many Ariadnes on the stage produced some lively scenes.

Les Accidens, a farce founded on the petty miseries of human life, has been brought out at the Théâtre de la Gaîté; and the authors of *Newgate* have furnished the Porte St. Martin theatre with a new melodrama, entitled *Arnand et Stéphanie*.

Arwed, ou les Représailles, a very successful drama, in two acts, has been represented at the Théâtre du Vaudeville. The leading incident reposes on a slight historical foundation; but much of the plot has been borrowed from a drama performed some fifteen years ago at the Odéon theatre, and from Cooper's novel of *Lionel Lincoln*.

In this happy theatrical review the performances of M. Comte's juvenile actors are not the least deserving of honourable mention. Many a veteran stager might take a valuable hint

from the *naïveté* of certain of these embryo Talmas and Fleury's, who have not yet attained the dignity of their teens.

Armand, of the Théâtre Français, who has long been unrivalled in the higher walks of genteel comedy, has retired from the stage.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LINNEÆAN SOCIETY.

LORD STANLEY, President, in the chair.—A paper by John Morgan, Esq., entitled, "a further description of the mammillary organs of the kangaroo," was read. This paper may be considered a continuation of one by the same author, which appeared in the first part of vol. 16th of the Society's *Transactions*: its object is to illustrate the various changes which take place during the period of gestation; for which purpose the author obtained a living female kangaroo on the 28th of October last; the pouch of which contained a young one adhering to the marsupial teat: the offspring was about the size of a small rat, entirely destitute of hair, and of a light flesh colour; it was constantly lubricated by a viscid, moist secretion, which was also spread over the interior of the pouch. It appears that in the earlier periods of life the young immediately die on being separated from the marsupial teat, and that they do not derive support from this organ in the usual way, viz. by suction; but that, on the contrary, the nourishment is ejected by the mother into the adhering mouth.

ECCLECTIC SOCIETY.

MARCH 30.—Mr. Birt read a paper, accompanied by a diagram, in which he attempted to shew the motion of the solar system through space, and the phenomena consequent thereon, assuming as his postulata, that the motion is curvilinear, and that the diameter of the sun's orbit is sensible at the distance of the nearest fixed star. Dr. Walker read a paper (*vulgo*) the lightning before death; and instanced a remarkable case of a woman who, for a long period, had been perfectly unconscious of passing events, and even of the presence of her nearest relatives, being suddenly aroused to consciousness by the funeral preparations of her son: she died shortly after.

A paper was read from the Chevalier Aldini on his method of resisting fire; also on the application of galvanism in cases of suspended animation.

TUSCAN EXPEDITION INTO EGYPT.

Florence, Feb. 6, 1830.

THE scientific expedition to Egypt, set on foot by our government, closed its quarantine on the 7th ultimo, and a few days afterwards its members paid their respects to the grand duke. It is gratifying to be enabled to communicate a general notice of the collections they have made. They have brought with them no fewer than thirteen hundred drawings of the most interesting basso-relievos, which they met with on the exterior and in the interior of Egyptian monuments; many of them being coloured after the originals. Such a harvest as this is a very sufficient proof of the industry of Messieurs Ricci, G. Rosellini, and G. Angeli, the gentlemen to whom the investigations were intrusted. Some of these drawings refer to the history, some to the religion, and others to the public and private life, of the ancient Egyptians. The former contain not only very valuable and unexpected illustrations of the earliest periods of Egyptian history, but of the annals of the most celebrated nations of Asia and Africa, in times which precede the

records of written history. The expedition has also brought a rich store of remains, the results of excavations, made under its directions, in various parts, but particularly in the plains of Thebes. They consist of a series of basso-relievos of a historical and funereal nature; of a monolite of granite, which was used as a tabernacle in the great temple on the island of Philæ; of a large sarcophagus of beautiful limestone, covered with sculptures; of eight valuable mummies; a superb collection of vases, made of burnt clay, alabaster, or other stone; a quantity of smaller articles, molten, or of gold or stone, which either ornamented or represented the symbols of worship; several small columns of wood and stone; and, lastly, a variety of fragments of walls, covered with ancient Egyptian paintings in fresco.

It is a sensible drawback upon the gratification which the success of this undertaking has afforded, that it has been attended with the loss of Professor Raddi, who was associated with it in the capacity of a naturalist. This eminent and indefatigable individual died of a dysentery, after he had completed his excursions though Egypt, Nubia, and the shores of the Red Sea. An abundant collection of subjects in natural history was the fruit of his undaunted researches. His loss is greatly enhanced by the amiability of his moral character.

ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

THE brig Annawan has sailed from New York on a three years' voyage. This vessel belongs to a company, and has been fitted out for scientific and commercial purposes. She is destined for the frozen regions of the antarctic pole, and her construction is admirably calculated to encounter the perils of those seas. The Annawan is commanded by Captain Palmer, a skilful navigator, known by the discovery of a continent, or group of considerable islands, near the antarctic pole. He has for a partner in his enterprise Captain Pendleton, commanding the Seraph, a vessel of equal size. The latter is the same who was to serve as chief pilot in the great national voyage which was so much talked of, but which has never been executed. The crew of the two vessels, amounting to fifty men, is composed of stout young fellows, sons of Connecticut farmers: of several of them it is the first voyage. Among the remarkable particulars of the equipment, are the means, as simple as ingenious, by which the ships' boats can be in a moment transformed into sledges for crossing the ice. The Lyceum of Natural History at New York eagerly contributed to the preparation of this fine enterprise. Dr. James Light, of Albany, a distinguished member of that body, is attached to the expedition in the quality of naturalist. Mr. Reynolds, known by his active perseverance in calling the attention of Congress to an expedition of the same kind, directs the commercial part of it. A library of several hundred volumes, and a collection of valuable instruments, were the generous presents of some of the citizens of New York. All the arrangements for the expedition were confided to the care of Captain Edmund Fanning, the agent of the South Sea company: and it is hoped that the voyage will be productive of very important results.

INGENIOUS ARTS: BERRY'S PATENTS.

It has frequently been remarked, how much our comfort, and even our happiness, depends on slight and trivial things—a hair will turn the scale, and life or death often hang upon

the accident of an instant. We always, therefore, look with complacency upon the efforts of ingenious men to apply the principles daily developing, by our progress in chemical and mechanical knowledge, to useful or elegant purposes; and to do our duty by advancing them with the public. Thus we brought into general notice Mr. Pratt's admirable inventions for beds, chairs, &c., as well as travelling apparatus, on various extremely convenient plans, and stuffed with iron-wire, the most elastic of materials; and on former occasions we spoke of the less bulky, but not less clever, application of caoutchouc, by Mr. Berry, to many beneficial purposes. From samples of his skill now before us, we observe that he has made such improvements upon these articles as well to merit a further mark of our approbation. We take up a scent-bottle, with the paradoxical description of being "stopped without a stopper;" but it is nevertheless not only true, but remarkably neat and perfect. The little silver top contains a ground glass revolving plate, embedded in the yielding caoutchouc, and the mere act of screwing it on, so effectually stops the bottle, that salts of the subtlest kind are hermetically sealed. The same principle to medicine bottles is of great value, for even sulphuric acid can be preserved by it in the hottest climates; not to mention the merit of enabling us to get instantaneous access to the contents,—no stoppers fixed in irremovably, no trouble or agitation in hurrying for a remedy. A second application of Mr. Berry's means is to portable ink-stands or bottles, in small and handsome wooden cases: these are of all forms, and so contrived as to keep the fluid in a state of lasting safety, neither to be spilled, wasted, nor dried up. For the travelling writing-case, or the pocket, we have seen nothing so complete. But the chief of these curious and skilful productions are sundry sorts of lamps, which may be ignited in a few seconds, some by simply dipping matches into receptacles preserved by the caoutchouc, others by opening tiny boxes, where the mere act of opening supplies the source of light, the means of lighting, and the candle to be lighted; and a third, the most interesting of the whole, a self-illuminating apparatus, where, by pulling a silken string, you instantaneously inflame a wick, which is struck by a loosened reel. Though not complex, yet the detail of this piece of ingenuity would require more of our space than we can afford to spare; and we must therefore request our readers to see the thing itself, and be convinced of its extraordinary value to the man of business, the student, and the invalid.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.*

AT the meeting of the 7th inst., a memoir was read on the "Grecian Rose," as illustrating the imagery of the odes ascribed to Anacreon, with a view to determine the authenticity of those compositions.

The flower described with such extravagant encomiums by the author of these odes, under the name of *ῥόδον*, is unquestionably the same fragrant and beautiful production of the garden, which is known at the present time as the rose. It was the object of Dr. Nolan, the learned writer of this memoir, to state the grounds upon which he coincides in opinion with those critics who, from this circumstance, refuse to acknowledge those elegant effusions

* Though the report of a learned Society, we might almost call this "The Romance of the Rose."—Ed.

as the genuine works of the Teian bard. The following is a sketch of the arguments adduced by Dr. Nolan, with this view.

1. The rose, as described in the Anacreontic odes, and as familiarly known in modern times, is acknowledged to be the product of cultivation; the original plant, from which all our varieties have proceeded, being the common wild-briar. Such is the rose which Theophrastus describes in his History of Plants, as alone commonly known in Greece: and although the process by which the simple blossom of the wild-briar is converted into the fine double rose, does not appear to have been altogether unknown to that naturalist, yet the language he uses in speaking of the artificial production implies that he had never had an opportunity of seeing it. This testimony is confirmed by the accounts which have come down to us of the state of horticulture among the Greeks; that people having been wholly unacquainted with gardens, in the modern sense of the term, before the time of Epicurus. Further evidence to the same purpose is derived from the fact, that the garlands used by the Greeks upon festive occasions were composed of such ordinary plants and herbs as myrtle, coriander, feverfew, parsley, &c.: the custom of interweaving them with flowers was not introduced before the 100th olympiad. Such likewise was the composition of the crowns celebrated by the early Lyrists, including the genuine remains of Anacreon, preserved by Athenæus. The period when Theophrastus published his work, in which he gives the above account of the rose, as known to the Greeks, at which period the horticultural art was in a state quite incapable of producing flowers corresponding in beauty and fragrance with those celebrated in the odes, was the 116th olympiad; while the period when Anacreon flourished cannot be brought lower than the 65th, being a difference of more than two centuries.

2. While, however, the cultivated rose appears not to have existed in Greece in the age of Anacreon, the term (*ῥόδον*) afterwards applied to this flower, was in use not only at that period, but even in the times of Homer. The second part of Dr. Nolan's memoir was therefore devoted to ascertaining the particular flower to which the term was originally applied.

The word *ῥόδον* is of oriental derivation: its elements are employed by the Hebrew writers, and by Homer, to express not specifically the rose, but generally any flower used in dyeing; in this sense it was applied to the lily, the plant madder, the privet, &c. On assuming that the rose was the first flower to which it was applied, and the type from which all others so termed derived their appellation, it is inconceivable that these plants should have been at all termed roses, and inexplicable that they should have been called, as was the case, the dog rose, the red rose, and the white rose; but on the supposition that the term signified a dye-flower, no name so appropriate could be applied to them as the dog dye-flower, the red dye-flower, and the white dye-flower; they having all been employed in the art of dyeing. The flower which assumed to itself, *κατ' ἑξοχὴν*, the name of the dye-flower *ῥόδον*, was the blossom of the pomegranate, or balaustium. The dye extracted from this flower was red; and hence the word appears to have been applied to all flowers of a red colour. We learn from the scholiast on Pindar, that it was from its being celebrated for its dyes, which were obtained from the pomegranate, that the island

of "Miny," engraved by C. Penny, from a miniature painted by L. Ferriere, from the original picture by Sir T. Lawrence, in the possession of Countess Cowper; of which (with the exception of a decorated border), Mr. Wright's *Rose Bud* is so perfect a facsimile, not only in size, but in expression, execution, effect, and every other quality, that we are astonished at the resemblance.

Michael Thomas Sadler, Esq. M.P. Painted by W. Robinson; engraved by T. Lupton. Houghton.

A FIRM, well-marked, expressive portrait; and, we have no doubt, a good resemblance of the honourable member for Newark.

The Bud and the Blossom. W. C. Ross del. Brooker.

A BEWITCHING lithographic print, full of sweetness and grace, and which strongly reminds us of an admirable stanza by Mr. Gaspey, in Dagley's "Takings."

"Not yet matured the charms which were her own,
Yet ne'er to be surpassed in life's full flood.
Magnificent, I grant, the flower when blown,
But exquisitely beautiful the bud!
I love the blossom! and, with sorrow mute,
Behold it fade, though fading into fruit."

Sir Thomas Lawrence. C. Turner, A.R.A. Colnaghi, Son, and Co.

THIS is a fine likeness of the late President R.A., and admirably executed in mezzotint by Mr. C. Turner. We have hitherto met with nothing which has done so much justice to the graceful features of Lawrence, and been at the same time so creditable to the arts. A bust by Sievier is highly spoken of; but we have not yet seen it.

MADDOX STREET GALLERY.

IN a recent No. of the *Literary Gazette* we noticed the portion of Mr. Buchanan's valuable collection of pictures exhibiting in Regent Street, under the title of "Le Petit Louvre." The remaining portion of the collection is now exhibiting in Maddox Street, and is equally worthy of the attention of the amateur. The most striking works in the room are the magnificent paintings in fresco by Paul Veronese, taken from the walls of the Soranzo Palace, which we described a few years ago, when they were introduced to this country by Mr. Vendramini. We entirely concur in the justice of Mr. Buchanan's remarks respecting them:—"Their importation into this country may be said to form an epoch in the fine arts, as being the first objects of their class (of any importance) which have been brought to England. The grandeur and purity of their style render them worthy of every consideration; and it is to be hoped that some of them will be secured for the nation, its public schools of art, or its splendid edifices, during the short period that they may still be offered to the British public." Besides these admirable productions, there are in the Maddox Street Gallery above thirty easel pictures, of great merit, by Cornelius du Sart, Gabriel Metz, Vanderwerff (Chevalier), Schidone, Cornelius Bega, Adrian Ostade, David Teniers, Both, Van Tyssens, David Teniers jun., Paul Veronese, Vandyck, Rembrandt, Giorgione, Bassano (Giacomo), Richard Wilson, Gainsborough, Rubens, Gaspar and Nicholas Poussin, Honthorst, Willeboorts, Velasquez, De Hooze, Both and Berghem, Fyt, Steenwyck, and Lunini.

THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

A LARGE window, composed of three hundred and fifty pieces of glass, of irregular forms and

sizes, fitted into metal frames, which are so contrived as to fall into the shadows, and give the appearance of an uninterrupted picture, is now to be seen in Oxford Street. It is painted by Mr. T. Wilmshurst, from an original sketch by Mr. R. T. Bone. The subject,—The Tournament of the Field of the Cloth of Gold,—the last, and one of the most gorgeous exhibitions of chivalry in Europe, is too well known to our readers to render it necessary for us to describe it. Our first impression when we entered the room in which this splendid work is shewn, was, we own, rather unfavourable; in consequence of the great glare, and the want of keeping occasioned by the distant figures being diminished in size alone, and not at all, or, if at all, very little, in strength of light and shade, and vividness of colour. When, however, this first impression was abated, and we began to contemplate the picture with attention, we found in it much that was highly interesting, and admirably executed. The composition is exceedingly well contrived, and displays to advantage the illustrious persons assembled on this celebrated occasion. The furious onset of Henry, and the discomfiture of his opponent the Marquess de Fleurenges, as well as the contest between Francis and the Earl of Devonshire, are represented with great spirit and energy. The spectators in the foreground are gracefully disposed; and the pavilion, with the two queens and their respective suites, is a fine feature of the scene. It was the pleasing occupation of an hour to trace the different details, and, with the aid of the key prefixed to a description of the picture, which may be had at the room, to examine the portraits of the distinguished individuals of both sexes, whom policy, gallantry, vanity, and ostentation, concentrated in The Field of the Cloth of Gold. With the single exception to which we have already alluded, we were much gratified with this magnificent performance, which would be an appropriate ornament for the hall of some royal or national edifice.

ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

ON Wednesday evening was held what we understood to be the last meeting of this Society for the season; but we have since been informed that it is their intention to hold another, in place of that of which they were deprived in so melancholy a manner by the death of Sir T. Lawrence. On the present occasion we observed among the works, a superb collection of etchings from the gallery of M. Denon, of Paris; a bas-relief by Bailey, of the head of Sir T. Lawrence, intended for the set of medals of "Great Men" now working by S. Clint; a beautiful Vandervelde; a choice picture by Terburg; a head by Vandyk; Eddy's celebrated "Guardian Angels;" drawings by Catermole and Bonington; a bust of Mr. Nash, by Behnes; some beautiful characteristic drawings by Daniel, delineating most strange and romantic scenes, chiefly in the Isle of Skye; two cattle-pieces by Ward; a small model, after Canova, of Venus rising from the sea—a most delicious *morceau*; and a perfect production of the newest etchings and engravings.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FIRST AND LAST.—NO. I.

The First and Last Flower.

FLOWER, earliest flower of spring!
Born before thy sisters fling
From their heads the leafy veil,
Hiding blossoms fair and pale—

Born before the changeful sky
Looks out with its proud blue eye
('Tis so full of trembling glee)
For a moment steadily,—
Daisy floweret! how I love
To watch thee peeping first above
The emerald blades of springing grass
That brighten as the breezes pass.

First fair flower! yet soon arise
Round thee buds of brighter dyes.
Who observes thy pensive eye
Meekly turning to the sky?
Who would pluck thee, whilst around
Blossoms gaudier far are found?
Heed it not: an hour shall come
When they shall not slight thy bloom;
Like the meek, retiring mind,
Wait until the winter wind
Shall have withered leaf and flower;
Then shall they too feel thy power.

Flower, the latest of the year!
Wherefore dost thou still appear?
There thou art, a living gem
In winter's frozen diadem!
On the trampled turf thou art,
Speaking deeply to the heart;
Looking sweet, as when was burst
Thy tiny crimson bud at first.
Daisy flower! I look on thee
As something half akin to me;
Both have seen the rose's birth,
And both have watched them drop to earth.

Last dear flower! yet dearer far
For the thoughts, thou earth-born star,
That thou awak'at, than for thy bloom,
Scattered thus o'er Nature's tomb:
Thou art like the faith that first
In the young warm heart is nursed,
Keeping still its hallowed ground,
Whilst life's joys are young around,
And blooming out in age, to bring
The promise of another spring.

Worton Lodge, Isleworth. M. A. BROWNE.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

What Tongue can chide the Archer Boy? Poetry by Mrs. C. B. Wilson; Music by J. Barnett. Barnett and Co.

THIS is an answer to the Archer Boy, and strongly resembles it—but wants the peculiarity which recommended its predecessor. Second thoughts, they say, are best; but it seldom happens in music or in literature that second *any things* are half so good as *firsts*.

My own sweet Flower. J. B. Holland, Esq.; Music by J. A. Barnett.

A VERY pretty song, doing great credit to the composer—a brother, we believe, of John Barnett.

The Banks of the Arno. Words by H. J. Bradfield; composed by Augustus Meves. J. Willis.

A SIMPLE and beautiful song, to which Miss Cawse has done ample justice, by singing it most chastely and sweetly. In public or in private it must give pleasure, and more in the latter than in the former.

The Mariner's Child to his Mother. Words by L. E. L.; composed by J. Macdonald Harris. H. Falkner.

A COMPOSITION of great variety and originality. The pathetic lines appeared in the *Juvenile Keepsake*; and the music echoes their pathos and spirit with striking fidelity.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Thursday, after the opera, (a repetition of *Matilde di Shabran e Corradino*, in consequence of Lalande's being too much fatigued by her journey to rehearse *Il Pirata*), the ballet of *La Somnambule* was produced, with Varrennes as the heroine, in which she entirely failed. A nimble and graceful dancer she certainly is; but this part requires head and heart as well as heels; and we cannot forget the enchanting and pathetic Pauline. Coulon returned to his post, and acquitted himself most satisfactorily; and Malibran, in a box, appeared to enjoy the scene.

ALL the theatres, major and minor, royal and, we were about to say, rural,—but, alas! the march of bricks and mortar has left nothing of Coldbath Fields, or St. George's Fields, but the name,—all, however, have presented their Easter offerings in due season, and with appropriate exertion. The most successful, according to report, (for criticism has also a holiday on these occasions, and is contented to be pleased with the many) are those of Drury Lane and Astley's,—*The Dragon's Gift* at the former house, and *The Phantom Steed* at the latter: they are both Chinese in subject, and produced with exceeding splendour and taste. *The Wigwag*, at Covent Garden, is an adaptation from Cooper's novel of the *Pioneers*, and will probably do better when the holidays are over, as it is well got up and well acted, though not of the character looked for on Easter Monday. The real Easter piece of this theatre is its

under the *Glass Slipper*, words and the executed his earlier scenes changes, deous and fanciful, as she always does, vivaciously;—and was admirably supported by Penson and Morley, both of whom have gained laurels upon this occasion. Their trio, in the second act, was the best thing of the sort, perhaps, ever heard on the English stage. Wood, though not perfectly at home in Rossini's music, manifested much improvement in his style; and Miss Hughes and Miss Cawse supported the parts of the two sisters with ability. The latter, by the by, has had several opportunities of late, owing to Mrs. Keeley's temporary retirement, and has availed herself of them to rise much in public favour. Keeley was exceedingly ludicrous as a domestic, but some lines were of a quality which might as well have been omitted. The opera was eminently successful, and deserved to be so.

VARIETIES.

Congress: United States.—We learn from an authentic source, that the present House of Representatives consists of 210 members, who are thus elected:—By Maine 6, New Hampshire 6, Massachusetts 13, Rhode Island 2, Connecticut 6, Vermont 4, New York 34, New Jersey 6, Pennsylvania 25, Delaware 1, Maryland 9, Virginia 22, North Carolina 12, South Carolina 9, Georgia 7, Kentucky 12, Ohio 13, Tennessee 9, Indiana 3, Louisiana 3, Alabama 2, Illinois 1, Missouri 1, and Mississippi 1. The territories of Michigan, Arkansas, and Florida, send each of them a delegate to Congress.

Academy of Sciences, St. Petersburg.—The Emperor of Russia has just ratified several

supplementary articles of this Society. In future it will consist of twenty-one regular or full members and ten associates: the former are to have 5000 roubles each per annum, and the latter 2,500. There are to be two academicians for mathematical theories, and one for the applications, two for astronomy, one for geography and nautical science, two for natural philosophy, one for chemistry, two for zoology, one for botany, one for mineralogy, one for comparative anatomy and physiology, one for political economy and statistics, one for history and Russian antiquities, two for Greek and Roman antiquities, and two for the history and literature of the people of Asia. The total sum allowed by the government for the use of the Academy is 206,100 roubles per annum.

Gastronomy.—The *Gastronome*, a French paper, gives the following as a proper and fashionable bill of fare for twelve persons:—

4 Hors-d'œuvre.
Artichaux potvrade, Cornichons, Olives, Salade d'anchois.
Premier Service: Potage.
Un vermicelle.
Relié de potage.
Turbot, sauce aux câpres.
4 Entrées.
Poulet au blanc.
Veau à la bourgeoise.
Matelote de carpe et Anglaise.
Filets de chevreuil, sauce piquante.
Deuxième Service: Milieu.
Un biscuit de Savole.
2 Rôts.
Un quartier d'agneau.
Un poulet gras au cresson.
(Une salade).
4 Entremets.
Petit pot de crème.
Croquettes de riz.
Choux de Bruxelles, sautés au beurre.
Chicorée à la crème.
Troisième Service: Dessert.
2 Assiettes montées.
Garnis de meringues, biscuits à la cuillère, macarons, petits gâteaux décorés, et mûseaux.
4 Compotiers.
De pommes.
De fromage à la crème.
De poires.
De pruneaux.
4 Assiettes de Fruits crus.
Pommes. Raisins.
Poires. Oranges.
(Fromage.)

Expense of Governments.—The following calculation has been made by a French paper of the cost of the principal monarchies of Europe to every inhabitant. The maintenance of nine European sovereigns (not including the Grand Turk) costs 189,470,000 francs, divided as follows:—Russia 45,000,000 francs; France 42,500,000; Austria 37,500,000; Spain 13,750,000; Prussia 10,937,500; Netherlands 6,500,000; England 25,000,000; Naples 5,250,000; Portugal 3,322,500. According to this calculation, the amount per head is, in Russia 88 centimes; in France 1 franc 36 cents; Austria 1 franc 34 cents; in Spain 1 franc 20 cents; in Prussia 1 franc; in the Netherlands 1 franc 20 cents; in England 1 franc 20 cents; in Naples 80 cents, and in Portugal 78 cents. The sums paid by each state, and particularly by France, out of the crown revenue, for the support of a great number of royal and public establishments, are included in this calculation.

Russian Manufactures.—A commercial paper of St. Petersburg has lately published various documents relative to the state of manufactures in Russia. From these it appears, that in 1828 there were in the empire 5244 manufactories of different kinds, which employed 225,414 workmen. The number of these establishments had increased 122 within the year. The rearing of fine-wooled sheep had made great progress in the direction of the Baltic, and even greater in the southern districts. M. Merenas, who acquired much knowledge in the management of silk-worms, during twenty years' residence in India, has been appointed to superintend plantations of the various trees, and other productions, necessary for their support. Measures have also been taken for improving the growth of the vine.

Crocodile's Age!—M. Beltrami, the author of some lately published travels in Mexico,

prides himself on being the first to make known the means of ascertaining the age of crocodiles: he says, "That a negro acquainted him with the fact, that a sort of bag is placed in the intestines of the crocodile, which always contains a number of stones corresponding with the years of its life; it being the custom of these animals to swallow a stone on their birthdays!"

Tea of Siberia.—M. Erman, son of the celebrated naturalist of that name at Berlin, who is now travelling in Asia, gives the following account of the tea used by the Russians in Siberia. "The leaves of different shrubs and plants (the true tea-plant being entirely omitted) are heated and curled in the same way as those of China, and are then made into hard cakes with the serum of sheep's blood. When required for use, one of these cakes is boiled with milk, butter, or mutton suet, and a very wholesome and nourishing food is obtained. This, and horse-flesh, are the principal articles of diet used in Siberia."

Academy of Sciences.—A considerable portion of the time devoted to the two last sittings of the Paris Academy of Sciences was taken up with the reading of papers on the organisation of fishes. One of the members read a long paper, to shew that all fishes had a marine origin; and that in the great irruption of the waters, the fishes of the sea were left in rivers, lakes, and ponds, where such could bear the transition, and survived, propagated, and left the fresh-water species which are now known. Some of the arguments advanced in support of this position are curious, but they did not seem to be convincing.

French Marble.—The Paris papers inform us that some splendid specimens of native marble, found in the quarries near Aix, have lately arrived at the Louvre, where, by their beauty and hardness, they have excited great admiration.

Parisian Statistics.—The number of births in Paris in 1829 was 28,521, viz. 14,560 males, and 13,961 females; the number of deaths was 25,324, viz. 12,021 males, and 13,303 females. These numbers, compared with the population, give 1 birth to 28.60 inhabitants, 1 marriage to 114.62, 1 death to 30.24. In 1817 the number of births was as one to 30.05, and the deaths as 1 to 33.79.

Egypt.—The *Astrolabe*, which has just finished a voyage round the world, has arrived at Havre, laden with the antiquities collected by M. Champollion in Egypt. Among them is a magnificent sarcophagus, weighing 12,000 lbs., and a capital weighing 4000 lbs.

How to smuggle en Militaire.—The good folks of Madrid have recently enjoyed a hearty laugh over as ridiculous a farce as the annals of smuggling ever recorded. Fifteen hundred gray trousers lay in dépôt for the first regiment of the guards in the village of Carabanchel; but the worthy custodians of the city gates would not allow the articles to pass through them without paying the duty to which all merchandise brought into Madrid is liable. The colonel of the regiment, however, had no inclination to brook the ignominy, but rode restive, and, on the 14th of February, marched his men out of town and halted them at Carabanchel. Here they stripped themselves of their under-garments, and, lodging them in their knapsacks, attired themselves in the new inexpressibles; this done, they marched back to their barracks, drums beating and colours flying, under the noses of the baffled fiscalists.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XVI. April 17.]
 The Aphorisms of Hippocrates; with a Free Version and Notes.—Gregory's Conspectus Medicinæ Theoreticæ, to be published in Numbers.—second volume of the British Naturalist.—A new edition of the Stories of regular Travels in South America.—Oxford English Prize Essays, now first collected.—A Disquisition on the Geography of Herodotus, with a Map; and Researches on the History of the Scythians, Getæ, and Sarmatians, from the German of Niebuhr.—A Manual of the History of Philosophy, translated from the German of Tennemann.—Reflections on the Politics, Intercourse, and Commerce, of the Principal Nations of Antiquity, translated from the German of A. H. L. Heeren; and also Professor Heeren's Manual of the History of the European States-System and their Colonies.—The Arrow and the Rose, and other Poems, by William Kennedy, whose preceding productions displayed so much poetical genius.—The Author of "Pelham" has in the press a new novel, to be called Paul Clifford.—Colonel Bory de St. Vincent has been appointed by the French Minister of the Interior to edit a work on Greece; and having directed the first expedition in the Morea, he will probably be able to furnish many particulars relative to that country. The book is expected shortly.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Warner's Literary Recollections, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 6s. bds.—Britton's Bristol Cathedral, 4to. 11. 4s.; Imperial 4to. 2s. 2s. bds.—Brady's Instructions to Executors, 3d edition, 8vo. 3s. bds.—Auldjo's Mont Blanc, 2d edition, 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds.—Monk's Life of Bentley, with Portrait, 4to. 3s. bds.—Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, Fossil Remains, 8vo. 11. 16s.; royal 8vo. 2s. 14s.; demy 4to. 3s. 12s. bds.—Burrows' Hours of Devotion, translated from the German, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Dean Graves' Sermons, 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds.—De Morgan's Arithmetic, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—Fenwick's Parisian Grammar, 12mo. 3s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Ezra, a Tale of the Druids; and other Poems, 18mo. 5s. bds.—Darwall's Plain Instructions in Management of Infants, 12mo. 6s. 6d. bds.—French and English Dialogues on the Literal System, 12mo. 4s. bds.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As the late arrival of Sir Walter Scott's volume has obliged us to displace for a week several of our Reviews and Notices: we have only room to mention, among our last receipts, the Creation, the Athenaid, Part II. of the Fall of Nineveh, and other poetical works of merit; an edition of the Pilgrim's Progress in a style worthy of Major, the publisher of Isaac Walton; the Life of Dr. Bentley, by Dr. Monk, Dean of Peterborough, and a production of great interest; Three Courses and a Dessert, with a multitude of wood-cuts which reflect honour even on the grotesque humour of Cruikshank, and on the art of Visselty and Branton; Picture of India, &c. &c. We cannot oblige "Mine Enemy" with insertion; nor can we find room for the fragment of W. G. H.: Y. Z. is too long; and Beppo not short enough. The Sword of Bruce, though spirited, wants some polish.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION, for the Relief of Decayed Artists, their Widows, and Orphans.
 The Nobility, Friends, and Subscribers, are respectfully informed, that the Fifteenth Annual Festival will be celebrated in Freemasons' Hall, on Saturday, the 24th instant.
 The Right Honourable the EARL of ABERDEEN, K.T. in the Chair.
Stewards.
 Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Bart. M.P.
 Sir Harry Verney, Bart.
 Martin Archer Shee, Esq. P.R.A.
 John Jackson, Esq. R.A.
 Henry Behnes, Esq.
 John Braithwaite, Esq.
 H. P. Briggs, Esq. A.R.A.
 C. M. Cockerell, Esq.
 J. C. Denham, Esq.
 William John Donthorne, Esq.
 William Freeman, Esq.
 S. Joseph, Esq.
 G. B. Lonsdale, Esq.
 R. Ludgate, Esq.
 W. H. Mann, Esq.
 H. Monro, Esq.
 Charles Russell, Esq.
 George Seddon, Esq.
 John Smart, Esq.
 George Booth Tyndale, Esq.
 George R. Ward, Esq.
 George G. Wyattville, Esq.
 Dinner on Table at Half-past Five o'Clock.
 The Vocal Department under the Direction of Mr. Broadhurst. Tickets (including wine), 11. 6s. each, may be had of the Stewards; the Assistant Secretary, 14, Duke Street, Portland Place; and at the Freemasons' Tavern.
 W. J. ROPER, Assistant Secretary.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is open Daily, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening, and will be closed on Saturday, the 24th instant, preparatory to the Exhibition of the principal Works of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence.
 Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.
 WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The Exhibition for the Sale of the Works of living British Artists, in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, is now open to the Public, from Nine till Six.
 Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
 R. B. DAVIS, Secretary.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS, will open at the Gallery, Pall Mall East, on Monday, the 20th instant.
 Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.
 CHARLES WILD, Secretary.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

LECTURES on HISTORY. BENJAMIN HEATH MALKIN, LL.D. Professor of History, will commence the second Division of his Course on Wednesday, the 21st instant, at half after Seven o'clock in the Evening, and it will be continued every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at the same hour, till the end of May. It will embrace the History of the Empire of the Turks in Asia, the Norman Conquest, the Crusades, and other leading Events of the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries; together with a View of society and Manners in Europe at that Period.
 Fee for the Nominees of Proprietors, 11. 10s.; for others, 11. 17s. 6d.
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KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

Notice is hereby given, that the Annual Court, or General Meeting of the Governors, Proprietors, and other Friends of this Institution, will be held at Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's, on Friday, the 30th of this Month, at Three o'Clock precisely.
 His Grace the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, the Visitor of the College, in the Chair.
 By Order of the Council,
 H. SMITH, Secretary.
 3, Parliament Street, 14th April, 1830.

PHILOMATHIC INSTITUTION,

Burton Street, Burton Crescent. Mr. Thompson will, during the next Month, deliver Twelve Lectures on the Study and Practice of Elocution, illustrated by Readings, principally from the English Poets—the First on Friday, April 23d, at a Quarter-past Eight; the Second on Friday, April 29th, at the same hour. Visitors can be admitted only by the personal introduction or written order of a Member.
 Mr. Thompson continues to give advice and instruction for the Removal of every species of Vocal and Enunciative Impediment.

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 April 1830.

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But the literary portion of it has also claims to attention, as being both clever and entertaining. The *Three Courses* are three sets of tales or scenes, of considerable originality—the first, "West-country Chronicles," the second Irish, the third Legal, and the Dessert miscellaneous—the whole amounting to about forty dishes; so that the repast is various and ample enough, independently of the plates.

As we have recently transferred some amusing Irish stories to our pages, and as we do not think the present author most happy either in his levies upon Patland or his attempts at the broadly humorous, we shall select, as an evidence of his ability, a piece of a Devonshire description, which strikes us as likely to be considered more new and characteristic by the majority of our readers. Archibald Hackle, a London citizen, has gone down to visit his brother, Sir Waldron, the representative of the ancient squire-family of Hackle Hall, and meets there his other brother, Reginald, a clergyman with a good living not far from the place of his birth. The following is the conversation of these three "after they had made a tolerable lunch on a cold pigeon-pie and two quarts of very respectable ale. 'Well, brother Archibald,' said the reverend gentleman, as soon as the tray was removed—'and pray what aspect

does your native place wear to your eye since your long absence from it? But you were so young when you quitted it for a dismal, smoky, London-merchant's 'counting-house, that I suppose all recollection of it must have escaped your memory.' 'That's the positive truth,' replied Archibald; 'if I had remembered the place and its people—if the least remnant of a sample had cleaved to me—not even the pleasure of seeing you and Waldron would have induced me to have quitted the metropolis to pay it a visit.' 'You amaze me!' exclaimed Reginald; 'the hospitality—' 'Oh! I've had enough of hospitality, believe me; and so had Gulliver in the arms of the Brobdignag monkey, who ran away with him and poked pounds of nauseous chewed food out of his own jaws into his; people are sometimes offensively, cruelly hospitable. Here, now, for instance, was I taken yesterday by my brother for a treat—mark me—to dine with one Jehoshaphat Higgs—' 'Almost the sole remaining specimen,' interrupted Sir Waldron, 'of the fine, old English West-country yeomen;—a race, alas! now nearly extinct. I honour the man: he farms his own land; sends his sons to the plough, his daughters to the spinning-wheel, and his wife to the churn. He keeps up all the good old customs of the country; raises the mistletoe on his beam at Christmas, and dances round the May-pole with his buxom dame at seventy, as gay at heart, though not as light of limb, as he did at twenty: I repeat, that I honour such men.' 'Honour them as much as you please, Waldron,' replied Archibald; 'honour them, and welcome; but, I beseech you, do not entrap me to honour another of them—if, indeed, there be such another blade as old Jehoshaphat hereabouts—with any more visits. First, brother Reginald, conceive the misery, if you can, of dining in a room, falsely designated a parlour, with a sanded floor! My teeth were set on edge every time I moved a foot.' 'Ay, but, brother, provided the table be well covered,' observed Reginald, 'one might, methinks, even put up with a clean, dry, sanded floor.' 'Ay, ay, keep him to that, Reginald,' said Sir Waldron; 'the table was, indeed, well covered. I have not dined so well these three weeks. We had a full course of downright thoroughbred old English dishes;—Devonshire dainties of the first water; such as that transcendent lyrist, Robert Herrick himself, when he dwelt in this country, doubtless occasionally feasted on; compared with which, your modern kickshaws, your town messes, and hashes, and fricassees, and starved turtle, brother Archibald, are as shaff compared with its own grain. You shall judge, Reginald: among other things, there was a remarkably fine-flavoured muggot-pie;—a dish of which I find, by an old manuscript in our library, that the talented and virtuous Raleigh was remarkably fond, and moreover partook three days previously to his execution.' 'In my opinion,' said Archibald, 'a man who would be fool enough to prefer muggot-pie to—'

'It's fine eating, Archibald,' quoth Sir Waldron; 'would that you had tasted it!—and Sir Walter was a great man—fine eating, on the honour of a gentleman.' 'What! calves' tripe baked in a pie, fine eating!' said Archibald; 'if this be the result of your dwelling in Devonshire—' 'I never was out of it but thrice in my life,' said Sir Waldron; 'and each time I had cause to repent of my folly. But, to waive the muggot, had we not also parsley-pie?' 'Made, as it's name implies, of the herb that's used for garnish!' 'Squab-pie—' 'A horrible mixture of mutton-chops, apples, onions, and fat bacon! Most abominable!—the stench was enough to have defeated an army of civilised beings. In fact, the dinner given by Peregrine Pickle's friend the physician, in imitation of the ancients—' 'The ancients fed well,' observed Reginald; 'Heliogabalus—' 'Was a nincompoop to Queen Elizabeth's cook,' added Sir Waldron, rather warmly—'whose mistress was served with fine natural meat and drink—' 'Such as muggot, squab, and parsley-pies, I suppose,' quoth Archibald. 'The appetites of the Romans,' continued Sir Waldron, 'were in latter times depraved; and so is my brother Archibald's. Smollett very justly ridicules the feasts of the ancients in that passage of Peregrine Pickle where—' 'Really, brother Waldron,' interrupted Reginald, while a slight blush tinged his cheek, 'I must entreat of you to pass on to some other subject; you know we never agree on this: if I have a failing—if, said I?—I meant that among my numerous failings, that of being slightly irritable when the glorious masters of the world are attacked by one who cannot appreciate them, is, I am sorry to say, very conspicuous.' 'Exceedingly so, Reginald,' replied Sir Waldron; 'and if I have a virtue in the world—I beg pardon—among my numerous virtues, that of standing forth manfully for the customs of old England, and defending its literature against any man who presumes to set up the cold, classical, marbly stuff of the Greeks or Romans in preference, is certainly, I am proud to say, most paramount.' 'Pindarus quisquis studet emulari, brother Waldron,' exclaimed Reginald; but he was cut short in his intended quotation by Archibald, who said—'And if I plume myself on any merit of mine—except from my boyhood always having balanced to a fraction—it is on that of preferring a good carpet to a sanded floor; a Hoby's boot to a hob-shoe; a tooth by Ruspini, to fill up a gap made by time, to no tooth at all; a calf by Sheldrake, to make my left match with my right, to an odd pair of legs; a good dinner of fish, flesh, and fowl, at Cuff's, or the Albion, or in my own dining-room, to muggot, parsley, or squab pie, in Devonshire; a glass of claret to poor pinch-throat cider; punch to such filthy messes as buttered ale (hot ale with sugar, butter, and rum!), or meaty-drinky (ale made thick with flour!); and the company of two or three intelligent men over a bottle or a bowl, to all the famous authors, from Homer downwards,

* The fifth letter in this word is like a c over which a c is made.

Greek, Roman, and English; not one of whose works I ever found half so useful as the Tables of Interest, Patterson's Roads, or the London Directory.' This speech by no means raised Archibald in the estimation of either of his brothers. Sir Waldron thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and began whistling 'Lillibulero.'

The colloquy now turns on reading; the squire holding out for Chaucer, Sidney, Spencer, and the old English writers; the clergyman for the classics; and Archibald for the ledger and day-book.

"But, perhaps, (says Reginald) my brother Archy prefereth the authors of modern days, and they delight him to the exclusion of the fine old spirits of past ages." "Not so—not so, indeed," replied Archibald; "they are all the same to Archibald Hackle. I would rather have a good dinner than the finest feast of reason that ever enthusiast described. I prefer a roasting pig to Bacon; a Colchester oyster to Milton; a cut of the pope's eye to Pope's Homer; an apple-tart to Crabbe; Birch's real turtle to Ovid's Art of Love; and a roasted potato to Murphy. While others embark in man-of-war, frigate, merchantman, heavy Dutch lugger, hoy, yacht, bum-boat, gondola, canoe, funny, or other craft, for the wide ocean of literature—let me enjoy myself in port. I would, any day, barter a volume of *Sheridan* for a bottle of Dan sherry;—a second quarto for the first pottle of strawberries, or a book by—" "Brother Archibald, prithee do not run on at this rate," interrupted Sir Waldron; "you, surely, are not so lost to all intellectual delights as you pretend; you cannot be always employed at your business or your bottle;—to say the least, you must have some time to kill." "Kill! kill time!—Oh, dear! no," replied Archibald; "you know nothing about the matter. Time travels too fast by half to please me;—I should like to dip the old scoundrel's pinions. The complaints which I have heard occasionally, of time passing away so slowly, *emui*, and what not, are to me miraculous. Time seems to travel at such a deuce of a rate, that there's no keeping pace with him. The days are too short by half, so are the nights; so are the weeks, the months, and the years. I can scarcely get to bed before it's time to get up; and I haven't been up but a little time, apparently, before it's time to go to bed. I can but barely peep at the Gazette, or any matter of similar interest in the papers, and swallow an anchovy-sandwich, and a couple of cups of coffee, when it's time to be at the 'counting-house. By the time I have read the letters and given a few directions, it's time to be in a hundred places:—before I can reach the last of them, it's time to be on 'Change;—I don't speak to half the people there, to whom I have something to say, before it's time to reply to correspondents; and my letters are scarcely written before its post and dinner time. Farewell business!—but then there's no time for enjoyment: dinner, wine, coffee, supper, and punch, follow in such rapid succession,—actually treading on each other's heels,—that there's no time to be comfortable at either of them. It's the same in bed;—a man must sleep fast, or time will get the start of him, and business be behind-hand an hour or two, and every thing in disorder next morning.—If I accept a bill for a couple of months, it's due before I can well whistle: my warehouse rents are enormous; and, upon my conscience, Lady-day and her three sisters introduce themselves to my notice, at intervals so barely perceptible, that the skirt of one of

the old harridan's garments has scarcely disappeared, before in flounces another. It's just as bad with the fire-insurances, and a thousand other things, little matters as well as great: a man can scarcely pick his teeth before he's hungry again. The seasons are drawn by race-horses; my family has barely settled at home after a trip to Buxton, Brussels, or elsewhere, before summer comes round, and Mrs. H. pines for fresh air and an excursion check again. I can scarcely recover the drain made on my current capital by portioning one daughter, before another shoots up from a child to a woman; and Jack This or Tom T'other's father wants to know if I mean to give her the same as her sister. It's wonderful how a man gets through so much in the short space of life; he must be prepared for every thing, when, egad! there's no time for any thing.' "Can this really be the fact?" inquired Reginald, incredulously. "I give you my word and honour it is." "But," said Sir Waldron, "you have actually complained to me, this morning, how the past week has 'dragged its slow length' along with you." "To be sure it has," replied Archibald; "because I'm here—where I've nothing to do—and nothing to eat." "Nothing to eat, Archibald Hackle!" exclaimed Sir Waldron, drawing himself up with an expression of offended dignity; "Hackle Hall, sir, is almost an open house, even to the way-farer;—you are one of its sons. I trust I have supported the honour of our ancestors while it has been in my keeping;—if you think otherwise, brother Archibald, and can shew that I have not deported myself as becometh the head of the family, although you are my younger brother, I lie open to your most severe censure." "My dear fellow," said Archibald, in a familiar manner, that Sir Waldron deemed altogether unsuitable to the circumstances of the moment, "my dear fellow, I don't care a pepper-pod about the honour of our ancestors." "Not for the honour of our ancestors, brother Archibald!" exclaimed Reginald, raising his eyebrows, and laying considerable emphasis on every word, so as to make himself clearly understood. "Ay, sir!" said Sir Waldron sternly; "not for the honour of our house, eh?" "Not a pepper-pod!" replied Archibald, coolly. "I have other things to trouble me:—I care more about the house of Van Bummel and Croots of Amsterdam honouring its bills; except, indeed, that this house is your property, Waldron;—but I suppose, of course, it's insured;—you couldn't be such a fool as not to insure it;—and therefore, perhaps, the sooner it's burned down the better, if it wasn't for the loss to the company; for, to speak the truth, it's one of the ugliest edifices I ever had the honour of beholding. I dare say it was well enough a few centuries back; but it has been so patched, and with so little attention to order, that it looks as bad as a beggar's coat. It's a compound of the tastes of every half century for these four hundred years past, and harmonises remarkably well, brothers, with the range of our ancestors' portraits in the gallery;—there they are, bow-legs and bandy-legs, fat old fellows in flowing wigs, who remind one of porters at a masquerade, and brawny ruffians in armour, whose looks would half hang them, without other evidence, in any court in the kingdom:—Roundheads, cavaliers, churchmen, and knights of the shire;—mitres and helmets, cocked hats and cones, with women to match for each generation;—tag-rag and bob-tail, pell-mell, higgledy-piggledy,—in all styles, costumes, forms, and fashions!" "Those portraits, sir," exclaimed

Sir Waldron, 'are invaluable—invaluable, sir!' "They wouldn't fetch a pound a-piece, one with another, by auction," replied Archibald; "the collection is just like the house itself; to which each generation seems to have added its quota, more in accordance with the fashion of the day than the character of the building. What remains of the original masonry reminds me of an old iron chest; and the affair altogether, with its turrets and chimneys sticking up, of various sizes and forms, resembles nothing in the world (except its gallery of portraits) but an old cruet-stand, furnished with odd bottles. The squat, round, flat-headed west turret, with the flag-staff without a flag, overhanging one side of it, resembles a tenpenny mustard-pot; the little trumpety dome that stands up at the east, a pepper-castor; the tall chimney, almost in the centre, the neck of a slender vinegar-cruet; the—" "Sdeath! brother Reginald," interrupted Sir Waldron, "are we to bear this?" "No—really, I think Archibald is going to lengths which are not decidedly to his credit," said Reginald. "I would take leave to tell him," continued Sir Waldron, "if he were not under my roof, and in the honourable house of his ancestors, that the expressions he has used are derogatory to his elder brother's dignity. I have always endeavoured to support the name of Hackle, in the county, in its proper rank: I am proud to say there is not a blot in my escutcheon."

Archibald, however, still urges his complaints against every thing and every body—among others, the old housekeeper, as an intolerable nuisance. "Last night (he says) she spent full half an hour imploring me to suffer her to close the shutters and pin up the curtains of the east window of my bedroom, to prevent the rays from my candle shooting across the park-path outside; which rays, as she protests, impede our grandfather's ghost very much in his nightly rambles: it seems that he frequently walks down that path; but as a Devonshire ghost cannot cross a ray of light from a candle, the good old gentleman is compelled to go round, or kick his heels in the cold until I get into bed. One of your tenants, brother Waldron, told me, with a very grave face, that he has often met our grandfather, in the middle of night, with old Geoffry his huntsman, and a whole pack of hounds, hunting a stag at full speed; that he has actually opened the gates for the old man and his ghostly pack to pass through; and that although 'squire, huntsman, dogs, and stag, are without heads, he recognises and honours them! Why, the man must be either a natural idiot, or travelling fast towards lunacy; and yet he's accounted a positive Sir Oracle in these parts. It is said, our ancestor is seen in all forms, by various persons, at different parts of the village: one scoundrel has had the impudence to tell me that he met him one night in Blackpool Lane in the form of a woolpack! and that he gave him a cut with his whip as he rolled at full speed along the road! Now, admitting that ghosts walk or run, how he could know Sir Jonathan in the shape of a woolpack is to me a miracle:—but so it was—he knew him; he'll swear to it; and may I be posted at Lloyd's, if the villagers don't believe him. But I'd forgive them almost every thing if they'd let the church bells alone, and wouldn't roar choruses: every evening, between six and eight, some of the brawny vagabonds go to practise triple-bob-majors, or grandsire-trebles, in the belfry;—thus agonising my ears with the most atro-

dious music that ever was inflicted on suffering man : to mend the matter, I've a natural antipathy to all bells except the waiter's and the postman's. It occurs very unluckily for me that I should arrive among you in a week of merry-making ending with a revel ; and go where I will, my ears are assailed by execrating songs, all of which, without exception, have some terrific chorus tacked to the tail of each verse, which the rogues bellow in such a way, that I'm often obliged to take to my heels in mere self-defence. The song which just now seems to be most fashionable in the village I have heard so often, that, much against my inclination, I know every word of it ; I feel it humming in my brain when I awake in the morning, and my watch ticks it when I go to bed at night. I will be judged by any reasonable man, if the eternal affliction of such words and sounds as those which I am about to utter, vociferated by Stentorian lungs, is not enough to drive a decent being, with a nice ear and moderate taste, mad :—you shall hear.' ' Pray don't trouble yourself, brother,' said Reginald. ' Nay, but, with your leave, I insist upon giving you a specimen : match it for sense in all Europe if you can :

' My father a' died, but a' didn't know how,
A' left I rix hosses to vollar the plough ;
W'f my wim, wom, woddle, oh !
Jack, strim, strodle, oh !
Bubble, boys ! bubble, boys !
Down by tha brook !'

' Enough, enough, brother,' said Reginald : ' I lament that you should be so dissatisfied with your visit.' ' Not at all, sir ; I'm not at all dissatisfied. I'm perfectly satisfied with it : it has cured me of a mania I've had all my life of enjoying rural felicity, and Devonshire, my birth-place, in my old age : I've seen quite enough of it to make me put up with London or Clapham Common, and rest contented. Besides, I've seen you and Waldron ;—God bless you both, my boys !—I shall be glad if you will run up to town now and then :—I leave my boy to your care, Reginald ;—and to-morrow I start.' "

Narrative of a Tour through some Parts of the Turkish Empire. By John Fuller, Esq. 8vo. pp. 560. London, 1830. Murray.

THE author of the volume before us is, we doubt not, a very amiable man, and this record of his personal sojourn and travel in classic land will, of course, be received by his immediate friends with interest and delight, (and it was, indeed, originally meant only for private circulation) ; but to the world at large, it will still be a matter of indifference how John Fuller, Esq., while travelling through the Turkish empire, ate, drank, or slept ; what he endured from thunder, lightning, hail, or rain ; how he sickened, how he got well, or how, at last, he got home again. Fifteen years ago, the appearance of a work of this standard would have caused a sensation among general readers : Turkey, Egypt, Syria, were almost *terra ignota* ; but the locust herd of literary adventurers have long since swept the light honey from the flower. So great, of late years, has been the confluence of strangers in European Turkey, that the religious prejudices of this warlike people have sensibly softened, from the frequency of the intercourse : in Egypt, the restless sand of the desert has been almost tracked by their feet ; the sound of foreign tongues mingles with the rushing cataracts of the Nile ; the loud laugh of the boyish wanderer is heard sportively reechoing with its echoes the deserted temples of the Coptic race ; while the spot where the holy drama of our blessed re-

demption was enacted, formerly the resort only of the way-worn pilgrim, or the less frequent enterprising traveller, is now thronged with droves of visitors for the mere gratification of curiosity. The eyes of the inquiring world are now fixed upon these parts, and look for information from men of greater intellectual calibre than Mr. Fuller, and to higher sources than the ephemeral journals of hurrying travellers ; the qualifications necessary for a writer to get a-head of the knowledge already transmitted to us, are by no means every-day ones. He who would devote himself to tracing the history and analogy of the various tribes, the investigation of the manners and customs of the dwellers in Egypt, must learn to assimilate his own bearing and deportment to theirs, and to look into the minds of men with the close observance, yet seeming simplicity, of Sheikh Ibrahim ; he who would successfully explore her various-featured antiquities, should possess the iron frame, the perseverance, of Belzoni, and the genius and learning of a Dr. Young, for their elucidation. Let it not be supposed that we mention these difficulties to deter others from this field of honourable enterprise ; our desire is to enlist ardent spirits, capable of further prosecuting the daring work of raising a language from the dead, and of revivifying arts and sciences, so long condemned to the same tomb. But our enthusiasm is leading us away from all connexion with our task, and we must descend to Mr. Fuller's book : it is an octavo volume, of no fewer than five hundred and sixty pages, containing a diary of occurrences and observations during a journey, undertaken so far back as 1818, through parts of the Turkish empire, including Egypt and Syria. The style is light and agreeable, and we must add that it is ushered forth in the most unpretending tone. We never recollect to have read a volume of travels, particularly in the East, more fitting for female perusal, or affording such direct evidence of the author's being a delicate-minded man, and a gentleman. We must endeavour to gather from our traveller's notes by the road-side, an extract by way of specimen ; and upon again turning over the volume, almost in despair of a novelty, we select a curious account of the ceremony of a Christian wedding, and a very well-told tale which forms the sequel to it.

" The population of Aleppo is considerable, and almost exclusively Mahometan ; for the Ensyrian idolaters reside chiefly in the villages, and not more than a hundred Christian families are now to be found at this primitive seat of their religion,—all of them Greek schismatics. To one of the principal of these, —a young man named Yussuff Saba,—I had letters of introduction from Moosy Elias. He received me very kindly, but excused himself from lodging me in his house, which he said was in a state of great confusion. An old steward who had lived for many years in his family was going to be married ; and, according to the customs of these countries, where the distinction between master and servant is not so strongly marked as among nations which have made a greater progress in refinement, the marriage was to take place at his master's house ; and Yussuff, in order to shew his respect for his old domestic, had determined that it should be celebrated with due magnificence. The ceremony was not to take place till two days afterwards, but the visitings and feasting had already commenced, and the bustle of preparation was at its height. Yussuff therefore provided me with an apartment at the

house of his brother-in-law, another wealthy Christian, where he thought I should be more quiet than in his own. During the greater part of the next day the rain kept me in-doors ; and when evening came, I was glad to seek for amusement in a visit to the wedding party. I found a large assembly, chiefly composed of the Christian inhabitants of the town, but intermixed with a few of the neighbouring Ensyrian peasants. In the middle of the room was an emaciated old man with gray hair and beard, whom I soon discovered to be the family buffoon. The company seemed much amused by his odd sayings and grotesque attitudes ; but the most effective part of his wit appeared to consist in the enormous quantity of aqua vite which he drank, and at every draught there was a general peal of laughter. Nor did the other guests appear less disposed to imitate than to applaud old Simone, as a small glass was handed round at least every quarter of an hour, and I observed very few who ever allowed it to pass. The Christians in the north of Syria are extremely addicted to aqua vite, partly from taste, and partly because their Mahometan neighbours are confined to water only. Drinking they therefore esteem a distinctive mark of their religion, and their zeal and orthodoxy are gauged by the quantity of strong liquors which they are able to swallow. The other amusements of the evening were singing and dancing, in which several of the company took a part. The most favourite vocal performer was a young Jew from Aleppo, whose appearance was greeted with general acclamation. He had a very fine voice, and was an adept in the art of singing after the Eastern fashion. The applause which his shrill and nasal tones excited was quite enthusiastic, and I never saw so great an effect produced by the performances of Braham or Catalani. The delight of the audience was expressed by every look and gesture ; till one by one almost all rose from their seats, stamping their feet and clapping their hands in time ; while the youth placing the hollow of his hand behind his ear, poured forth his harsh notes with all the strength of his lungs. In the intervals of the singing, dancing was introduced,—an exercise of which the inhabitants of Upper Syria are very fond, and in which they excel. Their dances are generally executed by one or two persons only ; and some of them (the sabre dance especially, a sort of mock single combat, derived probably from the ancient Pyrrhic) are spirited and picturesque. The performances on this occasion, however, were chiefly in that peculiar style which is prevalent throughout the East ; and as the evening advanced and the aqua vite circulated, it was highly diverting to see even 'grave and reverend seniors' imitating the attitudes of Egyptian Almebs. The Christians of Antioch, it appears, do not think that so natural an exercise as dancing can be unbecoming at any age. During the time that these festivities were going on among the men, the ladies, if we might judge from the frequent cry of joy which proceeded from their apartment, were amusing themselves equally well. About an hour after midnight the party broke up, having passed the evening with the greatest harmony, and without riot or excess. They seemed much pleased by the presence of the stranger-guest, and as a mark of their attention I was escorted to my own lodgings by several of the young men, preceded by a drum, a pipe, and a mandolin. Sunday the 16th was fixed upon for the wedding, the preliminary rejoicings having already lasted three days. The

length of time during which these festivities continue is regulated by the wealth and rank of the parties. In some families they are protracted for ten or fourteen days, to the extreme disorder of the household. The ceremonies, as far as I had an opportunity of observing them, were as follows. About three o'clock the young friends of the bride having collected together in the house of Yussuff Saba (which on this occasion was supposed to belong to the bridegroom), the latter was obliged to relinquish it to them, and seek refuge at that where I was lodged. He made but a forlorn appearance, as custom required that for several days preceding the wedding he should let his beard grow and wear his oldest and shabbiest clothes. As soon as the bridegroom's house was thus clear for her reception, the women sallied forth to fetch the bride from the abode of her parents. There were about fifty of them, all dressed in white veils, which covered their faces and almost their whole figures; they carried garlands of flowers in their hands, and walked in procession with a hurried and irregular pace. There was not any crowd collected in the streets to see them pass, as the Mahometans, either from disdain or from courtesy, make it a rule to keep aloof from all Christian festivals. About an hour after sunset a party of friends came to fetch the bridegroom, whose chin had been polished in the meantime, but who was still dressed in his old clothes; and he was conducted by torch-light to Yussuff's house. I accompanied the procession, and on our arrival we found the court crowded with friends and spectators. A mat was spread out in one corner, on which the bridegroom's new clothes were placed; and by the assistance of four priests, who acted the parts of valets on this occasion, he was speedily disencumbered of his old ones, and re-equipped from top to toe. Like the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, he was dressed to the sound of music; for the priests during the whole of the operation kept droning out a most melancholy and nasal psalm tune, in which the spectators who stood round, each with a lighted taper in his hand, occasionally joined. As soon as the dressing was completed, we adjourned into a large room which opened on the court, and in the middle of which stood the bride and the bridemaid: the bride was covered with a long white veil, which flowed down to the ground and concealed her whole figure; in addition to which, a rose-coloured gauze handkerchief was thrown over her head and face, and fell down to her waist. Her companion wore the same dress with the exception of the handkerchief; and as they stood alone and motionless in the middle of a large room, no one would have taken them for animated beings. At their feet were crouched two of the most miserable squalid-looking objects that I ever beheld, whose dirty rags seemed ill-suited to the place and the occasion. On my asking, 'How they came there without a wedding-garment?' I was told that they were poor sick women, who were admitted because to hear the marriage benediction was considered a certain remedy for their disorders. As soon as the immediate friends had been introduced, the doors were closed; so that the room was not at all crowded, the party consisting perhaps of about thirty persons. The bride and bridegroom were placed side by side; the chief priest stood facing them and repeated certain prayers or lessons, to which the others responded; he then crossed the ring three times on the forehead of the bridegroom, and as often on that of the bride, and gently drawing her delicate little

hand from under the rose-coloured veil, placed it on her finger. A coronet ornamented with flowers and gilding was set on each of their heads, and each took a sip of wine from a silver cup, the priest drinking the remainder. They then joined hands, and with their attendants walked at a measured pace, keeping time to a chant sung by the priests three times round the altar, which on this occasion was typified by a small joint-stool placed in the middle of the room. After this the benediction was pronounced, and the ceremony concluded. The bridemaid now led back the bride to join her companions in the women's apartment, from whence during the ceremony the joyful cry of, 'Lillah, lillah, lillah,' had frequently reached our ears, and the house was again left to their sole possession. All the men immediately retired to my lodgings, and the evening and great part of the night was spent in the same revelry as the preceding one had been; singing, dancing, and drinking, being kept up till near day-break. The bridegroom, accompanied by a young friend who acted as his brideman, remained in one corner of the room aloof from the rest of the company, with a large candle burning before him, and exhibiting him as a clearer mark for the jests, neither few nor delicate, with which he was assailed on all sides. I was told that, according to strict etiquette, he ought to have been kept standing on one leg; but this inconvenient formality was dispensed with; he was allowed to use both, and even to sit down, except when any person of consequence was singing or dancing. With all this, however, to quote the words of another traveller on a similar occasion, 'for a man in so enviable a situation as that of a bridegroom, he made but a sorry figure;' and being, moreover, a very grave and staid-looking person of about fifty years of age, the effect was the more ludicrous.—17th. The weather still continued so rainy that I could not go out, and about twelve o'clock I was fated to see my apartment again filled with guests, who came to amuse the afternoon in the usual way. About sunset we repaired to Yussuff Saba's, where the festivities were concluded by a grand supper, at which about sixty persons sat down. As soon as it was over, the bridegroom took his leave of the company and was admitted to the women's apartment, where he would for the first time behold the features of his bride, the business of courtship in these countries being carried on by the intervention of a third person, and the lady being carefully kept from the lover's sight till after marriage. The rest of the company adjourned to my room, and the amusements of the former evening were revived. I perceived, however, that the spirit of the party had very much evaporated. Several of the most popular performers had retired to their own homes, and those who remained appeared jaded and exhausted by the long-continued revels. I was in hopes that they would have departed early and have left me to repose; but old Simone the buffoon came out in the new character of a story-teller, and kept his audience together till long after midnight. The intervals in his narration, occasioned by his frequent draughts of aqua vitæ, afforded the interpreter an opportunity of giving me the outline of several of his tales; but I did not think any of them so good as that of

"The Jew of Hamah."—Once upon a time there lived in Hamah a certain Turk called Mustapha, who, having accumulated some wealth by carrying on a trade in goats' hair, determined to make a pilgrimage to Mecca.

His family consisted of his wife and two slaves; and as the lady insisted on not being left behind, the good man resolved to sell off his stock of goats' hair, to take all his household with him, and to shut up his house till his return. The only difficulty that presented itself was what to do with his money. He did not like to run the risk of being robbed of it in his journey through the desert, he did not like to leave it in an empty house, and there were not any of his friends to whom he wished to trust the secret of his wealth. After much deliberation he placed it in separate parcels at the bottom of five large earthen jars, which he then filled up with butter, and on his departure sent them to the house of one of his neighbours, a Jew named Mousa, to keep till his return, telling him that it was a stock which he had laid in for winter consumption. The Jew, however, from the weight of the jars and other circumstances, suspected that they contained something more valuable; and as soon as Mustapha was fairly on his way to Damascus to join the caravan, he ventured to open them; when finding his expectations realised, he took out the gold and filled them up again with butter so carefully, that nobody could tell that they had been disturbed. The poor Turk, on his return from the pilgrimage, soon found out the trick that his neighbour had practised upon him; but as the jars were exactly in the same apparent state as when he left them, and as there was no evidence as to their contents, it was plain that no legal process could give him any redress. He therefore set about to devise some other way of punishing the Jew, and of recovering if possible his property; and in the mean time he did not communicate his loss to any person but his wife, and enjoined on her the strictest secrecy. After long consideration, a plan suggested itself. In one of his visits to the neighbouring town of Homs, where he was in the habit of going to sell his goats' hair to the manufacturers of the mashlaks, for which that place is famous, he fell in with a troop of gypsies, who had with them an ape of extraordinary sagacity. He prevailed on them to sell him this animal; and conveying it privately to his house at Hamah, shut it up in a room to which no one but himself had access. He then went to the bazar and bought one of the dark scanty robes and the small caps or *kalpaks*, with a speckled handkerchief tied closely round it, which is the prescribed costume of the Jews throughout the Turkish empire. This dress he took care invariably to put on whenever he went to visit his ape; and as he always carried him his meals, and indeed never allowed any other person to see him, the animal in the course of a few weeks became extremely attached to him, jumping on his neck and hugging and caressing him as soon as he entered the room. About this time, as he was walking along the streets one day he met a lad, the son of the Jew Mousa, and having enticed him into his house by the promise of some figs, he shut him up a close prisoner in a detached apartment in his garden, at such a distance from the street and from the other houses in the town, that the boy could not discover to any one the place of his confinement. The Jew, after several days' search, not being able to obtain any tidings of him, concluded that he had either been drowned, or had strayed out of the town and fallen into the hands of some wandering Bedouins; and as he was his only child, fell into a state of the greatest despair: till at length he heard by accident, that just about the time that the boy was missing, he had been seen walking in company with

Hadgi Mustapha. The truth instantly flashed on his mind, and he recognised in the loss of his son some stratagem which the Turk had planned in revenge for the affair of the butter-jars. He immediately summoned him before the cadi, accused him of having the boy in his possession, and insisted on his immediately restoring him. Mustapha at first strenuously denied the fact; but when one of the witnesses positively declared that he saw the boy go into his house, and when the cadi was about to pronounce his decree, that he should bring him into court dead or alive,—‘*Yah illah, el Allah!*’ he exclaimed, ‘there is no God but Allah, and his power is infinite; he can work miracles when it seemeth good in his sight. It is true, *effendi*,’ continued he, addressing himself to the cadi, ‘that I saw the Jew Mousa’s son passing by my house; and for the sake of the old friendship subsisting between his father and myself, I invited him to come in and to eat some figs which I had just been gathering. The boy, however, repaid my hospitality with rudeness and abuse: nay, he even blasphemed the name of our holy prophet; but scarcely had the words passed his lips, when, to my surprise and horror, he was suddenly changed into a monkey. In that form I will produce him: and as a proof that what I tell you is true, you will see that he will immediately recognise his father.’ At this instant a servant who was waiting on the outside let loose the ape into the divan, who seeing that the Jew was the only person present in the dress to which he was accustomed, mistook him for his master, jumped upon him, and clung round his neck with all the expressions of fondness which the child might have been supposed to exhibit on being restored to his parent. Nothing more was wanting to convince the audience of the truth of Mustapha’s story; ‘A miracle, a real miracle!’ they cried out, ‘great is Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet:’ and the Jew was ordered to take the monkey and retire from the court. A compromise was now his only resource; and accordingly, as soon as it was dark, and he could go unobserved, he repaired to Mustapha’s house, and offered, if he would liberate his son, to restore all the money which he had taken from the butter-jars. The Turk having attained his object, consented to release his prisoner; but in order to keep up his own credit, he stipulated that the child should be removed privately, and that the father, with his whole family, should immediately quit the place. The popular belief in the miracle thus remained unshaken; and so great was the disrepute into which the Jews fell in consequence of this adventure, that they all departed one after the other, and none have ever since been known to reside in Hamah.”

New Reise um die Welt, &c.—A second Voyage round the World. By Sir O. von Kotzebue, Commodore in the Russian Navy. 2 vols. 8vo., with 2 engravings and three charts. St. Petersburg and Weimar, 1830.

THE original object of the voyage was purely scientific; but it was subsequently changed to that of supplying Kamtschatka with materials, and protecting the Russo-American Company from the contraband traffic carried on by foreign traders on the north-west coast of America. What may have been in some respects a loss to science, has probably proved a gain to the general reader; because the absence of those dull, though important details, from which the latter would have recoiled, has been supplied by a most intelligent and amusing

delineation of the state of nature and mankind in the motley regions which the author had occasion to visit during a two year’s circumnavigation.* The result, indeed, of his inquiries fully bears him out in a personal allusion which he casually makes in the second volume; where, he says, an old English captain boasted that there was no happiness so great as that of commanding a stout and swift-sailing vessel, sitting down to a good table, and incessantly navigating between the tropics, without once setting foot on shore! “I confess,” the author remarks, “that this right seamanlike declaration is not in unison with my own feelings. Though it is by no means an uninteresting task to bring a vessel in safety through distant oceans, and triumph over the inconstancy of the elements, yet I ever found it a source of far higher delight to acquire a knowledge of unknown countries and unknown fellow-creatures, and always looked upon the perils of the seas as an ordeal leading to such a recompense.”

His good ship, the frigate “Predpriatie,” (or Enterprise), was constructed within the space of fourteen months, and was the first vessel built by the Russian government under a roof. On the 14th of July (O.S.) 1823, she lay, fully and abundantly equipped, in the harbour of Cronstadt, having a crew of thirteen superior officers, and one hundred and eighteen petty officers and seamen; independently of a chaplain, a physician (Dr. Siegwald), a naturalist (Professor Eschscholtz, who had accompanied Capt. Kotzebue in his former voyage), an astronomer (M. Preus), a botanist (M. Lentz), and a mineralogist (M. Hoffmann). On the 28th of the same month, after the late Emperor Alexander had inspected the vessel and bade its navigators a cordial farewell, the anchor was weighed. Rio de Janeiro was made on the first of November following, and a short sojourn in this city was enlivened by the celebration of Don Pedro’s birth-day, which is described with much animation. Doubling Cape Horn and running along the Patagonian coast, the next port of refreshment was Concepcion, where the reader is introduced to the Chilian president and authorities, as well as the Araucan Indians, from the treachery of both of which the voyagers appear to have made a fortunate escape. They next touched at Juan Fernandez; on the 2d of March, 1824, discovered an unknown island (in lat. 15° 58’ 18”, and long. 140° 11’ 30”, the declination of the needle being 4° E.) to which they gave the name of “Predpriatie;” thence they sailed past the Palliser and Greigh groups, and on the 14th of March made the beautiful land of Otaheite, from the long and attractive sketch of which we select a curious picture of the effects of Christian civilisation.

“There are six missionaries, inclusive of Nott and Wilson, on the island of Otaheite, and four in the remaining Society Islands. Natives themselves are trained to become missionaries, and sent among the isles of the archipelago to preach Christianity. Among ourselves a careful education and a course of diligent study in schools and universities are necessary preparations to be undergone by those who would qualify themselves for the ministry. The Missionary Society in London is not so exorbitant in its demands. A semi-savage, with a mind bewildered by the dogmas of a mere sailor (Wilson), possesses, in the eyes of that society, abundant qualifications for the

* As accounts of his proceedings reached us, we have occasionally enriched the columns of the *Literary Gazette* with notices of the author’s discoveries, &c.—Ed.

office. Church-time was at hand, and Wilson invited me to attend divine worship,—an invitation I willingly accepted. It took us about ten minutes to walk to the church, a pretty building, about one hundred and twenty feet long and sixty broad, made of wicker, well suited to the climate; airy from a number of large windows, which, as it is not necessary to keep out the weather, are unglazed, plastered with lime, and whitened with chalk; so that it forms a lively contrast with the verdure of the surrounding foliage. It has neither tower nor bell; but the churchyard, with its black crosses of wood, produces a solemn impression upon the mind. The interior of the building forms a spacious hall, the walls being neatly ornamented and a number of benches being placed in long rows; so that the auditory have a distinct view of the pulpit, which is placed in the centre. When we entered, we found the church crowded to suffocation: the men were seated on one side, and the women on the other; most of them had psalm-books before them, and deep silence prevailed. We have already alluded to the value they set upon our European apparel; and they are prouder to possess portions of it than the female part of our fashionables are to sparkle in brilliants and diamonds, or the male in stars and orders: however old or worn out, they are not held in the less estimation; a hole or rent seam abstracts nought from their elegance. All these remnants of apparel are purchased from the navigators who touch at Otaheite, and, as there is no such thing as a tailor, are resold with enormous profit. A complete suit would prove too costly, and they are content, therefore, to put up with a portion. Necessity has been the arbiter of fashion in Otaheite. The owner of a coat, or English military uniform, parades with no other article of covering, except the tapagirdle, and the fortunate acquirer of a waistcoat or pair of trousers considers his wardrobe complete. Some wear nothing but a shirt, whilst others, though perspiring under a dense woollen cloak, as if in a vapour bath, are too proud to doff it. Stockings, boots, or shoes, are quite out of the question; but nothing can be so ridiculous as to see the men imprisoned in coats, which are neither long nor roomy enough to fit their persons; many are scarcely able to move their arms, and are compelled to distend them like the flyers of a windmill, with here and there an elbow playing the part of peeping Tom. Picture to yourself a congregation thus attired, and, according to their own apprehensions, with all due decorum and decency; add, to complete the ludicrous effect of the scene, a set of faces shrouded with as solemn and serious an expression as can be conceived; and then,—the impossibility of being devoutly disposed, in such a presence, will not be charged upon me as unnatural. The dress of the women, though not quite so ludicrous, was scarcely less remarkable. They had on white, and even striped, men’s shirts, which were insufficient to conceal a stout pair of knees; some had broad frills upon their bosoms, and many were enveloped in counterpanes. Their bare shaved heads (a fashion for which they stand indebted to the missionaries) were crowned with little European straw hats of the most uncouth and out-of-the-way shapes, furnished with ribbons and flowers, which were the produce of Otaheitean copyists. But a cotton piece, staring with colours, was the *ne plus ultra* of their toilettes, as well as the indication of superior affluence.” After describing the puritanical exhibition, to which the missionary had drilled

his flock, Capt. Kotzebue adds:—"All inclination to be merry had forsaken me. I had beheld a congregation of these new and extra-devout converts to Christianity: I compared them with their ancestors, such as earlier visitants have described them; and was thus led into a train of reflections which grew but the more melancholy in proportion as I became more familiar with the recent history of Otaheite."

The picture he then draws of the bloodshed, murders, and persecutions, which accompanied the introduction of Christianity among these islanders, is worthy of the worst ages of Islamism. The state of this region under the virtual government of the missionaries,—the morose and melancholy temper they have created,—the coronation of the boy Pomarch as king,—the regal banquet,—the visit of the queen-dowager,—the state of the country itself, and its people,—are but a few of the prominent features which impart value and interest to the traveller's notes on Otaheite. From those of an American captain on the Pittcairn islands, which he has interwoven in his narrative, we obtain tidings of our old friend Adams. I found, says Kotzebue, "one of Adams's wives in Otaheite. She spoke English with some fluency, though with a foreign accent. The longing after home, with which the breast of every mortal glows, had occasioned her return. She told me that mankind was far more wicked here than in her little paradise, where she wished herself back again. She launched out warmly in praise of Adams, and maintained that there was not another human being fit to be compared with him. He had commissioned her to solicit the missionaries to send him a successor, as he was become old and infirm. And the Otaheitean mission will not fail to bring the Pittcairn islands under their yoke."

On the 24th of March, the navigators quitted Otaheite for the Navigation Islands, in one of which, Maouna, they found a race of cannibals, "probably the most abandoned of any mortals whom the South Seas contain." The Radack islands, which Kotzebue had discovered in 1816, appeared in sight on the 28th of April; and we regret that more important matter forbids us to dwell upon the kind and amiable character, the sham-fights, the dramatic amusements, &c., of the people of Otdia (one of that group), where the expedition landed. Thence, sailing past the Ligieje isles, their course was bent to the port of St. Peter and St. Paul, in Kamschatka, where they rested from the 8th of June till the 20th of the following month. The second volume opens with the approach to this land of snow and solitude.

"On the 1st of June," says Capt. Kotzebue, "being in latitude 42° and longitude 201°, and, therefore, opposite to the coast of Japan, we observed a red stripe on the surface of the water, which was about a fathom in width, and full five miles in length. As we crossed it, we fished up a tubful, and found that the colour proceeded from an infinite number of dwarf crabs, which could scarcely be detected by the naked eye."

Croak as we may over the petrifying horrors of our southern winters, there is comfort in them when weighed against the living inhumation of a Kamschatka snow-storm, "which drives down so heavily from the mountains as to bury the houses entirely, and compel the indwellers to dig out an exit, whilst their cattle are treading above the roofs. The winter expeditions, which are undertaken in light sledges,

drawn by six or more dogs, are conveniently and quickly performed; only it is requisite to be upon your guard against storms, accompanied by drifts of snow. These are here called *purga*; and if one of them overtake the traveller, he has no other means of escape but the allowing himself to be quietly *inpurgated*: that is to say, he suffers himself and his dogs to be interred beneath the snow, (an operation effected in the twinkling of an eye,) and, when the tempest has subsided, puts forth his best energies to release himself from his grave. In this he does not always succeed; for if he be beset in a defile, the snow collects so thick and imperviously about him, that the spot becomes his last resting-place."

Though the author's account of this country is extremely full and satisfactory, we have found nothing that is strikingly novel, excepting a description of its ancient superstitions, which we do not recollect to have met with elsewhere. "Besides their supreme deity, Kutka, they had a variety of inferior divinities, whom their imagination located amongst mountains and woods, in the waters and the atmosphere. They worshipped them, so long as their wishes were accomplished, and abused them without mercy when their expectations were crossed; much like the lower orders in Italy, who, when they are in tribulation, doff their bonnets to the saint, call him by as many holy names as start up to their lips, and presto!—trample him in the mire. The Kamschadales believed in the immortality of their own souls, as well as those of every animal; but they conceived that they would be equally called upon to obtain their livelihood by labour in a future life, though it was their hope that their toils would be lightened, and the produce always sufficient to relieve them from any apprehension of famine." It appears also that they had a tradition of a universal *Deluge*, and to this day they point out the spot, on the summit of a lofty mountain, where Kutka is said to have stepped out of a boat, and peopled the world with human beings!

At the close of July 1823, the Predpriate made sail for New Archangel, on the island of Sitka, a station of the Russo-American Company, "which is blessed with more rain than, perhaps, any other spot in the wide world." Many a page is filled with a report of the former and present condition of this settlement, and the character and habits of the Kalushes, its native owners: we can only afford space for a stirring instance of savage love. "The Kalush, whose soul would probably remain unmoved at the sight of the fairest of European beauties, discovers such irresistible charms in the pouting lips of his disgusting countrywomen, that his passions are often worked up to a state of frenzy. An instance of this was afforded by an occurrence which took place among a tribe of Kalushes, who had encamped in the vicinity of the fort during our sojourn at Sitka. A girl had four lovers, amongst whom the fiend of jealousy stirred up a deadly strife. After hard blows on all sides, which resulted in cooling down the passion of none of them, they resolved upon murdering the object of their adoration, who drew her last sigh under the deadly thrusts of their spears. The whole tribe assembled round the funeral pile, on which her body was burnt, and sang a hymn, of which some of our fellow-countrymen, who had been long resident at the settlement, made out the following expressions:—"Thou wast too fair. It was not meet thou shouldst abide with us. To look upon was but to steep our senses in

delirium.' And yet, barbarous as was this deed, it was surpassed by a fouler act. A parent's wrath was excited by his child's cries in a cradle, and he took it out and threw it into a cauldron of boiling train-oil! Such instances as these are sufficiently characteristic of this execrable race, who are, in every respect, the veriest refuse of human kind."

We could, indeed, swell our extracts into as many columns as there are pages in these volumes: but we look back, and are warned that we have already transgressed those natural limits, on which the attractive narrative of a Kotzebue has impelled us to make no trifling inroad. It must suffice the reader, therefore, to be told that the Enterprise left New Archangel on the 11th of August, and arrived at S. Diego, on the Californian coast, in the end of September; that a mass of very valuable information, on the subject of the Spanish and Russian missions and colonies in that quarter, was one of the results of a fourteen months' stay; that Captain Kotzebue quitted his cruising ground in November 1824, doubled the Sandwich islands and dropped past Owyhee in December, anchored at St. Helena at the end of March, and after touching at Portsmouth, brought his vessel safely alongside the ramparts of Cronstadt on the 10th of July, 1825.

We earnestly hope that a translation of this voyage, which comes recommended by as much good taste and modesty as sterling intelligence, will be speedily undertaken; and looking forward to this occurrence, we must also express a hope that the beauty and precision of the charts* may be transferred to the English edition. An appendix of "zoological gleanings," by Dr. Eschscholtz, a Dorpat professor, who was attached to the expedition as naturalist, merits the attention of the scientific reader.

The Descent into Hell: a Poem. pp. 223.

Murray.

Creation: a Poem. By William Ball. pp. 295.

Bull.

Mount Sinai: a Poem. By William Phillips. pp. 220. Maunder.

Scenes from the Flood, the Tenth Plague, &c. By Dugald Moore, author of the "African." pp. 213. Glasgow, Robertson and Atkinson: Edinburgh, Constable and Co.: London, Hurst and Co.

The Fall of Ninveh: a Poem. The Last Days of Herculaneum, &c. By Edwin Atherstone, author of a "Midsummer Day's Dream." Vol. II. pp. 308. Baldwin and Cradock.

The Island Bride. By the Rev. Hobart Caunter. pp. 243. Bull.

The Athenaid; or, Modern Grecians: a Poem. By Henry J. Bradfield, author of "Waterloo," &c. Second edition. pp. 231. Marsh and Millar. 1830.

WERE we to be asked, what branch of our literary profession most reverses the general rule, and, while it gives most trouble, is repaid by least pleasure, we should unhesitatingly say poetry. To both poets and public it is impossible to give satisfaction; the public require that our columns should contain as much variety and novelty as possible, and that, in the present excess of new things, our best judgment should be used in the selection of what has most information or most interest. Poets, on the contrary, expect that column after column should be devoted to critical ana-

* The bay and village of Mattavai, Otaheite;—the northern portion of the group of Coral Islands, Radak and Balik;—and the Navigator's Islands.

lysis and specimen-extracts of works, which, being too often the poorest parts of literature, would seem to be, as is usual in the physical world, the most prolific. Now, we cannot but think that these said columns would be parts very likely to be skipped, a destiny we greatly deprecate for any portion of our *Gazette*. We are remote from believing that either the age or the taste for poetry is past; the human heart will always ask for some higher expression for its feelings and imagination than the common language of life; and wherever there is a demand, there will be a supply. Poetry, and the love of poetry, always have existed and always will exist. The noble band of poets that have lately enriched our literature have far from satiated the appetite they did so much towards creating; but they have refined taste to a degree of luxury, and the spirit of the lyre now walks abroad in company with the strictest criticism. The remark has been made before of other tomes, and may with equal justice be applied to those before us: there are many among them whose appearance fifty years ago would have been hailed as an era in our literature; that time is past, and we cannot say there is one of these works possessing that striking originality which can now alone arrest public attention. They show taste, talent, cultivation by study of the best models, but, unfortunately, these models are often too apparent; and it is obvious, that had they not previously existed, neither would these their copies. Most of the authors are clever, intelligent men, but fall short of our idea of men of great genius. We will just characterise the style of each successively, as they are marked at the head of these observations. We recommend the *Descent into Hell* to those readers of Miltonic taste, who may like to follow through the mysteries of time and space; the *Creation* to those who like a little mingling of metaphysics and fancy; the *Tenth Plague* has some graceful description, and the minor pieces are very pleasing. The *Fall of Nineveh* possesses all the pretension of an epic; the versification is fine, with many striking passages; but we doubt whether the taste for battles, single combats, heroes, &c. be not gone past recall. The *Island Bride* is a pretty story, and has many very gracefully turned stanzas; but its frontispiece is not among Mr. Martin's successful efforts. That, on the contrary, before *Mount Sinai* is a superb conception; and truly the poem needs something to recommend it. Of the *Athenaid* we can only say, it is a composition so truly Greek, that it ought to introduce its young author to the pleasure of revisiting those shores under the auspices of their new prince.

We cannot but remark on the great number of religious poems which now overwhelm us. One great reason is, we think, the tempting facilities of this branch of composition; the sacred character seems such a shelter against criticism, while the Bible is an inexhaustible mine of magnificent epithet and noble imagery; nevertheless, their adoption is generally any thing but an improvement; and we cannot applaud this business-like and technical appropriation of words the most sacred. Poetry can never be better employed than in the cause of Religion; but let her beware of too familiar a use of its holy language.

The Influence of Climate in the Prevention and Cure of Chronic Diseases, &c. By James Clark, M.D. Second edition, enlarged.

It is little more than six months since we gave an account of Dr. Clark's book, on its first

appearance, in a somewhat extended article; and we are already called on to notice a second and considerably improved edition of it. We are gratified to find that the opinion of the public has confirmed, in the most unequivocal manner, the judgment we then pronounced of the uncommon merit of this work; and if our favourable testimony has had any influence in directing attention to its pages, we rejoice less on our own account or on that of the author, than on account of the public generally,—as we are persuaded few works have issued from the press of late years fraught with more important information to the medical profession, and to the whole class of sufferers from slow ailments, than Dr. Clark's volume, which we observe has just been translated into German. In this new edition we discover considerable additions made to the first part of the work, that, namely, which treats more particularly of climate. The article on the milder climates of England is entirely rewritten, and also greatly enlarged. In this edition we have too, for the first time, an account of numerous islands scattered over the Northern Atlantic, which are occasionally resorted to by invalids under very incorrect notions of their respective merits;—viz. the Canaries, the Azores, Bermudas, Bahamas, and the West Indies. The description of the last-named islands is full and extremely interesting; though they are considered by Dr. Clark as, in general, much too hot for consumptive patients; but recommended in some diseases. The other islands named are said to be all inferior to Madeira for persons predisposed to consumption. It will be recollected, that Dr. Clark puts only moderate faith in the effect of climate after this disease is once fully formed. The doctor appears to be very partial to the Isle of Wight.

The Three Histories: the History of an Enthusiast, the History of a Nonchalant, the History of a Realist. By Maria Jane Jewsbury. Pp. 322. London, 1830. Westley and Davis.

THIS is one of those books which give the impression of their author possessing higher powers than the actual work develops. The first tale (for the two others find, as in many cases, place principally for their titles) is beautifully told—a fine poetic spirit, caught from familiar acquaintance with the most exquisite literature of our language runs throughout—*si je ne suis pas la rose, j'ai vécu près d'elle*—and it also possesses occasional keen and lively observation, though shewing rather a naturally acute spirit than much knowledge of the world. Mrs. Carhampton is an excellent sketch; while many of the expressions are those little happy "pearls" of thought, set "in a silver sea" of graceful words. Julia, the heroine, is young, beautiful, rich, but, alas! a genius—a successful one—and consequently, it seems, doomed to a life of mental misery, and an early death. Our great objection to this picture is its false groundwork. We neither can nor do believe that the possession of one of Heaven's noblest gifts is like that of the false fairy—to be fatal: it is easy to place the woman of genius in such circumstances as must make her miserable; but before poor Genius is blamed, let us examine if it has produced those circumstances. Certainly not in the tale before us: Julia's real cause of unhappiness is an unreturned attachment; and beauty, wealth, or even chance, would have led quite as much, or more, to

the life of dissipation which eventually separates her lover and herself, than any success attending genius. Moreover, as a portrait of passion, this is, we think, wanting in truth; an enthusiastic creature like Julia, loving with such earnestness and devotion, would scarcely have resigned her lover without, at least, an effort to win and wear him; her woman's penetration would have divined his tastes, and her woman's affection taught her to adopt them. It would lead us too far into metaphysical inquiry, were we to examine how much the mind of a woman is formed by that of the man she loves; but we will venture to say, it is from that it receives its character. Loving as Julia is represented to have loved, she would never have so voluntarily and so entirely separated herself from Cecil. All the worldly scenes are exceedingly exaggerated: we cannot but reprobate that cant, we can use no other term, about the "heartlessness" of the upper ranks, the faithlessness of friendships, &c.: we believe human nature to be much the same in every station; and as to friendship, its falsehood often is only a false estimate of our own claims, and a forgetting that the mere pleasant intercourse of society bears flowers rather than fruits. The only rational question for disappointment to ask is, Did it not expect too much? We have entered thus fully into the analysis of this work, on the ground of the author's intending it as a moral medicine, while to us it appears that she has much mistaken both the causes and the symptoms of the disease. We have now only to add, that the narrative is most sweetly told, and the interest well kept up; the style also possesses great poetical beauty. Among the images is one too prettily turned to be omitted, while we would correct the misnomer: the fair author calls society "the Moloch with the diamond eyes." Did not these diamond eyes belong to the idol of Juggernaut? We all remember the story of the jeweller who fell in love with its brilliant orbs.

Rouge et Noir, in six cantos; and Versailles, a Poem. By W. Read, Esq. 3d edition. 12mo. pp. 133. Longman and Co.

THE words "third edition" are more magical than any critical commendations; but Mr. Read is well known to our Readers as a very charming poet. Some parts of this volume have been re-written, and, from the taste of the author, considerably improved. We rejoice to see that he announces a miscellaneous volume.

Conversations on the Natural Geography of Europe and Africa, &c. &c.; being a Continuation of Domestic Instruction on useful and interesting Subjects. By Mrs. Mathias. 2 vols. 18mo. London, 1830. Seeley and Burnside.

SOME time ago we noticed, with the commendation they deserved, the volumes, of which these now before us constitute the sequel. This new series is entitled to all the praise we bestowed on the former; it is characterised by the same unaffected cordiality which belonged to its precursor; and in this respect contrasts advantageously with clever but more frigid works of the same class. In reading the dialogues of Mrs. Mathias, we derive our own gratification from the continual indications of the existence, in the mind of the writer, of an anxiety to promote the moral and religious improvement of those who are supposed to be addressed by her. This is a kind of merit which will enhance her volumes in the esteem

of those who would have valued them highly, even if they had had no claim to praise except for the information they impart.

Travels on the Continent, Sicily, and the Lipari Islands. By R. Duppa, I.L.B. Large 8vo. pp. 494. Longman and Co.

WE rejoice to see a new edition of this interesting volume, where the antiquary, the lover of the fine arts, and the man of letters, find so much to inform and delight them. The work is beautifully embellished, the style most agreeable, and the whole an ornament to every library where books of taste and talent are preserved.

Marley on the Diseases of Children. 8vo. pp. 312. London, Burgess and Hill.

THIS is a straightforward, sensible medical work, intelligible to mothers, and therefore very valuable for family practice. The complaints of children are indeed now becoming so well understood, that it is not too much to say that the great increase of population is owing to the skill with which they are treated. Mr. Marley's able production will add to this farther perplexity of Malthus and his system.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, April 14, 1830.

IF I may hazard a profane expression, we have just got over the *semaine sainte*, which is always terribly unproductive of novelty in the metropolis of his most Christian Majesty. A stranger who should arrive in Paris for the first time during the procession of *Longchamps*, might imagine the inhabitants on the eve of revolt—bivouacs of gendarmes on every point of the boulevards—cavaliers, armed cap-à-pie and sabre in hand, gallantly wheeling round carriages filled with well-dressed females! Incontestably the French are a gay people. At last, however, the theatres have re-opened, to the great delight of worldly-minded sinners.

The Théâtre Français began with *Hernani*, and the Odéon with M. Dumas' unconscionably long *trilogie*, as he has thought proper to term it, of *Stockholm et Fontainebleau*. It is said that Victor Hugo has composed two new dramas, which have been laid before the committee of the Théâtre Français. Mademoiselle Duchesnois, whose final retirement from the stage will shortly take place, has arrived in Paris from a provincial tour.

The representation for the benefit of Madame Malibran terminated the season at the Théâtre Italien. It would be no easy matter to say for what reason the scene from *Pygmalion* was substituted in place of the opera of *Maitte di Shabran*, which had been originally announced for performance on this occasion, and which had even been rehearsed several times. The scene from *Pygmalion* unquestionably possesses some striking beauties, which, however, are better adapted for the drawing-room than the stage, where, comparatively speaking, they produce but little effect. In the opera of *Tancredi* Madame Malibran gave occasional proofs of exquisitely pathetic and dramatic inspiration. Her voice, however, is evidently fatigued, and her warmest admirers admit that some repose is absolutely necessary for the recovery of her former powers.

Hummel's second and last musical *soirée* was numerously attended. The first artists of Paris united their talents to those of the celebrated composer, who may be called the leader of the German school, and who, throughout the whole of the concert, was most deservedly and enthu-

siastically applauded. He left Paris on the 8th inst. for London, and, after a visit to Scotland, is expected to return in the month of September.

The grand theatre at Milan closed on the 20th ult. with an opera in which Madame Lande was much applauded. This *cantatrice* will make her appearance here in the month of October, at the Théâtre Italien.

Accounts from Italy state that a grand musical *soirée* was lately given by Rossini, in his palace at Bologna. To gratify his numerous admirers, the *maestro* terminated the concert with the celebrated air from *Figaro il Barbiere*, which, it is added, he sung in a style never equalled on any theatre in Europe.

The inexhaustible Madame de Genlis, who for some fifty years has given but slight repose to her pen, has lately carved out occupation for the legal gentry. The lady having composed or compiled a work which she entitled a *New Manual for Youth*, one of the publishing tribe, trusting to the *clat* of her literary name, purchased the manuscript at a high price, and without previous examination. The book having proved a mere farrago of the trite compositions inflicted of late years on the public, the bookseller objects to his purchase, on the ground that the production of novelty was among the stipulations of his contract with the authoress. The result of this trial will place in a new and interesting light several questions connected with the sale of literary property in France.

"As happy as a king," is an old saying; and as proverbs are the wisdom of nations, it is not surprising that the sceptre, like other glittering baubles, should have its amateurs. Commend me to the new Mathurin Bruno, *alias* Louis XVII., who is at present making the tour of his kingdom, and exhibiting himself to his trusty and well-beloved subjects in divers *estaminets* and wine-shops, where his majesty is pleased to hold his court. This exalted personage is distinguished from the crowd by his six feet two inches, his jolly rubicund visage, and a tremendous pair of whiskers. His majesty usually wears a great-coat, hermetically sealed on his Herculean chest, probably from commiseration for the jaundiced condition of his linen. He cannot be said to rule his subjects with a rod of iron, his sceptre being a riding-whip, or, on occasions of ceremony, an honest Hibernian-looking shillelah. But, above all, the modesty of this monarch *in partibus* deserves the most honourable mention, his principal decoration being a long *écume de mer* pipe, the mouth-piece of which he occasionally deigns to insinuate between his royal lips. The constant companion of his majesty's journeys is an ample portmanteau, over which he watches with as much anxiety as a pasha over his harem, and which might therefore be supposed to contain the royal diadem, the crown jewels, &c. No such thing. His majesty travels in the hosiery line for a cotton-spinning manufactory, in consequence of which subaltern occupation, he is forced, during the day, to abdicate his sovereignty, and to exhibit to the customers of the house sundry specimens of hose, and cotton nightcaps of superior quality. Alas, for the changes and chances of this mortal life! In the evening, however, he folds up his patterns in the aforesaid portmanteau, and repairs to the neighbouring *table d'hôte*, where he devotes an hour or so to the concerns of his vast empire. His majesty being exceedingly courteous, he occasionally condescends to favour his improvise subjects with the narrative of his royal adventures. He himself long remained ignorant of his illustrious birth, but while philoso-

phising one day in the tap-room of the village public-house, he happened to cast his eyes on a bust of his august sire Louis XVI., rather damaged by time, and disfigured by stains of smoke, spots of grease, and other subliminary indications of wear and tear. The astonishing resemblance of the royal visage to his own, suddenly enlightened him on the subject of his high descent, and inflamed him with the heroic resolution of reconquering the throne of his ancestors. His majesty has stated to his followers that he has already gained over to his legitimate cause the drummers and fifers of an entire regiment, and, with the aid of this imposing force, has little doubt that his claims will be recognised by his uncle Charles X., or, in case of the worst, that all matters relative to the succession may be settled *à l'amiable*. His majesty's moderation is equal to his personal modesty. He would not for the world change the established order of things in his hereditary dominions, and has therefore magnanimously announced his willingness to postpone the settlement of his claims till the present occupant of his throne shall be gathered to his fathers. *En attendant* till the course of events summon him to that exalted seat which Napoleon denominated a high chair studded with gilt nails, his majesty contents himself with a seat at the *table d'hôte*, where he reigns over some half-dozen *badauds* instead of thirty-two millions. His last travelling bulletin is dated from the hôtel des trois Magots Couronnés, at his good city of Chatillon, where his arrival seems to have produced a considerable sensation. The police, with their usual interference, took the liberty of examining his passport, and expressed much unbecoming surprise at the interlineal addition of six little words—"Roi de France et de Navarre,"—which the local authorities had omitted in their *signalement* of the industrious traveller, but which his majesty had inserted, in pencil, with his own royal hand. Unbounded were the confusion and bustle occasioned thereby; and loud and enthusiastic were the acclamations with which ostlers, chambermaids, cooks, and turnspits, hailed the unexpected presence of royalty. His majesty, with the condescension and urbanity which form part of his character, vouchsafed to admit to the same table with himself a score of travellers who had just arrived by the diligence, and even deigned to help the soup without distinction of age, sex, or rank. It was stipulated, however, as an indispensable condition of access to the royal presence, that each of the favoured guests should pay his share of the reckoning; for, by some unpardonable neglect, his majesty's House of Commons has not as yet voted the expenses of his majesty's *personnel* for the current year. As a proof that the French are essentially a monarchical people, I have only to state the fact, that King Bruno was helped to a double quantity of *vin ordinaire*, the liver-wing of the turkey, and the bottom of the salad-bowl. Innumerable were the *bon-mots* which his majesty uttered during the dessert, after which he, in the most affable manner, consented to win a little loose cash from his loyal subjects at billiards. The evening concluded with a private audience with which his majesty was pleased to favour one of his ladies of honour, who solicited a decoration for her husband—a mark of distinction which the august monarch immediately granted. And all this without either chancellor of the exchequer, prime minister, or privy councillor!

THE TYROLESE MINSTRELS.

[These genuine natives of the Tyrol, and captivating performers in a style of music peculiar to their native land, were such favourites in London, that we are sure the following truly characteristic letter from the elder brother will be read with very general interest. We have preserved the orthography faithfully; and have only to add respecting it, that two years ago the writer did not understand one word of English. It says, therefore, as much for his talent as the sentiments do for his head and heart.]

Dublin in Ireland, April 6th 1830.

MY dear friend W*****! — After a long, and very successful journey through England and Ireland, are we at length arrived here, in Dublin, we are all in good health, but not in such a good spirits because our Brother Antons wife is no more! she died on august the 25th last year, and we received this melancholy news a few weeks ago, which makes us all so very sorry, as she was a real good, and what you call in No 10, in our songs, a faithfull wife! but so was it the will of our almighty Lord, and we weak creatures shall make our bow to his providents which is always good and wise! dear friend we are very anxious to see our home again, to see our happy old father, our wives, and all our family, to sit amongst them in the warm summer evenings, and to tell them tales of our travelling through the world which is so great, and still so poor, I hope that in two month I may see the poor happy Valeys of my own Country, which I would not exchange for all Englands gold and splendour! Our intention is now to stay her one or two weeks after the easter Hollydays and then we will go to England again for a time of about 6 or 7 weeks then we go to home, we are very much obliged to Mr. Lackington for the kind offering of His room next season, but it is not our intention to sing any more in London we do much better in the country, will you be so kind and give our best compliment to Mr. Lackington, will you be so good to write us a few lines here we would feel great pleasure, and then be so kind to write us what is becoming of the gews which calls themselves, Bohimian Brothers, are they in London now! Dear W***** j hope to see you soon again if should be any thing, for us, by you be so kind to send to us here or to Liverpool; good by to you, we send to Mrs. W***** and all your little ones our best respects and are very sincerely your friends.

FELIX RAINER.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Florence, April 6.

A MONUMENT to the memory of Dante has lately been erected by subscription in Sta Croce. His bones, as you know, are at Ravenna. It has been severely criticised; but it pleases me greatly, and Thorwaldsen praised it highly. It consists of three figures—Dante seated; on his right hand Italia, and on the left Poetry. This last statue has been found fault with, as wanting in dignity.*

We have an exhibition of Egyptian antiquities, collected by the Tuscan commissioners who accompanied the French, and also a very numerous collection (nearly 1500) of drawings, which they made from the bas-reliefs. These are very interesting, as among them is a series of portraits of the Pharaohs, and representations of all the trades. The antiquities are not very remarkable, excepting a Scythian car, which was found in the tomb of a warrior who lived 1560 years before Christ; and a mummy,

* The Grand Duke of Tuscany has granted a pension to Stephen Ricci, a Florentine, the artist of this splendid mausoleum. It is pleasant to find that the arts and sciences are encouraged in the most petty and insignificant states.

in the case of which is an inscription in Greek, which is repeated in Egyptian characters. It is believed that the grand duke will undertake some excavations at Chiusi, which would very probably occasion the discovery of many Etruscan antiquities.

During Lent, Lord Burghersh has amused us with one of his operas, the *Fedra*, and also an Italian tragedy and comedy; in the latter of which Lady B. performed. He is now writing an English opera. We have also had races, which went off very languidly.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

DR. MATON in the chair.—Dr. Francis Hawkins, the registrar, read a letter from Dr. Heberden, addressed to the president of the College, on the subject of a case of small-pox which had lately occurred in the Penitentiary at Milbank, under very peculiar circumstances. A prisoner had been seized with that disorder, who, according to the rules of the prison, had been closely secluded from intercourse with all other persons, except the officers of the institution. None of these persons had been ill, nor, so far as they themselves knew, had they been exposed to infection. It was impossible, in short, to discover in what manner the disorder could have been communicated to the prisoner. Dr. Heberden did not advocate the idea of spontaneous small-pox, but only observed how cautious we (the faculty) should be in pronouncing any situation perfectly secure. A paper was also read, communicated by Dr. Macmichael, on Sydenham's theory of the small-pox, and illustrative of the important and much-contested subject of contagion. It was a favourite argument with the anti-contagionists, that the plague could not be contagious; for if it were, the fact of its being so would be known and readily allowed, as is the case with the small-pox and the other well-known contagious diseases. Who ever doubted, said they, that the small-pox was contagious? The fallacy of this argument Dr. Macmichael had exposed in a pamphlet which he published a few years ago, in which he shewed that the notion of contagion is by no means an obvious one, naturally suggesting itself to the mind, and easily ascertained to be true or false; since in the description which Sydenham has given of the small-pox, there is no hint whatever of his being at all aware that it is communicated from one person to another. It appears, however, from an examination of the earlier writings of Sydenham, that the idea of this disease being contagious did at one time occur to his mind (although he supposed contagion only one, and that the slightest, of the causes of its origin); but he afterwards abandoned this notion altogether, because he found it irreconcilable in some respects with his preconceived views of the nature of infection. Yet this by no means weakens Dr. Macmichael's refutation of the argument of the anti-contagionists, but rather adds to its strength, by shewing that the nature of contagion is so far from being natural and obvious, and easy of proof, that even when it had presented itself to such a mind as Sydenham's, with respect to the small-pox itself, it was not admitted, because the evidence in its favour did not appear to him sufficiently conclusive. There was also read a description of some plates which lay on the table, presented by Mr. Sewell, of the Veterinary College, representing diseased states of the lungs of horses, produced by inoculation from others that had died of glanders.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

ON Thursday evening the meetings were resumed after the Easter recess. Davies Gilbert, Esq. the president, in the chair. A paper was read, entitled "on the quantities of water afforded by springs at different periods of the year;" by J. Henwood, Esq. Another paper was also read, "on the action and laws of elliptic polarisation, as exhibited in the action of metals on light," by Dr. Brewster. On the table were placed a variety of donations in literature; amongst them were a series of documents styled "The Criminal Code," presented by the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Home Department, in seven volumes.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

YESTERDAY, being St. George's Day, the annual election of officers, &c. for this Society took place; Hudson Gurney, Esq. in the chair. At three o'clock the balloting boxes were examined, when it appeared that the Earl of Aberdeen had been re-elected *President*; T. Amyot, Esq. *Treasurer*; J. Gage, Esq. *Director*; N. Carlisle and H. Ellis, Esqrs. *Secretaries*.

Of the old Council, — the Earl of Aberdeen, Mr. T. Amyot, Mr. J. Britton, Mr. N. Carlisle, Mr. H. Ellis, Mr. J. Gage, Mr. H. Gurney, Mr. H. Hallam, Mr. W. R. Hamilton, Mr. J. H. Markland, and the Right Hon. C. W. Williams-Wynn, were re-elected. In the room of Mr. M. Bland, Dr. T. F. Dibdin, Mr. F. Douce, the Hon. G. A. Ellis, Lord Farnborough, the Bishop of Llandaff, Mr. E. Lodge, Sir G. Ouseley, Mr. T. Phillips, and Mr. E. V. Utterson, who went out by rotation, the following ten members were chosen: Mr. C. F. Barnwell, Mr. T. C. Croker, Dr. A. Henderson, Mr. F. Madden, Mr. J. H. Merivale, Mr. W. Y. Ottley, the Bishop of Salisbury, Sir G. Staunton, Colonel B. C. Stephenson, and Viscount Strangford.

We rejoice to find that the Society is rapidly increasing in numbers: its present force is almost mystical, viz. 777!

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SIR GORE OUSELEY, Bart., in the chair.—Several gentlemen were elected into the Society, and Washington Irving, Esq., was proposed as a foreign member. The papers read at this meeting were, continuations of Captain Low's account of the Siamese Buddha; of Colonel Kennedy's Analysis of Mohammedan Law; and of Sir W. Jones's Letters to S. Davis, Esq. The portion of Captain Low's paper which was read at this sitting comprised some curious particulars respecting the *Shra-baat*, or sacred footprint of Buddha, worshipped by the Siamese: a drawing of this relic, copied from the original, accompanied the paper; it contains not fewer than 100 compartments, each having a distinct emblem represented on it; besides the spaces for the toes, each of which bears a double figure of the lotus. The original impression is cut upon a rock, and enclosed in a chapel; it is about five or six times as long as a human foot, and proportionally broad; it is generally covered with water, which the devotee sprinkles over his body, to wash away the stain of sin. This impression, it should be remarked, is considered to be that of the right foot of Buddha; that of the left is said to be the one still remaining on the top of Adam's Peak in Ceylon. It appears that there was a *Shra-baat* at Mecca before Islamism prevailed; in the time of Herodotus a similar

impression, about two cubits long, was to be seen on the banks of the Syros (Dniester); and the authority of a Hindoo traveller is cited to prove the existence of another near the north-west corner of the great wall of China. Besides these, memorials of the same kind are found on the banks of the Ohio, and in many places on the continent of Europe. Several curious donations were made to the Society; and Colonel Harriot exhibited some rare oriental treasures in literature, art, coins, &c.

THE VIOLA.

As a pendant, or rather as a meet companion, for our abridgment of Dr. Nolan's paper on the Rose of Anacreon, read at the Royal Society of Literature, and inserted in our No. 691, we can hardly afford our classical readers a greater treat than by giving place to the following *Remarks on the Viola of the Ancients, by the Lord Viscount Mahon.*

I shall attempt in this paper to prove that the plant called *viola* by the Romans, is not, according to the received opinion, our common violet, but the flower called *iris*, and well known in our English gardens. This idea first occurred to me, when, in the winter of 1825-26, I travelled on horseback over the greater part of Sicily, and observed, that amongst the numerous wild flowers which that genial climate was already bringing forth at that season, there was no violet to be seen, but, on the other hand, a great abundance of *iris*; and I have since been informed that such is likewise the case in southern Italy. This seemed to me to render it improbable, that a plant so common should have been unnoticed by the ancient pastoral poets, and that their strains should be devoted to one apparently of foreign origin, of later introduction, and of less general growth.

This presumption will, I think, be confirmed by a consideration of the following passages:

In the description of the *viola* by Pliny, several circumstances are quite inapplicable to the violet, but agree exactly with the *iris*.

1. He mentions *viola lutea*, amongst other sorts. Now, there are no violets of this colour; but although the common *iris* is dark blue, several of its species are yellow, such as the *iris lutescens*, and the *iris lurida*, which grows naturally in the south of Europe.

2. *Sponte, apricis et macris locis proveniunt.* This is true of the *iris*, which I observed in Sicily, commonly growing wild on the rocky hills, exposed to the sun; but this is not true of the violet, which is proverbial for loving the shade.

3. *Statim ab radice carnosio exeunt.* The *iris* has a bulbous root, appearing out of the ground, so that the adverb *statim* is peculiarly true of this plant, as distinguished from the tulip, crocus, &c. The root of the violet is fibrous.

A passage in Ovid seems to me still more decisive:

Ut si quæ violas, rigoque papaver in horto,
Liliæque infringat, fulvis hærentia virgis,
Marcida demittant subito caput illa gravatum:
Nec se sustineant, spectentque cacumine terram.

Any one must observe how completely inapplicable this description is to the violet, whose flower all but touches the ground, and cannot therefore, if broken, exhibit the "demittant caput . . . spectentque cacumine terram." The *iris*, on the contrary, is of nearly the same height as lilies and poppies, and having, like these, a tall and naked stem, displays, when broken, the same appearance

that they do, and justifies the poet in classing them together.

I should add, that amongst the country people of Sicily the *iris* still bears the name of *viola*.—*Archæologia*, vol. xxiii.

EXCAVATIONS.

Rome, April 1.

THE excavations of the Campo Scalo, which are conducted this season by Messrs. Campanari and Fossati, have been going on with great activity for this month past. We mention a few particulars, which will doubtless excite in many persons a desire for more ample information.

A unique Sepulchre.—The vestibule would furnish an architect with materials for a fine work and solid reasoning. The *lacunaria* are rich and novel. In one chamber are some pilasters of an uncommon form, and in another remains of paintings.

On the 4th of March there was discovered, happily not spoiled, but wholly filled up with earth, the tomb of a wrestler or pancratiast, who had gained a prize in some games. He is characterised by the disk of iron; the arms, of bronze, were placed near him; these consist of a vast clypeus, the greaves, and the hilt of the sword. The most beautiful tripod, the *prefericoli*, and the crater of bronze, are the prizes which he gained. Near the tripod was one of those large painted vases, which bear the well-known inscription, and Minerva, who has here for ensign a siren playing on the double flute. Two little images of Iole and Hercules stood on the other side. This tomb had three chambers: most of the things found were in that on the left hand; there were some articles in the two others, but of less value, if we except a gold ring, with a lion engraved on it,—a symbol very suitable to the deceased,—and part of a gold necklace. The Marquess of Northampton was present on the evening of the 6th and the morning of the 7th, when this most interesting chamber was cleared. The clypeus, however, remains untouched in its place.

A third tomb strikes the eye at first sight by a certain novelty in the design, and the ornaments shew that an Egyptian chose to be buried in Etruria in the Egyptian fashion; in fact, no vase records a Greek or Roman rite. Two little marble statues of Isis and Osiris, many vases with animals, twelve gold clasps, a very singular gold ring, and a broken spherical paste vase with hieroglyphics, were also discovered.

The two gentlemen above named, the proprietors of the spot, are themselves present at the work, which they conduct with considerable expense and great diligence. Among other things, they have found a beautiful vase painted by Pausæus; and a large vase adorned with the apotheosis of Hercules, and Hebe crowned, whom the gods lead to meet him. There is a vase without handles, of an extremely novel form, on which a very animated dance is painted. The first consignment of the articles found is expected to arrive at Rome in a few days.

PINE ARTS.

WATER-COLOURS' EXHIBITION.

A HASTY glance at this peculiarly English and peculiarly beautiful exhibition of art enables us to say that it has this year lost none of its attractions. We have gone on from time to time fancying, "Well, there cannot be a better, or hardly so good a collection again;" and happily

we have been, from time to time, agreeably disappointed by the appearance of one, at least as good, if not better. Such is the present case. There are 366 paintings on the walls and on three screens, very tastefully arranged; and we think rather greater interest is produced by an increase in the number of figure subjects. The landscapes maintain their usual delightful character; and the various styles of the leading artists are displayed in a manner that adds much to the gratification of the spectator. It is dangerous to particularise (lest we do injustice to names omitted); but we may safely say that Barret never surpassed his productions in this gallery, of which 159 is a fine example; Cristall has one work worthy of his best efforts, though executed, we were sorry to hear, under the pressure of a dangerous illness; Cox, De Wint, Fielding, Gastineau, Harding, Hills, Hunt, Lewis, Prout, Robson, Miss Sharpe, Stephanoff, Turner, J. Varley, Wild, and Wright, fully keep the high reputations they have so justly acquired. Among Hunt's pictures are some striking novelties of fruit and flowers, remarkable for truth and colour. Miss Sharpe is admirable in a domestic scene, and in one from the Vicar of Wakefield;—J. S. Cotman hardly less so for sea pieces, with very peculiar effects in the water. But perhaps one of the most novel and striking features in these rooms will be found in the extraordinary performances of Mr. Cattermole: *Comrades Carousing, The Captain's Story, and The Merchant of Venice*, are surprising compositions. As we are now mentioning the associates, we must add the names of Austin, Chisholm, and Pyne, as having caught our notice by their works in the very cursory glance we were enabled to bestow on the exhibition.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

[Concluding Notice.]

Water-colour and Miniature Room.

In this room are many productions of high merit. Without disparagement, however, to contemporary talent, we have no hesitation in placing as first of its class,

No. 721. *Girl Sketching.* Miss M. A. Sharpe. Breadth and simplicity in the design, vigour and taste in the execution, are the characteristics of this masterly drawing. It is one of the most fascinating works in the Gallery.

No. 728. *The Holy Family.* F. Corboux.—An admirable copy of Sir Joshua. In No. 715, *Sappho*, and No. 756, *the Panther*, Miss Corboux also evinces powers which a little more study of the principles of composition would fully develop.

No. 699. *Fruit and Flowers, from Nature.* No. 746. *Fruit, from Nature.* Mrs. Dighton.—Like all the productions that we have seen from Mrs. Dighton's pencil, skilful in their arrangement, and beautiful in their execution.

Among the miniatures, we were greatly struck with No. 605, *Portrait of a Young Lady*, Mrs. Green, as a beautiful example of taste in character, and style in painting. No. 620, *Portraits of G. Malcolm, Esq., Mrs. Coleridge, — Champion, Esq., and Mrs. Graham;* and No. 641, *Portraits of Lady Campbell, Sir A. Campbell, Captain Johnstone, Mrs. J. S. Alexander, and J. Alexander, Esq. M.P., Mrs. J. Robertson,*—are, as usual, admirable miniatures. No. 600, *Medora watching for the Corsair's Sail*, Miss E. E. Kendrick, and other imaginative performances by the same fair

hand, strongly remind us of poor Shelley. No. 642, *The Little Gleaner*, R. T. Bone; No. 651, *Titian in his Study*, enamel, W. Bone; and No. 667, *A Group of Children*, after *Rubens*, C. R. Bone,—are very clever works; as are also No. 556, *Student of the Royal Academy*, F. T. Rochard; No. 606, *Heart's ease*, Mrs. G. R. Ward; No. 666, *Portrait of — Cherer*, Esq., F. J. Meyer; No. 675, *Portrait of Lieut. Newcome*, 88th Regiment, J. Green; No. 625, *Portrait of the Queen of Portugal*, No. 604, *Portrait of Miss F. H. Kelly*, J. Holmes; and 565, 575, 582, and other clever likenesses by W. Hudson. In the landscape department will be found much to admire under Nos. 772, 525, 530, 534, 496, 508, 513, 539, 612, 697, 698, 705, 729, and 518; by Messrs. Glover, Stanley, Crome, Shepherd, Ince, Campion, Everett, Tomkins, Hull, Byrne, Barrett, and Bach.

PRINTS.

Of the engravings there are few which have not already come under our notice. Among the novelties, we must place No. 779, *Boccaccio*, after J. M. W. Turner, R.A. T. P. Quilley. We understand the riddle of the original painting far better in black and white, than we did in the glare and scratch-work which involved it at Somerset House. No. 780, *Portrait of a Lady*, after Sir Thomas Lawrence, W. Ward; No. 803, *Chatham*, after Stanfield, J. C. Allen; No. 813, *Engraving*, after *Stephanoff*, H. C. Shenton; No. 788, *Egglestone Abbey*, after J. M. W. Turner, R.A., T. Higham; and No. 789, *Southwark Bridge*, after *Robson*, J. Redaway—*are some of the most prominent works of this class. Mr. Walker also shews the commencement of a promising engraving of Sir Joshua's Holy Family.*

SCULPTURE.

In this department of art the subjects are not numerous. The principal, and by far the most tasteful one, is

No. 859. *Resurrection: Model for a Monument executed in marble.* E. H. Baily, R.A.
No. 852. *Statue of his Grace the Duke of Wellington.* J. Francis.—The senatorial costume is well conceived, and is executed with skill and judgment.

No. 848. *Monumental Figure.* T. Denman.—Highly appropriate, and in very good taste.
No. 869. *Affection.* E. G. Physic.—A pleasing group.

No. 850. *Lear and Edgar—Shakespeare.* J. Henning, jun.—Very creditable to the young artist. The composition would, no doubt, be more satisfactory to us, were not our minds pre-occupied with the admirable manner in which the same subject was treated by the late Mr. West, in one of the finest pictures that ever came from his pencil.

These, with various characteristic and well-executed busts, make up the chief attractions of the Sculpture-room.

And so, with every good wish, farewell, for the present year, to the Society of British Artists!

DIORAMA.

A NEW and very beautiful pair of dioramas have been opened in the Regent's Park: Mount St. Gothard, and the Interior of the Cathedral at Rheims. The wild scenery of the one contrasts finely with the architectural grandeur of the other; and both do honour to the talents of the artists, Messrs. Daguerre and Bouton. To use the common saying, they are truly sights worth seeing.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

It is so beneficial to our native arts to shew who are their patrons and encouragers, that, crowded as our space is, we are induced to insert a list of the pictures which have been sold during the Exhibition of the British Institution; and to express a hope that it may be greatly lengthened before the close on Saturday.

Subjects.	Painters.	Purchasers.
<i>The Duenna</i>	G. S. Newton, A.R.A.	Lord Farnborough
<i>Landscape, with a Wooden Bridge</i>	F. R. Lee	The Rev. William Long.
<i>The House-Chapel at Cothelie</i>	N. Condy	Earl Brownlow.
<i>The Hall at Cothelie, an ancient Seat of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe</i>	Ditto	Ditto.
<i>A View from Steanscombe Wood, Kent</i>	P. Nasmyth	Earl of Essex.
<i>A Heath Scene</i>	John Linnell	Ditto.
<i>Mother and Child</i>	R. Edmonstone	Lord Northwick.
<i>Little Barb, on the Seaside</i>	C. Stanfield	Ditto.
<i>Interior of the British Gallery</i>	Scarlet Davis	R. Hart Davis, M.P.
<i>Morning</i>	H. Howard, R.A.	Sir Willoughby Gordon, Bart. William Wells, Esq.
<i>The Guardian</i>	G. S. Newton, A.R.A.	Ditto.
<i>Scene off the Flemish Coast</i>	C. Stanfield	Ditto.
<i>Fruit</i>	George Lance	Ditto.
<i>Interior of a Cottage in Devonshire</i>	A. Fraser	Ditto.
<i>Plumicorn and Roe-buck</i>	Edwin Landseer	Ditto.
<i>Children, the Seat of Sir G. Warren-der, Bart. M.P.</i>	F. R. Lee	Sir G. Warren-der, Bart. M.P.
<i>Landscape with Figures and Sheep Scene in the Play of Charles XII.</i>	Ditto	James Ord, Esq.
<i>Girl of Normandy</i>	G. Clint, A.R.A.	Earl of Essex.
<i>Seed Time</i>	G. S. Newton, A.R.A.	Colonel Hugh Baily, John Turner, Esq.
<i>Coast Scene: Fishermen</i>	T. S. Good	Ditto.
<i>The Bridemaid</i>	E. F. Paris	C. Heath, Esq.
<i>Choice—Comedy or Tragedy?</i>	H. P. Briggs, A.R.A.	— Dawkins, Esq.
<i>Venus and Cupid</i>	Wm. Etty, R.A.	R. A. Thorpe, Esq.
<i>The Sick Child</i>	Thomas Webster	R. Vernon, Esq.
<i>Plate and Fruit</i>	G. Lance	J. Bridge, Esq.
<i>Le Débris</i>	Ditto	J. Fawcett, Esq.
<i>Rocks near Luc-combe Chise, Isle of Wight</i>	C. Stanfield	— Stewart, Esq.
<i>A Fresh Breeze</i>	G. Chambers	Colonel Long.
<i>Portsmouth in the distance</i>	Ditto	Ditto.
<i>The Spanish Brig Almirante captured by H.M.S. Black Joke</i>	H. T. Huggins	Captain Downs.
<i>Highland Music</i>	E. Landseer	R. Vernon, Esq.
<i>The Stone-Breaker</i>	Ditto	W. Wells, Esq.
<i>Coax, from Nature</i>	Wm. Barraud	Ditto.
<i>Sir H. Lee blessing Charles II.</i>	Miss A. Beaumont	Mrs. Barnard.
<i>A Study</i>	Miss Kearsley	Ditto.
<i>Dressing for a Masquerade</i>	T. Clayter	C. Spencer Rick-ets, Esq.
<i>Rose Malcolm</i>	A. Cooper, R.A.	Ditto.
<i>Christ and Nicodemus</i>	P. C. Wonder	Ditto.
<i>Arguello Bay, Jersey: Evening</i>	P. F. Rogers	— Walker, Esq.
<i>Fruit</i>	S. Platt	H. G. Home, Esq.
<i>Study of a Painter</i>	Ditto	Ditto.
<i>Don Quixote and Sancho after their rencounter with the Yanguenian Carriers</i>	Colvin Smith	G. Agar Ellis, Esq. M.P.
<i>London Bridge as it appeared in October 1822</i>	W. F. Wither-ington	R. Vernon, Esq.
<i>St. Paul's, from the western side of Blackfriars Bridge</i>	Ditto	Rev. H. T. Knapp.
<i>Entrance of Boulogne Harbour</i>	Ditto	Ditto.
<i>In search of Bait</i>	T. Wilson	Lord Northwick.
<i>A Venetian Scene</i>	R. Edmonstone	Ditto.
<i>Study of a Sketch</i>	A. G. Vickers	Ditto.
	Ditto	Ditto.

Subjects.	Painters.	Purchasers.
<i>The Trumpeter</i>	F. Taylor	M. Ricardo, Esq.
<i>Life Guardsman</i>	Ditto	Ditto.
<i>Scene on the River Aar, Switzerland</i>	S. J. Stump	Sir G. Staunton, Bart.
<i>Belvidere</i>	J. Borden	Earl Cawdor.
<i>Going to Market</i>	Wm. Shayer	G. Cook, Esq.
<i>A Scene in North Wales</i>	J. Marshall	James Taverner, Esq.
<i>Misty Morning</i>	J. Tennant	— Mott, Esq.
<i>Scene in Switzerland</i>	Miss Beaumont	Mrs. Barnard.
<i>Cottage's Wife</i>	J. Smart	Major Ebbs.
<i>Birth of Venus</i>	H. Howard, R.A.	Wynne Ellis, Esq.
<i>Heath Scene</i>	A. G. Vickers	Jennings, Esq.
<i>Apples</i>	A. J. Oliver, R.A.	J. Shaw, Esq.
<i>Years</i>	Ditto	Ditto.
<i>The Artists' Paint- ing Room</i>	Miss Alabaster	Marquess of Staf- ford.
<i>The Toilet</i>	J. G. Middleton	Earl of Chester- field.
<i>Pilgrims approach- ing the Monastery</i>	G. R. Lewis	C. Russell, Esq.
<i>Dead Christ</i>	J. King	Corporation of Bristol.
<i>Chalk Church, Gravesend</i>	J. H. Pitt	— Frampton, Esq.
<i>View on the Banks of Thames</i>	S. W. Reynolds	— Broadhurst, Esq.
<i>Schelling Beach</i>	J. Wilson	Ditto.
<i>The Weekly Regis- ter</i>	H. Liverseege	Lord Ranelagh.
<i>The Glaiour</i>	G. Laporte	G. Burnand, Esq.
<i>Puppies</i>	S. Taylor	Hon. Mrs. Coch- rane.
<i>The Intruder</i>	J. Ward	G. Morant, Esq.
<i>Be gone, dull Care</i>	W. Kidd	Ditto.
<i>Reading the Gazette</i>	T. V. Rippingill	Ditto.
<i>The Clavinet Player</i>	P. F. Pool	Ditto.
<i>Scene in a Vineyard</i>	A. Aglio	P. B. Duncan, Esq.
<i>Landscape</i>	J. A. O'Connor	Ditto.
<i>Eastnor Castle</i>	J. Barnicle	Hon. Mrs. Harri- riott Cox.
<i>View from Shooter's Hill</i>	T. Tingcombe	R. Kales, Esq.
<i>Fruit</i>	S. B. Cudlip	S. Freeman, Esq.
<i>Interior of Durham Cathedral</i>	C. Arrowsmith	Giraldin, Esq.
<i>Interior of a Church</i>	Ditto	Ditto.
<i>Kitt's City House, near Aylesford</i>	T. H. Pitt	G. Watlington, Esq.
<i>Female Head, from Nature</i>	Mrs. Hakewell	Walter Burrell, Esq. M.P.
<i>Beach Scene, blow- ing Weather</i>	W. Shayer	— Martin Esq.
<i>Cottages near Ban- ston</i>	F. W. Watts	Rev. J. Roche.
<i>Cullercoats: Fisher- men</i>	H. P. Parker	Ditto.
<i>Preparing for Mar- ket</i>	W. Sheils	J. Attwood, Esq.
<i>Girl and Donkey</i>	Ditto	Ditto.
<i>Bala Lake</i>	F. H. Henshaw	Ditto.
<i>Portobello</i>	John Wilson	Sir G. Warren- der, Bart. M.P.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FIRST AND LAST.—NO. II.

First and Last Hours.

LOV'ST thou the hour, the first of day,
When the dewy flowers are opening bright,
When through the curtains of morning gray
Are stealing streaks of crimson light?
Hath it not a power, a spell?
Doth it not to thy warm heart tell
Of life, fresh, sparkling, new-born life,
And scenes as yet too young for strife?

LOV'ST thou the hour in twilight time,
When every flower is closing round,
When fainter and fainter the far bell's chime
Comes with a soothing, dying sound?
Hath it not a spell, though it be
Differing from the first, for thee?
Doth it not tell of visions deep,
And a gradual dropping down to sleep?

These hours are types and signs of thine:
Thy first hour brought both smiles and tears,
And called forth feelings half divine,
In those who looked to future years,
And watched how grew each feature's mould,
And saw their little buds unfold,
And trusted strife should never come,
To cast on heart and brow a gloom.

And thy last hour—'tis thine to make
It calm, as twilight's lovely time,

A blessed sleep, from which to awake,

Will be to the better world to climb:
Remember, 'tis thine, ay thine, to choose,
If storms shall take place of stars and dews,
Or if thy spirit shall have a power
To make its parting like day's last hour.

Worton Lodge, Isleworth.

M. A. BROWNE.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Songs of the Boudoir. The Melodies selected and the Poetry written by T. H. Bayly, Esq. Vernon.

IN discharging part of our arrear in the musical score, it would be an offence, for which our ears ought to pay, were we to forget these *Songs of the Boudoir*, from so popular a lyricist as Mr. Bayly. There are nine of them, the number of the Muses, and neither unworthy of these ladies nor of the author. On the contrary, the words are graceful, and the melodies appropriate. "We met—'twas in a crowd," the first, is an exquisitely simple ballad; and the second, "The board is full," is also a charming composition. "They weep when I have named her," is one of Mr. Bayly's most touching pieces; and must rank with its so well known predecessors, "Oh no, we never mention her," "She never told him, never," and the "Bridemaid." The last song, "Oh, sing me no new songs to-night," is more happy in the words than in the music; but the whole production is eminently deserving of a place on the stand by harp and piano. We quote our favourite songs.

"They weep when I have named her! I'm sure she was more dear
To me than all the world beside, and yet I shed no tear;
I culled the freshest roses, and twined them for her hair,
And then I sought her chamber—but oh! she is not there!
They tell me I have lost her; I smile to see them mourn:
She could not thus desert me—I know she will return;
And I have deck'd her bower with all my former care,
And now I come to seek her—but oh! she is not there!
I saw them kneel in silence beneath a yew-tree's gloom,
They pointed to the name I loved upon a marble tomb!
And then I wept—but something forbid me to despair,
I felt that we should meet again—for oh! she is not there!"

"Oh, sing me no new songs to-night;
Repeat the plaintive strain,
My favourite air in former years,—
Come sing it once again:
Sweet thoughts that slumber'd start to life,
And give my heart relief;
And though I weep to hear that song,
'Tis not the tear of grief.

Her precious record of the past
Fond Memory oft conceals,
But Music with her master key
The hidden volume steals:
The loves, the friends, the hopes of youth,
Are stored in every leaf:
Oh, if I weep to hear that song,
'Tis not the tear of grief."

Fire-side Lyrics. Composed by F. J. Klose. S. Chappell.

THIS is really a nice present for the new year, or for any period, being a collection of sweetly simple airs, just fit for the friendly circle. A pretty set of Quadrilles at the end will serve as a farther recommendation to the youthful groups.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

"I play'd the part of Lady Fame."

Much Ado about Nothing.

A MELO-DRAMATIC opera, entitled *Il Pirata*, was produced at this theatre, for the first time,

* Appropos of this, Mr. Peel has become the possessor of Mr. Parris's natural and affecting picture, of which we spoke so highly in our critique upon the Exhibition of the British Institution. It had been secured by Mr. C. Heath for his next *Keepsake*; but the Engraver yielded his prize to the minister, obtaining permission, however, to make a plate from this delightful subject.

on Saturday, and repeated on the following Tuesday to a very crowded, fashionable, and, sorry are we to add, an awfully silent and solemn, auditory. As we regard the first representation of a new opera in no other light than that of a "dress rehearsal," we shall pass unnoticed the performance of Saturday, and confine our remarks solely to the representation of Tuesday.

The *Pirate* (and here we must be permitted to indulge in the parenthetical remark, that, as a musical production, a more appropriate title could not possibly have been given to the opera) never will, we fear, be favourably received by a London audience: how it could have met with any degree of success at Milan, is to us a matter of considerable surprise; we say surprise,—for, independently of the many palpable *piracies* which pervade this "truly original opera,"* and which we shall bring presently to light, we are convinced that the composer, or rather the compiler, of *Il Pirata* is not only egregiously ignorant of all knowledge of "stage business," but totally destitute of that dramatic tact so essential to the production of scenic effect. It is true that in numerical strength the *dramatis personæ* of *Il Pirata* is perhaps too feeble to admit of the introduction of concerted pieces; but it is equally true, that in two or three of the most popular compositions of Rossini, the *dramatis personæ* do not exceed the number employed in the opera before us. But the fact is (and it must be obvious to all who have the least knowledge of operatic composition), that Signor Bellini understands little of that which the Italians so comprehensively express by the term "*colpir la scena*." What other composer would have concluded a *prayer* with the common hackneyed comic *caballetta* which, at the termination of every vocal piece, concerted or otherwise, we have had rung in our ears for the last half century? Nor are these the only faults which characterise the compositions of Signor Bellini: his predilection for developing his plot through the tiresome and always monotonous medium of *recitative*, added to the unpardonable practice of *marring*, by the same means, some of the most striking incidents to be found in the *libretto*, are blunders that cannot be overlooked by the musical critic.

Having no room to detail the plot of the piece, we now proceed to prove our assertions, and to expose the many petty larcenies (for they merit no other designation) discoverable in the composition of the *Pirate*. Passing by the overture, as unworthy of analytical notice, we enumerate the vocal plagiarisms as they stand in the order of the opera. The first song sung in the first act, by *Gualtiero* (Donzelli), and commencing with the words "*Nel furor delle tempeste*," is nearly note for note of an air in Spontini's opera of *Fernand Cortes*; and almost immediately following the preceding piracy, it again falls to the lot of Donzelli to remind the musical auditor that the air beginning with the line "*Per le di vane lagrime*" has been pilfered from a duet in Rossini's *Il Italiano in Algieri*. The next "borrowing" assumes a less questionable shape, it being a legitimate loan from Pachini, and which, as it is the pet song of Madame Lalonde, may be presumed was lent on the score of that donna's promised security to repay the owner in "half notes" on her public appearance in London. A very old acquaintance next startles the ear: it is a martial air, sung by *Ernest* (Santini), shortly after his first *entr e* on the scene, and which doubtless will

* Vide Newspapers.

† It is merely a metrical version of Maturin's *Bertram*.

be readily recognised by some of our French friends as the national air of "*Voici le Roi*," &c. &c. The Parisian critic will detect this larceny the instant he lights upon the line, "*Si vincemmo e il pregio io sento*." So much for the originality of the first act. Now for the second. The opening chorus of this act (a "chorus," as the *libretto* informs us, of "maidens" uttering the most doleful lamentations to the gayest music) is no other than a merry movement taken from the *Carnaval de Venice*; and again has *Gualtiero*, in the appropriate delivery of the couplet,

"Ma non fia sempre odiata
La mia memoria, io spero."

to recall to the recollection of the critics in the pit, that the accompaniment of the air which he is then so admirably singing, and which, by the by, is the best composition in the opera, is taken from the "*Questo e gruppo*" of Rossini's *Cenerentola*. But the most barefaced plagiarism which assails the ear of the amateur is the slow movement of *Imagine's* concluding song, commencing with the words, "*Col sorriso d'innocenza*." Here we have note for note, and bar for bar, of the beautiful romance of "*Mai pi *," a song which many of our readers may remember was so beautifully sung by Velluti in Morlarchi's opera of *Teobalda ed Isoline*. So much for the piracies of the *Pirate*. Of the really original compositions of this opera, there are only two productions which are worthy of eulogium, and these, it is just to say, are extremely pleasing: the opening chorus in the first act, previous to the introduction of the prayer; and the chorus of "*Viva viva*," in the second scene, are the *morceaux* to which we allude.

We have now to speak of the far-famed fair *d butante*. The motto prefixed to this paper may, in some measure, have prepared our readers for our critical opinion as to the merits and demerits of Madame Meric-Lalande.

From the preliminary puffing, and romantic memoirs occasionally put forth in the columns of some of our fashionable journals, we and the public were led to suppose that Madame L. was not only the *nonpareil* of *prima donnas*, but the most perfect divinity that ever appeared in this gullible land. But was ever witnessed an audience so disappointed as that assembled at the King's Theatre on Tuesday night? Never! and this truth we attest in the teeth of the whole metropolitan press.

To us, who have for years been accustomed to witness the performance of the best continental artists, it seems quite inexplicable how Madame M. Lalonde could have acquired celebrity; for, certes, she never could have founded her fame on her present pretensions. There is a tremor in the voice of this *donna* which strongly reminds us of the same natural weakness which was so detrimental to the singing of Madame Bonini. Added to this organic defect, the tone of Madame L. is monotonous in the extreme, partaking of a constant lachrymose whine, which seems to correspond admirably with her cast of countenance. And the recitative of this *artiste* is hardly to be tolerated; it is tame and thin-toned, and veritably comes under the denomination of what we have on a former occasion characterised by the designation of *wretched recitative*. We could not discover a single ray of original genius either in her acting or singing.

We are sorry for this failure, as the exertions of Laporte merit far better. He has, we fear, thrown away his 2,600*l.* on this bargain; but still there is time to do much before the end of the opera season; and with the other strength he possesses, and his own deserts (for

never was manager more indefatigable), he ought to have, and we trust will have, the warmest public support.

DRURY LANE.

Our gentle Stephens has returned to this theatre, and her reception every night she has appeared must have proved to her that absence has not weakened, one jot, the positive affection with which she is regarded by the public. Popularity, mere vulgar noisy popularity, may be obtained by circumstances little redounding to the credit of the idol; but it is only unimpeachable private character, and general good conduct in the discharge of professional duties, that can so command the esteem as well as the admiration of an English audience. Amid the disgraceful uproar that shook the walls of Drury Lane on Tuesday evening last, her entrance invariably calmed the storm, and imposed respectful silence on the loudest brawler. Of the cause of that uproar we shall forbear to speak. Strong asseverations have been made on both sides, and a court of law is the fitting arena for such a dispute.* The magnificent music of Rossini's *Guillaume Tell* has been adapted to the spirit-stirring story of the Tyrolese patriot, Andrew Hofer, and the opera will be produced on Thursday next, with all the aids that characteristic scenery, painted by Stanfield from original drawings, picturesque costumes, and splendid uniforms, can give to its representation. The success of *Cinderella* at Covent Garden induces us to hope John Bull is "progressing," as his brother Jonathan would say, in his taste for music, and will no longer hiss a splendid scena because it would be impossible to dance an Irish jig to the air.

THE PRAGUE MINSTRELS.

UNDER this name we attended a private rehearsal at the Egyptian Hall of a party of Bohemian performers on wind instruments, eight in number. The effect was very new, and the execution in many parts admirable. A hunter's call, with an echo, was particularly beautiful. A keyed-trumpet discoursed most eloquent music, and the whole entertainment was received with great applause.

VARIETIES.

Meat.—It appears by a recent computation, that the consumption of butchers' meat in London averages 143lbs. for each of the inhabitants annually; and that in Paris the average is only 86lbs.

Poniatowski.—A monument to Marshal Prince Joseph Poniatowski has just been finished at Warsaw. It is to be cast in bronze, and erected, it is said, in the street of the faubourg of Cracow.

Talleyrand.—The following is Talleyrand's dictum on the present political aspect of affairs in France: "In the morning," says the prince, "I believe in the dissolution of the Chambers; in the afternoon I change my opinion; in the evening I have no opinion at all."

Asiatic Negroes.—The Geographical Society of Paris have offered a gold medal, of the value of 1,000fr., to the author of the best memoir upon the origin of the race of Asiatic negroes. According to Chinese historians, the negro races inhabited the mountain of Kuenlen,

* We may notice, however, that the relation in which the disputants are understood to stand towards each other, through the medium of the lady's sister, renders this sort of family quarrel, with which it is very unfit for the public to be troubled. If actors and actresses will lead these sorts of lives, they ought for decency's sake to keep quiet as possible.

to the north of Thibet; and there exist remains of the same races in the mountains which separate L'An-Nam from the Kambodjé. In the nation of the Sameng, or the mountains of Malacca, there are also the remains of a negro colony: they speak the same language as the negroes of Oceana. In general it is known that there is some connexion between these colonies and the Malay race, which extends from the isle of Formosa to Madagascar, as well as from New Holland to the Sandwich Islands. The memoir is to state the result of researches into the origin of these colonies, and to make known every race of negroes which has inhabited, or which now inhabits, the different parts of Eastern Asia. It is desired that the writer should found his researches upon the accounts of Chinese authors.—*Foreign Journal.*

Encouragement of Talent.—There is at Toulouse an annual exhibition of paintings by the students of the art in that city. The young artist who exhibits the best specimen is sent to Rome for three years, at the expense of the municipal council, and, on his leaving that capital, means are furnished to enable him to follow his profession. Several pictures, which were painted at Rome by some of these students, have recently arrived in Toulouse, where they have excited great admiration.

Public Instruction.—The French treasury allows the sum of 50,000 francs per annum for primary instruction, while in the Netherlands 667,524fr. are allotted by the government for that purpose. To place France on an equal footing with the Netherlands, in proportion to the population, she ought to expend 3,400,000fr.

Sir Thomas Lawrence.—When we observe the errors into which our Gallic neighbours are led with respect to occurrences in this country, — and we have no doubt that we are led into similar errors with respect to occurrences in France, — we are almost inclined to believe that there are some silly persons who make it the absurd and mischievous amusement of their lives to propagate falsehood. In a recent number of a French periodical work, it is gravely stated, that the body of Sir Thomas Lawrence has been deposited in one of the aisles of Westminster Abbey, until the erection of a monument to him!

Benvenuto Cellini.—A manuscript by this celebrated artist has just been published at Venice, under the title of "Racconti," or Tales. It was extracted by M. Gamba from a treatise on the Art of Working in Gold, now in the Marciana library at Venice, which belonged to Cellini, and in which he inserted a number of notes and observations.

Military Discipline.—An old Swiss captain was so much in the habit of seeing his men deviate from a right line on quitting the cantine, that he never could be induced to admit that a soldier was drunk. Whenever a report was made to him that a private of his company was unable to maintain his footing, or, in military phrase, was "rather the worse for liquor," he generally cut short the bearer of the incredible intelligence, with a—"was he able to walk?" "Why, yes; but he held by the wall as he went along, and yet tumbled at every step." "In short, he was able to walk; therefore he could not have been drunk." Sometimes, however, the case seemed more conclusive, the delinquent being reported incapable of stirring hand or foot. On such occasions the worthy captain would say,—"Did he speak?" "He muttered a few incoherent expressions, but—" "In short, he did speak: he could not have been drunk."—*Voyage Episodique, recently published in Paris.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XVII, April 24.]

The Denounced, by the author of the O'Hara Tales, and consisting of two stories, entitled the Last Baron of Cranagh, and the Conformists.—By Mr. J. H. Wiffen, a new edition of his Translation of Tasso, with the wood engravings of the former edition.—Wedded Life in the Upper Banks, a Novel, said to be founded on a recent event.—Travels through the Crimea, Turkey, and Egypt, by the late James Webster, Esq., of the Inner Temple.—The English at Home, by the author of the English in Italy.—The third and fourth volumes of Dr. Israel's Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I.—The Anthology: an Annual Reward-Book for Midsummer and Christmas 1830; consisting of Selections, &c., by the Rev. I. D. Parry, M.A.—A new edition, nearly re-written, of Dr. Ure's Dictionary of Chemistry.

The King of Bavaria.—The following is a literal translation of an article in the *Gazette d'Augsbourg* on the 13th inst.—"The prose translation of the poems by the King of Bavaria, which has been published in Paris at Dreuilis by Mr. William Duckett, contains at page 192, Vol. II., an appendix of thirty-nine pieces which are not in the original German. The appendix concludes in these words: 'End of the Poems of the King of Bavaria.' We are authorised to declare that these additional poems are not the compositions of the King of Bavaria, and to announce that it is a manifest infringement of all the rights of authorship. The titles of these pieces are: 1. *Me voila*, 2. *les Mythes*, 3. *le Tibre*, 4. *le Ciel d'Italie*, 5. *les Cloches*, 6. *le Panay*, 7. *Venise*, 8. *la Poésie*, 9. *la Fable*, 10. *mes Rêves*, 11. *les Rois d'autrefois et ceux d'aujourd'hui*, 12. *la Chasse*, 13. *les Italiens*, 14. *la Course*, 15. *le Voyage*, 16. *l'Hiver*, 17. *la Prison*, 18. *à la Grèce*, 19. *à **, 20. *le Temps*, 21. *à mon Filz*, 22. *Sonnet*, 23. *Plaintes d'un Amant heureux*, 24. *à **, 25. *Sonnet*, 26. *Sonnet*, 27. *Reponse au Bilet d'une Inconnue*, 28. *les Passions*, 29. *l'Architecture Gothique*, 30. *les Tombeaux*, 31. *l'Immortalité de l'Âme*, 32. *les Hommes libres*, 33. *les Douleurs*, 34. *le Vice*, 35. *le Clergé Italien*, 36. *la Pudeur*, 37. *Dante*, 38. *l'Arioste*, 39. *Vanité de l'Être*."

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 8	From 59. to 65.	29.74 to 29.52
Friday... 9	— 36. — 64.	29.42 — 29.43
Saturday... 10	— 37. — 55.	29.36 — 29.54
Sunday... 11	— 39. — 53.	29.60 Stationary
Monday... 12	— 40. — 55.	29.59 to 29.45
Tuesday... 13	— 38. — 56.	29.69 — 29.39
Wednesday 14	— 31. — 63.	29.95 — 29.91

Prevailing wind, S.W. Except the 13th and 14th, cloudy and raining. Rain fallen, 45 of an inch.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 15	From 43. to 61.	29.76 to 29.65
Friday... 16	— 46. — 60.	29.60 — 29.66
Saturday... 17	— 46. — 62.	29.64 Stationary
Sunday... 18	— 38. — 61.	29.75 to 29.80
Monday... 19	— 38. — 54.	29.63 Stationary
Tuesday... 20	— 36. — 56.	29.56 to 29.80
Wednesday 21	— 33. — 57.	29.85 — 30.56

Prevailing wind, S.W. The 17th and 18th generally clear; the remaining five days cloudy, with frequent rain. Rain fallen, 25 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ We beg to refer to our letter from Florence for some interesting accounts of the antiquities brought by the Tuscan travellers from Egypt.
The Outcast's Farewell, &c. passed over.
Infortunatus also passed over.

Mr. T. Wright seems to fear that our notice of his Rosebud in our Fine Arts last week may create a prejudice against him; and informs us that the plate was taken from the original picture without the slightest reference to Mr. Ferriera's "Miny," which was, however, from the same.

ERRATUM.—In our last, page 257, column 2, line 29, for "sulphuric acid," read "sulphuric ether."

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The following are a few Extracts from the Critical Notices of the Third Number, published on the 1st of April, and which have appeared in the public journals during this month.

* A complete List of the Extracts in full, may be had of the Publisher, gratis.

Standard, April 9.—"This magazine is very fast fulfilling its early promise of excellence. The contents are numerous, and manifest ability of the first order."
Morning Advertiser, April 11.—"It is with great pleasure we notice another Number of this rapidly rising periodical, which has been denominated, and not inaptly, the 'Blackwood of the South,' since he must, indeed, have a cataract, and be on the lists of 'incurables' at the Ophthalmic Hospital, who cannot perceive with 'half an eye' that many of 'Blackwood's' best bloods are joked to Fraser's newly started 'Omnibus' and 'Country'."

Although the work is yet but in its infancy. It is the infancy of Hercules, crushing and strangling the serpents which vainly attempted to fathom their venom over it while in its cradle; or, rather, let us compare the work to the young Minerva, starting forth, armed at all points, able and willing to encounter the world of opposition naturally engendered by its appearance in the periodical lists. With the same talent, the same principles, the same independence, and the same genius which it has hitherto displayed, 'Fraser's Magazine' may confidently step forth on the 'Babylonian' arena, without the fear of meeting with an antagonist capable of coping with it."

Weekly Free Press, April 3.—"Of 'Fraser's,' this is decidedly the best Number that has yet appeared, and removes any doubt we may have previously entertained of its taking a high place in periodical literature."

Morning Advertiser, April 11.—"Fraser's Magazine," of which the third Number is before us. To say of it that it continues to improve, and that the present is a better Number than the last, would be faint praise, as the present is an excellent Number throughout, and exhibits a variety of information, and a degree of judgment in the selection of the articles, which may safely challenge a comparison with any of its contemporaries. In proof of this our opinion, it is only necessary to state, that among the contributors to the present Number are the Poet Laureate himself; Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd—a greater than the laureate himself; Crofton, a roker, and others, whose names are not given, but who may be said to have written by their style and manner. We also recognise throughout the Magazine a freedom of sentiment and independence of opinion not always to be met with in periodicals, which cannot fail to procure for it on the one hand the confidence of the public, and on the other to entitle it to that extensive patronage which is ever ready to commend."

The Sun, April 11.—"We have infinite respect for this very clever, and, we are glad to learn, rising periodical, for the honest, manly, classical, and uncompromising stand that it has made against the prevailing cant and nullity of the day, its (mis-called) religious poesy, the misapportion of its labours, its energy and maquette. The editor is really doing a service to literature and true religion, by boldly entering his protest against the Methodist sentimentality with which the public have, for the last two or three years, been deluged, *usage ad nauseam*. This Number is an admirable one."

The News, April 11.—"The praise which we bestowed upon the second Number of this periodical may be safely reiterated on the third. It displays the same lively spirit, the same intimate knowledge of men and things, and that stimulant ability, which are the best requisites for a Magazine. Next to 'Blackwood's' 'Fraser's Magazine' is written with all the vigour of Blackwood's. Notes, and all the able style which graces the 'Standard.' It is from a well-known and justly appreciated pen. The other articles are able done."

The Age, April 4.—"Fraser's Magazine" is a brilliant of the first water. There is a stinging article under the title of 'the Dominick's Legacy,' written with all the vigour of Blackwood's. Notes, and all the able style which graces the 'Standard.' It is from a well-known and justly appreciated pen. The other articles are able done."

Weekly Times, April 4.—"We have now arrived at the third Number of this monthly, and we are happy to declare that we find no falling off in its merits; on the contrary, its claims to consideration as a miscellany continue to increase, and its sale is, we understand, increased proportionably. In the present Number, the articles are numerous and the subjects well chosen; and we can predict that it will excite the attention of the public. The *Dispatch*, April 11.—"This talented, though generally caustic Magazine is evidently destined to cause a great sensation in the literary world. The editors are evidently men of superior editorial powers, and they show no mercy to any of the unfortunate scribbling tribe, who come within the lash of their stinging censures. We are well to admire talent, wit, and satire, to peruse 'Fraser's Magazine.'"

The World, April 7.—"In this work we perceive a progressive improvement, the present Number very much surpassing the two preceding in energy, variety, and novelty."

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The Globe, April 8.—"Fraser's Magazine," in spite of its ultra-toryism, shows great talent, and seems likely to cut the feathers out of its Northern contemporary, from whom it appears to have been taking lessons in the use of the tomahawk."

For the *Provincial Public Press* (which the limits of an Advertisement do not allow us even to extract from), see Leeds Intelligence, April 15—Birmingham and Coventry Free Press, April 15—Staffordshire Mercury, April 17—Westport Telegraph, April 22—Reading Mercury, April 22—Country Chronicle, April 8—Manchester Courier, April 10—Brighton Gazette, April 8—Colchester Gazette, April 10—Preston Pilot, April 10—Tyne Mercury, March 30—York Courant, April 10—Exeter Gazette, April 10—Maldstone Journal, April 20—Plymouth Herald, April 10—Bristol Journal, April 10—Edinburgh Literary Gazette, April 5.

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SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1830.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Paul Clifford. By the Author of "Pelham," "Devereux," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

WE have now before us the fourth work of a writer, each of whose performances has differed as much from its predecessor as if, instead of being the production of successive months, they severally marked an epoch of years, past with all those changes of thought, feeling, and action, years inevitably must bring. One of our most original novelists, he is also one of our most various—though, by the by, variety is but an effect, of which originality is the cause. Mr. Bulwer (we can have no scruple in using a name so generally known) is, we believe, very young; but if ever the assertion, that it is by the use of time, not its lapse, that years should be reckoned, is true, it is in his case: he has evidently read much, seen much, felt much, thought much, and reflected on all still more. It appears to us, that, from the very first, he entered the arena of literature, not only from mere love of literary exertion, the excitement which forces great talents to find themselves employment, not only from the mere desire of fame, but with one great moral purpose ever before him. Whether using the diamond arrow of wit, the graver arms of argument,—whether in the pictures from real life, or the creations of imagination, he has kept the one aim in view, of human amelioration. He has satirised follies—to deter, if possible, from their pursuit; and drawn in noble colours the good and the great—to attract, if possible, by example. We cannot here but combat an absurd opinion we have heard maintained, or we should rather say asserted, that these works are forsooth "fashionable novels,"—that their author is an exquisite, who draws but from his own mirror and his own mind. Were it not that in the present day there is no assertion so false or ridiculous but what must be contradicted, unless we wish it to be believed, we should simply say, such speak of pages they have not read. But to bring our proof in juxtaposition with our denial, we shall briefly allude to a few of Mr. Bulwer's most opposite characteristics. In *Pelham*, besides the animated satire, the keen observation, how much was there of sound reflection,—nay, to trench on our own province, of admirable criticism: the few remarks on Shelley would be the best essay that could be prefixed to his poems. In the *Disowned*, the imagination of the poet was allowed to appear. What could be fuller of touching yet simple pathos than the history of the young painter? Where could the beauty of excellence be more loftily displayed than in Algernon Mordaunt? Where a more powerful and tragic development of misdirected energies than in the patriotic but erring Wolfe? Or, to take the common-place of life, could any thing be more real than the mean, clever, successful, yet miserable Crauford? and, in the low comic, Mr. Brown is an ambulating farce. *Devereux* broke up new and historical ground: the scenes

in Russia we would instance as admirable. As to the character of Bolingbroke, we must allow who pleases to differ from the author's view of it; but no one can deny the research, or the liberal and enlightened spirit it evinces. One general characteristic of all these volumes is the great charm of their style: whether in its neat epigrammatic turn, or its poetic grace, the language is always admirable—and language, like music, has an inexplicable fascination.

And now to *Paul Clifford*—which restores us to the age of Swift, since which we have had nothing so good—agreeing as usual with its brethren only in its entire difference: we should call it a political romance, or rather tragi-comedy; but that would give no idea of its excellent real-life scenes, and its most intensely interesting story. The epoch is some fifty years ago; and the hero is one of those picturesque cavaliers whose hand is equally ready for the pistol and purse; and who, like younger brothers, have the great fault or misfortune of being born too late; for, after all, a highwayman is but a knight divested of white plume and silver shield, delivered over to the ballad-monger instead of the minstrel, and with the Newgate Calendar instead of Froissart to chronicle his feats. Paul Clifford has divers comrades; and the principal members of his gang are embodied in most lively caricatures of many now conspicuous political characters—the late chancellor, the present premier, solicitors-general, tame and wild elephants—nay, royalty itself figures in these Cruikshank-like etchings. We cannot better illustrate this part than by giving the scene which first introduces Paul to the robbers' club, to which he is now going.

"Have you never heard of Gentleman George?" "What! the noted head of a flash public-house in the country? To be sure I have, often; my poor nurse, Dame Lobkins, used to say he was the best-spoken man in the trade!" "Ay, so he is still. In his youth, George was a very handsome fellow, but a little too fond of his lass and his bottle to please his father, a very staid old gentleman, who walked about on Sundays with a bob-wig and a gold-headed cane, and was a much better farmer on week days than he was head of a public-house. George used to be a remarkably smart-dressed fellow, and so he is to this day. He has a great deal of wit, is a very good whist-player, has a capital cellar, and is so fond of seeing his friends drunk, that he bought some time ago a large pewter measure in which six men can stand upright. The girls, or rather the old women, to whom he used to be much more civil of the two, always liked him; they say, nothing is so fine as his fine speeches, and they give him the title of '*Gentleman George*.' He is a nice kind-hearted man in many things. Pray Heaven we shall have no cause to miss him when he departs. But, to tell you the truth, he takes more than his share of our common purse." "What! is he avicious?" "Quite the reverse; but he's so

cursefully fond of building, he invests all his money (and wants us to invest all ours) in houses; and there's one confounded dog of a bricklayer, who runs him up terrible bills,—a fellow called 'Cunning Nat,' who is equally adroit in spoiling ground and improving ground rent."

"Threading a gallery or passage, Augustus preceded our hero, opened a door, and introduced him into a long, low apartment, where sat, round a table spread with pipes and liquor, some ten or a dozen men, while at the top of the table, in an arm-chair, presided Gentleman George. That dignity was a portly and comely gentleman, with a knowing look, and a Welsh wig, worn, as the Morning Chronicle says of his majesty's hat, 'in a *dégaré* manner, on one side.' Being afflicted with the gout, his left foot reclined on a stool; and the attitude developed, despite of a lamb's-wool stocking, the remains of an exceedingly good leg. As Gentleman George was a person of majestic dignity among the Knights of the Cross, we trust we shall not be thought irreverent in applying a few of the words by which the foresaid Morning Chronicle depicted his majesty, on the day he laid the first stone of his father's monument, to the description of Gentleman George. 'He had on a handsome blue coat and a white waistcoat;' moreover, 'he laughed most good-humouredly,' as, turning to Augustus Tomlinson, he saluted him with—'So, this is the youngest you present to us. Welcome to the 'Jolly Augler!' Give us thy hand, young sir; I shall be happy to blow a cloud with thee.' 'With all due submission,' said Mr. Tomlinson, 'I think it may first be as well to introduce my pupil and friend to his future companions.' 'You speak like a leary cove,' cried Gentleman George, still squeezing our hero's hand; and, turning round in his elbow-chair, he pointed to each member, as he severally introduced his guests to Paul—'Here,' said he, 'here's a fine chap at my right hand—(the person thus designated was a thin, military-looking figure, in a shabby riding frock, and with a commanding, bold, aquiline countenance, a little the worse for wear)—here's a fine chap for you; Fighting Attie we call him; he's a devil on the road.' 'Halt—deliver—must and shall—can't and shan't—do as I bid you, or go to the devil,'—that's all Fighting Attie's palaver; and, 'adeath, it has a wonderful way of coming to the point! A famous cull is my friend Attie—an old soldier—has seen the world, and knows what is what; has lots of gumtion, and devil a bit of blarney. Howsomever, the highflyers doesn't like him; and when he takes people's money, he need not be quite so cross about it. Attie, let me introduce a new pal to you.' Paul made his bow. 'Stand at ease, man!' quoth the veteran, without taking the pipe from his mouth. Gentleman George then continued; and, after pointing out four or five of the company (among whom our hero discovered, to his surprise, his old friends, Mr. Eustace Fitzherbert and Mr. William Howard Russell),

came, at length, to one with a very red face, and a lusty frame of body. 'That gentleman,' said he, 'is Scarlet Jem; a dangerous fellow for a press, though he says he likes robbing alone now, for a general press is not half such a good thing as it used to be formerly. You have no idea what a hand at disguising himself Scarlet Jem is. He has an old wig which he generally does business in; and you would not go for to know him again, when he conceals himself under the wig. Oh, he's a precious rogue, is Scarlet Jem! As for the cove on t'other side,' continued the host of the Jolly Angler, pointing to Long Ned, 'all I can say of him, good, bad, or indifferent, is, that he has an unkinnon fine head of hair: and now, youngster, as you knows him, spose you goes and sits by him, and he'll introduce you to the est; for, split my wig!—(Gentleman George was a bit of a swearer)—if I ben't tired; and so here's to your health; and if so be as your name's Paul, may you always rob Peter* in order to pay Paul.'"

A slight difference which arises is thus quelled:—

"The full voice of Gentleman George thundered forth—'Keep the peace there, you youngster. What! are you just admitted into our merry-makings, and must you be wrangling already? Harkye, gemmen, I have been plagued enough with your quarrels before now, and the first cove as breaks the present quiet of the 'Jolly Angler,' shall be turned out neck and crop—shan't he, Attie?' 'Right about, march,' said the hero. 'Ay, that's the word, Attie,' said Gentleman George: 'and now, Mr. Pepper, if there be any ill blood 'twixt you and the lad there, wash it away in a bumper of bing, and let's hear no more whosomewer about it.' 'I'm willing,' cried Long Ned, with the deferential air of a courtier, and holding out his hand to Paul. Our hero, being somewhat abashed by the novelty of his situation and the rebuke of Gentleman George, accepted, though with some reluctance, the proffered courtesy. Order being thus restored, the conversation of the convivialists began to assume a most fascinating bias. They talked with infinite *gout* of the sums they had levied on the public, and the peculations they had committed for what one called the 'good of the community,' and another, the 'established order,'—meaning themselves. It was easy to see in what school the discerning Augustus Tomlinson had learnt the value of words. There was something edifying in hearing the rascals!—So nice was their language, and so honest their enthusiasm for their own interests, you might have imagined you were listening to a coterie of cabinet ministers conferring on taxes, or debating on perquisites. 'Long may the Commons flourish!' cried punning Georgie, filling his glass; 'it is by the commons we're fed, and may they never know cultivation!' 'Three times three!' shouted Long Ned; and the toast was drunk as Mr. Pepper proposed. 'A little, moderate, cultivation of the commons, to speak frankly,' said Augustus Tomlinson modestly, 'might not be amiss; for it would decoy people into the belief that they might travel safely; and, after all, a hedge or a barley-field, is as good for us as a barren heath, where we have no shelter if once pursued.' 'You talks nonsense, you spooney!' cried a robber of note, called Bagshot; who, being aged, and having been a lawyer's footboy, was sometimes denominated 'Old Bags.' 'You talks nonsense; these innovating ploughs are the ruin of us. Every blade of corn in a

common is an encroachment on the constitution and rights of the gemmen highwaymen. I'm old and mayn't live to see these things; but, mark my words, a time will come when a man may go from Luunon to Johnny Groat's without losing a penny by one of us; when Hounslow will be safe, and Finchley secure. My eyes, what a sad thing for us that 'ill be!' The venerable old man became suddenly silent, and the tears started to his eyes. Gentleman George had a great horror of blue devils, and particularly disliked all disagreeable subjects. 'Thunder and oons, Old Bags!' quoth mine host of the Jolly Angler, 'this will never do: we're all met here to be merry, and not to listen to your mullancolly tara tarantarums. I says, Ned Pepper, spose you tips us a song, and I'll beat time with my knuckles.' Long Ned, taking the pipe from his mouth, attempted, like Iady Heron, one or two pretty excuses: these being drowned by a universal shout, the handsome purloiner gave the following song, to the tune of 'Time has not thinned my flowing hair.'"

Our extracts partake, or at least ought to partake, of the feminine character,—if, according to Pope, ladies, like tulips, owe half their charms to their variety,—and no contrast can be greater than the following portrait of the heroine:—

"Never did glass give back a more lovely image than that of Lucy Brandon at the age of nineteen. Her auburn hair fell in the richest luxuriance over a brow never ruffled, and a cheek where the blood never slept; with every instant the colour varied, and at every variation that smooth, pure, virgin cheek seemed still more lovely than before. She had the most beautiful laugh that one who loved music could imagine,—silvery, low, and yet so full of joy! all her movements, as the old parson said, seemed to keep time to that laugh; for mirth made a great part of her innocent and childish temper; and yet the mirth was feminine, never loud, nor like that of young ladies who have received the last finish at Highgate seminaries. Every thing joyous affected her, and at once,—air,—flowers,—sunshine,—butterflies. Unlike heroines in general, she very seldom cried, and she saw nothing charming in having the vapours. But she never looked so beautiful as in sleep! and as the light breath came from her parted lips, and the ivory lids closed over those eyes which only in sleep were silent,—and her attitude in her sleep took that ineffable grace belonging solely to childhood, or the fresh youth into which childhood merges,—she was just what you might imagine a sleeping Margaret, before that most simple and gentle of all a poet's visions of womanhood had met with Fanst, and ruffled her slumbers with a dream of love. We cannot say much for Lucy's intellectual acquirements; she could, thanks to the parson's wife, spell indifferently well, and write a tolerable hand; she made preserves and sometimes riddles—it was more difficult to question the excellence of the former than to answer the queries of the latter. She worked to the admiration of all who knew her, and we beg leave to say that we deem that 'an excellent thing in woman.' She made caps for herself and gowns for the poor, and now and then she accomplished the more literary labour of a stray novel that had wandered down to the Manor House, or an abridgement of ancient history, in which was omitted every thing but the proper names. To these attainments she added a certain modicum of skill

upon the spinet, and the power of singing old songs with the richest and sweetest voice that ever made one's eyes moisten, or one's heart beat. Her moral qualities were more fully developed than her mental. She was the kindest of human beings; the very dog that had never seen her before, knew that truth at the first glance, and lost no time in making her acquaintance. The goodness of her heart reposed upon her face like sunshine, and the old wife at the lodge said poetically and truly of the effect it produced, that 'one felt warm when one looked on her.' If we could abstract from the description a certain chilling transparency, the following exquisite verses of a forgotten poet* might express the purity and lustre of her countenance—

'Her face was like the milky way 't the sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name.'

She was surrounded by pets of all kinds, ugly and handsome, from Ralph the raven, to Beauty the pheasant, and from Bob the sheep-dog without a tail, to Beau the Blenheim with blue ribands round his neck; all things loved her, and she loved all things. It seemed doubtful at that time whether she would ever have sufficient steadiness and strength of character. Her beauty and her character appeared alike so essentially sexual, soft, yet lively, buoyant, yet caressing, that you could scarcely place in her that moral dependence, that you might in a character less amiable, but less yieldingly feminine. Time, however, and circumstance, which alters and hardens, were to decide whether the inward nature did not possess some latent, and yet undiscovered properties."

Mr. Bulwer has been reproached with making his heroines too poetical, too much "bright creatures of the element;" but nothing can be more exquisite, yet more true, more feminine, both in her romance and her reality, than the present heroine. Of the ensuing portrait of W. Brandon we can only say, it is wrought out with an intensity of power absolutely fearful—one of those extraordinary characters whose changes and extremes are only to be traced by genius: and to remark, that the filling up of the sketch, throughout the novel, is equal to its first tracing, is giving it the highest praise.

"Few persons, when he liked it, could be more agreeable than William Brandon; but, at times, there mixed with his conversation a bitter sarcasm, probably a habit acquired in his profession, or an occasional tinge of morose and haughty sadness, possibly the consequence of his ill-health. Yet his disorder, which was somewhat approaching to that painful affliction the *tic douloureux*, though of fits more rare in occurrence than those of that complaint ordinarily are, never seemed even for an instant to operate upon his mood, whatever that might be. That disease worked unseen; not a muscle of his face appeared to quiver; the smile never vanished from his mouth, the blandness of his voice never grew faint as with pain, and, in the midst of intense torture, his resolute and stern mind conquered every external indication, nor could the most observant stranger have noted the moment when the fit attacked or released him. There was something inscrutable about the man. You felt that you took his character upon trust, and not on your own knowledge. The acquaintance of years would have left you equally dark as to his vices or his virtues. He varied often, yet in each variation he was equally undiscoverable. Was he performing a series of parts, or was it the ordinary changes of a man's true temperament, that you beheld

* Peter; a portmanteau.

* We have filled our poetical department this week with a specimen of these songs.

* Suckling.

in him? Commonly smooth, quiet, attentive, flattering in social intercourse, he was known in the senate and courts of law for a cold asperity and a caustic venom, scarcely rivalled even in those areas of contention. It seemed as if the bitterer feelings he checked in private life, he delighted to indulge in public. Yet, even there, he gave not way to momentary petulance or gushing passion: all seemed, with him, systematic sarcasm or habitual sternness; he outraged no form of ceremonial, or of society; he stung, without appearing conscious of the sting; and his antagonist writhed not more beneath the torture of his satire, than the crushing contempt of his self-command. Cool, ready, armed and defended on all points, sound in knowledge, unflinching in observation, equally consummate in sophistry when needed by himself, and instantaneous in detecting sophistry in another; scorning no art, however painful—being grudging no labour, however weighty—minute in detail, yet not the less comprehending the whole subject in a grasp:—such was the legal and public character William Brandon had established, and such was the fame he joined to the unsullied purity of his moral reputation. But to his friends he seemed only the agreeable, clever, lively, and, if we may use the phrase innocently, the *worldly* man,—never affecting a superior sanctity, or an over-anxiety to forms, except upon great occasions; and rendering his austerity of manners the more admired, because he made it seem so unaccompanied by hypocrisy."

We are sorry we cannot place Lord Maul-everer in our portrait gallery: it is a striking picture.

We shall now take a few extracts at random; some of those keen yet deep observations which are such transcripts from human nature: for example, the advice given Paul by his nurse.

"Mind thy Kitty-chism, child, and reverence old age. Never steal, 'specially when any one be in the way. Never go snacks with them as be older than you,—'cause why? the older a cove be, the more he cares for his self, and the less for his partner. At twenty, we diddles the public—at forty, we diddles our cronies! Be modest Paul, and stick to your situation in life. Go not with fine tobvynen, who burn out like a candle wot has a thief in it,—all flare, and gone in a whiffy! Leave lip-mor to the aged, who can't do without it. Tape often proves a halter; and there be no ruin like blue ruin! Read your Bible, and talk like a pious 'un. People goes more by your words than your actions. If you wants what is not your own, try and do without it; and if you cannot do without it, take it away by insinivation, not bluster. They as swindles, does more and risks less than they as robs; and if you cheat toppingly, you may laugh at the topping cheat;—and now go play.' Paul seized his hat, but lingered; and the dame, guessing at the signification of the pause, drew forth, and placed in the boy's hand, the sum of five halfpence and one farthing. 'There, boy,' quoth she, and she stroked his head fondly when she spoke. 'You does right not to play for nothing; it 's loss of time!—but play with those as be less than yourself', and then you can go to beat 'em, if they says you go for to cheat!'

"I will tell you what opinions seem to me like.' 'What?' said Brandon, abstractedly. 'Trees!' answered Maul-everer, quaintly; 'if they can be made serviceable by standing, don't part with a stick; but when they are of that

growth that sells well, or whenever they shut out a *fine prospect*, cut them down, and pack them off by all manner of means!'

"A certain vague joy predominated over all. A man feels but slight comparative happiness in being loved, if he know that it is in vain. But to a woman that simple knowledge is sufficient to destroy the memory of a thousand distresses; and it is not till she has told her heart again and again that she is loved, that she will even begin to ask if it be in vain."

It is but fair to let the hero appear on the stage; and we could scarcely select a more dramatic scene. We should premise, Lovett is one of his aliases.

"As the trees rapidly disappeared behind them, the riders entered, at a hand gallop, on a broad track of waste land interspersed with dykes and occasionally fences of hurdles, over which their horses bounded like quadrupeds well accustomed to such exploits. Certainly at that moment, what with the fresh air, the fitful moonlight now breaking broadly out, now lost in a rolling cloud, the exciting exercise, and that racy and dancing stir of the blood, which all action, whether evil or noble in its nature, raises in our veins; what with all this, we cannot but allow the fascination of that lawless life;—a fascination so great, that one of the most noted *gentlemen highwaymen* of the day, one, too, who had received an excellent education, and mixed in no inferior society, is reported to have said, when the rope was about his neck, and the good ordinary was exhorting him to repent of his ill-spent life, '*Ill-spent, you dog!—God! (smacking his lips,) it was delicious!*' 'Fie! fie! Mr. —, raise your thoughts to Heaven!' 'But a canter across a common—oh!' muttered the criminal; and his soul cantered off to eternity. So briskly leaped the heart of the leader of the three, that as they now came in view of the main road, and the distant wheel of a carriage *whirred* on the ear; he threw up his right hand with a joyous gesture, and burst into a boyish exclamation of hilarity and delight. 'Whist, captain!' said Ned, checking his own spirits with a mock air of gravity, 'let us conduct ourselves like gentlemen; it is only your low fellows who get into such confoundedly high spirits; men of the world like us should do every thing as if their hearts were broken.' 'Melancholy ever cronies with sublimity, and courage is sublime!' said Augustus with the pomp of a maxim-maker. 'Now for the hedge!' cried Lovett, unheeding his comrades, and his horse sprang into the road. The three men now were drawn up quite still and motionless by the side of the hedge. The broad road lay before them curving out of sight on either side; the ground was hardening under an early tendency to frost, and the clearing of approaching hoofs sounded on the ear of the robbers, ominous, haply, of the chinks of 'more attractive metal,' about, if Hope told no flattering tale, to be their own. Presently the long-expected vehicle made its appearance at the turn of the road, and it rolled rapidly on behind four fleet post-horses. 'You, Ned, with your large steed, stop the horses; you, Augustus, bully the post-boys; leave me to do the rest,' said the captain. 'As agreed,' returned Ned, laconically. 'Now, look at me!' and the horse of the vain highwayman sprang from its shelter. So instantaneous were the operations of these experienced tacticians, that Lovett's orders were almost executed in a briefer time than it had cost him to give them. The carriage being stopped, and the post-boys white and trembling, with two pistols (levelled

by Augustus and Pepper) cocked at their heads. Lovett dismounting, threw open the door of the carriage, and in a very civil tone, and with a very bland address, accosted the inmate. 'Do not be alarmed, my lord, you are perfectly safe; we only require your watch and purse.' 'Really,' answered a voice still softer than that of the robber, while a marked and somewhat *French* countenance, crowned with a fur cap, peered forth at the arrester.—'Really, sir, your request is so modest, that I were worse than cruel to refuse you. My purse is not very full, and you may as well have it as one of my rascally duns—but my watch, I have a love for—and—' 'I understand you, my lord,' interrupted the highwayman. 'What do you value your watch at?' 'Humph—to you it may be worth some twenty guineas.' 'Allow me to see it!' 'Your curiosity is extremely gratifying,' returned the nobleman, as with great reluctance he drew forth a gold repeater, set, as was sometimes the fashion of that day, in precious stones. The highwayman looked slightly at the bauble. 'Your lordship,' said he with great gravity, 'was too modest in your calculation—your taste reflects greater credit on you: allow me to assure you, that your watch is worth fifty guineas to us at the least—to shew you that I think so most sincerely, I will either keep it, and we will say no more on the matter; or I will return it to you upon your word of honour, that you will give me a cheque for fifty guineas, payable by your *real* bankers to 'bearer for self.' Take your choice; it is quite immaterial to me!' 'Upon my honour, sir,' said the traveller, with some surprise struggling to his features, 'your coolness and self-possession are quite admirable. I see you know the world.' 'Your lordship flatters me!' returned Lovett, bowing. 'How do you decide?' 'Why, is it possible to write drafts without ink, pen, or paper?' Lovett drew back, and while he was searching in his pockets for writing implements, which he always carried about him, the traveller seized the opportunity, and suddenly snatching a pistol from the pocket of the carriage, levelled it full at the head of the robber. The traveller was an excellent and practised shot—he was almost within arm's-length of his intended victim—his pistols were the envy of all his Irish friends. He pulled the trigger—the powder flashed in the pan, and the highwayman, not even changing countenance, drew forth a small ink-bottle, and placing a steel pen in it, handed it to the nobleman, saying, with incomparable *sang froid*, 'Would you like, my lord, to try the other pistol? If so, oblige me by a quick aim, as you must see the necessity of despatch. If not, here is the back of a letter, on which you can write the draft.' The traveller was not a man apt to become embarrassed in any thing—save his circumstances; but he certainly felt a little discomposed and confused as he took the paper, and uttering some broken words, wrote the cheque. The highwayman glanced over it, saw it was writ according to form, and then with a bow of cool respect, returned the watch, and shut the door of the carriage. Meanwhile the servant had been shivering in front—boxed up in that solitary convenience termed, not euphoniously, a dickey. Him the robber now briefly accosted. 'What have you got about you belonging to your master?' 'Only his pills, your honour! which I forgot to put in the —' 'Pills!—throw them down to me!' The valet tremblingly extracted from his side-pocket a little box, which he threw down and Lovett caught

* Gallows.

in his hand. He opened the box, counted the pills—'One,—two,—four,—twelve,—Aha!' He reopened the carriage-door. 'Are these your pills, my lord?' The wondering peer, who had begun to resettle himself in the corner of his carriage, answered, 'that they were!' 'My lord, I see you are in a high state of fever; I were a little delirious just now when you snapped a pistol in your friend's face. Permit me to recommend you a prescription—swallow off all these pills!' 'My God!' cried the traveller, startled into earnestness: 'what do you mean?—twelve of those pills would kill a man!' 'Hear him!' said the robber, appealing to his comrades, who roared with laughter: 'What, my lord, would you rebel against your doctor?—Fie, fie! be persuaded.' And with a soothing gesture he stretched the pill-box towards the recoiling nose of the traveller. But, though a man who could as well as any one make the best of a bad condition, the traveller was especially careful of his health, and so obstinate was he where that was concerned, that he would rather have submitted to the effectual operation of a bullet, than incurred the chance operation of an extra pill. He, therefore, with great indignation, as the box was still extended towards him, snatched it from the hand of the robber, and flinging it across the road, said, with dignity—'Do your worst, rascals! But if you leave me alive, you shall repent the outrage you have offered to one of his majesty's household!' Then, as if becoming sensible of the ridicule of affecting too much in his present situation, he added, in an altered tone: 'And now, for God's sake, shut the door! and if you must kill somebody, there's my servant on the box—he's paid for it.'"

In addition to points we have already mentioned with high praise, we should add, notes, preface, &c. contain many true and piquant hits at the existing state of things, lively, good-humoured, but not the less pointed. One merit to which we have not alluded, is the introduction of little touches, which display so much knowledge of human nature,—such as a dying beauty preserving by her bed-side the luxuriant hair which had been shorn from her fevered head. Perhaps the most original of all his works, *Paul Clifford* will at once vary and add to its writer's reputation: for the man of the world there is shrewdness and satire; for the moralist matter, indeed, of deep thought; for the young all the interest of narrative, and all the poetry of feeling; and we must say, it is no ordinary pleasure for a critic to be able to assign praise so cordially, and so sincerely, as we can to the author of *Paul Clifford*.

Notes on the Bedouins and Wahábys, collected during his Travels in the East. By the late John Lewis Burckhardt. 4to. pp. 439. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

To the three volumes of Burckhardt's interesting travels already published, the Association for promoting the Discovery of the Interior of Africa have now added a fourth, under the able editorship of Sir William Ouseley. One part of this volume is descriptive, and the other part historical; and whether we consider its views of Arab manners, customs, institutions, and other particulars, or its exhibition of the remarkable Mohammedan sectaries, the Wahábys*, from their earliest appearance as reformers, to almost the present time, we find abund-

* An event of considerable importance has just occurred to this sect. The greater part of Muscat has fallen a prey to the flames. For the information of the curious on this subject and the condition of the Wahábys on the shores

of the Persian Gulf, we would refer to the interesting history of Seyd Saïd, the Sultan of Muscat, published by Booth about six or eight years ago.

ance of matter to gratify curiosity and entertain and inform the reader. The work sets out with a classification of the Bedouin tribes that inhabit the Syrian desert, and then proceeds to detail their mode of encamping, costume, arms, sciences, literature, religious forms, &c. &c., in a sketchy and agreeable style: the materials for a history of the Wahábys, collected from various native sources, follow, and throw a clear light over the rise, progress, and existing state of these enthusiasts. At present we confine ourselves to the former subject. The Arab tribes, we are told, "may be classed under two different heads—some who in spring and summer approach the cultivated parts of Syria, and quit them towards winter; and others who remain the whole year in the vicinity of the cultivated tracts. The first are the tribe of Aeneze; the latter are numerous tribes comprehended under the appellations of Ahl el Shemal and Arab el Kebly. The Aenezes are the most powerful Arab nation in the vicinity of Syria, and, if we add to them their brethren in Nedjd, may be reckoned one of the most considerable bodies of Bedouins in the Arabian deserts."

The traveller calculates "the force of the Aeneze tribes (their brethren in Nedjd not included) at about ten thousand horsemen, and perhaps ninety or one hundred thousand camel-riders; a number rather over than underrated. The whole northern Aeneze nation may be estimated at from three hundred to three hundred and fifty thousand souls, spread over a country of at least forty thousand square miles."

The Ahl el Shemal, "or the 'northern nations,' are those tribes who encamp during the whole year among the villages of Eastern Syria, partly in the once cultivated desert from Hauran towards Palmyra northward as far as Sokhne, a village five days from Aleppo on the Baghdad road. They inhabit the Ardh el Shemal or northern tract, while the Kebly and Nedjd Arabs generally reside in the more southern plains of Arabia. They never venture to the great eastern desert. In proportion to their tents, they have more horses, but fewer camels, than the Aenezes."

The Ahl el Kebly are so called as being the southern nations, in opposition to the northern or Ahl el Shemal; but the Aenezes are the only genuine Bedouin tribe in Syria, maintaining their ancient laws and customs, from which all the others have more or less degenerated. These Aenezes "are distinguished at first sight from all the Syrian Bedouins, by the long tresses of their hair. They never shave their black hair, but cherish it from infancy, till they can twist it in tresses that hang over the cheeks down to the breast: these tresses are called *keroun*. Some few Aenezes wear girdles of leather, others tie a cord or a piece of rag over the shirt. Men and women wear from infancy a leather girdle around the naked waist; it consists of four or five thongs, twisted together into a cord as thick as one's finger. I heard that the women tie their thongs, separated from each other, round the waist. Both men and women adorn the girdle with pieces of ribands, or amulets. The Aenezes call it *hhakou*; the Ahl el Shemal call it *bireim*. In summer the boys, until the age of seven or eight years, go stark naked; but I never saw any young girl in that state, although it was mentioned, that in the interior of the desert the girls, at that early age, were not more en-

cumbered by clothing than their little brothers.

"An Arab's property consists almost wholly in his horses and camels. The profits arising from his butter enable him to procure the necessary provisions of wheat and barley, and occasionally a new suit of clothes for his wife and daughters. His mare every spring produces a valuable colt, and by her means he may expect to enrich himself with booty. No Arab family can exist without one camel at least; a man who has but ten, is reckoned poor: thirty or forty place a man in easy circumstances; and he who possesses sixty is rich."

"It may almost be said, that the Arabs are obliged to rob and pillage. Most families of the Aenezes are unable to defray the annual expenses from the profits on their cattle, and few Arabs would sell a camel to purchase provisions: he knows, from experience, that to continue long in a state of peace, diminishes the wealth of an individual; war and plunder therefore become necessary. The sheikh is obliged to lead his Arabs against the enemy, if there be one—if not, it can easily be contrived to make one."

"On the subject of Bedouin science we shall not be long detained. There are whole tribes, such as the Ibn Dhouahy, of which not one person can read or write. A Damascus pedlar, who resided with that tribe the greater part of the year, acting occasionally as secretary to the sheikh, assured me of the fact. It was mentioned as an extraordinary circumstance, that the children of Ibn Esmeyr had learned to write. On my journey towards Tedmor, I had taken with me a volume of the history of Antar, and sometimes read a striking passage from it to my companions; but I never met with one individual among them who professed to know even as much as myself of Arabic reading. But little science can be expected among those whose minds are constantly bent on war and depredation. I never saw in the possession of the Aenezes any book besides a few copies of the Korán. * * * Their astronomical science consists in a mere nomenclature of the constellations and planets, with which most of the Aenezes are acquainted."

"Poetry is still held in esteem among the Arabs: a poet is more frequently styled *sahéb koul*, or *kouïl*, than *shaarâ*. Their poetical talents are most commonly exerted in reciting verses which celebrate the merits of their chiefs, or of some distinguished warrior (*el medieh*), or the charms of their mistresses. Every kind of poetry is called *kazide*. Of ancient poetry, the *History of Antar* (an excellent work), and the *History of Selim el Zyr*, and three or four similar compositions in the true Bedouin style, are known to a few individuals, and occasionally recited. Whenever an Aeneze recites verses, he accompanies his voice with the *rebâbu* (a kind of guitar, described by Niebuhr), the only musical instrument used in the desert. The people of Djof are famous for their poetical and musical talents. Their poets visit the Aenezes from time to time, singing at the sheikh's tents for a trifling remuneration; but the Aenezes themselves never accept any reward for having entertained the company. That the reader may judge of Bedouin poetry, I subjoin a true specimen of Desert production, a recent composition, which, although it may want grammatical precision, will perhaps be found interesting as a picture of Arab manners, drawn from real life, in the style employed by most Bedouins when they celebrate the praises of their heroes; and in many parts exhibiting the

true Bedouin dialect. An Arab, against the advice of his sheikh, had sent his camels to pasture during the winter season with a foreign tribe; the camels died, and he addressed the following verses to his sheikh, who was thereby induced to repair the loss, by giving him some.

"A Bedouin Poem.—'Soleyman! lend me the pen, and the white-coloured leaf, that I may compose my verses, the language of truth. Let me implore God's assistance; and may he have mercy upon our sins! Let us praise him with praises innumerable as the hoarded grains, as the cultivators of the earth; the *bedous*, and the shepherds. And may the prophet before God intercede for us; our crimes may then be pardoned. O thou who departest from me, mounted upon the clear-coloured camel, bearing upon its back the four-sided saddle, and its bag and neck-leather, and well-ground flour, with the coffee-beans, and the sweet-smelling tom-bac. An honest youth he is, beloved by his companions, the young women's pride. The country paths he spies better than the night-swarming kattas do; and his eye sees farther than the eagle intent upon his prey. Thy way is towards the *bulje*; slowly thou proceedest (for thou knowest not fear), and rich booty thou wilt once obtain from the hadj. The wandering robber thou must fight on thy road, and pursue him; but, friend, guard well thy camel, else the thief will leave thee to perish in the dreary plain. Let thy journey be at night, long after the time of sun-set; nor let the (far-appearing) fire hasten thy pace until thou hearest the dogs barking, and the songs of our people; the proudest women never discontinuing their songs in praise of the brother of Waddha. Amidst the flocks of the watchful shepherd, thou mayst find Waddha's brother following the moving herd. Mounted upon his snow-white mare, with ease he overtakes each horseman; with her the booty that he takes is immeasurable. Who can count the heroes, the warriors whom he has slain! whose heart's blood has flowed upon the ground! They fly before his eye.—the warriors, like birds that have been slightly wounded. But he marks them, and at his war-cry none dares to turn back; even the coward will fight for his booty. Has not his own kinsman felt the weight of his arm? a more praiseworthy deed none ever related. And now when thou approachest the camp, songs of joy will be sung, and loud will be the shouting, and great will be the slaughter (of animals). Then come the girls with teeth bright as lightning, to learn the achievement of the brother of Waddha; rich are his Arabs. His beard shining with virtue; his walk not that of the wretched; and the darkness of night does not conceal any of his actions. His manly person stands clear of all base crimes, and proof against all reproaches. To him present my greetings and many blessings, and to his hand deliver my verses in his praise. And when thou enterest the tent, let every bad man retire: praise God and the prophet, and wealth will be thy lot. And thus saying, carpets will be placed for thee, and the boiling beans will diffuse their grateful odour, while dates and butter are dished up: be sober, think on the sheep just slaughtered. Then after thou hast eaten and washed thyself, he may ask thee where I live at present. Tell him, 'Jousef now lives in misery and distress: since the time when he slighted thy advice, he never has experienced good fortune. His property is gone! neither lances nor enemies have taken it; but he is punished for

inattention to thy advice. God will amend the matter, my brother: his aid be always with thee; for if thou alone art left to me, O brother! I am still rich. O fortune! accompany his steps; let verdure and roots, even in winter, sprout up before him, and bless his flock. Whenever thou prayest to God, praise him with praises innumerable, like the beads of the shrub and the hair of thy flock.' * * *

"With respect to education, a young Aeneze boy may be truly styled 'the child of nature.' His parents leave him to his own free will; they seldom chastise him, but train him from his cradle to the fatigues and dangers of a nomade life. I have seen parties of naked boys, playing at noon-day upon the burning sand in the midst of summer, running until they had fatigued themselves, and when they returned to their fathers' tents, they were scolded for not continuing the exercise. Instead of teaching the boy civil manners, the father desires him to beat and pelt the strangers who come to the tent; to steal or to secrete in joke some trifling article belonging to them; and the more saucy and impudent they are, the more troublesome to strangers, and all the men of the encampment, the more they are praised, as giving indication of a future enterprising and warlike disposition. An Arab child never discloses to a stranger more than his own by-name, being instructed to conceal the name of his family, lest he should fall a victim to some enemy who had a claim of blood for the death of a relation, against the tribe: even grown-up Arabs never mention their family name to a stranger, of whatever tribe he may be.

"The Bedouins, until within a few years, had not any priests among them, neither *mollás* nor *imáms*; but since their conversion to the Wahaby faith, mollas have been introduced by a few sheiks. * * *

"There are but three things which the Bedouins consider themselves as forbidden to touch. These *harám*, or forbidden things, are swine, dead bodies, and blood. They eat whatever kind of game they can take. On the day of *korbán*, the great sacrifice on Mount Arafat, each Arab family kills as many camels as there have been deaths of adult persons during the last year in that family, whether the deceased were males or females. Though a dead person should have bequeathed but one camel to his heir, that camel is sacrificed; and if he did not leave one, his relations kill one of their own camels. Seven sheep may be substituted for a camel; and if the whole number cannot be procured for the *korbán* of the death-year, the deficiency may be supplied by killing some on the next or subsequent year. The *korbán* is therefore always a day of great feasting among the tribes. On the death of an Arab, his body is immediately buried, without any ceremony. When Soleiman died, who was elder brother of the famous Aeneze chief, Ibn Esmeyr, his body was thrown upon a camel, and intrusted for burial to a Fellah: no one, not even his brother, attended the corpse. If the camp in which an Arab dies be near a ruined village, (and such abound in the Desert at four or five days east of Syria,) the dead man is buried among the ruins; but in the plain, if a ruined village be not near; and stones, piled over the grave, indicate it to the traveller, and at the same time serve to guard the body from wild beasts. On the death of a father, the children of both sexes cut off their *kerouns*, or tresses of hair, in testimony of grief. At the moment of a man's death, his wives, daughters, and female re-

lations, unite in cries of lamentation, (*welou-louá*), which they repeat several times. If the deceased has not left any male heir, and that his whole property is transferred to another family, or if the heir is a minor, and goes to live with his uncle or next relation, the tents are torn up immediately after the man has expired, and the tent demolished (*khurbbeit*). It is since their conversion to the Wahaby faith, (about fifteen years ago), that the Aenezes have begun an observance of the regular prayers; knowing that the Wahaby chief is very rigid in punishing those who omit the practice. There are different opinions about the Wahabys' tenets, and I never met in Syria any person who even pretended to have a true knowledge of their religion. I think myself authorised to state, from the result of my inquiries among the Arabs and the Wahabys themselves, that the religion of the Wahabys may be called the Protestantism or even Puritanism of the Mohammedans. The Wahaby acknowledges the Korán as a divine revelation; his principle is, 'The Korán, and nothing but the Korán;' he therefore rejects all the *Hedayth* or 'traditions,' with which the Muselman lawyers explain, and often interpolate, the Korán. He regards Mohammed as a prophet, but merely as a mortal to whom his disciples pay too much veneration. The Wahaby forbids the pilgrimage to Mohammed's tomb at Medinah, but exhorts the faithful to visit the Kaaba, and, principally, to sacrifice upon Mount Arafat, sanctioning so far the objects of the pilgrims at Mekka. He reproves the Muselmans of this age, for their impious vanity in dress, their luxury in eating and smoking. He asks them, whether Mohammed dressed in pelisses, whether he ever smoked the argyle or the pipe? All his followers dress in the most simple garments, having neither about their own persons, nor their horses, any gold or silver; they abstain from smoking, which, they say, stupefies and intoxicates. They reject music, singing, dancing, and games of every kind, and live with each other (at least in presence of their chief) on terms of most perfect equality; because no respect, says the chief, is due to any but God, before whom all are equal; nor will this great chief allow any person to rise on his entrance, or to make room for him. He exclaims against any intercourse between his faithful people and the heretics (*meshrekein*), as he calls the Muselmans. The Wahaby, (as Ibn Saoud, the chief, is emphatically styled) propagates his religion with the sword. Whenever he purposes to attack a district of heretics, he cautions them three times, and invites them to adopt his religion; after the third summons, he proclaims that the time for pardon has elapsed, and he then allows his troops to pillage and kill at their pleasure. When the town of Mesdjed Aly was taken, his Arabs slaughtered all the inhabitants. A country once conquered by the Wahaby enjoys under him the most perfect tranquillity. In Nedjd and Hedjáz the roads are secure, and the people free from any kind of oppression. The Muselmans are forced to adopt his system; but the Jews and Christians are not molested in exercising the respective religions of their ancestors, on condition of paying tribute. A Wahaby priest, or molla, being asked why, in the assault of a town, the lives of honest Turks, Christians, and Jews, were not spared, replied, 'If you wish to grind a heap of wheat in which you know that there are few peas intermixed, do you not rather grind the whole together, than take the trouble of picking out the few peas

one by one?" A principal tenet of the Wahaby faith, is the obligation of paying tribute, (*zekah-wah*, or *zeká*), due to the chief, by all his followers.

"If an Arab, on the consummation of his nuptials, should have reason to doubt whether he had found the bride in a state of virgin purity, he does not immediately expose her shame, being afraid of offending her family; but after a day or two he repudiates his wife, assigning, as a sufficient motive, that she did not please him. If an Arab has manifest evidence of his wife's infidelity, he accuses her before her father and brother; and if the adultery be unequivocally proved, the father himself, or the brother, cuts her throat. Most Arabs are contented with a single wife; but for this monogamy they make amends by indulging in variety. They frequently change their wives, according to a custom founded on the Turkish law of divorce, which, however, has been much abused among the Arabs; for when one of them becomes, on any slight occasion, dissatisfied with his wife, he separates himself from her by simply saying *ent tálek*—'thou art divorced.' He then gives her a she-camel, and sends her back to the tents of her family. He is not obliged to state any reasons, nor does this circumstance reflect any dishonour on the divorced woman, or her family: every one excuses him by saying, 'he did not like her.' Perhaps, on the very same day, he betrothes himself to another female; but his repudiated wife, on the contrary, is obliged to wait forty days before she can become the wife of another man, that it may be known whether or not she is pregnant by the former husband. Divorces are so common among the Aenezes, that they even take place during the wife's pregnancy; and a woman is sometimes repudiated who has borne several children to her husband. In the former case, the woman nurses her child till it is able to run about, when the father takes it to his tent. When a man discards an old mother of a family, he sometimes allows her to live in his tent among her children; but she may retire to her parents. A woman who has been three or four times divorced, may nevertheless be free from any stain or imputation on her character. I have seen Arabs about forty-five years of age, who were known to have had above fifty different wives. Whoever will be at the expense of a camel, may divorce and change his wives as often as he thinks fit. The law allows to the wife also a kind of divorce; if not happy in her husband's tent, she flies for refuge to her father or kindred. The husband may induce her, by promises of fine clothes, ear-rings, or carpets, to return; but if she refuse, he cannot take her by force, as her family would resent the violence: all he can do is to withhold the sentence of divorce, *ent tálek*, without which the lady is not authorised to marry again. The husband is sometimes bribed, by a present of many camels, to pronounce the words of divorce; but if he persevere in refusing, the wife is condemned to a single life. A wife thus parted from her husband, but not regularly divorced, is called *támehhe*: of this class there are great numbers; but, on the other hand, there are not any old maids to be found among the Arabs."

With these remarkable traits of this people we must, for the present at least, be satisfied. The volume is full of excellent matter, when from some fifty pages such extracts present themselves; and we need give no further recommendation to it, than that it is the best account of the Arab tribes we have ever seen.

Mémoires et Révélations d'un Page de la Cour Impériale, de 1802 à 1815. Charles Malot Editeur. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1830.

WITHOUT in the slightest degree vouching for the authenticity of this work, we extract a few fragments selected from its pages, which embrace the reign of Napoleon, from his coronation, in 1802, to his final overthrow, in 1815. A French page is naturally an indiscreet animal, with a spice of the *mauvais sujet* in his composition; and though our author professes to have attained the age when "the hey-day of the blood" subsides into a sobered current, a remnant of vanity may probably have induced him to speculate on his secrets, as Charles Surface knocked down his family portraits to the highest bidder. Seriously, considering the present redundancy of scandal and anecdote to be obtained in the French market, and which our neighbours class under the general head of *piquant* revelations, it were an idle task to sift too narrowly the authenticity of every stray volume that claims our passing notice. For ourselves, we have arrived at that degree of philosophic indifference with regard to the veracity of these lighter productions,—these small "Tritons of the minnows," that we ever feel disposed to part on terms of good fellowship with the trifler who unburdens us of a heavy hour. The main incident of this work is the career of Napoleon; its secondary interest is derived from the scattered episodes relating to personages such as ever have figured, and ever will figure in the memoirs, past, present, and future, on the subject of the imperial régime; and respecting whom we now offer a few extracts, taken at random, from the work under consideration.

"On the elevation of Napoleon to the imperial dignity, the ancient etiquette was re-established at the court of the Tuileries, and those who were fortunate enough to revive some long-forgotten usage were certain of advancement. The Count de Narbonne, formerly Louis XVIth's minister, was one day intrusted with an unimportant despatch for the emperor. Kneeling down on one knee, the courtier presented his paper on the crown of his hat. 'What does this mean?' exclaimed Napoleon. 'Sire,' replied the count, 'it was thus that Louis XVI. always received his despatches.' 'Ah! the idea is excellent,' said the emperor, who from that moment bestowed his entire confidence on the Count de Narbonne, and subsequently promoted him to posts of the highest importance.

With regard to the king of Wurtemberg, who had the appearance rather of a comfortable citizen than a monarch, the Page states Talleyrand to have remarked, that "Providence had created him for no other purpose than to shew the degree of obesity which the skin of the human stomach was capable of attaining."

"Louis Buonaparte having at first pleaded ill health as an excuse for declining the throne of Holland, and having urged that the climate of that country would infallibly prove his death—'What matter?' replied Napoleon—'provided you but die upon the throne!'"

The following affords an encouraging sample of the moderation of military rule:—

"At the period when Buonaparte was about to be named consul for life, General Saint-Hilaire assembled the troops under his command, and delivered the following harangue: 'Comrades, the nation are deliberating on the question if General Buonaparte shall be appointed consul for life. Opinions are free as air: I would not for the world seek to in-

fluence yours. However, I think it right to apprise you, that the first man who refuses to vote in Buonaparte's favour, shall be shot at the head of his regiment: liberty for ever!"

Our readers are probably acquainted with Talleyrand's observation on the political situation of the French empire towards the commencement of 1614. His phrase, "the beginning of the end," was at once a precise and pithy summary of the state of affairs at that critical juncture. The Page states, that "about the same period a paper was found attached to the base of the pillar in the Place Vendôme, which at that time was surmounted by the emperor's statue. On the paper was written, in large letters, 'Pass quickly; the Colossus will soon have a fall.'"

We select an anecdote relative to the ex-king of Westphalia.

"Previously to his elevation to the sovereignty, Jerome Buonaparte led a life of dissipation at Paris, and was much in the habit of frequenting the theatres, and other public places of amusement. He had formed an intimacy with some young authors at that time in vogue for their wit and reckless gaiety. On the evening after his nomination to the crown of Westphalia, he met two of his jovial companions just as he was leaving the theatre. 'My dear fellows,' said he, 'I am delighted to see you: I suppose you know that I have been created king of Westphalia?' 'Yes, sire, and permit us to be among the first to—' 'Eh! what! you are ceremonious methinks: that might pass, were I surrounded by my court; but, at present, away with form, and let's have the same friendship, the same free and easy gaiety as before,—and now let's be off to supper.' Jerome, upon this, took his friends to one of the best *restaurateurs* in the Palais Royal. The trio chatted and laughed, and said and did a thousand of those foolish things which, when unpremeditated, are so delightful. Conversation, it may be supposed, was not kept up without drinking. When the wine began to take effect, 'My good friends,' said Jerome, 'why should we quit each other? If you approve of my proposal, you shall accompany me. You, C., shall be my secretary; as for you, P., who are fond of books, I appoint you my librarian.' The arrangement was accepted, and instantly ratified over a fresh bottle of Champagne. At last the party began to think of retiring, and called for the bill. Jerome produced his purse; but the king of Westphalia, whose royal treasury had not as yet been established on a regular footing, could find only two louis, which formed but a small portion of two hundred francs, the amount of the restaurateur's demand. The new dignitaries, by clubbing their worldly wealth, could muster about three francs. What was to be done? At one o'clock in the morning, where could resources be found? It was, at last, deemed expedient to send for the master of the house, and to acquaint him how matters stood. He seemed to take the frolic in good part, and merely requested to know the names of the gentlemen who had done him the honour to sup at his house. 'I am secretary to the king of Westphalia—' 'And I librarian to his majesty.' 'Excellent!' cried the restaurateur, who now set his customers down as sharpers,—'and that noodle yonder is no doubt the king of Westphalia himself?' 'Precisely,' said Jerome, 'I am the king of Westphalia.' 'Gentlemen, you are pleased to be facetious, but we shall see presently how the commissary of police will relish the joke.' 'For heaven's sake!' exclaimed Jerome, who began to dislike

the aspect of the affair,—make no noise: since you doubt us, I leave you my watch, which is worth ten times the amount of your bill;’ at the same time giving the host a magnificent watch, which had been a present from Napoleon, and on the back of which was the emperor’s cipher in brilliants. The friends were then allowed to leave the house. On examining the watch, the restaurateur concluded that it had been stolen, and took it to the commissary of police. The latter, recognising the imperial cipher, ran with it to the prefect, the prefect to the minister of the interior, and the minister to the emperor, who was at Saint Cloud. The result of the whole was that, on the following morning, the *Moniteur* contained an ordonnance, in which the king of Westphalia was enjoined to repair to his government forthwith; and prohibited from conferring any appointment till his arrival in his capital!”

With regard to the final overthrow of Napoleon’s hopes at the battle of Waterloo, and his return to Paris, the Page affords no new information. We conclude with a brief extract from the latter part of his work.

“After quitting the carriage, Napoleon ran hastily up the staircase, and gained his apartment, without addressing himself to a human being. We hastily followed him. Just then my friend seized me by the arm, and, in stifled accents,—‘You see,’ said he, ‘all is lost!’—the door of the first apartment at that moment opening—‘except honour,’ said the emperor, in firm accents, and with steadfast gaze. ‘That,’ said my comrade, ‘is the first word he has uttered for eight-and-forty hours.’”

These extracts may suffice. A work on the same subject (the *Memoirs of Napoleon’s Valet de Chambre*) has been announced as about to make its appearance in Paris. Its authenticity is said to be unquestionable. We may, therefore, shortly lay a few extracts before our readers, who will thus be enabled to judge whether, in this instance, the old adage has been belied,—“no man is a hero to his valet de chambre.”

Travels through the Crimea, Turkey, and Egypt. By the late James Webster, Esq. of the Inner Temple. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

To this various and able work is prefixed a Memoir of Mr. Webster, a young Scotsman, who, after receiving a good education at St. Andrew’s, travelled for improvement, not only in Europe, but through large portions of Asia and Africa. The editor was, we believe, a fellow-traveller with Mr. Webster, and has raised this literary monument to the memory of his friend: it contains not only a fund of intelligence respecting the countries and places which they visited, but a mass of philosophical and general observation, which offers enough for the critic to dilate upon, were he in the command of half a dozen volumes, instead of being limited, as we are, to only a few columns. We select a very interesting account of the death of the Emperor Alexander, as one among the many things which shew how much intelligence the writer has brought to this publication.

“At the period when the emperor appeared in the Crimea, a short time before his death, viz. in the month of November, he was in the highest state of health, and took the greatest delight in viewing the magnificent scenery along the southern shores of the Crimea, and in seeing the native Tartars, to whom he was extremely attached. One day he was seen

standing on the flat roof of a Tartar house, with upwards of one hundred of the natives in their Oriental costume around him, whom he was eagerly regarding through his eye-glass, with much regard and affection, when, gratified with the sight, he exclaimed, ‘What magnificent countenances, and what a fine race of men they are! they must not be expelled from the country;’ alluding to what most Russians ardently desired, in order to introduce people of their own race. On leaving the cottage, he distributed money to the crowd, and allowed them to kiss his hands and feet, which they did with enthusiasm; and he treated them as a father would his children. At Taganrog, the emperor went much out, was very active in examining the country, and giving directions relative to the construction of a great public garden, then forming under the superintendence of an Englishman, brought from St. Petersburg for the purpose: he usually dined at two o’clock, and slept in his camp-bed, which had a leathern pillow; the same on which he died. He took very little care of his health, and was frequently out walking in the mud, up to the ankles; whilst the common means of counteracting illness were neglected, and, as he refused all kind of medicine, every cause of disease had its full action on his system; for he had as much horror of physic as his ancestor, Peter the Great, entertained of water. The peaceful state hitherto apparent in the country was sadly interrupted by the arrival of a courier, in the middle of the night which the emperor spent at Alupka, informing him of the existence of a plot to take away his own life, and to subvert the government. During the night, General Diebitch, then sleeping in an adjoining Tartar house, was twice summoned to the emperor, who was very restless, and walked about his room; they spent several hours together in deep conversation, and before morning a courier was despatched to the headquarters of the conspirators, the information of whose plot was this night first communicated to the emperor, he being previously quite ignorant of it; on the contrary, he had thought himself universally beloved by all ranks of his subjects. The following morning there was little apparent change in the manner of the emperor; and no one yet knew of the distressing news he had then received, or what had taken place in the southern part of Russia. Nevertheless, it was observed during the journey to Sevastopoli, that the emperor was unusually irritable, and expressed himself dissatisfied with his horse, with the roads, and all around him: in fact the disease now developed itself. The report prevalent in Europe, that the emperor had been poisoned, is quite unfounded; the facts about to be related, on the authority of one who was in the country at the time, and who well knew all the circumstances, and indeed was an eye-witness of the scene, completely disprove such an idea. The emperor unquestionably died of the common fever of the country, brought on by his residence in the Crimea during an unhealthy season, and by his carelessness and exposure to the usual exciting causes. These, no doubt, were very much influenced by the mental anxiety of his majesty, in consequence of the recent discoveries he had made of the plot, at a time when he thought himself, like some foolish or less amiable sovereigns, esteemed—nay, even venerated, by those under his sway. His obstinate, and, it may justly be said, criminal rejection of all medical treatment, besides, allowed the violence of the disease gradually to augment, and thus to hasten his

dissolution. The symptoms were, at first, those of a slight catarrh, followed by intermittent fever, which took place at Orickoff early in November 1825. This, in a few days, became greatly aggravated, and it then assumed the form of severe remittent fever,—a disease which had been extremely prevalent in the Crimea in the preceding autumn, and to which several strangers had fallen victims. 5th of November (old style), Alexander arrived at Taganrog. The paroxysms of the fever occurred daily, till the 8th; and as the emperor, during this time, refused to take medicine, or to submit to any treatment whatever, whilst the symptoms became more alarming, Sir James Wylie, the personal physician of the emperor, called into consultation the empress’s physician, Dr. Stophregen. At this period the emperor had frequent attacks of syncope; but the affection of the head did not manifest itself till several days after. On the 13th Sir James Wylie proposed to bleed his patient, but he would not on any account submit to the operation; again on the morning of the 14th, both the physicians, and also the empress, earnestly entreated the emperor to have some leeches applied; but he still rejected the proposition with the greatest obstinacy and violence. When Dr. Stophregen, on his first visit, told the emperor that he was distressed to see him so ill, he replied hastily, ‘Say nothing of my indisposition; only tell me how the empress is,’ (she being then affected with a disease of the heart, of which she died some months afterwards.) The emperor at the same time said to Dr. Stophregen, ‘Sir James Wylie believes me to be ill, and therefore wishes some other physician to consult with him; and, as I am always very glad to see you, you may consult on my case together; but do not trouble me with physic.’ During the progress of the disease, the emperor obstinately refused all kind of medicine, with the exception of a single dose of calomel; and in the whole period of the case, notwithstanding all the entreaties of the two physicians, and the prayers of the empress, he would take nothing further: in consequence of which, and as he was in great danger, from all the symptoms rapidly getting worse, the priest was now proposed to him, and accordingly he was brought, late on the 14th. On this occasion Sir James Wylie was called into the sick room by the empress, for the purpose of informing his majesty that he was in a dangerous state; and since he would not on any account submit to medical treatment, the emperor was therefore urged to think seriously about employing spiritual aid, so long as he retained his senses. No objection was made to this proposition, and, at five o’clock in the morning of the 15th, he was confessed. At this melancholy ceremony his majesty requested the priest ‘to confess him as a simple individual, and not to consider him as an emperor.’ After this he took the sacrament; and the confessor, like a sensible man and a Christian, urged him strongly to employ medical aid, saying that, unless he did so, he had not entirely fulfilled his whole Christian duty. The illustrious patient through this reasoning now consented to the application of leeches to the head; but it was too late, and, the following morning, the emperor became completely insensible. At this hopeless point of the disease, it was accidentally mentioned to Sir James Wylie, by General Diebitch, who was then chief of the staff of the emperor, that an old man named Alexandrowich, a practitioner in surgery at Taganrog, had cured some one affected with the same complaint as his ma-

jesty; upon which Alexandrowich was immediately summoned in order to answer inquiry into the fact. On his arrival he seemed thunderstruck at the desperate state of the emperor, and said the case alluded to was quite different from his majesty's, for whom, he was compelled to confess, there was no remedy; and the fatal result soon followed. Sir James Wylie observed, if a case of *lèse majesté* was ever lawful, it would be on an occasion like the present, where a medical man would be perfectly justified in compelling his sovereign to act contrary to his own express commands, and submit to what was for his benefit, and restoration to health. After death, the body of the emperor was examined. The only appearances found were two ounces of fluid in the ventricles of the brain, save that the veins and arteries of the head were gorged with blood; and an adhesion existed between the membranes of the brain at the posterior part, which appearance had resulted from inflammation at some remote period. Nothing farther was observed, excepting in the abdomen, where the spleen was soft and enlarged, which is a very common occurrence in fevers of the country. It is therefore probable, had treatment been allowed, life might have been saved, as no decided morbid changes of structure had taken place. The emperor did every thing possible to augment the fever and aggravate the disease. Nor would he even submit to have the common offices required for all sick persons performed to him, but would get out of bed when so feeble that he could hardly make his way back again; he also talked much, and would not remain quiet. At one period of his disease, the emperor appeared about to communicate some important secret to those near him, by saying, 'Emperors suffer more than other men; my nervous system is shaken;' then, stopping, he threw himself back on the pillow, exclaiming, 'It was a detestable action which they committed.' For thirty hours before death the empress scarcely for a moment quitted the emperor's bed-side, and the scene was most affecting when he expired. She continued kneeling by her husband, with her eyes fixed upon him, as he was gradually becoming weaker and weaker, until all signs of life were gone, when she rose and closed his eyes, and then took a handkerchief to bind up his head, to prevent the jaw from falling. After this she folded his arms over the breast, kissed his lifeless, cold hand, and, kneeling down by the side of the bed, continued for half an hour in prayer. The empress was also present in an adjoining apartment when the funeral service, or masses, were performed. She was an excellent woman, and died soon after her husband, of disease of the heart, said to have been induced by the neglect of the emperor in the earlier part of life, occasioned by his attachment to another lady, Madame Nourakin. The body of the emperor lay in state in the house where he lived and died. The coffin was raised upon a small platform, and covered by a canopy. The room was hung with black; the coffin covered with a yellow cloth of gold; numbers of wax candles burning in the apartment, and each individual in the room held a long, slender taper, lighted. These were given to all present, by those who had been the personal attendants of his majesty, as is done at all funerals in Russia. A priest was placed at the head of the coffin, reading the gospels. This was continued night and day. On each side of the body a sentinel was placed, with a drawn sword; guards were stationed round the doors of the house, and also on the stairs.

In the ante-room a number of jovial priests were occupied in putting on their robes, for the nobler service, or mass, which was performed twice a-day. There was no sign of melancholy, either on their countenances, or with those who formed the crowd; and the military officers present seemed impressed with other feelings than those of sorrow for the deceased emperor, their attention being directed more to the ladies present, than to the mournful ceremony then performing. The funeral was afterwards performed with great pomp and splendour, according to the ritual of the Greek church."

Of the conspiracy here alluded to, a very striking account is given: it is altogether a most important and interesting document, and we regret that its length and details preclude our doing little more than to refer to it. Among other projects, besides the assassination of the emperor, the provisional government proposed to establish "a fourth state, and people it with all the Jews of Russia and Poland. Their number, says Pestel, amounts to just two millions, comprising women, children, and aged persons; and they might easily, even without the aid of auxiliary troops, traverse the whole of European Turkey, choose a fertile country on the borders of Asia Minor, and there form an independent state."

This secret society extended its ramifications very widely, not only in Russia, but in Poland and even Italy. Many persons of high rank were among the conspirators, and the army in particular was strongly tainted with disaffection. After the death of Alexander, they continued their machinations against his successor, of which we may in our next be tempted to give some particulars.

The Family Magazine. No. I.
Hurst and Co.

WE always rejoice to welcome new and deserving contemporaries into the literary field: the *Family Magazine* has just reached us, and affords us a very favourable opinion of its merits. It is cheap, and of unobjectionable purity in morals and language. The miscellany, both prose and verse, is pleasing, whether original or drawn (as some of it is) from foreign sources, especially from the rich mines of Germany. The perusal of this first No. has left a very agreeable impression on our minds.

Bourrienne's Private Memoirs of Buonaparte.
Vols. III. and IV. Colburn and Bentley.

THESE volumes conclude the Memoirs, which we need only (after so much discussion) repeat, are the most interesting that have yet appeared on the period, and the man who almost made it.

Description of the Bible written by Alcuin, and presented by him to Charlemagne on the day of his Coronation at Rome. By its proprietor, M. de Speyr-Passavant. Paris, October, 1829; Fontaine, Rue Hautefeuille. 8vo. No. XVI.

THE monk Alcuin, when he was preceptor to Charlemagne and his sons, undertook the correction of the numerous errors which, by the unskilfulness of copyists, had crept into various texts of the Bible. The work accomplished, he made a present of it to Charlemagne, on the day of his coronation, by the hands of his beloved disciple Nathaniel. Amidst the troubles which succeeded the death of the great emperor, this Bible became the property of the monastery of Prum, in Lorraine, and then that of the monastery of Montier-Grand-Val,

near Basle. In 1793, on the dispersion of the Benedictines of Grand-Val, it fell into the hands of a Sieur Bennot, President of the Tribunal of Delemont, from whom M. de Passavant obtained it in 1822. It was then in a very bad state; but by great care M. de Passavant has restored it to its original splendour. The writing of this valuable monument of paleography is excessively neat and exact; Greek letters are profusely mingled in it with Latin; and the character is, besides, perfectly similar to that of the Code of the Canons, written in 787, by order of Bishop Rachion of Strasburg. The initial letters are ornamented with seals, and emblems of all kinds, in gold, silver, and colours. These illustrations are very inferior with respect to brilliance and colouring to those of the manuscripts and books of the church of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; above all, they are not to be compared to the admirable missals of the court of Francis I., of which M. Renouard's library probably contains the most curious specimens. We will say as much of the four large miniatures which are in this Bible, and of which the drawing is without merit, the expression vacant, and the colouring remarkably *mediocre*. But these defects are a striking proof of the authenticity of Alcuin's Bible; they betray the infancy of the art, and give, as it were, the date of the book.

In the pamphlet which we are noticing will be found a crowd of attestations by the principal bibliographers of France, which establish the authenticity of the monument. We willingly unite with judges so competent in such matters to entreat the French government not to let this grand memorial of one of the most wonderful periods of our history go out of the country; and, in default of the government, it is at least desirable that the bibliographical societies of France or England should devote the produce of a subscription to the purchase of a book so valuable to art and erudition.—*Revue Encyclopédique.*

The Private Devotions of Lancelot Andrews,
Bishop of Winchester, &c. &c. Translated
from the Greek and Latin, by the Rev.
Peter Hall, B.A. London, W. Pickering.
To go back for three centuries, even in forms of devotion, is a treat to the reader of modern works. This reprint of the celebrated Bishop Andrews is further remarkable for the learning of its pious author.

Historical Sketches of the Native Irish, &c.
By C. Anderson. 12mo. pp. 356.
AN enlarged second edition of this work contains a great deal of matter that may deserve consideration. The author argues for the diffusion of instruction in Ireland through the medium of the native dialect.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.
ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MR. FARADAY occupied the lecture-table on the first evening after the Easter recess, when he delivered an exceedingly interesting account of some experimental investigations made by M. Huber, relative to the flowing of sand under pressure and other circumstances. Before entering into M. Huber's experiments, Mr. Faraday took a brief view of the ideas generally entertained regarding the two states of solidity and fluidity of sand, for the purpose of demonstrating to the audience that the phenomena to be shewn with sand, or other matter, divided into small particles,

presented singular analogies, as well as differences to these states. He then described generally the apparatus:—this consists of a reservoir for the sand, having apertures at the bottom and sides formed in metallic plates;—these apertures can be varied in size at pleasure:—the sand, it was observed, should be dry, well sifted; neither dusty nor containing too large particles. The flow of sand through a constant aperture will be in proportion to the time only; differences of height or of pressure causing no variation whatever; in fact, the velocity is constant. The same is the case also with lateral apertures; but here the thickness of the substance in which the aperture is cut has an influence, not on the constancy of flow, however, but on the quantity of matter which issues. The motion of the sand within the reservoir is beautifully proportionate in different parts to the position of those parts to the aperture. All these points were illustrated by numerous *timed* experiments. The force which is thus obtained by a fall of sand from an aperture, is unique in its kind, because of its independence of those causes of variation which affect other forces;—it is neither altered by the varying gravity of the mass above, by the variable resistance of the atmosphere, nor by friction. Illustrations of the peculiar advantages of its constancy under these circumstances were drawn from the hopper of the corn-mill, the hour-glass, &c. The flowing of sand upon a plane, or down the sides of heaps, was then considered; and the general result obtained by M. Huber, it appeared, was, that sand remains undisturbed at angles less than about 30 degrees with the horizontal plane, whereas at greater angles it tended to flow. Comparisons were then drawn between the pressure of sand and fluids in tubes and other vessels. In a siphon, fluid rises to an equal height in both limbs of the instrument; but sand poured into one limb rises to no height in the other;—it cannot pass the bend. Hence it appears, that the sides of the tube essentially support the weight of the column of sand, and not the bottom:—this was further proved by having a tube open at both ends, and using a card as a bottom to it: when the tube was balanced in a perpendicular position, the card then held to the open bottom, and sand poured in, it was found that the tube became very heavy, and required weights to raise it from the card below, equal to the weight of all the sand within, except the little cone that stood upon the circular space, equal to the diameter of the tube! On the other hand, on examining the card bottom, it was found, that when a tube, nearly three feet long, was filled with sand, still the card, which closed the bottom, required no more counterpoising weight to hold it against the bottom than that equal to the before-mentioned small cone, not a fiftieth part of the weight of the sand in the tube. This led to another curious fact, namely, the extreme difficulty of pushing sand out of a tube. Let a tube, one inch in diameter, be filled with sand for five or six inches, or even less, and then being placed horizontally, let an endeavour be made to push the sand through the tube by a rod of a diameter which would leave it quite free to move in the tube, had there been no obstruction—it will be found that the sand will not stir; and the fact shews, in addition to the former, that the force is transferred to the sides of the tube, and not continued directly through the axis. The application of this fact to the process of blasting rocks, and the use of sand in some countries superseding the dan-

gerous mode of plugging the gunpowder with stony materials, was then happily pointed out. Finally, reference was made to the theory of these effects, and the analogy of the grains of sand to so many spheres: although the grains differ much in size and shape, yet from their multitude it would appear that these differences compensate each other, and that the direction of the forces is nearly as if all the grains were spherical.

On the library-table were placed a variety of interesting productions in literature and the arts: amongst them were two profiles of Sir Thomas Lawrence: the larger in bronze, by Bailey, was an exceedingly faithful and well-executed likeness of the late President of the Royal Academy.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR MAY.

21^d 3^h 19^m—the Sun enters Gemini: its true place in the heavens is between the Hyades and Pleiades.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	E. H. M.
○ Full Moon in Libra	7 12 2
● Last Quarter in Capricornus ..	15 4 18
● New Moon in Taurus	21 19 13
☾ First Quarter in Leo	28 22 48

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D. H. M.
Jupiter in Sagittarius	12 8 0
Mars in Capricornus	15 0 0
Venus in Pisces	18 12 15
Mercury in Taurus	23 10 30
Saturn in Cancer	26 23 30

22^d—occultation of Aldebaran. The following are the times of the occurrence of this phenomenon at five principal observatories:—

	Sideral Time.	Mean Solar Time.	
	H. M.	H. M.	
Paris	11 6	7 7	Immersion.
	11 47	7 47	Emerision.
Greenwich ..	10 56	6 57	Immersion.
	11 34	7 34	Emerision.
Bedford	10 54	6 54	Immersion.
	11 31	7 31	Emerision.
Edinburgh ..	10 42	6 42	Immersion.
	11 13	7 13	Emerision.
Dublin	10 28	6 29	Immersion.
	11 7	7 8	Emerision.

22^d—Mercury at his greatest elongation, and visible as an evening star.

16^d—Venus at her greatest elongation, and visible as a morning star.

8^d—Mars in quadrature. 11^d 16^h—in conjunction with γ Capricorni: 14^d 11^h—with δ Capricorni.

The Asteroids.—13^d—Pallas half a degree south of α Boötis; Juno two degrees south of α Aquarii; and Vesta equally distant from four small stars (27, 29, 30, and 33) in Pisces. 18^d—Ceres about 40' to the north of μ Virginis.

5^d—Jupiter stationary. 16^d—in conjunction with 50 Sagittarii, difference of latitude 13'.

Eclipses of the Satellites.

	D. H. M. S.
First Satellite, Immersion ..	21 14 32 32
Third Satellite	7 13 42 53

2^d 2^h 30^m—Saturn in quadrature.

15^d—Uranus stationary near ♁ Capricorni.

J. T. B.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE President in the chair. A paper by J. W. Lubbock, Esq., was read, "on the variations of the elliptic constants." Captain Bauza, hydrographer to the Spanish Government, presented a chart of the Gulf of Mexico; M. Jomard his remarks on Caillie's Voyage; M. Morin four Nos. of a new periodical, containing meteorological correspondence; M. Bruguière his Orography of Europe; and Mr. Bell his new work on the nervous system.

At a recent sitting, a paper was read, entitled a "statement of the principal circumstances respecting the united Siamese Twins, now exhibiting in London," by George Buckley Bolton, esq. member of the Royal College of Surgeons, communicated by Dr. Roget; of which we give the following comprehensive abstract.

The twin brothers, of whom an account is given in this paper, were born of Chinese parents, in 1811, at a small village in Siam, distant about sixty miles from Bangkok, the capital of the kingdom. When the intelligence of their birth reached the ears of the King of Siam, he gave orders that they should be destroyed, as portending evil to his government; but he changed his intention, and suffered them to live, on being assured that they were harmless, and would be capable of supporting themselves by their own labour. About six years ago, Mr. Robert Hunter, a British merchant resident at Siam, saw them for the first time in a fishing-boat on the river, in the dusk of the evening, and mistook them for some strange animal. It was only in the spring of last year that permission could be obtained from the Siamese government to bring them to England. They were taken to Boston in the United States, where they landed in August last, and six weeks afterwards embarked for England, and arrived in London in November.

They are both of the same height, namely, five feet two inches; and their united weight is 180lbs. They have not the broad and flat forehead so characteristic of the Chinese race; but they resemble the lower class of the people of Canton in the colour of their skins and the form of their features. Their bodies and limbs are well made. The band of union is formed by the prolongation and junction of the ensiform cartilages of each, which meet in the middle of the upper part of the band, and form movable joints with each other, connected by ligamentous structures. Underneath the cartilages there appear to be large hernial sacs opening into each abdomen; into which, on coughing, portions of the intestine are propelled as far as the middle of the band; though, in ordinary circumstances, these hernia are not apparent. The entire band is covered with common integument; and when the boys face each other, its length at the apex is one inch and three quarters, and at the lower edge not quite three inches. Its breadth from above downwards is four inches, and its greatest thickness nearly two inches. In the centre of the lower edge there is a cicatrix of a single navel. It possesses little sensibility, and is of great strength; for upon a rope being fastened to it, the twins may be pulled along without occasioning pain; and when one of them is lifted from the ground, the other will hang by the band alone, without sensible inconvenience. For the space of about half an inch from the medial line of the band, the sensibility of the skin appears to be common to both. The following experiment was tried upon them by Dr. Roget. A silver tea-spoon being placed on the tongue of one of the twins, and a disk of zinc on the tongue of the other, the moment the two metals were brought into contact, both the boys exclaimed "sour, sour;" thus proving that the galvanic influence passed from the one to the other through the connecting band. Another simple but clever experiment (which we need not detail, as all philosophical inquiries are not fit for publication) proved that the sanguineous inter-communication was not common to the two.

Their strength and activity are very remarkable. They can throw down with perfect ease a powerful man. They run with great

swiftness, bend their bodies in all directions, and in their sports often tumble head over heels without the least difficulty or inconvenience. In all the bodily actions in which the concurrence of both is required, such as running, jumping, playing at battledoor and shuttlecock, they exhibit a wonderful consent, or agreement, without the appearance of any previous communication of their intentions. The intellectual powers of each are nearly equal; and they have both attained the same degree of proficiency in the games of chess, draughts, and whist. They both possess great powers of imitation. In their respective physical constitutions, however, several differences are observable. Chang, as the boy on the left is named, has more vigorous health, and greater regularity of functions, than his brother, whose name is Eng. In general they take their meals, and obey the calls of nature, at the same time. The author details the circumstances of a catarrhal complaint which attacked both of them in December last, the symptoms and progress of which were similar in each; and from which they both recovered in the same manner and at the same time. In their healthy state their pulses are generally alike, and are easily excited; but that of the one may be accelerated, while that of his brother continues calm.

In their habits they are very cleanly and delicate: in their dispositions affectionate and grateful for every kindness shewn to them. There exists between them the most perfect harmony. They always fall asleep at the same moment; and it is impossible to wake the one without also waking the other. The author adverts in the course of the paper to the question, whether they were the produce of a single or double ovum, and also to the possibility at some future time of effecting their separation with safety to themselves; and he concludes, by bearing testimony to the uniformly kind treatment they have received from Captain Coffin, Mr. Hunter, and Mr. Hall, who have evinced on all occasions the greatest anxiety for their welfare and happiness; and to the liberal manner in which they have always afforded access to men of science, for promoting any object of philosophical inquiry.*

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

HUDSON GURNEY, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—A paper, from the British Museum, was partly read, being a work on the history of Ireland, called the *Anatomy of Ireland*, addressed to King James, in 1615, by Barnaby Rich, in the form of a dialogue. It appears an *ex-parte* statement by a staunch Protestant, describing the Irish as savage and uncivilised, and too stubborn to take any example or copy from the English; that they were buried in Papism, and magistrates could not be got to administer justice towards the Protestants, nor juries to decide against the Papists; that the clergy had been assaulted and prevented from performing the service at funerals; and that the country was become a refuge for lawless and abandoned characters from England, Spain, and other countries.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

The general annual meeting on Thursday was numerously attended; the rooms being filled by eminent and literary men. The Lord Bishop of Salisbury, the president, read a

* Mr. Bolton's opinions on the possibility of separating these twins, and the means of doing so, display not only much professional skill, but a very philanthropic sense of humanity.

learned and extremely interesting address, of which we shall give an epitome in our next; and afterwards presented the two royal medals of the year to Mr. Washington Irving and Mr. Hallam. Both gentlemen returned thanks for the honour; and Mr. Irving expressed his satisfaction that a compliment of this kind should be paid to his native country, rather than to any claim which he could prefer to the distinction. Mr. Cattermole, the secretary, read the proceedings of the Society during the year, which were of a very gratifying description. The meeting then proceeded to the election of president, council, &c., for the ensuing year, when the following were elected:—

President.—The Lord Bishop of Salisbury.
Vice-Presidents.—The Duke of Rutland, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, Lord Bexley, the Earl of Carlisle, the Right Hon. Charles Yorke, the Hon. George Agar Ellis, Colonel Fitzclarence, The Rev. D. Richards, D.D., *Charles Baring Wall, Esq., M.P.
Council.—*The Earl of Clarendon, *Sir Thomas Phillips, Bart., The Rev. H. H. Baber, John Caley, Esq., The Rev. R. Cattermole, *The Rev. H. Clissold, *The Rev. G. D'Oyley, D.D., *W. R. Hamilton, Esq., A. E. Impey, Esq., W. Jacob, Esq., W. Jordan, Esq., W. M. Leake, Esq., L. H. Petit, Esq., M.P., D. Pollock, Esq., W. Tooke, Esq., *P. Vere, Esq.
Treasurer.—A. E. Impey, Esq.
Auditors.—*W. Sotheby, Esq., *R. Lemon, Esq.
Librarian.—The Rev. H. H. Baber.
Secretary.—The Rev. R. Cattermole.
Foreign Secretary.—The Rev. H. A. Delafite.
Accountant and Collector.—Mr. T. Paull.

Those marked with stars are newly elected, in the room of officers, &c., who go out by rotation, viz. :—

The Earl of Clare, V.P., the Bishop of Ely, Lord Farnborough, R. Blanshard, Esq., Prince Hoare, Esq., Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart., and W. Sotheby, Esq., *Council*: L. A. De la Chaumette and F. Madden, Esqs., *Auditors*.

All the others were re-elected.

The Bishop of Bristol paid an elegant and appropriate tribute to the learning and virtues of the chairman, to whom the thanks of the Society were voted, on his lordship's motion.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

IT is little more than half a century since the study and practice of water-colour painting were first cultivated in this country, and yet its improvement in that period has placed it in the highest ranks of art. In depth of tone, brilliancy of colour, and spirit of execution, the water-colour paintings of the present day are fully equal to the most splendid and powerful paintings in oil. Those who remember the early character of water-colour drawings well know that it was in few instances that they went beyond a slight wash over a pencil or penne'd outline. Many of the drawings of Cipriani, West, and Angelica Kauffman, were so little "made out," that the skill of a Bartolozzi alone could impart to the engravings from them the correctness, force, and beauty of finished works. In landscape, however, even in those more remote days, a more solid foundation began to be laid, as may be seen in the productions of Paul Sandby, M. A. Rooker, Byrne, Smith, and others. We have indulged in this slight retrospect, as shewing the growth of an art so entirely peculiar to England. If it did not spring forth at once, like Minerva from the head of Jove, it has attained perfection in a much shorter time than could possibly have been anticipated; and such have been the talents displayed and the exertions made by its present professors, that their annual exhibition possesses an interest with the public which perhaps renders it more secure of encouragement than any other of a less select nature. We proceed briefly to notice some of the most

striking performances in the collection of the present year.

No. 4. "Comrades free, Carousing after victory."

G. Cattermole.

This exceedingly clever performance, with others in which Mr. Cattermole has let a little more light into his subject, is a fair illustration of what we have alluded to in our remarks on what may be called "the old style." In the production under our notice there is much—perhaps too much—left to the imagination of the spectator. Some artists are ultra in the brilliancy of their tones, Mr. Cattermole is equally ultra in the obscurity of his. He possesses, however, an originality of conception and a power of execution, which, in the estimation of every real judge and lover of art, must give his daring sketches an incalculable preference to more laboured works which are destitute of those high qualities.

No. 22. *View of Lincoln, from the Brayford.*

P. De Wint.—Cities, like countenances, have their favourable and unfavourable aspects, and their favourable and unfavourable lights; and as much judgment and taste in selection are requisite with reference to representations of the one, as with reference to representations of the other. In the instance before us, Mr. De Wint has been eminently successful in his choice. It is one of the most charming drawings that we have ever beheld, even from his masterly pencil. The rich variety in all the forms, whether of buildings, vessels, or other accessories, the depth and beauty of all the tones, and more especially the liquid transparency and flatness of the water, are incapable of being surpassed.

No. 73. *A Domestic Scene.* Miss E. Sharpe.

—There has been such a demand for beauty in the graphic embellishments of the Annuals, and other recent publications of a similar nature, that we are not at all surprised at the supply brought by a lady of Miss E. Sharpe's powers into the market of art. We have here a lovely wife, a handsome husband, a well-looking grandmamma, pretty children, and the sweetest of all possible infants; and this redundancy we are perversely inclined to consider as the only fault in the picture, which, in point of composition, brilliancy of colour, and careful, yet spirited, execution, is a most splendid performance.

No. 88. *Durham.* G. F. Robson.—If Mr. Robson is not weary of painting these grand and interesting views of Durham, neither are we weary of admiring them. The present, in execution, as well as in every other quality of art, is one of the finest that we have seen.

No. 95. "PISCATOR. 'Look you now, you see him plain; I told you what he was; bring hither the landing-net; and now, sir, he is your own, and, believe me, a good one; sixteen inches long, I warrant him.'" J. F. Lewis.

—It would certainly have done Isaac Walton's heart good to have beheld so spirited an illustration of his favourite amusement. Mr. Lewis has well "suited the action to the word." Both the figures and the scenery are in the best style of art.

No. 103. *The Squire.* J. F. Lewis.—This, which is placed as a pendant to the last-mentioned work, is scarcely less attractive in character and execution. The former is action; the present is repose. The sports of the day over, the squire and his dogs are tasting the enjoyment which results from warmth, rest, and good cheer. Although every object is represented with great truth and vigour, we think that the relief is effected too much by

colour alone, and not sufficiently by light and shade.

No. 118. *The Rival Guests*. G. Cattermole. — We correct the catalogue, which has it "Rural Guests." Any thing less rural could scarcely be conceived. The subject is one of high romantic and chivalrous character. There is the same mysterious light, or rather obscurity, that pervades No. 4, although not in the same degree; and there is also abundant matter for the imagination to speculate upon.

No. 127. *Girl with a Guitar*. Miss L. Sharpe. — This is really what our friends of the Emerald Isle would call "a highly talented family." It is to such performances as the present, and as No. 73, that the Society owes its right to assume the title of "*Painters in Water-Colours*." Well, indeed, may such powerful and highly-finished works be called "paintings." Still, however, we are so fastidious as to think that Miss L. Sharpe, as well as Miss E. Sharpe, is too fond of prettiness to be quite natural.

No. 158. *Loch Lomond, from the point of Farkin, West Highlands: a Rainy Day*. Copley Fielding. — The admirable effect produced in this beautiful work, as well as in No. 64, *A Gale coming on at Sea*, by the same able hand, is accomplished by a mastery over means which long practice alone can give. In the deep-toned clouds of Mr. Fielding's productions of this description, there is a flat, solid, intensity of gloom which we have never seen equalled by any other artist, either in oil or in water-colours.

No. 159. *Evening*. G. Barret. — The poetry of art pervades this noble composition, and entitles it, in all its bearings, to rank in the highest class of landscape-painting. Such exhibitions of talent make us pause and ask, "Can art be carried further?"

No. 164. *Interior of Fielding's House, at West Storr, Dorset*. G. Cattermole. — We hold ourselves, as it were, personally obliged, when relics such as these are snatched from the fangs of Time. The sight of them calls up early and delightful associations. Whatever is connected with the author of Tom Jones cannot fail to be interesting and valuable in the eyes of all who are sensible of the merits of that most vigorous and characteristic, though occasionally licentious, work.

(To be continued.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Deserter. Painted by R. Farrier, and drawn on stone by T. Fairland.

Mr. FAIRLAND has been very successful in transferring to stone the humour of the original picture. His lithographic chalk is handled with great freedom and looseness; and the print which he has now produced is an excellent companion to his former one, of the same size, from Mr. Farrier's *Who'll serve the King?*

Illustrations of the Exodus, from Drawings taken on the spot, during a Journey in Arabia Petraea. Colburn and Bentley.

THESE Illustrations have been very ably transferred to stone by Mr. Harding, from drawings by Mr. Newnam, the companion of the lamented Webster, to whom the fatigues of the journey from Cairo to Mount Sinai, and the pestilential and furnace-like winds of the desert, proved fatal, and who expired at Cairo on the 1st of August 1828, two days after his return. "Few places," justly observes Mr. Newnam, in his prefatory remarks to the work, "possess greater interest, whether his-

torically or religiously considered, than the site occupied by the mountains of Sinai and Horeb. These names are inseparably associated with events which, above all others, have influenced the moral condition of man; and in no age or country can they be indifferent to the enlightened and liberal mind." It is impossible, indeed, to contemplate these highly characteristic views without deep and awful interest. They are six in number, viz., "Mount Horeb," "The Convent at Mount Sinai," "The Chapel over Elijah's Cave," "The Summit of Mount Sinai," "The Rock in Rephidim," and "Mount Sinai." Each view is accompanied by a brief typographical description, and by the passages from the Scriptures which it is intended to illustrate; and there is an appendix to the publication, containing, among other matters, a sketch of Arab history.

Scenery, Costumes, and Architecture, chiefly on the Western Side of India. By Captain Robert Melville Grindlay, member of the Royal Asiatic Society, &c. Part VI. Smith, Elder, and Co.

WE have already spoken of this interesting publication with the high praise that it deserves; and the present, which is the concluding Part, fully sustains the character of its earlier portions. The plates are singularly beautiful: they are engraved and tinted with a richness and a delicacy which are very rare, and which give them the appearance and value of drawings. The "View of Sassoor in the Deccan," and the "Porch of a Hindoo Temple, with other Hindoo and Mahometan Buildings," are pre-eminent in this respect. Both the Asiatic and the European world are greatly indebted to Captain Grindlay for the manner in which he has carried on and completed his splendid work.

Her Royal Highness Augusta Wilhelmina Louisa, Duchess of Cambridge. Engraved by Say, from a miniature by A. E. Chalon, R. A. Whittaker and Co., and Sams.

SOMEWHAT formal; but, as a print, very carefully and beautifully executed. It forms the embellishment of the sixty-seventh Number of *La Belle Assemblée*.

The National Portrait Gallery. No. XIII. Fisher and Son.

THIS No. contains portraits and memoirs of Mr. Canning, Davies Gilbert, Esq., and Lord Whitworth. The first supplies some interesting particulars and original anecdotes of the late lamented premier; and the publishers have liberally allotted more space to this single sketch than their design promised for the whole three given in each No. The portraits are among the best which have yet adorned this rapidly rising publication.

Picturesque Views on the River Clyde. Engraved by Joseph Swan, from drawings by J. Fleming; with historical and descriptive Illustrations by J. M. Leighton. Parts XIII. and XIV. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THESE Parts complete Mr. Swan's clever and interesting publication, which comprehends upwards of forty-two plates; by far the greater number of them of high picturesque beauty, and all of them accompanied by descriptions written with great neatness, and containing much curious and valuable information. To those who have never visited the banks of the Clyde, this work will afford very pleasing and satisfactory evidence of the justice of the

epigraph which is prefixed to it from *Cyril Thornton*:

"I had never seen before, and I have never seen since, any river, which for natural beauty can stand in competition with the Clyde. Never did stream glide more gracefully to the ocean through a fairer region."

TRICKS OF PICTURE-DEALERS.*

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—Knowing the respectability and independence of your Journal, I am induced to address to you the following remarks:—

There is a cunning amongst dealers in the fine arts, which requires to be closely watched, and occasionally exposed; or aspirants to fame will be plundered of their due reward, and men of established reputations defamed, to put money into the pockets of the artful instead of the artist.

It too generally happens that young artists, however promising their talents, are a little cramped in their finances. The temptation of ready cash is almost irresistible, and to obtain it, they will sacrifice much of the value of their productions. The dealer knows this, and profits by it. But the evil does not end here, as, I think, may be remarked now and then at the exhibition of water-coloured paintings. Let any one observe, at its first opening, how many clever pictures are already ticketed as sold. This attracts a more particular attention to their merits; and the dealers, who will be generally found to be the purchasers, well know the effect of such early sales in enhancing the future price of the pictures.

The difficulty of getting these productions especially noticed and praised in some papers, is not great; and, indeed, their rapid sale is not unfrequently the best clue to their merits, which many of the *arbitri elegantiarum* possess.

Did the matter rest here, the harm might not be great; since the artist, though badly paid, is somewhat remunerated by increase of notoriety. But the evil lies deeper; for, it will be often seen, that in the paper where these purchased pictures are lauded to the skies, the works of established artists are abused with the most unsparing acrimony; and this, I apprehend, does not always happen through chance or refined critical judgment, but because men of established reputation are not quite so convertible to speculative purposes as those who are striving to obtain it. Thus, the due reward of the one, and the fame of the other, are both sacrificed to the interest of the trader.

No sooner, however, does the ill-paid artist attempt to raise the price of his works in proportion to his acknowledged merits, than he also, in his turn, is subjected to the lash of criticism, and some other practitioner is forced into notice to supply his place.

I am desirous to call the attention of the public to this ingenious system, now that the exhibition is opened; for I think it but fair, both to the artists and patrons of the art, that this institution should not be converted into a show-shop for picture-dealers.

AN OLD AMATEUR.

Westmoreland Street, April 26.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

THIS day week the annual dinner of this truly excellent Society was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, where a very numerous and respectable company partook of Mr. Cuff's good

* We print this as received, though from an anonymous correspondent: if such evils as are pointed at exist, it would be well to reform them altogether.—Ed. L. G.

cheer. The Earl of Aberdeen intended to have filled the chair; but being called from town unexpectedly, the duties of chairman devolved on Lord Grantham; and verily they could not have fallen into better hands than into those of a nobleman distinguished by his zeal for the interests of the arts in general, and who has ever shewn himself the devoted friend and liberal supporter of this Institution for the relief of aged, less fortunate, or less gifted artists. The evening was agreeably diversified by speeches from the Hon. Chairman, Sir T. Dyke Acland, Mr. Shee, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Robertson, &c. &c.—by the toasts usual on such occasions—and by the delightful singing of Broadhurst, assisted by his musical brethren.—It was remarked by one gentleman, in his speech, that the arts have already made such progress in Britain, that the artists of Rome now copy from us, instead of the artists of England copying from those of Rome, as was formerly the case. This is exceedingly flattering to the artists of this country, and very gratifying in a national point of view.—The list of new subscribers and donations amounted to between 6 and 700l.

POETRY.

SONGS FROM PAUL CLIFFORD.

Long Ned's Song.

OH, if my hands adhere to cash,
My gloves at least are clean,
And rarely have the gentry flash
In sprucer clothes been seen.

Sweet Public! since your coffers must
Afford our wants relief,
Oh! soothes it not to yield the dust
To such a charming thief?

I never robbed a single coach
But with a lover's air;
And though you might my *course* reproach,
You never could my *hair*.

John Bull, who loves a harmless joke,
Is apt at me to grin,
But why be cross with laughing folk,
Unless they laugh and win?

John Bull has money in his box;
And though his wit's divine,
Yet let me laugh at Johnny's locks—
And John may laugh at mine!

Old Bags's Song.

Are the days then gone, when on Houn-
slow Heath
We flash'd our nags?
When the stoutest bosoms quail'd beneath
The voice of Bags?
Ne'er was my work half undone, lest
I should be nabb'd:
Slow was old Bags, but he never ceas'd
'Till the whole was grabb'd.

Chorus.

'Till the whole was grabb'd.

When the slow coach paus'd—and the
gemmen storm'd,
I bore the brunt— [form'd
And the only sound which my grave lips
Was "blunt"—still "blunt!"
Oh! those jovial days are ne'er forgot!—
But the tape lags—
When I be's dead, you'll drink one pot
To poor old Bags!

Chorus.

To poor old Bags!

The Robber's Grand Toast.

A tumbler of blue ruin, fill, fill for me!
Red tape those as likes it may drain;
But whatever the lish, it a bumper must be,
If we ne'er drinks a bumper again!
Now—now in the crib, where a ruffler maylie,
Without fear that the *traps* should distress
him,
With a drop in the mouth, and a drop in the eye,
Here's to Gentleman George—God bless him!
God bless him—God bless him!
Here's to Gentleman George—God bless him!
'Mong the pals of the prince, I have heard it 's
Before they have tippled enough, [the go,
To smarten their punch with the best curaçoa,
More conish to render the stuff!
I boast not such lush!—but whoever his glass
Does not like—I'll be damn'd if I press him!
Upstanding, my kiddies—round, round let it pass!
Here's to Gentleman George—God bless him!
God bless him—God bless him!
Here's to Gentleman George—God bless him!
See—see—the fine fellow grows weak on the
Assist him, ye rascals, to stand! [stumps,
Why, ye stir not a peg!—Are you all in the
dumps?—
Fighting Attie, go, lend him a hand!

[The robbers croak around Gentleman George, each, under
pretence of supporting him, pulling him first one way
and then another.]

Come, lean upon me—at your service I am!
Get away from his elbow, you whelp!—him
You'll only upset!—them 'ere fellows but sham!
Here's to Gentleman George—God help him!
God help him—God help him!
Here's to Gentleman George—God help him!

Stanzas.

When I leave thee, oh! ask not the world
what that heart
Which adores thee, to others may be!
I know that I sin when from thee I depart,
But my guilt shall *not* light upon thee!
My life is a river which glasses a ray
That hath deign'd to descend from above;
Whatever the banks that o'ershadows its way,
It mirrors the light of thy love.
Though the waves may run high when the night-
wind awakes,
And hurries the stream to its fall;
Though broken and wild be the billows it makes,
Thine image still trembles on all!

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Thursday night Madame Malibran made her first appearance this season, in Rossini's *Cenerentola*; but why selected, we cannot guess; for, independently of the opera being the stalest of the stale, there is nothing so peculiarly striking, either in her singing or acting in the part of the heroine, to justify her choice.

In some of our criticisms, last season, we took occasion to deprecate Madame M.'s predilection for meretricious ornament, and to point out to her the mischief likely to result to her voice by indulging in those flights of fancy. Sorry are we to say, the report of our Parisian correspondent is but too true;—the whole *timbre* of Madame M.'s voice is considerably deteriorated since her appearance last season. She was, however, most enthusiastically received.

We hear that La Blache is hourly expected, and will make his *début* in Cimarosa's opera of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. La Porte has proceeded to Paris to recruit for dancers.

COVENT GARDEN.

AT this theatre the great novelty has been Miss F. Kemble as *Isabella*, in the *Fatal Marriage*, acted for the benefit of her much-respected and popular father. The house was full; and the applause so great, as to encourage the repetition of the part thrice a week.

ADELPHI.

THIS theatre of everlasting drollery, fun, and amusement, was re-opened on Monday by Mr. Mathews, with an entertainment called the *Comic Annual*, and equal to the best of his preceding *solitary* performances to *crowded* houses. Some of the jokes and puns are old—could they be all new in such a production?—but they are rendered better than new by the talents of the actor. And then the assumption of character: the making of fifty individuals out of the one individual Charles Mathews; why it is as wonderful as it is laughable,—or touching, for in some of his light strokes the pathos of Mathews is irresistible. But we have not room now for details; and can only say, that the humour, the transitions, the personations, and the talents, in this piece, are admirable matters on which to *waste* a most pleasant evening.

VARIETIES.

Marble.—Some splendid columns of indigenous marble have lately arrived at Paris, and have been deposited in the Louvre. They are intended as a present to the King of France. The quarries from which they have been brought are situated at Tholouet, near Aix.

Novelties.—At this season of the year we are oppressed with the multitude of novelties to be perused, seen, heard, considered, and reported. Signor Pistrucci's improvising at the King's Theatre on Wednesday was an admirable treat; and displayed prodigious readiness and facility. The performance of *Agamemnone* was also delightful to the Italian scholar. The Haytorian Museum, in the Strand, is a rich exhibition of minerals belonging to Devon; and also of some fine specimens of shells. The National Repository at Charing Cross invites attention from the many objects of curiosity and utility which it contains. Mr. Hessey, in Regent Street, amazes us with a strange Hindoo idol. Hummel's Concert was a great attraction. And to these we shall now have the Royal Academy constantly, and the exhibition of Sir T. Lawrence's pictures at the British Gallery.

Palladium, &c.—At a late sitting of the Paris Royal Academy of Sciences, M. Arago presented some grains of the palladium, collected in its native state by M. Humboldt in the mines of the Oural mountains. Several naturalists are stated to have previously found this metal in its pure state, but no specimen had been presented to the Academy. At this sitting M. Blumenbach was elected a member, in the room of Dr. Thomas Young, deceased. An interesting discussion ensued relative to the late work of M. Caillié on Africa. M. Coquebut, after commenting on the importance of the information communicated by M. Caillié relative to Timbuctoo, spoke with great vehemence in censure of an article in the *Quarterly Review*, throwing doubts on the assertions of M. Caillié as to his having visited Timbuctoo. There is also a long article in the *Moniteur*, vindicating Caillié from the imputations of the *Quarterly Review*; and almost

resenting the criticism as a piece of national illiberality.—*Ed. L. G.*

Agriculture.—The Paris Central Society of Agriculture, at its last sitting, awarded the following prizes:—2000 francs to Messrs. Flackat and Mulot, for their process of boring for Artesian wells. Another, for the same object, to Messrs. Fraisse and Poitevin; and also a gold medal to M. Favel. 1000 francs to M. Payen for a memoir on the use which may be made of the carcasses of domestic animals when dead; and other prizes, of small amounts, on different subjects, making altogether 7000 francs. Several gold and silver medals were also presented. The prizes of next year are to be, first, 1500 francs for the best treatise on the use which may be made of the dead bodies of domestic animals: 1500 francs for the best treatise on the blindness of horses: 3500 francs for the best model of a threshing and winnowing machine: 3000 francs for the best treatise on the mode of boring for water: 1000 francs for the best treatise on the culture of the pink poppy. Three prizes are also announced for 1834.

Insanity.—It appears from an official report relative to the inmates of Charenton, near Paris, that the months during which there is the greatest number of patients in that establishment, are June, July, and August, and the least, January, May, and November. The age at which this malady most frequently manifests itself, is from thirty to thirty-five. More than half of the inmates are unmarried, and the majority are females. There are usually few married men or widowers.

Fish.—In a memoir recently read to the French Academy by M. Boabe, the author maintains the opinion that all the fish at present existing in fresh water had a marine origin.

Artesian Wells.—The Paris *Globe* informs us, that an English company has received authority to introduce into France, by Havre, all the instruments necessary for the construction of Artesian wells in different parts of France.

China.—The learned orientalist Neumann, one of the professors at the University of Munich, and the author of the *Lives of the Armenian Philosophers*, is about to proceed to China, for the purpose of studying the language and literature of the country. It is remarkable that he is the first learned European who has visited China for a purely literary purpose. The Royal Academy of Berlin has placed at his disposal 1,500 thalers, for the purchase of Chinese books.

The French Consul at Florence has taken great offence at a piece which has been recently acted at the theatre of that city, and in which there occur some observations not very flattering to the French nation. No attention, however, was paid to his complaints, and the disappointed consul immediately sent a formal remonstrance to the government on the insult offered to the country of which he is the representative.

Congreve Rockets.—Some experiments were recently made at Toulon, for the purpose of ascertaining the power of the Congreve rocket. Out of seven which were fired, two exceeded, by about 250 toises, the range of a 36-pounder, and two others burst before they had reached half their distance. The experiments, on the whole, were considered satisfactory, as they demonstrated that about half the number of rockets discharged will be effective.

Elementary Instruction.—An interesting meeting of the Society for promoting Element-

ary Instruction took place in Paris a few days ago. It appeared from the report then read, that the Society supports three schools for mutual instruction in Paris, and that it expects to open a fourth within the year. It has also sent pecuniary assistance to schools in several of the departments. There are about 2000 subscribers to this Society. The Bank of France has given 30,000 francs towards it, and the Minister of Public Instruction has also given to the same amount. A prize is offered by the Society for the best work on the liberty of instruction.

Statistics.—The sixth monthly meeting of the Société de Statistique Universelle was held last week at Paris. Prince Leopold was to have been there, but having been prevented by indisposition, sent a letter of excuse. Several statistical works were presented, and the names of new candidates for admission were given. An interesting report was read, from which it appears that the Society now consists of 517 members, among whom are several princes, ministers of state, peers of France, and other distinguished personages. At this meeting it was proposed, and unanimously agreed to, that, at the end of 1832, three prizes of 3000, 2000, and 1000 francs should be awarded to the authors of memoirs on statistics, the best calculated to further the views of the Society.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XVIII. May 1.]

The success of our Popular Libraries, Cyclopedias, &c. &c., seems to have stimulated Messrs. Colburn and Bentley to enter that field with great force and spirit. They announce, we perceive (in addition to the Classics, already in the course of publication), the Library of General Knowledge, conducted by Mr. Clegg; an edition of the Standard Novels, uniform with the *Waverley Novels*; the Library of Modern Travels, Voyages, and Discoveries; and, though last, not likely to be the least useful, a Juvenile Library, addressed to the youth of both sexes.—Mr. Madden, the traveller in Turkey, is preparing an eastern tale, in the manner of *Anastius*.—Messrs. Black, Young, and Young, the publishers of Dr. Webster's Dictionary of the English Language, announce their intention to publish the Introduction to the work in a separate form.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. VI. Roscoe's British Lawyers, foolscap, 6s. bds.—Hall's General Atlas, 12. 18s. 6d. canvass, 9s. 6d. hf.-bd. russia, full size, 10s.; India proofs, 14s. 5s. hf.-bd. russia.—Gambou's Mining Ordinances of Spain, by Heathfield, 2 vols. royal 8vo. 2l. bds.—Hampson on Trustees, 2d edition, 8vo. 16s. bds.—McCulloch on Political Economy, 2d edition, 8vo. 16s. bds.—Dickson's Law of Wills, 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Jennings on Tobacco, 12mo. 4s. 6d.; coloured, 5s. 6d. bds.—Niebuhr on the Geography of Herodotus, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Moseley on Hydrostatics and Hydrodynamics, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Burckhardt's Notes on the Bedouins, &c. 4to. 2l. 12s. 6d. bds.—Bourrienne's Memoirs, Vols. III. and IV. 8vo. 1l. 8s. bds.—Lloyd's Memoir of the Rev. J. Lloyd, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Royal Book of Dreams, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Lane's Trip to Canada, 12mo. 9s. bds.—Mark's Devotional Testament, 4to. 16s. bds.—Patience in Tribulation, fcp. 3s. 6d. bds.—Domeier's Road-Book of Germany, 18mo. 10s. 6d. sheep.—Leigh's Guide to the Lakes, 12mo. 7s. bds.—Traits of Scottish Life, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 7s.—Newman's Illustrations of the Exodus, prints 20s.; proofs 1l. 4s. sewed.—Tales of our Counties, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Grindlay's Views in India, Part VI. 2l. 2s. sewed.—Little Jack, with German Translation by Skene, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Family Library, Vol. XIII. 18mo. 5s. bds.—Family Classical Library, Vol. V. 18mo. 4s. 6d. bds.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ We are obliged to defer our Report of Dr. Mühlenfeld's first of a series of Lectures on German Poetry; and can only notice now, that it possessed great interest for German students and for the admirers of that copious language.

We will not settle the dispute between bile, or boil: it raises our bile to be made a referee in such a case, and we are not sure that we should not have boiled our correspondent for troubling us, without a fee.

From whom did the correspondent who announces a Collection of Essays, &c. hear the "report" which "speaks favourably of their contents?"—if he speaks to himself, and is his own reporter, he cannot surely expect us to spread his home news. We must pass in like silence the most able sermon that ever was written, &c. described by another correspondent.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND, under the Patronage of the King, instituted 1810, incorporated 1837.—The Friends of the Arts and Subscribers to this Institution are respectfully informed, that the Twenty-first Anniversary Dinner will take place in Freemasons' Hall, on Saturday, the 8th of May.

His Grace the DUKE of WELLINGTON in the Chair.
Stewards.

The Earl Brownlow	Henry Graves, Esq.
The Earl of Chichester	Robert Garrard, Esq.
The Earl of Rosslyn	Robert Jennings, Esq.
The Earl of Arden	G. Torant, Junr. Esq.
Viscount Clive, M.P.	George Meek, Esq.
The Right Hon. H. Goulburn,	Josiah Neeld, Esq. M.A.
M.P. Chancellor of the Exchequer	E. J. Oley, Esq.
Hon. W. S. Best	S. Oliver, Esq.
A. Cooper, Esq. R.A.	J. H. Robinson, Esq.
J. P. De la Fons, Esq.	Henry Sass, Esq.
Hon. G. Agar Ellis, M.P.	E. R. Slous, Esq.
William Emsay, Esq.	H. R. Tunno, Esq. M.P.
William Finlén, Esq.	J. Varley, Esq.
W. C. Fish, Esq.	S. C. Weston, Esq.
	Thomas Willmott, Esq.

Tickets, 17s. to be had any of the Stewards; at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern; or of the Secretary, 112, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

Dinner will be on Table at Half-past Five for Six precisely.
JOHN MARTIN, Secretary.

SONS of the CLERGY.—The Rehearsal of the Music to be performed at this Festival will take place on Tuesday, the 11th of May, in St. Paul's Cathedral; and the Anniversary will be held on Thursday, the 13th of May, when a Sermon will be preached there, before His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishops, the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Aldermen, Clergy, &c. by the Rev. EDMUND GOODENOUGH, D.D. Prebendary of Westminster.

Divine Service will commence at Two o'clock, instead of Twelve o'clock, as heretofore, and the West Door of the Cathedral will be opened on each day at One o'clock.

Stewards.
H. R. H. the DUKE of CLARENCE, (5th time.)

His Grace the Duke of Portland	The Solicitor General, M.P.
The Lord Bishop of Bristol	The Dean of Lichfield
The Hon. and Rev. G. V. Wellesley, D.D.	The Dean of St. Asaph
The Hon. P. Howard, M.P.	Rev. Joseph Goodall, D.D. Prolocutor of Eton (second time)
The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor	Rev. Robert Hamilton, D.D.
Sir Henry Hallford, Bart.	Rev. Ralph Tatham, B.D.
Sir George Thomas Staunton, Bart.	John Meggott Elwes, Esq.
	John Soane, Esq. R.A.

The Music will consist of Selections from Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*; the Coronation Anthem of the King's Hall (rejoice); and the Hallelujah Chorus—Green's Anthem, "God is our Hope and Strength"—Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, Attwood. Conductor, Mr. Greatorce. Organist, Mr. Attwood. Leader of the Band (which will consist of the Members of the Royal Society of Musicians), Mr. Boston Revere.

The Committee respectfully state that contributions of gold will admit each person to the Galleries and Closets, and express their hopes that for admission into the choir, no person will contribute less than half-a-crown. To the individual, this latter small donation can be no object, whilst the aggregate is of the utmost importance to the interests of the Charity.

The whole of the Collections at St. Paul's Cathedral and Merchant Tailors' Hall will be appropriated by the Stewards in apprenticing the Children of necessitous Clergymen.

Tickets for the Dinner on Thursday, the 13th of May, at half-price, may be had of Messrs. Colburn, 7, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place; and at the First Fruits Office, Temple.

Benefactions to this Charity will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, J. H. Markland, Esq. 14, Whitehall Place, or Temple, and at the First Fruits Office, Temple.

* No Tickets are requisite for admission into the Cathedral.

LITERARY FUND.—The Forty-First Anniversary of this Society will be held at Freemasons' Hall, on Wednesday, the 12th May.
JOSEPH SNOW.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS, is now open, every Day, from Nine till Seven, at the Gallery, Pall Mall East.

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CAST of SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A. Messrs. Colnaghi, Son, and Co. Printers to the King, Pall Mall East, most respectfully announce that they have just published a Drawing from the Plaster Cast (the only one, it is believed) of the Face of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, taken about the age of Thirty-four.

MUSIC.

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BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

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Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge. LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE for May contains the Portrait of H. R. H. the Duchess of Cambridge, engraved by Say, from a Miniature by E. A. Chalon, R.A. The Fashions for May are exhibited by highly finished Engravings from original Designs, and the latest Importations from the Continent are accurately described.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. CLXVI. for May 1830. Contents:—I. The Influence of the Church of England in Society.—II. Letter from Major-General Buxton.—III. Lines written after reading the Romance of Arthur's Round Table.—IV. Letter De Arte Poetica, from a Senior Fellow.—V. Cloudestine, a Tale. By the Author of Caleb Williams.—VI. The Silent Member, No. 2.—VII. Trial by Jury in Civil Causes.—VIII. Alteration of the Courts of Law in Scotland.—IX. Poor Laws in Ireland.—X. Greek Pastoral. By the Ettrick Shepherd.—XI. Hints to the Two Houses of Parliament.—XII. Letter from a Half-caste to a Purse.—XIII. The Currency Question.—Adjustment of the Standard of Value.—One Pound Note Circulation.—XIV. Notices Ambrosiana, No. 49.

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No. 694.—AMERICAN EDITION.

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1830.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Raleigh; with some Account of the Period in which he lived. By Mrs. A. T. Thomson, author of "Memoirs of the Court of Henry VIII." 8vo. pp. 486. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

It were indeed but enlarging on a truism were we to dwell on how important to a biographer is the choice of subject: taking its importance as admitted, we cannot but congratulate Mrs. Thomson on a selection which seems to us peculiarly happy. We have always considered that the history of one individual mind—its efforts and progress—its changes, both in their causes and results, and the effect that one individual may thus produce—a more interesting and infinitely more beneficial study, than half the conquests and kingly successions by which history is registered and filled; and romantic attraction and moral investigation are alike called forth in the history of Sir Walter Raleigh. We see him first a young and ardent spirit, to whom obstacles seem but made to be overcome—excitements rather than dissuaves; we follow him through a course of courtly success, and, alas! courtly intrigue, with all its attendant meannesses and falsehoods. This part of Raleigh's life places in a most melancholy light the influence of degrading circumstance over the noblest nature. That his spirit was of itself high and chivalric, no one can deny who thinks for a moment on the many instances in which it was evinced: but never was argument so conclusive of the fatal effect of despotism, as the simple fact of the degrading power it exercised over even a Raleigh. In the present day, when so many avenues are open to honourable ambition, we can scarcely comprehend the servile anxiety evinced for royal favour; but we should remember royal favour was the only opening to the young aspirant for fame or fortune—that there was a species of religious feeling then mixed with the homage paid to royalty—that this right divine gave a kind of sacredness to obedience; while, on the other hand, it was the slight and unsafe tenure by which life and property was held in those days; add to this, the force of example—that most powerful moral tyranny—and we shall greatly extenuate that subjection from which ourselves are so happily freed; and only wish that a man whose mind was so much in advance of his age, had been equally in advance with his actions. The court success of Sir Walter is greatly relieved by the gallant expeditions in which he found fitting field for his courage and enterprise. One of our most distinguished navigators, at a period when ignorance and wonder went hand in hand, and danger gave the poetical colouring of romance to the whole, we cannot wonder that his love of discovery amounted to enthusiasm. The third period of his life is one of history's most extraordinary pictures of human strength and weakness; but we will pass in silence his humiliating concessions to James,

and rather turn to the noble use he made of his prisoned hours. One of the earliest advocates of religious tolerance, liberal, and if, to use the words of our fair historian, not always profound, at least always clear, he raised in his Universal History a fitting monument to himself. With regard to his last voyage, it almost seems to us that, harassed by misfortune, wearied by imprisonment, decayed in health, and over-excited by the hope on which he had brooded too much in solitude,—his impatience took the character of an insanity, which urged him on to the fatal expedition that finally led him to the scaffold. Such is the outline of a life which, in Mrs. Thomson's hands, is a mine of interest; from the first page to the last, the attention is roused and sustained; and while we approve the manner, we still more applaud the spirit in which it is executed: perhaps both of these will be best displayed by the following extracts.

"The family of Raleigh, at the time of his birth, was greatly reduced in circumstances, and in the full experience of those privations which attend poverty encumbered with rank. No title, except that of knighthood, had, indeed, as yet, given false splendour to a name which boasted an ancient connexion with Robert of Gloucester, a natural son of Henry I.; but the name of Raleigh had been one of some importance, and of great antiquity. Varying in its orthography from Rale, or Ralega, to Raleigh, Rawleigh, or Raleigh, this designation had been affixed to several villages and towns in Somersetshire, Devonshire, and Essex; and his ancestors settled in Devonshire before the Norman conquest. Allied by marriage to the earls of Devon, and related to various families of their own name in Somersetshire and Warwickshire, the ancestors of Raleigh had suffered a gradual decrease in their landed possessions; so that Fardel alone, of all their estates, remained as the inheritance of Walter Raleigh, the father of him who was destined again to raise his family to distinction. Some memoirs of ancient grandeur were still, however, preserved from the devastations of time or misfortune; and Sir Walter received, as an heirloom, a target, which had been suspended in a chapel at Smalridge consecrated to St. Leonard, by one of his forefathers, in gratitude for deliverance from the Gauls; and the records of this endowment are stated to have been afterwards presented to Sir Walter Raleigh by a priest of Axminster. That the origin and early piety of this ancient race were little known in the days of Elizabeth, until the fame of their celebrated descendant called them forth from obscurity, is evident from the anecdote which Lord Bacon relates, in illustration of the popular error which assigned to Raleigh the term 'Jack, or upstart.' Queen Elizabeth was one day playing upon the virginals, whilst Lord Oxford and other admiring courtiers stood by: it happened that the ledge before the jacks had been taken away; upon observing which, the two noblemen smiled, and when questioned by the queen regarding the cause of their

mirth, gave as the reason, 'that they were amused to see, that when jacks went up, heads went down.' The queen, notwithstanding this sarcastic allusion, had not, however, in receiving Raleigh into her favour, departed from her usual rule of never admitting 'a mechanic or new man into her confidence; and Raleigh had, afterwards, the credit, by his deeds, of directing the investigation of antiquaries to the details of his lineage. These, as points of curious inquiry, demand some attention; but are of subordinate interest in the history of one whose very poverty and obscurity became the origin of his fortunes, by being the stimulus to his industry.

"To the scene of his childhood, Raleigh, in common with many men who have afterwards encountered the cares of a public career, retained an indelible attachment. It is pleasing to find him, at a subsequent period of his life, when ambition appears to have engrossed him, endeavouring, though without success, to possess the humble residence of his youth. The patrimonial estate was Fardel, in the parish of Cornwood, near Plymouth; and Smalridge, near Axminster, is said to have belonged to his ancestors in the time of Henry VIII., but to have been sold, from the prodigality of its owners."

What will the exquisite of our time say to the following costume?—

"To the attractions of a noble figure, Raleigh studied to combine those of a graceful and splendid attire. Many of his garments were adorned with jewels, according to the richest fashions of the day, and his armour was so costly and curious, that it was preserved, for its rarity, in the Tower. In one of his portraits he is represented in this armour, which was of silver richly ornamented, and his sword and belt studded with diamonds, rubies, and pearls. In another, he chose to be depicted in a white satin pinked vest, surrounded with a brown doublet, flowered, and embroidered with pearls; and on his head, a little black feather, with a large ruby and pearl drop to confine the loop in place of a button. These, it may be said, were no extraordinary proofs of costly expenditure in dress, in days when it was the boast of Villiers Duke of Buckingham, to be 'yoked and manacled' in ropes of pearl, and to carry on his cloak and suit alone, diamonds to the value of eighty thousand pounds."

Our next is a fine anecdote of Sir Humphrey Gilbert. "That gallant officer reached Newfoundland, of which, by the usual form of digging up a turf, and receiving it with a hazel wand, he took possession, in right of the discovery made by Cabot; planted the first British colony there, discovered a silver mine, divided some portion of the lands among his followers, and began his voyage home, in the joyful expectation of further encouragement from Queen Elizabeth. But this brave man was destined never to return to his native country. The ship in which he had stored the silver ore, which he designed to shew as a specimen, was lost; and, before he had passed the Azores,

tempestuous weather and terrible seas sank the spirits of the sailors, who, in the true spirit of the superstitious fears to which they are prone, reported that they had heard strange voices in the night, scaring them from the helm. Even the principal officers were alarmed for the safety of Sir Humphrey, who had imprudently chosen to sail in the Squirrel, a small frigate. In vain did his friends entreat him to change his vessel, and to come on board the *Hinde*, the largest ship of the squadron. The honour of the dauntless Sir Gilbert had, unhappily, been touched by the imputation of cowardice, a report false as it was cruel. He persisted, therefore, in remaining at his post, saying, 'I will not desert my little company, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils; nor would he remain on board the *Hinde*, except for a short time, for the purpose of a convivial meeting with the officers, their last interview; and they parted, agreeing that all the captains should give orders to hang out lights at night. Meanwhile the dangers thickened; the oldest mariners declared that they had never witnessed such seas; the winds changing incessantly, the waves, in the simple language of a spectator, 'breaking high and pyramid-wise.' The hearts of the most courageous were appalled by a meteor, common in storms, which the seamen consider to be an apparition of fatal import, and which they call 'Castor and Pollux.' Once, the anxious company of the *Hinde* beheld the frigate nearly cast away; then again it approached them, and they saw Sir Humphrey sitting on the mainmast, with a book in his hand, exclaiming, as he regarded his companions in distress, 'We are as near heaven by

lights were
cried aloud
ring, the

Elizabeth's
y thought,
her death,'
and too slow for her own sake from misery, was now apparent to all. She joined, indeed, in her former amusements, but it was with a faltering step, and with faint attempts at forced cheerfulness. When, after a short absence, Harrington was summoned to her presence, she inquired if he had seen Tyrone? On his reply, that he had seen him with the Lord deputy, she smote her bosom, and said, 'Oh now it mindeth me that you were *one* who saw this *man* elsewhere;—the connexion between Harrington and Essex being thus recalled to her. And when Harrington, thinking to revive in her majesty the old remembrance of his pleasantries, which had often amused her, read some verses, she told him, in the language of a breaking heart, 'that she was passed all relish for fooleries.'

How true is the remark on the little of liking there seems to have been between Raleigh and Ben Jonson!

'The poet is said to have admired the talents of his eminent contemporary, but to have distrusted his sincerity. He is even asserted to have remarked, that Sir Walter Raleigh 'esteemed more fame than conscience.' Perhaps there are few men, who, like Ben Jonson, see closely into the darkest passions and into the most hidden motives of human nature, and who yet are able to divest their minds of suspicion, and their hearts of that contamination which proceeds from a long contemplation of vice, sufficiently, to render a just tribute of approbation to the virtues of others. It is probable, also, that party feelings may have influenced

Jonson's opinion of Raleigh; for whilst the latter was disgraced, and eventually deprived both of liberty and life, by James the First, Jonson was the peculiar favourite of that monarch as a dramatist, and was consequently disposed to view political questions much in the same point of view as the sovereign whom he served.'

We must not omit the touching mention of Raleigh's partner in affliction.

'Whether engaged in mournful retrospections or in fearful anticipations, Raleigh had not now the consolation which was afterwards afforded him in the society of his distressed and devoted wife. Although absent from him for whom she endured so much, this unfortunate lady relaxed not in her exertions to redeem from destruction the object of her earliest affections, and the pride of maturer years. Three years afterwards, when the king was in all his pomp and state at Hampton Court, and when the revels of the gay and great were at their height, we read of the humiliated and neglected Lady Raleigh kneeling to him in behalf of her husband, but passed in silence by the monarch. That Raleigh estimated her affection, and appreciated the strength and elevation of her character, is evident from the tone of the eloquent and pathetic letter which it was almost his earliest care to address to her after his trial. He wrote, indeed, in the first instance, to the king; but finding his petitions fruitless, he now directed to his wife and to his child every wish which anxious affection could dictate. His earnest desire seems to have been, that no fruitless sorrows should diminish the power of exertion which the helpless orphan whom he expected to leave would fully require from his surviving parent. 'Let my sorrows,' said he, 'go into my grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And, seeing it is not the will of God that ever I shall see you more in this life, bear it patiently, and with a heart like thyself.' He entreated her, not by seclusion and fruitless sorrow to lose the benefits of exertion: 'thy mournings cannot avail me: I am but dust. Remember your poor child for his father's sake, who chose you and loved you in his happiest time.' Such are, in part, the exhortations with which Raleigh sought to strengthen the resolution, and to sustain the spirits, of one whom he thought soon to consign to the neglect and indifference of the world.'

With the curious account of the estate of Sherborne we conclude.

'The lands of Sherborne were bequeathed by Osmund, a Norman knight, to the see of Canterbury, with a heavy denunciation against any rash or profane person who should attempt to wrest them from the church. This anathema was, in the opinion of the vulgar, first accomplished in the person of the protector Somerset, to whom, after sundry vicissitudes, the property devolved. This nobleman was hunting in the woods of Sherborne, when his presence was required by Edward the Sixth; and he was shortly afterwards committed to the Tower, and subsequently beheaded. The forfeited estate then reverted to the see of Salisbury, until the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to whom it was made over by Coldwell, bishop of Salisbury, at the instigation of Raleigh, who was blamed, and apparently with justice, for having displayed on this occasion a grasping and even dishonourable spirit. So strong were the religious prejudices of the day, that even the discerning Sir John Harrington attributed to a judgment from heaven a trifling accident which occurred to Raleigh whilst surveying the de-

mesne which he coveted. Casting his eyes upon it, according to the notion of that writer, as Ahab did upon Naboth's vineyard, and, in the course of a journey from Plymouth to the coast, discussing at the same time the advantages of the desired possession, Sir Walter's horse fell, and the face of its rider then, as the relater observes, 'thought to be a very good one,' was buried in the ground. * * *

'After his trial, the enemies of Raleigh pretended to find a flaw in the deed of conveyance, and for the omission of a single word, the oversight of a clerk, and which was in the paper copy only, it fell into the possession of the crown. The person principally benefited by this discovery was Car, Earl of Somerset, who brought the matter before the Court of Exchequer, in which a decision was given against Raleigh: 'a judgment,' observes the relater of the fact, 'easily to be foreseen without witchcraft, since his chiefest judge was his greatest enemy, and the case argued between a poor friendless prisoner and a king of England.' This event took place seven years after the commencement of Sir Walter Raleigh's imprisonment, until which period he had enjoyed the revenues of Sherborne. In vain did the persevering Lady Raleigh,—being, as her son describes her, a woman 'of a very high spirit, of noble birth and breeding,'—on her knees, and in the bitterness of her heart, in the presence of the king, implore Almighty God to look upon 'the justness of her cause, and punish those who had so wrongfully exposed her and her poor children to beggary.' The inflexible and insensible monarch, who had neither the feeling to pity, nor the discernment to value this devoted woman, returned, in his usual phrase, this reiterated reply, 'I mun have the land; I mun have it for Car.' And, accordingly, to Car was the estate conveyed. But the old prophecy, by those who observed the fate of Sherborne with curiosity, was still thought to hang to its destiny. Through the generous exertions of Prince Henry, it may be said to have belonged for a time to the house of Stuart, since he begged it from the king, pretending to fancy the place, but in reality with the hope of restoring it to the accomplished owner of the seat. Unwilling or afraid to refuse the request of his son, James compromised the matter by paying to Car the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds for the surrender of the estate, and even allowed the Lady Raleigh eight thousand pounds for the property. But the death of the young prince in 1611 frustrated his generous intentions, and left Sherborne still in the hands of the favourite. The premature decease of this promising youth was thought by the vulgar again to corroborate the old prophecy, and was one of those singular coincidences which, in human affairs, confirm the day-dreams of superstitious reasoners. But, in the times of the Tudors and the Stuarts, estates were so often gained and lost, on the one hand by the misfortunes of the real owners, and on the other by the iniquities of those who reaped them, that few exchanges of property from one family to another took place without being occasioned by some tragical occurrence. To Carew, the youngest son, and the injured survivor of Sir Walter Raleigh, the subsequent attainder of Car, and the forfeiture of his estates, upon his committal to the Tower for the murder of Overbury, appeared to confirm the ill-fortune attendant upon the owners of Sherborne; and the misfortunes which afterwards befel the house of Stuart were also considered by him to corroborate the old presage. The spell has, however, since been broken; for, on the con-

fication of Car's estates, Digby, Earl of Bristol, obtained Sherborne from the king, on account of his services in the embassy to Spain. This nobleman added two wings to the house; and in his family it now remains."

Few men present such varieties of aspect as Sir Walter Raleigh,—the young and aspiring gallant, the admiral and time-serving courtier, the brave and scientific officer, the calculating man of the world, the enthusiastic adventurer, the graceful poet, the thoughtful philosopher, and, at last, the sacrificed victim of tyranny to the scaffold: none of these points are neglected by his present biographer. To a degree of tact peculiarly feminine is added a depth of thought we are somewhat apt to consider as only belonging to the other sex. The utmost industry of research has been obviously bestowed in collecting authentic materials, with much judgment shewn in their selection, and the last finish is put to these pages by their especially elegant language, with very few verbal exceptions, which appear to have escaped in revision. We cordially congratulate the author; and if the work be a credit to herself, it is also a credit to the age in which such a work could be produced by a woman.

The Armenians; a Tale of Constantinople.

By Charles Mac Farlane, Esq., author of "Constantinople in 1826." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Saunders and Otteley.

We doubt much the advantage of this union of traveller and novelist—the *matériel* of the one interferes with the creation of the other; descriptions, manners, costume, &c., leave not sufficient room for character, incident, and feeling; the sea encroaches upon the land, the land upon the sea; and the author's memory and his imagination are too opposite for harmony. With his lively style, his keen observation, and his picturesque taste, Mr. Mac Farlane is the perfection of a traveller—as a novelist he is not so successful; for the two are perhaps at variance too much; for the merit of the one is to collect, that of the other to create. The story of these pages is very slight—a love-tale, composed of all the stratagems, anxieties, disappointments, pleasures, and pains, usual in such cases; while the remainder is filled up, and most admirably, with details of curious customs, shewing a very intimate knowledge of the people whose habits the author describes—characteristic anecdotes and scenes depicted with the eye of an artist and the feeling of a poet. The pages are full of delightful quotations: a few we must transfer to our own columns.

A Greek lover's soliloquy:—

"True, 'tis too true, she is a pretty girl—but she is an Armenian, after all. Yes! she belongs to the race of asinine ears, thick skins, and ponderous hands and feet! She does not, however, betray her breed; her skin is certainly as fine as that pure specimen of Greek blood I have been worshipping these three months; her hand lay in mine, small and soft, like an unfledged bird within its nest; her feet—a curse upon mestlers!—have not been seen; however, we shall see them, and her ears too, if she have no more affection for the yashmack than she has shewn this evening. I wonder whether they are as long as the ears of my neighbour, the somewhat fair and fat Pápú, that look like mushrooms undressed; but be they as long as those of the holy mule that carries to Mecca the annual offerings of the padishah, Veronica of the Tinghir-Oglus is a beautiful girl—and I am determined to see her again!"

A Greek Prince.—"His elevated condition allowed him the privilege, and he had changed his heavy, huge, graceless samoor-calpack for the Turkish fess and eastern turban, susceptible of such infinite elegance and grace; and if the pure white were prohibited to all but Osmanlia, the cherished green to all but the emirs, or cousins of the prophet, he could venture on other bright hues. His turban was of a bright gray, but lines of gold transversed it rather closely, and a fringe or tassel of gold fell from one of its extremities, and floated, as he walked, upon his shoulder; the exquisite linen's folds were broad, and roundly relieved; the whole had the Stambooli *non-chalant* and proud obliquity which is attained but by the finished eastern *petit-maitre*, which occupies the most anxious minutes of the toilette, and is the utter despair of the uninitiated, or of those who have not been admitted into the very penetralia of the fashion and bon-ton of the capital. From the aspiring side of his turban, to balance the tassel on the depressed side, there floated a bright carnation, entwined with the small white flowerets of the jasmin; and the rich blue silk knot of his fess, or scarlet skull-cap (the nucleus of the turban), just shewed itself in the midst of the rich folds, and formed a crown, or termination, to the whole. His benesh, light in colour and material, as befitted the season, was of the hue of the downy peach, of the manufacture of the finest looms of France; the cut was perfect—it fell in free graceful folds, but not lower than the calf of the leg—and the wide open sleeves flowed into drapery almost as classic as the toga from the raised arm of some ancient statue as he walked along with that elegant deportment—which he shared, however, with even the poorest of his countrymen. He did not wear the jubbee, or flowing silk gown, which, as generally worn by the Turkish effendis, gives an unnatural, effeminate appearance to the whole man, and assorts most ridiculously, in the stranger's eye, with thick beard and fierce moustache; his camisole, was beautifully worked in silk and gold thread; it was cut in the picturesque fashion of the Albanians, disclosing the neck nearly to the shoulder; whilst below the breast some fanciful apertures and loop-holes permitted a jewelled and enamelled watch to shew itself, and gave egress to a costly Venetian gold chain loaded with rings and seals. The shawl that girded his waist was an exquisite cachemere, and so well arranged, that both its blue ground-work and elaborate broad fringe, of many, and bright, and felicitously combined hues, were well and sufficiently displayed—another great art, be it said in passing, of the oriental toilette. The princes of Wallachia and Moldavia might even carry arms; and in Constantine's girdle there glittered a short, but massy-handed poniard, set with brilliant, rubies, and emeralds;—an instrument of death, throughout the East, being rendered the most costly toy, and considered as essential to the equipment of a gentleman. His shakshoers, or ample Turkish trousers, were of an amaranthine colour, and of materials still finer than the flowing cloak; they were contracted by a silken string above the ankle, and revealed that glory of glories, for a Christian—a rayah subject—that boon for which, alone, death had so often been dared by the intriguing ambitious Greeks; that summum bonum (in the words of Anastasius), a pair of yellow slippers!"

A Turkish Cemetery.—"He retired with that sentiment which in all solemn matters seems to induce us to seek utter solitude; he fled to the thickest part of the religious wood,

and sat himself down by a recently made grave's headstone—an elaborate work, with lofty caouk and folding turban, that denoted the precise rank and condition of him who now lay beneath in death's equality, with intricate arabesques, boldly relieved, and done in gold, and in the deep blue of the lapis lazuli, and with a long inscription running diagonally, and covering the whole slab, from the arabesques to the point where the springing green grass from the prolific sod waved round its foot. As common in the sepulchres of the rich, there was another sculptured stone at the grave's foot, but rather lower than that at the head; its only ornaments were a tree—a stately palm, gently relieved and coloured with green and with gold, and a wavy line, like the blade of an angel's sword, or the bolts in the bands of the Thunderer, which ran round the edge of the purely white marble. Two lateral slabs, whose breadth attained about one-third of the elevation of the head-stone, and about half that of the foot-stone, united both together; there was no covering slab, as the Turks in their material superstition, and by a rescript of the prophet, never lay weight over the shallow soil that covers the dead, lest it should check his rise at the judgment-day; but within the enclosure of the pale marbles, flowers that seemed to have been sedulously cultivated, saluted the eye with melancholy bloom, and the nostril with an odour overpoweringly languid. 'It ought to be pleasant thus to rest,' reasoned the moody lover; 'and thus, in the gloom of eastern cypresses, with the gleam of spotless marbles, and the blush of roses—in silence like this, and with a genial heat, a balmy air like these upon ye—grave! horrid as thou art elsewhere, here thou seemest replete with beauty, and wouldst make one almost in love with thee! 'Tis strange that a scene, sweet, poetical, ethereal, like this, should be the work of a gross, sensual, and barbarous people—the disciples of a false code! I would not live the life of a Turk—I have done so, perhaps, too much already—but, no! I would not envy the life of one wealthier, grander, than he this proud tomb covers; but when all is over, I could look with complacency to a resting-place like this, and prefer the Moslem's grave to all others. Even now, so beautiful and so holy is this spot, I could almost lay down my head on that pillow of green sward which crowns a humbler grave, and unrepiningly resign this troublesome spirit. I could almost wish to die, to be buried in a place like this!' Presently, his thoughts flowed in another course; and those who have reflected on the sudden turns of their own mind, and how, from the pure, and the calm, and the soothing, we frequently rush at once to the dark, the irritating, the harrowing, will not be surprised if his abstractions were of a character totally different from those which had immediately preceded them. In glancing at the back of the head-stone, he saw some but half-effaced traces of the graceful, the never-to-be-mistaken, ancient Greek chisel. He looked closer—he traced the outline of some exquisite female figures, that seemed to have formed a procession—he traced the emblematic extinguished torch, and the touching type of our immortality, a butterfly rising from its dull chrysalis coil; and he knew that same fair marble had once adorned another tomb than that of the Turkish effendi. But what was there? On one corner of the stone, defaced more carefully than the Pagan symbols, was the Christian cross and the mystic fish; and in examining these more closely, he observed that

they, with the commencing letters of an epitaph, had been cut over part of the more ancient classic work. 'And cannot even the solemnity of the grave,' mused the sad humourist, 'inspire the virtue of honesty, and respect for the ashes of the dead? What have we here but a repeated sacrilege—a double robbery? The Christian desecrates the Pagan's tomb—the Turk the Christian's, and effaces as equally obnoxious, the work of both, to make room for his own epitaph, which he fondly hopes will be respected and enduring! Who, then, need care where his ashes repose; or flatter himself—unless they be given at once to the elements, through the agency of fire, or cast into the remote and fathomless sea—that his remains will be undisturbed by man! Anon, the Muscovites may be masters of proud Stamboul, and the Turks—the Turks, who have never dug a stone, nor worked in the marble quarry, since their establishment in the fallen regions of architecture and sculpture, but have mutilated ancient art, and raised their motley structures with the exquisite fragments of my ancestors' skill, may see these cherished tombs (portions of their abused spoil) torn from the grave and the cypress grove, to build stables and barracks for the ghiaours! Let me be gone! the beauty of death and the repose of the grave, must be sought for in other objects and connexions than these, which, beautiful and impressive as they are, partake of the nature of every thing on earth, and afford no 'lasting delight.'

A travelling Resource.—"A Catholic Armenian, a clever, good-tempered fellow, who had known better days, thus described to me an ingenious contrivance by which he avoided the inconvenience of being attacked at Ortakeui, *à ne pas*—he said, 'I have a table with four legs on it; on it I lay my mattress, and my bed is made; on the floor; I am thus secure from the attacks of the ghiaours; they can't very well cross the water. And you escape their invasion?' 'Yes; all but that of a few bugs that may drop from the rafters and ceilings of the old house!'"

A lady going to seek a wife for her son, gives occasion to the following list of Turkish feminine accomplishments: "The large saloon into which the company was ushered by the hostess was empty, but presently a banging-to of doors, and a shuffling of papooshes were heard, and the nine unmarried daughters of the house came running in, one after the other, as if in a race. Once within the room, however, they became as meek and decorous as need be, and approached, like whirling dervishes about to begin their holy waltz, 'with measured steps and slow,' and with their arms crossed on their bosoms, to kiss the hand of the visitor who had come to choose a daughter-in-law among them. 'There they are, by the blessing of the Virgin! and all to be married,' said the mother; and then, as they passed before the low divan, one by one dropping their lips on the hands of her who had brought a husband for one of them into the world, she repeated the name and quality of each, in much the style and form that a horse-jockey or a 'guinea-man' would use in shewing-up a stud to a purchaser. There was certainly a variety—from mature nine-and-twenty to girlish thirteen, and the variety was marked in other things than age. One possessed in an eminent degree the accomplishment of embroidering tobacco-pouches; another was distinguished as a cook and a maker of sweetmeats; another made sherbets equal

to any that were ever drunk in the seraglio; one was the soul of economy, for she could house a whole day for a rubieh less than any body else; another was the soul of taste, for she could paint doves and roses on Kalemkiars, and sing psalms and Turkish songs to the accompaniment of some old Armenian pipers—very great performers, the attraction of the Tekke at Perá."

We must select one or two of the very curious remarks and descriptions of customs scattered over these volumes:—

Houris' Complexions.—"Apropos of houris, I never have heard or seen any remark made on the odd properties of colour Mahomet gives to the bodies of these eternal virgins. 'Some of them,' says he, 'are white, some rose, the third are yellow, the fourth are green.' Imagine a mistress with a pea-green complexion!

Laughing Turks!—"A friend—a gentleman who loves a laugh himself, and has as fine a perception of the droll and the witty as any man I ever knew, tells a good story about Turks laughing. He was at the town of the Dardanelles with another English traveller: while loitering about, he all at once missed his English servant, a humorous creature, worthy of such a master. After some search, H— was found in the bazars, dancing a minuet with a tall tame pelican: noways disconcerted at their approach, he finished his dance, and then with a ball-room bow, he took his partner by the wing, and, with a mincing gait, led her to take refreshments at a neighbouring kibaub shop. The solemn Turks almost died of laughter, and the roar that arose from the bazar could be inferior only to that of the Dardanelles battery, when Baron de Tott fired his great gun!"

The Fasular Fountain.—"The water of this fountain is said to possess miraculous qualities; the man who has once drunk it, cannot leave Smyrna without taking with him a wife of the place. A jovial friend of mine, who had drunk of the fatal stream, and left Smyrna and returned, and was likely to leave it again, without the encumbrance alluded to, on being questioned how that should happen, said he believed it was because he never drank it neat—he always mixed brandy with his water!"

We will conclude with the dying Janissary. "He recognised in the disfigured, fallen form of the gigantic Janissary, a certain Noured-Aghâ, whom he had known in former times, and whose herculean proportions, beautiful manly face, and thick black beard, had frequently excited the stripling's involuntary admiration and envy. But there he lay in the dust; his voice of thunder softened to a moan, and his almost super-human strength with scarce remains enough to raise his bare and muscular arm to motion to his friends that they should leave him. Some of those desperate fellows, casting a farewell glance at their chief, went on their way—but a certain affection—or respect, or awe, which the gigantic man imposed to the last on their barbarous minds, retained a few round the person of their chief, and after a long shuddering, as he seemed somewhat to revive, they proposed that he should rise from the ground, and they would carry him on, in their arms. 'It is of no avail, my friends,' said Noured, opening his eyes, which were glazed and ghastly, 'my hour is come—I hear the angel of death rustling his black wings over my burning head!' 'Man knows not his destiny until it is accomplished; and while breath remains, there is hope that Azrael has not received his warrant. Noured-Aghâ was in as bad a state as this when he was

dragged from the hoofs of the Muscove cavalry, in the plain before Shumla, and yet Noured has lived twelve years since then.' The dying man raised his head, and, after a tremendous effort, and a horrible rattling in his throat, he replied with a hoarse voice to his friends:—'Hark ye! twelve years ago my arm was broken by a Muscove bullet—the grape-shot, that fell thick as hail, wounded me in trunk and limb—a ghiaour's bayonet threw me to the earth, and a troop of horse charged over me as I lay! But twelve years ago I was the father of two bold boys—I had friends, I had hopes—but now!—Have I not seen this morning my sons in manhood's pride—my brother—the friends that gathered under my roof, fall one by one by my side? * * * * * Have we not seen ourselves deserted and betrayed, and does not triumphant treachery and revenge proclaim that our order—the glorious and the ancient—the order of Hadji-Bektaşh, is for ever annihilated, and a price set upon each of our heads? * * * * * The horror depicted on the countenances of his wild-looking followers, was immeasurably increased. Before they went on their way, and left his body to the wolves, to the dogs hungry as they, and to the birds of prey, they each cut off a small piece of his dress—and one, a nearer friend, perhaps, than the rest, detached a stripe of leather fastened round the upper part of his colossal arm by a buckle, containing the treasured passage from the Khoran—the amulet which was to preserve its wearer from evil eyes and evil fortunes. These sentimentalities, however, did not prevent them from securing his purse—his bright English watch in its shagreen case, his silver-sheathed yatagan, and richly-set pistols."

We must again repeat, that we think Mr. Mac Farlane the perfection of travellers:—animated, intelligent, and picturesque, he merits the destiny of the Wandering Jew; the existence of that gentleman being, however, in our minds, entirely disproved by the fact of his never having published any of his reminiscences.

There is a most interesting historical summary of the early history of the Armenians, which adds greatly to the value of these interesting volumes.

The Diary and Correspondence of Philip Doddridge, D.D. Vol. III. 8vo. pp. 560. London, 1830. Colburn.

ON the appearance of the two preceding volumes of this publication we went at considerable length both into remark and extract, in order to illustrate a work curious for its fresh portraiture of a celebrated individual, and still more so, from its withdrawing the curtain and exposing the recesses of the religious body to which he belonged. It is therefore unnecessary for us to go over the same ground again;—to point out how very like the influence of confessors in the Romish church is that possessed by pastors of other denominations; how *indury* and warm the worthy Dr. was in his love affairs; how much the unction of strong feelings also pervaded his religious life; and how genuine a picture these memoirs presented of human nature acting under the impressions which constitute the numerous class of our fellow-citizens familiarly known by the appellation of "serious people." The third volume resembles its precursors—in his private character exhibiting Doddridge as a most uxorious husband; in his public duties as a sensible, upright, and really good man; in both, without cant or hypocrisy. Having settled at Northampton, and being refused by his great *flame*, Miss Jennings, (who

afterwards became the progenitrix of the able and excellent family of the Aikins,) it was not within the scope of his ardent temperament to be without a "mistress" to court; and his correspondence on quitting the lady alluded to, and addressing himself, as Fidelio, to Miss Maris (under the fond *sobriquet* of Cordelia), whom he shortly married, is a very entertaining sample of the man, and of the style and manners of his time. We quote a letter

"To Miss Maris.

Oct. 2d, 1830.

"Dearest madam,—My absence from Northampton at the beginning of the week prevented my indulging myself in the pleasure of writing to you sooner; yet though I have been absent from home, I have hardly in thought been absent from you. You know, madam, the sincerity of my temper; and perhaps among all your lovers, which, young as you are, I doubt not have been many, you never had one that treated you with less ceremony. But what I want in form I make up in the affection which dictates my words, and will dictate my letter. In the honesty of my heart, I must tell you that I am surprised at the impression my last visit has made upon me. It was, *en vérité*, so great, that if every future visit is to do as much, till I see you once for all, it will be my wisdom to see you as seldom as possible. I regarded you before with respect as an agreeable stranger, and in a few hours you have made yourself more to me than my most intimate friends; and often when surrounded with them, I languish, because I am not with you. And yet, madam, I have not been insensible to the charms of your sex—but there is now a magic force which amazes me; for you have made a greater advance upon my heart in a few hours, than I intended to have allowed you in as many weeks; indeed, you have possessed yourself of so much room in it, that unless you will consent to be a tenant for life, our parting will be exceedingly troublesome, and it will be a good while before I shall get it into good repair again. If it were possible for a pretty lady to be troublesome, you would certainly be so; and with all my fond prejudices in your favour, I must profess that I have some cause to complain. It is natural enough that your dear idea should pursue me to the study and the chamber; but why must I think of you in public, and imagine there is something that resembles you in every agreeable woman I see, while I am proud to think that the resemblance is but faint? My predictions are accomplished sooner than I expected, and I already find so much of my happiness centered in your arms, that I believe you will find it a very hard matter to keep me out of them. It is impossible for me not to wish that you, madam, might feel some answerable warmth of passion; but as it is not to be imagined, so I dare not say that upon the whole it is to be desired. For really I think that, in an affair of such importance, it would be best that one of us at least should have some exercise of reason. I have sometimes my lucid intervals, especially this cold morning, and then I can hardly persuade myself that such a masterpiece of nature, so gaily adorned without, and so richly furnished within, was ever intended for my possession, though I believe few would more thankfully receive it, or use it with greater tenderness and respect. Yet, in the midst of so much uncertainty, I am sensible it is dangerous to dote upon it too much; and therefore, madam, I have taken up a hearty resolution of applying to my business as closely

as possible, and will try if it be not a practicable thing to live awhile without thinking of you. And because I find a peculiar pleasure in writing to you, and am soothing my passion while attempting to express it, I am resolved immediately to deny myself that gratification; and though I have a whole page before me, which I could easily fill out of the abundance of my heart, I am determined to break off without any further attempt to describe the zeal and respect with which I am, dearest creature, your most faithful, affectionate, and humble servant,

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

"P.S. I hope, madam, you will not be displeased with what you have read, as not being doleful enough to express the gloom of a broken heart. The fact is, that I never despair but in the last extremity; and persuade myself you have too much goodness to delight in human sacrifices. Let us, I entreat you, see whether it be not possible to spend our lives together without ever giving each other one uneasy thought."

But the Doctor's poetry between two fair dames—Miss Catherine Freeman, who had jilted him, and the new object of his idolatry, Miss Maris, who had received him favourably, is perhaps the most amusing exhibition we can select: it is called

"The Heron.

A pampered Heron, of lofty mien in state,
Did strut along upon a river's brink;
Charmed with her own majestic air and gait,
She'd scarce vouchsafe to bow her neck for drink!
The glorious planet that revives the earth
Shone with full lustre on the crystal streams,
Which made the wanton fishes, in their mirth,
Roll to the shore, to bask in his bright beams.
Our Heron might now have taken Pike or Carp,
They seemed to court her by their near access:
But then, forsooth, her stomach not being sharp,
She passed them by, and slighted their address;
'Tis not,' said she, 'as yet my hour to eat:
My stomach's nice—I must have better meat.'
So they went off, and Tench themselves present;
'This sorry fish to affront me sure was sent,'
Cried she, and tossed her beak in high disdain!—
'I ne'er can like a Tench,'—and tossed her beak again!
They passed away, as Pike and Carp had done,
Poor humble Gudgeons then in shoals came on.
And now our Heron began to think of meat,
A handsome Carp she could vouchsafe to eat,
Or taste a Tench, provided it were neat.
She looked about, and only Gudgeons found.
'I hate that nasty fish,' said she, and frowned—
'Shall I, who Tench, and Pike, and Carp refused,
Be thus, by every little fish abused!—
A Heron eat Gudgeons!—No, it shan't be said
That I to such poor diet have been bred:
One of my birth eat Gudgeons!—No, thank fate,
My stomach's not so sharply set!'
Then from them straight she turned in scornful rage;
But quickly after felt her stomach's edge;
Swift to the shore she went, in hopes of one;
But when she came the Gudgeons too were gone.
With hunger pressed she sought about for food,
But could not find one tenant of the flood.
At length a SNAIL, upon the bank, she spied;
Welcome, delicious Bait! rejoiced she cried,
And gorged that nauseous thing, for all her pride!"

On the 22d of December, 1730, the Doctor was made happy in Miss Maris; and their affections appear to have flourished with undiminished vigour throughout their long and exemplary union. The following piece of pleasantry may be instanced to shew how much the author of the *Family Expositor* indulged in innocent mirth among his higher pursuits: it is a letter presumed to be written by his first child, a baby just born.

"From my little Girl to my Sister.

"Honoured madam,—I am but a little girl, and so I shall write you but a little letter. However, I could not forbear paying my re-

* It will be observed that Catharine was then married; but of what order in society the *snail* may be considered an emblem, will be best left to the ingenuity of the reader.

spects to you, for I have heard my papa and mamma talk of you a great many times. They tell me you are very good, and then I am sure you will be very fond of me, and for that reason I heartily wish you were here, for I am sure I have need enough of your assistance. I am but a new comer into your world; and though I have not lived quite six weeks in it, I have already met with a great many misfortunes. Experience tells me that, as Menander expresses it, in a fragment preserved by Plutarch, de Tranquillitate Animæ, *ἡ σὺ εὐτυχὴς ἄστυ καὶ βίος*: so that I think Tully was entirely in the right when he said, 'si daret mihi aliquis Deus, ut ab hac ætate repuerassem, et in lunis vagiam, valde recusem.' *Tul. de Sen. mihi.* p. 172. Were I, indeed, to write the whole history of my calamities, it would fill more than a sheet of royal paper. I must only therefore mention those that are fresh in my memory. Even the other night my mamma was so unkind that she would not let me suck any longer than till all the milk was gone, and when I cried and bawled on, my naughty papa lay by and slept, for aught I could find, as soundly as if he had been a bachelor! At length, after much entreaty, the pap was brought to fill up the chink, and then it was so vilely smoked, that I could hardly eat it. I have a thousand things to say, and for that reason am very impatient to learn to talk; and really I thought I had the fairest opportunity in the world to succeed, for Miss Cotton has been here these two days, and now she is going away, to my great grief, semper ego, &c. *Juv.* I could run on a great while, but my papa is just come into his study, and orders me to be taken away, for fear I should spoil his pen: so they have seized me, and are just going to put me into my cradle—but I will stay till I have given my duty to my uncle, my service to Mrs. Nettleton, and kind love to good Mrs. Mary. I am, madam, your most affectionate, though afflicted niece, and obliged humble servant,

"P.S. I hope you will not be surprised at my Latin and Greek quotations; for I assure you that I understand both these languages quite as well as I do my native English!"

At this busy publishing period we refrain from multiplying quotations; and conclude by repeating, that we have been greatly delighted by the contents of these volumes. Some of the details about settlements in various places, and with various congregations, &c., might have been omitted; but there is a raciness in the whole which must cause the work to be a favourite with all who relish truth and character in productions of the sort. We ought farther to observe, that there are many parts of a graver and more instructive description:—death-bed consolations, remarks on education, the discussion of theological questions, notices of eminent literary persons, and other matters, add to the interest with which we peruse these pages.

The Barony. By Miss Anna Maria Porter. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Longman.

We never think of criticising, in the common acceptance of the term, any work of the Misses Porter: they come with so many pleasant memories of long summer mornings past under some tent-like tree; of long winter evenings, when our grand annoyance was, that the lamp would need trimming just in the midst of some interesting part; of old romantic fancies, and gentler, but not less touching excitement,—that even before we open the book, our goodwill is conciliated, and our favour ready. The volumes before us, however, might, well stand

on their own merits, and we are glad to meet Miss Porter on her old ground of historic romance;—the time is that of James II., and the principal characters, as usual, stand out the very beau ideals of fictitious perfection; while the attention is attracted and sustained by a most interesting narrative. In the *Barony* the heroines are particularly well contrasted; and the descriptions are picturesque, even to poetry: a very sweet picture might be painted from the following.

“ Never had a day in May been more beautiful than the one now devoted to pastoral pleasure. The breath of actual summer was in the still, glowing air; and its glittering heralds—innumerable butterflies—were on the wing, amongst the flowers of the verandah, and the bouquets of oleander and Spanish jasmine which ornamented the marble walk under that verdant roof. A little removed from that, and arranged as if growing there in native beds, were rich groups of exquisite exotics, loading the air with sweetness, even to lusciousness, and dazzling the sight by the brilliancy and variety of their colours. Still further on, where the moss-green turf sparkled in the sun, as if inlaid with emeralds, stood a single pink thorn, a scarlet chestnut, or a Siberian crab-tree, covered with their carnation blossoms. Under these, little tents were pitched, or silken awnings stretched, to protect groups of the maskers; or to cover tables, laid out with refreshments, suited in character to the supposed frequenters of tent, canopy, or hut. Seeing a party of hired minstrels advancing towards one of these, Miss Hungerford turned into a close walk, quite embowered with lilac, hastening to gain one of the paths where the dressed walks ended. Winding after winding of the garden, which at length brought her to a small, but very agreeable, her pace was quickened, and she perceived her progress, later than she had anticipated, she got from the shadows of the lilac, and then, looking up, she found herself gazing above her head, meeting the sun in the glance of his diamond bright eyes as he darted across her path, stayed her hasty passage, as if to let herself be tempted into delicious sleep by the lulling hum of insects under these deep shades, and the silvery chirping of grasshoppers through their high grass. In one part, the trees receded and opened out a view of a broad sequestered glade, which, judiciously left to its own silence and beauty, struck Eveleen with that sweet surprise with which we see a lovely landscape for the first time. This green solitude terminated in a beautiful sheet of most transparent water, in which willows, weeping birch, larches, and pendent wild flowers, glassed themselves; and crowding over its extremest point, left it doubtful whether the water were a lakelet or a stream. Miss Hungerford lingered to note the graceful fringes of its miniature banks and promontories, whence her eye ascended to the nobler groves rising behind. There the silver-shafted beech and oak mixed with the dark-channelled stems of acacias and the porphyry-like trunks of many an ancient yew, spared less for its age than for its effect. The sad olive of this venerable tree contrasted admirably with the sunny green of livelier foliage. If the lights in this spring-shade were too spangly, the shadows without sufficient breadth, and the tone of colour not of depth enough to suit a mortal's pencil, the gazer felt that one great hand can give harmonious results to every discord; and she looked long on the picture, therefore, without imagining it in summer or autumnal fulness. Meanwhile,

the cool air from the water seemed blowing back from her sated sense the richer breath of what was called the myrtle garden and the orangerie—a breath which fancy indeed only retained; and she stood now, thinking how much fresher, and purer, and exhilarating, was the clear untinged air of heaven than when cumbered unceasingly by accumulations of scents meant only for our passing regale. A solitary swan, white as the dazzling clouds above her head, was alternately plunging under, and rising from the clear water in the distance. A nymph bathing, in a landscape by Claude Lorraine, naturally followed, in idea, a moment's admiration of this single little object; and as Eveleen stood musing, she felt that Rohesia was beautiful, and might be made a lome of happiness.”

In conclusion, we cannot but commend the beautiful and healthy spirit of that best of morality, the morality grounded on religious feeling, which thoroughly pervades these graceful pages: our only excuse for not illustrating which at much greater length, is the difficulty, amounting to an impossibility, of detaching any accommodable portion from the continuous narrative, to afford an idea of its propriety and attractions. It is sufficient to say, that the work does credit even to the high name it bears.

The Cabinet Cyclopaedia. Vol. VI.; Eminent British Lawyers. By Henry Roscoe, Esq. Barrister-at-Law. London, 1830. Longman and Co.; J. Taylor.

The subject of this volume is most happily chosen; it is one of equal individual attraction and national interest. The lives of our eminent lawyers are an honourable and striking part of our history: usually playing a conspicuous political part, they have in most instances stood forward as defenders of the constitution, as the most upright supporters of the laws under which they acted; and their general incorruptibility is a noble picture of public virtue. Their private lives are peculiarly attractive and encouraging to an Englishman, shewing how talent and perseverance make their own way; for not one of these eminent individuals but could look back and say, “ This height of fame and fortune is of my own raising.” These memoirs reflect great credit on Mr. Roscoe: we prophesy well of his success at the bar, if he attends to his briefs as he has done to his biographies, where he has evidently spared neither pains nor trouble. Perhaps, in a literary point of view, his industry is even too conspicuous, and might have afforded room for more reflection, more discussion, more analysis of motive, and more of original matter. Had we not liked so much what he has done, we had not made these remarks; but the truth and neatness of the following observations on Sir S. Romilly will justify our wishing that he had contented himself less with mere extract.

“ Amongst all the qualities which combine to form a great and powerful character, there is none more strikingly excellent than that constancy of purpose which, through difficulties and defeats, still presses onward to its object. The mind inspired and strengthened by this lofty principle regards every obstacle that would turn it from its settled purpose, not only without dismay, but with exultation, as conferring additional honour upon the struggle which it is so well prepared to sustain. Maturely weighing the means which it possesses for the accomplishment of its great designs, it finds in the strength of its own unswerving

resolution the confidence and the promise of success. The misfortunes, the failures, which would deter weaker minds, are turned into instruments of power; and, as difficulties multiply around, they but unite more firmly the energies before which they are destined at length to yield. A man of the most ordinary powers, animated by this principle, will perform a giant's labours; while without it the noblest intellect may expend itself in the triflings of a dwarf. Throughout the whole of his life, Sir Samuel Romilly was remarkable for the earnest perseverance with which he applied himself to the accomplishment of his designs. In the various attempts which he made to improve the criminal code, his resolution was frequently put to the severest test. Opposition, neglect, ridicule, and reproach, conspired to deter him from his great and excellent purposes; but never, for a moment, made an impression upon his firm and resolute mind.”

We must also, as a proof of the writer's abilities, give his picture of an English mob.

“ With a confidence in their power which their successes gave them, the rioters did not hesitate to announce publicly the particular mansions which they had devoted to destruction, amongst which was that of Lord Mansfield in Bloomsbury Square. His lordship, being aware of the intended attack, despatched a messenger to Sir John Hawkins, the magistrate, requesting his immediate attendance. Sir John, accompanied by a number of constables, proceeded without delay to Bloomsbury Square, where he found Lord Mansfield in a state of great agitation. The Archbishop of York, who resided in one of the adjoining houses, was present, and appeared to be more collected. By the advice of Sir John Hawkins, a detachment of military was sent for, who soon afterwards arrived. A consultation was then held as to the position in which the guards should be placed, when Lord Mansfield, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Hawkins, insisted that they should be stationed in the vestry of St. George's church. The commanding officer endeavoured, in vain, to dissuade him from suffering the troops to leave the house; but his lordship was peremptory, and the guards were marched to their station. The mob soon afterwards arrived, and in an inconceivably short space of time the walls of the house alone remained standing. The whole of the library of printed books and MSS., the private papers, the pictures, furniture, and other valuable effects, were all consumed. In order to shew how disinterested was their enthusiasm, a large silver tankard, containing a considerable sum in guineas, was thrown into the blaze. Sir Nathaniel Wrazall, who was an eye-witness of the conflagration, has left the following account of it:—‘ I was personally present at many of the most tremendous effects of the popular fury on the memorable 7th of June, the night on which it attained its highest point. About nine o'clock on that evening, accompanied by three other gentlemen, who, as well as myself, were alarmed at the accounts brought in every moment of the outrages committed, and of the still greater acts of violence meditated, as soon as darkness should favour and facilitate their further progress, we set out from Portland Place, in order to view the scene. Having got into a hackney coach, we drove to Bloomsbury Square, attracted to that spot by a rumour generally spread, that Lord Mansfield's residence, situate at the north-east corner, was either already burnt or destined for destruction. *Hart Street and Great Russell*

Street presented each to the view, as we passed, large fires, composed of furniture taken from the houses of magistrates or other obnoxious individuals. Quitting the coach, we crossed the square, and had scarcely got under the wall of Bedford House, when we heard the door of Lord Mansfield's house burst open with violence. In a few minutes, all the contents of the apartments, being precipitated from the windows, were piled up, and wrapt in flames. A file of foot soldiers arriving, drew up near the blazing pile; but without either attempting to quench the fire, or to impede the mob, who were, indeed, far too numerous to admit of their being dispersed, or even intimidated, by a small detachment of infantry. The populace remained masters; while we, after surveying the spectacle for a short time, moved on into Holborn, where Mr. Langdale's dwelling-house and warehouses afforded a more appalling picture of devastation. They were altogether enveloped in smoke and flame. In front had assembled an immense multitude of both sexes, many of whom were females, and not a few held infants in their arms. All appeared to be, like ourselves, attracted as spectators solely by curiosity, without taking any part in the acts of violence. The kennel of the street ran down with spirituous liquors, and numbers of the populace were already intoxicated with this beverage. So little disposition, however, did they manifest to riot or pillage, that it would have been difficult to conceive who were the authors and perpetrators of such enormous mischief, if we had not distinctly seen at the windows of the house men, who, while the floors and rooms were on fire, calmly tore down the furniture, and threw it into the street, or tossed it into the flames."

Our Village. By Mary Russel Mitford. Fourth Series. 8vo. pp. 345. London, 1830. Whittaker and Co.

WE welcome Miss Mitford as we would welcome the golden rain-fall of the laburnum; the opening of the thousand small flowers that form the fragrant cluster of the lilac; the first gooseberry tart, that happiest union of sweet and sour; or, as we would welcome violets, cream cheese, &c.;—in short, we give her the same welcome as we would to all the sweet signs that tell of present spring and coming summer. This little volume is the fourth of a very delightful series; and it has all the arch humour, the exquisite bits of landscape, the light but true touches of character, that made its predecessors so popular. Yet, as most of the sketches in these pages have already received the tribute of praise and liking, it were but repetition to transfer what is so well known to our columns.

First Love. 3 vols. London, 1830. Saunders and Otley.

WE cannot say much in favour of this novel: the story belongs to the old school of intricate improbabilities, and the characters are as common as ever circulated. We ought to be obliged by the author's information, that all the mottoes to the chapters are taken from his MS. works; but for that, we had believed the "castles, moonlight, heroes, and shields," to have been scraps of Ossian, set in blank verse.

Description of the Petrisseur, or Mechanical Bread-Maker. W. Foat.

THIS is a translation from the French, and describes "a patent apparatus, invented by Memsr. Cavalier, Brother, and Co., of Paris,

for the much-desired and invaluable purpose of making bread, without the disgusting, tedious, defective, and expensive agency of hands and feet labour." It is impossible for us to give an idea of this machine in a few lines, or without the aid of an explanatory plate. We must therefore refer our readers to the pamphlet itself, and to a small model of the machine, which, it is stated, will soon be deposited in the National Repository in the King's Mews. There are certainly few purposes to which machinery could be applied with greater advantage than to the more cheap, expeditious, cleanly, and perfect preparation of an article which, in all civilised countries, forms so large a portion of the food of man as bread.

The Athenæum; an Original Literary Miscellany. Edited by Students in the University of Glasgow. 12mo. pp. 242. 1830. Robertson and Atkinson, Glasgow; Constable and Co., Edinburgh; and Hurst, Chance, and Co., London.

THIS is a various and entertaining little volume, and does its coterie of young authors much credit. All we dislike is the title;—there is a classical affectation in it, very pardonable, however, in the production of a university; though we see no appropriateness in the word "Athenæum" as applied to a collection of modern tales, poetry, and criticism. We extract, as a specimen, the following very sweet little poem:—

"Lines written in a Young Lady's Prayer-book.

I ask thee not in that calm hour
When thou dost ope this holy tome,
To own that I had e'er the power
To call thy wandering fancies home;
Nor would I wish thee to forget,
Even when all thoughts of earth grow dim,
The tones that thrilled when first we met—
Deep as devotion's holiest hymn!
It is enough—enough for me—
To think that when thy knee is bent,
Thine eye perchance may turn and see
These traces of a sad content:
For since 'twere almost heaven to kneel
Then, like thee, meekly, at thy side,
It is a bliss, even thus I feel,
To be with thoughts of it allied! T. A."

Clara Gazul; or, Honi soit qui Mal y pense. 3 vols. 1830. Printed for and published by the Author.

THE production of a female who, under the name of Harriette Wilson, obtained much notoriety by the publication of some indecent Memoirs: as a literary composition it is contemptible; and, without violating the laws of decorum so openly as its predecessor, it contains much that is objectionable and offensive to good taste.

Memoirs of a Gentlewoman of the Old School. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

TRULY the productions of an elderly lady,—gossippings of some fifty years ago, to which affection might listen in a family circle, but little likely to attract the public.

Weeds and Wild Flowers. By the late Alexander Balfour, author of "Campbell, or the Scottish Probationer," &c. *With a Memoir of the Author.* pp. 280. 1830. D. Lizars, Edinburgh; Whittaker, London; W. Curry, Dublin.

THIS volume must be a gratifying memento to Mr. Balfour's friends: he was an amiable and intelligent man, whose struggles and progress are depicted in the interesting Memoir prefixed to these pages.

The Fugitives; or, a Trip to Canada. By Edward Lane. 12mo. pp. 328. London, 1830. E. Wilson.

OF most questionable morality, with the coarsest possible language, and an ill-arranged story, we can only wonder how the work ever came to be written or published.

Fiction without Romance; or, the Locket-Watch. By Mrs. Maria Pollack. 2 vols. Printed for the Author. London, 1830. Wilson.

EVIDENTLY the production of one anxious to benefit by the inculcation of excellent principles,—the leisure hours of many of our young readers may be much worse employed than in the perusal of these well-meaning pages.

Perkin Warbeck; or, the Court of James IV. of Scotland. By Alexander Campbell. 3 vols. London, 1830. Newman and Co.

THE fortunes of that enterprising adventurer, particularly his stay in Scotland, afford a variety of incident to our author, who also gives some picturesque descriptions of those olden times.

British Domestic Animals. Edinburgh.

THIS is a work published under the patronage of several members of the Highland Society of Scotland, describing the breeds of the different domestic animals of that country, with plates, engraved by Lizars, from portraits painted from life by Howe. Part the First relates to "Horses, selected for strength, speed, and other properties, with an account of their pedigree, services, age, &c.;" and Part the Second to "Cattle, selected from different districts of Scotland, as specimens of the various improved breeds; with remarks from practical farmers and men of science." It is evident that, to the agriculturist especially, a work of this character, exhibiting the improvement in the breeds of various domestic animals, and explaining the causes of those improvements, must, if well executed, be highly interesting and advantageous; and, in our opinion, the publication before us, with reference both to the text and to the illustrations, does great credit to those by whom its various departments have been undertaken. One of the most picturesque and characteristic plates is a portrait of "Duncan," a celebrated Orkney or North Island horse, about twelve hands high, the property of the Right Hon. Charles Hope, lord president of the Court of Session. Duncan is now thirty-three years old, and is, of course, enjoying the *otium cum dignitate*; but in his youthful days "he was an uncommonly fast trotter, and remarkably safe. His lordship's four sons all rode him in succession; and within these five or six years he carried one of them to Ardgower, a distance of nearly one hundred and forty miles, in less than three days. Duncan's performances were not altogether confined to the road; in his more vigorous days he frequently made his appearance in the field with the East Lothian fox-hounds, carrying his youthful riders with great spirit. It is a curious trait of sagacity, that he seemed to know exactly his own duties; none more ready than Duncan to receive a feather-weight, but woe betide the full-grown wight who ventured into the saddle! he would immediately squat, *à la kangaroo*, in such a manner as to defy the most accomplished horseman to keep his seat." The plates and descriptions of "Bounty," a hunting mare, "Meg," a draught mare, and "Canteen," a thoroughbred racer; as well as of a "Fifeshire Bull,"

"Tees-water and Fife Cows," "an Ayrshire Bull," and "Ayrshire Cows," all convey most valuable information. The Second Part closes with some "Interesting Observations on the Origin of Domestic Cattle, by James Wilson, Esq., F.R.S.E., &c."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, May 4.

A NEW historical novel, in two volumes, has just made its appearance here, under the title of *les Mauvais Garçons*. It displays an animated, and, according to the French critics, a faithful picture of Paris during the captivity of Francis I. in 1525. At that time the metropolis of the *grande nation* was infested by a tribe of nondescript adventurers, broken gamblers, cut-purses, beggars, students, Bohemians, and other marauders, known under the general and characteristic appellation of *mauvais garçons*. The archers of the watch, like modern Charlies, frequently participated in the depredations of these midnight plunderers, whose war-cry was, *Vive Bourgogne! à sac! à sac!* Such are the data which have furnished the materials of a work possessing much local interest, and some dramatic sketches.

The *dilettanti* will scarcely credit the fact, that Mademoiselle Sontag has been—in what vocabulary shall I find a phrase to soften the appalling intelligence?—that Mlle. Sontag has been absolutely hissed at Berlin. Such, however, is the dismal truth. After a series of successful appearances in the characters of *Desdemona*, *Rosina*, and *Edile*, in the comic opera of *Jacoupe*; the divine Sontag was hissed in the part of *Anna*, in Mozart's *Don Juan*. And this, too, from a Berlin audience! *Uresco puerilis!* The *mauvais garçons* have come to the rescue, and have been obliged to have recourse to the aid of the public. The *dilettanti* have been obliged to convene, and to discuss the propriety of the hissing, and the propriety of the hissing in the second instance was decided by the recollection of the cruel affront, that she again fainted. Another prima donna, who happened to be in the theatre, "quite by accident, as a body might say," was obliged to finish the part.

"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?"

The concert season is fast approaching towards its close. The Parisian *dilettanti*, unlike their more tonish London brethren, are not sufficiently advanced in civilisation to protrude their winter into the dust of June or July, and in a few weeks the *roulades* of our drawing-room nightingales will be abandoned for the song, *au naturel*, of the lark and the linnet.

Paganini is still at Frankfort, where he continues to give public concerts. His last took place on the 11th ult. A superb medal of Beethoven is now on sale in Paris. On one side is the head of the celebrated composer, with the words "Louis von Beethoven?" on the other, a lyre surrounded by the following inscription—"Né le 27 Decembre, 1770, à Bonn; mort le 26 Mars, 1827."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

DR. EDMUND CLARK gave the conclusion of his remarks on the ascent of Mont Blanc. Having recapitulated the outlines of his previous lecture, as noticed in a former No. of the *Literary Gazette*, he proceeded to lay before the meeting samples of all the rocks occurring in the ascent. The specimens from the

Roche Rouge and Les Derniers Rochers, had all the general appearance of granite; but it seems that accurate examination has confirmed the doubts of De Saussure, and that which appears to be mica is found to be talc. This fact gave rise to several unexpected and curious conjectures as to the antiquity of these granitic rocks. M. Brochant, in a learned dissertation on the subject, has come to the conclusion, that there is no true granite in the Mont Blanc; and that its rocks are less ancient than the real granite formation. The junction of the real micaceous granite with the talcose rock, has not yet been carefully examined; and it is one of those geological observations of great interest, which may throw additional light on our views of the formation of granite. Some very interesting specimens of granite veins from Cornwall were laid on the table; but it still remains to be shewn how the granite peaks assumed their present imposing appearance: whether the surrounding rocks have been washed away, which is a hard speculation; or whether the granitic peaks have been thrown up in their present form alone, and so the mass has lost its fluidity before reaching the surface; or lastly, whether we have yet accumulated a sufficiently accurate knowledge of the facts, to admit of generalising with any great probability of success. The appearance of vitrified portions of hornblende, on the exterior of another specimen from the rock above the Alléc Blanche, unquestionably indicates the effect of lightning. A small portion of the same rock, melted by the blow-pipe, was produced; and it was mentioned, that a powerful shock of an electric battery had been found to form little vitreous globules in the same way. The doctor, in this lecture, made many remarks on the distance at which Mont Blanc can be seen; and, by undeniable testimony, it appears that at Lagnes the mountain is occasionally visible. The sweep of country taken in by a circle having this radius, was shewn, and it appears that the distance in a straight line is about as great as from London to Rouen on one side, to Exeter on another, to Hull northwards, and to the mouth of the Scheldt on the east; of course this does not prove that these points could be seen, unless as much elevated as Lagnes itself, which stands on a hill.

In describing the descent, Dr. Clark appeared to think the descriptions given rather too formidable; and, in alluding to the importance of accuracy and truth, spoke very highly of Mr. Brockedon's views of the Alpine passes, and exhibited a very pleasing view of Mont Blanc from Lyons, by this accomplished artist. The results of barometrical calculations of the altitude of Mont Blanc were given by the four common methods of Robinson, De Luc, Sir G. Shuckburgh, and Dr. Hutton; and also by the more elaborate methods of Professor Littrow and Mr. Bailey; and the mean of these calculations was found to correspond very nearly with the trigonometrical height as given by Baron Zach in his *Correspondance Astronomique*, &c.

Various specimens of the rocks of the Grand Mulet were placed on the table, with a collection of the plants found in these celebrated regions. The *phyteuma hemisphericum* appears to grow on the very loftiest spots: a pretty little specimen of it in flower was brought down from the Grand Mulet rocks on the 27th of August, 1825. The meeting was well attended, and the lecture excited the most lively attention.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

DR. ROBERTS in the chair.—The paper which Dr. Francis Hawkins read at this assembly consisted of "Observations on the blood," by Dr. Stevens, of the West Indies. In the malignant fevers of that climate, Dr. Stevens had observed that the blood appeared to be changed in many respects from that of health; and the changes which it had undergone were, in his opinion, principally these:—it was more fluid than natural; its colour was blackened; and the saline matter which it contained was considerably lessened in its quantity. These observations induced him to perform certain experiments upon the blood, from which he conceives that the following results may be deduced:—

1st. That the acids, in general, when mixed with the blood, give it a dark colour; 2d, that the pure alkalis have a similar effect, although not in the same degree; 3d, that the neutral salts, on the contrary, give it a bright arterial colour, as likewise those salts which contain a slight excess of alkali; 4th, that the same re-agents are capable also of restoring the colour of the dark blood which is taken from the bodies of those who have died of the yellow fever. Dr. Stevens hence concludes, that the loss of saline matter is the chief cause of the changes which the blood undergoes in fever; and he affirms that these changes may be prevented by giving saline medicines,—a practice which he says he has himself pursued in the West Indies with the happiest effect: the mortality of the yellow fever being thereby greatly diminished. It is his opinion, that far too little attention has of late been paid to the state of the fluids in fever.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The anniversary meeting of this Society took place on Saturday last; Mr. Knight, the President, in the chair.—A report, or more properly, perhaps, a series of observations from the council, was read to the meeting: from this document it appeared that economy was now to be the standing order; it also stated several improvements that were to take place: some of these are so apparent, that it is surprising the Society should have gone on so long, without one or other of the numerous fellows pointing them out: *ex. gr.*; the shrubs and curious flowers in the garden are to be "ticketed" with their respective names, to do away with the attendance (and of course expense also) of the bores who heretofore acted as *cicerones*. Mr. Stapleton raised some objection to Mr. Lindley's salary: he thought it was too large, and Mr. Lindley too clever. Council for the year was next chosen; connected with which, the only circumstance worth mentioning is, that a Mr. Bentham was called to Mr. Sabine's quondam situation. Another meeting took place during the week, at which Mr. Stapleton resumed his discussion regarding Mr. Lindley's salary; but it came to nothing: the President remarked, that if these discussions were to be carried on, he should leave the chair! Mr. Stapleton immediately replied, that he then would move for a dissolution of the Society, and payment of its debts by subscription. Ultimately it was arranged, that discussions relating to the Society's financial matters should only be allowed after the regular business of the meeting.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE anniversary meeting of this thriving Society was held on Monday last; the Duke of

Somerset in the chair. Our limits preclude the possibility of minutely entering into the details of the very satisfactory reports which were read to the members: suffice to say, that the proceeds of last year were more than those of any previous season; that the treaty for ground, which had been carried on between the Commissioners of Woods and Forests and the Society has terminated in favour of the latter; that the land of the Kingston farm, though poor for agricultural purposes, is well adapted to the objects of the Society, viz. the breeding and rearing of rare beasts, birds, and fishes, of which some have already begun to breed, and others are soon expected from foreign parts for the same purposes. The report also eulogised Mr. Sabine, and stated that he was to resign the treasurership. A ballot for officers was postponed till Thursday, in consequence of much confusion having arisen by the tardy arrival of the balloting lists.

At the meeting on Thursday, Lord Auckland took the chair; and there were present, Earls Winchelsea, Darnley, Essex, Caernarvon, and several others of the nobility. A noble lord gave notice that at the next meeting he should move that the composition monies of fellows be in future reserved; the interest only to be applied to the liquidation of the Society's expense. Council and officers for the year were then chosen.

GEOGRAPHY: NEW SOCIETY.

WE are very glad to have received the prospectus of a plan for forming a London Geographical Society, which we have long considered to be a great desideratum among our learned and useful national institutions. The Geographical Society of Paris has contributed, and is constantly contributing, much valuable information to the world; and assuredly this maritime country, with colonies in every quarter of the earth, the most enterprising seamen, and the most zealous travellers, ought not to be in the rear, where it has the means of being at the head of such interesting inquiries. The prospectus for the establishment of the London Geographical Institution, after remarking on the paramount consequence of geographical science, and the want of any encouragement to its cultivation in England (of all the countries in the world!!); and after describing the progress and beneficial results of the Parisian association during the nine years of its existence, goes on to propose the formation of a similar society in London, whose object shall be to collect and register all the useful facts comprehended under the two great divisions of physical and political geography; those of physical geography, including mountains, rivers, soil, climate, distribution of animals, vegetables, minerals, &c.; and those of political geography, comprehending ancient and modern civil divisions of countries; sites of towns, both ancient and modern; nature of government; distribution of languages; roads, canals, manufactures, population, education; the whole statistics of a country, &c. A house or chambers, a library to contain all the best books on geography, with maps, charts, &c.; a correspondence to be formed with similar societies and individuals in different parts of the world; prizes for the determination of particular questions, and inquiries which would extend our knowledge of geographical facts; and the occasional publication, in a small and cheap form, of all the useful results at which the Society arrives, are among the leading features of this plan, of the success of which we cannot entertain a doubt, and to the advancement of

which we shall be happy to contribute by every means in our power,—especially as the idea was originally thrown out and recommended in our columns more than twelve months ago.

NEW COMET.

MR. SOUTH, at his observatory, Kensington, and with his noble five-foot equatorial glass and twenty-foot achromatic, has been diligently watching this celestial stranger, discovered by M. Gambart, at Marseilles, on the 21st ult. in the constellation Pegasus. When found, it was in about $21^{\text{h}} 10^{\text{m}}$ of right ascension, and $8^{\circ} 37'$ N. declination. April 21st, when observed by Mr. South, $15^{\text{h}} 35^{\text{m}}$ sidereal time, it was right ascension $21^{\text{h}} 35^{\text{m}}$, declination, $16^{\circ} 27'$ N. The nucleus was well defined, and the tail distinct. Whether approaching or receding from the earth, has not yet been ascertained; so that we cannot inform our timid and terrified readers whether this is the visitant whose threatened call upon us in 1832 is to excite so strong a sensation.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE President in the chair. — A paper on the occurrence of iodine and brome in mineral springs, by Dr. Daubeny, professor of chemistry in the University of Oxford, was read.

A paper was lately read, "On the progressive improvements made in the efficiency of steam-engines in Cornwall; with investigations of the methods best adapted for imparting great angular velocities," by Davies Gilbert, Esq., of which we give the following abstract.

The practical adaptation of the steam-engine to mechanical purposes is considered by the author as due to Mr. Newcomen, whose inquiries were introduced into Cornwall very early in the last century, and soon superseded the rude machinery which had, till then, been employed for raising water from the mines by the labour of men and of horses. The terms of Mr. Watt's patent in 1769, which secured to him, until the year 1800, the receipts of one third of all the savings in fuel, resulting from the adoption of his improvements in the construction of the engine, rendered it necessary to institute an accurate comparison between the efficiency of his with former engines. A copy of the report drawn up on this occasion, in October 1778, is given in the paper; but as the dynamic unit of one pound, avoirdupois, raised through a height of one foot, by the consumption of one bushel of coal, had not yet been established as the measure of efficiency, the author, proceeding upon the data furnished by that report, calculates that the duty performed by Watt's engine on that occasion was 7,037,800. In the year 1793 an account was taken of the work performed by seventeen engines on Mr. Watt's construction, then working in Cornwall. Their average duty was 19,569,000, which exceeds the performances of the former atmospheric engines in the standard experiment in the proportion of 2.78 to 1. Some years afterwards, disputes having arisen as to the real performance of Mr. Watt's engines, the matter was referred to five arbiters, of whom the author was one; and their report, dated in May 1798, is given, as far as relates to the duties of the engines. The general average of twenty-three engines was 17,671,000. Since that period, so great have been the improvements in the economy of fuel, and other parts of the machinery, that in December 1829, the duty of the best engine, with a cylinder of eighty inches, was 75,628,000,

exceeding the duty performed in 1795 in the proportion of 3.865 to 1, and that of the atmospheric engine of 1778 in the proportion of 10.75 to 1.

The remainder of the paper relates to the friction in machinery, and the different modes of obviating its effects. With a view of reducing the amount of friction, the author is led to consider what are the most proper forms for the teeth and cogs of wheels, and through what intermediate steps a given increase of angular velocity may be most advantageously communicated. Equability of velocity is obtained, though at the expense of some degree of sliding friction, when the outline of the teeth of the wheels are involutes of circles. Friction, on the other hand, is wholly prevented when their form is logarithmic spiral; but the angular velocities will then be variable. Hence these two advantages are incompatible with one another; but, on the whole, the author gives the preference to the involute, which produces an equability of angular motion. The most advantageous mode of increasing velocity by a series of wheels, is to adjust them so that the multiplication of velocity shall proceed in a geometrical progression.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

THE front elevation of this truly national institution, which we have this day the gratification of presenting to our readers, is deserving of admiration for its noble simplicity. It has features of solidity, as well as harmony, about it, which, we cannot doubt, will hereafter prove analogous with the qualities of its scholastic character.

The main building (the front of which faces the west, and is rather more than three hundred feet in length,) will stand upon the same ground level with the Strand. In order to accomplish this, a lofty sub-structure is raising, of which the portion immediately beneath the front shewn in our plan will be appropriated to the purposes of the institution, and contain a series of spacious accommodations for the students of the high school, or *lower department*, as it is called; as well as certain rooms connected with the College, or higher department. Among the former will be one school-room seventy-two feet long and fifty-two feet broad, and another, sixty by rather more than thirty feet; besides convenient class-rooms, refreshment-rooms, offices, &c. These form the basement, above which is the ground floor, where are the various entrances to the higher department, as seen in the annexed plan. This floor will comprise eight lecture-rooms (the largest being about sixty by forty feet); attached to which are as many apartments for the use of the professors—a hall for public examinations, &c. above seventy feet long—a noble public hall of entrance, and an entrance to the lecture-rooms for the students; and, adjoining the southern extremity of the front, but turning immediately westwards and facing the Thames, the ground floor of the principal's residence, the erection of which will complete the eastern wing of Somerset House. The first floor will contain the chapel, of the same dimensions as the hall for examinations, &c.—calculated for the accommodation of nearly one thousand auditors; two excellent lecture-rooms, with private rooms attached; fourteen apartments, of suitable size, for scientific collections, museums, libraries, &c. The second floor is also susceptible of being applied to various purposes, which, so far as we can learn, will not receive any specific appropriation until experi-

ence shall shew in what manner it can be most beneficially applied.

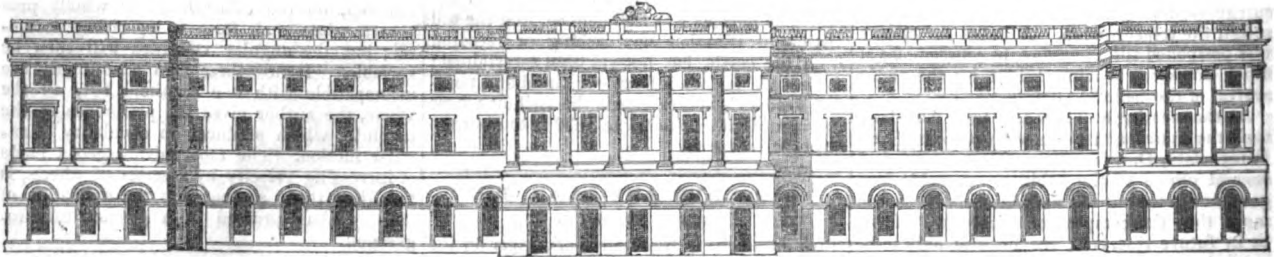
We understand that the halls and rooms for the lower department, on the basement floor, are amply sufficient for the accommodation of between four and five hundred pupils; and that those for the higher department will afford space for the convenient reception of two thousand students. It is confidently calculated, as we gathered from the report read at the annual meeting on the 30th ultimo, that both of these departments will be opened in the autumn of the ensuing year; though hopes are entertained that the high school may be ready at a somewhat earlier period.

As all access from the quadrangle of Somerset House will be closed, a separate entrance to the College will be formed across the site of the two houses recently pulled down, and facing the New Church in the Strand.

In giving the public a correct sketch of the front elevation of the College, we have endeavoured to convey as full information, with respect to its internal arrangements, as we have been enabled to collect from the ground plans and other sources of information. Whether these last shall be completed, to the full extent contemplated, is a question, which, we hope, and feel confident, will be speedily determined by the liberality of our fellow-countrymen; on

every class of whom, from the monarch to the humblest citizen, such an institution as the present possesses claims of no ordinary magnitude, and of no transient importance. May its founders live to reap their reward—"encouraged by the sight of that public benefit which will accrue to all mankind, and chiefly to our nation, by its foundation!"—(Abraham Cowley's proposition for a "Philosophical College" at London. Vide his Works. London, 1669, folio edition, p. 43 of the fourth part.)

Having given this sketch of the plan and arrangements of the building, here follows an engraving of the front elevation —



ORIENTAL TRANSLATION COMMITTEE.

At a recent meeting, a resolution of considerable interest to oriental scholars, and of importance to literature, was agreed to; viz. that a sum, varying from 20 to 100 sovereigns, at the discretion of the committee, be given to any person who can point out a translation in the Arabic, or any other oriental language, of a lost Greek or Latin work, or of a so

delivered at Willis's Rooms, by Dr. Müllersfeldt, professor of German at the London University. We much regretted to find so small an audience; it must have arisen, certainly, from the want of publicity. Our space will not admit of expatiating at large; we must restrict ourselves to a mere notice. The Dr. commenced with requesting (almost unnecessarily) the forbearance of his auditors for the imperfections of his address in the English language, and then took a rapid survey of German poetry, from its infantile state in the northern sagas, to its cycles of romance, and minnesongs, or noble age, when it commenced its alliance with European literature, down to the period of the Reformation, dilating upon the influence that great event had upon its progress, when, for a time, it remained stationary, the whole energies of the human mind being directed to the spiritual masters of soul and salvation, nicely criticising points of doctrine, and investigating the full force of faith. But the warblings of the Muse were still heard, her lyrical effusions took the form of spiritual hymns, upwards of thirty thousand of which are still preserved, as an evident testimony of the religious inspiration or enthusiasm of five hundred poets or poetasters. Germany, as the doctor justly observed, has paid most dearly for the privileges derived from the valiant obstinacy of Luther;—its plains have been incessantly inundated with blood, and its mountains illuminated by the lurid glow of hostile beacons:—yet was the victory worthy of the sacrifice—the human intellect

spurned its fetters, and denounced its oppressors. The greatest benefit that accrued to German polite literature from the Reformation, was the elevation of the high German dialect to the enviable supremacy of being the written language of the empire; and this was effected by Luther's translation of the Bible. This literature, until within the last sixty years, shared the baneful influence of the national political alliances: its tendencies of late have taken a more ennobling direction; it has dared to think for itself, to which it owes the magnificent spectacle it at present displays. We shall have the opportunity of following the doctor into the details of his survey from week to week; and we again strenuously exhort all lovers of German poetry to avail themselves of these lectures.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Of the Exhibition at Somerset House, which opened on Monday last, we are bound to say that, although we do not think it equal to some of its predecessors, and although it contains various flagrant outrages against good sense and good feeling, it still displays so many fine and redeeming examples of genius and talent, as amply to sustain the high character of the British School of Art. Before we proceed particularly to notice any of the works of which it is composed, we beg to make one remark with respect to their arrangement. As far as regards the centres (we speak of the Great Room) nothing can be better; but, in other respects, if there ever was a year in which especial disregard has been shewn to taste and justice, it is the present. Pictures are placed on a level with the eye, which ought never to have been allowed to meet the eye at all; and others are hung above and below, and thrust into holes and corners, whose merits entitled them to a very different description of treatment.

After the first glance round the room, and after we had in some degree recovered from the dazzling and confusing effect of so many vivid colours, and of so much burnished gold, the attractions of the mantel, as in former years, drew us to their examination; and we are happy to add, that we were gratified by that

examination in no common degree. First, from its subject and character, we notice

No. 125. *His Majesty King George the Fourth received by the Nobles and People of Scotland, upon his Entrance to the Palace of Holyrood House, on the 15th of August, 1822.* D. Wilkie, R.A.—It would have been extraordinary if the talents of a Wilkie, operating upon such materials, had not produced a work at least equal in merit to any of his former productions. We cannot describe the composition of this fine performance more perspicuously than in the words of the catalogue.

"In the principal station of the picture is represented the King, accompanied by a page, and the exon of the yeoman of the guard, with horsemen behind, announcing, by sound of trumpet, to all ranks of his expecting subjects, the arrival of the royal visitor to the palace of his ancestors. In front of his Majesty, the Duke of Hamilton, first peer of Scotland, in the plaid of the Earls of Arran, is presenting the keys of the palace, of which he is hereditary keeper. On the right of the King is the Duke of Montrose, lord chamberlain, pointing towards the entrance of the palace, where is stationed the Duke of Argyle, in his family tartan, as hereditary keeper of the household. Behind him is the crown of Robert the Bruce, supported by Sir Alexander Keith, hereditary knight-marshal, attended by his esquires with the sceptre and the sword of state. Near him is carried the mace of the exchequer, anciently the chancellor's mace, when Scotland was a separate kingdom. On the left of the picture, in the dress of the royal archers, who served as the King's body-guard, is the late Earl of Hopetoun; and close to him, in the character of historian or bard, is Sir Walter Scott. These are accompanied by a varied crowd, among whom are some females and children, pressing forward with eagerness to see and to welcome their Sovereign upon this joyous and memorable occasion."

In this last-mentioned particular the artist has shewn peculiar taste and judgment. The earnest curiosity and pleasurable anxiety of the loyal spectators to obtain a peep at their gracious and royal visitor, who is the centre of attraction to all, breaks in upon the formality of the King's reception with the happiest effect.

The reflected light upon his Majesty's countenance is beautifully managed, and the various distinguished persons by whom he is surrounded are admirably depicted; especially the Duke of Argyle, than whose head we never saw any thing more firmly and characteristically painted. We congratulate Mr. Wilkie on the successful accomplishment of his very arduous though inspiring task.

No. 124. *Judith*. W. Etty, R.A.—As it is to be presumed that few persons are unacquainted with the subject, it would have been far better had the quotation been omitted; for if any thing could have lowered the tone of our admiration of the extraordinary powers displayed in this noble painting, it would have been the perusal of so ill-timed and ill-suited a passage. In contemplating the work itself, it is impossible to speak in the future tense, and to say with the motto to the catalogue, that “the spirit of the British artist will be awakened.” Here is one instance at least in which it has been awakened; and that with little or none of “the patronage which raised and rewarded the Italian and Grecian masters.” We have no hesitation in asserting, that this is a picture of which the British school may justly be proud. Mr. Etty has, in our opinion, attained a degree of excellence in it far superior to that of any of his former productions. The academic parts are more carefully studied, the drawing is more correct, than in his *Benaiah*, and other works of a similar kind. The sleeping guard, the midnight stillness in connexion with the act, are so well presented to the eye in part, and to the mind's eye altogether, as to become appalling. As a composition it ranks highly. In brilliance of colouring, we know of nothing, ancient or modern, that can go beyond it; and indeed, but for the masterly hand which has regulated the resplendent materials brought together, they would be too vivid to be tolerated.

On the opposite side of the room, in No. 20, *Ines de Castro parted from her Children* (*Alphonso, King of Portugal, Donna Ines, Abou, Gonzales, Coello, &c.*) H. P. Briggs, A.—We find another claimant to the honours of the British school of historical painting; and one who, although his style and execution are entirely different from those of the last-mentioned picture, must, nevertheless, “have his claims allowed,” by every impartial judge of art. Mr. Briggs has also, we think, like Mr. Etty, made a great stride in his art; especially in respect to composition and colouring. There are, however, passages which we could wish somewhat changed. The expression of the mother is scarcely agonised enough for the occasion; and the head of the daughter is so introduced as to create some confusion in form. Nevertheless, it is a very fine production, and is one of the greatest ornaments of the room.

No. 7. *Pilate washing his Hands*. J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—Although it may be said that editors and reviewers are “nothing if not critical,” yet we can with a safe conscience affirm, that we are always more disposed to “extenuate” than to “set down aught in malice.” When offences like this come before us, however, we should be guilty of an unwarrantable neglect of duty, if we were not to visit them with the severest chastisement. What demon can have whispered to this great artist, so unapproachable in his proper sphere, that he possessed a talent for historic art! And what “kind friend” could have placed his performance thus conspicuously obtrusive, instead of concealing it in some out-of-the-way situation, where the spectator might be left to conjecture the existence of beauties which his eye

was unable to discover! It is a wretched and abortive attempt to substitute certain qualities of technical art, for character, expression, and all that belongs to the dignity and pathos of the subject.

(To be continued.)

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

(Second Notice.)

No. 181. *Byron's Dream*. J. D. Harding.—If this be the quality of “such stuff as dreams are made of,” we care not how much of the manufacture meets our eye. The mutual advantage which results from the reflected powers of poetry and painting were never better exemplified than in this beautiful composition. Standing upon its own merits as a work of art, it is one of the most splendid specimens in the present collection; and both as regards striking contrast, rich variety, and dazzling and powerful effect, it presents a *coup d'œil* of the most impressive and brilliant kind.

No. 195. *Misty Morning; View in St. John's Vale, Westmorland; with Cattle* by R. Hills. G. F. Robson.—A more complete union of talent cannot well be imagined than that which appears in this performance; of which grandeur of scenery, truth of effect, and polish of execution, are the leading features. Nor have any of the works painted conjointly by Wilson and Mortimer, or Barrett and Gilpin, exhibited a more perfect accordance than the joint labour of Messrs. Robson and Hills.

No. 211. *Scene in the Vicar of Wakefield*. Miss L. Sharpe.—This is perhaps the only way in which a twice-told tale can be tolerated. There might be twenty graphic illustrations of such a story; and all interesting and effective. In the present instance, the scene is beautifully got up (if we may use such a phrase); and with a truly feminine feeling. We question if any artist of the other sex could have hit the character of the town ladies with so much nicety;—preserving the attractive, yet shewing enough of the meretricious. A little more positive and powerful expression in some of the other heads, especially in that of Dr. Primrose, might not, perhaps, have been disadvantageous.

No. 215. *A Sea Gull*. W. Hunt.—Much as we admire Mr. Hunt's talents, both in the character of his figures, and in the sparkling effects by which they are generally accompanied, we are of opinion that his *forte* lies in subjects of still-life. With great fidelity of representation and power of execution, there is a charming simplicity and pathos in this little drawing.

No. 220. *View in the Grounds at Belton, the Seat of Earl Brownlow*. P. De Wint.—One of the most agreeable spots we ever contemplated: the grand and the placid unite in it to excite pleasing emotions. Mr. De Wint has done it ample justice.

No. 222. *A Clay Pit*. W. Hunt.—A rare example of the picturesque, both in character and in effect.

No. 234. *Sion, in the Valais, Switzerland*. H. Gastineau.—In former exhibitions we have had occasion to admire the grand and elevated character of Mr. Gastineau's Swiss views; but we do not think that he ever presented one of higher pretensions than this of Sion, nor has the skill of his pencil ever been more advantageously employed.

No. 265. *China Mender*. A. Chisholm.—Upon the plan of Gerard Dow, Mieris, and others of the Flemish school, Mr. Chisholm in this carefully finished work has produced an

assemblage of figures and still-life well suited to attract by their character and arrangement, as well as by the skill displayed in their execution.

No. 281. *Preparing for the Festa*; No. 286. *A Peasant of Ischia, in a Festa Dress, praying to the Madonna*. P. Williams.—Interesting, as well from their character and composition, as from the highly-wrought style in which they are executed. The flesh is perhaps a little too cold and marble-like in its hue.

(To be continued.)

Rome, March 23.

THE long-talked-of exhibition opened to-day for the first time. The gallery is composed of five spacious rooms, crowded with the works of native and foreign artists, some of whom are already known to us by the fame of their brush or chisel. As I paced the vast rooms, I recognised many artists whose productions I have seen noticed in your *Gazette*. I was most forcibly struck by the diversity of their several styles: the English were conspicuous for science and colour; the French for grand conception and vigorous drawing; the German for romantic fancy and tedious precision; and the Italians for historical composition and stiff, academical figures. This exhibition has never been equalled here for variety and talent.

The small painting of Mr. Severn, of Ariel represented flying on the bat's back, and holding a peacock's feather, which forms a graceful crescent with its golden plumage glittering in the sun, is very fine. Ariel looks that arch little spirit so well described by Shakespeare. The depth of space over which he soars, and the immeasurable regions in which he is imagined to range, are happily expressed by the tone of the back-ground. The flesh is well painted—the figure and bat in good drawing—and the subject being painted on gold, gives great richness and effect to the whole. As to the composition, I would write in golden characters, that Mr. Severn has shewn poetry in every touch, science in every shade, and life in every lineament. Mr. Robert Finch has purchased this little gem, and possesses the original sketch.

A bust of this gentleman, in Greek marble, by Mr. W. Ewing, is distinguished by elaborate chiselling and purity of style. A large painting by M. Horace Vernet, President of the French Academy of Rome, is also remarkable. The subject represents the pope carried in procession in the church of St. Peter's. His holiness appears in the chair of state, attended by the cardinals, priests, *garde du corps*, and other officers of dignity, as is usual on particular occasions. The whole group forms a most gorgeous and imposing *coup-d'œil*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONGS.

1. *The Absent*.

THERE is no music on the strings
Of her neglected lute;
Her white hand wakes no more its chords—
Her bird-like voice is mute.
She wreathes no flowers for her vase,
No roses for her hair—
She loiters in her favourite grove,
But her heart is not there.

THE dancers gather in the hall—
She is amid the band,
With vacant smile and wandering glance
For those who claim her hand.

Her eyes fill with unbidden tears,
Her cheek is pale with care—
Lonely amid the festival,
For her heart is not there.

She broods above her own dear thoughts,
As o'er her nest the dove;
Memory and hope own but one dream—
Her first young dream of love.

She hears a gallant trumpet sound,—
A banner sweeps the air—
She sees a knight lead on the charge,—
And oh, her heart is there!

2. *The Companions.*

WITH thy step in the stirrup, one cup of bright
wine,
We'll drink the success of thy sabre and mine:
When as boys we took down the bright arms
from the wall, [hall],
And rushed, in mock combat, around the old
We longed in true warfare the weapons to wield:
—Now the foe is before us, and yonder the field.

We'll onward together, thy steed beside mine,
Our blow be as one when we rush on the line;
Should one fall, one only, the other will try
A step for his vengeance, another to die—
On the neck of the fallen yield up his last breath,
And the vow of their boyhood be cancelled by
death.

But rather this evening as victors we'll ride
O'er the field of our conquest, the place of our
pride, [as one—
With our names on each lip, but named only
'Tis the glory of either what each may have
done.

Now on for the harvest that darkens yon plain,
We'll look in his face, and he not again.

3. *Memory.*

It was a song of other feelings
That belonged to other days,
Ere I marked the stern revealings
Of the curtain time must raise.

When my heart and step were lighter
Than they'll ever be again,
And the dream of hope was brighter—
For I believed it then.

That sweet song was of gladness,
Yet it has left with me
A shadow one-half sadness,
One-half dear memory.

Though the darkness of November
Around my heart be thrown,
Yet how pleasant to remember
The spring hours once its own!

4. *The Departed.*

SET thy spur to thy steed, thy sail to the wind,
You may leave the far vale and the mountain
behind; may't be;
Like the storm o'er the south in thy flight thou
But where may't thou fly from the memory of
me?

The struggle, the pleasure, the toil, and the
strife,

May fill up thy days with the hurry of life;
But night cometh lonely o'er land and o'er sea,
And in silence and shadow I still am with thee.

With no rose on my cheek, with no rose in my
hair,

But cold as the love whose remembrance I bear,
Breathing vows that are broken, and hopes that
are fled, [dead.

A voice breaks thy slumber—the voice of the

Let thy loveliest slave lull thy sleep with her
strain—

Ay, drain the red wine-cup,—it all is in vain:
From the haunt of thy midnight I will not
depart, [heart.

For thy guilt is my power—my home is thy

5. *The Portrait.*

AH! let me look upon thy face,
Fling back thy clustering hair;
It is a happiness to gaze
On any thing so fair.

'Tis such spring-morning loveliness—
The blushing and the bright—
Beneath whose sway, unconsciously,
The heaviest heart grows light.

The crimson flushing up the rose
When some fresh wind has past,
Parting the boughs—just such a hue
Upon thy cheek is cast.

Thy golden curls, where sunshine dwells
As in a summer home;
The brow whose snow is pure and white
As that of ocean foam.

For grief has thrown no shadow there,
And worldliness no stain;
It is as only flowers could grow
In such a charmed domain.

I would thy fate were in my hands:
I'd bid it but allow
Thy future to be like thy past,
And keep thee just as now.

L. E. L.

FIRST AND LAST—NO. III.

The First and Last Agony.

OH! the tears that fell
When we were parting, as we deemed, for ever,
The quickening throb, the bosom's anguished
swell,

That pained the more for every strong en-
deavour:

Oh! the thoughts that came,
Like withering light'ning through a twilight
calm,

Destroying, in their wild and feverish flame,
The gentle dreams that were to us like balm!

Oh! the long embrace,
The tearing of the impassioned hearts asunder,
The burning tears upon the quivering face,
That rose from the hot fount the bosom
under!

This was the earliest sorrow known to me,
'Twas my first agony!

But thou hast forgot
The vow of truth in that dark moment spoken,
The heart that swore to rest on one dear
spot,

And never wander, though it should be broken.
And the memory

Of that last parting from thy heart is gone,
Even like a raging billow of the sea,
That burst, and left no echo of its tone.

Thou wert lost to me;
Yet still I trusted I might keep thy heart:
But I have learnt thy falsehood; and for thee
Could not one sweet, one soothing tear-drop
start.

And the shock that rang
Upon my tortured feelings, withering all,
Was such a maddening and o'erwhelming
pang,

No more upon my crushed cold heart can fall,
I have but now to lay me down and die:
'Twas my last agony!

Worton Lodge, Inceorth.

M. A. BROWNE.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Lays of a Wanderer. First Series. The
Music, with Accompaniments for Piano-
Forte or Guitar, composed by C. Walthers.
Johanning and Whitmore.

AT a period when German music is making
such an impression in England, when the com-
positions of that country have been so unani-
mously applauded, and when we look for the
taste being further cultivated by the perform-
ances of natives who are expected to visit our
metropolis,—we esteem Mr. Walthers to be
particularly fortunate in the time of appearing
before the public with this book of songs,
which are in English and German. Of the
seven airs, we consider every one to possess
great merit, and to deserve popularity. "The
Tippler" is very lively and original—"Fare-
well, my gentle Harp," sweet and plaintive;
the poetry of the latter, by Mr. Croly, must
further recommend it to the lovers of melody.
Mr. T. H. Stirling has also furnished the En-
glish verses to several of the airs; and in
others, Mr. Walthers himself has combined the
triple offices of composer, poet, and artist; for
the lithographic plates are from his hands.
On the whole, this is a very delightful volume,
and will afford great pleasure to our fair musi-
cians.

Will you buy my Matches? By R. Lämpus.
Mayhew and Co.

A BALLAD for Vestris, of the "Buy a Broom"
order, and likely to please the trollers of these
pretty things.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

Matilde di Shabran e Corradino was repro-
duced on Tuesday evening, Madlle. Blasis sus-
taining the part of the heroine. The more this
opera is heard, the more it is liked; it is cer-
tainly the most attractive composition Rossini
has ever produced: the concerted pieces are
matchless; and the whole opera is got up in a
manner highly creditable to the management.
The duet, *Piacere equal gli Dei*, between Don-
zelli and Blasis, was rapturously encored; and
the curtain dropped amid plaudits which mani-
festly testified how much the audience felt
gratified by the general performance.

Matilde di Shabran was followed by the final
scene in the third act of Zingarrelli's *Romeo e
Giulietta*. The selection of this scene afforded
to Madame Malibran, who enacted the part of
Romeo, ample opportunity to display, in decla-
mation, her rich and sound contralto tones—
more particularly as her voice has not to con-
tend with orchestral accompaniments; but it
appeared to us to be only in the execution of
her recitative that she eminently succeeded.
Her performance of "*Ombra adorata*" was, to
our taste, disfigured by the introduction of chro-
matic runs and misplaced ornaments, which
only went to mar the original melody.

DRURY LANE.

A PRODIGIOUS hit has been made at this house,
by the production of an historical opera, with
Rossini's music of *Guillaume Tell*, entitled
Hofer; or, the Tell of the Tyrol. For this we
are indebted to the taste and talents of Mr.
Planché, who, with great judgment, departing
from the story so hackneyed on the stage, has
constructed a drama entirely new to it, as a
vehicle for this beautiful music. As ours is
not a military critique, we shall not describe the
insurrection of Hofer against the Bavarians,

nor detail the vicissitudes and adventures of the struggle,—suffice it to notice, that they are told in a dramatic and interesting manner. But the music is really fine, the concerted pieces most delightful and effective; and the whole (sung, too, by native singers) such a treat as has rarely been heard on the boards of an English theatre. Miss Stephens and Madame Vestris are two of the sweetest of cousins; Mr. H. Phillips (as *Hofer*) superb, and Sinclair charming; the latter has never enjoyed such an opportunity for the display of his powers since he has been before the public, and he has availed himself of it in a style which must greatly enhance his high reputation. We ought not to pass unnamed Miss Faucit, Mr. and Mrs. Bedford, Messrs. Bland, Webster, Salter, and Miss Chickini, who, with the rest of the *corps*, contribute essentially to the triumph of the opera. The scenery is also excellent; and, rare to say, the poetry is poetry—eminently lyric, and an honour to the author. A new farce has also been produced here this week, called *A Joke's a Joke*; or, *too much for Friendship*: but it unfortunately turned out to be no joke at all, being a very poor affair.

Covent Garden has likewise given birth to a farce this week; but, like that at Drury Lane, it was unsuccessful, and the *Colonel* was dismissed the service.

EXHIBITIONS.

WE have taken a hasty glance at Mr. Lough's glorious group, the *Battle of the Standard*, at the Egyptian Hall; and have no hesitation in ranking it among the noblest efforts of the sculptor's art, modern or ancient. Indeed, in some respects, we would say it is the most extraordinary production of that kind that ever exalted the fame of an artist. Twelve warriors and seven horses engaged in deadly combat—the fierce, the overthrown, the dying and the dead,—seem to be a subject beyond the reach of the boldest ambition and the greatest talents. But our young sculptor has grappled with it nobly; and his performance is truly wonderful. We can find no words to express our admiration of it. In the room are other compositions by the same hand, and all displaying genius of the highest order.

While at the Egyptian Hall, we may note a striking picture of the *Deluge*, painted and exhibited by Mr. Rawson Walker;—and also that our musical favourites, the Prague Minstrel band, daily continue to attract fashionable audiences,—their new selection of music giving higher gratification than that of the preceding week. A vacant hour, which is the length of the performance, can hardly be occupied more agreeably than in hearing pleasing music well played, and in the company of a large portion of that rank and beauty which the metropolis has to boast of at this gay season.

VARIETIES.

German History.—As a reward for the great labour undergone, and zeal evinced, by Dr. Pertz, in editing that valuable and interesting work, *Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*, he has been appointed to the office of principal librarian at Hanover; which had remained vacant from the death of the illustrious Leibnitz.

Egypt.—A letter has been received at Paris from Dr. Pariset, dated Cairo, Jan. 5. After giving an interesting account of his favourable reception by the Patriarch of Antioch, and other distinguished persons, who had shewn him

great attention and made him many presents, he states that it was his intention to proceed along the Delta, and to be at Abouzabel in February. If the plague should continue to rage there, he was to stay until it subsided; if not, he would be ready to return to France or Syria in April. The Libyan authorities had undertaken to build an hospital, and to found a medical school, under the direction of Frenchmen. Dr. Pariset states that the Maronites are very kind and hospitable towards Frenchmen, from the circumstance of their being Catholics; but that they give no encouragement to the English. He speaks highly of his success in using the chlorurets of lime and soda in cases of plague against infection; and in a subsequent letter, dated Abouzabel, Feb. 19, gives an interesting account of a public examination of the pupils of the school of medicine in that place. He informs us that in this school there are about twenty of the pupils very far advanced in medical and surgical knowledge, and that children of nine or ten years of age were able to give satisfactory demonstrations of the human skeleton. The examination took place in presence of Mussulmans of every rank, who seemed to be much pleased with it. There were very few symptoms of plague; and the doctor imagines that the part of Egypt in which he was sojourning would this year escape.

Small-Pox.—It appears that, owing to the hostility of the ignorant classes of the people in Paris to vaccination, the most frightful mortality is constantly occurring from small-pox, in the Hôpital des Enfants Malades. Nor is that the only evil; for children, leaving the hospital full of the variolous poison, spread the infection throughout the city.

Antiquarian Research.—A good example of the certainty of antiquarian research occurs in the last *Gentleman's Magazine*; where Mr. F. Madden in a letter notices, that the inscription on a plate representing a Squirrel, in a preceding No., had been made out to be *Ignare notis*; whereas it happens to be in allusion to the animal, *I crave notis, i. e. I crave nuts*.

New Leather.—It is stated, that a French tanner has discovered a method of tanning hare and rabbit skins, so as to fit them for the manufacture of shoes, gloves, &c. equal to calf or kid.

Paris Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres.—There are eight candidates for the six places vacant in this Academy. They are, M. Champollion, sen., M. Champollion, jun., M. Cousin, M. Reynaud, M. Augustin Thierry, M. Thurot, the Count d'Hauterive, and M. Amedée Jaubert. The election was to take place yesterday (May 7).

The oldest of the French journalists, M. Prudhomme, author of the *Journal des Révolutions de Paris*, which commenced in 1789, has just died at Paris of apoplexy, at the age of 77.

The Paris Geographical Society have offered a gold medal, value 2,400 francs, for the most complete and faithful description of the ruins of Santo Domingo Palanque, near the river Micol, in the ancient kingdom of Guatemala. The candidates for this medal are expected to furnish the most faithful description possible of these ruins, with drawings and observations relative to the manners, habits, customs, and language, of this ancient people. Some information is also expected concerning the Votan or Wodan of the Chiaparese, who has been compared to Odin or Bouda. It is wished that the paper should be written in Latin, but it will not be objected to if written in English,

Italian, Spanish, or Portuguese. The medal will be awarded in 1832.

A Paris paper contains some interesting details relative to the Polytechnic School of Copenhagen. This account of the establishment states, that it is on the most extensive scale and in a flourishing condition. It is under the superintendence of the celebrated Ersted, and five professors. The students are obliged to have a thorough knowledge of German and French, and are said to get on surprisingly.

Berlin.—The Academy of Sciences at Berlin have elected MM. Arago and Poisson to fill the seats vacant by the deaths of MM. Laplace and Volta.

Emigration.—A great number of Alsatians, Swiss, and Germans, with their families, are on the point of embarking at Havre for America.

Rail-Roads.—An iron railway is about to be constructed in France, from the coal mine of Epinal to the Canal de Bourgoyne, which will be six leagues in length.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XIX. May 8.*]
We are informed that a clever writer is far engaged in a work of an original character, which is to appear under the singular title of *Satanic Records*; or *Autobiography of a Nobleman*.—The *Drama of Nature*, a Poem, by Joseph Mitchell Burton.—George Cruikshank is etching a series of Illustrations of Popular Works, by which we will be bound to say he will make them more popular.—The Rev. Dr. Wiseman, rector of the English college at Rome, is now engaged in translating some oriental works in the Vatican: he is a great friend of M. Angelo Mai.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Abernethy's Physiological Lectures, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Thomson's Life of Raleigh, 8vo. 14s. bds.—A. M. Porter's Barony, 3 vols. 12mo. 17s. 7s. bds.—Roby's Traditions of Lancashire, second edition, 2 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s. bds.—Paul Clifford, by the Author of Pelham, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—The Mussulman, by R. Madden, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Original Letters of Locke, Sydney, &c. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Sadler on the Law of Population, Vols. I. and II. 11. 10s. bds.—Bowles' Life of Bishop Ken, Vol. I. 8vo. 15s. bds.—Blake on Delirium Tremens, 8vo. 4s. bds.—Stoke's Botanical Commentaries, 8vo. 14s. bds.—The Armenians, by C. Mac Farlane, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Gell's Pompeii, Part I. royal 8vo. 10s. 6d.; imperial 8vo. 12s. 6d.; 4to. proofs, 18s.—Barker's New First Class-Book, 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Babbage on the Decline of Science in England, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Mitford's Village, Fourth Series, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—First Love, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Carpenter's Guide to Reading the Bible, 18mo. 5s. bds.—The Pleasures of Benevolence, 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Hitchin's Christian Friend, 12mo. 5s. bds.—On the 17th of May (containing thirty-six Portraits), Vol. I. of the National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century; with Memoirs, by W. Jerdan, F.S.A. &c. &c. imperial 8vo. hf.-bd. in morocco, 2l. 2s.; proofs, on India paper, 3l. 6s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

April.		Thermometer.		Barometer.	
Thursday	.. 22	From 43.	to 54.	29.54	to 29.39
Friday	.. 23	— 47.	— 55.	29.30	— 29.52
Saturday	.. 24	— 44.	— 57.	29.16	— 29.56
Sunday	.. 25	— 32.	— 58.	29.98	— 30.06
Monday	.. 26	— 43.	— 63.	30.12	— 30.14
Tuesday	.. 27	— 30.	— 65.	30.14	Stationary
Wednesday	.. 28	— 33.	— 69.	30.09	to 30.04

Wind variable, prevailing S.W. Except the 22d, generally clear; raining heavily on the mornings of the 23d and 24th. Rain fallen, 5 of an inch.

April.		Thermometer.		Barometer.	
Thursday	.. 29	From 39.	to 72.	29.96	Stationary
Friday	.. 30	— 39.	— 73.	29.85	to 29.82
May.					
Saturday	.. 1	— 34.	— 63.	29.81	— 29.83
Sunday	.. 2	— 35.	— 65.	30.02	— 30.06
Monday	.. 3	— 30.	— 64.	30.11	— 30.13
Tuesday	.. 4	— 32.	— 65.	30.12	— 30.12
Wednesday	.. 5	— 34.	— 72.	30.04	— 30.01

Prevailing wind, S.E. Clear.
Edmonton.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude..... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Two lines must suffice of the long poem "written 8th February, 1830;" never was the Wind so boldly apostrophised before!
O Wind! thou hast vitality, thou wanton, inconstant, universal ravisher!

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND, under the Patronage of the King, instituted 1810, incorporated 1837. The Friends of the Arts and Subscribers to this Institution are respectfully informed, that the Twenty-first Anniversary Dinner will take place in Freemasons' Hall, on Saturday, the 8th of May.

His Grace the DUKE OF WELLINGTON in the Chair.

Stewards.

- The Earl Brownlow, The Earl of Chester, The Earl of Rosslyn, The Earl Winton, Viscount Clive, M.P., The Right Hon. H. Goulburn, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer, Hon. W. S. Best, A. Cooper, Esq. R.A., J. P. De la Foss, Esq., Hon. G. Agar Ellis, M.P., William Estlin, Esq., William Fildes, Esq., W. C. Fish, Esq.

Tickets, 17s. to be had of any of the Stewards; at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern; or of the Secretary, 112, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

Dinner will be on Table at Half-past Five for Six precisely. JOHN MARTIN, Secretary.

SONS OF THE CLERGY.—The Rehearsal of the Music to be performed at this Festival will take place on Tuesday, the 11th of May, in St. Paul's Cathedral; and the Anniversary will be held on Thursday, the 13th of May, when a sermon will be preached there, before His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishops, the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Aldermen, Clergy, &c. by the Rev. EDMUND GODEFROU, D.D. Prebendary of Westminster.

Divine Service will commence at Two o'clock, instead of Twelve o'clock, as heretofore, and the West Door of the Cathedral will be opened on each day at One o'clock.

Stewards.

H. R. H. the DUKE OF CLARENCE, (fifth time.)

- His Grace the Duke of Portland, The Lord Bishop of Bristol, The Hon. and Rev. G. V. Wellesley, D.D., The Hon. F. G. Howard, M.P., The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, Sir Henry Hallford, Bart., Sir George Thomas Staunton, Bart.

The Music will consist of Selections from Handel's Dettingen Te Deum—the Coronation Anthem ("The King shall rejoice"), and the Hallelujah Chorus—Green's Anthem, "God is our Hope and Strength"—Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, Attwood. Conductor, Mr. Greenacre. Organist, Mr. Astwood. Leader of the Band (which will consist of the Members of the Royal Society of Musicians), Mr. Cotton Reeve.

The Committee respectfully state that contributions of gold will admit each person to the Galleries and Closets, and express their hopes that for admission into the choir, no person will contribute less than half-a-crown. To the individual, this latter small donation can be no object, whilst the aggregate is of the utmost importance to the interests of the Charity.

The whole of the Collections at St. Paul's Cathedral and Merchant Tailors' Hall will be appropriated by the Stewards in appointing the Order of necessity. Tickets for the Dinner on Thursday, the 13th of May, at half-past Five o'clock precisely, at Merchant Tailors' Hall, to be had gratis, of Messrs. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place; and at the First Fruits Office, Temple.

Benefactions to this Charity will be received by the Treasurer, J. H. Markland, Esq. 14, Whitehall Place, or Temple; and at the First Fruits Office, Temple.

* No Tickets are requisite for admission into the Cathedral.

LITERARY FUND.—The Forty-First Anniversary of this Society will be celebrated at Freemasons' Hall, on Wednesday next, the 12th of May, when His Grace the DUKE OF SOMERSET, the President of the Institution, will take the Chair.

Stewards.

- The Earl of Glencairn, The Hon. Henry Eden, The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, Richard Bentley, Esq., Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq., Edward Bull, Esq., Rev. George Crabbe, B.D., Robert Fisher, Esq., Captain Glascock, R.N.

Tickets, 20s. each, to be had of the Stewards; also of Mr. Know, at the Chambers of the Society, 4, Lincoln's Inn Fields; and at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern.

SCHOOL OF PHYSIC IN IRELAND.—The Professors in the School of Physic will deliver a Course of Clinical Lectures, at Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital, during the ensuing Summer, commencing the 1st of May. Hour of the daily Visit at the Hospital, 12 o'clock. For Particulars, apply to Dr. Crampton, or Dr. Barker. (Signed) DAVID BREKTON, M.D. Registrar to the College of Physicians.

April 20, 1830.

Registrar to the College of Physicians.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY for the Annual Exhibition of new and Improved Productions of Arts and Manufacturers, Royal Mews, Charing Cross. Patron, the King. The Third Exhibition of this Institution is now open to the Public.

Admittance, 1s.—Catalogues, 1s.

T. H. TULL, Secretary.

TOURNAMENT of the FIELD of the CLOTH OF GOLD, 15, Oxford Street, near Charles Street, No. 10 square.

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BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Family Library.

On Thursday, April 22d, was published, with a Portrait, 5s. THE FAMILY LIBRARY, DRAMATIC SERIES, No. I. containing the PLAYS of PHILIP MASSINGER, Vol. I. illustrated with Explanatory Notes, and adapted to the Use of Families and Young Persons, by the omission of all exceptional Passages.

New editions of the Family Library, just published, Nos. V. VI. and IX., being the History of the Jews. Nos. IV. and X.—Lives of British Painters.

Nearly ready.

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Also,

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Printed for C. J. G. and E. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place, Pall Mall; and J. and J. J. Deighton, Cambridge.

Post 8vo.

LEVI and SARAH; or, the Jewish Lovers. A Tale of the Polish Jews. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

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THE OBSERVER, price Seven-pence. A Monday edition of the Observer is regularly published, containing the latest news, clerical intelligence, the corn market, up to the Monday afternoon; always published sufficiently early for the newsman to send by the general post. This edition is rendered particularly acceptable to persons in the country, and those residing abroad. The price of the Monday edition of the Observer is Seven-pence. Printed and published by W. I. Clement, adjoining the Office of the Morning Chronicle, in the Strand, London.

Bell's Life in London, price Seven-pence. Bell's Life in London is the best and cheapest journal extant for sporting varieties. It is a large folio twenty-column weekly journal, published in London every Saturday afternoon, in time for that day's post, and may be received at the distance of two hundred miles from London on Sunday. This paper combines, with the news of the week, a rich repository of fashions, wit, humour, and other interesting incidents of real life. The events in the sporting department are copiously detailed, and, for accuracy, stand unrivalled. The emblematical illustrations, which head the articles on drama, poetry, the turf, the chase, the ring, the police, cricketing, pigeon-shooting, the aquatic register, and the affairs of the fancy, were all designed by Cruikshank, in his most humorous and happy manner. These cuts alone are worth more than the price of this newspaper, which is only seven-pence. The sale of Bell's Life in London and Sporting Chronicle, is the largest of any London weekly journal except the Observer. Innkeepers and publicans are hereby invited to benefit by additional business to their house, from taking in Bell's Life in London and Sporting Chronicle, being a journal of comicality and fun, calculated to "drive dull care away," and dissipate the blue devils. Office, 169, Strand, London.

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THE NEW MONTHLY and LONDON MAGAZINE, for May 1830.

Contains among various other interesting Articles: A Glance at the State of Parties—Novel Fictions of the Duke of Wellington—Mr. Huskisson—Monos and Daimonos, a Legend—Faults on both Sides—Cognetry—Anecdotes of Russia; a Residence at Moscow—On Fashion in Medicine—Recollections of a Göttingen Student, No. VI.—Specimens of German Genius, No. II.—Sketches and Recollections, No. V.; Talma—The Lounger, No. II.—Parisian Journal—The Painter—On the Principles of Admission into the Royal Academy—Letter to Martin Acher Shee, Esq. P.R.A. &c. &c.—Critical Notices of New Publications—The Drama—Fine Arts—Varieties, Domestic and Foreign—Biographical Memoirs of Persons lately deceased—Provincial Occurrences, &c. &c. Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley, 6, New Burlington Street.

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THE EDINBURGH JOURNAL of NATURAL and GEOGRAPHICAL SCIENCE, Number VIII. for May 1830. Under the direction of WILLIAM INSWORTH, M.R.C.S.E. and HENRY H. CHEEK, F.R.S.A. &c.

Contents.—1. On the Native Forests of Aberdeenshire, by the Rev. J. Farquharson, F.R.S. (concluded).—2. Account of the Series of Islands usually denominated the Outer Hebrides, by William Jardine, M.D. &c.—3. Description of a Göttingen Torricellian Air-pump, by K. T. Kemp, Esq.—4. Description of a new Species of British Fish, by Capt. Thomas Brown, F.L.S. &c.—Reviews: 1. Two Essays on the Geography of Ancient Asia, by the Rev. John Williams, Vicar of Lamptey, &c.—2. A System of Geography, and Natural and Political History, by J. G. Barrow, Esq. &c.—3. A Review of the recent Discussion before the Academy of Sciences in Paris, on the "Unity of Organisation." Part 2. M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire's Answer to Baron Cuvier.—4. On the present State of Science Abroad, No. 1. Scientific Coteries of Paris.—5. Arcana of Science and Art, &c.—With numerous Collections in Geography, Natural History, and Natural Philosophy, Catalogue Raisonné, Miscellaneous Intelligence, &c. Printed for Daniel Lizars, Edinburgh; Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. London.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott. In 11 vols. : Vol. XI. Part I. *Essays on Ballad Poetry, and Introductions.* Edinburgh, 1830, Cadell and Co. : London, Simpkin and Marshall.

AN animated literary auto-biography, and by Sir Walter Scott. What a mass of interest lies in those few words! from the country book-club, that hurries its bookseller with orders for the last volume of Memoirs, to the London drawing-room, crowding to gaze on the lion of the night, the same passion of individualising our previous idea of a great man predominates. Whether it is that curiosity inherent in our nature, or, to subtilise a little, that levelling spirit which would fain believe that a display of the same weaknesses, passions, hopes, and fears, makes our idol one with ourselves,—we have not time to analyse; but certain it is, that the diorama which brings before us actual scenes of the author's life, is one of our most popular exhibitions. Denon's talents for telling a story are said to have been such, that Napoleon was wont to interrupt an unhappy narrator with, "*Ah, Denon, contez nous cela!*" This peculiar talent—this natural honey-dropping from the lip—Scott possesses in perfection; and the history of his poetical career, as developed in a series of introductions to his various works, makes this a truly delightful volume. But his own account confirms what was always our opinion,—that he only (like Wordsworth) wanted some strong passion to have given his pages the last touch of poetical perfection: he has been the Lucullus of literature—he conquered, and then enjoyed; he has led a life of pleasant study and social intercourse; and if his heroes are scarcely ever terrible in the conflict of passionate feelings, it is because these feelings found no original cause, no answering tone, in his own mind. But in all other qualities, how large is his portion! His descriptions are fairy wands, that call up the scene before you; his narrative is dramatic in its power, and—but who ever took up a volume of his without reading, or read without remembering? Like Prospero, we bury our book, and break our rod of criticism, in his favour: let him speak for himself.

"My birth, without giving the least pretension to distinction, was that of a gentleman, and connected me with several respectable families and accomplished persons. My education had been a good one, although I was deprived of its full benefit by indifferent health, just at the period when I ought to have been most sedulous in improving it. The young men with whom I was brought up, and lived most familiarly, were those who, from opportunities, birth, and talents, might be expected to make the greatest advances in the profession to which we were all destined; and I have the pleasure still to preserve my youthful intimacy with no inconsiderable number of them, whom their merit has carried forward to the highest honours of their profession. Neither was I in

a situation to be embarrassed by the *res angusta domi*, which might have otherwise interrupted my progress in a profession in which progress is proverbially slow. I enjoyed a moderate degree of business for my standing, and the friendship of more than one person of consideration efficiently disposed to aid my views in life. The private fortune, also, which I might expect, and finally inherited, from my family, did not, indeed, amount to affluence, but placed me considerably beyond all apprehension of want. I mention these particulars merely because they are true. Many better men than myself have owed their rise from indigence and obscurity to their own talents, which were, doubtless, much more adequate to the task of raising them than any which I possess. Although it would be absurd and ungracious in me to deny that I owe to literature many marks of distinction to which I could not otherwise have aspired, and particularly that of securing the acquaintance, and even the friendship, of many remarkable persons of the age, to whom I might not otherwise have made my way; it would, on the other hand, be ridiculous to affect gratitude to the public favour, either for my position in society, or the means of supporting it with decency,—matters which had been otherwise secured under the usual chances of human affairs. Thus much I have thought it necessary to say upon a subject which is, after all, of very little consequence to any one but myself. I proceed to detail the circumstances which engaged me in literary pursuits. During the last ten years of the eighteenth century, the art of poetry was at a remarkably low ebb in Britain. Hayley, to whom fashion had some years before ascribed a higher degree of reputation than posterity has confirmed, had now lost his reputation for talent, though he still lived admired and respected as an amiable and accomplished man. The Bard of Memory slumbered on his laurels, and he of Hope had scarce begun to attract his share of public attention. Cowper, a poet of deep feeling and bright genius, was dead; and, even while alive, the hypochondria, which was his mental malady, impeded his popularity. Burns, whose genius our southern neighbours could hardly yet comprehend, had long confined himself to song-writing. Names which are now known and distinguished wherever the English language is spoken, were then only beginning to be mentioned; and, unless among the small number of persons who habitually devote a part of their leisure to literature, those of Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, were but little known. The realms of Parnassus, like many a kingdom at the period, seemed to lie open to the first bold invader, whether he should be a daring usurper, or could shew a legitimate title of sovereignty."

An interesting view of German literature follows, and he proceeds to its influence on himself.

"In Edinburgh, where the remarkable coincidence between the German language and that of the Lowland Scottish encouraged

young men to approach this newly discovered spring of literature, a class was formed, of six or seven intimate friends, who proposed to make themselves acquainted with the German language. They were in the habit of living much together, and the time they spent in this new study was felt as a period of great amusement. One source of this diversion was the laziness of one of their number, the present author, who, averse to the necessary toil of grammar and its rules, was in the practice of fighting his way to the knowledge of the German by his acquaintance with the Scottish and Anglo-Saxon dialects, and, of course, frequently committed blunders, which were not lost on his more accurate and more studious companions. A more general source of amusement, was the despair of the teacher, on finding it impossible to extract from his Scottish students the degree of sensibility necessary, as he thought, to enjoy the beauties of the author to whom he considered it proper first to introduce them. We were desirous to penetrate at once into the recesses of the Teutonic literature, and were ambitious of perusing Goethe and Schiller, and others whose fame had been sounded by MacKenzie. Dr. Willich, (a medical gentleman), who was our teacher, was judiciously disposed to commence our studies with the more simple diction of Gesner, and prescribed to us 'The Death of Abel,' as the production from which our German tasks were to be drawn. The pietistic style of this author was ill adapted to attract young persons of our age and disposition. We could no more sympathise with the overstrained sentimentality of Adam and his family, than we could have had a fellow-feeling with the jolly Faun of the same author, who broke his beautiful jug, and then made a song on it which might have affected all Staffordshire. To sum up the distresses of Dr. Willich, we, with one consent, voted Abel an insufferable bore, and gave the pre-eminence, in point of masculine character, to his brother Cain, or even to Lucifer himself. When these jests, which arose out of the sickly monotony and affected ecstasies of the poet, failed to amuse us, we had for our entertainment the unutterable sounds manufactured by a Frenchman, our fellow-student, who, with the economical purpose of learning two languages at once, was endeavouring to acquire German, of which he knew nothing, by means of English, concerning which he was nearly as ignorant. Heaven only knows the notes which he uttered, in attempting, with unpractised organs, to imitate the gutturals of these two intractable languages. At length, in the midst of much laughing and little study, most of us acquired some knowledge, more or less extensive, of the German language, and selected for ourselves, some in the philosophy of Kant, some in the more animated works of the German dramatists, specimens more to our taste than 'The Death of Abel.'"

His friendship with Lewis is another link in his progress: we cannot omit the following extract.

"I had, indeed, tried the metrical translations which were occasionally recommended to us at the High School. I got credit for attempting to do what was enjoined, but very little for the mode in which the task was performed; and I used to feel not a little mortified when my versions were placed in contrast with others of admitted merit. At one period of my schoolboy days I was so far left to my own desires as to become guilty of verses on a thunder-storm, which were much approved of, until a malevolent critic sprung up, in the shape of an apothecary's blue-buskined wife, who affirmed that my most sweet poetry was stolen from an old magazine. I never forgave the imputation, and even now I acknowledge some resentment against the poor woman's memory. She indeed accused me unjustly, when she said I had stolen my brooms ready made; but as I had, like most premature poets, copied all the words and ideas of which my verses consisted, she was so far right, that there was not an original word or thought in the whole six lines. I made one or two faint attempts at verse, after I had undergone this sort of dawlplucking at the hands of the apothecary's wife; but some friend or other always advised me to put my verses in the fire, and, like Dorax in the play, I submitted, though 'with a swelling heart.' In short, excepting the usual tribute to a mistress's eyebrow, which is the language of passion rather than poetry, I had not for ten years indulged the wish to couple so much as *love* and *doce*, when, finding Lewis in possession of so much reputation, and conceiving that, if I fell behind him in poetical powers, I considerably exceeded him in general information, I suddenly took it into my head to attempt the style by which he had raised himself to fame."

Glenfinlas and the *Eve of St. John* were written about this time.

"Thus I was set up for a poet, like a pedlar who has got two ballads to begin the world upon; and I hastened to make the round of all my acquaintances, shewing my precious wares and requesting criticism—a boon which no author asks in vain. For it may be observed, that, in the fine arts, those who are in no respect able to produce any specimens themselves, hold themselves not the less entitled to decide upon the works of authors; and justly, no doubt, to a certain degree; for the merits of composition produced for the express purpose of pleasing the world at large, can only be judged of by the opinion of individuals; and perhaps, as in the case of Molière's old woman, the less sophisticated the person consulted, so much the better. But I was ignorant, at the time I speak of, that though the applause of the many may justly appreciate the general merits of a piece, it is not so safe to submit such a performance to the more minute criticism of the same individuals, when each, in turn, having seated himself in the censor's chair, has placed his mind in a critical attitude, and delivered his opinion sententiously and *ex cathedra*. General applause was in almost every case freely tendered; but the abatements in the way of proposed alterations and corrections were cruelly puzzling. It was in vain the young author, listening with becoming modesty, and with a natural wish to please, cut and carved, tinkered and coopered, upon his unfortunate ballads—it was in vain that he placed, displaced, replaced, and misplaced; every one of his advisers was displeased with the concessions made to his co-assessors, and the author was blamed by some one, in almost every case, for having made two holes in attempting to patch up one. At last, after

thinking seriously on the subject, I wrote out a fair copy (of *Glenfinlas*, I think), and marked all the various corrections which had been proposed. On the whole, I found that I had been required to alter every verse, almost every line; and the only stanzas of the whole ballad which escaped criticism were such as neither could be termed good nor bad, speaking of them as poetry, but were of a mere commonplace character, absolutely necessary for conducting the business of the tale. This unexpected result, after about a fortnight's anxiety, led me to adopt a rule from which I have seldom departed during more than thirty years of literary life. When a friend, whose judgment I respect, has decided, and upon good advisement told me, that a manuscript was worth nothing, or at least possessed no redeeming qualities sufficient to atone for its defects, I have generally cast it aside; but I am little in the custom of paying attention to minute criticisms, or of offering such to any friend who may do me the honour to consult me. I am convinced that, in general, in removing even errors of a trivial or venial kind, the character of originality is lost, which, upon the whole, may be that which is most valuable in the production. About the time that I shook hands with criticism, and reduced my ballads back to their original form, stripping them without remorse of those 'lendings' which I had adopted at the suggestion of friends, an opportunity unexpectedly offered of introducing to the world what had hitherto been confined to a circle of friends. Lewis had announced a collection, first intended to bear the title of 'Tales of Terror,' and afterwards 'Tales of Wonder,' which last was finally adopted."

The following is the account of how he finally decided on pursuing the career of literature.

"It may be readily supposed that the attempts which I had made in literature had been unfavourable to my success at the bar. The goddess Themis is, at Edinburgh, and I suppose every where else, of a peculiarly jealous disposition. She will not readily consent to share her authority, and sternly demands from her votaries not only that real duty be carefully attended to and discharged, but that a certain air of business shall be observed even in the midst of total idleness. It is prudent, if not absolutely necessary, in a young barrister, to appear completely engrossed by his profession; however destitute of employment he may be, he ought to preserve, if possible, the appearance of full occupation. He should at least seem perpetually engaged among his law-papers, dusting them, as it were; and, as Ovid advises the fair,

Si nullus erit pulvis, tamen excute nullum.

Perhaps such extremity of attention is more especially required, considering the great number of counsellors who are called to the bar, and how very small a proportion of them are finally disposed, or find encouragement, to follow the law as a profession. Hence the number of deserters is so great, that the least lingering look behind occasions a young novice to be set down as one of the intending fugitives. Certain it is, that the Scottish Themis was at this time peculiarly jealous of any flirtation with the Muses on the part of those who had ranged themselves under her banners. This was probably owing to her consciousness of the superior attractions of her rivals. Of late, however, she has relaxed in some instances in this particular; an eminent example of which has been shewn in the case of my friend, Mr. Jeffrey, who, after long conducting one of the most influential literary periodicals of the age, with unquestionable ability,

has been, by the general consent of his brethren, recently elected to be their Dean of Faculty, or President, being the highest acknowledgment of his professional talents which they had it in their power to offer. But this is an incident much beyond the ideas of a period of thirty years' distance, when a barrister who really possessed any turn for lighter literature, was at as much pains to conceal it, as if it had in reality been something to be ashamed of; and I could mention more than one instance in which literature and society have suffered loss, that jurisprudence might be enriched. Such, however, was not my case; for the reader will not wonder that my open interference with matters of light literature diminished my employment in the weightier matters of the law. Nor did the solicitors, upon whose choice the counsel takes rank in his profession, do me less than justice by regarding others among my contemporaries as fitter to discharge the duty due to their clients, than a young man who was taken up with running after ballads, whether Teutonic or national. My profession and I, therefore, came to stand nearly upon the footing on which honest Slender consoled himself with having established with Mistress Anne Page: 'There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on farther acquaintance.' I became sensible that the time was come when I must either buckle myself resolutely to the 'toll by day, the lamp by night,' renouncing all the Delilahs of my imagination, or bid adieu to the profession of the law, and hold another course. I confess my own inclination revolted from the more severe choice, which might have been deemed by many the wiser alternative. As my transgressions had been numerous, my repentance must have been signalled by unusual sacrifices. I ought to have mentioned, that, since my fourteenth or fifteenth year, my health, originally delicate, had become extremely robust. From infancy I had laboured under the infirmity of a severe lameness, but, as I believe is usually the case with men of spirit who suffer under personal inconveniences of this nature, I had, since the improvement of my health, in defiance of this incapacitating circumstance, distinguished myself by the endurance of toil on foot or horseback, having often walked thirty miles a-day, and rode upwards of a hundred, without stopping. In this manner I made many pleasant journeys through parts of the country then not very accessible, gaining more amusement and instruction than I have been able to acquire since I have travelled in a more commodious manner. I practised most sylvan sports, also, with some success, and with great delight. But these pleasures must have been all resigned, or used with great moderation, had I determined to regain my station at the bar. It was even doubtful whether I could, with perfect character as a juriconsult, retain a situation in a volunteer corps of cavalry, which I then held. The threats of invasion were at this time instant and menacing; the call by Britain on her children was universal, and was answered by many, who, like myself, consulted rather their will than their ability to bear arms. My services, however, were found useful in assisting to maintain the discipline of the corps, being the point on which their constitution rendered them most amenable to military criticism. In other respects the squadron was a fine one, consisting of handsome men, well mounted and armed at their own expense. My attention to the corps took up a good deal of time; and while it occupied many of the happiest hours of my life, it furnished an additional reason for my reluct-

ance again to encounter the severe course of study indispensable to success in the juridical profession. On the other hand, my father, whose feelings might have been hurt by my quitting the bar, had been for two or three years dead; so that I had no control to thwart my own inclination; and my income being equal to all the comforts, and some of the elegancies, of life, I was not pressed to an irksome labour by necessity, that most powerful of motives; consequently, I was the more easily seduced to choose the employment which was most agreeable. This was yet the easier, that in 1800 I had obtained the preferment of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, about 300*l.* a-year in value, and which was the more agreeable to me, as in that county I had several friends and relations. But I did not abandon the profession to which I had been educated, without certain prudential resolutions, which, at the risk of some egotism, I will here mention; not without the hope that they may be useful to young persons who may stand in circumstances similar to those in which I then stood. In the first place, upon considering the lives and fortunes of persons who had given themselves up to literature, or to the task of pleasing the public, it seemed to me that the circumstances which chiefly affected their happiness and character were those from which Horace has bestowed upon authors the epithet of the irritable race. It requires no depth of philosophic reflection to perceive, that the petty warfare of Pope with the dunces of his period could not have been carried on without his suffering the most acute torture, such as a man must endure from musquitoes, by whose stings he suffers agony, although he can crush them in his grasp by myriads. Nor is it necessary to call to memory the many humiliating instances in which men of the greatest genius have, to avenge some pitiful quarrel, made themselves ridiculous during their lives, to become the still more degraded objects of pity to future times. Upon the whole, as I had no pretension to the genius of the distinguished persons who had fallen into such errors, I concluded there could be no occasion for imitating them in these mistakes, or what I considered as such; and, in adopting literary pursuits as the principal occupation of my future life, I resolved, if possible, to avoid those weaknesses of temper which seemed to have most easily beset my more celebrated predecessors. With this view, it was my first resolution to keep, as far as was in my power, abreast of society; continuing to maintain my place in general company, without yielding to the very natural temptation of narrowing myself to what is called literary society. By doing so, I imagined I should escape the besetting sin of listening to language which, from one motive or other, ascribes a very undue degree of consequence to literary pursuits; as if they were, indeed, the business, rather than the amusement of life. The opposite course can only be compared to the injudicious conduct of one who pampers himself with cordial and luscious draughts, until he is unable to endure wholesome bitters. Like Gil Blas, therefore, I resolved to stick by the society of my *commis*, instead of seeking that of a more literary cast; and to maintain my general interest in what was going on around me, reserving the man of letters for the desk and the library. My second resolution was a corollary from the first. I determined that, without shutting my ears to the voice of true criticism, I would pay no regard to that which assumes the form of satire. I therefore resolved to arm myself

with the triple brass of Horace, against all the roving warfare of satire, parody, and sarcasm; to laugh if the jest was a good one; or, if otherwise, to let it hum and buzz itself to sleep. It is to the observance of these rules (according to my best belief), that, after a life of thirty years engaged in literary labours of various kinds, I attribute my never having been entangled in any literary quarrel or controversy; and, which is a more pleasing result, that I have been distinguished by the personal friendship of my most approved contemporaries of all parties. I adopted, at the same time, another resolution, on which it may doubtless be remarked, that it was well for me that I had it in my power to do so, and that, therefore, it is a line of conduct which can be less generally applicable in other cases. Yet I fail not to record this part of my plan, convinced that, though it may not be in every one's power to adopt exactly the same resolution, he may nevertheless, by his own exertions, in some shape or other, attain the object on which it was founded; namely, to secure the means of subsistence, without relying exclusively on literary talents. In this respect, I determined that literature should be my staff, but not my crutch; and that the profits of my labour, however convenient otherwise, should not become necessary to my ordinary expenses. With this purpose I resolved, if the interest of my friends could so far favour me, to retire upon any of the respectable offices of the law, in which persons of that profession are glad to take refuge when they feel themselves, or are judged by others, incompetent to aspire to its higher offices and honours. Upon such an office an author might hope to retreat, without any perceptible alteration of circumstances, whenever the time should arrive that the public grew weary of his endeavours to please, or he himself should tire of the occupation of authorship. At this period of my life I possessed so many friends capable of assisting me in this object of ambition, that I could hardly overrate my own prospects of obtaining the moderate preferment to which I limited my wishes; and, in fact, I obtained, in no long period, the reversion of a situation which completely met them."

Speaking of the *Lady of the Lake*: "I remember that about the same time a friend started in to 'heeze up my hope,' like the minstrel in the old song. He was bred a farmer, but a man of powerful understanding, natural good taste, and warm poetical feeling, perfectly competent to supply the wants of an imperfect or irregular education. He was a passionate admirer of field sports, which we often pursued together. As this friend happened to dine with me at Ashiesteel one day, I took the opportunity of reading to him the first canto of the *Lady of the Lake*, in order to ascertain the effect the poem was likely to produce upon a person who was but too favourable a representative of readers at large. It is, of course, to be supposed, that I determined rather to guide my opinion by what my friend might appear to feel, than by what he might think fit to say. His reception of my recitation, or prelection, was rather singular. He placed his hand across his brow, and listened with great attention through the whole account of the stag-hunt, till the dogs threw themselves into the lake to follow their master, who embarks with Ellen Douglas. He then started up with a sudden exclamation, struck his hand on the table, and declared, in a voice of censure calculated for the occasion, that the dogs must

have been totally ruined by being permitted to take the water after such a severe chase. I own I was much encouraged by the species of reverie which had possessed so zealous a follower of the sports of the ancient Nimrod, who had been completely surprised out of all doubts of the reality of the tale."

We shall conclude by collecting in a paragraph the various receipts of his poems:—

"The work brought out on the usual terms of division of profits between the author and publishers, was not long after purchased by them for 500*l.*, to which Messrs. Longman and Co. afterwards added 100*l.* in their own unsolicited kindness, in consequence of the uncommon success of the work. It was handsomely given to supply the loss of a fine horse, which broke down suddenly while the author was riding with one of the worthy publishers. * * The publishers of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, emboldened by the success of that poem, willingly offered a thousand pounds for *Marmion*. The transaction being no secret, afforded Lord Byron, who was then at general war with all who blacked paper, an opportunity to include me in his satire, entitled *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. I never could conceive how an arrangement between an author and his publishers, if satisfactory to the persons concerned, could afford matter of censure to any third party. I had taken no unusual or ungenerous means of enhancing the value of my merchandise,—I had never higgled a moment about the bargain, but accepted at once what I considered the handsome offer of my publishers. These gentlemen, at least, were not of opinion that they had been taken advantage of in the transaction, which indeed was one of their own framing; on the contrary, the sale of the poem was so far beyond their expectation, as to induce them to supply the author's cellars with what is always an acceptable present to a young Scottish housekeeper, namely, a hogshhead of excellent claret."

We find, in spite of our columns, we must extract the account of his own change from poetry to prose—*Rokely*.

"The cause of my failure had, however, a far deeper root. The manner, or style, which, by its novelty, attracted the public in an unusual degree, had now, after having been three times before them, exhausted the patience of the reader, and began in the fourth to lose its charms. The reviewers may be said to have apostrophised the author in the language of Parnell's Edwin:—

'And here reverse the charm, he cries,
And let it fairly now suffice,
The gambol has been shewn.'

The licentious combination of rhymes, in a manner not perhaps very congenial to our language, had not been confined to the author. Indeed, in most similar cases, the inventors of such novelties have their reputation destroyed by their own imitators, as Actæon fell under his own dogs. The present author, like Bobadil, had taught his trick of fence to a hundred gentlemen (and ladies) who could fence very nearly, or quite, as well as himself. For this there was no remedy; the harmony became tiresome and ordinary, and both the original inventor and his invention must have fallen into contempt, if he had not found out another road to public favour. What has been said of the metre only, must be considered to apply equally to the structure of the poem and of the style. The very best passages of any popular style are not, perhaps, susceptible of imitation, but they may be approached by men of talent; and those who are less able to copy them, at

least lay hold of their peculiar features, so as to produce a burlesque instead of a serious copy. In either way, the effect of it is rendered cheap and common; and, in the latter case, ridiculous to boot. The evil consequences to an author's reputation are at least as fatal as those which befall a composer, when his melody falls into the hands of the street ballad-singer. Of the unfavourable species of imitation, the author's style gave room to a very large number, owing to an appearance of facility to which some of those who used the measure unquestionably leaned too far. The effect of the more favourable imitations, composed by persons of talent, was almost equally unfortunate to the original minstrel, by shewing that they could overshoot him with his own bow. In short, the popularity which once attended the *school*, as it was called, was now fast decaying. Besides all this, to have kept his ground at the crisis when *Rokeby* appeared, its author ought to have put forth his utmost strength, and to have possessed at least all his original advantages, for a mighty and unexpected rival was advancing on the stage—a rival not in poetical powers only, but in that of attracting popularity, in which the present writer had preceded better men than himself. The reader will easily see that Byron is here meant, who, after a little velitation of no great promise, now appeared as a serious candidate, in the First Canto of *Childe Harold*. I was astonished at the power evinced by that work, which neither the *Hours of Idleness*, nor the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, had prepared me to expect from its author. There was a depth in his thought, an eager abundance in his diction, which argued full confidence in the inexhaustible resources of which he felt himself possessed; and there was some appearance of that labour of the file, which indicates that the author is conscious of the necessity of doing every justice to his work, that it may pass warrant. Lord Byron was also a traveller, a man whose ideas were fired by having seen, in distant scenes of difficulty and danger, the places whose very names are recorded in our bosoms as the shrines of ancient poetry. For his own misfortune, perhaps, but certainly to the high increase of his poetical character, nature had mixed in Lord Byron's system those passions which agitate the human heart with most violence, and which may be said to have hurried his bright career to an early close. There would have been little wisdom in measuring my force with so formidable an antagonist; and I was as likely to tire of playing the second fiddle in the concert, as my audience of hearing me. Age also was advancing. I was growing insensible to those subjects of excitation by which youth is agitated. I had around me the most pleasant but least exciting of all society, that of kind friends and an affectionate family. My circle of employments was a narrow one; it occupied me constantly, and it became daily more difficult for me to interest myself in poetical composition:—

* How happily the days of Thalama went by!

Yet, though conscious that I must be, in the opinion of good judges, inferior to the place I had for four or five years held in letters, and feeling alike that the latter was one to which I had only a temporary right, I could not brook the idea of relinquishing literary occupation, which had been so long my chief employment. Neither was I disposed to choose the alternative of sinking into a mere editor and commentator, though that was a species of labour which I had practised, and to which I was attached. But I could not endure to think that I might not, whether known or concealed,

do something of more importance. My inmost thoughts were those of the Trojan Captain in the galley race,—

Non jam prima peto Mnesteus, neque vincere certo:
Quamquam O.—Sed superent, quibus hoc, Neptune,
dedisti:
Extremos pudeat rediisse: hoc vincite, cives,
Et prohibete nefas.*

Perhaps the most curious and marked traits in these memoirs of Sir Walter Scott are the total want of enthusiasm in his character, and the strong sense, the clear, worldly spirit of calculation displayed: he was the very man to get on in life. Our copious extracts will be their own excuse; and we can only say, amid our author's many delightful works, this is one of his most delightful. Who is there but will be happy in this admission behind the inner veil of his private life?

Hannibal's Passage of the Alps. By a Member of the University of Cambridge. London, 1830. Whittaker and Co.

WE thought that the question of Hannibal's passage had been settled—at least, we know that some persons who are considered as wise and learned have committed themselves by saying that De Luc, and Wickham and Cramer, by their investigations, and Brockedon by his *Illustrations of the Passes of the Alps*, had convinced them that it had been set at rest, and that the honour of the passage had remained with the Little St. Bernard. A new combatant, however, appears against all these, armed with a little Greek, and nothing else, to support his pretensions. His extreme ignorance of the regions upon which he writes has betrayed him into the error of believing, that because he has drawn a *red line* over a map, and called it *Hannibal's route*, it was just as easy for the army of Hannibal to have traversed the country which he fancies his map to represent; and, as he says, "that the question to be discussed is not, what was the best or the worst, the longest or the shortest road," he has amused us by adding another variety—an *impracticable one*.

The author seems at once to have jumped to the conclusion, that every thing in Messrs. Wickham and Cramer's Dissertation upon the Passage of Hannibal, must be wrong, because some rendering by them of the Greek text of Polybius into English does not agree with his notions. He might have had modesty enough to have entertained some doubt of his own. Those authors are distinguished as scholars, and, what is of more importance to the inquiry, they have actually examined and investigated, in repeated journeys, the various routes in the Alps, by which different authors have conjectured that Hannibal passed these mountains; they have believed the account of Polybius to be true; and they have found upon the Little St. Bernard only such localities as agree with the events related by Polybius. But our author, who has brought to the inquiry something like the geography of a schoolboy, and not more than his Greek, has sought to destroy all the evidence of Wickham and Cramer by verbal criticisms alone, except upon the fact of the view of the plains of Italy from the Col de Viso, the pass which he advocates; but he seems to have forgotten that there were other and more important, because less equivocal, proofs to establish, than the view of Italy from the summit of the pass: a space must be discovered there large enough to encamp an army such as Hannibal's, and a white rock must be found at the foot of the pass, where Hannibal could have protected the passage of his army the night before they attained

the summit. Does the Member of the University know that no such rock is found near the Viso, and that the crest of the pass is so mere a ridge, that fifty men could not be stationed there at the same time, and that no site for an encampment exists on or near it? Polybius says, that the army encamped on the summit of the pass for two days. How does our "learned Theban" try to get over this difficulty?—by doing the very thing of which he accuses the authors of the Dissertation—adapting the text of Polybius to his theory, and stating that the Carthaginians encamped about the summit of the pass of Monte Viso—'Ἐνασταίως δὲ διανύσας εἰς τὰς ἰσπερβολὰς αὐτοῦ καταστρατοῦσθαι, καὶ δύο ἡμέρας προσιμῆναι—“and on the ninth day, having completed his ascent to the summit of the pass, he encamped there, and remained two days;” not about it, as our author has rendered it, to serve his own purposes, but upon it: and it is worthy of remark, that the word ἰσπερβολὰς, used by Polybius for the summit of the mountain, does not apply to the summit of the mountain; it is merely the *highest part of the way over*. But even the preposition *about*, thus falsely pressed into the new military service, will not assist the "Member" on the pass of the Viso; for there is no place on it, or near it, or about it, where the army of Hannibal could have encamped. The pass is over a narrow ridge, stretching like a wall between two mountains; and in order to attain it, the traveller must climb over some beds of perpetual snow, by a path impracticable for mules. The passage of the Viso can only be made on foot; and from time immemorial until the end of the fifteenth century, it was only thus attainable. About the year 1480, however, a Marquess of Saluces, in whose territory the valley of the Po (which descends from the Monte Viso) lay, caused a road to be made to facilitate the commercial intercourse of his subjects with Dauphiny by mules across the Viso; and to avoid the ridge of the pass, he directed a road to be cut through the mountain, about 300 feet below it, and carried a gallery 230 feet long and 8 feet high and wide, from the side of Piedmont to the side of Dauphiny. Twenty years were spent in the formation of this mule-path, which has now been long destroyed; and the *trou de traversette*, the name by which the passage was known, has been for many years so completely closed up on both sides by the *débris* which have fallen from the mountain, that even its situation cannot now be traced: and this is the pass by which, in its primitive state, our author would have us believe that Hannibal, with his elephants, and horses, and beasts of burden, traversed, and upon which he encamped! Our Member of the University of Cambridge is evidently unacquainted with the country which he describes, and seems to rely upon the Marquess of St. Simon's authority for the practicability of the route of the Viso to Hannibal.* But of this the marquess appears to be as ignorant as himself.

Though St. Simon,† in his *Histoire de la*

* "Le Col de Viso, bon à pied, allant de vallée de Queyras à Grisoles dans la vallée du Pô en Piedmont.—*Topographie des Grandes Alpes*, par le Marquis de Pesay. Gen. Bourcet, in his *Mémoires Militaires sur les Frontières de la France*, mentions the impracticability of the passage of the Viso, before the gallery was made, and since its destruction. General Bourcet surveyed the entire frontier of France towards Piedmont; and his authority is the best ever published.

† St. Simon's authority in history is no better than in geography; for he speaks of the passage by Francis I. of the Viso, instead of the Argentine: Francis never passed the Viso, if contemporary historians and the autobiographical memoirs of his companions are any authority. It is curious to compare St. Simon's statement, when he has a theory to establish, in his passage of Hannibal, with the efforts which he makes in the same work,

Guerre des Alpes, writes of the "courses que j'ai faites entre Barcelonnette et Briançon," yet this no more proves his acquaintance with the pass of the Viso, than our author's book proves that he ever wandered from the banks of the Cam. In the war of 1744, when St. Simon was engaged in the siege of Coni, he became acquainted with the pass of the Argentière, by which the army of Don Philip and the Prince of Conti passed into Piedmont: he had occasion in his marches to pass by the Col de Vars and by the valleys of the Durance and the Ubaye—but not by the Viso, which we feel convinced that he never saw, not only from his incomprehensible statements in page 32 of his preface, but from his doubt or denial of the only fact upon which the theory of the passage of the Viso by Hannibal rests—the view thence of the plains of Italy. Our author states this fact upon the authority of Brockedon's *Passes of the Alps*, but, with a disingenuousness of purpose which deserves reprobation, he quotes only a part of a sentence in which the impracticability of the pass of the Viso is shewn, though the plains can be seen from the Col, as if Brockedon advocated also the pass of the Viso to be the route of Hannibal; whereas all the proofs which that author has collected tend directly to establish the passage of the Carthaginians by the Little St. Bernard! But this is not the only misquotation which betrays either an intention to deceive, or an unpardonable ignorance of the subject: in page 97 our Cantab describes the appearance of the Alps and *Monte Viso* from *Le Breoule* in the valley of the Durance in Dauphiny, as if *Monte Viso* could be seen from this place; and again quotes from Brockedon a description of the appearance of the *Monte Viso* from a place in the plains of Piedmont, four days' distance from *La Breoule*—in point of fact, it is not possible from any spot within the distance of two days' journey from *Le Breoule* to see the *Viso*. Does this Member of the University of Cambridge think that his numerous misrepresentations can be overlooked in the world's admiration of his Greek criticisms? such as his accounts of plains lying between Tallard and the Ubaye;—that Hannibal's army was without baggage;—that the Allobroges, who could supply the army of Hannibal, were "an unsettled tribe of warlike barbarians, and their metropolis a village;"—and that olives do not grow north of *Barcelonnette* (when it happens that they are not found there, but grow as far north as the lake of *Como*):—does he imagine that such matters as these at all affect the real question at issue?

The complacency with which he has drawn a red line over his map and called it Hannibal's route, is very amusing; from *La Breoule* this line leads—not to *Embrun* and the valley of the *Guil*, which lay directly before him—but, out of the way, up the val-

Guerre des Alpes, to shew the dangers encountered by him in the pass of *Le Breoule*: he says "the difficulties are so great, that nothing but habit prevents the people of the country from considering the danger which is always present; that a man cannot remain on horseback in passing, because the pass, which has been cut out of the side of the rocks, is not high enough;" and he describes its appearance along the gorges as "like ruts formed in the walls of narrow roads by the ends of the axles of carriages:" he says that "conductors are obliged to remove the ornaments from the heads and pack-saddles of the laden mules which pass, lest they should strike the rocks above them; and that if the loads extend too far from the sides of the beasts, there is great danger in touching the rocks at the side, where a slight shock might destroy the equilibrium of the beasts, and they would fall over into frightful abysses:"—and this is one of the places where St. Simon and his Cambridge follower would have us believe that the elephants of Hannibal passed before even such a road was made!

ley of the Ubaye, one of the most sterile in that country, where an army which had to procure supplies on its march must have been starved: having reached *Barcelonnette*, however, the passage of the Alps by the *Argentière* was then of easy accomplishment, and in two days the army might have been in the plains of Italy; but then it could not have enjoyed a view from the summit of the *Viso*, upon which our author was fixed; and the distances would not have suited this pretty theory. He writes of the Carthaginians being "conducted from the valley of the Ubaye up the deep gorges of the river *Guil*"—as if these were in connexion; and his only excuse can be, that he was not aware of the intervention of an enormous range of mountains. The red line, therefore, is carried on over mountains and through defiles, regardless of the impossibility of an army following its course, and taking it for granted that this trifling objection would not be made: if, however, this route had been passable to such an army, it would only have led them to the same spot in four days, which they might have reached by the valley of the Durance, from *Le Breoule*, in one. Nor is it the work of *Wickham* and *Cramer* alone that our author opposes: *Polybius* is quite as intractable to his hypothesis—for in page 35 he says, that "the distances are so inaccurate and inconsistent in *Polybius*, that they cannot be safely followed." More learned authorities than he is, have followed them without difficulty—but not by his impossible route. Is it not intolerable, that the testimony of *Polybius*, who travelled over the line of Hannibal's march within forty years of the event, expressly to verify his narrative, should be disputed by one thus pretending to inform us, who, if he was ever out of Cambridge, certainly never visited the countries upon which he presumes to write, and of which he is so ignorant?

Orlando Innamorato di Bojardo; Orlando Furioso di Ariosto: with an Essay on the Romantic Narrative Poetry of the Italians; Memoirs and Notes. By Antonio Panizzi. Vol. I. London, 1830. W. Pickering.

A COMMENTATOR must be made up (as some old French author says of his mistress) of all opposite qualities: he must have the industry of the antiquary, the imagination of the poet: without the first he will never be able to collect his materials—without the second he will never make good use of them. Of both these qualities is Mr. Panizzi possessed: a devout admirer of his national literature, his enthusiasm has made him patient; and the interest he evidently takes in his researches, prevents a shade of tedium from approaching either him or his reader. We would instance his analysis of the history of *Palamon and Arcite*, as one of the most perfect pieces of criticism and comparison we know. We do not agree with him in tracing *Charlemagne*, &c. to a British origin, in preference to the Gaulic: "let each divide the palm." These hypotheses, that go so far into remote ages, are like the early discoverers' accounts of America,—one story held good till another was told. But we do give our author the very greatest credit for the industrious ingenuity with which he collects passages, draws inferences, and thus deduces facts which throw great light on that romantic but fable-hidden period. His idea that *Charlemagne* is rather a cento of the bad qualities of his successors, than that great monarch himself, is as curious as it is original; and his other illus-

trations are equally excellent—witness the following:—

"Idolatry and paganism constituted the religion professed by the Danes or Normans. Against Christianity they were as inveterate as the Saracens, but treated in a friendly manner those Christians who embraced their worship, as many did. Most of the places which the Saracens had attacked and plundered, or with which the Moslem name was connected, as having been the scenes of their exploits, were visited also by the Normans. *Bordeaux* and *Tours* were at one time devastated by them. The latter of these towns had been saved from the fury of the Saracens in 732 by the victory of *Charles Martel* over them; but under *Charles the Bald* both places were plundered, and the city afterwards burnt by the Normans in 853. *Provence* had been infested by Normans in the time of *Charles Martel*, and was ravaged both by Saracens and Normans, during eight years of the reign of another *Charles*, sovereign of that country, nephew of *Charles the Bald*, who died in 863. Between the end of the ninth and the beginning of the tenth centuries, the Saracens, as well as the Normans, together with the Hungarians, attacked the kingdom of Burgundy on different sides. It is not, therefore, surprising, that ancient historians should have asserted *Ogier le Dannoys* to be a Saracen from Africa; for, amongst these plunderers, resembling each other in cruelty, rapacity, and hatred of the Christian religion, it was difficult to distinguish the Mahometan from the Pagan. This theory, founded on the state of affairs at the period in question, is supported by what has been hitherto supposed the ignorance of the old romancers in continually confounding Mahometans and Pagans together, till at length they made a god of Mahomet, and supposed the Moslems to be idolaters. When, in the twelfth century, paganism had almost wholly disappeared, and the Saracens were the nation against which all Christendom joined in making war, the persons who from the popular lays formed those narratives now called Romances, could not possibly have had either the means or inclination for discriminating between Pagans and Mahometans. Not the means, because it required more learning than they possessed; nor the inclination, because the descendants of the Normans were then Christians, and settled in France, England, and Italy; they could have no wish to perpetuate the memory of events so little honourable to their ancestors. Nor would the clergy waste the popular passions by exciting an idle hatred against enemies no longer in existence. But all interests were joined in obliterating all distinction between the old enemies of Christianity, by fixing on the Saracens both their own crimes and those of the Normans. How could the writers of that period suspect that a *Charles*, who was represented as fighting against the enemies of Christianity in *Provence* about the same epoch (if an epoch was mentioned at all), which enemies were sometimes designated Pagans and sometimes Moslems; how should such writers doubt that he was combating the same party all the while? In those days it is probable that every enemy of Christianity was fancied to be a Saracen, and therefore the Normans, adoring *Apollino* and *Trivigante*, were supposed to be Mahometans, and to worship Mahomet. This will also serve to explain why, according to the old romances, there were Mahometans or Saracens in places where the name of the prophet had perhaps

never been heard of; more particularly in Denmark, whence the Normans originally came. Finally, we here find a plausible reason for the strange opinion that Denmark was in Africa or Asia, and that through that country the knights returned to the west, who had been fighting gloriously in the east, against the Soldans of Persia, Babylon, or Egypt."

We will not omit one short note, shewing how greatly one age resembles another; and that the principle which now leads the poet to Paternoster Row, is but the same which governed his music in the baron's hall.

"That the itinerant poets did not sing or tell their stories for nothing, is beyond all doubt; and it would be pedantic to quote instances of it. I shall content myself with mentioning one piece of this kind, which is singular, from the way in which the poet's payment is alluded to. In the *Reverie*, published by Le Grand, the poet interrupts his whimsical effusion at once, and says; 'I shall sing no more without money.'"

We cannot but give the highest praise to our Italian's English, not for the mere grace of style, but for its animation: the pressure of matter alone prevents us from illustrating it by his very lively, as well as neatly turned, strictures on the heroine of the *Teseide*.

There are some elegant translations by Lady Dacre, Stewart Rose, and Sotheby: we must give the lady's performance preference, though Mr. Sotheby's are wonderfully close and poetical.

"And Forisene was in her heart aware,
That love of her was Oliver's sole care,
And because Love not willingly excuses
One who is loved and loveth not again;
(For tyrannous were deem'd the rule he uses,
Should they who sue for pity sue in vain;
What gracious lord his faithful liege refuses?)
So when the gentle dame perceived the pain
That well might wrought to death her valiant knight,
Her melting heart began his love requite,
And from her eyes soft beamed the answering ray
That Oliver's soul-thrilling glance returns;
Love in these gleamy lightnings loves to play,
Till but one flame two youthful bosoms burns.
To tend his grievous wounds she comes one day,
And towards him with greeting mute she turns;
For on her lips her voiceless words are stayed,
And her bright eyes are fain to lend their aid.
When Oliver perceived that Forisene
Accosted him with shrinking timid grace,
The pains which insupportable had been
Vanished, and to far other ills gave place;
His soul is most sweet hopes and doubts between,
And you might almost, 'mid these flutterings, trace
A dear assurance to be loved by her;
For silence is Love's best interpreter.
He might besides, as she drew near, observe
O'er all her face a deep vermilion dye,
And short, and broken, checked by cold reserve,
Her accents of condoling courtesy,
For the sharp wounds he suffer'd, to preserve
Her worthless self in her extremity.
With downcast looks, that speak of hope the while—
For this of lovers ever is the style.

And thus in lowly accents fall'ring still:—
'The fates, despiteful destiny,' she said,
'Or, in whatever sort, high Heaven's will
Me to a miserable death had led;
Thou cam'st, Sir Paladin, and didst fulfil
Heaven's high behest, from highest Heaven sped
For my release, and 'tis through thee I live!
'Therefore for these thy wounds I justly grieve.'
These words within his inmost heart found place,
And on their sweetest Oliver relled,
E'en for the joy of that one moment's space
Gladly the knight before Love's shrine had died,
O'ercome by gratitude for so much grace!
And prizing little all of life beside,—
Nay, holding, I had almost said, at nought—
He, bashful, thus gave utterance to his thought:—
'Never, fair lady, in my earthly course,
Have I done aught that brought so true content;
If I have rescued thee from fate's dark force,
Such sweetness through my heart the deed hath sent,
As none can match from any other source:—
I know thou would'st at my every pain prevent—
But different wounds far different balms assuage,
'Twere better else I'd felt the monster's rage.'
Well knew the maiden to interpret right
These gentle words and print them on her heart;
So in Love's subtle school each task is light!
And, sighing, to herself she said apart,

'Yes, thy new grief I will with mine requite—
Nor were it better thou hadst felt death's dart;
Ingratitude such love shall never know,
This breast is not of adamant, I trow.'

With sighs departed Forisene fair,
And Oliver remained afflicted more;
Nor of his gashes took he thought or care,
For anguish of the inward wound he bore.

And weeping, lingering, sighing sad between,
'Adieu!—the knight had said to Forisene.

When the fair maid beheld her parting knight,
She many times to follow him designed,
With other thoughts all wild and opposite,
Nor longer could she keep her love confined.
Then to gaze after him, though lost to sight,
Led to her lattice by the archer blind,
The cruel urchin twang'd his fatal bow,
And on the earth beheld the damsel low!

The tidings heard, her aged father sped
To raise his prostrate child,—and she was dead!"

To the general reader these pages present much attraction: the analysis of the stories is amusing; the criticisms are excellent, and enlivened by much of shrewd observation and witty remark: but to the Italian student the disquisition is invaluable; no library where Ariosto, Tasso, &c. are favourites should be without this their fitting companion. We must conclude by the technical praise of how beautifully the book is got up and printed: Mr. Pickering has done honour even to his press, by the gentleman-like style in which he has clothed this gentleman and scholar-like performance.

The Mussulman. By R. R. Madden, Esq. Author of "Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

THESE are three very amusing volumes; oriental and sentimental, both in the best sense of the words. There are lively sketches of the race of the turban and sabre; some good contrasts of the sad and serious; and several narratives introduced with very good effect. We select the following as a pitiable, and we believe a most true picture of the "landed interest in the East." It might serve as a lesson to some of our own malcontents.

"The earliest feat I remember of my youth," said he, "was beating a rogue out of the village, who had robbed a chicken-oven: I was so incensed against the fellow, that I verily believe I should have killed him, had I had a sword. Blessed prophet! said I, how is it possible there can be such rogues in the world; is it not pleasanter to eat one's own bread than that of another? And is it not safer to live by industry than by knavery? These rogues must have different natures to mine; they must surely be of another race altogether. My father having died, I succeeded to all his property. I need not tell you it was acquired under the beys; for since Mohammed Ali has been our pasha, no man has been able to make money, much less to keep what his father made for him. I farmed twenty feddans of the choicest land in the Faïoum, from the lord of the soil, the mighty pasha. I turned up the earth, and beans and rice came forth in abundance. Praise be to Allah! said I, what a happy world is this! But the soldiers came round, and said, 'Where is the produce of the pasha's land?'—and coming into my house, they found a pilau of rice on the floor. 'Allah!' said they, twirling their mustachoes, 'here is a pessavink, who has the audacity to eat the grain he grows;—down with the presumptuous knave, and up with his feet!' In the twinkling of an eye, their thick sticks were belabouring my soles; and when they were fatigued with the operation, and I half dead with the pain, they bade me rise. 'Kafir,' said the chief man of them, 'did you imagine

your soul was yours, in the land of Mohammed Ali, that you dared to eat his rice? Did you not know, that you were the slave of a generous master, who took the produce of the soil at his own price?'—and, with that, they measured the stock and carried it away; giving me an order on the Miri for the sum they were pleased to allow me. It barely paid the expense of cultivation; but when I went to the haznahdar, he gave but a fourth of the tuskaree in money, and a cheque on a merchant for the remainder. The merchant told me I must take half the amount in cloth and cottons. I was obliged to do so; and having sold these in the bazar for half what they cost me, I returned home half ruined. It is better, said I, to throw up the land at once; another good crop would utterly destroy me! I went to the casheff who governed the district, but he laughed at my beard when I told him my intention: 'Give up the land, indeed,' said he; are you mad enough to think the pasha will permit you? Go home and dig the canals, and be sure you water your rice-ground well; for if your cultivation be not better than it was last harvest, you will be surely flogged.' I went home with a sorrowful heart; I tilled the ground; I irrigated it from morning to night; the grain sprung up, my heart died away at the fertility of the soil; the crop was more abundant than ever;—I was completely undone. There was no salvation for me from the curse of such a plentiful harvest, except in flight; and accordingly I fled the most unfortunately fertile district in all Egypt. I began to think the man who robbed the chicken-oven must have been a farmer of the pasha's. 'The peasant cannot help stealing,' said I, 'if the prince be an oppressor.' I remember having heard a learned man say, the prayer of the oppressed was to be dreaded, even when the arrows of the tyrant had drained the blood of the poor man, that his supplications were not to be suppressed. I thought it would be a good thing to rob the public granaries; I procured employment in one of them; I began with a handful of beans, and ended with a sackful of opium and indigo. I was at length discovered, and I suppose it is needless to say, when I was thrust out of doors I had not a leg to stand on. Why should I confine my depredations, said I, to the substance of Mohammed Ali? he is not the only oppressor of the poor fellow, the hard-working peasant. Every one who is rich is the poor man's enemy; therefore to plunder him can be no crime. I accordingly commenced with a Jew banker; I slipped into his house at dusk, and left it with a dozen amber-mouthed chibouques. I increased in adroitness with the magnitude of my attempts; at last I carried away a bale of tobacco from the storehouse of a merchant of Bar 'el Cham—the prophet was not with me; I was seized at my own door, and beaten till further blows were deemed unnecessary. It was written, I was not to die just then. I recovered shortly, and the first use I made of my returning strength, was to plunder a mosque of five Persian praying carpets. [Here there was a general murmur of disapprobation among the prisoners.] I could not help it,' continued the sacrilegious felon, 'the pasha's oppression made me a rogue; the contempt and uncharitableness of the world made me a villain; and the frowns of my unpropitious planet, and the loss of the prophet's patronage, made me a kafir; and therefore I robbed the temple of Allah; but I did not prosper. I sold the plunder to a Greek priest, who was on his way to Elcods, the holy city

of Jerusalem, for three hundred piastres. I returned home delighted with my sale. I looked at my money, I counted it over and over; a piece fell on the floor: a clod on a cold breast could not give a duller sound. Beard of the prophet! cried I, here is treachery. I examined the other pieces, every coin of them was base money. Allah Allah! cried I, in my desperation, there is no faith, no honesty in the world; the very priest cheats the robber of the church. I must put this money off, said I, in the best way I can; and then, cursing the mother of the Greek priest with becoming fervour, I sallied forth. It occurred to me there was a deaf jeweller in the bazar. I proceeded to his shop, hoping, as I had been deceived by the sight of the money, so might he. From the sound I had nothing to fear. Having purchased a quantity of goods, I paid down the money. There was no one in the shop but a blind muezzin from a neighbouring mosque. The merchant examined the money: 'It looks good,' said she, 'and I suppose it is so; if the poor muezzin was not blind, I would get him to examine it likewise.' Thank Heaven, said I to myself, that he is blind, otherwise it would go hard with me. I was on the point of leaving the shop, with my purchase under my arm, when the unlucky son of darkness groped his way to the counter, and bade the merchant jingle the pieces on the money trough. I was ready to sink into the earth. Piece after piece was jingled, and condemned. I endeavoured to escape, but the merchant laid fast hold of me—and here I am covered with crimes, which Allah, in his justice, will lay at the door of the poor man's oppressor, the pasha of El Masr."

The heroine is very sweetly drawn; and the whole work much raises our estimate of Mr. Madden's talents.

National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century. With Memoirs by William Jerdan, Esq. No. XIII. King's Edition. Fisher, Son, and Co.

THE great success of this work has induced the publishers, as we have already stated, to issue a quarto edition, with proof impressions of the plates, distinguished by the name of "the King's Edition." We avail ourselves of the appearance of this thirteenth No. to extract from the Memoir of Mr. Canning the following anecdotes, which we think cannot fail to be interesting to our readers.

The first is in illustration of the statement that it was chiefly attributable to Mr. Canning's persuasion that the Princess of Wales was induced to quit England, in 1813.

"The writer of this article one day happened to wait at Gloucester Lodge while the Princess of Wales had an interview with Mr. Canning; and on her retiring, was shewn into the room which her royal highness had left. He found Mr. Canning standing by the fireplace, very deeply affected; and after some matters of less consequence, the conversation turned on the then engrossing topic of the day. In the course of this, to him so interesting scene, he accidentally leaned his arm upon the chimney-piece; when Mr. Canning (who was describing the forlorn situation of her royal highness as she had just painted it to him) exclaimed with great emotion—'Stop! your sleeve is now wet with a princess's tears.' It was true:—her royal highness had been weeping there over her deserted condition; and we believe that within a few hours of this time, Mr. Canning, moved by her distress, had ap-

plied for, and obtained, the frigate which bore her from the English shore."

The next relates to the appointment of Mr. Canning as Premier.

"It can, alas! be no breach of etiquette or betrayed confidence now to record how powerfully Mr. Canning was affected by his majesty's behaviour on this exciting occasion. On the succeeding day, when he described it to the writer, he was almost overcome by the emotions called up by the bare recollection of the king's goodness. They were alone in St. James's; and the important subject of the resignation of Mr. Canning's late colleagues, the propositions for the choice of new members to the cabinet, the course of policy to be adopted on certain leading questions,—had been considered in a manner worthy of the frank and manly natures of both the parties; when his majesty, who had a while leaned upon the arm of the chair on which Mr. Canning sat, held out the royal sign of his entire confidence, and gave him his hand to kiss, accompanied by expressions so sincere and gratifying, that the deeply touched minister could only drop on his knee and impress on it the silent oath of his utter devotedness and love. We could wish, if it were possible, to paint a historical picture of so interesting a scene, and one which ought never to be forgotten when the patriotic virtues of either the monarch or the subject are remembered."

The last anecdote that we shall quote shews the amiable and benevolent feelings of Mr. Canning in a very striking point of view.

"The writer was one day with him when either the newspapers or some private person gave an account of a woman with a family of children in mourning having watched the egress of Lord Sidmouth (then home secretary) from his official residence, and thrown herself bathed in tears at his feet, while the children clung to his dress and implored, in the most melting tones, mercy for a husband and a father, who was under sentence of death and about to be executed. The sentence, it appeared, was irrevocable, and the noble lord had literally to be torn from the despairing group. We well remember Mr. Canning's observation—'I would not be in that situation, exposed to such an affliction, for all the power and influence possessed by all the ministry.'"

Picture of India, Geographical, Historical, and Descriptive. 2 vols. 12mo. Whittaker and Co.

WHEN we have so many voluminous publications upon India, which, important and valuable as they are, tax the time of general readers too much to enjoy very general circulation, the present work is peculiarly acceptable. It is diligently compiled, easily written, and very neatly as well as usefully illustrated by plates and maps.

Illustrations of the Anglo-French Coinage. Large 4to. pp. 167. London, 1830. J. Hearne.

To this very beautiful, and, to the lovers of numismatics, most interesting and invaluable work, we cannot, this week, pay the detailed attention it so richly deserves. We will, therefore, only say (previous to its appearance on Monday next), that it illustrates the mintage of the English kings in France, from the acquisition of Aquitaine by Henry II., for three centuries, in a manner beyond all praise; whether we look at the accuracy and beauty of the engravings, by Finden; at the number and rarity of the coins (many of which are

unique); or at the amazing industry and skillful comments of the collector, who has, by his researches, corrected some errors, and added some most curious particulars to this memorable period of British history.

An Introduction to a Course of German Literature; in Lectures to the Students of the University of London. By Ludwig von Mühlentfels, LL.D., &c. 8vo. London, 1830. Taylor.

THE present volume comprises the introductory part of a Course of Lectures on the History of German Literature since the time of the Reformation, delivered by Dr. Mühlentfels to the pupils of the University of London. Considering the literature of a people as "the great repository of their ideas," the lecturer shews, that without it the history of a nation cannot be properly understood; as, on the other hand, "the literature of a people, the bloom of the national mind, cannot be duly judged and estimated without tracing its course as the product of the historical development of mankind generally, and in particular, of that of the nation to which it belongs." Accordingly, he commences his Introduction by tracing in a rapid but lively sketch the progress of mankind through the prominent stages of its history down to the period of the Reformation, when the modern literature of Germany begins. But besides this historical introduction, the subject to be treated of requires also an elucidation of the character of the various branches of literature, their relation to science and art, and to each other mutually; and this inquiry, which is more of a philosophical kind, occupies another portion of the volume before us. "Science and art," says Dr. Mühlentfels, "are forms by which the human mind represents the nature of its divine origin. The former is called into life through the activity of intellect, the latter through feeling and fancy." Science, according to its nature, belongs to mankind generally; while the productions of art partake of the peculiar character of nations and individuals. Dr. Mühlentfels excludes from the plan of his Lectures the history of all those branches of German literature which have any reference to science, and directs his attention more exclusively to the department of history, speculative philosophy, rhetoric, and poetry, which stand in the nearest relation to the arts.

We regret that the limits prescribed to this notice must prevent us from entering more deeply into the views here developed by Dr. Mühlentfels. We think that these Lectures are highly creditable to his zeal and talent as a literary inquirer, and as a professor in the new institution to which he belongs; and we would particularly recommend a perusal of them to those who attend the public Lectures on German poetry which Dr. Mühlentfels has just commenced at Willis's Rooms.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, May 11.

Aurea Mediocritas! by your leave a moment, and let me take up the cudgels in defence of arrant nonsense. Mediocrity I take to be one of the most sneaking, beggarly, wishy-washy characteristics that can mark the *decadence* of an age. Whereas, thorough-faced absurdity is sometimes amusing, and, besides, in this age of mind, will soon become rather rare; two reasons which, in my idea, entitle it to a decided preference. The march of intellect will shortly render downright stupidity a distinction. "It offends me to the soul" to bear an encomium on a passable production of any

description. If I cannot meet with unmixed excellence, give me something so ineffably ridiculous, that the *bêtise* is apparent on the surface. I hate your mediums, through whose tame, spiritless dulness the mind is obliged to dive in order to get at the absurdity, which, in the case under consideration, is the cream of the jest. There is a species of nonsense so sublimely nonsensical, that only to think on it does the heart good. This divine nonsense, in praise of which I would fain raise my voice, is now becoming much more uncommon than many worthy people are apt to imagine.

Appropos of what is this exordium? Of the first and second representations of *Bibiana*, at the German Opera: neither more nor less. I feel myself in the humour to build an argument on a needle's point. The poem of this opera fulfils all the conditions necessary to constitute the most glorious absurdity, and precisely for that reason appears to me deserving of particular mention. But that it concludes with a marriage, *comme à l'ordinaire*, I should be tempted to call it a most exhilarating tragedy. *Bibiana*, a fair maiden, such as could be found only in Bohemia, where, it seems, wonders are thickly sown,—*Bibiana* loves *Ottomar*, son of one *Henry de Hornbourg*. *Ottomar* loves *Bibiana*, for the old reason of love for love. *Henry de Hornbourg*, a placid elderly gentleman, loves every body; and *Kust*, a gentleman robber, and decidedly the *bel esprit* of the piece, loves nobody at all. *Henry de Hornbourg* is not only a universal philanthropist, but a first-rate hand at draughts; and, to indulge in his innocent recreation, always carries a draught-board about his person, as a lover carries the miniature of his mistress, or a *chevalier d'industrie* a pair of cogged dice. On a certain excursion, the old gentleman discovers that he has forgotten his draught-board in the chapel of *Culm*, where, *en passant*, he had stepped in to say a *pater-noster*. Spite of a vehement paternal remonstrance, and notwithstanding that the sacred edifice has the reputation of being a den of thieves as well as a house of prayer, the bold *Ottomar* instantly proposes to return in quest of the precious movable. *Bibiana*, however, succeeds in dissuading him from his fell design, though, as to the why or wherefore, the poet has not insulted the capacity of his audience by the slightest hint. We have then an amorous duet—an invocation, I believe, to the lamp of night; and *Bibiana* sets off, at a round pace, for the redoutable chapel, where *Kust* holds a species of house of commons, the members of which are distinguished by the usual political shades—ministerial, opposition, and radical. *Kust*, be it known, is rather a facetious personage—an animal compound of the monkey and the tiger; in short, something like the *Fra-Diavolo* at *Feydeau*; and frequently goes abroad into what is called the world, disguised in a clean shirt. When the road proves but indifferent, his favourite mode of raising the wind is to entice some maid of high degree to the chapel, on pretence of honourable intentions, and then and there barbarously to throttle her, in order to obtain possession of her “jewels, cash, and keys.” At the moment of *Bibiana's* appearance in the chapel, the monster, who has no bowels of compassion, drags a fair and noble *châtelaine* to the front of the stage (exactly opposite to the prompter's snug retreat), mercilessly rifles her of her trinkets, and, with exquisite breeding, conducts her to the side scenes, to spare the audience the horror of witnessing bloodshed, and so becoming *particeps criminis*. *Bibiana* decamps with the draught-board, and, into the

bargain, the victim's jewels. *Kust*, in a twinkling, whistles his band together, and commences a pursuit, but in vain; because, it seems, that in Bohemia Providence always protects innocence—except in a few occasional instances not worth mentioning. And, after all this, the old gentleman, *Henry de Hornbourg*, gives a ball, at which, like a gallant troubadour as he is, *Kust*, of course, makes his appearance, in the character, as I before hinted, of a gentleman. As usual, the gay deceiver endeavours to inveigle *Bibiana*, who agrees to meet him in the chapel. And then the valiant *Ottomar*, at the head of his father's vassals, rushes, sword in hand, upon the bandits;—a thing which, to be sure, he might have done long before; but in that case the catastrophe of the opera would have come in at the wrong end. And then the opera concludes with a blowing up, and a wedding, and

“Songs, and quavers, roaring, humming, Guitars,” &c.

Such is the history of this opera, which, independent of its really attractive music, is curious on account of the sheer absurdity of the *libretto*. The musician, whatever be his talent, cannot obtain a complete triumph over the nullity of an opera-poem destitute of all dramatic interest. It is therefore no mean tribute of praise to *M. Pixis* to affirm, that he has contrived to render even the opera of *Bibiana* interesting, solely by the merit of his music. The overture is brilliant, and the choruses, especially those of the robbers, merit an unrestricted encomium. A comic duet in the third act excited much applause.

The operatic ballet of *Manon Lescaut* may be expected to go through a successful run of at least thirty or forty representations, at the *Académie Royale de Musique*. The principal, though rather equivocal, merit of this composition, is the fidelity with which it portrays the dissolute manners of the court of *Louis XV.* A crowd of minor accessories contribute to the piquancy of the exhibition. *Marquesses* and *fashionables* of the olden time, arrayed in magnificent costumes—originals, well furnished with smelling-bottles, snuff-boxes, tortoiseshell cases, and the other gimcrackery of their day, add a degree of truth and local colouring to the scene. *Messrs. Scribe* and *Auber* have completed a new opera, which will be immediately put in rehearsal at this theatre.

At the theatre of the *Opéra Comique*, *l'Auberge d'Aray*, a one-act lyric drama, will be represented, for the first time this evening, for *Miss Smithson's* *début*.

A letter from Germany states that *Paganini* will shortly quit that country for *Holland*, where he will remain till the end of the year. In the month of *December* he is expected in *Paris*, whence he will proceed to *London* in *April*.

I give you the latest gossip on the subject of *Sontag*. About two years ago, a shoe-maker in *Berlin* exhibited, in large letters, on the door of his shop, the following ensignation:—“*Boot* and *shoemaker* to *Mademoiselle Henrietta Sontag*.” A baker in the same capital has lately renewed the joke, by displaying an equally curious show-board over his shop-front: “*Fancy bread-baker* to *Mademoiselle Sontag*.” The fair siren, indignant at this reiterated pleasantry, intends, it is said, to remonstrate through the medium of the public press.*

* Appropos of this lady: we have received a letter, and the *Berlin Gazette* of *April 22d*, which contains a critique on her appearance as *Doña Anna* in *Don Juan*. From this it appears, that instead of being hissel, as described in the *Paris* correspondence, her performance was crowned with the highest approbation. In justice, we cannot re-

Fido and *Bianco*, the two learned dogs now being exhibited in *Paris*, have been honoured with a mark of distinction which *Messrs. Bourmont*, *Victor Hugo*, *Dumas*, and other personages of note, share in common with the illustrious quadrupeds. An ingenious artist has executed a lithographic print, in which the animals are represented playing their favourite game of *écarté*. *Fido*, who is out of luck, apparently bears the injustice of fortune with most impatient spirit. *Bianco's* broad grin exemplifies the truth of the old proverb, “they laugh that win.”

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

SINCE our last notice, two meetings have been held. At the first, *Lord Stanley* presided; and a paper by *Richard Chambers, Esq.*, was read: the communication was on luminous insects; and tended to shew that the *ignis fatuus*, and other similar appearances, are to be referred to insects, and not to vapour. At the last meeting, which was held on *Tuesday* week, *A. B. Lambert, Esq.*, in the chair, a paper on the *Aeronautic Spider*, by *John Blackwall, Esq.*, was read: this paper is an addition to one by the same author already published in the 16th vol. of the *Society's Transactions*. The writer considers as fully established, that the ascent of these spiders is to be attributed to ascending currents of rarefied air.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

EARL STANHOPE in the chair. The reading of a paper which had been commenced at a previous meeting was concluded. It is entitled, “*Collections towards an essay on the medicinal properties of the plants composing the natural order Gentiana*,” by *J. P. Yosy, Esq.*, communicated in a letter to the *President*. The author, describing the characters of the order, passes on in review the different genera (twenty-seven in number) of which it is composed, enumerating under each the species which deserve the attention of the medical botanist. The following are his conclusions:—That of the 400 species, and upwards, which compose this order, more than one-tenth are or have been, in different countries, esteemed and employed as bitters in the cure or alleviation of diseases, or considered capable of being so employed. The author announces that he purposes to devote especial attention to this order in the course of his trans-Atlantic voyage.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE President in the chair. A paper was read, entitled “*An Essay on the preserved bodies of aboriginal Peruvian Indians*,” by *W. T. Carter, M.D.*, surgeon *R. N.*, communicated by *Dr. Granville, F.R.S.*; of which we shall present an epitome in a subsequent Number.

The following is an abstract of a paper lately read. The communication is entitled, “*On the elasticity of threads of glass, with some of the most useful applications of this property to various kinds of Torsion Balances*,” by *William Ritchie, Esq., F.R.S.*, &c.

The author proposes the employment of threads of glass in the construction of torsion balances, in place of the silver wire used by *Coulomb* for the measurement of minute electric or magnetic forces. He describes a galvanometer of his invention acting upon this

fuse to quote this critical opinion against our own information.—*Ed. L. G.*

principle, the intensity of the galvanic current being measured by the torsion of a slender filament of glass, to the lower end of which a magnetised needle is fixed at right angles. He also applies the same power to the improvement of the sensibility of the common balance for weighing minute bodies, by affixing to the beam a long glass thread horizontally in the axis of suspension, by the torsion of which, when the balance has been brought nearly to a level, the more accurate adjustments are to be effected. On the whole, he considers that glass, from its perfect elasticity, possesses decided advantages over metallic wires for the construction of instruments acting on the principle of torsion.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MAY 6.—Mr. Hallam in the chair. A paper was read respecting a spur discovered in Dorsetshire; and the reading of Rich's account of Ireland was continued.

On Thursday, Hudson Gurney, Esq. in the chair. A communication was read respecting some Roman coins and other antiquities, including a fragment of fine red pottery, found near Newcastle. The reading of Rich's account of Ireland was again resumed, in which it was stated that the Irish rebels were much favoured and supported by the disaffected English, and that there had been an understanding between the governor of Ireland and Tyrone, through which the latter continued his criminal proceedings with impunity, while the governor and his family were freed from the plundering attacks of the rebels;—that, in fact, Tyrone was supplied at the expense of the government; for many who pretended to be friends of the government, obtained stores and ammunition on pretence of guarding their houses against the attacks of the rebels, and then privately conveyed them to Tyrone.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

[A fortnight ago we gave a brief outline of the proceedings at the anniversary meeting of the Royal Society of Literature, and have now the pleasure to lay before our readers the Address delivered upon that occasion by the learned and venerable President, the Lord Bishop of Salisbury. His lordship having condescendingly gratified us with the MS. from which he read this speech, we have it in our power to vouch for the accuracy of a document, not only interesting to the members of the Society, but to the whole literary world, and especially to Biblical scholars and those who desire to be informed respecting the early planting and preaching of the Christian faith in these islands.]

The Society, which his Majesty, in the first year of his reign, proposed to be instituted for the advancement of general literature, has now reached the tenth year of its institution, the eighth of its confirmation by the royal sign manual, and the sixth of its establishment by charter. The means of advancing literature proposed by the Society, and sanctioned by his Majesty, are described in the charter to be, by the publication of inedited remains of ancient literature, and of such works as may be of great intrinsic value, but not of that popular character which usually claims the attention of publishers—by the promotion of discoveries in literature—by endeavours to fix the standard, as far as is practicable, and to preserve the purity, of the English language—by the critical improvement of English lexicography—by the reading, at public meetings, of interesting papers on history, philosophy, poetry, philology, and the arts—by the publication of such of those papers as shall be approved by the Council of the Society—and by the assigning of honorary rewards to works of great literary

merit, and to important discoveries in literature.

The execution of these several means of advancing literature (as far as the resources of the Society rendered practicable) has been fulfilled in a way which we trust has not been unworthy of his Majesty's most munificent patronage;—1. by the publication of several successive fasciculi of hieroglyphics; 2. by the disposal of his Majesty's medals in reward of the eminent talents and valuable works of Mitford and Mai, of Rennell and Wilkins, of Stewart and Schweighauser, of Coxe and Crabbe, and of Roscoe and De Sacy; 3. by the election of Royal Associates, distinguished by valuable works in various branches of literature; 4. by the publication of the Society's Transactions; 5. by the recital, at the ordinary meetings, of interesting memoirs on history, geography, chronology, antiquities, philology, numismatic and hieroglyphic literature.

The council of the Society continue to receive valuable communications on these several subjects, as will appear from the secretary's report of the recitals at the ordinary meetings which have been held since the last anniversary.

One of the earliest objects of the Society was the hope of contributing to the critical improvement of our lexicography. That will never be perfected till the public are in possession of more ample materials for investigating the formation and progress of our language than we have at present. I cannot therefore omit this opportunity of recommending to the notice and encouragement of the Society the very interesting proposals which have been lately offered to the public (copies of which are lying on the table) for editing by subscription the *Wycliffite Versions of the Old Testament*; of which the editors observe, that the language of our forefathers may be said to exist entire in the Wycliffite versions, and that from them may be drawn copious and satisfactory illustrations of its formation and progress. Its great importance in a religious view, in which the public have a general interest, I need not here enlarge on. In a literary view it will be a sufficient recommendation of the undertaking to the Society, that it will essentially promote two chartered objects of its institution,—the publication of inedited remains of our ancient literature, and the critical improvement of our lexicography.

The learned librarian of the Vatican, who received one of his Majesty's medals of the first year, continues to deserve well of the republic of letters by the additions which his indefatigable researches are making to the general stock of classical and ecclesiastical literature. In our own country, Mr. Lemon will soon deliver to the public, under the sanction of the commissioners for the publication of state papers, (from those stores of his Majesty's State Paper Office, which he has brought from a condition of chaos to the most luminous and perfect arrangement)—the long-expected, important, and interesting documents of the reign of Henry VIII.

The British Museum, like all our public libraries, abounds in inedited materials of ancient literature, sufficient to satisfy the curiosity and to gratify with success the most ardent and indefatigable philologist. I particularise the British Museum, because I have been informed by one of its learned librarians, that among the oriental MSS. of Mr. Roch has been lately discovered a Syriac translation of a Greek work, the very existence of which had been more than doubted.

A history of inedited literature, which should bring under one view the notices of unpublished works of antiquity which are scattered through the catalogues of public libraries, and the writings of Cave and Fabricius, is a desideratum which, to a great extent, might be accomplished without much difficulty. But, as most public libraries are imperfectly catalogued, many tracts being often included in a volume under one title, the production and discrimination of these hidden treasures requires the knowledge and perseverance of Langfaire, Maillon, or Montfaugon; and for the detection and development of re-script MSS. is requisite the dexterity of Knittel, Barret, or Mai.

I cannot refrain from repeating a hope, shall I call it? or a wish, that hereafter the funds of our Society may be sufficient to employ some future Leland for the single purpose of forming such collectanea from our public libraries.

A history of *lost*, or *apparently lost*, literature, is also a desideratum in the annals of general learning, which, while it may excite regret for the loss of many valuable works, must impress us with gratitude, by comparison with what we do possess, and with wonder that so very few of the pre-eminently best have been lost, which will be evident from what we know were held to be the best in the days of Aristotle, Dionysius, and Quintilian.

The importance of a chronological view of the lost literature of the first four or five centuries may be exemplified in its relation to an important event, which, before I conclude this address, I hope to prove a great historical fact, expressly asserted by writers of the sixth and seventh centuries, but denied by some modern writers, on the presumption that the testimony of writers of the sixth and seventh centuries is of no more weight than the opinion of writers of the nineteenth.

In the second century alone, Fabricius enumerates between thirty and forty writers whose works are entirely lost, or known only by their fragments, besides many treatises of Irenæus, Clemens Alexandrinus, Melito, and Hippolytus, which are lost.

Of the third century, Fabricius notices very numerous lost works of Origen, Methodius, and Dionysius Alexandrinus, besides enumerating nineteen once celebrated names, whose works are altogether, or for the most part, lost.

Of the fourth century there are several works of Eusebius remaining in the libraries inedited, and so far at present lost to the public; and there were many considerable works of this father of ecclesiastical history, of which all are totally perished but their names; besides several other ecclesiastical historians of the fourth and later centuries, which are lost.

The view which I have thus taken of the lost literature of the first four centuries may induce us to repress our scepticism and distrust as to events of the first century which are asserted by writers of the sixth and seventh centuries, who possessed many sources of information which we do not. The importance which I attach to such a view of the lost literature of the primitive church may be exemplified in its relation to the first introduction of Christianity to the British Islands, which is expressly ascribed to the great apostle of the Gentiles by writers of the sixth and seventh centuries, and circumstantially confirmed by writers of the first, fourth, and fifth centuries. For instance, the founder of ecclesiastical history says, in the fourth century, that the Gospel was preached in the British islands by *some* of the apostles. Eusebius derived the materials of his historical knowledge from records

deposited in the library of Jerusalem, provided by the munificence of Constantine, and by Alexander, one of its bishops; a great part of which has long since perished, or lies concealed in libraries, awaiting the successful researches of some indefatigable Mai. In ascertaining, therefore, the credibility of events ascribed to the first century by writers of the fourth, fifth, sixth centuries, or of later periods, even where no contemporary testimony is extant, we must not forget that they may have possessed authorities once known to have been extant, but now lost or not known to us. When, therefore, we apply this criterion to the testimony of a Latin writer of the sixth century, and to a Greek of the seventh, and another of the fourteenth, who assert that St. Paul preached the Gospel in the British Islands, we might not unreasonably allow them the credit of having had adequate and express authority for their assertion, even if no such authority were now extant; for they assert no more than is almost necessarily involved in the general testimony of Eusebius. For if the Gospel was preached, as he affirms, in the British Islands by some of the apostles, the apostle of the Gentiles, who was personally commissioned to carry salvation to the ends of the earth, we might venture to conclude must have been one of them. But we are not confined to the probability of this almost unavoidable inference; for when two very learned writers of the fourth and fifth centuries, Jerome and Theodoret, affirm of St. Paul, that after his release from his first imprisonment at Rome, he preached the Gospel in the west, and went to Italy, and Spain, and other nations, even from ocean to ocean, and carried salvation to islands in the ocean,—we cannot doubt that so circumstantial an account of St. Paul's travels by such writers as Jerome and Theodoret, was founded on authentic documents, knowing, as we do, that many historical authorities were extant in their times, which are now lost. Irenæus, who was born before the death of St. John, says the apostle went to the ends of the earth—*ὡς πέρατων τῆς γῆς*, an expression which the ancients usually applied to the west, as we see by Hesychius's interpretation of Homer's *πέρατα γαίης* by *τὴν δύσιον*. Irenæus, in his expression *ὡς πέρατων τῆς γῆς*, evidently alluded to the commission which St. Paul received to carry salvation to the ends of the earth, *ὡς ἰσχυαίου τῆς γῆς*.

So far nothing seems to be wanting to a full historical proof that St. Paul preached the Gospel in Britain, but the authority of a contemporary witness; and that authority we have in the testimony of Clemens Romanus, who was the fellow-traveller of St. Paul, and had therefore the best possible means of knowing the truth of what he asserted. Clemens, then, says, in his first and genuine epistle to the Corinthians, that St. Paul was a preacher of the word, *κηρὺξ τοῦ λόγου*, in the east and in the west, and that he went to the end of the west, *εἰς τὸ πέραμα τῆς δύσεως*. Such being the direct testimony of Clemens, we have only to ascertain what is meant by the expression *τὸ πέραμα*, and what country in the time of Clemens was called the end of the west. One of the highest Greek grammatical authorities, Hesychius, interprets *πέραμα* by *πέλοσ* and *ἰσχυαίου*, the end, the extremity of any thing. We cannot therefore be mistaken in translating *τὸ πέραμα τῆς δύσεως*, the end, the extremity of the west; nor in applying the expression to Britain, if we recollect that Britain is called by Catullus *ultima occidentis insula*; and its inhabitants, by Horace, *ultimos orbis Britannos*. At a later period,

Theodoret places Britain *ἰσχυαίου τῆς ἰσχυαίου*, and the most remote from Rome of the three western provinces, Spain, Gaul, and Britain.

Whether, therefore, we regard the literal testimony of writers of the sixth and seventh centuries, or the circumstantial evidence of the course and direction of St. Paul's travels after his liberation from his first imprisonment at Rome, or the personal testimony of St. Paul's fellow-traveller to the extent of the apostle's travels in the west, we appear to have every thing necessary to constitute an historical proof that St. Paul preached the Gospel in the British Islands.

It may not be uninteresting to add, that we possess in the British Museum the original MS. from which this most valuable monument of Christian antiquity, on which I have been laying so much stress, was first printed; that it is, probably, a MS. of the fourth century, being a part of the MS. volume which contains the celebrated Codex Alexandrinus;—MSS. which carry with them this additional interest, that they reduce the inquiry into the truth of Christianity to the narrow compass of four centuries, making us, as it were, contemporaries of Eusebius, and Jerome, and Augustine, in an age not more distant from the first days of Christianity than the reign of Henry VII. from the present time.

But, to return from this digression, let us submit this historical fact, as I now presume to call St. Paul's preaching in Britain, to what is sometimes found to be a more rigorous criterion than any external evidence; I mean the internal probability and practicability of the fact—its consistency or inconsistency with the character and the commission of the apostle, and with the public circumstances of the Roman emperor in the apostolic age. The historian of the Acts of the Apostles informs us, in the words of St. Paul, that it was his special commission to carry salvation to the ends of the earth; and the purpose of his final commission, when in the west, at Rome, at the close of his first imprisonment, was, "that the Gospel might be fully preached by him, and that all the Gentiles might hear." When he was charged with this final commission, he had preached the Gospel very extensively in the east, and had finally taken his leave of those parts. There was nothing in the extent of a journey from Rome to the end of the west to deter even an ordinary traveller, and still less could it present any impediment to him who laboured more abundantly than the rest of the apostles; and the state of the Roman empire was singularly favourable to the propagation of the Gospel to the end of the west: for at that time, says Gibbon, "the public highways, which had been constructed for the use of the legions, opened an easy passage for the Christian missionaries from Damascus to Corinth, and from Italy to the extremity of Spain or Britain."

For trespassing so long on your patience in detailing what appears to me satisfactory evidence of an event most interesting to us as Christians, as Englishmen, as Protestants, personally identified with the ministry of St. Paul by writers of the first, the sixth, and seventh centuries, and circumstantially confirmed by grave and learned historians of the fourth and fifth century—I trust that I need make no apology, especially as it may be the last time that I may have the honour of addressing you at an anniversary meeting from this chair.

I must not, however, close this address without noticing the much lamented loss which the

Society has sustained, since the anniversary the year before last, by the death of two of its most distinguished members—one an actual, the other an honorary, member—the Archdeacon of Stafford and Dr. Young, who were truly literary characters; the former eminent for his learning, piety, taste, general knowledge, and suavity of manners; the other, for great original talents, which rendered him a "maker," an inventor, a discoverer—talents which would have done credit to any reward or all the rewards which the Society could have conferred upon him, had he lived to partake of them; the former having been, by his presence and counsel at our constituent meetings, very instrumental in the formation of the Society; the latter, by his peculiar skill in the development of the hieroglyphic characters, enabling the Society to give effect to the first of its chartered objects—the publication of *inedited remains of ancient literature*.

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

THE great interest which must attach to M. Champollion's labours leads me to think that the following slight sketch of the results of his late expedition to Egypt may not be altogether unacceptable. At a meeting of the *Société des Bulletin Universel*, which took place on Tuesday the 20th, under the presidency of the Duc de Dondeauville, M. Champollion, who is one of its members, gave an account of his discoveries, and displayed some hundreds of drawings made under his inspection. These, however, form but a small part of his collection. He spoke in the highest terms of the zeal of the artists who accompanied him; and the beautiful execution of the drawings sufficiently testified their ability. M. Champollion considers that the subject of Egyptian architecture has been completely exhausted by the draughtsmen and savans under Denon; he has therefore confined himself to the examination of the bas-reliefs and paintings with which the exterior of the Egyptian buildings, and the interior of the tombs, are so richly decorated. These are all situated below the second cataract; beyond it the structures are uninteresting. He dwelt on the fact, that the tombs were ornamented with figures, explanatory of the calling or actions of their inmates. Thus, on that of the veterinary surgeon is exhibited a sick ox showing his tongue, while medicine is administered to another. The king's butler caused all the vessels of gold, silver, and enamel, which were once in his custody, to be sculptured on his tomb. Nothing can exceed the beauty of shape, and richness of ornament, shewn in the vases and patera. Many are drawn with bunches of flowers, to shew the purpose for which they were used. These of course rather injure the effect; but so perfect is the taste both of the form and the ornaments, that they might be thought to belong to the best times of Grecian art. The machines for raising water, the process of purifying it with bitter almonds, angling with rod and line, are represented exactly as they are practised in Egypt to this very day.

Next came a marvellous variety of animals and birds, painted with amazing exactness. The camelopard, different sorts of antelopes, a deer, elephants, hippopotami, a nondescript resembling the kangaroo, various sorts of geese, and the famous ibis. M. Champollion hopes, by the production of this drawing, to settle the long-disputed question concerning this bird. It appeared to me to be of the stork tribe, of moderate size, with pencilled plumage, brown and white.

But by far the most interesting part of his exposition was the description of the tombs of the kings and queens which he has explored. He possesses the portraits and accompanying hieroglyphical accounts of the actions of the Egyptian monarchs of many dynasties. Some of these kings M. Champollion recognises in the faces of the sphinxes and colossal statues made under their reign. Thus the Ethiopian Sabacon preserves his proper features, although he is clad in the Egyptian royal robes. The son of Alexander, who was recognised as king of Egypt, and Cæsarion, son of Cæsar and Cleopatra, are drawn as youths. The Ptolemies shew decidedly the Greek physiognomy, and may be verified by their medals. But the Roman emperors resemble monarchs on a signpost, utterly destitute of likeness to their originals; for the very good reason, that the artists never saw them. By the discovery of the female tombs, M. Champollion has been enabled to explain the Greek notion of the Ethiopian Memnon. The portrait of this prince bears the negro features strongly marked. M. Champollion has found the portrait of a negress queen, and by the accompanying explanatory hieroglyphics, it appears that she actually was the mother of this Ethiopian Memnon. Singular to say, on the tomb of Sheshah he found the names of the fenced cities which he took from Judah before he reached Jerusalem. The sepulchres of the mighty conquerors exhibit bas-reliefs of hundreds of yards in extent, explanatory of their victories. The different people whom they conquered are drawn with their characteristic features and national dress: Jews, Arabs, Indians, and Negroes. Twice occur paintings of the Ionian Greeks, quite agreeing with the *luxurians laois*, their long tunics, ornamented with the peculiar border so common on the ancient Athenian urns; and their names above, in hieroglyphics. The conferences of Sesostris with the Scythians before the battle; the battle itself; the sithed chariots of both armies, those of the Egyptians in good order, and beautifully formed—the Scythian in disarray and of ruder workmanship; the same monarch meeting his fleet on the banks of the Indian Ocean; and a variety of other remarkable subjects,—are set forth with a vigour of design, and precision of detail, such as we have hitherto thought the Greeks to have exclusively possessed. These Scythians, by the by, are true Tartars.

Next came a perfect Egyptian arsenal; bows, arrows, spears, swords, and sithes; ships of all descriptions, some like royal barges, blazing with gold: the gathering of the corn, the flax, and papyrus, the vintage, and the sowing, were all displayed in detail.

The *séance* was very interesting in other particulars; but the foregoing, in addition to your letters, will shew the extent of M. Champollion's own pretensions.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Second Notice.]

No. 181. *Palestrina; Composition.* J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—Here we have Mr. Turner on a very much better ground than in No. 7, (noticed in our last) *Pilate washing his Hands*;* although still not on his right one. In such performances as this, he may exhibit the richness and even the riot of his imagination with impu-

nity, or rather with applause. There is enough of nature to shew that attention to her has formed the basis of a structure full of poetical feeling, but exceedingly artificial withal. It is so long since Mr. Turner has wandered from the domains of fact into the regions of fancy, and our eye has now been so long used to the peculiarities of his adopted style, that when we are called upon to gaze on such splendid and dazzling works as the present, we are not surprised to find ourselves in a fairy-land, in which the objects themselves, and the hues with which they are invested, are entirely different from the realities to which we are accustomed in this sober and every-day world.

No. 40. *Psyche.* Sir W. Beechey, R.A.—Lovely and joyous, this lightly-tripping fairy form has sprung from the veteran artist's pencil, as if it were the creation of the most youthful fancy. Neither in colouring nor in execution is it at all inferior to the productions of Sir William's early days.

No. 53. *The Fall of Phaëton.* J. Ward, R.A.—In his treatment of this subject, Mr. Ward has displayed his usual knowledge of animal anatomy; and has thrown his horses into situations that call forth all his powers in their representation. The impression produced on the spectator is, nevertheless, an exceedingly painful one. Who can avoid shuddering when he contemplates the tremendous fate which evidently awaits the unfortunate charioteer and his steeds?

No. 72. *Morning; an Italian Composition.* A. W. Callcott, R.A.—If the last-mentioned picture has created any agitation in the mind, the present is better calculated than any work of art which we have for a long time seen, to soothe and calm it. Great as was our admiration of the talents displayed by Mr. Callcott in the exhibition of last year, we must say that we think he has in this beautiful production surpassed his former surpassings. The sweetness and tranquillity of the general character of the composition, the clearness and purity of the atmospheric and other tones, and the delightful execution, so completely in accordance with the fine conception of the work, entitle it to rank with the best landscapes of the greatest Italian artists that ever lived.

No. 80. *May Morning.* H. Howard, R.A.—This beautiful group of aerial and floating forms would, we think, have appeared to more advantage, and would have retained more of its visionary character, had the substantial human beings who are addressing it been omitted.

No. 115. *A Dog of two Minds.* W. Mulready, R.A.—The meaning of this picture is not easily to be discovered; and when discovered is far from pleasing. In point of execution, it is an admirable specimen of Mr. Mulready's talents.

No. 144. *Shylock and Jessica.* G. S. Newton, A.—A charming little work. The keen and suspicious glance of the Jew, and the demure composure of his daughter, are very amusingly contrasted. The whole is richly, but harmoniously coloured.

No. 163. *The Bower of Diana.* T. Stothard, R.A.—Although recently executed, as beautiful and imaginative a composition as this veteran and highly-gifted artist ever produced.

No. 192. *Scene from the Red Rover.* W. Daniell, R.A.—A print from this admirable performance has already been noticed in the *Literary Gazette*; but the qualities of art which the picture exhibits are still more deserving of

encomium. The quiet and solemn light of the moon, as contrasted with the dreadful catastrophe, is highly poetical and awful: as for the possible seamanship of the piece, we are incompetent judges, never having been out in such a storm. As landsmen, we should surmise that few sailors ever were; and if they had, they must have *let go the painter*; so that we must, after all, have had a picture of imagination rather than of reality.

No. 197. *The Orphans.* J. Wood.—Although there is perhaps too much display of tattered costume, this is a work which does great credit to Mr. Wood. He has perfectly succeeded in the representation of silent but expressive grief.

No. 19. *Dell Scene, in the Park of the Right Hon. the Countess of Dysart, at Hattingham, Suffolk.* J. Constable, R.A.—As powerful, fresh, and sparkling as Nature herself; and free from any unpleasant predominance of Mr. Constable's peculiar mode of handling.

No. 81. *A Maltese Ass and Mule Foad, with her former Ass Foad in the Background.* J. Ward, R.A.—Frequently and highly as we have admired Mr. Ward's talents in animal painting, we do not remember ever having met with a more exquisite specimen of them than this characteristic and masterly little picture.

No. 135. *Venus rising from her Couch.* J. Ward, R.A.—Badly drawn, badly coloured, and, what is much worse, indelicate. Why are the modest and lovely young females who daily grace the rooms of Somerset House with their presence, to have their feelings outraged, and blushes called into their cheeks, by a work like this,—placed too in a situation in which it cannot possibly escape near notice? We are sorry to add, that it is not Mr. Ward's only offence in the present Exhibition, and that he is not the only offender.

(To be continued.)

WATER-COLOURS' EXHIBITION.

[Third notice: Conclusion.]

No. 323. *The Captain's Story.* G. Cattermole.—A story told in real life with the spirit which this performance exhibits, could not fail to excite great attention. Whether the artist means to illustrate a tale already told, or to throw out a hint on which to found a new one, we know not; but his drawing is well calculated to call up images of marvels and adventures, such as the Red Rover himself might describe; or such as Mr. W. Daniells has painted from his description.

No. 340. *The Recess.* J. F. Lewis.—A brilliant assemblage of costly objects, splendidly, yet harmoniously, coloured.

No. 353. *Rembrandt and his Models.* J. Stephanoff.—In this beautiful and highly-finished production we recognise to the fullest extent one of those striking examples of depth of tone and colour, which, as we have already observed, give to this Society the right to call themselves "Painters." As a work of art, no better subject could have been selected for displaying the rich variety of Mr. Stephanoff's pencil. At the same time it must have presented difficulties not easily to be overcome. The figure of Rembrandt appears like that of an enchanter, with his magic wand, ready to marshal and call into form the splendid but chaotic mass of materials by which he is surrounded. This performance ought scarcely to lose any of its value in the eyes of the artist or of the amateur, because it may not be regulated by the strictest rules of composition; for, tried by that test, what would become of Zoffany's justly celebrated picture of the Florence Gal-

* A wag, who looked long at this composition without being able to make head or tail of it, (as was the case with most spectators), retired, saying, he fancied "a pilot washing his hands" was a fine marine subject.

lery, and many other works of a similar character?—While contemplating a picture of such power and richness, we cannot help diverting to the invaluable assistance which water-colour painters have derived from the recent improvements made in the pigments used by them; improvements which not only impart brilliance to their colouring, but ensure its durability. To the persevering and successful experiments of Mr. George Field, and other men of science, it is owing, that the beauties of the water-colour paintings of the present day are not like those of the flowers of the garden,—the pride of the season, but which speedily fade and perish.

No. 32. *View near Skiddaw, Cumberland.* H. Gastineau.—Just the spot which a poet or a painter would select for the illustration of the romantic and picturesque. Harmoniously and beautifully executed.

No. 31. *Loch Corouisk, Isle of Sky.* G. F. Robson.—We have seen many twilight effects from Mr. Robson's pencil, but none to which the word "intensity" has been so applicable.

No. 35. *Church of Notre Dame, Dresden.* S. Prout.—One of Mr. Prout's most successful productions. Not only are the forms admirably delineated, but an atmosphere is introduced, which great practice and skill alone could have represented with such fidelity.

No. 51. *Distant View of Rye, with Cattle going to Water.* T. Fielding.—A fine Cuyplike effect.

No. 72. *Landscape, with a Timber-waggon.* S. Austin.—"Landscape" is rather too diffuse a term to apply to close scenery like this, which has the character of a composition, well studied in all its parts from nature, and admirably put together.

No. 104. *Cottage, Caernarvon.* G. Pyne.—Great talent is here displayed in colouring and execution. A little more space in the scene would have more advantageously set off the principal object.

No. 338. *London Bridge, 1730.* G. Pyne.—Reminiscences like this, so treated, are equally gratifying to the antiquary and the amateur. These are productions of infinite promise from a young artist;—of a good stock, however.

We cannot conclude our notice of this truly interesting Exhibition without observing, that the taste evinced by Miss Byrne and Miss Scott in their beautiful representations of fruit and flowers, greatly contributes to the production of that variety which is so essential to every collection of works of art.

SIGNOR CAMPANILE'S PICTURES.

WE have had much gratification in viewing two pictures by Signor Campanile, a Roman historical and portrait painter of distinguished talents, now in London. The one represents the Adoration of the Holy Sacrament in the Paulina Chapel in Rome, on Maundy Thursday; the other the Sermon preached on the Piazza Colonna in Rome, during the Jubilee of 1825. The former, especially, is a magnificent work, and gives an excellent idea of one of the most splendid and imposing ceremonies of the Romish church, performing under circumstances which materially add to its interest and effect: the latter, besides being very sweetly executed, is curious, as exhibiting the various costumes of the environs of Rome. It appears that these two fine performances are to be disposed of by chance, as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers have set down their names for that purpose.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FIRST AND LAST.—NO. IV.

The First and Last Prayer.

"PRAY for me, mother! pray that no blight
May come on my hopes and prospects bright;
Pray that my days may be long and fair—
Free from the cankering touch of care;
Pray that the laurels I grasp at now
May live ere long around my brow;
And pray that my gentle ladye-love
May be fond as the nightingale, true as the
dove."

The mother knelt by her own hearth-stone,
With her hand on the head of her only son,
And lifting up her glistening eye,
Prayed for all blessings fervently;
And then she took one lock of hair
From his manly forehead smooth and fair,
And he kissed her cheek, and left her side
With a bounding step and a smile of pride.

"Pray for me, mother! pray that ere long
My soul may be free as a wild bird's song,
That away on the wings of the wind is driven,
And goes to rest with them in heaven:
Pray for it, mother!—nay, do not weep!
Thou wast wont to bless my infant sleep;
And bless me now with thy gentle breath,
Ere I sink away in the sleep of death."

The mother knelt by his side again—
Oh, her first prayer had been all in vain!
His ladye-love had been false to him—
His fame in slander's breath was dim:
She looked on his altered cheek and eye,
And she felt 'twas best that he should die;
Then she prayed for his death in her fond de-
spair, [prayer!
And his soul passed away with that last wild
Worton Lodge, Isleworth. M. A. BROWNE.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PUBLIC DINNERS.

The Artists' Benevolent Fund.—The Anniversary on Saturday was very numerously attended: above two hundred sat down to dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern, Lord Rosslyn in the chair; the Duke of Wellington being prevented by his official duties. The day passed off with much social enjoyment, and an ample subscription rewarded the exertions of the president and stewards. We rejoiced to learn, from the secretary's report, that the Fund is rapidly augmenting; and it appeared to us that the relief required was uncommonly small—the annual expenditure in that way being little more than 100l.

The Literary Fund.—On Wednesday the friends of this admirable charity met at the same place; his Grace the Duke of Somerset, president, in the chair, supported by Lord Milton, the President of the Royal Academy, Mr. Cam Hobhouse, Mr. Gally Knight, Mr. E. Lytton Bulwer, Mr. A. Spottiswoode, Mr. Sotheby, Captain Marryat, Mr. Lockhart, Mr. Croly, Mr. Cunningham, and other distinguished individuals. The company, above 150 in number, were addressed by the chairman, Lord Milton, Mr. Hobhouse, Mr. Sotheby, Mr. Knight, and Messrs. Croly and Burn (as registrars), who severally advocated the cause of the Institution, and went through the forms usual on such occasions. Above 500l. was announced as the amount of the subscription; and it augured well of the Society to observe among its supporters the principal publishers of the metropolis.—Mr. Longman, with others of the partners of that extensive house; Mr. Murray; Messrs. Colburn and Bentley; Mr.

Rivington, Mr. Whittaker, &c. &c. There were also many persons of literary name present; and the meeting broke up after enjoying a very gratifying evening, with a pledge from the majority to repeat the pleasure at Greenwich on the 23d of June.

MUSIC.

WE neglected last Saturday to notice Mrs. Anderson's concert, at which that lady's exquisite performance on the pianoforte (especially a concerto in A minor, and a grand duet by Hummel,) gained her immense applause, justly merited by her pre-eminent talents and excellent character. The whole entertainment was delightful. Hummel (who, they say, is as eager for profit as praise,) distinguished his school to great advantage. A M. Ponchard made his first appearance with no striking effect; and the sweet voice of Madame Stockhausen happily relieved the graver performances, though Malibran, Lalonde, and De Begnis, shared in the harmony of the day.

On Wednesday, Mr. Cipriani Potter's concert at the King's Theatre also presented a delicious treat to amateurs. At Mr. F. Cramer's, on the preceding week, we have to notice the very successful *début* of a native artist, young Parry, the son of our favourite Welsh composer and *flageoletist*. He sang in a good English style, and was much applauded.

DRAMA.

AT the King's Theatre, Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, for Donzelli's benefit, on Thursday, introduced Lablache to an English audience. The opera was excellently cast, and went off with great *éclat*. The *débutant* is an admirable comic actor, as well as capital singer; and being well sustained by Malibran, Donzelli, Lalonde, Santini, and others, the evening was justly the most brilliant of the season.

At the other theatres, benefits have produced some miscellaneous novelties, but nothing requiring criticism. Miss Paton, the queen of song, had an overflowing bumper on Thursday, and no house could hold an audience equal to her public deserts. The boy Burke, at the Surrey, had also a full benefit on Tuesday, and astonished the natives by the versatility of his precocious talents.

Florence, April 23, 1830.

THE English society at Florence have just enjoyed a treat of which it would be difficult to give you an adequate description. You must have heard of the private theatre of Lord Burghersh,* and the extraordinary success of the Italian operas of his own composition, which he has brought out upon it. It was known that since the production of the last of these, namely the *Fedra*, he had employed himself in writing to the old opera of *The Siege of Belgrade*; and of course the greatest anxiety prevailed amongst his countrymen to see how he would treat an English subject, and particularly one which in England had been so effective. It was understood that Lord Burghersh had never heard the old music of this drama; and the proof (as far as the absence of all similarity) was certainly clearly afforded at the production of this very delightful opera, which took place a week ago, and was repeated last night. The plan of the old drama has in some degree been changed: the parts of Catherine, Peter, and Ismael, have been very much augmented, and several additions have been made to the other parts of

* We have spoken of it repeatedly in the *L. G.*—Ed.

Ghita and Leopold. The consequence of this is, that the three parts of the ladies are become nearly equal, Catherine and Lilla being the two high sopranos, and Ghita the lower one.

The Seraskier remains the leading part amongst the men; but the part of Peter has been very much increased, and produced great effect. I send you the cast of these as they were filled up from amongst the amateurs residing here; and I assure you it boasts of talents you rarely see brought together on any stage. And now for some description of the opera. It was most successful, delightfully so: the music is entirely original; it has not the least resemblance to Lord B.'s other compositions; it is of as different a style from the *Fedra* or from the *Scompiglio*, as was his *Mass*, produced last year, from the operas he had formerly written. It is English music, but brought together with all the science, feeling, and taste, of his other productions:—but to be judged of, you must hear it; and I hope it will not be long before it may be produced on a larger theatre. I make no comparisons with other music or with other composers; but feel satisfied the merits of this will establish it a first favourite wherever and whenever it is performed. Lord Burghers's triumph has been complete throughout this opera. His Italian compositions had already been crowned with the most eminent success; but in the present instance it was thought that the English language, whatever might be the merit of the music, would sound hard to a Florentine audience. There never was a greater error; and in common with every Englishman present, I confess I felt a satisfaction not easily to be described, at the refutation of a sentiment which I have too often heard in the mouths of Englishmen, that our language was not adapted for music:—now, upon this occasion, there was not an Italian who did not admit, generally to their great surprise, that in the whole opera they had not heard a sound which was harsh or disagreeable, and that the language appeared to them in singing as harmonious as it was possible to desire. As this perhaps will be the only occasion when a test of such a nature can be had, as it is hardly possible, under any other circumstances, that an English opera should be produced before Italians, I could not refuse myself the pleasure of giving you these details.

VARIETIES.

Bridges.—Suspension bridges are increasing in number in France. A bridge of this description, recently finished at Forçals, on the Rhone, is mentioned as a *chef-d'œuvre*. Within the last six months a great improvement has been made in the manufacture of the chain cables used for this purpose. By a new process, the iron-founders are enabled to manufacture chains of equal strength and elasticity to those of Great Britain.

Ferdinand VII.—A colossal statue of this monarch, by M. Chardigny, a French sculptor, is about to be erected at Barcelona.

Appointment.—At the last sitting of the Academy of the Fine Arts in Paris, M. Granet was chosen to fill the place become vacant by the death of M. Taunay.

Elections.—At the last sitting of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres in Paris, the following persons were elected to fill the six vacant seats: MM. Thurot, Champollion jun., Thierry, Lajard, Joubert, and Mionait.

Etruscan Antiquities.—A letter from Rome announces that some interesting discoveries

have been recently made at Tarquinia, Corneto, and other places in ancient Etruria. Eight or ten *tumuli* were opened to the west of Tarquinia. The painting of the interior of these sepulchral chambers was in good style, and in high preservation; but the sculpture on the outside was very inferior: several vases of large dimensions, and in the best style, covered with fabulous animals, were discovered in the tombs. Near Corneto were found two stone coffins, with couchant statues, which appear to have belonged to the time of the Lower Empire.

Bronze Colossal Elephant: Paris.—The enormous bronze elephant, which was originally intended to be placed as a fountain on the site of the Bastille in Paris, is now, it seems, to be fixed on a pedestal, in a vacant space in the *Champs Elysées*; M. A. Malavoine, the architect, having obtained from the city of Paris, for eighty years, the grant of the land in question, without rent, on condition of its reverting with the statue to the city, so as to become a national monument. The pedestal will be about 50 feet in height, and the castle on the back of the elephant will be at an elevation of 100 feet from the ground. Staircases to ascend to the castle will be made in the legs of the elephant, and the body will be fitted up elegantly as a saloon: persons entering the elephant to pay one franc for each admission: from this fee the architect expects to derive a large income.

The American Cow-tree.—Mr. Fanning, who was in England last summer, and brought with him some specimens of the cow-tree, the first ever seen here (but which unfortunately died), together with a drawing of the tree, and some of the milk dried in the form of lozenges, has written a letter, dated from Carcasses, in the month of February this year, to a gentleman to whose patronage he was much indebted whilst in London, in which he states that he was on the point of setting out for that part of the country called the *Silla*, for the purpose of procuring new specimens of this extraordinary plant, the existence of which, though attested by Von Humboldt, has been called in question by some persons. Mr. Fanning had great hopes that he should be more fortunate this time, and that the plants would arrive safe. He says they will reach England early in the summer.

Patent Safety Lock.—We have been favoured with an inspection of a new safety or protector lock, apparently of great merit. It has been declared that, however complicated may be the wards or interior of a lock, it cannot be called perfectly secure from an ingenious artist. The inventor of this new lock therefore proposes to guard the key-hole, so that any attempt to force or pick the lock, must of necessity be discovered. For this purpose a small box or chamber, with a lid similar to a snuff-box, is affixed over the front of the lock, with a key-hole corresponding in size with that of the lock. The lid of this chamber being open, the bolt is turned, and the key withdrawn in the usual way; after which a small paper label is laid over the key-hole, and the spring cover shut down, so as to prevent any possibility of its removal except by violence. The person having the key can thus, in all cases, see, before he again opens the lock, whether any attempt has been made to open it during his absence. It is the invention of a Mr. Gottlieb, who holds an appointment in the Excise Office, and is, we are told, patronised by the board.

Polish Chain Bridge.—A suspension bridge is about to be constructed across the Vistula, at Warsaw.

Carcasses.—In the Central Society of Agriculture in France a prize of 1,000 francs was adjudged to M. Payen for the best paper on the means of using the carcasses of domestic animals for agricultural purposes. The Society has offered a prize for the next year on the same subject.

Prisons.—The number of persons in confinement on the 31st December last, in the different prisons of the Netherlands, was 6,499, of whom 5,426 were males, and 1,173 females; being, as compared with the population, 1 to every 932.

Berlin.—A new museum of painting has been built at Berlin on a very splendid and extensive scale. It will be opened shortly, with a rich collection of paintings and sculpture. In this museum the *chefs-d'œuvre* of painting are not suspended, as in this country; but are placed against screens, which form as it were alcoves in different parts of the room.

Population of Rome.—According to the late census, the population of Rome is now 144,541, being an increase in one year of 2,221. There are in the "Eternal City" 33,680 families, 35 bishops, 1,490 priests, 1,964 monks and friars, and 2,300 nuns. The Catholic inhabitants are 107,060; the remainder consists of Protestants.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XX. May 15.]

The Rev. John Romney is, we hear (and he is not sure that we have not mentioned it before), about to publish *Memoirs of the Life and Works of his Father, George Romney, the eminent painter.*—M. Lamartine announces new poems, under the title of *Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Hooker's British Flora, royal 12mo. 12s. bds.—Sir Ethelbert, by the Author of *Santo Sebastiano*, 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 4s. bds.—Maude's *Traveler's Lay*, post 8vo. 2s. bds.—Douglass's *Truths of Religion*, 8vo. 6s. bds.—*First Love*, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—*Crossman's Sermon*, 8vo. 6s. bds.—*Stevens's Comments*, Vol. XVIII. 8vo. 10s. bds.—*Draper's Sketches from the Volume of Creation*, 12mo. 5s. hf.-bd.—*The Orphans of Lissau*, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. bds.—*Main's Villa and Cottage Florist's Directory*, fcp. 6s. bds.—*Clive's Short-Hand*, 12mo. 7s. bds.—*Crocker on the Latin Subjunctive Mood*, 12mo. 4s. bds.—*Library of Useful Knowledge, Geometry*, 8vo. 5s. bds.—*Raulph de Rohais, a Romance of the 12th Century*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—*Memoir of the Controversy respecting the Three Heavenly Witnesses*, 12mo. 6s. bds.—*Stevens on the Sympathy of Christ*, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—*Female's Encyclopedia*, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.. 6	From 49. to 80.	29.91 to 29.74
Friday.... 7	— 49. — 77.	29.64 — 29.56
Saturday.. 8	— 40. — 63.	29.49 — 29.48
Sunday.... 9	— 45. — 51.	29.34 Stationary
Monday... 10	— 41. — 52.	29.37 to 29.60
Tuesday... 11	— 37. — 50.	29.64 — 29.72
Wednesday 12	— 42. — 55.	29.72 — 29.81

Wind variable, prevailing S.E. and N.W. Except the 6th and 7th, generally cloudy, with frequent rain. Rain fallen, 725 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Hesperus, * * * to a Maniac, and many other poetical favours, are unavoidably declined.

We have not read Mr. Babbage's book against the Royal Society, having only incidentally seen it on a bookseller's counter. It seemed bitter enough, and we shall probably be induced to canvass its opinions.

The Report of the Royal Institution, an interesting Letter from Calcutta, and many other papers, are postponed: the pressure of novelties upon us is at present very heavy.

The lines on Bill Bury, the undertaker (who, according to the writer, has philologically transmitted his proper name for the act of interment), want novelty of point, though they have plenty of mere pun. We are tired of mutes dwelling on the mutability of life, and of serious indispositions carrying people to the grave; of undertaking persons' cases after the doctors had given them up, and of dead men being sailors because they were in the shrouds:—all these are lively jokes no longer, but dead and buried by Joseph (Miller) and his brethren.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS, is now open, every Day, from Nine till Seven, at the Gallery, Pall Mall East.

SOCIETY of BRITISH ARTISTS. The Exhibition for the Sale of the Works of living British Artists, in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, is now open to the Public, from Nine till Six.

TOURNAMENT of the FIELD of the CLOTH of GOLD, 15, Oxford Street, near Charles Street, Soho Square.

LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION, 1830.—All Works of Art intended for the ensuing Exhibition must be sent, addressed to the Liverpool Royal Institution, Colquitt Street, to be delivered on or before the 27th July.

PLYMOUTH EXHIBITION of PICTURES. The Twelfth Exhibition of Paintings and Drawings will Open, at the Athenæum, Plymouth, on Monday the 18th day of July next.

MR. FAWCETT having signified his intention of quitting the Stage at the Close of the present Season, the following professional Gentlemen held a Meeting this day, in the Theatre—

Resolved.—That the Gentlemen present do form themselves into a Committee for the purpose of assisting Mr. Fawcett, by every means in their power, on his Benefit, Thursday, May 20, being the last Night of his Appearance—that his retirement may be as brilliant as his professional talent and private worth have been conspicuous.

Resolved.—That as Miss Fanny Kemble and Mr. Mathews have already kindly volunteered their services on this occasion, that application be made to other distinguished Members of the Profession, to assist in varying the Entertainments, and enable the Committee to carry into effect the desirable object which they have in view.

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THE EARL of MORTON'S COINS. By Auction by Mr. SOTHEY and SON, Wellington Street, Strand, on Thursday, June 3, and Five following Days (Sunday excepted), at Twelve o'Clock, a most extensive and valuable Collection of Greek and Roman Coins and Medals, in Gold, Silver, and Copper, including a few Modern; formed by the Right Hon. James Earl of Morton, who died in 1764, during a Residence on the Continent, under the Guidance and Advice of the Abbé DuRoi.

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No. 696.—AMERICAN EDITION.

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1830.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First, King of England. By I. D'Israeli. 8vo. Vols. III. and IV.* London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

NEARLY two years having passed since the publication of Vols. I. and II. of this interesting work, it may be expedient to remind our oblivious public (which has either so many things to remember, or so great a knack of forgetting, that hardly any matter lasts even the nine days by axiom allotted to the existence of a wonder), that these Commentaries are calculated to throw an impartial and steady light upon the leading events in the reign of the first Charles—a reign more resembling a romantic tale, or a tragic drama, than almost any period which could be selected out of the history of any nation. By his research and fair criticism, Mr. D'Israeli has been enabled to continue his labours with the same spirit that marked their commencement; and his work is thus eminently entitled to popularity. We do not mean to say that there are not facts stated which others may question; far less that there are not opinions broached and conclusions drawn with which many will refuse to agree; but we will say, that there is an evident disposition throughout to place both sides unreservedly before the reader, and to argue openly and candidly upon the data and dicta of each. Thus, for example, in examining the character of Laud, Mr. D'Israeli quotes Neal for the Presbyterians, and Lawson for the High Church—and he differs from both, on grounds which it would be difficult to take from under him, and reasoning which it would not be easy to overthrow.

The third volume sets out with the era when Charles, having dissolved his third refractory parliament, attempted to reign alone by prerogative; and, as the author shews, it began auspiciously, in the correction of two great royal errors,—favouritism and military ambition. To this succeeded ten years of extraordinary national happiness; but the storm was gathering in the sunshine! It is, however, more agreeable to dwell in the sunshine than in the storm; and we shall select our examples from the author's account of the golden period embraced between the rising of the parliament, 1628, and the commencement of the trouble in Scotland in 1638. It was during these halcyon days of the king's life that he indulged in all the luxuries of his fine taste for the arts; and painting, sculpture, architecture, music, and literature, flourished in England. And it is a splendid trait in the recollections of Charles, that even in his deepest adversity his love of intellectual refinement never forsook him: when a prisoner in the Isle of Wight, he wrote to his librarian, Patrick Young, respecting his books and medals; and Mr. Upcott has also a note from him, at the

time he was with the Scots, to Secretary Nicholas, in which he orders certain volumes to be sent to him, and points out their particular situation in one of his apartments at Whitehall. Upon this Mr. D'Israeli says well—"a prince without art and literature is only one of the people on the throne."

We differ on one point from the author, while descanting on this topic, when he says, "Charles the First unquestionably was the first English monarch who opened galleries of paintings and statues—domiciliated the genius of Italian architecture—and, in the ardour of his capacious designs, meditated, at no distant day, to call around his throne, what lay scattered in Europe, a world of glory as yet unconquered by his people." The whole of this eulogy is deserved by the king; but there is abundant evidence to prove, that the "genius of Italian architecture," and of Italian painting, carving, and other branches of the fine arts, was domiciliated in England in preceding centuries, by our Henries and our Edwards. Westminster Palace, the Painted Chamber, and other early relics, afford to this hour abundant evidence of this fact; and in the reign of Elizabeth, the cunning of foreign artists and artisans was largely employed in this country, though truly her majesty's own collection of rarities were very feminine and paltry. Still the capacious and elegant mind of Charles effected enough to command our warmest admiration. The names of the Earl of Arundel, of Inigo Jones, of Hollar, of Cleyne, of Mytens, of Rubens, of Vandeyck, of Selden, of Harvey, of Shirley, of Lord Orrery, and of many other distinguished men, are intimately connected with the name of Charles Stuart in the illustrious exhibition which the arts, sciences, and letters, make at this brilliant epoch; and the contrast which it forms with the dismal times that succeeded, when fanatical austerity and gloom pervaded the land, is as striking a contemplation to the philosophical imagination as the history of England can afford. The importation of the Arundel marbles, the establishment of Mortlake tapestry manufacture, the building of Whitehall, the purchase of the cartoons of Raphael and of the cabinet of the Duke of Mantua, the invitation and employment of the most celebrated painters, &c.—and all under the most straitened circumstances of royal revenue,—add to the splendour of the king's character, as a munificent patron of the arts, and a passionate lover of learning.

"There are (says Mr. D'Israeli) some delightful literary anecdotes of Charles. The king had been harassed by the zealot Obadiah Sedgwick repeatedly pressing the king for his opinion on his fanatical 'Leaves of the Tree of Life'; a mystical explanation of the second verse of the twenty-second chapter of the Revelations. The king, having read part of the manuscript, returned it, with his opinion, that, 'After such a work, he believed the composer stood in some need of sleep.' The happy ambiguity of this playful criticism, accepted in the better sense, gratified this par-

liamentary preacher. There was some Cervantic humour in Charles's gravity. When pressed by a parliamentary commissioner to conclude the treaty, the king ingeniously replied, 'Mr. Buckley, if you call this a treaty, consider if it be not like the fray in the comedy, where the man comes out, and says, 'There has been a fray, and no fray;' and being asked how that could be, 'Why,' says he, 'there hath been three blows given, and I had them all!' Look, therefore, if this be not a parallel case.' The conversation of Charles, on many occasions, shews that he was a far superior man than his enemies have chosen to acknowledge. The famous Oceana Harrington, when commissioned by parliament, attending on the king, his ingenuousness and his literature attracted the king's notice. Harrington was a republican in principle, and the king and he often warmly disputed on the principles of a good government. One day Charles recited to him some well-known lines of Claudian, descriptive of the happiness of the government under a just king. Harrington was struck by the king's abilities, and from that moment never ceased admiring the man whom he had so well known. Charles displayed the same ability at the treaty of the Isle of Wight, where he conducted the negotiation alone, his lords and gentlemen standing behind his chair in silence. That occasion called forth all his capacity; and it was said, that the Earl of Salisbury, on the parliament's side, observed, that 'the king was wonderfully improved:' to which Sir Philip Warwick replied, 'No, my lord! the king was always the same, but your lordship has too late discovered it.' We cannot doubt that Charles the First possessed a rate of talent and intellectual powers, to which his historians have rarely alluded. In a conversation on writing plays in rhyme, one party affirming that the bondage of rhyme would confine the fancy, and Lord Orrery being of a contrary opinion, as arbiter, Charles commanded his lordship to employ some of his leisure in a dramatic composition, in rhyme, which produced 'The Black Prince.' But it was not only in the lighter graces of poetry that the fine taste of Charles delighted: more serious and elevated objects equally engaged his attention. Charles was desirous that the national history should be composed by a man of genius. He had been pleased with the Historical Essay of Lord Bacon's Henry VII. With great judgment he fixed on Sir Henry Wotton for a complete history; and to stimulate that very elegant writer, granted him a munificent pension of five hundred pounds. Charles unquestionably was himself a writer of the history of his own times; and however we may determine on the authenticity of the much-disputed *Icon Basilike*, there will be found some portions, and some peculiar expressions, which, it is not probable, perhaps possible, that any one could have written but himself. Certain it is, that the manuscripts of the king were numerous. No monarch has had his pan

* A fifth volume is promised, to conclude the work, by carrying the unfortunate monarch through the civil wars.

so constantly in his hand. During his long confinement at Carisbrooke Castle, his life offers a beautiful picture of the imprisonment of a literary character. The king had his constant hours for writing, and he read much. We have an interesting catalogue of the books he called for during this period. Yet there exist no autographs of Charles except some letters. This seems to indicate some purposed destruction. We know that the king revised the folio Memoirs of Sir Edward Walker, and that he supplied Clarendon, from his own memorials and journals, with two manuscripts, fairly written, on the transactions of the years 1645 and 1646. What became of these originals, with others, which were seized in the royal cabinet taken at Naseby? If it be true, as it appears, that Charles instigated Clarendon to compose his History, posterity may admire the king's exquisite discernment. There was not another man of genius in the royal circle who could have been more happily selected. Charles appears to have designed that his court should resemble the literary court of the Medici. He assembled about him the great masters of their various arts; and while they acquired the good fortune of the royal patronage, and were dignified by his honours, they more largely participated in that sort of affection which the real lovers of art experience for the persons of great artists. We may rate Charles's taste at the supreme degree, by observing, that this monarch never patronised mediocrity: the artist who was honoured by his regard was ever a master-spirit. Father of art in our country, Charles seemed ambitious of making English denizens of every man of genius in Europe; and of no monarch have been recorded such frequent instances of the deep personal interest entertained for individuals. Charles, with his own hand, wrote to Albano, to invite that joyous painter of childhood to reside at the court of England. When another artist, Tormentius, was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, Charles, in the excess of his admiration for his works, interceded for the wretched man; pleading only for the artist, the rarity and excellence of his works were alone dwelt on by the king. Rubens and Vandyke, with other illustrious names, Charles had made his own; and we cannot read a history of foreign art without meeting with the name of Charles the First,—so closely had his patronage or his kindness connected this monarch with his contemporary artists in every country. No royal history opens domestic scenes of equal fascination with those which occurred in the constant intercourse of the grave and stately Charles with his favourite companions, the artists themselves. His conversations with them were familiar and unreserved. In the breakfast-room of Charles the First were hung, by his special order, the portraits of his three favourites, Rubens, Mytens, and Vandyke. Vandyke, by the desire of Charles, married an English lady, and resided in England. The king would frequently go by water to the painter's house in Blackfriars to his studio, and often sitting to Vandyke himself, would commission the queen, his family, and his courtiers, to allow no rest to his facile and unwearied pencil; they delighted to view themselves in the unshadowny splendour of his portraits. A traditional story was floating in the last century, the probability of which seems to authenticate the fact. Vandyke was painting the portrait of Charles the First, while the monarch was complaining in a low voice to the Duke of Norfolk of the state of his finances. The king perceiving that Vandyke

was listening, said to him laughingly, 'And you, sir! do you know what it is to want five or six thousand pounds?' 'Yes, sir,' Vandyke replied: 'an artist who keeps open house for his friends, and whose purse is always at the command of his mistresses, feels too often the emptiness of his strong-box.' In this unreserved manner Charles indulged himself with the artists. Beck, whose facility in composition was extraordinary, was aptly complimented, by Charles familiarly observing to him, 'Faith, Beck! I believe that you could paint riding post!' It is not wonderful that a monarch, who so well knew how to maintain his personal dignity, and was even coldly formal in the court circle, should have been tenderly remembered by every man of genius, who had enjoyed the flattering equality of this language of the heart, and this sympathy of companionship. A celebrated performer on the flute, who afterwards became so eminent during the Protectorate, as to be appointed music professor at the University of Oxford, Dr. Thomas Wilson, with equal pride and affection, remembered, that he was often in attendance on Charles, who, in the intensity of his delight, used to lean over his shoulder while he played. Old Nicholas Laniers, who subscribed one of his plates as being 'done in my youthful age of 74,' was one of those artists, as Lord Orford designates them, 'whose various talents were so happy as to suit the taste of Charles the First, musician, painter, and engraver!' Laniers was one of the king's active agents for the selection of works of art, while he himself could add to them. He outlived the persecution of that political period, and shed tears many years after in the funeral hymn on his royal master, set by himself. But if it be delightful to view Charles the First indulging the most kindly feelings to artists, it is more so to find that he knew and entered into their wounded feelings, and could even forgive their caprices. The king's earliest 'picturer,' as he is styled in the royal warrant, was Daniel Mytens, a Flemish artist, who has left us one of the finest heads of Charles the First in his happier days, ere care and thought had stamped their traces on his majestic countenance. On the arrival of Vandyke, great as was Mytens' reputation and the favour he enjoyed, the artist fancied that his sun had set—his 'occupation had gone!' In a sullen humour, Mytens requested his majesty's permission to retire to his native home. Charles having learned the cause of this sudden attack of spleen, used the wayward genius with all a brother's tenderness. The king healed the infirmity of genius, assuring the jealous artist, that 'he could find sufficient employment both for him and Vandyke.' It was no doubt after this, that Charles hung the portrait of his old artist between the two greatest masters of art; and it is pleasing to record, that the brothers in art, with the monarch as their common friend, became brothers in their affections; for Vandyke painted the portrait of Mytens. The king's constant attendance on Rubens, when that great painter was in England, the honours he bestowed on him, and the noble offers he made him, are not sufficiently known. This great painter found, and felt in Charles the First, a congenial spirit. Having painted the history of St. George, representing Charles, 'wherein, if it be possible, he hath exceeded himself,' as a contemporary writes, Rubens would not part with the original till he had finished a copy for himself, that, as he said, the picture might remain in his house at Antwerp, 'as a perpetual monu-

ment of his affection for the English king.' This interesting anecdote seems authenticated by the circumstance that such a picture appears in the mortuary catalogue of the collection of Rubens."

With this delightful extract our limits force us to be content, as an illustration of these volumes. A very judicious chapter goes to prove that the queen did not exercise that control over her husband which has been attributed to her by preceding writers: the instances are curious—but still the balance wavers. A similar remark applies to the author's interesting view of the proceedings of the famous Countess of Carlisle; and his critical history of the Puritans is an episode of the most attractive description. That there is nothing new under the sun ("except roasting grapes") is rather amusingly exhibited in the notice of the controversy between the "godly" and the "court" of that time, respecting the observance of the Sabbath, and comparing it with the discussion which has just arisen between the Bishop of London and the press in our own day. In this part the author's research into sabbatical institutions, and the revival of the Book of Sports* by Charles for the purpose of dissipating the gloom, has furnished us a chapter of uncommon curiosity. Among others, "A popular preacher at the Temple, who was disposed to foster a cheerful spirit among the common people, yet desirous that the Lord's day should not pass undistinguished, declared that 'those whose hands are ever working whilst their eyes are waking, through the whole week, need their recreations on the Lord's day;' but that Sundays should be observed with strictness and an abstinence from all recreations, only by 'persons of quality' who had the whole week for their amusements." This jest was, at any rate, better than the prohibition that "no one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair or shave. No woman shall kiss her child"!!

But we must conclude. Vol. IV. ends with the flight of Charles from London to Hampton and Windsor, January 1642-3; and an Appendix contains some very interesting and original correspondence between Sir J. Eliot, Hampden, and other celebrated persons.

Notes on Haiti, made during a Residence in that Republic. By Charles Mackenzie, Esq., late his Majesty's Consul-General in Haiti. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

SLAVERY is that state of being, in which one portion of the community, trampling upon the natural rights of the other, denies to it an equal participation in the enjoyment of civil institutions, abuses its mental and physical endowments to sensual or selfish purposes, and regards it as a property, possessing scarcely higher claims to consideration than an inanimate machine or a brute creature. Whatever may be the gradations of treatment—whether, with the Athenian, our benevolence assuage their condition by lenity, or with the Spartan

* "Having prohibited Sundays as days of recreation, and abolished all saints' days, or festivals, the common people evidently murmured at the deprivation of their periodical holidays. The feelings of the people were more natural than their parliament, even in the gloomy land of Puritanism. This must have been the occasion of a remarkable ordinance issued in 1647 concerning 'days of recreation allowed unto scholars, apprentices, &c.' The second Tuesday in every month was set apart for the holiday of these persons, when it was ordered, that 'all windows of shops and warehouses shall be kept shut on the said day of recreation.'"

and Roman, our obduracy aggravate their sufferings and destitution—still the lash that drives the slave to a market or to the scene of his labours must ever remain an instrument of mental and corporeal debasement to his injured race. In this state of being, where he has no possession but what another claims the right to wrest from him, the edge of his reasoning faculties becomes blunted, sensual instinct obtains the mastery over his animal impulses, and the gratification of his passions becomes the only stimulant which can warm him into energy, or blunt the sense of his degradation. Those who have meditated on the consequences of a system which denies that "all men are brethren," and levels one human being to the scale of the brute that perishes, will not stand in need of any argument to shew the natural tendency of such a cause to produce such a consequence as we have shortly traced; neither will they find any difficulty in referring to their obvious source the miserable state of morals in every land where slavery has established its relentless dominion; whether it be under a Grecian, a Turkish, an African, or an American sky.

With such feelings as these we took up the volumes before us; and their record has not belied our expectations. They present a memorable picture of humanity just emerged from the bondage of body and mind; and display in shaded outlines the features of a community which has not yet shaken off the vices inseparable from a condition of servitude. We were prepared for this state of things. Knowing, from personal experience, that as high an order of intellect may be concealed under a dingy or a swarthy, as under a fair tint of the skin, we were as little surprised to find the self-emancipated Africans of Haiti adapting their ways to the example of civilised nations, as we should have been to have found that, after a struggle, in which they had afforded so many proofs of a manly intellect, they had relapsed into a state of barbarism. We were also prepared to learn, that lust and indolence characterised this infant people; they are but the handmaids to that state of mental degradation in which their late masters had retained them; but these vices will, we cannot doubt, be ere long disarmed of their sinister dominion; for education will teach the Haytian that to be happy he must be industrious, and that to taste the real enjoyments of life, it is necessary he should curb the passions. It was not a little gratifying to us, therefore, to find that the government had "given evidence of its conviction of the advantages that must result from education," and that "this is an object which engages its solicitude." If it do but erect its scholastic system on the broad and fast rock of a pure code of religious morals, we shall not despair of beholding, even in our own day, the Hesperides of the Antilles become a region as much distinguished by the prosperity and happiness of its cultivators as by the generous fertility of its soil.

In its actual state this island affords but scanty elements out of which to construct the various springs and safeguards of a free constitution. Military despotism accordingly usurps, to a certain extent, that station which will, we trust, one day be filled by the strong arm of a wisely-directed civil power. Mr. Mackenzie reached the capital at the close of May 1826; and in his lively picture of its characteristics naturally comprises the "powers that be."

"Port-au-Prince is the seat of the republican government, and is the principal post of an 'arrondissement,' under the peculiar pro-

tection of the president, who strictly vindicates his claim to his official designation by interfering with every thing. The effective service under him is carried on by different departments. The secretary-general, Inginac, united in his own person the offices of secretary-at-war, of foreign and home minister. Among his other duties he promulgates the orders of the president, and such laws as have received his sanction; and he also countersigns certain documents. I believe a secretary-general existed under the colonial system. The minister of finance, designated 'Secrétaire d'état des finances,' M. Imbert, and the treasurer-general, M. Nau, arrange all fiscal matters; while the 'grand juge,' who, strange to relate, is a military man, presides in the supreme court of justice, and exercises jurisdiction over all the inferior courts and law officers. There are at Port-au-Prince, besides the court already named, one of cassation, another for civil and criminal cases in the first instance, and a 'juge de paix' court for minor matters of all kinds. A tribunal of commerce was talked of, but I know not whether it has been yet constituted. The city, as well as Fort Bizotton, is garrisoned by regular troops, and there are various military posts both within and without. At most of them the strange exhibition is made of chairs or seats for the sentries on duty, and hammocks for the remainder of the guard. The first place at which I remarked this singular arrangement was in the front of the president's palace. At the outlet to Leogane, I have repeatedly seen the sentinel squatting on the ground, holding his musket between his knees. From this singularly elegant attitude he is scarcely ever roused, except by the clattering of horses' hoofs, moving faster than is meet in the presence of a Haitian post. He then starts up, growling the awful words, 'an pas!' so familiar to all trotting delinquents. There is also an adequate stimulus to move him, in the prospective confiscation of the plantains, yams, or fruit, of any unhappy wight, who, in contravention of the 'code rural,' strays to the market on forbidden days. The police is military, forming a particular regiment; and, from having lived above two months nearly opposite to the juge de paix, I can aver that they have abundant employment, which they perform with the usual delicacy of their profession. The delinquents were chiefly offenders of both sexes against the code rural—persons, in fact, who preferred dancing all night, and drinking tafia, to the labour prescribed by that law."

Delinquency, however, is not confined to dancing and drinking, but extends even to the wanton violation of their own civil rights,—rights as capriciously exercised as they are ill-understood, and, on most occasions, arbitrarily construed by the ruling authorities. Let the following suffice for the edification of our Benthams, O'Connells, *et id genus omne!*

"In consequence of some misconception of the president's proclamation for the election of members of the Chamber of Commons, the elections took place generally in December 1826, instead of the following month. The capital, however, was correct, and did not exercise its right of election until the prescribed day. This city returns three regular members and three supernumeraries, as in Spain during the constitution, and is now the case in Mexico. Universal suffrage is the law of the land, founded on the Haitian Magna Charta, if I may so designate the constitution of 1806, revised in 1816, and now the apparent rule of proceeding. The only individuals who cannot

vote, are those under judicial sentence, idiots or menial servants. Trusting to this law, the American emigrants, who are adopted citizens, proposed to elect, as one member, a methodist preacher, one of their number, and for that purpose proceeded in a body to the church (where the elections take place); and it was reported to me that they were entered in at one door and civilly handed out of the opposite one, without having been allowed a solitary vote. The first candidate was elected without any opposition; the second was proposed by the government, and he of course was chosen; but some doubts were raised as to the validity of the election; for although there were more than one opposing candidate, the singular phenomenon had occurred of there being five more votes in his favour than there were voters present. This apparent inconsistency did not affect the proceedings; and only one individual ventured to make some observations on the miraculous excess of votes. He had scarcely begun to speak, when so loud a clamour was raised that he was glad to run off, which he literally did, 'au grand pas;' and it is added, by the historian of his glories, that he actually did not stop until he found himself safe among his household gods, at a distance of half a mile from the scene of tumult. The party which had so successfully discomfited our hero, emboldened by success, determined to pursue still further their ingenious and simple expedient, and when the votes were collected for the next candidate, also on the government interest, he was declared the sitting member, in consequence of having twenty votes more than there were voters present. I was not present at this strange exhibition; but I have faithfully recorded the statements made to me by various persons at various periods. Ballot is the mode of election employed, which of course facilitates the proofs of double voting. A representation was said to be made to the president of these irregularities; but he is reported to have declared his utter disbelief of the statement made; and as I never heard of a reference in such a case in Haiti to an election committee, I believe that the two honourable members were assured of their seats until the dissolution of the parliament."

Well may the writer add: "Such an occurrence naturally leads to reflections on the expediency of the semblance of a popular representation in an unformed community, and from what I have seen among these people, as well as on the continent of America (I mean among the new republics), I confess that I entertain very serious doubts of its compatibility with the permanent advancement of the community at large."

During a residence of fifteen months, there appears to have been scarcely one single point, civil, political, physical, or commercial, which was left unsifted by the unwearied and well-directed diligence of our observant fellow-countryman. He assumes nothing for fact which does not come within his personal experience, or cannot be adequately supported by collateral and indisputable evidence: what he sees, he relates with simplicity; and what he gathers from others, he candidly refers to its proper source. Even had we no voucher in that jealous regard for character, which must belong to a gentleman who has again been called upon to fill a highly responsible office, it would be impossible for any candid reader to suspect his report on Haiti of partiality or misrepresentation. It is on this account that we the more lament the imperfect idea our remaining extracts must convey of the nature, novelty, and value of

Mr. Mackenzie's investigations. Among the more amusing of his sketches, that of the "Ude of Aux Cayes" stands prominent.

"The great body of the town's-people appear to be in easy circumstances, and do not, I think, lounge quite so much as their brethren of Port-au-Prince. A circumstance occurred, which I noted as illustrative of the state of society. The town-adjutant (who holds the rank of captain, if I recollect aright) is, moreover, a professional cook, and generously contributes to the epicurean delights of all and any who call upon him, for a doubloon. In his former capacity he had called upon me in a gorgeous uniform of green and gold; in the latter, he was employed by my host, preparatory to his entertaining the magnates of the city; and, to my utter surprise, after he had completed his labours, I saw him marched off between a file of soldiers. I was afraid that my friend had incurred the displeasure of the general, for degrading his military profession by reverting to his original calling, and made anxious inquiries as to the cause of the phenomenon that had astonished me; but great was my amazement on being informed that the aforesaid adjutant was very prone to get drunk after such hot work as that in which he had been engaged; that the general had fixed a day or two after for entertaining his friends; and to secure the assistance of the Ude of Cayes, he had marched him in safe keeping to his house in the country, before he had any opportunity of making himself 'o'er all the ills of life victorious!' The young men of Cayes are the dandies of the republic, and better maundered than the majority of their countrymen. Many of the young women are very pretty, and graceful in their forms."

As a pendant, we present the portrait of Christophe's executioner; which is followed by an interesting sketch of the emperor's rise and fall, his residences, citadel, family, &c.

"Among the other things to which a stranger's attention is called, is a savage, ruffian-like black man (named Gattie), who labours as a porter. He walks about bare-footed, dressed in a linen shirt and trousers, with a large beard, and his eyes fixed on the ground. This fellow was Christophe's chief executioner, of whom it is told that, when directed to perform the duties of his office, he invariably waited on the relatives of his victim and demanded a fee, in proportion to which he inflicted more or less torture on the unhappy sufferer. He had attained from practice such an unenviable dexterity in decapitation, that for a proper remuneration he could with his sabre remove the head at one stroke, and by the instant prostration of the trunk, avoid staining the collar with blood. At least such is the tale told, when, shuddering at his ill-omened countenance, he is pointed out by those who remember him in all his glory and iniquity. I repeatedly saw him, but always alone. Yet I was told that he earned a decent livelihood as a porter among the foreigners. It is a matter of surprise that he should still live in the scene of his atrocities, in the midst of numberless individuals who have been by his hand bereft of some of their nearest and most valued ties. It speaks well for the people."

We have seen it publicly stated, that the island was altogether destitute of the precious metals; but the subsequent statements, which concern the Spanish portion of Haiti, afford a very different view of its mineral riches.

"The two days that I spent at this place (St. Jago) were devoted to complete my stock of local knowledge; and, among other points,

I was curious to learn the causes of the failure of the Mining Association. Two phials that contained at least three ounces each, filled with gold dust, in the form called by the Spaniards 'pepitas,' gathered by hand from the sands of the Yaqui, were exhibited to me. One of the grains was as large as the end of my little finger. There can thus be no doubt that gold does exist, though it does not appear that it is in the form of ore."

Again: "Cotuy was never a place of much importance, though it was founded very early (in 1505); but in its neighbourhood there are said to be mines which were worked so lately as 1747, having been previously abandoned from a dearth of labourers. The latter workings were directed by the father of Valverde, the historian of Santo Domingo. The principal mine, in the mountain called Maymon, is of copper, which contains eight per cent of gold. Lapis lazuli has been found in the same mine; and not far distant, it is reported that emeralds have occurred. Iron, in a very pure state, also abounds in the neighbourhood. Cotuy is also near to the gold mines of Cibao, the highest mountain range in Haiti; in which Spanish cupidity is said to have entombed thousands of Indians. Although now wholly unproductive, their reputation of richness is almost unbounded. Not only are the mines reported to abound in this precious metal, but the sand washed down by the mountain streams is reported to be charged with it; and out of their produce as much as two hundred and forty thousand crowns of gold have been struck off in one year in the mint of Concepcion de la Vega. A great quantity, besides what was brought to the mint, was supposed to have been secreted to avoid payment of the king's dues."

We shall now leave the reader to determine, by a perusal of the volumes themselves, how far they merit the claim which we have put in for them on the score of their intrinsic value, no less than of their spirited portraiture of a community whose appearance forms so striking a novelty in the records of civilised life.

Pompeiana; or, Observations on the Topography, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeii.
By Sir William Gell, F.R.S., F.S.A., &c.
New Series, Part I. London, 1830. Jennings and Chaplin.

THE merits of Sir William Gell's former publication on this interesting subject are well known to the artist and the antiquary. The present "is intended, not only to supply the omissions of the former work, but to describe those more recent discoveries which are by no means inferior in interest or singularity."

"Among these," observes the author, in his preface—"the excavation of the Chalcidicum, which took place soon after the publication of the former work, laid open the only example of that species of edifice which has existed in modern times. Not long afterwards, the great area of the Pantheon was discovered, and the whole circuit of the Forum was perfectly cleared. The excavations being continued, a wide street occurred, beginning at the arch adjoining the back wall of the temple of Jupiter in the Forum, and ending in a second triumphal arch, near which were found the bronze fragments of the equestrian statue it had once supported. On the right was discovered a temple of Fortune, doubly interesting, because founded by the illustrious family of the Tullii; and about the centre of the left side of the same street an entrance was opened into an area, which proved to belong to the public

baths, or thermæ, of the city. Some of the apartments of this edifice yet remained covered by stone arches, which, having resisted the pressure of the cinders and accumulated earth, retained, in all their original freshness of colour, those beautiful ornaments and fretted ceilings, of which so few have resisted the lapse of eighteen centuries. The discovery of the baths is perhaps of greater consequence than may at first appear; for, notwithstanding the enormous ruins of the Roman Thermæ, their component parts seem to have been little understood, and even variously named, by the authors who have undertaken their elucidation. At Pompeii, on the contrary, the absence of xystus, theatre, palestra, and an infinite number of other intricate divisions, which render the Thermæ of the great capital so complicated and unintelligible, leaves a satisfactory and defined idea of the use and meaning of every other portion of the fabric. Previously to the discovery of the baths, the whole of a narrow alley behind the Chalcidicum had been cleared, and a passage opened to the street running between the Forum and the Thermæ. From that alley a still smaller avenue ran between the Chalcidicum and the building which is known on the spot by the name of the Pantheon; thus adding to the former map of Pompeii an entire square or island of public edifices and habitations, and forming, in itself, no mean acquisition to the antiquary. This excavation was also remarkable for the discovery of an ancient well of considerable depth, and still retaining fifteen feet of water, which, from its situation, might possibly have been there before the destruction of the city. These various objects, with the house, named that of the Tragic Poet, situated opposite to the northern side of the Thermæ, cover a plot of ground advancing nearer to the centre of Pompeii than any which had formerly been cleared, and, in consequence of a greater depth of superincumbent soil, they have generally been found in a better state of preservation. They form, altogether, the connexion of two portions of the plan of the city, which were scarcely united by the unfinished excavation of the Forum at the period of the former publication. The house of the Tragic Poet has exhibited superior specimens of painting, while the subject of ancient art itself is exciting more of the public attention, and meeting with merited though tardy admiration, through the zeal and industry of M. Ternite, who is engraving at Berlin a superb collection of the pictures of Herculaneum and Pompeii, under the auspices of the King of Prussia."

Sir William complains of the great and increasing difficulty of obtaining permission to draw and measure the newly discovered antiquities; and states, that an astonishing number of interesting objects are destroyed by the action of the weather, before an opportunity is afforded of making drawings of them. To the researches of foreigners especially, great obstacles appear to have been hitherto thrown in the way by the acting superintendent of the excavations; but that office having lately been conferred on a more worthy person, antiquaries may hope for the abolition of exclusion. The writer remarks, that "excepting the outlines of a few of the paintings which have been published in the *Museo Borbonico*, nearly the whole of the objects detailed in this work might have passed away without representation or record, had not the author been on the spot, and thus been enabled to avail himself of every favourable moment for acquiring the necessary materials."

"It may not be quite uninteresting," says Sir William, "to notice the progress of the excavations, which, notwithstanding all that has been said on the subject to the contrary, seem to have been as well conducted, and as steadily pursued, as times and circumstances have permitted. Since the return of the legitimate sovereign, more than half of the Forum has been cleared; the Senaculum or Temple of Jupiter, the Chalcidicum, the Temple of Mercury, the Pantheon, the Temple of Venus, that of Fortune, the Therma, and innumerable private houses have been disinterred; and though it be true that more labourers might have been employed, it is not less so that the work ought not to proceed till the objects already explored are roofed and fortified against the weather. At present, considerable expense attends the excavation, on account of the greater depth of soil which occurs toward the centre of the city. The preservation of the vaults of the Therma has been a work of no trifling importance; and both time and skill are necessary in the application of the means best calculated to hand down to posterity whatever can be saved of these crumbling relics of antiquity."

It appears that "not a day passes without the discovery of something of greater or less importance; while the previous acquisition of at least twenty great statues of marble and four of bronze, not to mention a countless multitude of smaller figures and precious objects, promises an ample harvest in future. It is certainly surprising that so few skeletons have yet been found in Pompeii; but by estimating the number, 160, already discovered at about an eighth of the whole, according to the proportion which the city already laid open bears to the area enclosed by the walls and supposed suburbs, we shall find that nearly 1,300 of the unfortunate inhabitants were destroyed by the fatal eruption; a computation by no means insignificant to the population of a city scarcely two miles in circuit, and of which so considerable a portion was occupied by public buildings."

The work is exceedingly well got up, and some of the plates are very beautiful. Besides an elegant title-page and several vignettes, there are—"the Wall of the Pantheon," splendidly coloured; "Poets reading," a fine and classical outline; "Frigidarium;" and "Part of the Street of the Mercuries and the adjacent Houses."

Sketches from Nature. By John M'Diarmid. 12mo. pp. 368. Edinburgh, 1830, Oliver and Boyd: London, Simpkin and Marshall.

A NUMBER, the majority, of these pleasant sketches, if our memory does not mislead us, have already run the gauntlet of the press, and rendered the talent of their writer familiar to the public. He is indeed one of the best storytellers we know; his embellishments always clever, and his general manner extremely taking. In the volume before us, between thirty and forty papers are devoted chiefly to curious illustrations of natural history; but there are some of a different class, and we select one of the latter, as likely to interest our readers, while it very well illustrates Mr. M'Diarmid's excellent miscellany.

The real History of Jeanie Deans.

"It is no longer doubted or denied, that Helen Walker, of the parish of Irongray, in the neighbourhood of Dumfries, was the prototype of the heroine who, under the fictitious name of Jeanie Deans, figures so conspicuously in the

'Heart of Mid-Lothian.' Her history, however humble, was, in some respects, eventful, and when stripped of all adventitious ornament, may be given very briefly, though few readers require to be informed that it has been expanded into an interesting and somewhat bulky novel, by the fertile genius of Sir Walter Scott. From whence her parents came is not known, but it is generally believed that they were what are called 'incomers' into the parish of Irongray, and were in no way connected with the Walkers of Clouden, a race alike distinguished for respectability and longevity, and who have flourished time out of mind upon the fertile and pleasant banks of the Cairn. Her father appears to have been a labouring man; and at his death, his widow, who was then well stricken in years, became dependent for support on the industry of her daughters, Nelly and Tibby Walker. But this the former was far from viewing in the light of a hardship—she who was so rich in sisterly, could not be deficient in filial affection—and I have been informed by Elizabeth Grierson, housekeeper to Mr. Stott, optician, Dumfries, who, when a 'lassie,' knew Helen well, that though sometimes constrained to dine on dry bread and water, rather than pinch her poor old mother, she consoled herself with the idea that a blessing flowed from her virtuous abstinence, and that 'she was as clear in the complexion, and looked as like her meat and work, as the best of them.' The respectable female just named, who has herself passed the boundary line of three-score-and-ten, resided in her youth at a place called Dalwhairn, in Irongray, where her father cultivated a small farm. Helen Walker at this time, — that is, at least 'sixty years since,' — was much, as the phrase goes, about her father's house; nursed her mother during her confinement, and even acted as the leading gossip at all the christenings; was respected as a conscientious auxiliary in harvest, and uniformly invited to share the good things of rural life, when the *mart* happened to be killed, or a *melder* of corn was brought from the mill. Her conversational powers were of a high order, considering her humble situation in life; her language most correct, ornate, and pointed; her deportment sedate and dignified in the extreme. Many of the neighbours regarded her as 'a little *pensy* body' — that is, conceited or proud; but at the same time they bore willing testimony to her exemplary conduct and unwearied attendance on the duties of religion. Wet or dry, she appeared regularly at the parish church, and even when at home delighted in searching the Scriptures daily. On a small round table the 'big ha' Bible' usually lay open, and though 'household affairs would often call her hence,' it was observed by her visitors that when she lacked leisure to read continuously, she sometimes glanced at a single verse, and then appeared to ponder the subject deeply. A thunder-storm, which appals most females, had on her quite an opposite effect. While the elemental war continued, it was her custom to repair to the door of her cottage, the knitting-gear in hand, and well-coned Bible open before her; and when questioned on the subject by her wondering neighbours, she replied, 'That she was not afraid of thunder; and that the Almighty, if such were his divine pleasure, could smite in the city, as well as in the field.' When out-door labour could not be procured, she supported herself by footing stockings—an operation which bears the same relation to the hosier's craft that the cobbler's does to the shoemaker's. It has been reported, too, that she sometimes taught children to read; but as no one about Clouden remembers

this fact, I am inclined to regard it as somewhat apocryphal. Helen, though a woman of small stature, had been rather well-favoured in her youth. On one occasion she told Elizabeth Grierson that she should not do as she had done, but 'winnow the corn when the wind blew in the barn-door.' By this she meant, that she should not hold her head too high, by rejecting the offer of a husband when it came in her way; and when joked on the subject of matrimony herself, she confessed, though reluctantly, that she once had a sweetheart—a youth she esteemed, and by whom she imagined she was respected in turn; that her lover, at a fair time, overtook her on horseback, and that when she asked if he would take her up, answered gaily, 'That I will, Helen, if ye can ride an inch behind the tail.' The levity of this answer offended her greatly, and from that moment she cast the recreant from her heart, and never, as she confessed, loved again. I regret that I am unable to fix the exact date of the principal incident in Helen Walker's life. I believe, however, that it occurred a few years previous to the more lenient law *anent* child murder, which was passed in 1736. At this time her sister Tibby, who was considerably younger, and a comely girl, resided in the same cottage; and it is not improbable that their father, a worthy man, was also alive. Isabella was courted by a youth of the name of Waugh, who had the character of being rather wild, fell a victim to his snares, and became *enceinte*, though she obstinately denied the fact to the last. The neighbours, however, suspected that a child had been born, and repeatedly urged her to confess her fault. But she was deaf to their entreaties, and denied all knowledge of a dead infant, which was found shortly after in the Cairn, or Clouden. The circumstance was soon bruited abroad, and by the directions of the Rev. Mr. Guthrie, of Irongray, the suspected person, and *corpus delicti*, were carried before the authorities for examination. The unnatural mother was committed to prison, and confined in what was called the 'thief's hole,' in the old jail of Dumfries—a grated room on the ground floor, whither her seducer sometimes repaired and conversed with her through the grating. When the day of trial arrived, Helen was told that 'a single word of her mouth would save her sister, and that she would have time to repent afterwards;' but, trying as was the ordeal, harassing the alternative, nothing could shake her noble fortitude, her enduring and virtuous resolution. Sleep for nights fled from her pillow; most fervently she prayed for help and succour in the time of need; often she wept till the tears refused to flow, and her heart seemed too large for her body; but still, no arguments, however subtle—no entreaties, however agonising—could induce her to offend her Maker by swerving from the truth. Her sister was tried, condemned, and sentenced to be executed at the termination of the usual period of six weeks. The result is well known, and is truly as well as powerfully set forth in the novel. Immediately after the conviction, Helen Walker borrowed a sum of money, procured one or more letters of recommendation, and without any other guide than the public road, began to wend her way to the city of London—a journey which was then considered more formidable than a voyage to America is in our day. Over her best attire she threw a plaid and hood, walked barefooted the whole way, and completed the distance in fourteen days. Though her feet were 'sorely blistered,' her whole frame exhausted, and her

spirits sadly jaded, she found it impossible to rest until she had inquired her way to the residence of John, Duke of Argyll. As she arrived at the door, his grace was just about to step into his carriage; and as the moment was too critical to be lost, the heroic pilgrim presented her petition, fell upon her knees, and urged its prayer with a degree of earnestness and natural eloquence that more than realised the well-known saying of 'snatching a grace beyond the reach of art.' Here, again, the result is well known; a pardon was procured and despatched to Scotland; and the pilgrim, after her purse had been replenished, returned home, gladdened and supported by the consoling thought that she had done her duty without violating her conscience. Touching this great chapter in her history, she was always remarkably shy and reserved; but there is one person still alive who has heard her say, that it was through 'the Almighty's strength' that she was enabled to meet the duke at the most critical moment—a moment which, if lost, never might have been recalled in time to save her sister's life. Tibby Walker, from the stain cast on her good name, retired to England, and afterwards became united to the man that had wronged her, and with whom, as is believed, she lived happily for the greater part of half a century. Her sister resumed her quiet rural employments, and, after a life of unsullied integrity, died in November or December 1791, at the age of nearly fourscore. My respectable friend, Mr. Walker, found her residing as a cottier on the farm of Clouden, when he entered to it, upwards of forty years ago, was exceedingly kind to her when she became frail, and even laid her head in the grave. Up to the period of her last illness, she corresponded regularly with her sister, and received every year from her a cheese and 'pepper-sake,' portions of which she took great pleasure in presenting to her friends and neighbours. The exact spot in which she was interred was lately pointed out in Irongray churchyard, a romantic cemetery on the banks of the Cairn; and though, as a country-woman said, there was nothing to distinguish it 'but a stane ta'en aff the dyke,' the public will be well pleased to hear that Sir Walter Scott intends to erect a suitable monument to her memory. Though subscriptions were tendered, he politely declined all aid, and has already, I believe, employed Mr. Burn, architect, to design a monument, which, in connexion with the novel, will transmit her fame to a distant posterity, and in all probability render the spot so classical that it will be visited by thousands on thousands in after generations. The above narrative, though exceedingly hurried, is perfectly accurate in point of fact; and I have only farther to add, that the story of Helen Walker, *alias* Jeanie Deans, first became known to Sir Walter Scott through the attention of the late Mrs. Commissary Goldie, as will be seen when he issues the new edition of the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*."

As a concluding remark, we may say, that our worthy contemporary has now, as before, produced a work of a very delightful character, and one which must fix the attention of old and young, while it improves and amuses either age.

The History and Antiquities of the Chapel at Luton Park, a Seat of the most Honourable the Marquess of Bute. By H. Shaw. Folio. Carpenter and Son. London, 1830.

The day is past in which collections of illustrated designs for Gothic Villas, &c. &c., illustrated by tawdry prints in aquatint, would

meet with any public encouragement; but the day has been, of which many deplorable proofs remain on record. A new light has, however, now dawned upon us; and the architect of the present time, to obtain any notice from his contemporaries, must prove that he has studied—ay, and diligently studied—those interesting remains which, in spite of the revolutions of time and fashion, are still remaining to us. The best works that have lately issued from the press generally contain practical forms and accurate details of early buildings—not mere picturesque views, as heretofore; and correctness of design and execution, in our recent structures, have followed in a proportionate ratio.

Mr. Shaw, in the work now before us, has selected one of the most curious and florid specimens of the date of Henry VIII.; and his delightful plates are evidence of the great care he has taken to give all its varying richness with the most perfect fidelity. Its leading characteristics are fully explained in Dr. Ingram's account of the chapel, which we annex: "The whole of the interior presents a rich display of panel-work, beautifully carved in oak, and ornamented by an assemblage of elegant cornices, embattlements, niches, canopies, crockets, and finials; having the usual accompaniments of stalls, seats, and misereres, as in the choirs of our cathedrals, with a splendid pulpit and desk of tabernacle-work, surmounted by a gorgeous canopy, which is carried, by several gradually diminishing stages, to the height of more than eighteen feet from the floor. At the upper end is an altar-screen, consisting of two tiers of solid arch-work, divided by a bold fascia, charged with oak leaves, vine leaves, roses, lilies, and thistles; each containing ten niches, with perks for the reception of statues, and having their recesses finished with the most florid and fanciful tracery, of which a similar example will not easily be found in this country." Mr. Shaw's illustrations consist of twenty plates, and a vignette executed on copper, with a delicacy and aerial effect that is perfectly beautiful, and place his name in a very elevated rank as an architectural draughtsman and engraver.

Some difficulty appears to exist in ascertaining with certainty the history of this extraordinary wood-work; but Dr. Ingram, who seems to have examined all the varying testimonies with his usual acumen, suggests—and there appears great probability of the fact—that it had originally belonged to the chapel of the gild or fraternity of the Holy and Undivided Trinity and the most Blessed Virgin Mary, within the parish church of Luton. "The register of this gild or fraternity has lately been discovered, from the contents of which it appears to have been one of the most wealthy and splendid in the kingdom. It exhibits an annual catalogue of the masters, wardens, brethren and sisters, bachelors and maidens, in richly illuminated calligraphy, with the names of the kings and queens of England, bishops, abbots, priors, and other persons of consequence, who were enrolled amongst its members, or noticed as founders, patrons, and benefactors. The period which it embraces, from the fifteenth of Edward IV. (1475) to the last year of Henry VIII. (1546), as well as the general character of the ornaments, exactly harmonises with the style of embellishment observable in the Luton Chapel; and from the opulence of the society, as well as the patronage which it enjoyed, there is every reason to infer that it was capable of producing whatever was magnificent in design

and elaborate in execution." The fraternity was dissolved by statute during the reign of King Edward VI., and the oak-work subsequently transferred to its present situation by Sir Robert Napier. A copy of the original deed or instrument of consecration of the chapel is subjoined, by the kind permission of the Marquess of Bute, to whom the work is very appropriately dedicated.

The Family Classical Library; or, English Translations of the most valuable Greek and Latin Classics, with highly finished Engravings of the Authors. No. IV. Xenophon. Vol. II. The Cyropædia. Translated by the Hon. M. C. A. Cooper. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS work, of which we predicted well from the beginning, has already advanced far enough to justify our very favourable prediction. The volumes now before the public contain the Oration of Demosthenes, by Leland; Salustius's Conspiracy of Catiline, and the Jugurthine War, by Rose; and Xenophon's Anabasis, or March of the Ten Thousand, by Spelman; besides the author mentioned above,—the whole furnished with all the necessary apparatus for clearing the difficulties of the text, biographies, introductions to the several parts of the volumes, and notes of manners, antiquities, and history. There can be no conceivable doubt of the value of such a publication: unless our forefathers have been in error for the last five hundred years, a knowledge of what has been contained in the great writers of antiquity is essential to the formation of an intelligent mind. That men may live without the knowledge of Homer or Virgil, Thucydides or Cicero, is not the matter in dispute; but that, in every civilised land of Europe, itself the great centre of civilisation, the tone of manners, the refinement of taste, and the vigour of public inquiry, nay, more, the manly energy of public freedom, have been born with the birth, and grown with the growth of classical literature, is among those opinions that have long since amounted to maxims with all the more elevated and generous portion of mankind. The universal opinion could not be more strongly proved, than by the fact of giving up to the acquisition of the languages of those works, almost the whole period of those invaluable years, when the mind is most plastic—the sensibility most vivid; and when must be laid the foundation of every quality that makes the difference between man as an encumbrance of the earth, or as the light and honour of his species. It is palpable, that this extraordinary study was not for any object of direct necessity. The languages had passed away from human use; the knowledge was, in none of the usual senses of the word, convertible to human advantage. What Demosthenes uttered when he

"Welded at will the fierce democracy,
Shook th' arsenal, and fulfilled over Greece:"
or what Plato poured forth, bright, pure, and lofty, as a stream from the summit of one of his native hills, was neither food, nor raiment, nor fire, to any man of the millions, who in every age of revived Europe, have stood, like aspirants, worshipping and awaiting the impulse of those splendid oracles of truth and virtue. The homage was paid from the conviction, that to the illustrious minds of the dead, the living must come for the gift of power like their own; that as the human understanding is a blank, it was only by inscribing it with the character of ancient genius, that it was to be made capable in its turn of transmitting

wisdom to the future; or that, like the phosphoric stone, they must imbibe their light from the sunbeams alone, if they could hope to shine in their own twilight age.

But it is evident, that if this admirable result were fully worth the labour by which it was attained, still, the less unnecessary labour employed upon it the better. Human life has enough to do, without the burden of gratuitous toil; and if the knowledge contained in the treasures of the classics could be obtained without the waste of time and power employed of old to dig the literary mine, it would be so much gained for the general intellectual service of society. This is undoubtedly effected by translations, in a considerable degree even for the scholar. Of course, if his object be to feel the genius and skill of the classic in the highest degree, the original alone must be his primary study. The purity of the stream is to be tasted in perfection only at its fount. But even to the scholar, an able translation renders a service which he will be the last to deny. It gives him the matured judgment of a scholar, perhaps of many, generally his own superiors, in place of the crude conjectures of his solitary perusal; and it supplies at one view those notes and illustrations which every student knows to be, at once, among the most valuable helps, and the most difficult to supply.

To the unlearned in the ancient languages, translation is, obviously, the single resource, the only entrance into that "garden of the Hesperides," whose fruits are more excellent than if they were of gold and diamonds. To one half of the human race, and that portion too possessing the most powerful influence on our earlier years, and sometimes exerting the noblest influence on our more mature career—to woman, the classics are a sealed book, refusing, like the volumes of the old necromancers, to open one of their mysterious leaves, until the master of the spell pronounced the charm, and then flowed forth the words of power.

We look upon it as among the happiest characteristics of this age, that its invention is so extensively occupied in bringing within the bounds of literature the great outlying regions of society; in reclaiming by a vigorous effort of cultivation the wastes and wildernesses that negligence has suffered to usurp a large portion of the intellectual soil; in refusing to believe that any province of the solid system has been consigned to a providential barrenness, and in determining not to despair of the human capacity of happiness and knowledge, in what remoteness from both man may be found. The attempt will probably be often made on false principles; there may even be instances in which "tares will be sown with the wheat," and the intention be directly mingled with purposes of future public evil: but those instances can be but few; the harvest of good will have a redundancy and a richness that will grow over the mischievous seed; and the result will be, as of every benevolent and sincere labour of man, a hallowed repayment in national peace and virtue.

It is on these principles that we would encourage the widest extension of works like the present, giving us the moral wisdom of the mind in some of its most illustrious forms. The mere man of science may follow good or evil, with scarcely a higher restraint than the natural influence exerted over the passions by a vigorous intellect; the dull mathematician may look upon the laws of his country with a malicious and hostile eye; the keen metaphysician may see nothing in the patriotism or

politic honour, but a game for his selfishness or his ambition;—but no man can sit beside the monuments of ancient valour and virtue without feeling something of the holiness of the ground; no man can read the inscriptions even on the wasted and fallen tombs of Greek and Roman glory, without some thirst of noble envy at the fate of the mighty dead; none can follow, even in fancy, their splendid career, without honouring the magnificent qualities of head and heart that raised them above their species, and feeling himself, like one who has stood in the presence of superior natures, in some degree purified and exalted by the vision.

A well-written preface tells us that due selection has been made in the subjects of the translations; a principal point being, that the work should be adapted for the library of both sexes: thus the chief portion of the work will be given up to the orators, historians, and poets, of which the present volumes give a most satisfactory specimen, in every sense of the word.

Having said so much on general merits, we abstain from particularising the several works, and content ourselves with congratulating alike the projectors and the public on the progress of this series, being perfectly secure of its value as a source of attractive and important knowledge to society; to the student who desires to extend and reinforce his classical acquirements; and to the man of learning who desires to revive his early recollections.

No. V. *Herodotus*, from Beloe's translation, has appeared since the above was written. We cannot entirely approve of the choice of this version: see our remarks a few weeks ago on Taylor's edition of the same classic.

An Official Calendar, &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 864 (double columns). London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the improvements of late years in almanacs, directories, pocket-books, guides, &c., it must have been felt by every one having occasion for particular references connected with public business and public men, at home or abroad, that there was still some ample and well-arranged work of this description to be desired. Such a performance we consider the present to be; and having examined it sufficiently to detect errors if they were common, we are bound to say of it that it is compiled with much care, and consequently contains a very small proportion of slight inaccuracies. In alphabetical order, there are lists of public institutions of every kind, of national establishments, of army and navy, of parliament, of foreign courts, and, in fine, of most matters for which it can be necessary to consult a publication of the kind. We therefore cordially recommend the *Official Calendar*: if possible, an index of the names mentioned, with a reference to the pages where, would add value to future editions.

The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck; a Romance. By the Author of "Frankenstein." 3 vols. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

FULL of strange incident and mysterious interest, Perkin Warbeck, either as the last of the Plantagenet's ill-fated race, or else as the most picturesque of impostors, led a life admirably adapted for the novelist; and Mrs. Shelley, taking up the belief that he really was Duke of York, flings over her subject all the attraction belonging to the innocent and unfortunate. The story is so ill calculated for extract, that we must content ourselves by commending the good use our fair author has

made of her *matériel*, which she has invested with the grace and excitement of her own poetical imagination. The character of *Monia* is a conception as original as it is exquisite.

Juridical Letters; addressed to the Right Hon. R. Peel, in reference to the Present Crisis of Law Reform. Letter I. By Eunomus. 8vo. pp. 34. London, 1830. J. and W. T. Clarke.

THIS is the first of an intended series of letters to an individual whose labours towards improving the administration of the law in England are prominent objects of public attention. The writer's professed design is to controvert the opinions of the Benthamite school on the one hand, and on the other to rebut the arguments of its ultra-antagonists, who have pronounced any attempt to reform the existing system to be "an innocent foolery, or a mischievous innovation." He evidently brings to the consideration of this momentous subject a mind replete with every needful information, and imbued with a just sense of the causes which have produced the failure of the Prussian, Napoleon, Netherlands, and other continental codes. The position he has taken is, in our opinion, every way befitting the character of a real friend to the institutions of his native land;—of one neither blind to their imperfections, nor insensible of their general value.

The second of Eunomus's Letters, which has this moment been put into our hands, appears every way worthy of his first.

The Practical Planter; containing Directions for the planting of Waste Land, and management of Wood: with a new Method of rearing the Oak. By Thomas Cruickshank, Forester at Careston. 8vo. pp. 448. Edinburgh, 1830, Blackwood: London, Cadell.

IN these days, when every branch of useful or ornamental culture becomes a science, and is pursued and studied by active minds, we cannot be surprised that such a subject as is here discussed should have obtained its share of attention. Its better knowledge Mr. Cruickshank's work is well calculated to increase; and we can safely say he has produced a mass of information which ought to be familiar to every particular improver of land, and to every one zealous for the more extended cultivation of our national resources. The chief novelty in the plan for rearing oaks is, previously to plant Scots firs or larches, to act as *nurses* to the young trees. There are many interesting anecdotes, as well as much valuable intelligence, in this truly *Practical Planter*.

The True Plan of a Living Temple; or, Man considered in his proper Relation to the ordinary Occupations and Pursuits of Life. By the Author of the "Morning and Evening Sacrifice," &c. &c. 3 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1830, Oliver and Boyd: London, Simpkin and Marshall.

THE author has acquired much popularity on religious subjects, which these volumes are well calculated to increase. They possess a good deal of enthusiasm, together with rational piety; and are eminently deserving of praise for their effort at dispersing those gloomy views which are entertained by certain sects, and which would convert this fair natural world into a dungeon fit only for hypocrites and ascetics. The notes and illustrations, which occupy nearly all the third volume, are particularly interesting.

The New Bath Guide; or, Memoirs of the B———d Family, in a Series of Poetical Epistles. By Christopher Anstey, Esq. A new edition. By John Britton, Esq. pp. 176. London, 1830. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

A BIOGRAPHICAL and topographical Preface, with notes and anecdotes by Mr. Britton, enrich this new edition of a once extremely popular production; and one which its wit, humour, and knowledge of life, are likely to continue in its popularity, long after the fashions and ton of Bath have passed away. Mr. Britton's Introductory Essay is very good-humoured; and, among other critical points, shews that Anstey could not have borrowed any of his plan from Humphry Clinker's, which was published six or seven years after the *Bath Guide*. The volume is got up with great neatness, and must be very acceptable to the public.

The Burial of the Righteous. A Sermon on the occasion of the Death of the Rev. W. Roby. Preached at the Providence Chapel, Rochdale, January 31, 1830. By John Ely. London, 1830. Holdsworth and Ball.

We seldom notice single sermons; but, as referring to the brother of the author of the *Popular Traditions of Lancashire*, as a tribute to a man much esteemed by the church to which he belonged, and as the production of a writer of respect in this denomination of Christians, we think it merits a mention, as one of the most amiable specimens of the doctrines of the Independents: for death seems, if not to abate their strictness, at least to soften their gloom.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, May 1, 1830.

A NEW opera, in three acts, entitled *Danilowa*, has been represented at the theatre of the Opéra Comique. The story is founded on an incident of real life that took place in Russia during the reign of Catherine II. The arrangers, with true poetic license, have so amplified and embellished the original anecdote, that in its present costume it can scarcely be recognised. The following, however, is the "simple story;" for the operatic compound I do not take upon me to analyse. *Danilowa*, possessed of a handsome person and the ripened charms of blushing sixteen, was a dancer at the Institut des Arts—an academy under the direction of the grand chamberlain of Russia, and at which the pupils are all lodged and supported at the expense of the crown. Even females not natives of Russia are frequently educated at this establishment, which, however, they are not at liberty to quit till after the expiration of a certain term. At the period during which the scene of the opera is laid, two *maîtres de ballets* were attached to the institution, M. Didelot and M. Duport. The latter, having arranged a ballet in which *Danilowa* was prevented from appearing by indisposition, imagined that his colleague, envious of his fame, had induced the fair votary of Terpsichore to withhold her talents on the occasion. A complaint was accordingly preferred before the grand chamberlain, who ordered a physician to inquire into the merits of the case. The Esculapius, one of those considerate savans who imagine that nothing short of death should prove an excuse for the momentary postponement of a public performer's engagement, decided, in his wisdom, that *Danilowa* was well enough to dance. In obedience to this absurd and cruel mandate, she made her appearance on the

stage, was attacked with a violent fever in the course of the night, and the next morning was a corse. A public outcry was raised against the grand chamberlain, who, aided by certain golden arguments, endeavoured to silence the murmurs of *Danilowa's* sole surviving parent. The hapless mother, however, refused to barter for gold the last consolation of the wretched—the privilege to mourn. Such are the feeble data which serve, though with sundry alterations, as the groundwork of the new opera. For the catastrophe of a death, that of a marriage, the *dénouement obligé* of every modern opera, has been substituted. Thus, of two evils the adapters have wisely chosen the least.

Among other green-room chit-chat in Paris, it is whispered, as a profound secret known only to a few hundred intimate friends, that M. Dumas is on the point of undertaking a journey to St. Petersburg, with the view of collecting materials for a drama on the subject of Peter the Great. *Il tra loin, ce M. Dumas*, as a Parisian wag lately observed.

A new theatre is about to be erected on the site of the ancient Ambigu Comique;—another temple of Satan, as Maw-worm might say, in addition to those already open for the seduction of the stray sheep that wander near the purlieus of the Boulevard du Temple. Alas for the sinful doings of this metropolis!

One of the most celebrated ex-actors of Franconi's circus, the Arabian horse Aboukir, was lately sold in the public market of Valenciennes, at the ignoble price of 260 francs—about ten pounds eight shillings, good and lawful coin of the British realm. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Marschner's opera of the *Vampyre*, though an imitation of Weber's manner, has been favourably received at Prague. The overture, it is said, bears some resemblance to that of Freyschutz, and the introduction strongly reminded the audience of Spohr's *Faust*. The *Vampyre* has been succeeded by two unsuccessful compositions of Skraup, *les Amaxones*, and *l'Ombra Notturna*. At Leipsic, another opera of Marschner, *le Templier et la Juive*, has met with decided success, if an overflowing audience at each representation may be reckoned a test of success. An opera entitled *le Prince Lieschen*, by an unknown composer, has not found equal favour in the eyes of the public.

The new opera, *der Bergmann* (the monk of the mountain), which had been some time announced at Dresden, has made a hit. The musical composer, M. Wolfram, was gratified by a summons to appear on the scene of his triumph.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.*

BEFORE we enter upon any report of the proceedings of a late assembly, it will be necessary to premise that, in the year 1824, government resolved to institute a trigonometrical survey of Ireland, under the direction of Lieut.-Col. Colby, analogous to those surveys which had been previously carried on and completed both in England and Scotland. Col. Colby determined to make the survey as scientific and accurate as the economical plan of government would admit. That no time might be lost, the triangulation was carried across the Channel from Scotland to the Dynes mountain, near Belfast, which was the first station taken up in that island, and after-

* It is neither indifference to the meritorious inventions of Le Roy, Héraultcloupe, and their predecessors, nor to the able and satisfactory manner in which they were handled by Mr. Burnett, but the peculiar nature of the subject itself, that obliges us to omit a notice of the discourse, which enters much into medical details.

wards pursued from the north of Ireland to the south. During the progress of these operations, Col. Colby resolved to measure a new base in Ireland, independent of the bases before measured in England and Scotland, and also to use such means and precautions as should ensure the utmost possible accuracy which human ingenuity could devise. The great difficulty in this part of the investigation consists in the construction of a standard measure, which, whilst it may be capable of application over eight or ten miles of ground, shall be liable to no change in its dimensions by the influence of the force required to move it, and other circumstances attending its use, and above all by change of temperature. To obtain such a measure, Col. Colby conceived the design of constructing the measure of different metals, in such a manner that their expansion and contraction should always compensate each other, and so give an invariable standard of length. The construction of the apparatus was placed in the hands of Mr. Troughton, and, finally, measuring rods, perfect in their kind, were produced, and a base line $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches in extent, measured in the north of Ireland by the successive application of these bars over that extent of ground.

At this meeting, Mr. Faraday undertook to give an account of these measuring bars, and of the Irish triangulation generally. Col. Colby had kindly placed his data at Mr. Faraday's disposal, for the better illustration of the discourse; and, through the kindness of Messrs. Troughton, Sims, and others, parts of a magnificent measuring apparatus, recently constructed by Messrs. Troughton and Sims for the East India Company, were placed in the lecture-room. Two of the compound compensation bars were arranged on tressels and tripods over the irregularities of the floor and benches, with all the care used in the measuring; the microscopes for observation of the points limiting the measures were in their places, as were also the standards, the bowling telescope, and other essential parts. The apparatus consists of two bars, one of brass and the other of iron; these are placed about one inch and a quarter apart, but strongly bound together at the middle by two cylinders of iron which act as rivets; they are then fixed on to a strong iron pin, which is fastened within the box intended to enclose the bars. The middle of the compound bar being thus fixed permanently, the neighbouring ends of brass and iron are also connected, but not immovably; on the contrary, a short cross-bar of iron may be considered as commencing at the brass bar, then proceeding to the iron one, beyond which it projects about two inches. This cross bar is attached firmly by axes to the ends of the brass and iron, and has no motion independent of that which is occasioned by their moving. A similar arrangement is established at the other end of the compound bar. Now, as the brass and iron expand by heat, it will be readily perceived, that this cross-bar is pushed forward, or away from the middle of the whole arrangement—that, in fact, the measure is lengthened only as the brass expands more than the iron; and the part of the cross-bar attached to the brass will be thrust forward more than the part attached to the iron; and, consequently, if at the first the cross-bar were perpendicular to the long bars, it would, when the latter were heated, become inclined to them. A little consideration will therefore shew that there is a part of the cross-bar projecting on the iron side, which is not thrust forward at all, but is stationary, notwithstanding any change which may take

place in the length of the two bars, provided their expansion is by the uniform application of heat to both at one time. This point is the one required; it is carefully sought for by the most attentive and minute observation upon the bars themselves, whilst they are subject to change of temperature; and as a similar point exists, and is found at the opposite extremity of the arrangement, they are both marked by a minute dot upon a silver stud, and constitute the extremes of a measure invariable for regular changes of temperature. The compound bars are put into a box, supported upon the two invariable parts by ratlins, and surrounded within by woollen cloth; but even under these circumstances the precautions were found not quite sufficient, and an experimental correction had to be applied for the difference of radiating power between brass and iron, and also for their difference in capacity. This was effected by giving such surfaces to the two bars as should enable them to heat and cool exactly in the same ratio: the points marked on the silver studs then became invariable. These bars are ten feet long, and the double microscopes by which the dots upon two consecutive bars are observed, are six inches apart, and are also constructed upon the compensation principle, so as to be invariable. The application of the bars, and the measurement of the base, was intrusted to Captain Pringle, and Lieutenants Henderson, Drummond, Murphy, and Mould. It was executed in the years 1828-9, on the eastern shore of Loch Foyle; the part measured was about 7½ inches long, and 2¼ inches more were added by triangulation. It is concluded that the error cannot extend to above 1½ inches in the whole distance; and in proof of the general accuracy, the results obtained by a double measurement in one part of the base may be mentioned. A tide river intersects the plain on the shore of the Loch, and the measured line had to cross it at a part where the width was 460 feet. Piles were driven into the river, and all other arrangements made to secure accurate results; yet, as the observers had to work in water sometimes breast-high, and were liable to other inconveniences, the measurement was repeated, that any error (if such existed) might be discovered. The whole difference in the two measurements, made entirely independent of each other, was ⅓ part of an inch in the 460 feet.

Mr. Faraday then went into a brief account of some circumstances connected with the triangulation of Ireland generally, and gave many interesting particulars relating to it; but as we are led to expect from what he stated, that the subject will be resumed at a future meeting, we shall reserve further observations on this very interesting and scientific process until it is again brought forward.

We noticed in the library an exceedingly beautiful, and at the same time simple, dead-beat escapement for clocks, quite new, and the invention, we were informed, of Mr. Chancellor.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

Dr. Turner in the chair.—The Registrar read a paper, communicated by Dr. Burne, on a peculiar disorder of the throat, which consists in a severe attack of inflammation confined to the epiglottis. The peculiarities of this disorder are, 1st, an extreme difficulty of deglutition, not accounted for by the condition of the throat as seen by an ordinary inspection; 2d, the undisturbed performance of respiration; 3d, the situation of the pain, which occurs in a lower and more anterior part of

the throat than in common attacks of inflammation. The disorder sometimes proves fatal, chiefly through exhaustion, in consequence of the inability to swallow. It must not therefore be treated by general bleeding, or other measures calculated to reduce still farther the patient's strength.—Dr. Francis Hawkins afterwards read a paper, by Dr. Calvert, "On the chemical and medical properties of the Sand-rock Spring in the Isle of Wight." The water of this spring contains a larger proportion of iron than any other natural chalybeate water. The metal is contained in it in the state of sulphate combined with the simple sulphate of alumina. The only natural springs that can be compared with it are those of Hartfell, near Moffat, and of Horley Green, near Halifax, in this country; and those at Alais, at Vals, and at Passy, in France; and they are all much weaker chalybeates. The medical properties of the Sand-rock Spring were experienced in the case of the soldiers stationed in the depot at Newport, who had suffered from the Walcheren fever; and Dr. Calvert has since found it a useful remedy in numerous complaints arising from relaxation and debility.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The first quiet meeting since the *exposé*, was held on Tuesday last; Mr. Knight in the chair.—Mr. Lindley read a paper on certain plants of the class Parasite. Of this curious, and in a variety of instances useful class, there are not twenty species to be found either in the Jardin du Roi at Paris, or in the Bavarian Botanic Garden, both of which are celebrated for their collections; whilst England possesses two hundred species. The paper was a clever one; still the meeting was marked by a kind of absurdity in horticulture, which must have made the judicious grieve. A stunted cherry-tree, bearing a handful of forced fruit, which, though ripe, was as sour as vinegar, had been brought all the way from Northampton per waggon: it is quite impossible to say what points in science this exhibition was meant to illustrate. Again, a bundle of asparagus lay on the table, 125 stalks of which weighed 2½ lbs: its disagreeable size was matter of curiosity; but not a word was said about flavour. The president, in a very candid manner, directed the attention of the meeting to the state of the garden, and other property belonging to the Society; pointed out some past faults, stated that they should not again be allowed, and courted the visits of the fellows, that they might judge for themselves. From the economical plans now adopted, and which it is understood will be prosecuted still further, the Society might, it was alleged, be considered as in a fair way of recovery.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

The President in the chair.—Considerable discussion, arising out of certain statements contained in Mr. Babbage's "Decline of Science in England," took place at the meeting on Thursday, in which the President, Mr. South, Drs. Roget, Lardner, and Granville, Mr. B. Kerr, and others, took a part. It is but fair to state, to the honour of the disputants, that the debate, though warmly carried on, was not characterised by anything of an unbecoming tone. The greatest attention was paid to the explanations of the worthy president; and the meeting adjourned, in the

utmost harmony, till next Thursday, when Mr. Babbage was requested to attend. No paper was read. Mr. D'Alton's interesting work on the History, Learning, Religion, &c. of Ireland, and Professor Quetelet's Scientific Tour through Germany, were presented.

At a recent meeting a paper entitled "On the quantities of water afforded by springs at various periods of the year," by J. W. Henwood, Esq., F.G.S., communicated by the President, was read. The following is an epitome of it:—

It has been a matter of dispute, whether the whole of the water afforded by such springs as are but little influenced by the change of the seasons was derived from rain. With the hope of elucidating this question, the author endeavours to ascertain the comparative quantities of water yielded by the same spring at different periods; and to obtain simultaneous observations in springs rising in different strata and existing at considerable depths in the earth. For this purpose he has availed himself of the information contained in a paper by the President of the Royal Society, given in a recent No. of the *Literary Gazette*, on the performance of steam-engines in the Cornish mines. The details of these investigations occupy several tables. After making due allowance for the loss of water, owing to imperfections in the engine, which he considers as nearly balanced by the amount of rain-water which penetrates from the surface and is carried off by the adit, he thinks himself warranted in assuming the actual quantity of water raised by the engine as representing with sufficient accuracy that which would be naturally afforded by the springs of the mine. On comparing the known quantity of rain falling in any district with the quantity of water given out by its springs, added to that returned to the atmosphere by evaporation from the same district, which he estimates according to Mr. Daniell's method, he finds the former of these quantities is to the latter nearly in the proportion of two to three. After adverting to the hypothesis of the infiltration of sea-water, which might be proposed in explanation of this excess in the supply of springs, he remarks that he was not able to detect the presence of sea-salt in the water from the bottom of the mine of Huel Towan, which he examined in August 1828.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

On Thursday last, Mr. Hamilton in the chair.—Davies Gilbert, Esq. exhibited two plaster casts, from an ancient cross at Penzance in Cornwall, with faint traces of inscriptions. Dr. Meyrick exhibited a pair of elegant ancient candlesticks of brass, engraved and enamelled. They were bought at Aix-la-Chapelle, of a general dealer,—therefore all trace of their history is lost; but from the costume of the figures on them, the doctor assigns the commencement of the 12th century as the date of their manufacture. The same gentleman also exhibited a pix, which, from the style of the ornaments, he considers to be about of the same age with the candlesticks. A communication from Mr. Townsend of Preston, Sussex, accompanied by two drawings, was read, descriptive of some ancient fresco paintings discovered on the wall of Preston church. The subject of one was the murder of Becket; and the other the archangel weighing the souls of the departed, and Satan endeavouring to force down the scale. Mr. Townsend considers these paintings to be of about the time of Edward the First.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

ON Wednesday six new members were proposed; and Lord Prudhoe, one of the number, being a peer, was immediately balloted for and elected. A paper of great interest from Mr. Millingen, on the splendid Tyrrhenian vases recently exhumed in several parts of ancient Etruria, was read by Mr. Hamilton (a member of the council). Of this we shall give an epitome; and it will be found an admirable sequel to the general account of these discoveries, which we had the pleasure to publish a few weeks ago.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

THE Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn in the chair.—A paper by Col. Tod was read; it communicated his remarks on a gold ring, of supposed Hindu workmanship, found sometime ago on the Fort Hill of Montrose in Scotland. Colonel Fitzclarence having seen it, was convinced of its eastern origin, and obtained the permission of its noble owner, the Countess of Cassilis, to submit it to the inspection of Col. Tod, in order that he might lay his remarks, in elucidation of its origin, before the Society. The relic bears certain signs of Hindu worship, round and over which is wreathed the serpent; on each side is one of the sacred kine, with the humped shoulders. Col. Tod observes, that the first inspection of the ring would naturally lead to the supposition that it was of Hindu origin; but there are strong arguments, on the other hand, for conjecturing it to have belonged to one of those "giant Getae" from Scania, who found sepulture in some of their ravaging descendants upon Scotland. The arguments in support of the theory attributing a common origin to the Indo-Scythic martial races of India and the early colonists of Europe, occupy the remainder of the paper, which is concluded with the observation, that the ring is a relic of singular curiosity, even had it been found upon the plains of India. Many donations in literature and the arts were made; and it was announced, that the anniversary meeting would be held on the 7th of June.

LONDON UNIVERSITY.

ON Saturday last the annual distribution of medals and certificates of honours took place at the theatre of the London University, which was crowded on the occasion. We have seldom witnessed a more interesting sight. The amphitheatrical seats were occupied by students and their parents and friends: in the centre sat the professors (about ten of the number only were present*), the warden, and a few friends; while the stage or platform behind the chair, which was occupied by Sir James Graham, were Lords Darnley, Auckland, John Russell, and other eminent patrons of the University. The finance report and other routine business having been gone through, the adjudication of the prizes was determined by opening the letters containing the names of the successful candidates; and a lively sensation (like that of the drawing of a lottery) was produced as the various victors were named and called up to the president to receive the meeds of their industry and talent. Most of them seemed to be intelligent and fine young men; and the discriminating way in which Sir James Graham delivered their honours into their hands, addressing them very

briefly, but with great elegance, feeling, and judgment, added much to the impression of the scene. It is not necessary for us to detail the pains taken to render these adjudications pure and just—the plan adopted by the several professors appeared to guard against every chance of partiality or erroneous decision; and we must observe that the general effect was truly delightful. The taste and ability displayed by the chairman throughout crowned the day (otherwise made pleasing by the judicious addresses of the masters and the modest demeanour of the students) with (to say the words) deep gratification.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.
(Third notice.)

No. 131. *The Truant*. T. S. Good.—Very clever and very entertaining.

No. 113. *Italian Boys playing at Cards*. R. Edmonstone.—There is great character, and a fine depth and richness of tone in every thing that proceeds from Mr. Edmonstone's pencil.

No. 199. *Romps*. T. Clater.—A well-told story. The confusion which the entrance of mamma has occasioned is very happily depicted; and the chiaroscuro and Terburgh-like execution deserve high praise.

No. 28. *The auld Friends*. J. Knight.—"Art's labour lost;"—an expression equally applicable to many other able performances in the Exhibition, which are hung either so high or so low as to render fruitless the pains which have been bestowed upon their production. We are quite aware that it is impossible to place all the pictures to advantage; but surely works of the class to which this of Mr. Knight's belongs, are entitled to a situation in which they could be seen.

Of the numerous portraits in the Great Room we must speak generally. Those by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence are the most interesting; both from their intrinsic merit, and from the mournful reflection, that it is the last time that the walls of the Academy will be so decorated. His portraits of *Lady Belfast*, *Miss Fry*, the *Archbishop of Armagh*, the *Earl of Aberdeen*, and *Thomas Moore, Esq.*, although the draperies and backgrounds are unfinished, are admirable proofs of his splendid and unrivalled genius. The head of the poet, especially, is life itself.—Mr. Shee, the present able and accomplished President, has several very pleasing portraits. That of *The Right Hon. Charles W. Williams Esq.*, in particular, is powerfully painted, and is a most faithful and characteristic resemblance.—We do not think that we ever saw the sweet and pearly tones of Mr. Phillips's colouring to greater advantage than in his beautiful portrait of *The Hon. Mrs. Ramsden*. He has five other portraits in the room; among which is a remarkably fine whole-length of *A Gentleman*.—Of four portraits by Sir William Beechey, executed with his usual skill and taste, that of *His Grace the Duke of Somerset* is the most striking.—*General Sir Hew Dalrymple*, and *The Marquess of Chandos*, are excellent specimens of Mr. Jackson's talents;—as are *The Earl of Surrey*, *The Duke of Norfolk*, and *Mr. Lockhart*, (the latter an admirable likeness), of those of Mr. Pickersgill.—We wish we could speak of the head in Mr. Wilkie's whole-length of *His Majesty in the Highland Dress of the Royal Tartan*, in terms of as unqualified admiration as we can of the general arrangement and effect

of the picture.—*Of The Countess of Jersey* there is a whole-length by the Baron Gerard. Although not exactly accordant with the English notions of portraiture, it is very carefully and finely painted.—Mr. Rothwell has a portrait of *Lord Downes*; so disadvantageously placed, that it is scarcely possible to see it. In the ante-room is his masterly picture which we noticed when at Mr. Colnaghi's: his other portraits are not of so high an order, at least in exhibition light.—A whole-length *Portrait of H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence* does Mr. Morton great credit.—We were also highly pleased with a *Portrait of a Hong Merchant*, by Mr. Chinnery.—There are many other clever portraits in the room, which our limits will not allow us to particularise, from the pencils of Messrs. Clint, Reinagle, Simpson, Briggs, Lane, Thompson, Lonsdale, Ramsay, R. T. Bone, S. W. Reynolds, Linnell, Faulkner, Wyatt, Hurstone, Say, Davis, Tannock, Partridge, Mrs. Carpenter, Mrs. Pearson, Mrs. J. Robertson, &c.

SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

No. 284. *Mount St. Michael, Cornwall*. C. Stanfield.—It is no disparagement to the talents which the School of Painting otherwise displays, to speak of this performance as the lion of the place; and a magnificent lion it is—roaring, "that it would do any man's heart good to hear it," and lashing out its tail with a rage well befitting the noble and powerful monarch of wild animals. The gigantic and lofty forms of the headland, with its venerable crowning pile—the tumultuous motion of the mighty waters foaming at its base—the gleams of sun which splendidly illuminate one portion of the subject—the deep and impenetrable mist in which another portion of it is shrouded—the happy introduction and appropriate employment of the figures, and the masterly style in which the whole scene of awful grandeur is executed—are all admirable. This fine work increases the high opinion which we have always entertained and expressed of Mr. Stanfield's genius. We state this the more strongly, because there seems to be an unjust and ungenerous disposition in some quarters to undervalue it.

No. 297. *The Welcome*. E. T. Parris.—Another charming picture of beauty, grace, and amiable sentiment, from this highly gifted and rapidly rising artist's pencil. Again we ask, Why was such a finished production shoved into a corner, instead of being placed in a situation in which the visitors to the Exhibition might have had an opportunity of examining its various excellences without inconvenience? But we recollect that it fared the same, or indeed worse, with poor Bonington. Is it a system pursued by the Academy for the purpose of checking the aspirations of talent? Nevertheless, we are pleased to understand that, after some competition, "the Welcome" has been purchased by Mr. Wynn Ellis, who is also the possessor of Mr. Parris's "Reflection."

No. 287. *Naïades*. G. Arnald, A.—A sweet and elevated character of landscape composition. The figures are only of subordinate interest; yet they are well suited to the scene.

No. 306. *The Orchard*. W. F. Witherington.—In addition to the other merits of this very clever work, Mr. Witherington has conquered the difficulties arising from the angular and unpicturesque ramification of fruit-trees, and, with his usual skill, has compelled them to assume a shape and character singularly pleasing. On the ground!

* It is known that an unfortunate schism has arisen among the teachers of the University, and spread into its councils. This is much to be regretted where unanimity is so essential: we fear there has been great weakness and trimming, if not utter mismanagement.—Ed. L. G.

No. 331. *Candaules, King of Lydia, shows his Wife by stealth to Gyges, one of his Ministers, as she goes to bed.* W. Etty, R.A.—We have on former occasions reprov'd Mr. Etty for his occasional tendency to a debasing sensuality in his smaller productions. Have we not enough of the voluptuous from the pencils of foreign artists, but is one of our own purer school—a man too so capable of better things—to mistake the proper direction of art, and thus to offend against decency and good taste? As an academic study, the central figure of this group might be admissible; but, in connexion with the disgraceful story, it deserves to be warmly reprehended.

[To be continued.]

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Views of the Principal Objects in the direct Route from Genoa to Naples, Sketches taken during a Residence at Palermo; and Views of the different Islands of the Mediterranean, returning by Sea to Genoa; to which are added a few Sketches in Savoy. Taken in 1829 by H. Stretton, Esq.; drawn on stone by H. M. Whicheho. No. 1. Dickenson.

This publication is to consist of ten Numbers, each to contain three large views or five small ones. Those in the present No. are “the Coast of Palermo,” “the Bay of Palermo,” and “the Plain of Bagaria.” If we are unable to bestow very high praise upon these views as works of art, we have no doubt of their perfect fidelity,—a quality which renders any delineation valuable and interesting.

England and Wales. From Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R.A.; with Descriptive and Historic Illustrations by H. E. Lloyd, Esq. No. VIII. Jennings and Co. A BEAUTIFUL Number; finely exemplifying the mastery over effect for which Mr. Turner is so justly celebrated.

Lawrence. From a Plaster Cast taken at the age of Thirty-four, in the possession of an attached Friend. Drawn on stone, by R. J. Lane, A.R.A. Colnaghi, Son, and Co.

THE attached friend who possesses the mask from which this tripartite view of the fine countenance of the lamented President of the Royal Academy has been taken, is, we believe, Mr. Charles Denham. Mr. Lane has made from it a front, a three-quarter, and a profile, drawing, on stone, with his usual skill and taste; and, notwithstanding the great drawback which is necessarily occasioned by the absence of the expression of the eye, the resemblance is very striking in them all; especially in the front view.

Illustrations of Popular Works. By George Cruikshank. Part I. Longman and Co.

OUR anticipation that these Illustrations would add popularity to the most popular works, is more than justified by this first sample. They are most humorous, most laughable, and most cleverly executed. The Vicar of Wakefield preaching, and the Family Picture; Weazel's combat, from Roderick Random (a parallel, by the by, to Baillie Nicol Jarvie's); Ten Breeches, from Knickerbocker; and the Deil fiddling away with the Exciseman, from Burns's song—are the truly ludicrous ornaments in this No. The two last are of the drollest possible cast.

Fisher's Illustrations of England.

No. 17, 18, and 19.

THE statement of the publishers, that this work has improved as it has proceeded, is undoubtedly justified by the Numbers under

our immediate notice. We have never, in the most expensive publications of the kind, met with more admirable plates than those of “The Interior of St. John's Market, Liverpool,” and the view of “Storrs, Windermere Lake.” The drawing and engraving of the former alone cost, it appears, upwards of thirty-five guineas. Nothing but the most extensive sale can warrant such an expenditure.

Select Views of the Principal Cities of Europe. From original Paintings, by Lieut.-Colonel Batty, F.R.S. Part II. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

GIBRALTAR is the subject of the present Part of Col. Batty's highly interesting work. Few places in the world are more celebrated than this gigantic, formidable, and important promontory; and in no respect is it more remarkable than for its exceedingly picturesque character. Of this Col. Batty has most successfully availed himself, and has combined with the naturally grand and varied forms of the rock, accidental effects of storm, shipwreck, &c.; which, ably seconded as he has been by the talents of Messrs. Wallis, Cooke, Smith, Varrall, Goodall, and Willmore, the engravers, render the six views, (including the vignette), of which the Part consists, among the most spirited and beautiful that were perhaps ever assembled.

Portrait of His Majesty. From the original Picture, painted, July 1825, by T. C. Thompson, R.H.A. Colnaghi and Son.

THE recent illness of His Majesty—and most rejoiced and grateful are we to be enabled to speak of it as a past event—has endeared him still more to the hearts of his faithful subjects; and must render the present a favourable moment for the publication of a new and authentic portrait, such as that under our notice. It is a strong resemblance of the King, and is engraved in a good bold style of lithography.

Characteristic Sketches of Animals. Drawn from the life and engraved by T. Landseer.

PART III. Moon, Boys, and Graves. NEXT to the amusement and information derived from seeing the animals themselves are certainly those received from the contemplation of such admirable representations of them as these by Mr. Landseer. Of the plates in the present Part, “the Brahminy Bull,” and “the Cheetah,” are certainly the most beautiful; although “the Hippopotamus,” and “the Mandril,” are perhaps the most picturesque. The vignettes are, as usual, clever and characteristic, and the descriptions perspicuous and entertaining.

BRITISH GALLERY.

A GLIMPSE at this Gallery enables us to anticipate for the lovers of the arts, and especially of our native school, a grateful treat in the collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence's works, on the eve of being exhibited. The general appearance of the rooms is superb; and the individual attractions possess extraordinary interest, from presenting many of the artist's *chefs-d'œuvre*, and many of his less known pictures.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE KING.

On hearing it said, that every Heart in England was united in Prayer for our beloved Monarch's recovery.

THERE'S a breath in that passing gale,
'Tis sweeter than earth's balms are,
'Tis not for earth it ascends,
'Tis the breath of a nation's prayer.

There's a heavenly sound in that breeze,
Hush!—England's child is at prayer;
She asks for a father's life,
With an only daughter's care.

“O Thou who perfectest prayer,
Speed thou my prayer on high;
They tell me a king cannot,
But I feel that a father can, die.”

There's a voice of thanksgiving!—Again!
There's pleasure resounds in those lays.
That bell?—rings—then our Sovereign lives—
England's prayers are converted to praise.
N. H.

FIRST AND LAST. — NO. V.

The First and Last Captive.

SHE sat in silence on the floor,
Her raven hair unbound
Spread her pale cheek and bosom o'er,
And swept the very ground:
Her eye was dim and downward cast,
And now and then a sigh,
Within her heart till then locked fast,
Heaved deep and bitterly.

It was a splendid palace-room,
Around with tapestry spread,
And, chasing back the twilight gloom,
A lamp its radiance shed;
Faintly it lit that pensive face,
Where strong and still despair
Had fixed its heavy darkening trace,
Stiffening each feature fair.

A pencil was within her hand,
And carelessly it moved,
Scarce under her own will's command
Along the floor it roved;
At length the letters, slowly traced,
Stood like a wizard's spell
(Even yet they are not quite effaced)—
“Remember Isabelle!”

She sat awhile, then started up,
To her cheek rushed back the blood—
She dashed away the silver cup
Of wine that near her stood:
She leant beside the window high,
She grasped its iron bars;
Whilst, pitying her, from the azure sky,
Looked down the silent stars.

It was in vain—her hands, too weak,
Forced not those bars apart,
And down she fell with one wild shriek,
That seemed to burst her heart:
Still she lay through the night hours mirk—
They came at morning tide,
And found that Death had done his work,—
So their first Captive died.

Years passed away—they brought again
A Captive to the tower;
Now many a dark and bloody stain
Profaned the palace bower.
The tapestry had fallen down,
The golden lamp was quenched;
From the cornice rich the silver crown
Of mimic flowers was wrenched.

Their Captive was an aged man,
Grief on his forehead high,
And on his lips, so thin and wan,
Tales but of misery.
His love, so beautiful and young,
Years gone, from him was torn,
And he had withered, yet thus long
His load of life had borne.

They placed him in this prison strong—
“Ay, be it so,” he cried;
“I care not—in yon heaven ere long
I'll meet my murdered bride.”

He cast his eyes to heaven, and then
Down on the floor they fell,
And he read, while thrilled each aged vein—
“Remember Isabelle!”

It was enough—the nerves that held
Through all that life's decay,
No longer by his pride compelled,
Resigned at once their sway:
He perished the last Captive there;
And still the peasants tell,
At eve these words sound through the air—
“Remember Isabelle!”

Worton Lodge, Isleworth. M. A. BROWNE.

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. WINSOR.

ON Tuesday last died, at Paris, in the 68th year of his age, Mr. Frederic Albert Winsor, with whom originated the application of gas to the lighting of streets and cities. He was the founder of the Gas-light and Coke Company in London, and of the first gas company which was established in Paris: from his public and persevering efforts arose these and every other gas-light establishment which has since been founded.

It will be recollected, that in 1803 Mr. Winsor demonstrated the use to which his discovery of gas-lighting might be publicly applied, though many men of high scientific reputation denied its practicability. His first public experiments were shewn at the Lyceum, in the Strand: he afterwards lighted with gas the walls of Carlton Palace gardens in St. James's Park, on the king's birth-day in 1807; and during 1809 and 1810, one side of Pall Mall, from the house which he then occupied in that street. His house was for many years openly shewn, fitted up with gas-lights throughout, to exhibit to the legislature and the country the practicability of his plans.

The memorial to his late Majesty George III. for a charter, and the evidence taken in parliament and before the privy council, bear testimony to the indefatigable and unremitting zeal with which he persevered until he overcame the obstacles which prejudice had raised against his efforts, and which threatened to prevent the general adoption of his discoveries and improvements.

In 1812, however, a charter of incorporation for a gas-light and coke company was obtained, and success crowned his labours; but his mind having been wholly possessed with the prosecution of an object of such public importance, he was too regardless of his own pecuniary interests, and omitted to retain a legal power over the advantages which resulted from his exertions: he unfortunately trusted too much for his reward to the honour of the parties with whom he was engaged. To the great object which he pursued he devoted the best years of his life, and sacrificed his fortune; and while he bequeathed an important benefit to posterity, the just recompense of his services escaped from his own hands: thus he created the fortunes of others, whilst he ruined his own and those of his family.

In 1815 he extended to France the advantages which had attended his efforts in England. There, too, he was the first to establish a company and erect gas-works: but rival interests created other companies, in defiance of patent privileges: and these associations, with large capitals, undermined his interests, and he again gave fortunes to others which ought to have been his own reward.

It is thus that a life, which, it may truly be said, has been an honour to England, has been

embittered, if not abridged, by cares and ingratitude. After all the services which he rendered to his country and to the world, and the gains which individuals have realised by his discoveries, the founder of gas-lighting has left no other legacy to his family than the remembrance of his virtues, and of those talents by which the present and future generations have been and will be benefited:

Sic vos non vobis.

MUSIC.

MR. PHILIPPS'S CONCERT.

THE vocal concert of this gentleman, “illustrative of principles for English singing, applied to music in parts,” took place on Monday last, at the London Literary and Scientific Institution, Aldergate Street. The performance consisted of a slight lecture, exemplified by a selection of airs, duets, and glees, in various styles of composition, which were very ably executed by a young lady (a promising pupil of Mr. Philipps), Mr. Wood, Mr. E. Taylor, &c. The evening's amusement called forth the merited applause of a very numerous audience.

THE HUMAN VOICE.

AT the last sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Cuvier presented a report on a memoir by Dr. Benati, relative to the mechanism of the human voice. Dr. Benati, who is himself a very agreeable singer, has ascertained that the upper and falsetto notes are produced by the contraction of the throat; that singers who have a soprano voice have generally the tongue a third larger than that of other singers; and that tenors have the narrow parts of the throat susceptible of greater flexibility than bass singers. The reporter took this opportunity of stating, that a convict at Toulon, in whom, from disease, the communication between the trachea and the larynx had been destroyed, had acquired the power of uttering sounds by means of a particular kind of mechanism from the base of the tongue to the roof of the mouth. He considered that there was some analogy between the facts cited by Dr. Benati and the instance furnished by the Toulon convict.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

SINCE our last publication, Cimarosa's celebrated opera of *Il Matrimonio Segreto* has been twice performed, and, glad are we to say it, to the most crowded houses we have seen for a long while. In a former notice (July 25, 1829) of this opera, we took occasion to draw a parallel between the productions of Rossini and those of Cimarosa. That the *Matrimonio Segreto* has been the model upon which Rossini has formed his buffo compositions, there cannot be a shadow of doubt; for many of his favourite “phrases” can here be traced to their original source. The affinity in the style of these composers is discoverable in the manner in which they conduct their concerted pieces, particularly their finales; but the orchestral accompaniments of Cimarosa are poor, compared with those of Rossini—not that the latter is not frequently noisy to a fault. In operative music, the instruments may occasionally produce those energetic and characteristic touches which give life to the whole composition: in this particular, Rossini often succeeds. Cimarosa, with the exception of an orchestral movement in the quartette of the first act of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, following the words “*Così in poco il suo orgoglio*,” seldom avails

himself of the adventitious aid of instrumentation; but, on the contrary, too frequently keeps the orchestra tamely subservient to the voice or voices on the scene.

The remarks we have now to offer are confined to the performance of Saturday last. The opera, as it has been represented, is, as we have said, strongly cast, in so far as the enrolment of celebrated names; but we never rely upon *name*, and are generally disposed to acquiesce in the force of Ollapod's aphorism, that “name's nothing—merit's all,—rhubarb's rhubarb, call it what you will.” The part of *Paolino* is too high for Donzelli; the trembling and tragic tones of Lalande are by no means calculated to produce effect in the execution of comic music; the *Fidalgama* of Malibran is altogether a mistaken conception of the part; and the *Elisette* of Miss Bellchambers, from her dreadfully false intonation, destroys some of the most effective scenes and concerted pieces in the opera. Nevertheless, *Il Matrimonio Segreto* is well worth seeing, if only to witness the inimitable acting of Lablache. The fixed eye, and the vacuity of look which he throws into his countenance whilst endeavouring to catch the half-lost syllables of those who address him, exhibit the most natural representation of deafness that we have ever witnessed. Of the vocal abilities of this truly great actor, we shall freely and fully speak when we see him in a part better calculated to display his physical powers and musical taste. It is but justice to say, that, with the exception of his grotesque attire, *Il Conte Robinsoni* (we had nearly said “Jack Robinson”) found an admirable representative in Signor Santini. The duet of “*Se fiato in corpo avete*,” between him and Lablache, was admirably given, and rapturously encored. We are anxious to see Lablache in *Assur*, and Lelande in *Semiramide*: these are the characters that will put their talents as vocalists to the test.

DRURY LANE.

ON Thursday, Mr. Goldsmith appeared here in the slight part of *Morbleau* in *Monsieur Tonson*; and, under all the embarrassment of a *début*, displayed great capabilities for the stage. We have had the pleasure to see and hear this aspirant for comic honours; and if much versatility, considerable powers, a good face, a talent for mimicry of the highest order, whether in singing or acting, and other dramatic qualities, are likely to succeed, we can vouch for his having a land of promise before him.

The benefits this week have been glorious—Farren immense, and Harley extravagant: the latter had some pleasant novelties in the way of comic songs and parodies; amongst the pleasantest of which we rank the following laughable version of “Love's Ritornella.” We think if Harley had dressed a little more *at Wallack*, and magnified his Massaroni tuft, it would have told better. However, it took excellently well; and we doubt not “Real Havannah” will be as popular as its agreeable prototype: it is, we understand, from the pen of Mr. Ainsworth.

Real Havannah!
Real Havannah!
Precious cigar!
Gentle as mana,
Bright as a star—
Pleasant at fireside,
Cheery on road—
Best of all perfumes
At home or abroad
Real Havannah!
Puff away care—
Blow my misfortunes
Into thin air.

Real Havannah!
O who would dare
Meerschaum or hookah
With thee compare?
When thy bright tip
Any mortal may see,
Thou art his choice
And a smoker is he.
Real Havannah, &c.

Real Havannah!
Primest of stuff,
Sell me no humbug,
Vender of muff—
Think not on me
You can cut any jokes—
'Tis Toper Thomas
Himself who now smokes
Real Havannah! &c.

COVENT GARDEN.

MR. FAWCETT's farewell was both a gratifying and affecting spectacle. His merits filled the house with friends and admirers; and yet it was painful to see so old a favourite separating himself from the stage for ever. For nearly forty years he has been an ornament to the profession; and while his eminent histrionic talents cause us to regret the blank he has left on the boards, his great private respectability makes his retirement no less to be regretted as a loss to the national drama.

VARIETIES.

Education.—The general annual sitting of the Paris Society of Elementary Education took place lately. On this occasion considerable interest was excited by the presence of three young Africans, who had been sent to France for education, and who have made almost incredible progress in every branch. A report was read, from which it appeared that the expenditure of the Society, for the last year, had been 50,000 francs. The adjudication of the prize for an essay on "the Liberty of Instruction," was postponed to January 1831. A paper was read, stating the nature and objects of the Society; and that of the 32 millions who compose the population of France, sixteen do not know how to read and write. Other subjects of general interest were discussed during the sitting.

Suicidal Club.—Dr. Casper, in an article in the *Revue Britannique*, states that there existed some time ago in Prussia a club of suicides, composed of six persons, who not only vowed to destroy themselves, but also to make proselytes. They did not succeed in the latter respect, but all gave proofs of their own sincerity. The last of them blew out his brains in 1817. The same writer states that a similar club is reputed to have existed not long ago in Paris. This was composed of twelve members, one of whom was to be selected every year for self-destruction.

German Operas.—A letter from Paris states, that the German company now performing at the Italian Theatre there meet with good success. The receipts have sometimes reached 7000 francs;—an enormous sum for a French theatre.

Telegraph.—Several experiments have lately been made in France with the day-and-night telegraph, which is destined for the use of the French fleet in the invasion of Algiers. It was found to answer perfectly. The invention, however, is not new: it was first introduced by Admiral St. Haouen in 1823.

M. Fourrier, one of the secretaries of the Paris Academy of Sciences, died in that capital on Monday last.

The Printers' Pension Society.—This Society, formed for the relief of aged, infirm, and distressed workmen, connected with the press, and their widows and orphans, held their second anniversary at the London Tavern, on

Wednesday, where about a hundred guests were excellently regaled by Mr. Bleaden, whose liberal kindness to this Institution, as a friend and subscriber, seemed to have been extended to his kitchen and cellar. Lord Morpeth was in the chair, and addressed the company in a most eloquent and feeling manner on behalf of the charity. Various toasts also called up Mr. Poulett Thomson the member for Dover, Mr. Alderman Winchester, Dr. Dibdin, Dr. Birkbeck, Mr. Kelly, Mr. R. Taylor, Mr. Figgins, the treasurer, and other gentlemen, who severally spoke with great effect. A considerable sum was collected in aid of the annual provision made by the workmen themselves; and we rejoice to say that every thing bespoke the flourishing condition of this benevolent Institution.

Vesuvius.—The Neapolitan papers state, that two new openings have just appeared in the crater of Mount Vesuvius. For several preceding days loud detonations were heard in the interior, and the two new mouths have poured forth an enormous quantity of burning and bituminous matter.

Miss Wright.—This lady, so celebrated for her various philanthropic exertions, having ransomed thirty slaves, has hired a vessel at New Orleans, and sent them to Hayti, where she calculates on their forming a free colony.

Niebuhr.—A letter from M. Niebuhr has been translated from the Berlin *Gazette* into the London *Times*. It states, that notwithstanding the fire which consumed some of his papers, the next vol. of his *History of Rome* will be published next winter, and that the MS. of the sequel has also been preserved. Mr. N. offers some remarks on the subject of Artesian wells, and states them to have been well known, not only in Italy, near Modena, but in ancient Africa: so that the modern French claims respecting them are *old discoveries*.

New Musical Instrument.—An instrument called *Der Musicalische Improvisator* has been performing for the last two or three days in Piccadilly. By means of revolving barrels with lateral movements, it seems to originate endless variations *ad libitum*. We have calculating machines, and now a machine which executes fantasias and voluntaries like a master of mind. Men must, ere long, yield to machines! The Improvisator is altogether a curiosity; and, though its imitation of various instruments is, like most imitations, inferior to the originals, it does discourse very pretty music.

Natural History.—A society of hunters has recently been formed in Sweden, extending from one end of the kingdom to the other, the members of which have agreed to collect and to communicate to one another all the observations which they may be enabled to make with respect to the lives, manners, and habits of animals.

Hernani.—The first twenty-seven representations of *Hernani*, at Paris, have produced 103,102 francs.

Paris Academy of Sciences.—At a late sitting of this Academy, M. Moreau de Jonnes gave an account of the iron rail-way from Baltimore to the Ohio. According to his statement, the length of this road is 104 miles; the mean height of the elevations between the two extremities is 886 feet. Twenty-five miles were made in one year. The estimated expense was 20,000 dollars per mile, but it has exceeded the estimate.

Fruits and Wine.—M. Couverchel read a paper at the Paris Academy of Sciences on the ripening (*maturation*) of fruits. He marks two

distinct periods. In the first, which comprehends the formation of the principles of the fruit, the direct influence of the plant on the fruit is indispensable. In the second, which comprehends the ripening of the fruit, the acids, favoured by the heat, transform the gelatine into saccharine matter. The phenomena, in this case, are purely chemical; they are independent of vegetative life; and what proves this is, that most fruits will ripen when taken from the tree. M. Couverchel has made many experiments with the juices of fruits, from which it appears, that wines of inferior quality may be ameliorated, without the addition of substances foreign to their nature, and prejudicial to health.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXI. May 21.]

It is a literary novelty to tell that the Grand Seigneur has been pleased to allow Mr. Arthur Lumley Davids to dedicate to him his forthcoming Grammar of the Turkish Language; for we believe there have been very few examples of western works dedicated to the Sultan. This Grammar proposes to have the rules illustrated by examples drawn from the most celebrated Turkish authors; together with a Preliminary Discourse on the Language and Literature of the Turks, Dialogues, a Selection of Extracts in Prose and Verse from many rare Turkish MSS., &c. &c.—The Undying One, and other Poems, by the Hon. Mrs. Norton.—"The English at Home, by the Author of 'the English in France,' 'the English in Italy,' &c.—Mr. Johns, author of 'Dews of Castalie,' &c. announces a poem in Four Cantos, entitled the Pyramids.—Mr. Morgan, the reputed author of 'the Reproof of Brutus,' is about to publish a Letter to the Bishop of London in reference to his Lordship's late Pamphlet.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Mrs. Shelley's *Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Webster's *Travels through the Crimea*, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 12s. bds.—Levi and Sarah, post 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Binney's *Discourses on Faith*, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Stratton's *Book of the Priesthood*, 8vo. 8s. bds.—Muston on *Christian Friendship*, 12mo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Wodrow's *Church History*, 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 8s. bds.—M'Gavin on *Church Establishments*, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Wilson's *Questions on St. Matthew and Acts*, 12mo. each 3s. 6d. sewed.—Sketches from *Nature*, 18mo. 2s. 6d. hf. bd.—Elementary *Lessons from the Italian*, 18mo. 1s. 6d. hf. bd.—Illustrations of the *Anglo-French Coinage*, royal 4to. 2l. 12s. 6d. bds.—Guthrie on the *Arteries*, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Searle on *Cholera*, &c. 8vo. 3s. bds.—Jephson on *Calculus*, Vol. II. 8vo. 16s. bds.—Wine-Drinker's *Manual*, 12mo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Heath's *Historical Illustrations to Waverley Novels*, Guy Manning, 18mo. 5s. 6d.; royal 8vo. 7s. 6d.; colombar 4to. proofs, 12s.—The *True Plan of a Living Temple*, 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 2s. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 13	From 39. to 54.	29.85 to 30.02
Friday... 14	— 31. — 59.	30.10 Stationary
Saturday... 15	— 40. — 67.	30.11 to 30.15
Sunday... 16	— 35. — 76.	30.21 Stationary
Monday... 17	— 45. — 78.	30.16 to 30.11
Tuesday... 18	— 47. — 78.	30.01 — 29.89
Wednesday 19	— 45. — 68.	29.86 Stationary

Wind variable, prevailing S.W. Generally clear, except the 13th, when a little rain fell.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. P. will find a letter at our Office.
We have no desire to "cut" F. S. H. for the pretty little poem offered to us, though we cannot find a nook for it in the *L. G.*

Mr. Eliason's Concert tickets reached us too late to admit of our attendance.

We have received several letters on the subject of the "Rights of Dramatic Authors," and are much gratified by finding that our remarks have given such general satisfaction. We are happy to have it in our power to inform "an Old Subscriber" and all whom it may concern, that the measure is daily gaining new and powerful friends;—that two of our most distinguished and influential noblemen have volunteered in the handsomest manner their support to it in the Lords;—and that, though the lateness of the season and the peculiarly pressing business of the session has retarded its progress, there is no doubt of its eventual completion.

ERRATA.—In the report of the Bishop of Salisbury's Address at the Royal Society of Literature, in our last, p. 321, col. 3, line 12, for "Langfaire," read "Langbaine;" p. 322, col. 1, line 46, for "apostle," read "apostles;" and in same page, col. 2, line 41, for "emperor," read "empire."

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

His Majesty having been graciously pleased to direct that the interesting Portraits of Sovereigns, and other distinguished Individuals, who assisted in bringing the late War to its conclusion, painted by the late President of the Royal Academy, should be exhibited for the Benefit of His Family, the Directors of the British Institution, anxious to carry into effect His Majesty's most gracious intention, give notice that the Exhibition of these Portraits, together with some other of the most celebrated Works of this eminent Artist, will be opened for the Inspection of the Public, at the Gallery of the British Institution, on Monday, the 24th day of May.

Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

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T. S. TULL, Secretary.

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PLYMOUTH EXHIBITION of PICTURES.

The Twelfth Exhibition of Paintings and Drawings will Open, at the Athenaeum, Plymouth, on Monday the 18th day of July next.

Artists and Proprietors who may be disposed to contribute Pictures to the Collection, will be pleased to send them on or before the 5th day of that Month.

The Committee engage to take all possible care that no injury be done to the Works entrusted to them, and to pay the expenses of water-carriage to and from Plymouth.

R. C. CORYNDON, Secretary.
Athenaeum, Plymouth, May 10, 1836.

MR. F. MANSEL REYNOLDS'S PRINTS.

By Auction, by Mr. ROTHEBY and SON, at their House, Wellington Street, Strand, on Thursday the 3d day of June, 1836, and following day, at Twelve o'clock, a very choice Cabinet of Engravings, the property of F. Mansel Reynolds, Esq. consisting of fine Proofs and brilliant Impressions of the Works of Strangé, Woollett, Sharpe, Houbraken, R. Morghein, Bartolozzi, Raimbach, Golding, Warren, the Heaths, &c. &c.; among which will be found a brilliant Proof of Titian's Venus, before the letters, by Strangé—The Rape of Europa, Proof, by Beauvarlet—King Lear, a Presentation Proof of the Death of General Wolfe, Battles of the Hague and Boyne, Roman Edifices in Ruins, the Fishery, &c. by Woollett—An extraordinary assemblage of Rare Book Plates, principally consisting of choice Engravers' Proofs, &c. &c.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

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specting the Epistles of Phalaris raged in the learned world, and produced the display of as much erudition and profound classical attainments as ever distinguished any literary discussion in any age or country. It must not, therefore, be carelessly viewed as a dispute on an indifferent point, whether a tyrant or a sophist was the author of these Epistles; but as a theme which occupied the minds and provoked the labours of the first scholars of the age, of Bentley, of Wotton, of Temple, of Boyle, of Swift, of Atterbury, of Smalridge, of Alsop, and others, and led to the elucidation of many of the most interesting questions in ancient literature. Dr. Monk's epitome of this, divested of the tediousness of the contest, and giving an admirable view of its leading features, is one of the most instructive as well as entertaining episodes which can be conceived. But before we turn the page to this part, we ought to notice, that Bentley being appointed first lecturer on the institution of Mr. Boyle, was the earliest individual in the field to spread the knowledge of Newton's immortal discoveries. Yet with all his vast erudition, his haughty and uncompromising temper raised him up many bitter enemies; and his career, instead of one of learned repose, was made one of anger and strife.

In 1692 it is stated, "The *Principia* had now been published about six years; but the sublime discoveries of that work were yet little known, owing not merely to the obstacles which oppose the reception of novelty, but to the difficulty of comprehending the proofs whereby they are established. There has been preserved among Bentley's papers a manuscript in Newton's own hand, containing directions respecting the books to be read as a preparation for the perusal of his *Principia*. Bentley, for whose use they appear to have been drawn up, having a mind well adapted for mathematical reasoning, not only made himself master of the system, but was able to discern the purpose which it might serve, in demonstrating the providence and benevolence of the Creator. Atheistical writers had propounded theories, whereby the creation of the world out of chaos, and the subsequent maintenance of our system, were explained by what they termed 'natural causes.' Such schemes, which excluded all immediate agency of the Divine will, had been numerous; but the fact was, that they all contradicted the laws of nature, upon which they pretended to be founded, as completely as was done by the Epicurean hypothesis of atoms descending down an infinite space by an inherent principle of gravitation tending not towards other matter, but towards a vacuum, and verging from the perpendicular. The erroneous but prevalent system of Des Cartes, which supposed the planets to be carried round the sun by the force of vortices, afforded too great a handle for atheistical reasoners, not to be pressed into their service. But our incomparable philosopher had now demonstrated the falsehood of the Cartesian notions, and established the general law of

gravity, and whatever relates to the motions, bulks, and densities of the planets, by proofs never to be shaken. To Bentley belongs the undoubted merit of having been the first to lay open these discoveries in a popular form, and to explain their irresistible force in the proof of a Deity. This constitutes the subject of his seventh and eighth sermons; pieces admirable for the clearness with which it is developed, as well as for the logical precision of their arguments. Among other topics, he shews how contradictory to the principles of philosophy is the notion of the matter contained in the solar system having once been diffused over a chaotic space, and afterwards combined into the large bodies of the sun, planets, and secondaries, by the force of mutual gravitation; and he explains, that the planets could never have obtained their transverse motion, which causes them to revolve round the sun in orbits nearly circular, from the agency of any cause but the arm of an almighty Creator. From these and other subjects of physical astronomy, as well as from the discoveries of Boyle, the founder of the lecture, respecting the nature and properties of the atmosphere, a conviction is irresistibly impressed upon the mind of the wisdom and benevolence of the Deity: and we are assured that the effect of these discourses was such, that atheism was deserted as untenable ground; or, to use his own expression, the atheists were 'silent since that time, and sheltered themselves under deism.'"

About two years after this, Bentley was made keeper of the king's library and chaplain to the king; and, from his contest with Joshua Barnes respecting the six spurious Epistles of Euripides, was plunged into the famous Phalarian controversy, to which we have already alluded, and into the details of which we have no convenience to enter. Suffice it to repeat, that it arose out of Sir William Temple's unguarded and untenable proposition, that *Æsop's Fables* and Phalaris's Epistles were the most admirable and ancient remains of profane authorship. This Bentley undertook to confute, and hence arose the celebrated *Battle of the Books*.*

A prodigious sensation was produced by Bentley's first dissertation to refute this theory, and prove from chronology, language, matter, &c. not only that these works were forgeries, but that Letters attributed to Themistocles, Socrates, and Euripides, were nothing better;†

* Apropos: we have in our possession an original letter of Dean Swift's, dated More Park, April 1, 1693, which completely explains the causes of his leaving his parsonage at Kilroot, in Ireland—the subject of much imputation and scandal, and the only important point in his life which Sir Walter Scott was not able to clear up in the Memoir prefixed to his edition of Swift's Works. See vol. i. p. 36. et seq. We shall take an opportunity of publishing this interesting document.—Ed. L. G.

† "Whether *Æsop* himself left any thing in writing, or whether his *Fables* were preserved by oral tradition, is a point which admits of dispute. From Plato we learn that Socrates amused himself when in prison with putting into verse some of these apologies, which he happened to recollect. The first collection which we hear of was made by Demetrius Phalereus, the peripatetic philosopher of Athens, who wrote and declaimed about a cen-

Against our critic all the forces of ridicule and learning were mustered—from the Tale of a Tub, and the Battle of the Books, to Atterbury's graver but hardly less satirical attacks. He, however, maintained his ground manfully, and in the issue his victory was complete—inasmuch that none of the Boylean associates ever afterwards appeared as critics.

In his disputes respecting Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was made master, Bentley does not appear to have been so fortunate. His overbearing character excited a host of adversaries among the senior fellows, graduates, and others; and, what with proposed reforms and other things, the college soon became a scene of utter discord and contention. In 1700, by way of compensation, we may notice his marriage to Mrs. Joanna Bernard, a daughter of Sir John Bernard, with whom he enjoyed great happiness during a union of forty years: by her he had four children, two sons and two daughters. Next year he got the church dignity of Archdeacon of Ely, with two livings attached to it.

It would be absurd in us to attempt a relation of our critic's law-suits and turmoils; nor is it necessary to particularise his publications, or dwell upon his change of political party and adhesion to the Tory premier, Lord Oxford, to whom he dedicated, 1711, his splendid edition of Horace.

During all this time his fight at Trinity College was going on; and the Bishop of Ely's opinion being unfavourable to the master, sentence of deprivation was prepared against him, for wasting the college goods and violating the statutes—when death carried off first Bishop Moore and then Queen Anne. Bentley thereupon reconciled himself with the Fellows— but other troubles succeeded; and after being elected regius professor of divinity, making doctors of divinity in the king's presence, and other acts of public honour, the quarrels ran to so extravagant a pitch, that Bentley was finally prohibited from acting as a professor, and deprived of his degree by the senate, 1718. "On the votes being taken, the grace for degrading Dr. Bentley was carried in the Non-regents' House by forty-six voices against fif-

tury later than Socrates. After him the Fables were put into verse by some one whose name is lost: fragments of this collection have been preserved, and are principally in elegiac measure. The present collection originated with Babrius, a Greek poet, whose age is uncertain, but whom Bentley considers to be in the latest class of good writers: he composed Æsopian Fables in scæzon or choliambic verse, of which specimens are quoted by Suidas and others. Maximus Planudes, the same who translated Ovid's Metamorphoses, Cæsar's Commentaries, and other Latin books into Greek, amused himself with the edifying task of putting Babrius into very dull prose; and this notable performance is the very collection which is the delight of our nurseries, and which Sir W. Temple extolled above all other prose writings, as being at once the oldest and the best in the world. Babrius, however, was not so completely *transported* that that many traces of his verse, and indeed whole choliambic lines, remain; some of which Bentley pointed out, and observed that they were quoted elsewhere as from Babrius. This discovery had been before made by Neveletus, who printed 136 of the Fables, from a manuscript in the Heidelberg Library, in the year 1610. Planudes, who was himself a monk, makes Æsop speak in one place of the monastic order, and in another gives a quotation from the Book of Job. The subject, however, far from being exhausted, was but slightly touched by Bentley, and has received much greater light from writers who have had the advantage of older copies, in which the verses of Babrius may be extracted from their mutilated and disguised form, and exhibit, not indeed "the oldest prose writer in existence," but, in his stead, a terse, elegant, and pleasing poet, who lived many centuries nearer our own times. To this Planudes belongs, as Bentley believed, the Life of Æsop, filled with unfounded and absurd fictions; among these is the account of the old fabulist's personal deformity—a story as generally believed as the fact that he was a Phrygian and a slave, to whom the Athenians erected a statue; but one which is not only without authority, but contrary to every fair and probable supposition."

teen; and in the Regents' by sixty-two against thirty-five. This unexampled measure was thus effected by more than a double majority; but among the dignitaries of the University, a still greater proportion was found on the side of severity. An eye-witness records that a greater display of scarlet robes appeared in the Senate House on this day than ever had been seen in the memory of man: of thirty doctors present, no less than twenty-three voted for the degradation of their brother; and of ten heads of colleges, all but one joined in the same cause."†

Much pamphleteering followed this measure; and in 1724 the Dr. was legally restored to his rank and station.

"The habits of Dr. Bentley's domestic life continued in the same simple, and uniform course for many years. The greater part of each day he passed in his study, where he breakfasted alone; he joined his family at the other meals, and at ten o'clock for evening prayers; after which they retired for their night's repose. Habited in his dressing-gown, he pursued his studies with the same application as had distinguished the earlier periods of his life. The tempestuous feuds in which he was now embarked appear neither to have deranged his habits, nor affected his health. The only change which they produced in his course of life was by obliging him to make more frequent journeys to London, and pass a longer time at his residence in Cotton House. Once a year his family accompanied him; at other times he left them in college, travelling himself in the stage coach. His constitution seems not to have required exercise; nor do I hear of his taking any, except that he sometimes walked on the terrace in his garden. But robust as his health is represented to have been, it was frequently affected by catching cold; a consequence of the recluse life which he generally passed. Bentley's aversion to letter-writing increased with his years; and he seems for some time to have dropped almost all correspondence, except such as was called for by the imperious claims of business.

We find Bentley refusing after this the bishopric of Bristol and the deanery of Lincoln; and in 1728 his daughter Joanna was married to Mr. Denison Cumberland, of the family of Cumberland the dramatist. She was the Phœbe of the celebrated Pastoral in the *Spectator*. Among other memorabilia in the life of this eminent scholar, we should state that he proceeded some way with an edition of the New Testament, though circumstances led him to abandon the design; and he published an edition of Milton, with much in the commentaries (which were, as usual, very arrogant), both to condemn and commend, though the former strongly predominates. His labours on Homer, and his discovery of the Digamma, were performances of a far different character and value, and would alone immortalise his name as a profound scholar and sagacious critic; although Pope, Arbuthnot, and the "Portentous Club," fell upon the aged literary giant with all their ironical might. (See the

Dunciad, Martinus Scriblerus, &c. &c.) A paralytic stroke, however, in 1739, was more fatal to the further prosecution of these learned pursuits, and abruptly stopped his Homeric toils: on the following year he lost his amiable wife.

"Deprived of the comfort and support of her society and virtues, he felt for the first time the real afflictions of mortality. His daughters were both married: the eldest had first been the wife of Mr. Humphrey Ridge, a gentleman of good family in Hampshire, who, in less than a year, left her a widow. After his death she returned to her father's house, and solaced, by her attentions, the affliction of his declining years. In this duty she was joined by her sister, Mrs. Cumberland: after the death of her mother, she and her family passed much of their time in Trinity Lodge. Surrounded with such friends, the doctor experienced the joint pressure of old age and infirmity as lightly as is consistent with the lot of humanity. He continued to amuse himself with reading; and though nearly confined to his arm-chair, was able to enjoy the society of his friends, and several rising scholars, who sought the conversation of the veteran Grecian: with them he still discussed the readings of classical authors, recited Homer; and expounded the doctrine of the digamma; and, as it appears from the recollections of one of the visitors, Mr. Salter, used to communicate the earlier events of his own literary career.

"Meanwhile the whole government of the college was left in the hands of the vice-master; who seems to have managed matters with such address, that the four years of Bentley's life, subsequent to the prosecution, were, as far as I can discover, free from disturbance or uneasiness. It is a proof of no common tact and judgment, that after so violent an agitation for many years, he should have been able to calm the excited and angry feelings with which the society had been distracted. As the minor particulars of the lives of great men are objects of curiosity, it is recorded that Bentley enjoyed smoking tobacco with his constant companion; a practice which he did not begin before his seventieth year: he is stated also to have been an admirer of good port wine, while he thought contemptuously of claret, which he said 'would be port if it could.' He generally wore, while sitting in his study, a hat with an enormous brim, as a shade to protect his eyes; and he affected more than ever a fashion of addressing his familiars with the singular pronouns *thou* and *thee*."

But (oh this *but!*) says Dr. Monk, "My narrative has now reached its last stage; and no more remains but to relate the termination of Bentley's mortal career. He used in his old age to compare himself with 'an old trunk, which, if you let it alone, will last a long time; but if you jumble it by moving, will soon fall to pieces.' Tradition in Cambridge has recorded that he said he thought himself likely to live to fourscore, an age long enough to read every thing which was worth reading; adding, in his peculiar manner,

Et tunc magna mel sub terris ibit imago.

In January 1742 he completed his eightieth year. In June, I find that his health and spirits enabled him to officiate as examiner and elector to Lord Craven's two University scholarships; about a month afterwards he was seized with a complaint which is said to have been a pleuritic fever. He himself suggested that his case required bleeding; but Dr. Herberden, who was then a young physician practising at Cambridge, would not venture upon

* "Rud's Diary. Rud, who had become D.D. the preceding year, and was himself one of the fifty who voted in favour of Dr. Bentley, would appear from the following remarks not to have been greatly mortified at the catastrophe:—"So the great Dr. Bentley was reduced to be a bare Harry-Soph, being not able to gain above fifty votes in the whole University; though a great many did indeed stay away, that they might not offend him by voting against him; yet 106 appeared against him."

† "The single head who voted in Bentley's favour I conclude to have been Davies, the President of Queen's. Bradford and Waterland were out of the University during the whole of the proceedings."

that remedy. The illness appearing serious, his family sent to Stamford for Dr. Wallis, who lost no time in going to Cambridge to visit his venerable friend; but before his arrival, Dr. Bentley was no more. He expired on the 14th of July. Dr. Wallis is stated to have expressed much regret that the patient's own suggestion had not been complied with. His remains were interred on the north side of the communion-rails of the college chapel: after the ceremony, a funeral oration in Latin was spoken in commendation of the deceased by Philip Yonge, at that time one of the college tutors, who became shortly afterwards public orator, and in process of time Bishop of Norwich. A small square stone in the pavement comprises the only memorial of Dr. Bentley; and it is a remarkable circumstance, that the inscription on this stone withholds from him his title of Master of the College. This omission obviously proceeded from that part of the fellows, who contended that after the visitor's sentence of deprivation, he had ceased to be their legitimate head; and I infer from it, that Colbatch's party happened at that moment to be sufficiently strong to make the suppression of his title a condition of the interment taking place in the chapel with the usual honours. The feelings resulting from the late feuds will account for no monument being erected to the memory of this illustrious character."

The following is an appropriate conclusion to a review of an excellent work, in a periodical venturing to call itself a *Literary Gazette*. "The most valuable bequest of Bentley, was that of his library and papers; the whole of these (except some old Greek manuscripts brought from Mount Athos, which he left to the college) he made the property of his nephew, Richard, the sole executor of his will; probably expecting that he would give to the world his edition of the New Testament, and others of his unpublished lucubrations. But this gentleman never edited any posthumous works of his uncle; and returned the money of the subscribers to the Testament. Part of the books were sold immediately, the possessor not having a house large enough to contain the whole; the remainder continued in his parsonage at Nailstone, in Leicestershire, till his death in 1786, when they also were sold by auction; but with one important exception. The whole of Bentley's manuscripts and critical apparatus for his edition of the New Testament, his corrected copy of Homer, and copy-book of manuscript notes, his Hesychius, and Hephæstion, were bequeathed by Dr. Richard to Trinity College, of which he continued a fellow till his death. He had many years before given a valuable portion of his uncle's classical books, bearing his marginal notes, along with his literary correspondence, to Mr. Cumberland, the well-known dramatist and poet, by whom the papers were transferred to Trinity College, and the volumes sold to Lackington the bookseller; but by the public spirit and right feeling of the latter, his entire purchase became the property of the British Museum, and, as I have understood, without any advance of price."

Tales of the Tar. 12mo. pp. 333. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

THE modesty of a single volume is so rare in these days, that it prepossesses us in favour of the author, Captain Glascock, R.N.; and the *Tales of the Tar* have justified our anticipation. They are nine in number; and we will pre-

sume to say, on our landsman critical authority, perfect pictures of sea fashions and seamen. As naval sketches, they are indeed true almost to a fault; every syllable is redolent of tar, and every thought and action seems to be generated by the motion of shipboard. Jack neither speaks, walks, nor reasons, like a fellow a-shore: his lingo, his swing, and his conclusions, are all essentially different; and while tossed by a hurricane, he sincerely pities the poor creatures on *terra firma*, who are exposed to accident from tiles or chimney-pots being blown about their heads.

The Breeze at Spithead, which occupies 174 pages of the work, is not only a narrative of great interest in itself, but of high importance in a historical point of view; the facts being gathered with much care from the most authentic sources, some of the actors in that mutiny, which at one time frightened our isle from its propriety, and threatened the most serious consequences to the kingdom.

"The sketch of the mutiny at Spithead," says Captain G., "which, under a consciousness of the vast labour expended in the accumulation of materials, the author had almost called a history of that alarming event, has been derived, in great measure, from the lips of some of the living delegates, who were 'the head and front of the offending,' and who, in their younger and more active days, dared not reveal that which, at this time, and at their present age, and harmlessness of character, may be discussed freely and at large. The individual who figures as chief speaker in the dialogue is now living in Greenwich Hospital. The author has not only availed himself of this man's name, but has endeavoured to preserve the characteristics of his mind and language; and it may be the more necessary to state this, inasmuch as his style of discourse may be thought inconsistent with the *no-education* and habits of life of a thorough-bred seaman. Fleming, indeed, is a remarkable person. The author possesses several of his letters relative to the subject of the mutiny; and their manner of expression, albeit a little ambitious, would not discredit a scholar. The professional reader, if he should happen to bestow a careful attention on the minor stories and anecdotes in the following volume, may, perchance, discover a few practical truths (by way of moral) lurking in the incidents. He may stumble on something which may either confirm some previous thought of his own, or suggest hints for future cogitation. Be this as it may, the author will, perhaps, be forgiven, for saying that his aim has not been confined to mere entertainment."

It is our duty to confirm this claim. The sea phraseology must not be fancied to be of that sort of slang which would prevent general readers from understanding or relishing the story; on the contrary, it is the seasoning of the dish: and with regard to moral and professional instruction, we are convinced that few officers in his Majesty's navy will rise from the perusal of this volume without being much benefited by the hints it throws out, and the lessons it affords for the good of the service. We will now endeavour to illustrate our opinions by an extract.

The sailors having determined on a redress of their grievances, the complaints respecting which had, it must be confessed, been sadly neglected—the breaking out of the storm is thus described:—

"Well, five or six weeks passes over from our first sailing to our return to Spithead, when, on the 15th of April, the Royal George

makes the signal to prepare to sea—this was of a Sunday afternoon. There was little more done that day than to broach the business.' 'How?' 'Why, by three thund'ring cheers, led by the lazy Charlotte, and followed by every ship in the fleet, as fast as they could rig their roars. Never, no, never since the fall o' man was known such a hallabaloo. Why, the very air rung wi' the roar, and the ships at their anchors shook for all the world like the shock of an earthquake. I was alongside the Charlotte at the time—for you see I was coxon o' the cutter as only a little afore left the frigate to fetch our carpenter aboard, as went to look at the model of a new fashion way o' fishing a taup-sail yard. Well, pea from pan never popped faster nor did Bill from the boat at the sound o' the Charlotte's cheer; 'for,' says I to myself, 'the breeze' began.' Afore you could well crack a biscuit I stood on her starboard gangway. There were the lieftennants, mates, midshipmen, purser, surgeon, warrant-officers, and all, flyin' up the ladders, and must'ring helter-skelter on deck, like men as was fairly mazed. The second lieftennant had charge o' the ship, for the first was ashore, and the captain, in course, was seldom aboard. One Mister W——n was second lieftennant, and a finer fellow, they said, never took trumpet in hand. I'll never forget, no never, as long as breath's in the body o' Bill, the look o' the man when he first tumbles up from below. 'What's the matter—what's the matter?' says he, lookin' up in the crowded riggin', with his eyes starin' out of his head—for the riggin' was reg'larly manned, and there was more, ay, more nor seven hundred souls in the shrouds! 'Oh God!' says he, flingin' himself down on his knees, and heavin' up his arms aloft—'oh,' says he, 'is it come to this! Shoot me—shoot me!' says he—'blow out my brains at once, for I never can live to hear it said, that whilst I, said he, with the blood billin' up in his face, 'whilst I had charge o' the ship, a disturbance broke out aboard!' 'We'll not hurt a hair o' your head,' sings out a couple o' hands, fast hurryin' down from the larboard main-riggin'—'No, not a hair,' says Uddlestone, one of the Charlotte's quarter-gunners, as was made one of her delicates. 'Not a hair,' says Bob Glyn, the other as belonged to the folksel—for I knew the pair on 'em well. 'Not a hair,' says Bob, stepping up to the man on his knees. 'Get up, sir—up, sir,' says Uddlestone. 'Rise, Mister W——n—rise, sir,' says Glyn, 'you've always behaved like a man,' says Bob, as he and Uddlestone lends the poor gemman a fist to get on his pins—'we've nothing to say, no, not a word against you, Mister W——n, nor officar aboard.' 'No,' says Uddlestone, 'we wants no more nor our grievances granted,—and it's not the lieftennants, nor yet the captains, in the fleet as can now do what we wants.' Well, you know, the whole fleet a followin' the Charlotte's cheer, shewed the officers at once 'twas a reg'lar blow-up, and not confined to one or two such dissatisfied ships as ourselves—so, in course, they tries to palaver over the Charlottes, and advises them to return to their reg'lar duty, like men. 'So we will,' says Glyn, 'when treated like men, but never afore. And moreover,' says he, 'the fleet,' says Bob, 'have made up their minds not to put breast to bar, or lift an anchor, till our wrongs are reg'larly righted.' 'But mind,' says one Bill Williams, a Welshman born—as fine a young fellow as ever you seed—he stood six feet two in his stockin'-feet—'mind ye,' says he, 'steppin' for'ard in front o' the officers—'ay, and let it be clapt in the log,' says he,

slappin' his thigh to give weight to his words, for Bill, they said, was a capital scholar, and could spout by the fathom wi' the best benches aboard—'mind, gemmen,' says he, 'if so be as the enemy's fleet puts to sea, we'll first give the ships up to the officers—follow and fight 'em—ay, and beat 'em in the bargain; for d— it,' says he, 'it never shall be said we shyd Mister Crappo, or hadn't the same nat'ral likin' to lick him as ever. And then,' says he, with a flourish of his fist, 'we'll come back to Spithead in the triumph,' (though I don know why he should fix upon *she*, for *she* wasn't altogether one of the stanchest), 'and repeat,' says he, 'our complaints till we makes every lord in the laird shake in his shoes.' Well, you know, the ball once opened, the next *step* throughout the fleet as was taken, was to get hold o' the keys o' the magazine and arm-chests. We then tried to mollify the officers—tho', I b'lieve, aboard the Mars, there wasn't many sweet words passed atwixt 'em; and what's more, I b'lieve they claps some blue-jacket sentries over some of their doors. But aboard most o' the ships, the officers were told no offence was meant to them; and to shew 'em there wasn't, it was wished they should carry on the reg'lar duty afloat, as if nothing had happened amiss in the fleet; but at the same time they gets a bit of a hint, they wasn't to interfere wi' the way we went to work to get our grievances granted.' "

The meeting of the delegates, two from each ship, and their proceedings, are related with singular accuracy; and there is an account of the ducking of a Jew who cracked a joke upon them, told in so amusing a way, that we regret it is too long to be quoted as an example of the author's humour. It is a remarkable circumstance, that after the Breeze at Spithead had subsided, a woman was the cause of the mutiny breaking out again at St. Helens.

"This damsel (it is stated) had been in the habit of receiving occasional visits from Admiral C—'s steward on shore; and upon one of those tender occasions had picked from the admiral's man, that the London and Marlborough were detained at Spithead until Lord Bridport had sailed, in order that, if necessary, Admiral C— might proceed to punish the crews of both ships by decimation—'What! by starvation?' cried Miller. 'You shall presently hear,' said Fleming, perfectly composed; 'and that Sir John had received orders to that effect from the commander-in-chief. Upon this information, the well-meaning girl, quietly dismissing her admirer, forthwith proceeded to St. Helens, to put Valentine Joice (who with the fair one, it seems, was a still more favoured swain than the steward,) in possession of a secret which was indeed of such vital importance to the ships' companies detained at Spithead. Already alongside of the George at St. Helens, she inquired for Joice; nor did she desire to ascend the side—'twas sufficient to see him below in the boat. Permission was granted, for the order of things was now reversed—a few days before all leave was obtained from Joice himself. In five minutes, at most, the untimely secret was disclosed—Joice's mind was made up; the girl's account fully confirmed the rumour already afloat; the die was cast, and before the next bell was struck, three tell-tale cheers, followed in fast succession by every ship at the anchorage, again proclaimed the distracted state of the fleet: though, he it remarked, not a ship had been previously prepared for so sudden a burst of—'"

A Lieutenant Bover, of the London, having

ordered the marines to fire on the seamen, by which a sailor was killed, very narrowly escaped being hanged for this deed. His neck was saved from the halter by the timely interference of two of the men; but his conduct was afterwards regularly investigated by the delegates in council.

"The delegates met in the Mars' gun-room. The case demanded the most solemn consideration; and the gun-room, as being apart from the people, was purposely selected to investigate the affair; though, I must say, that there was little obtrusive curiosity evinced on the part of the Mars' ship's company.' 'Of course not,' said Tailor; 'the committee-men had made up their minds on the matter.' 'Perhaps so. Well, the blood spilt in the London had already aroused the wrath of the fleet, and had called forth the worst feelings of the *worst* afloat—for what feeling can be worse than that of revenge? Upon the fate of the unfortunate lieutenant, each ship, with the exception of the London and George, had, unsolicited, sent in her sealed *sentence*. Nor was there evidence wanting to prove that the lieutenant's fire was the first to draw blood; for poor Bover himself was the first to confess the fact. The fourteen letters, or rather packets, for they assumed a formidable shape, were opened and read by the delegates of their respective ships. This occupied a few moments of solemn silence; and I'll venture to assert that no other instance ever occurred, in which fourteen papers, purporting to say so much, having been so thoroughly read and understood in so short a period.' 'Why you know,' said Tailor, 'it's only when people *mean* what they say, that they've little to say.' 'Exactly so—you say no more than true,' said Miller. 'Now, the whole time I was abroad, I never writes to the old woman in any other way than this—and more the old girl never wanted: 'Dear Bet,' says I, 'I'm well and hearty, and continues to 'lot as long as you continues an honest woman—Yours, Tom.' 'Now there, truth stares her full in the face. But if I spins her a long roguish yarn 'bout lubberly love, and the likes of that there tiresome trash, or sends her a longer sarmin 'bout followin' the sogers and the like, why, then, there's a thin look o' truth on one side or t'other. Bet natrally says, 'If Tom likes Bet, where's the kashun to tell at this time o' day,'—and if Bet likes Tom, why talk of followin' the sogers? And so I says, them as wanted the leaftennant's life shewed they were in earnest, or they wouldn't have said so little about it.' 'It were well for many,' said Fleming, 'if the lawyers and you could agree.' 'D—n the lawyers—back to the breeze, and keep full-and-by.' 'To the best of my recollection, the letters—the *dead* letters, as since designated, ran thus—'We of the Mars say, instantaneous death.'—'The Marlboroughs say, blood for blood.'—'The Minotauras have determined on death.'—'We of the Charlotte say, use the yard-ropes.'—And so on—a similar strain pervading the fourteen letters. At this moment Alex. Harding, my brother delegate for the London, was either taken really unwell, or feigned to be so—some suspected the latter. He rose from the table, walked about the gun-room, but never resumed his seat, or ever after sat as a delegate. The fact was, those brief documents of death unmanned him. He at once saw the feeling of the fleet. Nor were the majority of delegates, who were really a well-disposed and humane set of men, less sensible of the excitement afloat; but the dread of the reception with which they should meet on their return to their

respective ships, induced many to yield their opinion to that which was termed the 'general voice.' 'In course, the general vice was their only guide.' "

Fleming again interfered and saved the lieutenant. Lord Howe's visit to the mutineers, and the redress of their grievances, wind up the tale, with which, we have only to repeat, we have been highly gratified. The other anecdotes are short and entertaining, with many graphic hits; but we must spin our yarn no farther than one remaining extract—Jack's description of a young lady whom he imagined fell in love with him on her passage to Madras. "Bless your hearts, I lost,—or, what's all as one as lost, let slip thro' my fingers, on an out'ard-bound vyage to Madras, as nice a little craft as ever hit the fancy o' man—and for why? Because *miss* was too modest to open her mind, and Phill too green, at the time, to diskiver her drift. She was a reg'lar-built lady—played on your forty-pianor, and wore nothing but silks and satins all the way out to Madras. She'd the wickedest eye, and yet there was never no wickedness in it; for 'twas as blue and as bright as the sea in a calm; but 'twas the most rogishest eye I ever seed with a winch. She used to look under her lee-lid, as was always on the droop, for all the world like the slope of a lower-deck port of a rainy day. There was never—no, *never*, a craft more beautiful built. *She* wanted no *sheathing* on her bilge, or bends to make her stand up to her sticks. Her bearings were in the right place. She tumbled in, as in course she should, a little aloft. None o' your wall-sided wenchers for Phill. I never knew one on 'em yet as could properly carry their canvass. Her run was as clean as a clipper's; and, as for her bow, the le-la Pomone's herself wasn't finer beneath, or fuller above: Whenever 'twas *my* weather-wheel, she was sure to be backing, and filling, and boxing 'bout the binnacle, like a cooper round a cask. There she'd be, one time a larning her compass—another seeing which way her head was—now axing the name o' that rope, then the name o' this; the difference 'twixt a reef and a *trus* lover's knot; and then she'd send flyin' such a glance at a fellow as would either shake the ship up in the wind, or make her yaw from her course four or five points. Many and many's the blowin' up she's a-got me. But I take it Miss Morton (for *she* didn't go by a purser's name) took 'em all more at heart nor ever did Phill. 'I so loves the sea,' says she, a day or two after we crosses the Line: 'sailors,' says she, 'are such kind-hearted men. They've such sinnavatn ways with 'em. They takes such care o' their hair; and they seem,' says she, 'so fond o' children—even among the very pigs and poultry they've always a pet. Oh! *Mister* Farley,' says she, (for you see, and what's more, I never could come at the cause, she always *would* clap a handle to my name,) 'you *doesn't* know, Mr. Farley,' says she, 'how *much* I doats upon sailors. What *would* I give,' says she, letting fly another flash of her eye—'what *would* I give,' continued Farley, endeavouring to imitate the feminine tone of his quondam love, 'could I only follow their fortunes.' I thinks I now hears her voice—sees her afore me with her half-lowered lid fixed on her tapered foot (for she'd a foot like a Chinese child), as it peeped from under her petticoat, shoving the sand, that lay spread upon the deck, into the pitchy seams, as biled out in spite o' the awning. Well, you know, when she says, 'What *would* I give could I only follow their fortunes,'—so much she gets

hold o' my mind, that I'm blessed if the ship didn't broach instantly to, and slap goss, short in the irons, the fore-topmast, and to gallant studden-sail booms.' ”

Catalogue Raisonné of the Works of the most eminent Dutch and Flemish Painters. By John Smith. Part the Second, containing the Life and Works of Peter Paul Rubens. London, 1830. Smith and Son.

“WITH the difficulties, trouble, and expense,” Mr. Smith observes, “attending the compilation and publication of a work of this nature, the public generally are unacquainted; these can only be fully known to the author, or to those who have been engaged in a similar pursuit.” We are happy to add, that, from the cursory view which we have been enabled to take of his volume, he has surmounted the obstacles opposed to the successful execution of his task, in a manner highly creditable to the extent both of his knowledge and of his application. The Catalogue comprehends an account of nearly fourteen hundred pictures and drawings by Rubens; the distinctive qualities of most of which are described with a copiousness and an accuracy which must render Mr. Smith's work exceedingly valuable to the connoisseur and collector. It is preceded by a memoir of the great Flemish artist; at the close of which is the following able summary of the most prominent characteristics of his genius and his productions:—

“The numerous observations which occur upon pictures in the course of the following work, renders it necessary to be brief in reviewing the pictorial powers of this mighty genius—this universal painter, from whose prolific pencil proceeded, with a spontaneous facility, an inexhaustible variety and abundance in every class of the art—history, poetry, and familiar life; portraiture, animals, landscape, fruit, and flowers—each possessing such excellence, as though he had made that particular branch the exclusive object of his study. But though he could thus successfully adapt himself to every department of his art, his powers and genius appear to expand in proportion to the difficulty of the subject. When the vastness of the composition and the action required energy in the figures—when the passions, violently excited, were to produce terror or to excite horror in the spectator—in such scenes he had full scope, and could range at large, displaying profusely the riches of his invention and the inexhaustible stores of his poetic imagery. These mighty powers are exemplified in those prodigious works representing ‘the Fall of the Damned,’ ‘the Day of Judgment,’ ‘the Resurrection of the Just,’ and ‘the Conversion of Saul.’ The fervour of his genius is displayed with the same success in ‘the Overthrow of Sennacherib and his Host,’ ‘the Murder of the Innocents,’ and the agonising sufferings of ‘the Impenitent Thief on the Cross.’ A similar spirit pervades all those subjects in which the representation depends on the imagination; such are ‘the Battle of the Amazons,’ ‘the Rape of the Sabines,’ ‘the Death of Hyppolitus,’ ‘the Brazen Serpent,’ and ‘the Hunts of Wild Animals.’ His poetical taste is admirably depicted in Bacchanalian scenes, the Loves of the Centaurs, and other mythological subjects. ‘The Horrors of War,’ ‘the History and Apotheosis of James I.,’ ‘the Triumphs of the Church,’ and the Luxembourg series, evince his transcendent powers in allegory. It must, however, be admitted, that an equal degree of excellence is not discernible in those com-

positions where the predominant expression should arise from an emanation of the soul, or the supposed operation of invisible agency,—such inspiration as should illumine the countenance of holy persons, or radiate that of the suffering martyr, who glories in being thought worthy to die for his faith. In all these his expression is purely human, occasionally elevated, but seldom dignified, and never divine. As his mind imbibed a strong impression of objects, so his pencil faithfully transferred them to the canvass, where their material forms, texture, and expression, are always depicted with a strength and energy that must ever delight the connoisseur. But that which has won all eyes to admiration is his resplendent colour, the superlative beauty of which has become proverbial; even Titian is compelled to divide with him the palm of superiority. From that master he acquired his knowledge of the harmony of colours, although he retained the Flemish manner of using them; from his predilection to the taste he acquired in the school of Otho Venius, we may trace why his pictures are deficient in the chaste and solemn breadth of colour which distinguished those of his prototype, whose tints blend insensibly into each other; while those of Rubens, although brought together with equal propriety, being left pure, or only tenderly united with the pencil, require to be viewed at a suitable distance to conceal the manœuvre of the palette: when so viewed, they present a rich and perfect union, and such brilliancy and force as bear down all competition. His compositions, although frequently overcharged with objects, arising from the fertility of his invention, are always skilfully grouped, and united by intermediate links, presenting to the eye a curved line or the volution of a wreath; the whole being judiciously governed by due proportions of light and shade, and exhibiting the effect of a rich cluster of flowers. To a profound knowledge of all the principles of the art, he added that of being the most accomplished adept in its machinery of any one that ever painted; and his rapidity of execution was only equalled by his extraordinary powers of invention. It is recorded of him, that he performed as much in three days as another could complete in so many weeks: this astonishing rapidity was the cause of the frequent incorrectness in his drawing, observable in many of his productions; the fervour of his genius not allowing leisure for reflection. These defects, however, did not arise from a deficiency of knowledge, as may be instanced in numerous pictures, where the human frame is portrayed with most admirable correctness, the articulations being given with a precision that shews an accurate knowledge of anatomy; neither are his female figures devoid of grace, although they often present what may be more properly styled the comely than the beautiful. These defects unquestionably proceed from early impressions, uncorrected by a due study of the antique until those impressions were so fixed in his mind that no after-study could remove them. It is sufficient, however, to be able to say, that Rubens possessed a more universal genius, a more extensive knowledge of all the principles of the art, and a greater power in the practice of them, than any other painter who has hitherto existed.”

The following observations will assist in resolving the problem which must present itself to the mind of every one who has had an opportunity of remarking the apparently miraculous fertility and facility of Rubens' pencil: “The perusal of the *Catalogue Raisonné* of

the works of Rubens will doubtless frequently excite in the mind of the reader surprise, if not incredulity; for he will naturally be inclined to doubt the possibility of one man having been able to produce such an immense number of pictures, many of which are of large dimensions, and offering such variety of subjects, and diversity in the compositions. These doubts the writer of the catalogue has often heard expressed, and to meet the question has been one of his endeavours: with this view he has inserted throughout the work all the authentic information he has been able to collect. Notwithstanding this, he thinks that he shall place the matter more intelligibly before his readers, by giving a brief account of the manner and the ingenious methods adopted by Rubens to vanquish this apparent impossibility. Presuming that the reader has gone through the account of the life of Rubens, in which the energies of his mind and physical powers are largely noticed, he will have perceived that he was able to perform, in the space of a few days, as much work as would cost other artists so many weeks; that numerous sketches, designs for the models of large pictures, were frequently the result of a few hours' amusement, or, at most, the efforts of two or three days' application. Let the reader, then, imagine such a genius, such a phenomenon in art, to have under his control six or eight clever pupils, well versed in the facile system of painting peculiar to the school; and that each of these was furnished with a model, or sketch, to work from on an enlarged scale, by the unerring medium of lines; and that, having correctly drawn in the subject, forwarding their several pictures under the continual inspection, and with the occasional assistance of their instructor; that, lastly, he passed over them his broad, rapid pencil, infusing life and spirit in every figure, and harmonised the piece;—he will perceive how, by the labour of a day or two, Rubens rendered the work his own, and worthy of his distinguished name. But, in addition to his regular pupils, it should also be remembered, that he had the aid of Francis Snyders and Paul de Vos, to introduce animals, fruit, and objects of still life, into such subjects as required them; and Wildens, Van Uden, and Mompers, to paint the landscape department: by such means the work of eight or ten persons was accomplished daily. Nothing short of such auxiliaries could have produced in less than two years the sketches and finished pictures representing, in a series of twenty-one allegories, the life of Marie de Medicis, besides portraits and other smaller works, done exclusively by his own hand. The same means were, doubtless, used to execute the immense pictures for the convent at Loeches, in Spain (as these were also painted at Antwerp), the ceiling of the Jesuits' Church, the Life of Decius, and the numerous pictures which formerly adorned the altars of the churches in the Low Countries. It must further be observed, that these skilful assistants, in the absence of large works, were unquestionably employed in copying pictures, frequently introducing in such copies certain variations from the originals, either in subject or size, so as to give them the appearance of new compositions; this may account, in some measure, for the great number of pictures of Holy Families, and other favourite subjects.”

The third Part of this interesting publication is promised this month; and will contain the life and description of the works of Van Dyck.

The Fortunes of Francesco Novello da Carrara, Lord of Padua: from the Chronicles of Gattaro; with Notes. By David Syme, Esq. 12mo. pp. 257. Edinburgh, 1830, Constable and Co.: London, Hurst, Chance, and Co.

WE cannot better characterise the work before us than in the words of its preface:—"Francesco Novello da Carrara, the story of whose eventful fortunes we are to tell, was the last and best of the House of Carrara, with whose history that of Padua is identified during the whole of the fourteenth century."

The old chronicles of the Italian states are replete with extraordinary incidents, and the most atrocious crimes are related in the coolest way imaginable, as things of course, and everyday occurrence. All the passions of which human nature is susceptible are there seen in visible operation; and it is pleasant to have our interest awakened, and our reflections excited, by the action of the figures that move along the scene, and strike and struggle as they pass, rather than by the solemn interlocation of the exhibitor."

They were, sooth to say, stirring times: now a battle, and now a banquet; to-day the hand grasped a sceptre, to-morrow a lance: constantly in action, generally in danger, men's passions were always being wound up to the highest pitch of excitement by the great key-notes of ambition and revenge; till hairbreadth escapes, violent death, and desperate success, were familiar events. For example, how slight a chance saved the Carraras!

"Mastino finding no attention paid to his letters, became enraged, and wrote Alberto under his own hand, that he would no longer call him brother, if he did not, on the receipt of that letter, imprison and decapitate the two Carraras, repeating that they were in a secret league with Florence and Venice, and watching for an opportunity to deprive him of Padua. This letter he intrusted to one of his officers, and it was delivered on the 28th July, 1337. Alberto perused it with grief, but the strictness of the order constrained him to obedience: so, summoning certain of his people, he commanded them, the moment they saw Marsilio and Ubertino within the palace gate, to assail and cut them both in pieces. Having planted these men at the foot of the stair leading to the delle Donne Palace, he next despatched a messenger to their house near S. Nicolo, to say he wished to see them instantly. The messenger found them in the garden in their slippers, wearing white doublets and cape, as if about to go to bed. When he delivered the message, they replied, 'What can Alberto want? we left him not long since,' and remained in close consultation. They at last resolved to go, and having ordered out a horse, mounted, dressed as they were, Marsilio on the saddle, Ubertino on the croup, and soon reached the street leading to the Molino bridge. Marsilio happening to look up, saw Alberto at the palace balcony (he had placed himself there to see them put to death), and called out pleasantly, 'Che Diavolo! what do you want now? we were just going to bed.' Alberto was much affected by their appearance, and called out, 'Do not advance a step farther. Go to bed: it was a mistake. I did not send for you.' Next morning he shewed them the letter, and Marsilio said, 'They who carry these tales to Mastino never gave him so much as an egg, whereas I have given him Padua; but I am here, and you and he may do with me as you please.' Alberto embraced him, saying, Mas-

tino was foolish to seek to diminish the number of his relations and friends; and immediately spoke of something else. But Mastino finding that his orders had not been executed, and fearing that the letter had fallen into other hands, wrote again, to order their instant execution, if they were not already dead, and gave that letter to a confidential servant, with strict charge to deliver it to no one but Alberto. He arrived in Padua on the 12th of August, and found Alberto playing at chess with a gentleman of Marsilio's party; Marsilio and Ubertino looking on. Having made a suitable obeisance, he advanced, when Alberto said, 'What does my brother want? how is he?' to which the person replied, 'He is well, and sends you this letter.' Alberto, turning to Marsilio, said, 'Take the letter, and read it;' upon which he took the messenger apart, and demanded the letter; but he refused, saying, he was charged to give it into the hands of the Signor Alberto, and none other. The game being finished, Alberto asked what the letter contained; upon which the messenger again approached, and explaining the order he had received, placed it in his hands. Alberto, however, gave it to Marsilio, and began another game. While his attention was thus engaged, Marsilio drew Ubertino aside, and shewed him the letter, when, aware that no time was to be lost, they immediately sent a messenger to the camp, to invite Piero Rosso, captain of the troops of the league, to march towards the city, and enter by the Ponte Corbo gate, which would be open. When the game was finished, Alberto asked what news, and Marsilio replied, 'Mastino wishes you, if any foreign falcons come this way, to procure him one.' Next day (13th August, 1337) they went, as was their daily wont, to the palace, and having reached the fruit-market, met Alberto, and were in conversation with him, when an officer of the court came up, exclaiming, 'My lord, save yourself! Piero de' Rossi, with the troops of Venice, is at the S. Stefano gate. The cry is, 'Live the house of Carrara!' Alberto, in great alarm, turned to Marsilio, and asked what he should do, and was advised to retire to the house of Ameda, at Santa Lucia. Marsilio and Ubertino then hastened to the Place della Biava, and there found the banners of Piero, whom they joyfully saluted and embraced. They next proceeded to the palace, and Alberto being brought thither under a strong guard, renounced the signory, and Marsilio was proclaimed."

After much of danger and difficulty, Francesco becomes master of Padua; but, in the midst of his triumph, he hears of the death of his father. The pageantry of the funeral is a fair picture of the splendour in which age delighted, and we regret that we cannot find space for it; but must make our *escape* to another narrow escape: Francesco, son of the signor, has been taken prisoner.

"On the 2d of July, Facino Cane left Bologna with Francesco Terzo and some others of the prisoners, and proceeding by Modena, got to Parma on the 5th, where he took a lodging for himself and them for the night, intending to continue his journey next day by Piacenza to Pavia. There happened to be of the party one Francesco, a barber of Padua, a servant of Francesco Terzo. This person went abroad in the course of the afternoon, and was gazing about him in the public place, as is the custom of strangers newly arrived in a great city, when he was accosted by an inhabitant, who recognised him as a Paduan, and expressed great pleasure in meeting a native of that place.

They entered into conversation, and as they walked along he thus addressed the barber:—"Why does not your master think of making his escape?—*Corpo di Cristo!* if he gets into the clutches of the duke he will never more see Padua. Let him trust to me, and I engage not only to get him out of this, but to conduct him safely within the Ferrarese territory. This offer I make for the love I bear his father, himself, and the whole house of Carrara, for you must know I was once chief farrier to the court at Padua, and these were the happiest days of my life.' The barber was delighted at the prospect of escape, and asked how it was to be effected? His friend replied, 'I will shew you that,' and leading him to the wall, pointed to a place where it was so low that they might easily descend, and would then have but to swim the moat to gain an adjoining thicket, from which, as he knew the roads, he could conduct them into the marquisate. The barber shook his head, and said it was a perilous adventure; to which the other replied, that he ran all the risk,—if they were discovered he would be hanged, while they would not be worse than before. The barber returned to the inn with all speed, and told Francesco Terzo what had passed. The plan pleased him much, and he found an opportunity of speaking to the stranger in the evening, when they arranged their measures. The great difficulty was to get out of the house, for the Signor slept with Rigo Galletto, and there were many chances against his being able to leave the room unobserved. However, waiting till Galletto was fast asleep, and stealing softly from his side, he dressed himself in the clothes of one of the servants, and took a platter in his hand. The barber went before him singing. When they were fairly out, they walked very fast to the wall, and found their friend waiting. It was about the fifth hour of night. They succeeded all three in scaling the wall and descending on the other side. The ex-farrier swam the ditch first, the others followed, and they went at their swiftest pace to the thicket hard by. During the day they lay concealed, at night they resumed their journey, and fortunately none of the parties sent in pursuit came upon them, although often within a few feet of their lurking-place. On reaching the territory of the Marquess of Este, he notified his escape to his sister Giliola, and requested her to send horses and clothes, as he wished to go directly to Padua. She came to him with the most affectionate haste, and having supplied his wants, directed some of her train to accompany him to Padua, where he arrived on the 17th of July, to the joy and surprise of the whole city. The Signor his father presented his deliverer with 1000 ducats, and possessions which yielded a yearly return of 300 ducats, besides a fair house, horses, and other gifts."

Among other miseries of the time was that fearful one the plague.

"Crowds had flocked for safety within the walls, bringing with them their cattle, and whatever they could remove, so that not only the houses, but even the churches, monasteries, and store-magazines were filled, while multitudes, who could find no other shelter, slept on straw, under porticoes and arcades. As the fodder fell short, the cattle began to die, and the air was poisoned by the filth of the streets, and the exhalations of corrupting carcasses. Provisions also began to grow scarce, and, taking advantage of the time, every one held his goods at a high price. The market rates were,—forty pounds of grain two gold ducats; a loaf four soldi; eggs three soldi;

a pair of fowls one ducat; a turkey two ducats; sugar forty soldi the ounce; wax forty soldi the pound;—in short, all the necessaries of life were very dear; and the bad air, and want of wholesome food, gave rise to a deadly pestilence. The invariable symptom of the disease was a small nut-like swelling, which appeared sometimes on the throat, sometimes on the limbs, sometimes on the arms, with acute fever, and in many cases with flux, so that in two days, or in three at most, the patient died. The deaths varied from 300 to 500 in a day, and from the end of June to the middle of August there died in Padua more than 40,000 individuals, as was known by the register of deaths kept in the episcopal palace. The bodies were buried thus:—every morning cars went round to receive the dead, and in every car were placed from sixteen to twenty corpses. A crucifix and lantern were fixed on the pole in front, and each car was attended by a priest. Deep trenches were opened in the burying-grounds of the city churches, and into these the corpses were thrown, and covered with earth. This was continued till the trench was filled, and each held from two to three hundred. A father might be seen bearing his son to burial, a son his father, a brother his brother, a wife her husband,—the men moving along in gloomy silence, the women weeping and wailing aloud, so that heaven must have been filled with compassion. Immediately after these dreadful obsequies, the citizens were obliged, their eyes filled with tears, their hearts with agony, to take arms against the bloody and relentless foe. Even in the Venetian camp the mortality was great, although, having more free space, they could better guard against infection. What more can be said? Since the destruction of Jerusalem, and the fall of Troy, never was earthly city so overwhelmed as the unfortunate Padua,—till then so rich and flourishing, and containing within the circuit of its walls as many wise and learned men as might have sufficed for the government of the universe.”

We most cordially recommend this volume to our readers; it is a most vivid historical picture, with all the interest of a romance. We give Mr. Syme great credit for the research and industry with which he has collected his materials, and still more for the animation and picturesque language in which he has narrated his hero's adventures.

1. *The Waverley Novels*. Vols. XII. and XIII. Cadell, Edinburgh.
2. *Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia*. Vol. VII. *Cities and Towns*, Vol. I. Longman and Co.
3. *The Library of Entertaining Knowledge*. Vol. V. *New Zealanders*; and Vol. VI. Part I. *Insect Architecture*. London, C. Knight.
4. *The Aldine Poets*. Vol. I. *Poems of Burns*. London, Pickering.

The rapid revolution of these stars, of what we may call our regular periodical literature, imposes upon us the duty of brevity in some of our notes on their return: otherwise our pages could contain little else but descriptions and illustrations of this single branch of publication.

The two volumes of the Waverley set conclude the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, and give a portion of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, one of the most beautiful and perfect of all the great author's delightful works. There is nothing very particular in the additional notes, except an interesting account of the unfortunate Madge Wildfire, which we shall probably insert in a future No. From the introduc-

tion, we learn that the fatal story of the *Bride of Lammermoor* had its origin in the family of Dalrymple; of which also a notice hereafter.

The new No. of the *Cyclopaedia* is devoted to Geography, and contains brief but excellent accounts of the principal cities and towns in Europe. We have hardly had time to glance it over; but we observe that it is literally crammed with well-executed embellishments.

The *Entertaining Knowledge* is truly entertaining: the volume on the *New Zealanders*, replete with curious and original matter; the part on *Insect Architecture* worthy (and this is high praise) of its entomological predecessors, with Mr. Rennie's valuable notes.

The *Aldine Poets* is a new and handsome addition to this class of publication. The neatness of Mr. Pickering's works needs no comment, and he has bestowed his best pains on this specimen, which consequently promises a charming series of popular poetry. The name is taken from the Alduses, famous printers who flourished at Venice in the 15th and 16th centuries; to whom we are indebted for the first editions of the several Greek Classics, and numerous editions of Latin and Italian poets. Our own spirited countryman bids fair to rival them, and earn his title honourably to himself and the art in England.

Constable's Miscellany. Vol. LII. *A History of Music*, by William C. Stafford. Constable and Co. Edinburgh; Hurst, Chance, and Co., London.

A HISTORY of names and dates is more useful than calculated for the pages of a periodical; and we shall content ourselves with commending Mr. Stafford's industry, and saying that the present little volume embodies much information touching the origin, composition, and performers, from the earliest period to the present day. As a work of reference, the compilation might have stood on higher grounds; but it is well enough for common popularity.

Noe. LIII. and LIV. a life of the Scottish hero, Sir W. Wallace, is not so much entitled to our applause as we could have desired, in a literary point of view. This ought to have been a very crack book of any Northern series.

The Oxonians. By the Author of the "Roué." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

We remember a story of an Italian priest who, while confessing an ostler, questioned him closely whether he ever greased his horses' teeth to prevent their eating their due allotment of oats: the man assured him he never had; and absolution was granted. But when the period of confession again came round, this fault was the very first to which the ostler pleaded guilty. "I thought," exclaimed the surprised priest, "you told me, that of this fraud at least you had never been guilty?" "I never had," replied the man, "till you put it in my head." Much upon this ground do we object to the volumes now before us; we object to them as introducing scenes, persons, &c. whose very existence it is matter of prudence and even virtue to keep out of sight: matter of prudence certainly, for it is to be more than doubted whether the description of luxurious enjoyment will not be more likely to attract than the late after-consequence to deter; and the commonplace bits of morality—those gratuities of cant to propriety—which are every now and then thrown in, seem something like peace-offerings, which enable the author to say— "How can you call a book in which there are such excellent sentiments immoral?" The

writer has mistaken his forte; it is not that of deep insight either into man or woman's character. It is a common but most mistaken idea, that knowledge of vice is knowledge of human nature, and that to depict crime is to be profound. It would be ridiculous to bid the novelist avoid the darker picture of vice—the bad as well as the good are his property; but we see no great moral advantage in having the words libertine, passion, seduction, always before us, while a warning is held out in the shape of sudden death or violent repentance, which, in nine cases out of ten, never happens in real life. In a literary point of view these volumes do not call for severe criticism; they are made up of the remains of the *Roué*, who again figures on the scene: story there is none, and the *dénouement* is not such as we can approve.

Nineteen Sermons on Prayer. By Bishop Andrewes. 8vo. pp. 322. London, 1830. Whittaker and Co.

A REPRINT of an old divine is extremely refreshing in these days; and here we have learning without pedantry, piety without cant. The volume is well worthy of this revival.

A Vindication of Christian Faith. By Dr. Inglis. 8vo. pp. 354. Edinburgh, 1830. Blackwood.

THIS is so sterling a modern religious work, that we may well class it with an ancient worthy. The historical portion, relative to the Jews, will be read with peculiar interest at present.

ARTS AND SCIENCE.
LINNEAN SOCIETY.

ON Saturday last the anniversary meeting of this Society took place; Lord Stanley in the chair. As is the customary practice, Mr. Bichenou communicated to the meeting the accession of fellows which had taken place during the past season; likewise the deaths which had occurred during the same period; amongst these we observed the names of Dr. Hamilton, Major General David Stewart, the venerable Chevalier de Lamarck, professor of zoology in the Jardin du Roi, Professor Brotero of Coimbra; Dr. Tozzetti of Florence; Dr. Schaub of Cassel, and several others. Twenty-one fellows had been elected during the year. Mr. Forster stated that the amount of subscription for the library, herbaria, &c. of Sir J. E. Smith, once belonging to Linnaeus himself, and now purchased by the Society, amounted to upwards of 1400l.; that the Society's other receipts for the year amounted to 1,600l., which exceeded the outlay by 200l. Several gentlemen set the example of an annual subscription in aid of the balance due to the executors of Sir J. E. Smith. Earl Brownlow, Professor Buckland, George Bentham, Charles Stokes, and William Yarrell, Esqrs., were elected into the council. The other officers stand as heretofore.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR JUNE.
21d 11h 50m — the Sun attains his greatest northern declination: the whole of the arctic regions enjoy the solar beams, and the antarctic are plunged in the deepest gloom of their long and dreary winter. At the end of the month, the earth arrives at its remotest distance from the Sun.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D. H. M.
☉ Full Moon in Scorpio	6 2 19
☾ Last Quarter in Pisces	13 10 49
☽ New Moon in Gemini	20 3 3
☽ First Quarter in Virgo	27 15 16

The Moon will be in conjunction with

Jupiter in Sagittarius	D. H. M.	8 12 20
Mars in Aquarius	12 11 30	
Venus in Aries	16 22 45	
Mercury in Taurus	19 15 30	
Saturn in Cancer	23 11 30	

3^d and 27^d — Mercury stationary. 15^d 6^h 30^m
—inferior conjunction.

Venus is a morning star, and assuming a gibbous form: the following are her proportional phases:—

Illuminated disc	= 6.87007
Dark hemisphere	= 5.12083

Mars is a morning star, and approaching the Earth.

The Asteroids.—6^d —Vesta among the small stars in the tail of Cetus; it transits the meridian at 19^h 36^m. Juno between γ and ζ Aquarii; it transits the meridian 17^h 56^m. Pallas, two degrees south of Mirac, or α Boötis, a double star, the largest of which is red, and the smallest blue: this small planet transits the meridian at 9^h 42^m. Ceres is 20' north of 104 Virginis, and near a small nebula: its meridian at 9^h 21^m.

Jupiter is advancing to a favourable position for observation: the following are the eclipses of its satellites:—

First Satellite, Jan. 11	11 47
Second " " " " "	12 46
Third " " " " "	13 56
Fourth " " " " "	14 24
Fifth " " " " "	14 15 58

A nebula, discovered in 1780, presents itself in the constellation through which the bow is a nebula, and is a beautiful double star, consisting of nebulous matter in its immediate neighbourhood, as if driven off, leaving a double star on a dark ground. The nebula itself is divided into three portions, in a direction from the centre to the circumference, suggesting the idea of three roads leading to and terminating at the double star. A similar phenomenon is observed in the nebula of the sword-handle of Orion, the stars in which are insulated, and appear to repel the soft luminous matter that surrounds them.

16^d — Saturn in conjunction with 776 Mayer — difference of latitude 11'. This planet is advancing towards the Sun, and will soon be lost in his rays.

Uranus is visible in Capricornus, and transits the meridian at the following times respectively:—

D. H. M.	D. H. M.	D. H. M.
1 16 14	11 15 32	21 14 50

Depford. J. T. B.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE President informed the meeting that he had written to Mr. Babbage, requesting him to attend on this evening, in pursuance of the resolution adopted on Thursday evening. Mr. Babbage, in answer to the President, states his unwillingness to become a party to such discussions as took place on the occasion alluded to: adding his opinion, that the meetings of the Society ought to be, as they were intended, devoted to philosophical inquiry, and not to angry debate. In this view the President concurred; and having recited one of the by-laws in support of it, he said that he trusted the matter would be allowed to rest. Dr. Roget then read a paper, by Mr. Costello, on the instruments used in operations of lithotomy, illustrated by cases.

The following is an abstract of the paper, by

Dr. Carter, "on the preserved bodies of aboriginal Peruvian Indians," promised in a recent No. of the *Literary Gazette*.

In this paper a description is given of the bodies of a female and of an infant, which were lately found in a state approaching to that of mummies, at the foot of a hill forming a promontory near Arica, on the western coast of Peru, and which were sent to England in 1827, by Dr. Hamett, and are now deposited in the Museum of Natural History at Haslar. A tradition exists that the desolate spot where they were dug up was an ancient burying-ground of the aboriginal inhabitants, although it is certain that no interments have taken place in it since the first invasion of Peru by the Spaniards. The cloth which formed the outer envelope of the mummy is of a dark brown colour, and wove from the wool of the *camelus vicugua*. The inner covering is of a finer texture, and consists of white cotton, either wove or spun, with blue stripes. The body has been compactly put together, and doubled up in a square form, with the breast upon the knees; the arms folded over the shoulders, and the face depressed, so as to occupy as small a space as possible. It was strongly confined, by several turns, with the *bejuero*, or tough and luxuriant creeping osiers, naturally twisted together, and knotted at regular rhomboidal intervals. Within the case were contained a considerable quantity of leaves of unknown plants remarkable in having lateral nerves, matté, heads of Indian corn, pods of capsicum, and two small globular vases. The skin of the body had the appearance of dried leather; the hair was well preserved, and was collected into long black platted tresses, doubled over the chest. Many of the muscles remain perfectly exsiccated, but distinctly marked. There was also found in the same place a detached head, apparently that of a female Indian; and from the peculiar care bestowed on its preservation, probably the wife of a cacique. The hair is still glossy, and in good preservation, very black, lank, and coarse, and firmly platted. The brain appears to have been extracted through the occipital foramen, and its place supplied by some bituminous substance, filling the cavity of the cranium. The fillets surrounding the head are terminated by knotted fringes, of differently coloured worsted, constituting the *quissa* of the Peruvians;—a species of symbolical writing not used for oral tradition, and, in this instance, serving as a record of the history of the deceased. This head appears to be much flattened posteriorly, and the frontal bone is also depressed; both of which are well known to be characteristic of the skulls of the aborigines of South America; and which were probably the result of artificial compression applied to the head during infancy. The author then enters into a disquisition respecting the funeral customs of the Indians, their modes of embalming, and of manufacturing cloths for interment. He concludes by a variety of statements illustrating the desiccating influence of the atmosphere and soil in those regions, whereby the bodies of men and animals are preserved in a dry state, somewhat analogous to that of the Egyptian mummies, for a very considerable number of years.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

ON Thursday, Henry Hallam, Esq. in the chair.—The reading of Rich's account of Ireland was concluded. An interesting communication from W. Hoskins, Esq. was also read, on the origin of Columnar Architecture. The

writer states, that in the infancy of the world, and even at the present day in savage countries, stone is only used in buildings erected for religious purposes; that when men began to settle in towns, their domestic structures were formed of timber, and that so late as David's time, we read of houses constructed of wood, for he built a palace of cedar; that in the early history of the Israelites they are described as setting up stones for altars or religious memorials only,—from which Mr. Hoskins considers were derived the Druidical cromlechs, as well as columnar architecture in general; and that the idea of pillars was not, as is supposed by many, taken from the trunks of trees supporting a roof, as there was no possible connexion between the domestic and religious architecture of the early ancients.

GERMAN LECTURES.

In his second lecture on German poetry Dr. Mühlhens commented on the poets of the sixteenth century. This proved a more interesting discourse than the first: he here introduced us to the worthy representative of the guild of *Meistersängers*, honest Hans Sachs, whose prolific muse presented his country with six thousand and forty-eight metrical compositions. In poetical talent the professor ranks him next to Luther, whose doctrines he fervently embraced. We cannot quite admit Tieck's comparison, quoted by the lecturer, between Hans Sachs and our own venerable Chaucer, and much less that of Göthe with Shakspeare. It may perhaps be called an English prejudice, but we object to the profanation of the shrine of the god of our idolatry by the admission within its precincts of the idol of any clime or time. We have not space to dilate on the various writers introduced—the grotesco-comic John Fischart, the flagellating Rollenhagen, Murner, Brandt, and Alkmar, and Burkhard Waldis, the *Æsop* of the age; but we now come to the first dawning of the German stage, which there, as well as throughout Europe, breaks forth in the monkish mysteries of the middle ages. These were followed by the *Fastnachtspiele* of the *Meistersängers*, which were performed in the houses of individuals, or in the open air; and the professor justly remarked, that if the number of auditors were at all proportionate to the actors, the assemblage must have been immense, for in the performance of a biblical piece at a small town in Bohemia, there were 100 actors and 500 supernumeraries. It is a remarkable fact, that the first trace on record of acting being pursued as a vocation is the mention of a troop of players called the "English company;" but why so called is not known, for it is not at all probable that they were English: these strollers laid Germany under contribution about the year 1600. Jacob Ayryer, an attorney of Nuremberg, and consequently the fellow-townsmen of Hans Sachs, was one of the first cultivators of the legitimate drama, if his rude efforts may be dignified by this appellation. Many of the early attempts of the German dramatic Muse are evident copies from the English, without, however, retaining any of their beauties. The doctor closed this lecture with the two writers who form the link of connexion with the sixteenth century, Frederick Spee and Rudolph Weckerlin, who gave the lecturer subject for interesting discussion in the strong contrast of their "*Leben und Weben*." Weckerlin visited England during the reign of James I., and made himself familiar with the language, which is evinced by a bibliographical curiosity introduced to us by the professor, and which is still extant in the

British Museum, where he met with it by accident: it is entitled the *Triumphal Show*, and was written and printed at Stuttgart in 1616, and contains a description of the festivities at that court on the occasion of the visit of Elizabeth, daughter of James I. of England, and consort of the unfortunate Elector of the Palatinate. The doctor read extracts from it, which were risible enough, and closed (although our readers may smile) with the preface, wherein Weckerlin apologises for his want of skill, and compliments the English nation.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.
[Fourth notice.]

No. 342. *Attachment*. E. Landseer, A.—We shall not easily forget a similar subject—a dog refusing to quit the grave of his master—painted by this able artist, and exhibited at the British Gallery some two years ago. The present equally interesting work is founded on a melancholy fact:—"In the spring of 1803 a young gentleman of talent and most amiable disposition perished by falling from a precipice of the mountain Helvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by his faithful terrier."

No. 226. *Jessica*. J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—Surely these vagaries of Mr. Turner's must be the result of studying a kaleidoscope. One of our critical contemporaries so happily characterises this production, that we feel the temptation to piracy to be irresistible:—"It looks," he observes, "like a lady getting out of a large mustard-pot."

No. 223. *A Contadina Family, returning from a Festa, Prisoners with Banditti*, C. L. Eastlake, R.A. *Elect.*—There is much varied and powerful expression in this exceedingly clever and well-painted picture; but "will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?" We strongly recommend Mr. Eastlake to close his series of banditti subjects.

No. 234. *A Shooting Party regaling—a Scene in the Moors; Portraits*. W. Simson.—It appears by the Catalogue that Mr. Simson is a resident in Edinburgh. We do not recollect having seen any of his works before; but the picture under our notice exhibits powers of no ordinary kind. The character of the composition, the depth of the tones, and the firmness of the penciling, shew the hand of a master.

No. 225. *A Landscape—Morning*. F. Finch.—Slight; but, to the artist's eye, beautiful and effective.

No. 238. *A Scene in the Farce of Love, Lav, and Physic; with Portraits of Messrs. Blanchard, Liston, and Mathews*. G. Clint, A.—A superb resemblance of Liston. The whole is admirably executed.

No. 244. *Les Savoyards*. Dubufe.—From what we had seen of M. Dubufe's works, we had imagined that clothed figures made no part of his practice; and we were therefore agreeably surprised by the characteristic picture under our notice. It does him great credit, which is more than we are able to say of his *Psyche*, No. 339.

No. 269. *The Pride of the Village*. W. E. West.—In this simple and quiet group there is far more pathos than in many subjects of more active and appalling incident. For the suffering saint or expiring warrior human sympathy cannot always be roused; but extinguished must be all his social feelings who can

contemplate without the deepest interest the lovely and fragile being here represented as "uttering no complaint, nor imparting to any one the malady that is preying on her heart."

No. 279. *Deoch-an-douris*. A. Fraser.—"Rome," says Sterne, "never imposed a penance half so severe as that of taking leave." It has probably been, with reference to such a feeling, that "the stirrup-cup" was introduced in order to assuage the sorrows of separation. Be that as it may, Mr. Fraser has entered into his subject *con amore*; and has produced a work equally pleasing to the lover of art and the lover of hospitality.

No. 280. *Recollection of a Morning's Ramble last Autumn*. J. J. Chalon, A.—Much of the interest belonging to this simple and extensive landscape has proceeded from the mind of the artist, who has communicated to it a most natural and Rembrandt-like effect.—No. 305. *La Place de la Fusterie (Fruiterie), Geneva, on a Market-day*, also by Mr. Chalon, shews the versatility of his powers. The one is all tranquillity, the other all bustle.

No. 328. *The Boar of Ardenne*. E. de la Croix. From "Quentin Durward."—The moment chosen is when the ferocious William de la Marck, having ordered the bishop of Liege to be brought before him dressed in his pontificals, commands his assassination. It is a very clever work; but the great number of figures, and the want of a concentrated effect, rather confuse the spectator.

No. 332. *Twilight*. R. Westall, R.A.—We do not remember ever to have seen Gray's charming description of the soothing hour of twilight more happily transferred to canvass. It strikes us, however, that an extended form would have been more advantageous to the picture than its present upright shape.

No. 343. *A Peasant of the Island of Ceylon*. W. Daniell, R.A.—Life, motion, and grace, are the characteristics of this animated figure; which ought to have been placed as a pendant to No. 134, *The Indian Widow visiting the Tomb of her Husband*, by the same artist. They form a perfect contrast.

No. 329. "Honest Isaak Walton." J. Inskipp.—An interesting subject, pleasingly treated.

Of the portraits which the "School of Painting" contains, two of the most striking are, No. 312, *Portrait of the Earl of Hardwicke*, the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.; and No. 281, *Portrait of Henry Hoare, Esq., Mrs. W. Carpenter*. A more admirable picture than the latter we have never met with. There are also very clever portraits by Phillips, Beechey, Pickersgill, Jackson, Briggs, Simpson, Rothwell, Clint, Reinagle, Green, Meyer, Joseph, &c. Mrs. J. Robertson has a *Portrait of a Young Lady*, the graceful *turnure* of which, and the able manner in which the satin is painted, remind us of Vandyke. As another example of female talent in portrait painting, we would instance Mrs. Pearson's *Portrait of Mrs. S. C. Hall*.

(To be continued.)

BRITISH GALLERY.

Works of the late Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.
NEXT to the sensation which would be excited by a sudden introduction to a living assembly of monarchs, statesmen, heroes, and beauties,—to a galaxy of all that is dignified in rank, splendid in talent, memorable in warlike achievement, and fascinating in female loveliness,—is that which is actually produced at the present moment on entering the Gallery of the British Institution, richly decorated as it is by nearly

a century of the most admirable productions of the highly-gifted and lamented Lawrence. It is bringing the powers of any artist to a most severe test when he is thus required, single-handed, to furnish a whole exhibition; and an exhibition, too, consisting almost exclusively of portraits; but it is a test which in this instance is most triumphantly borne. Whether contemplated merely with reference to their merit as works of art, or whether with that contemplation is associated the deeply interesting recollections which many of these noble performances are calculated to awaken, that visitor to the Gallery must indeed be cold and phlegmatic, who does not feel strongly impressed by the magnificent and delightful spectacle which presents itself to him.

It will here, among other things, be seen how important is the single but comprehensive quality of TASTE in the creations of the pencil. That high and rare quality it is allowed on all hands no artist ever possessed in a greater degree than Sir Thomas Lawrence. His mind was thoroughly imbued with it. It was inseparable from every effort. It accompanied the slightest and most careless touch of his crayon. Many of his groups of portraits, refined and elevated by the pervading influence of that invaluable quality, almost assume the character of poetical or historical compositions. It is extraordinary, indeed, to observe what a vast change portrait-painting in this country has undergone in that respect since the days of Jervas, Richardson, and Hudson. To Sir Joshua Reynolds is undoubtedly due the glory of having struck out a new path, and of having invested his own branch of the fine arts with a dignity and a charm, which, except in some few cases, it had never before possessed. How ably and successfully the example of the first President of the Royal Academy was followed up by the last, the walls of the British Gallery now abundantly shew.

The germ of epic art is very visible in such pictures as Sir Thomas's "Rolla," "Coriolanus," "Cato," and "Hamlet;" although the only work in which it is absolutely unfolded is his "Satan;"—a grand and appalling conception, which, however liable it may in some points be to critical remark, proves of what this great artist was capable, had the sympathy of the times, and the country in which he lived, encouraged him to devote himself to the more intellectual and ambitious walks of his profession.

Of the three apartments of which the British Gallery consists, the North Room, containing twenty-one portraits, the majority of them whole-lengths, painted by order of his Majesty for the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor, is peculiarly attractive; both because most of the pictures are new to the public, and because they are the striking resemblances of distinguished and celebrated persons; several of them "men of royal siege," and all of them sharers, more or less conspicuous and important, in the events of one of the most extraordinary periods of history. It is not our intention to enter into any detailed description of these pictures; but we cannot refrain from expressing our unbounded admiration of two of them in particular, which appear to us to be transcendent:—we mean "Francis the Second, Emperor of Austria," and "His late Holiness, Pope Pius VII." We know of no productions of a similar kind, by any artist, ancient or modern, with which they would for an instant suffer in the comparison. It is said that Sir Thomas considered the portrait of the Emperor of Aus-

* Morning Chronicle.

tria, in which he has conquered so many difficulties, arising from the singular costume, and from other circumstances, as the finest work of his life. While we gaze at it, we fully agree with him; but when we turn round, and behold his portrait of the venerable Pius, we at least hesitate to which the palm of excellence ought to be adjudged.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Portsmouth, from Spithead and Chatham. Engraved in line by J. C. Allen, from Drawings by C. Stanfield.

THESE interesting views are executed in a style which does great credit to the talents of the artist. Mr. Allen was a pupil of W. B. Cooke; and has brought forward his first speculation in the true spirit of enterprise, and in a way that at any other period must have insured success. As it is, these prints place him in the front rank of engravers of subjects of this class.

The Spirit of the Plays of Shakespeare. Drawn and engraved by Frank Howard. Nos. 17 and 18. Cadell.

THE plays illustrated in these Numbers are, "Romeo and Juliet," "Timon of Athens," "Henry the Fifth," and the first part of "Henry the Sixth." Mr. Howard pursues his pleasing task with unabated ardour and ability. Many of the groups are finely composed, and exceedingly beautiful. Amongst them we would particularise the First Meeting of Romeo and Juliet, their Parting, the Recovery of Juliet from her Lethargy, Henry the Fifth courting the Princess Katharine, Talbot and the Countess of Auvergne, &c.

James Bartleman. Hargreaves pinxt.; J. Thomson sculps. Published by the Misses Bartleman.

A FINELY-MARKED, characteristic, and highly-finished portrait.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE FESTIVAL.

THE young and the lovely are gathered:
Who shall talk of our wearisome life,
And dwell upon weeds and on weeping—
The struggle, the sorrow, the strife?
The hours of our being are coloured,
And many are coloured with rose;
Though on some be a sign and a shadow,
I list not to speak now of those.

Through the crimson blind steals forth the splendour

Of lamps, like large pearls which some fay
Has swelled with her breath till their lustre,
If more soft, is as bright as of day.

Beneath the verandah are flowers—
Camellias like Ivory wrought
With the grace of a young Grecian sculptor,
Who traced what some Oread brought;

And roses—the prodigal summer
Has lavished upon them its bloom,—
O never the East with its spices
Made altar so rich of perfume!

The bright crowd is mingling together—
How gay is the music they bring!
The delicate laugh and the whisper—
The steps that re-echo the string.

The harp to the flute is replying—
'Tis the song of a far-distant land;
But never, in vineyard or valley,
Assembled a lovelier band.

Come thou, with thy glad golden ringlets,
Like rain which is lit by the sun—
With eyes, the bright spirit's bright mirror—
Whose cheek and the rose-bud are one.

While he of the lute and the laurel
For thee has forgotten the throng,
And builds on thy fairy-like beauty
A future of sigh and of song.

Ay, listen, but as unto music
The wild wind is bearing away,
As sweet as the sea-shells at evening,
But far too unearthly to stay.

For the love-dream that haunts the young poet
Is coloured too much by his mind—
A fabric of fancy and falsehood,
But never for lasting designed.

For he lives but in beauty—his visions
Inspire with their passion his strain;
And the spirit so quick at impression
Was never meant long to retain.

But another is passing before me—
Oh, pause, let me gaze on thy brow;
I've seen thee, fair lady, thrice lovely,
But never so lovely as now.

Thou art changed since those earlier numbers,
When thou wert a vision to me;
And copies from some fairest picture,
My heroines were painted from thee.

Thy cheek with its sunset of crimson,
Like a rose crushed on ivory, bears
Its sunny smile still, but a softness
Is now in the radiance it wears.

A halo of love is around thee,
It is as if nature had willed
That thy happiness should be affection,
And thy destiny now is fulfilled.

Be thou happy—a thousand times happy!
If the gentle, the good, and the kind,
Could make of themselves an existence,
How blessed a fate thou wouldst find!

For never their elements blended
In a nature more lovely than thine;
And thy beauty is but a reflection
Of what thine own heart is the shrine.

Farewell! I shall make thee no longer
My sweet summer queen of romance;
No more will my princes pay homage,
My knights for thy smile break the lance.

Confess they were exquisite lovers,
The fictions that knelt at thy throne;
But the graceful, the gallant, the noble,
What fancy could equal thine own?

Farewell! and henceforth I enshrine thee
Mid the earlier dreams that have past
O'er my lute, like the fairies by moonlight,
To leave it more lonely at last.

Alas! it is sad to remember
The once gentle music now mute;
For many a chord hath time stolen
Alike from my heart and my lute.

Ah, most of their memories are shadows,
Flung down from the brightness of yore;
There are feelings for ever departed,
And hopes that are treasures no more.

But thou livest only in music—
A broken but beautiful spell;
'Tis as well, for my song has grown colder—
Sweet lady, for ever farewell!

'Tis midnight—but think not of slumber,
There are dreams enow floating around;
But ah, our soft dreams while thus waking
Are aye the most dangerous sound.
Like the note of a lute was that whisper—
Fair girl, do not raise those dark eyes;
Love only could breathe such a murmur,
And what will Love bring thee but sighs?

And thou, thou pale dreamer, whose forehead
Is flushed with the circle's light praise,
O let it not dwell on thy spirit—
How vain are the hopes it will raise!

The praise of the crowd and the careless,
Just caught by a chance and a name,
O take it as pleasant and passing,
But never mistake it for fame!

Look for fame from the toll of thy midnight,
When thy rapt spirit eagle-like springs;
But for the glad, the gay, and the social,
Take only the butterfly's wings.

The flowers around us are fading—
Meet comrades for revels are they;
And the lamps overhead are decaying—
How cold seems the coming of day!

There, fling off the wreath and the sandal,
And bid the dark curtains round close;
For your cheek from the morning's tired
slumber

Must win its sweet exiles the rose.
What, weary and saddened! this evening
Is an earnest what all pleasures seem—
A few eager hours' enjoyment—
A toil, a regret, and a dream!

L. E. L.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

ISLAND OF CEYLON.

FEW civil improvements have ever been introduced among a people of a more extensively beneficial nature than the communication to the native inhabitants of Ceylon (the only settlement in India that is directly under the government of his Majesty,) of the right of acting as jurymen on the trial of their own countrymen for criminal offences, and the consequent resolution of the proprietors of slaves in the same island, that all children born of those slaves, after a certain date, should be born free. To commemorate two events of such importance not only to Ceylon, but to the cause of civilisation generally, a large and beautifully printed, engraved in aquatinta, and splendidly coloured, has lately been published by Mr. Ackermann. It represents the trial of five natives of high caste for murder, before the supreme court, in its new court-house at Colombo; and in the foreground the resolution for manumitting the future children of slaves is promulgating to a group of female slaves, who attended in public court in order to express their gratitude on the occasion, and who are surrounded by all the persons, Europeans as well as natives, who had any share in the transaction. The following passages, which we extract from a key published with the engraving, convey a brief but perspicuous history of the two interesting occurrences to which we have alluded:—

"Sir Alexander Johnston, when first member of his Majesty's Council in Ceylon, having conceived that the best mode of insuring the stability of the British authority in that part of the world was, to admit the natives to share the benefits of the institutions of our free country, was deputed in 1809, by the governor and council, to submit, in his official capacity, to his majesty's ministers such measures as he thought best calculated to accomplish this object. The ministers having approved the measures thus recommended, caused a charter to be issued under the great seal of England, granting to the natives of Ceylon the right of sitting upon juries, and of being tried by juries of their countrymen. Sir Alexander having returned in 1811, with the appointment of chief-justice and president of his majesty's council in Ceylon, lost no time in carrying the provisions of this charter into effect; and it was at his suggestion that the proprietors of slaves in the island, by way of manifesting their gratitude to the sovereign of a free nation for having granted to

them and their countrymen the rights of freedom, unanimously resolved, that all children born of their slaves after the 12th of August, the anniversary of his majesty's birth, in the year 1816, should be considered as free, and be brought up at their expense till the age of fourteen; thus associating for ever in the minds of their posterity, the memory of his majesty with all the blessings which are to be derived from a state of freedom.*

"The introduction of the trial by jury among all the classes of the natives of Ceylon, without distinction, has been the means of gradually removing the religious jealousies which prevailed among them, and habituating the people of all the different religions, and of all the different nations of Asia, resident in the island, to attend together the proceedings of the supreme court, both as jurors and spectators. Hence the painter enjoyed the best opportunity of representing not only the costume of the jurors, of the slaves, and of their masters, but also that of the natives of every part of India. The engraving accordingly exhibits with great accuracy, not only the costume of the priests of the Hindoo, Budhoo, and Mahomedan religions, but also that of the Protestant and Catholic missionaries, that of the Malabar inhabitants of the north, as well as that of the Cingalese inhabitants of the south and interior of Ceylon, that of the Malay princes and their attendants from the eastern islands; that of the people of the Laccadive and Maldive islands, that of the Hindoo population of the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel; and that of the Moguls, Arabs, and Parsees.

"Owing to the continual intercourse kept up between the natives of Ceylon and the people of Hindoostan, the privilege granted by his majesty to the former soon became generally known and desired throughout the British empire in the East; and, induced by the success which had attended the introduction of the measure in that island, the parliament, by an act passed in 1826, extended the same right to the natives of all the British territories in India. Hence, the trial by jury is now become an object of general interest to more than one hundred and twenty millions of people, inhabiting countries containing upwards of three hundred thousand geographical square miles, and extending from the Gulf of Cambay to the rivers Ganges and Barrumpooter, and from the Himalaya mountains to Cape Comorin.

"This engraving has been executed from a painting made by J. Stephanoff, after an original sketch taken by a native of Ceylon, who was himself a jurymen, and highly delighted with the right conferred on himself and his countrymen; and many of the figures are portraits of the persons of different castes, nations, and religions, who took an active part in the introduction of trial by jury, and in the emancipation of slave children."

At a time when the future government of India is a subject of public discussion before both houses of parliament,† it must be an object of great interest and curiosity to trace the origin and progress of measures which must ultimately produce the greatest moral and political change in the feelings and conduct of the natives of India. Of a few of the benefits which have

already been derived from them, the following extracts from a letter written at his own request to the president of the board of control, by Sir Alexander Johnston, in the year 1825, will give some idea:—

"The native jurymen, from knowing the different degrees of weight which may safely be given to the testimony of their countrymen, decide upon questions of fact with so much more promptitude than Europeans could do, that, since the introduction of trial by jury, no trial lasts above a day, and no session above a week or ten days at farthest; whereas, before the introduction of trial by jury, a single trial used sometimes to last six weeks or two months, and a single session not unfrequently for three months. All the natives who attend the courts as jurymen obtain so much information during their attendance, relative to the modes of proceeding and the rules of evidence, that since the establishment of jury trial, government have been enabled to find amongst the half-castes and native jurymen some of the most efficient and respectable native magistrates in the country, who, under the control of the supreme court, at little or no expense to government, administer justice in inferior offences to the native inhabitants. The introduction of the trial by native juries, at the same time that it has increased the efficiency and despatch of the courts, and has relieved both prisoners and witnesses from the hardships which they incurred from the protracted delay of the criminal sessions, has, independent of the savings it enabled the Ceylon government to make immediately on its introduction, since afforded that government an opportunity of carrying into effect, in the judicial department of the island, a plan for a permanent saving of ten thousand pounds a year. No man, whose character for honesty or veracity is impeached, can be enrolled on the list of jurymen; the circumstance of a man's name being upon the jury roll, is a proof of his being a man of unexceptionable character, and is that to which he appeals in case his character be attacked in a court of justice, or in case he solicits his government for promotion in their service. As the rolls of jurymen are revised by the supreme court at every session, they operate as a most powerful engine in making the people of the country more attentive than they used to be in their adherence to truth. The right of sitting upon juries has given the natives of Ceylon a value for character which they never felt before, and has raised, in a very remarkable manner, the standard of their moral feelings. All the natives of Ceylon who are enrolled as jurymen, conceive themselves to be as much a part as the European judges themselves are, of the government of their country; and therefore feel, since they have possessed the right of sitting upon juries, an interest which they never felt before in upholding the British government of Ceylon. The beneficial consequence of this feeling is strongly exemplified in the difference between the conduct which the native inhabitants of the British settlements on Ceylon observed in the Kandian war of 1803, and that which they observed in the Kandian war of 1816. In the war between the British and Kandian government in 1803, which was before the introduction of trial by jury, the native inhabitants of the British settlements were, for the most part, in a state of rebellion; in the war between the same governments in 1816, which was five years after the introduction of trial by jury, the native inhabitants of the British settlements, so far from shewing the smallest symptom of dissatisfaction, took, during the very heat of the war,

the opportunity of my return to England, to express their gratitude through me to the British government, for the valuable right of sitting upon juries, which had been conferred upon them by his present majesty. • •

"The difference between the conduct which was observed by all the proprietors of slaves on Ceylon in 1806, which was before the introduction of trial by jury, and that which was observed by them in 1816, which was five years after the introduction of the trial by jury, is a strong proof of the change which may be brought about in public opinion, by the judges availing themselves of the opportunity which their charging the jury on the first day of session affords them, of circulating among the natives of the country such opinions as may promote the welfare of any particular class of society. As the right of every proprietor of slaves, to continue to hold slaves on Ceylon, was guaranteed to him by the capitulation under which the Dutch possessions had been surrendered to the British arms in 1795, the British government of Ceylon conceived that, however desirable the measure might be, they had not a right to abolish slavery on Ceylon by any legislative act. A proposition was, however, made on the part of government by me to the proprietors of slaves in 1806, before trial by jury was introduced, urging them to adopt some plan of their own accord for the gradual abolition of slavery: this proposition they at that time unanimously rejected. The right of sitting upon juries was granted to the inhabitants of Ceylon in 1811. From that period I availed myself of the opportunities which were afforded to me when I delivered my charge, at the commencement of each session, to the jurymen, most of whom were considerable proprietors of slaves, of informing them of what was doing in England upon the subject of the abolition of slavery, and of pointing out to them the difficulties which they themselves must frequently experience, in executing with impartiality their duties as jurymen, in all cases in which slaves were concerned. A change of opinion upon the subject of slavery was gradually perceptible amongst them; and in the year 1816, the proprietors of slaves of all castes and religious persuasions in Ceylon, sent me their unanimous resolutions, to be publicly recorded in court, declaring free all children born of their slaves after the 12th of August, 1816; which in the course of a few years must put an end to the state of slavery which had subsisted on Ceylon for more than three centuries."

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Fading Scene. Written by R. Montgomery; composed by J. Barnett. J. Barnett.

A MELODIOUS composition, with sweet words—plaintive and appropriate.

Helen Trevor. The Words by G. Sharp; composed by C. E. Horn. Goulding and D'Almaine.

EVERY thing about this ballad seems to taste of music, from the writer, G. Sharp, to the composer, Horn. Nor have we met with a sweeter composition for many a day—it is simple, easy, and pathetic; and we should dearly like to hear it sung by Miss Patou, to whom it is inscribed.

Hasten o'er the Lea. The Words and Music by Henry Fae.

WE do not remember to have heard of the name of Fae before; but from the taste here

* The number of slave proprietors (being in fact the whole of the slave proprietors in Ceylon) who agreed to this resolution was 761; and the number of full-grown slaves, male and female, to whom the resolution applied, was about 10,000.

† Sir Alexander Johnston, to whom India and the British empire at large are indebted for these two invaluable measures, was examined with respect to them before the Committee of the House of Lords on the 16th and 19th of last March.

displayed, we are sure his compositions are likely to be favourites with our fair friends.

The Pride of the Village. Written and composed by J. Green. J. Green.

A PLEASING piece, in the old ballad style, and with something peculiarly fanciful to recommend the music.

The Castanet. By E. Fitz Ball; the Music by G. H. Rodwell, Goulding and D'Almaine.

THE nice merry little ballad sung with so much effect by the nice merry little Mrs. Keeley in the *Spring Lock*. The accompaniment to the second part possesses much novelty, and does great credit to Mr. Rodwell.

The Bower of Love; and From Distant Climes a Troubadour, by the same parties, and in the same opera, deserve equal praise. As in the *Bottle Imp*, the music of these compositions requires only to be heard to become very popular, and contribute to rank the composer's works generally with the most brilliant song efforts of the day.

The Soldier's Boy to his Mother. By J. Macdonald Harris. Falkner.

EVIDENTLY intended as a companion to "the Mariner's Child to his Mother," to which we gave such well-merited praise. It is enough, therefore, to say that we approve as highly of this song. It would make a delightful duet with very little alteration. Mr. Harris sets compositions rather high for many voices to execute them perfectly.

To the Gay Tournament. By T. H. Bayly, Esq.; Music by T. Cooke. Cramer and Co. SANG by Vestris in *Perfection*, and a charming lively air, with which, as all the world are pleased, we need only *encore* the common opinion.

SIGNOR DE BEGNIS' Concert on Friday last week was one of the most attractive of the season, and the entertainments of the most varied and excellent description. The humour and talent of the Signor himself are enough to give *éclat* to such a performance; but he was surrounded by many of the most popular *artistes* now in the metropolis; and their combined exertions rendered the treat particularly full and agreeable.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

IN our last number we expressed our anxiety to see Lalande and Lablache in *Semiramide*. Within the week the opera has been twice represented. Before we touch upon the vocal performance, we shall make a few remarks on the execution of the instrumental music, more especially as the orchestral department of this theatre seldom comes under the notice of the critic. We did not suppose it possible that the absence of one individual (need we say we allude to Spagnoletti?) could cause, on both nights, so sensible a deterioration in the execution of the general performance, vocal and instrumental. The slovenly and ineffective manner in which the beautiful overture of this opera was played, particularly on Saturday, was any thing but creditable to the theatre. Mr. Mori is, unquestionably, a solo player of the very first order; but there is a wide difference between *fiddling* a concerto and leading an orchestra.

Of the vocal cast of *Semiramide* we have now to speak. With the exception of Curioni, in

the character of *Idreno*, the distribution of the parts was altogether novel; Lalande was the Assyrian queen, Malibran *Arsace*, Lablache *Assur*, Ambrogi *Oroce*, chief of the magi, and Santini the *Spirit of Ninus*. We notice the performers as they appear on the scene. The voice of Lablache, we must premise, is, by some of our contemporaries, erroneously pronounced to be a bass: it is a baritone, of which the upper notes are decidedly the best. Nor is his voice of that immense volume, or gigantic tone, which many were led to imagine he possessed, in the manner in which he *bellowed* out his D, in his inimitable performance of the deaf *Geronimo*. The fact is, the voice of Lablache is very unequal; nor, in the lower register, is there aught of roundness, depth, or force. The style of his singing resembles that of Remorini; but those who remember that excellent *artiste* must give the preference to Remorini in serious songs. Neither does he possess the fire of Galli, or feeling of Zuchelli. In a word, the serious is not the forte of Signor Lablache; comedy best suits his person and powers. Nevertheless, we should like to see him in *Fernando*, in *La Gazza Ladra*.

Although the *Semiramide* of Lalande is not to our taste, inasmuch as there is a want of majesty in her mien, which considerably detracts from her merits as an actress, yet we are free to confess that her singing in this character has raised her somewhat in our estimation as a vocalist. Madame Lalande is neither devoid of taste nor feeling; her voice is peculiarly adapted for the delivery of pathetic passages; but she does not excel in the bravura; and there is a great want of closeness and precision in her execution of those runs which are more immediately confined to the diatonic scale.

Of Madame Malibran's *Arsace* we cannot speak in very high terms. We do not deny her the merit of looking and dressing the character better than her gifted predecessor; but to say that, either in acting or singing, she can compete with Pizaroni in the part, is praise beyond her merit. Her style of singing is at once unmeaning and meretricious, the sound being always at variance with the sense. From her extravagant fondness for what she may imagine to be ornament, the original melodies of some of the most beautiful cavatinas extant are totally deprived of their "fair proportions." We said, on a former occasion, in a notice of Madame Malibran's performance, that "the music of Rossini was sufficiently embroidered,* without adding to its original garb aught of gingerbread gaudery;" and added, "how different in this particular is Pasta! Pasta rather diminishes than adds to the numberless notes of this popular composer: any alteration she makes in the text of her author is always for the better. With Malibran it is quite the reverse." We conclude by observing, that we perceive, with regret, that many of our metropolitan critics, together with a considerable portion of the bald-pated public (no allusion to the *soi-disant dilettanti* who nightly occupy the front row in the pit), are fast making Madame M. more of an *enfant gâté* than she has yet become.

DRURY LANE.

A NEW drama, in three acts, called the *Spanish Husband; or, First and Last Love*, was pro-

* On Tuesday night an amateur observed to a friend seated beside him in the pit, that "Malibran's embellishing Rossini's music was something like sending coals to Newcastle." "No," replied a wag, "not coals, coke you mean."

duced on Tuesday, from the pen of Mr. Howard Payne. In plot it nearly resembles *Bertram*, the interest hinging on the return of a lady's first love, after she has been induced by her father to marry another. In language it is far inferior to its prototype, and its conclusion is most lame and impotent. A beloved son and brother is seen borne off, mortally wounded, with the greatest unconcern, by his father and sister; the latter of whom is coquetishly arranging some matrimonial business with a volatile sprig of royalty,—and the curtain falls upon the happy party. In the second act, too, amongst other incongruities, we have a strange artist introduced into a Spanish nobleman's study, where he stands with his hat flapped over his eyes in the nobleman's presence, and paints a whole-length of his wife, and as finely as Titian (at least, so says the gentleman), in the course of five minutes. To be sure, if he took off his hat, the husband would see it was his rival, and there would be an end of the business; but would it not have been possible to have invented a better disguise, and at the same time avoided the staring improbability of a fine painting being made as quickly as they take a black profile in the Strand? (for the painting itself, be it noticed, has no influence whatever on the plot). We think so; but, then, we are simple souls, and no dramatists, and are most likely mistaken. Defective, however, as the piece is, we must, in justice to the author, observe, that, with one or two exceptions, little was done for it in the way of acting, and less in the getting up. A conflagration, in the last scene of the second act, was so poorly and clumsily managed, that a situation of real interest was sadly injured, and the drama for some moments in jeopardy. Mr. Wallack was superbly dressed, but seemed to feel the improbability of his situations and the repulsiveness of his character. Jones and Harley had nothing to do worthy of them; but *Bianca* and *Julia* were, surely, susceptible of treble the interest imparted to them by Miss Phillips and Miss Mordaunt: the latter lady, indeed, little more than walked through the part. Mrs. Glover was admirable, as, indeed, she always is; and Cooper had the best of it among the gentlemen. We must not forget to mention, that Mr. Robinson, one of the counter-tenors of this theatre, sung a version of "*Le gallant Troubadour*" with much sweetness and taste, in the masquerade scene, and was honoured with a very general *encore*. The drama was announced for repetition by Mr. Wallack, amidst applause; but will scarcely live through the season, we imagine, near as it now is to a close.

COVENT GARDEN.

ON Tuesday, one of the most deservedly popular actresses that has adorned the stage in our time, Mrs. Davenport, took her farewell benefit, and final leave of the stage. The house, need we say it? was crowded on the occasion. This week, Miss F. Kemble has performed no fewer than four characters, requiring great variety of talent (at least, we take it for granted she played *Lady Twynly* last night); and, when we consider the youth of this sweet and gifted creature, we cannot wonder at the attraction which has attended them all, filling the theatre, and being warmly applauded whenever she appears. On one evening, *Teddy the Tyler* made us laugh as much as ever, though about its fiftieth repetition.

VARIETIES.

The late Winter.—It is extraordinary, that although the late winter was so rigorous in this part of the world, letters have been received from Kamschatka stating, that the oldest inhabitants do not remember one so mild.

Constantinople.—By permission of the sultan, a journal is about to be published at Constantinople, in the Turkish and French languages.

The Plague.—A long letter has been received from Dr. Pariset, dated Abouzabil, in Egypt, Feb. 25. It contains curious and afflicting details of the ravages of the plague in 1824, and of some recent cases. It appears that, in 1824, in the hamlet of Fishabauch, the number of the inhabitants of which was only 300, not fewer than 125 were carried off in two nights, and that the mortality in many other places was equally extensive and rapid. Dr. Pariset confirms the statement of Paré, that the plague is sometimes propagated by means of a particular kind of fly, which sucks the dead body, and afterwards biting living subjects, introduces the disease.

Water-proof Cloth, &c.—At the last sitting of the Paris Society for the Encouragement of National Industry, upon reading a report on the means of making cloth water-proof, by a solution of caoutchouc (Indian rubber), placed between two thin cloths, which being passed under heavy pressure becomes solid, it was stated, that the discovery of dissolving this gum for such purposes was made by the French chemists, Marquer, Laffond, &c. This is incorrect. It is an English invention.—At this sitting it was stated, that, in consequence of great improvements made in the manufacture of glass in France for optical and other purposes, that country has ceased to be tributary to Great Britain for a supply; and it was even boasted that some of the largest glasses now used in this country for telescopes are of French manufacture. Mention was made of a steam-engine of sixteen-horse power, in the establishment of M. Pihet, which has been at work daily for the last four years, and which consumes only 96lbs. of coals in the hour.

Chin-chopper!!—Wonders, to be sure, will never cease! A German, of the name of Michael Boai, we understand, has been found to execute the most difficult pieces of music, producing a tone and effect far beyond what can be conceived possible, by simply striking upon his chin! He has already performed before the courts of Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, and lastly at the Hague, to the astonishment of all the musical professors of those capitals. There is a certain attraction about the British metropolis, which rarely escapes the penetration of artists of this description; and therefore our readers will not be surprised to learn that he is now actually upon his way to London. By what term his extraordinary performance should be designated, will, we think, become a puzzle for the ingenious—*chin-chopper*, we suppose he would deem hardly sufficiently high sounding.

Spanish Architecture.—The first volume has recently been published at Madrid of a History of Spanish Architecture and Architects, by M. Cean Bermudez, a man most profoundly versed in the fine arts, who has devoted his whole life (and he is now 80 years of age) to the study of Spanish archæology. The merit of the author being universally acknowledged in his own country, and his object being national and patriotic, King Ferdinand has sent him twenty

thousand francs to assist in defraying the expense of his work, which will be in four volumes, and will embrace the history of Spanish architecture from the most remote period down to the present time. Spain is indeed a country well entitled to attract the attention and excite the interest of the lovers of the fine arts. Successively occupied by the Phœnicians, the Carthaginians, the Romans, and the Arabs, it contains monuments of the domination of all these nations—so different in their origin, language, and manners. From the fifteenth century, and during the period of the power of the Spanish monarchy, the arts made great progress, and have left the stamp of their grandeur in the magnificent productions of architecture which are the admiration of connoisseurs, and of which the Spanish people have a right to be proud.

Literary Piracy.—An ordinance of the Emperor of Austria has just prohibited, under severe penalties, the forgery of books. It is well known that Vienna has been from time immemorial the resort of the forgers of German works. In Paris, the editors of the *Revue Française*, the *Revue de Paris*, and the *Gazette Littéraire*, have combined in a resolution to prosecute the publishers of sheets, who appropriate to themselves entire compositions extracted from interesting periodical works. This question of literary property is about to be submitted to the decision of the tribunals. A summons has already been issued to the conductor of the *Pirate*.

Weber.—A Paris paper contains an account of the residence and death of this great composer in London, which is curious for its misrepresentations. The writer, who pretends to have been the friend of Weber, tells us that Weber was in great distress—that he lost 2,000 francs by his concert—that the Prussian and Saxon ambassadors, hearing of his distress, offered him pecuniary aid, which he refused; and that finally, in order to defray the expenses of his funeral, a guinea subscription was opened, each subscriber to be entitled to a ticket of admission to St. Paul's, and to write his or her name on Weber's tomb! This, says the writer, was a good speculation: St. Paul's was hardly large enough to contain the guinea spectators, and a sum was collected which would have sufficed for the support of his family; but every shilling remained in London. We should not be surprised if the Parisians were to believe this story!

French Bible Society.—By a report made to the Protestant Bible Society in Paris, it appears that the receipts of the Society amounted in the year 1829 to 43,377 francs, and its expenditure to 30,943 francs.

Population of Vienna.—According to official returns, it appears that in 1829 Vienna contained 289,785 inhabitants; of whom 142,654 were men, and 147,131 women. The number of births in 1829 had been 13,291 legitimate children; of whom 6,999 were boys, and 5,474 illegitimate children, of whom 2,197 were girls; 13,099 were Catholics, 161 belonged to the Reformed church, 30 to the Greek church, and 30 were Jews. The number of deaths in 1829 had been 13,829, of whom 7,295 were males, and 6,534 females; 13,453 were Catholics, 233 Protestants, 117 Jews, and 26 Greeks; 4,588 died before attaining the age of a twelve-month; 1,175 before they were 4 years old; 1,186 from 4 to 20 years old; 2,470 from 20 to 40; 2,087 from 40 to 60; 1,984 from 60 to 80; 337 from 80 to 100; and 4 above 100 years of age: 13,338 died of common disorders; 342 of the small-pox; 45 by suicide; only 1 by

homicide; and 106 of sudden death. During the whole year there was not a single person condemned to capital punishment.

Fossil Bones.—An immense quantity of the fossil bones of the hippopotamus, the elephant, the mammoth, and other species of animals no longer in existence, has been recently discovered in a cavern near Palermo.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXII. May 29.]

The March of Intellect, a Comic Poem, by W. T. Moncrieff; with wood engravings by R. Cruikshank.—Leaves and Flowers for an Album, by a Cl-devant Author.—A Second Series of the Irish Poet; (Original Sermons by Clergymen of the Established Church in Ireland.—Practical Remarks on the Book of Exodus, for Family Worship.—A Brief View of the different Editions of the Scriptures of the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches.—Irish Cottagers, by Mr. Martin Doyle.—O'Donoghoe, Prince of Killarney, a Poem, by Miss Bourke.—The Northern Tourist, or Stranger's Guide to the North and North-west of Ireland, by P. D. Hardy.—Ten Views of Picturesque Scenery in the same quarter.—Letters from France, Savoy, &c., by George Downes, A.M.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Horsley's Works, 9 vols. 8vo. 4l. 7s. bds.; Charges, new edition, 8vo. 1s. bds.—Wiffen's Tasso, third edition, 2 vols. fcp. 15s. bds.—Burke's Official Calendar, 1830, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cloth.—Cruikshank's Planter, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Mornings with Mamma, royal 18mo. 1s. bds.—Gregson on Friendly Societies, 8vo. 7s. bds.—Hall's Discourses, 8vo. 7s. bds.—Butler's Life of D'Agneseau, 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Bicheno's Ireland and its Economy, crown 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Coleridge's Introduction to the Classics, post 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Theological Meditations, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Porter on the Sugar-Cane, 8vo. 15s. bds.—Review of the Principles of Contingent Truth, 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Dwarris on Statutes, 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Fiction without Romance, 2 vols. 8vo. 16s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 20	From 45. to 66.	29.86 Stationary
Friday... 21	— 46. — 67.	29.80 — 29.75
Saturday... 22	— 45. — 63.	29.69 — 29.86
Sunday... 23	— 41. — 68.	29.69 — 29.80
Monday... 24	— 51. — 67.	29.69 — 29.65
Tuesday... 25	— 43. — 63.	29.64 — 29.49
Wednesday 26	— 47. — 59.	29.42 Stationary

Prevailing wind, N.E. and S.W. Except the 21st, generally cloudy, with frequent and heavy rain. Thunder, accompanied with vivid lightning, from eleven till midnight on the 21st. The storm of the 23d, which in the neighbourhood of London was attended with fatal consequences, was here first noticed about three in the afternoon, when distant thunder was heard in the S.W., which approached us till due south, when the lightning was most vivid and the thunder most intense: it passed over to the E. and N.E., where, when at a considerable distance, the thunder rolled for half an hour without an intermission of three seconds. Rain fallen, 1 inch and 4/25 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. April 1830.

Thermometer—Highest.....	74.975
Lowest.....	20.50
Mean.....	46.36041
Barometer—Highest.....	29.95
Lowest.....	29.03
Mean.....	29.502

Number of days of rain, 14.
Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 3.19375.
Winds.—3 East—4 West—0 North—4 South—2 North-east—1 South-east—12 South-west—4 North-west.

General Observations.—Rain fell on fourteen days, and the quantity was great for the season, though not equal to what was experienced in April last year, which was an extraordinarily wet month; the mean temperature considerably higher than since 1825, and the extremes of heat and cold greater than in any one of the corresponding months of the last seven years—the barometer was generally higher than for the last two years, although the maximum did not reach the average: a rainbow seen on the 23d, about 3 p.m., and soon after, the thunder was heard. The evaporation 0.475 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N. R.'s lines are feeling enough; but we cannot insert them. H. H. is in the same order.
Neither having seen designs, plans, nor estimates, we are unable to speak of the proposed triumphal arch near Battle Bridge, in honour of his Majesty George IV. We are, however, of opinion, that in the centre of all very wide openings, or where several streets cross, there ought to be some object interposed for the safety of pedestrians.

ADVERTISEMENTS

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THE TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, is now open, every Day, from Nine till Seven, at the Gallery, Pall Mall East.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1830.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Pilgrim's Progress: with a Life of John Bunyan by R. Southey, Esq. LL.D. Illustrated with engravings. Large 8vo. pp. 411. London, 1830. Murray; Major.

AN edition of one of the most popular books in the English or any other language, and produced in a style every way worthy of that popularity. A life by Southey—two splendid designs by Martin (the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and the Celestial City), engraved by W. R. Smith—a portrait of Bunyan, and about thirty spirited and admirably cut wood engravings—the typography of W. Nicol, and the general care and taste of Major (to whom we are indebted for Walton and Dallaway)—conspire to render this volume all that the admirers of the old Bedford tinker, and the lovers of modern literary embellishment, could desire. Indeed, if we may judge from correspondence addressed to us, and poems, too, written on the occasion, we should say that the appearance of the Pilgrim in his new garb has excited quite a sensation in the public. Yet, with all these recommendations, the work does not offer much for us to descant upon. Every one is acquainted with the leading facts in the life of Bunyan: originally a bit of a blackguard, he took a religious turn, and became a Baptist preacher: he was imprisoned twelve years for his opinions by the intolerating laws of the period at which he flourished; after which he lived sixteen years, visited London regularly every year, and died at the Star on Snow Hill, the residence of Mr. Stradwick, a friend and grocer, one of the followers of his ministry. He was buried in Bunhill Fields burial-ground, then not so overwhelmed with mortal remains as it has since been; for Dr. Southey says:

“The dissenters regard it as their Campo Santo—and especially for his sake. It is said that many have made it their desire to be interred as near as possible to the spot where his remains are deposited. His age and the date of his decease are thus recorded in his epitaph: Mr. John Bunyan, Author of the Pilgrim's Progress, ob. 12 Aug. 1688, æt. 60.

The Pilgrim's Progress now is finished,
And Death has laid him in his earthly bed.

It appears that at the time of his death, the Lord Mayor, Sir John Shorter, was one of his London flock.”

In relating the circumstances of the career of this extraordinary individual, his biographer is sparing of his own reflections. He tells us the story simply, with all its appurtenances of fanaticism and cant, as well as its better points, exactly as if he had himself lived at Bedford a century and-a-half ago, and been a disciple of John Bunyan's. This, as opinion goes, will be reckoned a merit or a blemish: it certainly presents the subject in its plainest form. We pronounce no further judgment, but extract a few specimens of the manner.

“He must have been still a very young man when that outward reformation took place, which, little as he afterwards valued it, and

insufficient as it may have been, gave evidence at least of right intentions under the direction of a strong will; and throughout his subsequent struggles of mind, the force of a diseased imagination is not more manifest than the earnestness of his religious feelings and aspirations. His connexion with the Baptists was eventually most beneficial to him: had it not been for the encouragement which he received from them, he might have lived and died a tinker; for even when he cast off, like a slough, the coarse habits of his early life, his latent powers could never without some such encouragement and impulse have broken through the thick ignorance with which they were incrustated. The coarseness of that incrustation could hardly be conceived, if proofs of it were not preserved in his own handwriting. There is no book, except the Bible, which he is known to have perused so intently as the Acts and Monuments of John Fox, the martyrologist, one of the best of men; a work more hastily than judiciously compiled in its earlier parts, but invaluable for that greater and far more important portion which has obtained for it its popular name of the Book of Martyrs. Bunyan's own copy of this work is in existence, and valued, of course, as such a relic of such a man ought to be. In each volume he has written his name beneath the title-page in a large and stout print hand; and under some of the wood-cuts he has inserted a few rhymes, which are undoubtedly his own composition, and which, though much in the manner of the verses that were printed under the illustrations to his own Pilgrim's Progress when that work was first adorned with cuts (verses worthy of such embellishments), are very much worse than even the worst of those. Indeed, it would not be possible to find specimens of more miserable doggerel. But as it has been proper to lay before the reader the vivid representation of Bunyan in his feverish state of enthusiasm, that the sobriety of mind into which he settled may be the better appreciated and the more admired,—so, for a like reason, is it fitting that it should be seen from how gross and deplorable a state of ignorance that intellect which produced the Pilgrim's Progress worked its way. These, then, are the verses. Under the print of an Owl appearing to a Council held by Pope John at Rome. (Acts and Monuments, vol. i. 781.)

Doth the owle to them apper
which putt them all into a fear
Will not the man & trubel crown
cast the owle unto the ground.

Under the martyrdom of John Hus. (Acts and Mon. vol. i. 821.)

heare is John hus that you may see
used in deed with all cruellty.
But now leet us follow & look one him
Where he is full field in deed to the brim.

Under the martyrdom of John Rogers, the protomartyr in the Marian persecution. (Ib. vol. iii. 133.)

It was the will of X (Christ) that thou should die
Mr Rogers his body in the flames to fry.
O Blessed man thou did lead this bloody way,
O how wilt thou shien with X in the last day.

Under the martyrdom of Lawrence Sanders. (Ib. vol. iii. 139.)

Mr Sanders is the next blessed man in deed
And from all trubels he is made free.
Farewell world & all hear be lo
For to my dear Lord I must goe.

Another is here presented as it appears in his own rude hand-writing under the martyrdom of Thomas Haukes,—who having promised to his friends that he would lift his hands above his head toward heaven before he gave up the ghost, in token to them that a man under the pain of such burning might keep his mind quiet and patient, lifted his scorched arms in fulfillment of that pledge after his speech was gone, and raised them in gesture of thanksgiving triumph towards the living God.

hear is one stout and strong in deed
he doth not waver like as doth a Reed.
a Signh he give them yea last of all
that are obcdant to the heavenly call.

There is yet one more of these tinker's tetras-tics penned in the margin, beside the account of Gardener's death:

the blood the blood that he did shed
is falling one his one heart;
and dreffull it is for to see
the beginnes of his misere.—Vol. iii. 527.

These curious inscriptions must have been Bunyan's first attempts in verse: he had, no doubt, found difficulty enough in tinkering them to make him proud of his work when it was done; for otherwise he would not have written them in a book which was the most valuable of all his goods and chattels. In latter days he seems to have taken this book for his art of poetry, and acquired from it at length the tune and the phraseology of such verses as are there inserted: with a few rare exceptions, they are of Robert Wisdom's school, and something below the pitch of Sternhold and Hopkins. But if he learnt there to make bad verses, he entered fully into the spirit of its better parts, and received that spirit into as resolute a heart as ever beat in a martyr's bosom. From the examples which he found there, and from the Scriptures which he perused with such intense devotion, he derived ‘a rapture’—

That raising him from ignorance,
Carried him up into the air of action
And knowledge of himself.

And when, the year after Gifford's death, a resolution was passed by the meeting, that ‘some of the brethren (one at a time) to whom the Lord may have given a gift be called forth and engaged to speak a word in the church for mutual edification,’ Bunyan was one of the persons so called upon.”

Of his controversial writings, especially against the Quakers, whose doctrines he cordially reprobated, the account given by Dr. S. is curious; but neither for that nor for the particulars respecting his immortal work is it necessary for us to find room, seeing that the original is in almost every hand. The following is worth quoting:

“Bunyan may be supposed to have been always vehement and vigorous in delivery, as he frequently is in his language. One day, when

he had preached 'with peculiar warmth and enlargement,' some of his friends came to shake hands with him after the service, and observed to him what 'a sweet sermon' he had delivered. 'Ay!' he replied, 'you need not remind me of that; for the devil told me of it before I was out of the pulpit.' This anecdote authenticates itself."

His earliest biographer (continues his latest) says that "though by reason of the many losses he sustained by imprisonment and spoil, his chargeable sickness, &c., his earthly treasure swelled not to excess, yet he always had sufficient to live decently and creditably." But all that Bunyan had to lose by 'spoil' was his occupation as a tinker, which, fortunately for him and the world, was put an end to earlier than in the course of his preacher's progress he could otherwise have cast it off. That progress raised him to a station of respectability and comfort; and he was too wise and too religious a man to desire riches either for himself or his children. When a wealthy London citizen offered to take one of his sons as an apprentice without a premium, he declined the friendly and advantageous offer, saying—'God did not send me to advance my family, but to preach the Gospel.' No doubt he saw something in the business itself, or in the way of life to which it led, unfavourable to the moral character. His widow put forth an advertisement stating her inability to print the writings which he left unpublished. They are probably included in the folio edition of his works which was published in 1692, the year of her decease, by Bunyan's successor at Bedford, Ebenezer Chandler, and John Wilson, a brother minister of the same sect, who went in Bunyan's life-time from the Bedford congregation to be the first pastor of a Baptist flock at Hitchin. Three children survived him: there were none by the second marriage; and the blind daughter, the only one whom it might have troubled him to leave with a scanty provision, happily died before him. He is said to have kept up 'a very strict discipline in his family, in prayer and exhortations.' Such a discipline did not in this case produce its usual ill effect; for according to what little is known of his children, they went on in the way they had been trained. His eldest son was forty-five years a member of the Bedford meeting; he preached there occasionally, and was employed in visiting the disorderly members; he was therefore in good repute for discretion, as well as for his religious character. The names of other descendants are in the books of the same meeting: in the burial-ground belonging to it his great-granddaughter Hannah Bunyan was interred in 1770, at the age of 76; and with her all that is related of his posterity ends."

And so ends our Review of this beautiful volume: but we will add, by way of literary and critical curiosities, some of the epistles on the subject to which we have already alluded. The first is a remonstrance in the genial tone of Bunyan himself, which, from the signature, we suspect comes from his publisher.*

The Pilgrim and the Peas.

Dear good Christian brother, what art thou about? Green peas will be in ere the Pilgrim be out! Though he speaks for himself and speaks like a man, If aught might assist him, thy watering can. Thy brief panegyric I happen'd to see, And thought that thou spok'st in a promising key. Alas! it appears I was sadly mistaken; And nought can appease me save Locke or save Bacon!

* It is whimsical enough that the initials are the same in both publishers: it is therefore necessary to explain that we do not suspect J. Murray of the poetry, but J. Major.

Thine faithfully, hopefully (Peace be the bond),
Thy servant, yet far from the "Slough of Despond."
J. M.

Our next is a Sonnet on this reprint of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

Bunyan! thy Pilgrim in his Gothic dress
And phrase vernacular delighteth me.
Oft have I wish'd my fav'rite book to see
Adorn'd with all the charms of art and press,
So that it might a real *chef-d'œuvre* be.
'Tis done at last, and critics must confess
Its matchless worth: the text from errors free,
Restored by Southey's care to perfectness.
Major, to thee this splendid tome we owe;
Old honest Izaak's works were hid in dust—
'Twas thine to cleanse them from their antique rust,
And make his gold with pristine lustre glow.
Great Martin here in gloom and glory shines;
And beautiful are Harvey's chaste designs."

PERCY HENDON.

Our worthy Friend's, Mr. Bernard Barton's, lines having been appended by the Editor to his Memoir, we shall not copy them into our *Gazette*; but finally take our leave of the work with our hearty good wishes.

Levi and Sarah; or, the Jewish Lovers: a Polish Tale. By Julius Ursinus Niemcewicz. Translated from the German edition, with a Preface and Notes by the Editor. 8vo. pp. 346. London, 1830. Murray.

WRITTEN from the best motives and on the most enlightened principles, this tale calls for attention as a striking and terrible picture of the effects of bigotry, and shews how much ingenuity may be perverted, and useful industry turned to bad account, from the want of political freedom and encouragement, and under the influence of debasing superstition. The story itself is of slight importance—a mere thread whereon to hang graver matters, which in Poland were of too vital consequence for these pages not to attract universal attention. A most interesting memoir of the author, and his motives, is prefixed. We extract the account of the Polish Jews.

"As none of them are engaged in agriculture, they are but rarely to be found in the villages; and being thus assembled in the towns and cities, which are but few, they seem in most of them to form a very large majority of their population. The men have, for the most part, much finer countenances than the other Poles; their forms are better, as well as their attitudes and paces [action?]; and the long, flowing black dresses which they commonly wear, form altogether a striking contrast with the appearance of their slouching, loitering, idle neighbours. Their eastern countenances and complexions, and the waving beards of many, especially of those advanced to middle age, presented a new and striking feature. They seemed to be always in motion, and yet doing nothing; and it was natural to inquire how such numbers of them could procure the means of subsistence, especially as their wives and daughters seemed to be decorated with jewels or ornaments much more expensive than were to be seen among the inhabitants of the same class in the neighbouring provinces of the Prussian dominions which had just been passed through. It appeared extraordinary in a country where the laws prohibited them from possessing land—where their own indisposition to a rural life prevented them from renting and cultivating that of others—that they should not address themselves to some manufacturing or handicraft pursuits: but such the editor had reason to believe was the case; and all of them subsist by being the retail distributors of the labour of their neighbours in some way or other. They have in their hands all the inter-

* For the wood engravings.

mediate operations of the commerce of the country, to such an extent, that every one who wants either to buy or to sell any commodity performs the operation, however minute, through the instrumentality of his Jew. A lady of the highest rank in Poland affirmed, that if she wanted to purchase household linen, clothes, or furniture, she was obliged to employ her own Jew, or she was sure to be cheated. This kind of trafficking habit, though it leads to great wealth with some few individuals of the nation, leaves a great part in the most miserable state of poverty—a state which can only be encountered by the extreme of frugality, approaching to a kind of half starvation; whilst the rags and filth which cover their persons are hid from the eye of the observer by the long dresses of black stuff, which composes their principal but cheap garment."

With a view to enlighten and instruct, the present tale was written: of some of the absurd beliefs it combats, the few following are a specimen.

"The arch prince of the universe has thus spoken of it:—The palace of the residence of Jehovah is one hundred and eighteen thousand times ten thousand miles in height, and its extent one hundred and thirty-six times ten thousand miles. From one of his eyes to the other is reckoned thirty times ten thousand miles. From his right to his left hand are seventy-six thousand times ten thousand miles. His skull is three times ten thousand miles in length, and the same in breadth. The crown of his head measures sixty times ten thousand miles. The soles of the feet of the King of kings extend to thirty thousand miles.' We are thus told by the rabbin Akiwa in page 24: 'that the whole of God's majesty is in height twice thirty-six thousand times ten thousand miles.' Do not, however, you ignorant creatures, imagine that these miles are the same as ours: the miles of the Heavenly King are ten thousand times ten thousand ells in length, and each ell is four feet. In the book *Osmel* we read—'that the court and the dependants of Jehovah are adapted to his dimensions. His attendants are 360,000 angels, and 10,000 seraphim; that 36,000 of the former wait daily in their turn.'"

The next is even more ridiculous, and but as a specimen of the folly to which such speculations can be carried, would be profane.

"Rabbin Jehuda asserts that the day is divided into twelve hours. In the first three God sits and studies the law; in the next three he rules the world; in the next he eats; and in the last three he rests himself, and relaxes by playing with Leviathan. I must, however, observe to you, that with regard to the last three hours, rabbin Ephraim, in the third section of his Commentaries, states an opinion different from that of the other rabbins. He expressly maintains, that in the last three hours God employs himself in teaching the boys to read. As I have attempted to reconcile these different opinions, I do it thus: If on the Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, God amuses himself by playing with Leviathan, he may teach the boys to read on the Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. As to what regards Leviathan, the Talmud says: 'that when an angel brought to God the news of the destruction of Jerusalem, he was so much vexed at it, that, to dissipate his grief, he went to Raju and continued a long time there, walking backward and forward. Before the overthrow of the temple it was his great pleasure to play with Leviathan; but now he never, or very rarely, so indulges. He does, however, relax

in reading the Talmud and in disputing with departed spirits about their faith."

Rule for drinking: "The Jew must drink no water on a Wednesday or a Friday night; but if, from having eaten for his supper some peppered pike, he should feel an intolerable thirst, he may take up the water-jug and say: 'My mother told me to take care of Szafriri, fririri, riri, ri,' and then he may drink."

The translation is executed with fidelity; and the memoir of the intelligent and amiable author is written with equal good feeling and ability.

The Jerusalem Delivered of Torquato Tasso: translated into English Spenserian Verse, with a Life of the Author. By J. H. Wiffen. Third Edition. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

THE name of Tasso has ever been so dear to the lovers of poetry, and his beauties have been, hitherto, so imperfectly transfused into the English language, that we have a peculiar pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to a translation worthy of the author, and to typography and embellishments worthy of the translation. Prefixed to the poem is a Life of Tasso, drawn up with great ingenuity, research, and elegance, and interspersed with such versions of his minor poems as serve to illustrate the biographical memoir. We should have had much gratification in making some extracts from it; but the fear of exceeding our limits decides us upon proceeding to examine the *Jerusalem* itself.

Facility is the parent of negligence; and thus it is that the Italian poets, so richly supplied with similar terminations, leave nevertheless perpetually in their otherwise delightful compositions, the blemish of *identical* rhyme. But whatever may be the blemishes of Italian versification, the language itself (notwithstanding any imputation of effeminacy occasioned by the luxuriance of Marini, Pignotti, and others) is truly noble. Its beauty has never been questioned; its grandeur is abundantly displayed in the *Gerusalemme Liberata* of Tasso; its energy is felt in the indignant expostulation of Filacaja—

"Dov'è, Italia, il tuo braccio?"

its capability of compression appears from the examination of Simeon by Joseph in the *Giuseppe Riconosciuto* of Metastasio; and none can question its powers of terrific sublimity after listening to the awful strains of Dante's

"—thrilling verse that wakes the dead."

Making due allowance for the difficulties in translating such a language, and for the weariness which must now and then creep upon the most alert in so long a work, we have great pleasure in congratulating Mr. Wiffen on his brilliant success, and the public at large on their being at length put in possession of a version in which the lofty conceptions of Tasso may be contemplated with unabated pleasure. We intend no disrespect to Fairfax, whose translation has (considering the time when it was written) many points of extraordinary merit; but the splendour and general elevation of Mr. Wiffen's muse confer a superiority which, in our opinion, distances all comparison.

The opening of an epic poem is usually a matter of difficulty to the original author, and of severe perplexity to the translator. Mr. Wiffen has, however, upon the whole, extricated himself with great happiness.

"I sing the pious arms and chief who freed
The sepulchre of Christ from thrall profane;
Much did he toil in thought, and much in deed;
Much in the glorious enterprise sustain;
And hell in vain opposed him, and in vain

Afric and Asia to the rescue poured
Their mingled tribes: Heaven recompensed his pain,
And from all fruitless sables of the sword,
True to the red-cross flag his wandering friends restored.

O thou, the Muse, that not with fading palms
Circlest thy brows on Pindus, but among
The angels warbling their celestial psalms,
Hast for thy coronal a golden throng
Of everlasting stars! make thou my song
Lucid and pure; breathe thou the flame divine
Into my bosom: and forgive the wrong,
If with grave truth light fiction I combine,
And sometimes grace my page with other flowers than
thine!

The world, thou know'st, on tiptoe ever flies
Where warbling most Parnassus' fountain winds,
And that Truth, robed in song's benign disguise,
Has won the coxest, soothed the sternest minds:
So the fond mother her sick infant blinds,
Sprinkling the edges of the cup she gives
With sweets: delighted with the balm it finds
Round the smooth brim, the medicine it receives,
Drinks the delusive draught, and, thus deluded, lives."

In the conclusion of the first stanza neither of the two translators (for we shall confine ourselves to the two above mentioned) has quite hit off the energetic simplicity of

"Che l Ciel gli die favore, e sotto al santi
Segni ridusse i suoi compagni erranti;"

but the words of Fairfax—

"His soldiers wild, to brawls and mutinies prest,
Reduced him to peace, so Heaven him blest!"—

are more literally applicable to the actual events of the poem.

In the descent of Gabriel (canto i. stanzas 13 and 14), Fairfax, who had the fancy and mind of a poet, and who makes very little ceremony of leaving his original in quest of a new image, has substituted for Tasso's

"E si libro sull' adeguate penne"

a very striking one of his own—

"And shook his wings, with rory May-dews wet."

Milton himself has deigned to adopt this (*Paradise Lost*, book 5)—

"Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance filled
The circuit wide."

Mr. Wiffen has, with singular felicity, combined both pictures in the following superlative line:

"And shook his sparkling plumes, self-balanced on the wind."

In canto ii. stanza 96, Fairfax has, without the least authority, brought in the music of the spheres.

"Only that noise, heaven's rolling circles keet,
Soothed mortal cares, and lulled the world to rest"—
a splendid fault, which Mr. Wiffen has avoided in the following harmonious stanza:

"'Tis eve; 'tis night; a holy quiet broods
O'er the mute world—winds, waters are at peace;
The beasts lie couched amid unstirring woods,
The fishes slumber in the sounds and seas;
No twittering bird sings farewell from the trees,
Hushed is the dragon's cry, the lion's roar;
Beneath her glooms a glad oblivion frees
The heart from care, its weary labours o'er,
Carrying divine repose and sweetness to its core."

For a powerful contrast to this hulling melody, we must recur to the spirit-stirring description of the Christian army in march.

"When now the Orient opened to the sun
Its shining gates, the mingled voice profound
Of trumpet, tambour, horn, and cymbal,
Cheered to the march the stirring troops around;
Not half so grateful is the thunder's sound
In the hot dog-days to the world forlorn,
Presaging freshness to the thirsty ground,
As to these warlike tribes the music drawn
From martial tubes that treat of battles to be born.

Straightway, spurred on by strong desire, they drest
Their limbs in wonted armour; straight, in sheen
Of perfect panoply, the soldiers prest
Beneath their several regencies convene:
Ranged, the hosts join; and to the winds serene
Straight the borne banners all at once are given;
And in the imperial gonfalon is seen
The Cross, triumphantly outspread, and driven
Abroad in waving folds voluminous to heaven.

Meanwhile the sun in the celestial fields
Perpetually advancing, rose in height,
And struck from pointed helms and bossy shields;
Clear, trembling lustres that torment the sight;
The broad air burns with glory, like a bright

And boundless conflagration; neighings shrill,
From fierce steeds ramping in their wild delight,
Mix with the sound of smitten steel, and fill
The deafened country round, hill answering loud to hill.

The prudent chief, to guard from ambuscade
His marching army, sent a troop before,
Of light-armed horse, with orders to invade
The hollow woods, and each strange place explore;
And first the pioneers advancing, bore
Their instruments, whereby the rugged way
Gives easy access; rivers are bridged o'er,
Dells filled, mounts levelled; shaggy woods display
Their tracks, and each close pass admits the lively day.

There are no moated towers, no massy woods,
No levies gathered by their pagan foes,
Nor bursting streams, nor Alpine solitudes,
To countervail their course, or interpose
Cause of delay: thus in his grandeur flows
The King of Floods, when proudly he disdains
His liminary shores,—the torrent grows,
Swells o'er its ruined banks, and to the plains
Roaring sweeps down, nor aught its headlong wrath re-
strains."

The following stanza is beautifully soft and flowing:—

"Low accents, plaintive whispers, groans profound,
Sighs of a people that in gladness grieves,
And melancholy murmurs float around,
Till the sad air a thrilling sound receives,
Like that which sobs amidst the dying leaves,
When with autumnal winds the forest waves;
Or dash of an insurgent sea that heaves
On lonely rocks, or locked in winding caves,
Hoarse through their hollow aisles in wild low cadence
raves."

The Italian reader may here find much enjoyment in comparing this exquisite stanza of Tasso with the appalling strains of Dante's *Inferno*, canto iii.

"Quivi sospiri, pianti, ed alti gual
Risonavan per l' aer senza stelle,
Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,
Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira,
Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle."

Nothing can be more finished than the description of Erminia at night.

"On high were the clear stars: the gentle Hours
Walked cloudless through the galaxy of space,
And the calm moon rose, lighting up the flowers
With froth of living pearl: like her in grace,
The enamoured maid from her illumined face
Reflected light where'er she chanced to rove;
And made the silent spirit of the place,
The hills, the melancholy moon above,
And the dumb valleys round, familiar of her love."

Compare with this, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act i. scene 1:—

"When Phoebe doth behold
Her silver image in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass."

The stanza immediately following—

"Poi, rimirando il campo, ella dice:
O belle agli occhi miei tende latine,
Aura spira da voi, che mi recrea,"—

might, not improbably, be in the mind of Gray when he wrote his beautiful and affecting Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College:

"Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!

I feel the gales that from you blow
A momentary bliss bestow."

The opening of canto vii. (to the twentieth stanza) is rendered *con amore* by Mr. Wiffen. It is too long for insertion; but the reader will peruse it with great delight. The twentieth stanza will remind him of Pope's fine passage—

"If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs," &c.

In stanza 55 of the same canto, the last two lines are beautiful:

"His dirge was chanted by the whispering wave,
And the gray rustling woods sang requiem o'er his grave."
But, alas! what is there of all this in the original?

"E portai meco l' arme, e lasciai cura
C' avesse degno onor di sepoltura."

As our quotations have been so considerable that our readers may already exclaim, *Claudite jam rivus*, we can only recommend the whole of the thirteenth canto as executed with great energy and power.

Galileo, in his Letter to Francesco Rinuccini, expresses with great unction his preference of Ariosto to Tasso. We incline, however, to the more deliberate verdict of Metastasio in favour of the *Gerusalemme Liberata*; and we cordially rejoice that this noble poem has at length been so faithfully made "English poetry."

It is with great reluctance we turn from the contemplation of passages so beautiful; and with the more reluctance, because we have now before us the unpleasing task of stating objections. Impartiality, however, requires this; and we proceed to it in a spirit of more than mere good-will to Mr. Wiffen—of cordial gratitude for the magnificent regale which he has spread before us:—

"A table richly spread, in regal mode—
And all the while harmonious airs were heard
Of chiming strings, or charming pipes."
Par. Reg. book ii.

But gratitude itself calls upon us to point out a few particulars, in which a performance, already so excellent, may, in a new edition, (which must soon be called for), be rendered still more perfect.

Now and then, the desire of ornament has been carried too far:—canto 12, stanza liv., "dark abbeas," "Gothic shrine," "lift thy cowl," are phrases in false taste, and not warranted by the Italian. The same remarks will apply to the first stanza of canto xv., at the words

"ere yet the sun has told
His rosary on the eastern hills."

How much better the simplicity of the original!—

"Prima che 'l di che spunta, omal più s' erga."

In canto xii., after the three beautiful stanzas 64, 65, 66, comes the 67th, in which we are compelled to except against the line

"God, for thy mercy! 'tis her angel face!"

as too laboured, too visible an effort, to be pathetic. It must be owned, the beauty of the Italian is hard to attain:

"La vide, e la conobbe; e restò senza
E voce e moto. Ah! vista! ah! conoscenza!"

In a few instances the sense of the original has not been correctly given. Canto i. stanza 26, "the brilliant by-word" does not well express "quel sì chiaro rimbombo." Canto v. stanza 58, "in no imprudent flight" does not give the sense of "immantamente il passo torse." Canto vi. stanza 2, the words "intolerable moments" are not faithful to the original. "Intollerante" is applied to Argantes; the "impatient Argantes." Canto vi. stanza 111, "intelligential" is neither happy in itself, nor faithful to the "prontissimo" of the original.

Canto xii. stanza 41,

"No, not if I knew
That Death, with that fierce visage which strikes fear
Into the hearts of men, would dog me as a deer."

This is not faithful to Tasso, nor equal to him:—

"Non, se la Morte nel più fier sembiante
Che sgomenta i mortali, avessi, avanti."

A few words and phrases may be noted as objectionable:—"breme" may be fairly questioned, notwithstanding the authority of Spenser. "Abysmal" is unwarranted. "To admiration," "in extenuation," "sentiments," and even "gruff," (notwithstanding the authority of Dryden) are too familiar. "Areed" is to advise, direct: we doubt the propriety of "ared," as used in canto iv. stanza 90.

We have now only room to take our leave of Mr. Wiffen, and of this beautiful edition, with repeated thanks for the gratification he has afforded us, with sincere admiration of his genius, and the most cordial anticipation of his continued and increasing popularity.

Having referred to Mr. Wiffen's interesting Memoir of Tasso, it is rather a fortunate coincidence that we have just received the following letter, which throws a new light upon the most important and controverted point in the poet's life. The Society alluded to is the *Accademia Pontoniana*.

Naples, March 10, 1830.

At the last meeting of this Society some interesting holographs were read, tending to throw a new and unexpected light on the subject of the pretended insanity of the equally celebrated and unfortunate Tasso. The first paper read at the Academy bears marks of having been torn by two persons struggling to keep possession of it, and on it is the following note, in writing considered to belong to the beginning of the seventeenth century. "It is thought that these verses, found among the writings of Tasso, or torn from his hands, and presented to the duke, were the cause of the duel and of his misfortunes." In the verses themselves, it may be seen that the words *amore*, *rossore*, have been substituted instead of *core*, *pudore*.

Quando sarà che d' Eleonora mia
Possa godere in libertade amore?
Ah pitoso il destin, tanto mi dia!
Addio cetra, addio lauri, addio rossore!

As a poetical version might affect the sense, I merely turn it into prose.

When will it be, that of my Eleanor
I may enjoy in liberty the love?
Ah, pitous destiny, grant me so much!
Farewell lyre, farewell laurels, farewell shame!

Of the second holograph four verses only have been made public.

Perchè mi spugli ove il bel viso, adorno
D' ogni dono del ciel, più me non cura?
Veggio lo scritto ancor, l' acciaio, il giorno
In che un sol fallo ogni mia gloria oscura.

Why urge me where the visage fair, adorned
With every gift of heaven, loves me no more?
I see the writing still, the sword, the day
When one sole fault my every fame obscured.

By comparing these passages with the lines published by Signor Betti in 1827, it will appear plausible, I think, that Tasso was neither mad nor criminal; but that he was a poet who sunk under the meddling malignity of a courtier, and the credulity of a duke.

Flamma d' amor che mi divora il petto,
Spegni una volta il tuo fatale ardore:
Libertade perdi, e d' intelletto
Privo mi; vuol l' tratto mio signore!
Ah, flame of love that dost devour my breast,
Oh quench at last thy fatal heat:
My liberty I lost, and of intellect
I am deprived; so wills my angry lord!

If, nearly three centuries after the calumny, the honour of Tasso can be cleared, the fact would seem to shew that the errors of princes can neither be excused by contemporary adulation, nor disguised by persevering misrepresentation, nor even lost in the dust and oblivion of ages.

Four Years' Residence in the West Indies.

By F. W. N. Bayley. 8vo. pp. 693. London, 1830. W. Kidd.

Four years' residence in the West Indies has enabled our youthful and clever author to produce a book at once amusing and valuable—amusing from his lively (perhaps rather flip-pant) manner, and valuable from his judicious information. Indeed, we are highly pleased with a work which, in some points, refutes the proverb, that it is impossible to clap an old head upon young shoulders; for Mr. Bayley has so well employed his time between the age of eighteen and twenty-two as to entitle himself to the praise of judgment as well as boyish activity and vivacity. The latter, as we have hinted, might have been advantageously

restrained a little, in a few instances; but after all, there is a pleasant infection in good spirits, and we would infinitely rather travel with any author than a dull one.

We will pass by the voyage from England to Barbadoes (or Barbados, as Mr. B. spells it), and come at once to the landing.

"As this was the first time our captain had taken a vessel to Barbados, he made a signal for a pilot; and accordingly a black man, professing himself to be such, came on board. He was an African of ferocious aspect, and certainly not formed to create a very favourable opinion of his race in the minds of those who saw him. He took possession of the vessel with as much importance as if he had been a fine, rough, old English seaman, bearing up Channel. 'Vell, captain,' said he, 'so you have had a fine passage: I hope de ladies below are vell; if you hab no jection I will drink deir health.' Accordingly he had a glass of grog given him, and then turned to work. 'What de debil are you at dere in de fore-top? Com down dere; I want to put about; don't you see de vind blow?' and then turning to the man at the helm—'vy you no teer teady? Got tam you, sir,—vy you no teer teady, I say!' On hearing these expressions, I said to a negro, to whom I was paying three halfpence for a pineapple, 'Is that fellow free?' 'No, massa,' was the reply; and on inquiry, I have since learnt that he belongs to a gentleman in the country, to whom he pays eight dollars a month, out of above five and twenty, which he contrives to earn by fishing and piloting, and lives like a prince on the rest. This was the first instance I saw of the hardships of slavery!"

From this intimation it may be gathered, that the writer is not one of those who saw nothing but negro oppression and misery in the West Indies. On the contrary, though an advocate for gradual emancipation, he draws, on the whole, a favourable picture of the condition of the slave population; and his testimony is entitled to the more attention, as being the son of a military officer, and utterly unconnected with planters, he could have no bias to warp his views on this momentous question. We shall copy a few particulars respecting the Colville estate, which may be taken as a sample of the first impressions made on Mr. Bayley's mind, and of the actual state of the negroes in Barbadoes, as well as other islands.

"Mr. Merrythought (the manager) led the way to the houses of the slaves, through a very beautiful avenue of palm and cocoa-nut trees; and the huts themselves were built amongst a quantity of other trees, and surrounded by a copse of the richest and most variegated foliage. When we entered this little shrubbery, I found the huts as far from what I expected as the little dwellings themselves were from the north pole. The greater number of them were built of wattling, lined on the inside with a plaster of clay, and roofed with a thatchwork of palm or cocoa-nut branches: some, however, were of wood, and others had shingled roofs. In my description of the Barbadian houses, I omitted to mention, that American shingles were the materials generally used for roofing, instead of tiles or slates. Each hut was divided into two rooms; the one a bedroom, and the other a hall; which, in the West Indies, is synonymous with parlour. These chambers are furnished with necessary conveniences; one, containing a bed and table, is the sleeping room allotted to the parents; and the hall, which is usually a long bench, such as may be seen in

a military guard-house, on which the young children, if there be any, take their nightly rest. I also observed that none of these little dwellings were without their household gods, in numbers proportionate to the circumstances of their owners; these consisted of a cup and saucer, a mug or two, a knife and fork, a tin can, a pail which contained the water, and some half dozen of calabashes. A calabash in shape somewhat resembles a gourd, although it sometimes grows to a much larger size; it contains a milky pith, full of seeds, which the negroes scoop clean out of a small hole, which they cut in the top; it then serves as a bottle to contain rum, &c.; or by sawing it in half, they are provided with two vessels, which answer the purposes of basins or dishes. These calabashes are sometimes dyed by the slaves, who carve figures on them with a regularity and order that display much cleverness and ingenuity. But to return to the huts. I observed that some of them were furnished much better than others; and this I believe arose rather from the disposition of their owners to be neat and cleanly, than from their superiority of privileges over the other slaves. The mechanics of the estate, however, such as masons, coopers, carpenters, &c., have certainly an opportunity, from the knowledge of their trade, of making their abodes more comfortable and convenient than the rest. One I particularly remarked, which contained a neat four-post bedstead, of polished hard wood of the country, somewhat resembling cedar; on which was a good mattress stuffed with dried plantain leaves, with bolster and pillows: there was also a little shelf, on which stood a basin and a jug; a wooden chair, and a box, painted green, for containing the wearing apparel. The hall was furnished with half a dozen chairs and two tables; on one of these stood a pair of decanters, with some tumblers and wine glasses, and about eight cups and saucers of different patterns; while on a shelf above were ranged some dozen of plates and dishes. There were two framed pictures hanging in the room, and many more without frames, pasted against the walls. The negroes cook their little messes before their doors, in stewpans, which, by the way, are very commodious articles. To each hut is attached a small garden, which is generally pretty well cultivated, for the slaves have always time to attend to their little portions of ground; they grow yams, taniers, plantains, bananas, sweet potatoes, okros, pine-apples, and Indian corn; and the luxuriant foliage that shades their little dwellings from the burning rays and scorching heat of a tropic sun, usually consists of trees that bear sweet and pleasant fruits, such as the mango, the Java plum, the bread-fruit, the soursop, the sapadillo, the pomegranate, &c., and other grateful and delicious fruits, with which nature has so bountifully stocked the West India Islands. In every garden I observed a hencoop, which formed a receptacle for some half dozen of fowls, and in many a pigsty that might have contained a pair of those great grunting gormandisers, yclept pig and boar (of which it is a bore to read), lying on a litter of straw, and surrounded by another litter of those sweet, soothing, sensitive, and sagacious sucklers, which are said to resemble a fortnight, because they go week week, and are the only jewels which a Jew may not touch. There were also near each hut, goats tied under the shade of some tree or other, and feeding on the green herbage that grew around it: I observed, that while the kids were grazing or taking a nap, an old negro woman was stationed near, to watch

that they were not kidnapped. Mr. Merrythought now thought that I was growing too merry on a serious subject, and accordingly proposed that we should leave the huts, and proceed to the hospital, or, as it was called by the negroes, the sickhouse."

This place is under excellent regulations, and every attention is paid to the invalids, in whose recovery interest as well as humanity is concerned. An account of Codrington College, the only institution in the West Indies for the education of slave children, is introduced with great propriety, as are also details of the Charaib war in St. Vincent's, and of a visit to Mount Souffriere, an extensive, though now, happily, extinct volcano, in the same island. We conclude, however, with a few miscellaneous extracts.

"Literature (we are told) in the West Indies is at a low ebb. Booksellers are hardly known, and books little patronised. Reading is by no means a favourite amusement among the inhabitants. Many of the planters and private gentlemen have tolerable libraries, and superb bookcases to contain them; but I am inclined to think that the valuable volumes, cased, as they generally are, in gilt calf or Russia, are more for ornament than use; they contribute to furnish the rooms, but very little to improve the understanding of the West Indians: the fact is, the climate is too hot for study, and their minds are too much fatigued with the cares of business to lead them to seek for relaxation in any but very light reading, and very little even of that. Were I asked, I should give it as my opinion, that the coloured people read more than any other class of inhabitants in the Antilles. They have an innate desire for information, and a wish to acquire knowledge, which is always most praiseworthy, and very often most successful. The publications printed in the West Indies are seldom any other than newspapers and almanacs. Of the former, there are usually two published in each island; though in Jamaica, Barbados, and the larger colonies, there are perhaps more. In these the leading articles are some of them well written, the political remarks strong and independent, and the general arrangement of matter often considerable, and seldom uninteresting. The standard of talent, however, varies greatly in the different islands; and there are a few that display a vast superiority over the rest. Among these I think I may number the St. Vincent Gazette, by Drape, in which the articles are generally as well written as they are badly printed, exposing vast talent but little care; and the St. George's Chronicle, in which both care and talent are mingled to a very creditable degree. The almanacs are commonly of two kinds; one printed on a sheet for pasting up in the counting-houses of the merchants, and one in a small volume,—containing a good deal of useful information,—for the pocket. The almanacs published in Grenada are the most perfect that have yet appeared, both for the elegance of their typography and the usefulness of their contents: that printed by Baker is illustrated by a neat lithographic drawing, and he deserves great credit for having been the first to produce one with such an embellishment. I have often thought that a good monthly periodical would do well in the West Indies; but I have been told, that where the attempt has been made, it has usually proved unsuccessful, from having fallen into personalities, so generally disliked, and yet so difficult to be avoided in a small community. I believe there are a few book-societies in the

Antilles, founded for the very laudable purpose of procuring from England, for the amusement of the fair Creoles, all the new novels of the day.

"*Les beaux arts* are entirely neglected in the West Indies; sculpture and painting are strangers in the tropics. The magnificent scenery and splendid views of the western isles are left undelineated by the pencil of the artist, though they might adorn his portfolio and establish his fame. By the way, I wish some good miniature painter would find his way into those hot regions. The inhabitants, particularly the more sable ones, would hail him as the 'god of their idolatry;' he would get enough to employ his time for years; he would have the pleasing task of taking some most beautiful likenesses, and the yet more delightful occupation of receiving joes and doubloons from half the population of the Antilles. A good landscape painter, a clever engraver on copper or in mezzotinto, and a lithographic establishment, are also much wanted."

"*Droll Sayings.*—The blacks are a curious race, and they make use of most unaccountable expressions. My first servant in Barbados always replied to me when I scolded him, which was pretty often:—'Don't fret, Massa, don't fret; dat no good.' They also apply the term 'curse' to censure of the slightest kind. I once heard a free African call a young slave a 'wicked little picaninny,' as it appeared to me in joke, and I was astonished at her answer. 'You curse me, eh? you curse me;—you dam Guinea nigger!—You Willyforce-congo! I make you sabe how for you curse me;—and hereat she took up a brickbat, and having thrown it at his head, which had it struck it would have broken, ran away as fast as her legs could carry her. This child was about ten years old. Another slave, a young man, who had attempted to cut off his hand, that he might escape future labour, gave the following reason for so doing. 'Massa, you know sabe de parson say, If your right hand fend you, cut um off.' Fancy the cunning of the fellow!

"*Obeah*, or the detestable practice of spells, formerly existed to a great degree among the negroes, but it is now fast disappearing, and I have no doubt will shortly be extinct. It was first introduced into our colonies by the Africans, who have their minds filled with superstition. The many who once executed these spells were called Obi people, and pretended to be able to cause the death of all those who offended them, by catching their shadows. Had they only pretended, it would have been well; but their pretensions were often fatally put into practice, and the number of negroes lost on the various estates, in the different islands, rendered it necessary that the legislature should take it into consideration. There is no doubt but that the catching the shadows of their victims, or holding them spell-bound, was only a false pretence invented by the Obi men for murdering them by sinister means. Mr. Barclay, who was present at the trial of a notorious Obeah man on a plantation in Jamaica, tells us that 'one of the witnesses, a negro belonging to the same estate, was asked, 'Do you know the prisoner to be an Obeah man?' 'Ees, Massa; shadow-catcher truc.' 'What do you mean by a shadow-catcher?' 'Him ha coffin' (a little coffin produced) 'him set for catch dem shadow.' 'What shadow do you mean?' 'When him set obeah for summary' (somebody), 'him catch dem shadow and dem go dead;' and too surely they were soon dead when he pretended to have caught their shadows, by whatever means

it was effected.' When this practice was found to be attended with such dreadful consequences, the governments of the several islands, after discouraging it by every means in their power, made it punishable by death. This salutary law has effectually limited the occurrence of obeh: the yearly decrease of Africans in the colonies lessens the prevalence of superstition; and the light of religion, which is every where dispelling the gloom of ignorance, among many other evils will remedy this."

In conclusion, we have only to notice the most useful and the most ornamental portions of this volume: the first consisting of concise chronologies and statistics of the various islands, from their discovery to the present time; and the second of a number of well-executed lithographic embellishments. In both these respects the author deserves our praise; and the whole *mélange* he has presented, (heterogeneous, with light reading, poetry, &c., though it occasionally is), will, we are persuaded, be favourably received by the public in general.

The Life of Alexander Alexander. Written by Himself, and edited by John Howell, Author of "Journal of a Soldier," "Life of John Nicol," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. 1830. Edinburgh, Blackwood: London, Cadell.

WHEN we say these volumes are published by an act of kindness on the part of their booksellers, as a last resource to a destitute and unfortunate man, who has passed through a series of hardship and calamity rarely, we hope, concentrated in one life, we say enough to shew that our critical seat is vacant for the time, and that we appeal not so much to the judgment as to the best and most humane feelings of our readers. An illegitimate child, exposed from his birth to neglect, insult, and ill-usage, his faults those of a temper at once too hasty and yet timid, are the inevitable growth of such circumstances; and every page of his miserable existence is a bitter lesson.

Viewing the work apart, it has much both of interest and amusement; the scenes lie in various parts,—Ceylon, the West Indies, and South America,—and from his account of the latter we shall make some selections: we begin with his description of Bolivar.

"He is a native of Caracas, where he had extensive property at this time in the hands of the Spaniards. His height is about five feet eight, and he is well proportioned. Though a full white, his face was bronzed or weather-beaten, but very intelligent, full and round, with a natural smile, that rendered it pleasing without hurting that air of superiority which lurked in a dark and intelligent eye, the angry glance of which was benumbing. This eye enlivened a studious cast of countenance, whether natural or acquired I cannot say. He appeared the accomplished gentleman in all his actions. He waltzed beautifully. He was of sober and abstemious habits, and spoke gracefully and well to the point; his proclamations were numerous, and well adapted to their purpose. He spoke little in company, and had a great dislike to tipplers, babblers, idlers, gamblers, and duellists. He allowed the English to fight duels, but any American who fought was shot for the offence. He took a great deal of exercise, often walking and riding. He was very fond of the English, often talked about England, and placed much confidence in the British, holding out liberal encouragement to all adventurers; but giving at the same time a general order, that no foreigner was to be kept against his will, and that every one was to have his passport to return to his country when

he chose. Out of policy and regard to Britain he pardoned many villains, giving them passports and rations until they embarked, and even money to carry them off; yet others who left the country had to fight their way in the best manner they could. I was a witness to an instance of his clemency:—a Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, who had been up the country with Paez, then commander-in-chief, was a spy to the Spaniards, and in communication with General Murillo; he entered into an intrigue to overthrow Bolivar and the Republic, by sowing dissension between the rulers. His plan was to disgrace Bolivar; and by working on the foibles of the British, he soon got them to declare for Paez. When all was ripe, he had the assurance to go to Paez and propose to him to be supreme ruler and to supersede Bolivar; which Paez, to defeat his object, agreed to, and a proclamation was issued to the British, and the army, to acknowledge Paez as the supreme chief and captain-general of the armies of the Republic. This they had been prepared for; Colonel Wilson had only to come down to Angustura, and take up with him all the British to the Apure, under the pretence of strengthening the army;—all this was to be kept secret from Bolivar. Wilson came down, and the report was soon spread abroad, that all the foreigners in Angustura were to go up with him to join the army of the Apure. But Paez, as soon as Wilson left him, sent down a boat with information of the design to Bolivar. Wilson was still going backward and forward to Bolivar on the most friendly terms, and dining with him. The first time he entered after the arrival of the message from Paez, Bolivar being reclined in his hammock, received him without any apparent change of manner, and desired him to come and sit down by him; when they entered into conversation, as if Bolivar knew nothing of his nefarious designs. After a short time spent in this manner, Bolivar, without any apparent emotion, drew the packet from his pocket which contained the irrefragable proofs of his baseness, and told him to look at it and inform him if he knew any thing of its contents. Wilson was immediately put into close confinement, when we all looked for his being shot; but in a little time he was sent off to old Guiana, a prisoner at large, until shipped off to the West Indies; and I believe he had money to carry him off. Bolivar said, 'I forgive you for the sake of your country; you have it to thank for life, and not me, sir.'"

He gives a most wretched account of the English adventurers.

"By this time the enthusiasm of the adventurers had almost evaporated. At their first arrival, their toasts in drinking were, 'The cause, the glorious cause, success to the cause,—Bolivar, and the glorious cause in which we are embarked!' and they thought of nothing but parading the streets in their military attire, and admiring themselves. The toasts were now forgot, feathers, epaulets, pistols, and books, were all gone to purchase bread. As their misery thickened, their nature soured, and foolish duels became frequent, two and three of a morning. Many of them were in the hospital with severe pistol wounds, and almost neglected. Their only consolation was, 'Well, it shews I am no coward.'"

Of General Paez, at Cojeral, we find the following:

"Here we supped with the general, and messed with him the two days we remained. His marquee was quite temporary, being poles stuck in the ground, with others laid across to

form the top, and thatched with leaves, both sides and top. The whole furniture consisted of a small table, one chair and form, his hammock, and a pocket-knife. Our mess was as simple as the marquee; the beef was roasted on a pole, stuck first through it, then upright into the ground, and a fire being kindled, it was turned round occasionally until well enough done. In this manner the cooking was going on all through the camp. A trumpet was sounded, the signal for those officers who messed with the general, his staff and others invited, to assemble, when all stood around and cut off for himself. There were not above two or three pocket-knives amongst the whole; but they accommodated each other, and then used only their teeth and fingers until satisfied. Paez sat on his hammock, one or two on the form; a little cassada, and a few roasted plantains, sliced on a plate on the table, the beef being stuck in the ground still on the spit. It was just a little crowd,—all quiet and busy eating. They did this pretty fast, and were soon done with it. The beef was excellent, and all were healthy and hearty-looking. As soon as we were done eating all retired. At the commencement of this scene, the rifle officer and myself were much astonished, and somewhat abashed; yet we could not help smiling as our eyes met. The space being crowded and inconvenient, I stood close to the general's left, and my companion next me. I felt awkward and bashful at helping myself and the other officer, as he made me cut for him. Paez and other officers observed our involuntary smile. I saw he was not pleased, though by this time he knew a good deal of the English character. He asked me in English, 'Is that good beef?' In my confusion I only heard distinctly the word beef, and as the French is *boeuf*, I thought he had spoken in French. I replied, '*Oui, Monsieur, il fait très bon boeuf.*' '*Parlez-vous Français?*' he said. '*Oui, Monsieur.*' He then helped us to a slice or two, cut by himself, saying, '*Mangez, Anglais, mangez,*' and gave us one glass of grog each, but no one else. We had our billet under a tree, along with the two sergeants, and when the trumpet again sounded, we two officers were invited to the same scene. Paez is a stout, active-looking little man, with a pleasing and very expressive countenance; he is a good musician and dancer, fearless and brave to excess; but rash to a fault, rushing into battle pell-mell, with no idea but that of overturning all opposed to him by mere animal force. Yet his feelings were very acute; and he grieved much after a great slaughter, even of his enemies, and became subject to severe epileptic fits. He had fought many successful battles, but he could not calculate the effect of evolutions like Bolivar. He was no politician, only a plain, fighting man, whose talent lay in rushing on to battle. He was quite void of learning, being able neither to read nor write. With much care he could just manage to scrawl P-a-e-z on the official papers that were presented to him; but his heart and soul were in the cause he had espoused."

Of the people of Margareta, the author speaks very favourably.

"I must acknowledge they were the most devoted people to their cause I ever saw, brave to temerity, and unmindful of privations in the patriotic cause. I have not a doubt that they would have died to a man rather than have submitted to an enemy. On the appearance of danger all were alert. To prevent surprise, signal posts were erected throughout the whole island. Three guns fired in instant succession

was the signal for an enemy's fleet in sight. At different times it surprised me to see with what pleasing alacrity these people, all through the island, both on the mountains and in the valleys, left their different employments or started from their hammocks: on a gun being heard every ear was on the stretch for the second and third, to repair to their respective stations; while the women and children were as ready to take refuge in the mountains. These alarms always ended in a hearty cursing of the Gourdas, and a wish they would land, to add to their piles of skulls. In their military appearance they were very poor, neither was etiquette observed in their guards, for they were to be seen lying and loitering all about, sporting and gambling, the sentinels standing long on their arms; when the governor or any principal officer passed, they just came to the shoulder, and looked him in the face. The inhabitants are remarkably sober and abstemious, so much so, that I never saw one of them the worse of liquor; as for food, the poorer classes can subsist with exemplary patience on what a European would account nothing. I have seen the young men go down to the river with a mama apple or two, eat them, seated on a rock, then take a hearty draught of water, and rise content and cheerful; they are equally patient under privations of every kind, cheering each other with the cry, 'Live the Republic!' or, 'It is for the good of the Republic.' They are naturally abstemious, though there is abundance of food on the island; deer are plentiful, and rabbits abound; and are in my opinion much sweeter than those of Europe, all except the belly, which is bitter, and always cast away by the natives. Partridges are in abundance; they have plenty of fowls in a domestic state, and hogs; cows and sheep are scarce; yet fish is the food of which they are fondest; and like the inhabitants on the Main, they use the soup of the fish, while they throw away the soup of the beef; so partial are they to fish, that the inhabitants of the mountainous parts come down to the shores to purchase them; the seas all round the island supply the greatest abundance, both of shell and other fish, all of which the inhabitants use, except eels, which they abhor, calling them serpents and devils, believing them to be poisonous; yet when they found that the British used them, they were caught and sold to them. So clannish are these people, that in the market where they sold their fish, none were parted with to any of us, until all the natives were supplied, even though a greater price was offered; so that we had often none, except the eels, and, at the best, only the refuse. The fish called the king-fish is most excellent and light on the stomach, so that a great deal of it may be eaten with impunity; it resembles much the salmon in shape and taste. They even eat the dog-fish; but it is coarse, and therefore salted and given to the working people when employed on the estates. There being no slaves, the people go for day's wages and food, like the peasantry of Europe; the wages are in general a pacetta, or about one shilling per day; and faithful patient labourers they are."

The volumes close with an account of the writer's most wretched situation. Friendless, penniless, broken down in health and spirits, his last remaining hope is in the sale of this work, which, much to his credit, Mr. Blackwood has enabled him to lay before the public:—it is an appeal to their humanity, and we need say no more to recommend it to our readers.

The Nature and Properties of the Sugar Cane; with Practical Directions for the Improvement of its Culture, and the Manufacture of its Products. By G. K. Porter. 8vo. pp. 388. London, 1830. Smith, Elder, and Co.

TAKING into consideration the mercantile and political importance of our West India possessions, and the great amount of British capital invested in colonial agriculture, it is somewhat remarkable, that until the volume before us, which has just issued from the press, we have met with no work worthy of the name of a treatise on the culture of the sugar-cane, and the preparation of its products for the European market.

Mr. Porter has treated the subject both as a scientific and practical man. He shews how much latitude there is for farther improvements in the management of West India estates. Instead of employing, as formerly, persons entirely ignorant of chemical and agricultural science, we are happy to learn that the day has dawned, when the advantages of chemical and mechanical improvements in the useful arts are likely to be as fully appreciated in our colonies as in the mother country.

The author gives a rapid historical sketch of the introduction of the sugar-cane into the southern portions of Europe. He shews, from good authority, that this valuable plant was known to the Chinese, if not to the Bengalese, many centuries previous to its importation into the western world; and that its products formed a very extensive article of commerce, under the term of "India salt," supposed to be crystallised sugar or sugar-candy. Whether the Portuguese introduced the sugar-cane into the West Indies from their East India settlements, or whether they carried the plants from Madeira or Sicily, is a matter of doubt; but the whole of the West India Islands appear to have been indebted for their staple article of culture to the enterprise of the Portuguese during the latter portion of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries. The first growth of the cane in the islands subject to Great Britain was about the year 1640 or 1641, when it was brought to Barbadoes from the coast of Brazil. It was afterwards speedily spread throughout all the West India Islands.

According to Mr. Porter, there are not fewer than five or six varieties of the sugar-cane, differing no less in the quantity and quality of their products, than in the size and altitude of the plant in different plantations. A light brick earth, or clay and sand loam, is considered by the author as the most favourable soil for this valuable plant. It grows most luxuriantly in the alluvial or savannah lands; but the quality of the juice is less saccharine than in the more elevated districts, where the cane is smaller, and more exposed to the action of the sun. Very wet seasons, as might be expected, diminish the value of the crop more than one half. From being a highly succulent plant, it requires considerable moisture in its early stages, yet the full development of the saccharine principle needs a moderately dry season, and the action of an unclouded sun. One of the chief impediments to the full cultivation of many sugar estates is the difficulty of providing manure adequate to the exhausting nature of the crop.

It appears from Mr. Porter, that the variety of cane brought from the island of Otaheite not only arrives at maturity in about ten months, or from four to six months less time than the ordinary cane; but that it also with-

stands excessive drought in a remarkable degree, and contains less colouring matter in the juice. This variety, however, from being more tender in the plant, is not able to withstand the hurricanes which sometimes devastate whole plantations in the West India Islands. On one of the best plantations in the island of Jamaica, the author states, that the average produce of eleven years gave, for every 100 gallons of cane juice, 108 pounds of sugar; or, 122 the maximum, and 96 the minimum, for each 100 gallons. But in some other islands, more especially in unfavourable seasons, cane juice will not give more than two thirds of this quantity of sugar.

The distinctions which the author, in the following passage, endeavours to draw between the mucilaginous and saccharine principles of the sugar-cane are somewhat obscure—

"The juice of canes just arrived at their full growth is in the sweet mucous state: this, when clarified and concentrated, assumes a very deep brown colour, and becomes syrup of very thick consistency. If the heat applied be greater than 221° Fah., it will be decomposed. If the juice be expressed from the cane while maturing, the mucous juice is then in the saccharine state; and when clarified and concentrated produces syrup of a very deep colour and thick consistence: it can scarcely support 225° Fah. without decomposition, while the mucous juice, in the state of essential salt, remains undecomposed at the heat of 260°, and pure sugar will bear exposure to 300°, and even higher, without injury. It can now be easily perceived how greatly the presence of *sweet and saccharine juices* is injurious to the manufacture of sugar, when, as is now always the case, degrees of heat are used sufficiently high to decompose them. The mucilage is more or less abundant, according to the nature of the cane, and the situation in which it grows."

Mr. Porter might just as well have told us, in a few words, that all plants which produce saccharine fruits or juices are, in their earlier stages, mucilaginous; and that a process nearly analogous to vinous fermentation dissipates the excess of watery and carbonaceous matter, leaving the saccharine or valuable principle in more or less purity.

The following extract from the work affords a gratifying proof of the superiority of scientific cultivation and manufacture in the British colonies as compared with the management of sugar estates in some other districts:—"We have already mentioned the Brazils as having furnished to the English colonists their first lesson in the art of making sugar. From what we can learn, this art is now altogether in the hands of uneducated people in that country; and it is doubtful whether any improvements have been adopted by them, or if the principles which should govern the manufacturer in his operations are better understood by the Brazilians at the present day than they were by those from whom, nearly two centuries ago, the cane was procured by the English settlers in Barbadoes. The export trade of Brazil in sugar has always been very considerable; and, as we have seen, the markets of Europe were at one time almost wholly supplied from that country. The rum made in Brazil is said to be of execrable quality, and altogether unfit for exportation." The inferior quality of the Brazilian spirit is probably owing to the dirty habits of the natives in superintending the fermentation of the refuse sugar, *must*, or wash; since there is no reason to doubt, that with so fine a climate as Brazil, and such a luxuriant soil for tropical plants, that sugar canes

might be raised, equal in saccharine properties to the best plantations of Jamaica or Antigua.

Another extract from the appendix of Mr. Porter's work shews that he is no less an attentive observer of the animal economy than of vegetable economy in tropical climates. "From the tables published by our friend Dr. Jackson, an inference may be drawn, that an excess of the action of solar light and heat on the human body shews its morbid power more particularly in deranging those functions of life which are connected with the liver in the white race of mankind, while any considerable diminution in the intensity of these natural agents acts with comparatively greater morbid influence in deranging those vital functions which are connected with the lungs of the dark-skinned race of men. The effects of a diminution of solar light and heat on the lungs of monkeys, and of an excess thereof on the wool of sheep, are well known. But whatever may be the result as to the effect on human life, there cannot be any doubt but that some agent of nature acts in the West Indies more powerfully than in our climate, in producing such enormous masses of vegetable matter from comparatively small portions of soil; which, on analysis, does not appear to contain the principles of fertility in a much greater degree than our own. To discover in what this agency consists, is surely an object worthy of the pursuit of a liberal mind; and the investigation is therefore recommended to the scientific planter, who may peruse this note." To which excellent recommendation we beg to say Amen.

The work contains several well-executed plates of sections of the sugar-cane, and of the machinery employed in the manufacture of sugar and distillation of rum. The latter process appears to have been recently much improved by an invention, devised by the author, for regulating the degree of heat. The observations on refining sugar appear to us extremely judicious; and we can, altogether, recommend the volume as a most valuable addition to the library of the home West India merchant, as well as that of the resident planter.*

Remarks on Nervous and Mental Disorders, &c. By David Uwins, M.D. pp. 41. London, 1830. Underwoods.

A RECENT trial on lunacy excited a good deal of conversation, both in professional and literary circles; and, from the talents of a distinguished advocate employed in the cause, as well as from a vast load of ignorant prejudice, there fell no little odium on the medical men who gave their evidence in favour of the commission. To us it seemed, even at that time, somewhat extraordinary, that ten or fifteen gentlemen of eminence in their profession should be found so destitute of judgment as to present a unanimous coincidence of error, or so devoid of humanity as to endanger a fellow-creature's happiness and liberty, from the mere pride of maintaining an obstinate opinion. Yet the silence of the profession on the subject, their apparent insensibility to the serious charge of ignorance or cruelty, carried with it something ominous. With many points of defence, no one was found to undertake a cause of easy advocacy—a cause, too, which was the more

likely to become popular, as involving the merits of a question which comes home to the business and bosom of every man; and affording an opportunity of philosophical inquiry, far more interesting than the dry detail of professional technicality. Dr. Uwins, however, has written a pamphlet—and, it seems to us, a very able one—in which he enters, with much literary skill, at any rate, upon the subject of insanity; and, in the controversial parts of his publication, shews the manliness, ingenuity, and eloquence, which, on many occasions, he had already displayed. This pamphlet certainly exhibits the usual characteristics of Dr. Uwins' style; viz. a sifting of both sides of the question, and somewhat of diffidence in pronouncing the fiat of diplomatic opinion, which latter quality claims our respect.

Our limits will not permit us to enter at any great length on an examination of this production; but we cannot omit to notice an important principle laid down by Dr. Uwins; viz. that to study or practise any one branch of the healing art, to the exclusion of all the rest, is at once unscientific and dangerous. The author, from his appointment to the administration of Peckham Asylum, seems rather apprehensive of being styled a mad doctor; but he need never fear being classed in any unworthy association: with the intelligent part of the community—and the opinion of no others is worth having—he has already acquired a reputation, which, we venture to say, the present publication will augment.

Sweepings of Parnassus; a Collection of Poems: with Essays in Prose. By Steropes. London, 1830. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

FOR once we will allow an author to be his own critic, and just quote his self opinion. "On what particular day I was first visited with the *cacoëthes scribendi* I cannot precisely say; but I have no scruple in marking it as one of the most unlucky in my calendar." With this we perfectly agree.

Ranulph de Rohais; a Romance of the Twelfth Century. By the Author of "Tales of a Voyager to the Arctic Ocean." 3 vols. London, 1830. Kidd.

WE liked our author's former work better than we do his present more ambitious effort. The story is long and heavy; and we think he has chosen too early a period for his tale: we know too little of the times he describes, to feel much interest in them. His characters, &c. want that identity which gives such reality to fiction.

The Weird Woman of the Wraagh; or, Burton and Le Moore: an Historical Tale. By Mrs. Coates. 4 vols. London, 1830. Newman and Co.

WE cannot speak very favourably of these pages: much coarse taste is displayed in a complicated tale, told in language often deficient in grammatical correctness.

Robert Montgomery and his Reviewers; with some Remarks on the Present State of English Poetry and the Laws of Criticism. By Edward Clarkson. 12mo. pp. 164. London, Ridgway.

THIS is an able and various pamphlet, discussing the questions at issue between Mr. Robert Montgomery and some of that poet's critics and assailants; and displaying much general acquaintance with, and acuteness in appreciating, the merits and demerits of English poetry and criticism. The writer ranks Montgomery very

high in the scale of genius, and cleverly combats the opinions of those who have endeavoured to represent him as a mere pretender; while the public voice (judged by the unexampled sale of many editions of his productions) has hailed him as a true bard. Having, on every occasion, offered our own sentiments upon his books as they appeared, we need not now repeat them; but content ourselves with warmly recommending Mr. Clarkson's little volume, as a performance of much information and talent, and one worthy of perusal even by those who may differ most widely from the author.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, June 1, 1830.

IN France, the science of musical composition is reduced to mere imitation. The professional fabricator of operas serves the customer, according to his taste, with a dish of Mozart or Rossini, Beethoven or Weber, much in the same manner as the retailer of licensed poison manufactures Medoc or Champagne, Tokay or Lacrymæ Christi.

Guillaume Tell and *La Muette de Portici* are still in favour at the Académie Royale de Musique, the directors of which, it must be confessed, are not idle. *La Bayadère Amoureuse*, a new opera in two acts, by Messieurs Scribe and Auber, is in active rehearsal. *Robert le Diable*, music by Meyerbeer, is also in preparation for the month of August. The opera ballet of *Manon Lescaut* continues to attract crowds. After the departure of the German singers, a series of Italian tragedies, dramas, and comedies, by the most celebrated authors, will be represented at the Italian theatre; an arrangement to that effect having been concluded between M. Laurent the director, and M. Paladini of the Imperial theatre at Milan. Among the performers said to be engaged are several of established reputation in Italy.

From Berlin we hear that Sontag was to set off (May 24) for Warsaw, where the Emperor of Russia is expected, and where the prima donna will probably reap an abundant harvest of crowns, ducats, and diamonds. Indignant as the lady's numerous admirers may feel at the circulation of a recent report with regard to her unfavorable reception in the part of *Donna Anna*, the statement, whether correct or not, was universally credited in Paris. However, it is generally supposed that the disapprobation evinced originated in the malevolence of party spirit; for a prima donna, like a prime minister, must find it a hard task to please every body. The working of the same party spirit on the leaders of "the opposite faction," may account for the silence observed with regard to the occurrence by the Berlin journals that have reached England.

An opera entitled *Algol*, music by Lorentz Schneider, has been represented with complete success at the theatre at Cobourg.

Yesterday evening, a splendid ball, to which three thousand persons had been invited, was given by the Duke of Orleans to the King and Queen of Naples. The gardens of the Palais Royal were brilliantly illuminated. The King of France deviated on this occasion from the usual court etiquette, which forbids the French sovereign to visit even the most illustrious of his subjects, and, in compliment to the royal strangers, honoured the festivities with his presence.

The friend of a well-known personage having expressed his astonishment at the latter's apparent intimacy with certain indi-

* Connected with the subject of sugar manufacturing, the following was forwarded to us last week: it, however, rests only on anonymous authority.—Ed. L. G. "A gentleman in the city, whose attention has been for some time past directed to the refining of sugar, has, we understand, succeeded in discovering a method far superior to the one hitherto in use, by which the expense and trouble of the process will be very materially reduced."

viduals of *not* equivocal character;—"Yes," said the wit, "I always take a knave by the hand, to prevent him from putting it into my pocket."

EAST INDIA REFORMS.

Extract of a Letter from Calcutta, Jan. 3.

OF our new administration I hardly know how to convey to you even a very general idea. The new lord has in him a great deal that is very good, and but very little that I can call radically bad. His intentions are exceedingly pure; his distribution of patronage most thoroughly disinterested; his encouragement of those who do their duty most cheering to all honest-minded men; and his discouragement of the idle and humbug most praiseworthy. He has exploded the once great bugbear, the press; and by allowing people to write what they like, has caused what is written to be thought little of: there I think him right. He has abolished suttees; and there I think him right. He has made a great reformation in matters affecting the public finances; and there, too, I think him right in his views;—though not quite so in the scope which he has given to—'s love of theorising, by which the civil service, which could well have borne much reduction, has been reduced to a service in which all ideas of realising a fortune must be abandoned, and in which a prudent man, if he remain single, may make 500*l.* a-year, besides paying for his pension, after serving for twenty-two years. He (the lord) has strongly advocated the unrestricted permission for Europeans to acquire a permanent interest in land in India, and done all in his power to promote their settling in the country. He has contemplated the formation, by act of parliament, of a legislative council for India, composed of the governor and the supreme court; with powers to pass laws for all purposes and all occasions. He has shewn a marked determination to bring forward natives into the general society, and into public employment; and he seems also inclined to settle the revenue of the western provinces in perpetuity. He has resolved on draining the salt water lake; on having a steam communication with Benares; on building a new house in the Barrackpore Park; and, in short, on doing some hundred other things, all at the same time: so that we are all of us kept in the perpetual agitation of new schemes—and can never foresee to-day what to-morrow will bring forth. However, I think he is running too fast, and that much of what he attempts will fail. Personally, towards those who are in immediate contact with him, he is the kindest and most accessible man possible, and his lady is equally so to every one.

Our great public topics here now, are, the late discoveries of extensive forgeries of the Company's paper, and the trial by commission, and dismissal from office of —, for the evil deeds of his wife, in the bribe and present way. As to the forgeries, if you hear that there has been a grand intrigue in the Accountant-General's office,—that all the signatures are genuine, and have been obtained from the public officers through the chicanery of the writers of the office, don't believe it; for it will be proved the whole has been one of the best laid, most extensive, and iniquitous schemes of successful forgery ever heard of in India. As to the other affair, it was what any one might naturally have expected, when a man allows his wife to do any thing and every thing she pleases; but it is a wretched end for an old man, almost at the close of a career in which he had before enjoyed good repute.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

AT a late meeting Mr. Faraday gave a lecture "on the application of a new principle in the construction of musical instruments." This was the sixth of a series of lectures on acoustical subjects given by this gentleman, the subject matter of which has been furnished by Mr. C. Wheatstone.

The principle under consideration was that of springs, or tongues, of small dimensions, fixed at one end and free at the other, and placed so as to vibrate, when a current of air is directed against them, within corresponding apertures, without beating against their sides. As the audible sound is in this case produced by the periodical intermittences of the current of air, and not by the oscillations of the tongue, which acts merely as a mechanical agent to open and close the aperture with the requisite frequency, Mr. Wheatstone designates the apparatus (*viz.* the aperture and tongue combined) which effects this purpose, an *intermitter*. The philosophy of this principle had been explained on a former evening; it remained, therefore, at present only to state its practical applications; but previously to this, Mr. Faraday called the attention of the audience to a contrivance of Mr. Wheatstone's for illustrating, in the most obvious manner, the laws which determine the influence of the length, thickness, and material of the tongue of an intermitter, on the number of its vibrations; and which also, from its producing and registering all the gradations of sound within the range of three octaves, constitutes one of the most convenient *tonometers* which has yet been proposed.

A parallel arrangement of several of these intermitters in a plate of metal, tuned to the notes of a common chord, constitutes the original and simplest form of the *æolina*, or mund-harmonica. This instrument has appeared under innumerable shapes, but the only one which, with respect to the regularity and extent of its scale, the facility of performance, or the harmony of its effects, is that consisting of three chords, (of eight or ten notes each,) with ridges separating each note, and arranged in an ivory frame. This has many beautiful peculiarities, which no other instrument, or form of this instrument, possesses.

But as all these instruments are limited in their harmonies, and are incapable of any rapidity of execution, it occurred to several persons that these inconveniences might be obviated by placing the tongues on the surface of a tube or box, to allow or prevent the wind to act on each by a separate key, and to make such an arrangement of these keys as should render the performance easy. Various instruments constructed on this idea, in Germany, France, and England, were exhibited; but in all these instruments, which the inventors endeavoured to assimilate in their mode of fingering to the flute, two great defects exist; the quality of the tones, which in the *æolina* depends on the proximity of the mouth, is remarkably deteriorated by the necessary largeness of the wind-channel, and the distances of the keys occasions a necessity of shifting the hands incessantly during performance, which renders inequality of execution inevitable.

Mr. Wheatstone's symphonion was then exhibited, and shewn to possess greater capabilities of expression and execution, and to present greater facilities in its acquisition, than any other instrument similar in principle, while it was entirely free from either of the preceding defects. This instrument is extremely

portable, and presents the appearance of a small box, with an embouchure in front, and two parallel rows of finger-stops on each side: the systematic arrangement of these stops is such, that all the harmonic combinations and melodic successions within the compass of the instrument, are performed with the greatest ease. The powers of this instrument were exemplified by some performances on it by Mr. Godbé.

Another application of this principle was then shewn in the accordion, invented at Vienna, which consists of ten chords, put in action by a portable bellows for the hand, and regulated by finger-keys. The harmonies of this instrument are very full and organ-like, but it is limited in compass.

Those instruments constructed on the application of this principle to the mechanism of the organ or piano-forte, were next brought forward. Mr. Schultz's *æol-armonica*, the first instrument of this description brought to England, had been seen and heard in the lecture-room on a former evening. The instruments now exhibited were, Dr. Dowler's *glossophone*, rewarded by the Society of Arts; M. Dietz's *ærophone*, a sweet-toned instrument, three octaves in compass; a similar instrument, constructed by Mr. Stumpf; and Mr. Day's *æolian organ*, which last is the most extensive in its compass, and the most powerful in its effects, of any application which has yet been made of this principle.

Mr. Stumpf shewed the effect of his instrument, accompanied on the harp by Mr. Stockhausen; and the powers of the *æolian organ* were displayed by Mr. Wesley.

This principle, though of recent application in Europe, has been long in use among the oriental nations, and the *tshing*, or Chinese organ, a specimen of which was on the table, was stated as having been the origin of all the recent European improvements. The principle was first naturalised by Professor Kratzenstein, who employed it in the construction of his speaking machine, after having seen a Chinese organ at Copenhagen; and its first application to a musical instrument was the *organochordion*, made by Kirsnich of St. Petersburg, in 1780. Our limits oblige us to pass over the intermediate history of this invention.

On a late evening, a paper was read by Captain Manby on the means of preserving lives in cases of shipwreck, and on a new method of hauling boats through the surf; explained and illustrated by a beautiful set of working models. The gallant captain first pointed out the principles of this method for effecting a communication with a stranded vessel; but as these are already before the public, we shall not enter into them here. Shot with attached lines were thrown at a mast, and the audience made well acquainted with the practice required in cases of real danger. The mode of hauling off a life or other boat is new, and is intended to overcome the extreme difficulty constantly experienced in sending a boat from shore in a rough sea: this difficulty arises from the strength of the surf on a lee shore being greater in a storm than the force of oars can overcome. An anchor is therefore laid out beyond the line of surf, a buoy is attached, a single block without swivel is made fast to the buoy; a rope then passes from shore to block, and from block back to shore. If this rope were made fast to the anchor, and left in its whole length to itself, it would become buried in the sand and useless for most of its length: to prevent this, it is attached to the buoy, and a smaller buoy made use of about midway between the shore

and the anchor. This buoy is made fast to the rope which goes from shore, and carries a loop, through which that part of the rope passes that relieves from the buoy; so that it is suspended in the water without travelling, and therefore admits a boat to be hauled out. Once beyond the surf, the men stick to their oars, and help is carried to the vessel. The plan has been practically worked in cases of shipwreck, when no other was available.

STEAM FIRE-ENGINE.

[THE annexed description of Mr. Braithwaite's Steam Fire-Engine, it will readily be perceived, is not written, though acknowledged and corrected, by us. But having been much impressed with the accounts we received of its performance at the Argyll Rooms and other great fires, we thought it our duty, as collectors of useful scientific information, to request the favour of the inventor demonstrating its powers in our presence, with which request he most obligingly complied. Having, therefore, witnessed the extraordinary discharge of water by this machine, the rapidly with which it was got ready, the simplicity of its means, and the facility and certainty with which it was wrought, we were anxious to bear evidence to its literally prodigious efficacy. From two pipes at once, the quantity of fluid thrown upon high and distant points was quite astonishing,—to our belief, equal to subdue any, the fiercest, conflagration. Far superior in force to anything of the kind we ever saw, pouring forth unceasing torrents by self-action, it seemed to us that such an engine must be immediately and universally adopted: why it is not, we cannot pretend to tell; but we are sure that much of life and property would be saved if it were in general use. The following is the plain statement of an engineer, more competent to render such scientific details than we could be; but we can safely speak of the wonderful effect produced, and of the speed with which the whole process of lighting the fuel, and proceeding from the manufactory to the Regent's Canal, and beginning to play abundantly, as proved to our entire satisfaction by Mr. Braithwaite and his servants: inasmuch that we consider this to be one of the most valuable applications of steam.—*Ed. L. G.*]

The mechanical arrangement consists of two cylinders, the one of 7 inches diameter, being the steam cylinder; and the other of 6½ inches diameter, being the water-pump. By the horizontal position of the two cylinders, the parallel motion is easily produced, the stuffing-boxes serving as guides, simplifying materially the mechanical arrangement. The next, but most important part, is the boiler, which is upon the same principle and construction as the boiler, or steam-generator, in the "Novelty" locomotive engine, which exhibited on the railway at Liverpool, and by which the extraordinary effect in the present machine is produced. It may be interesting to state, that this boiler occupies ½ less space than any boiler upon any other construction yet made, and the weight is reduced in the same proportion. The saving in fuel is more than ¼; and the combustion being perfect, no smoke is emitted; consequently, the stupendous chimney necessarily used for other boilers is dispensed with—a small tube only being applied, sufficiently high to prevent the heated air (no hotter than the water in the boiler) from the contact with the engineer—(this description alike applies to all boilers on Braithwaite and Ericsson's patent principle). In the arrangement of the machine, the lateral portion of the boiler, containing the flue or hot-air tube, is under the cylinders; the steam chamber, with the feeding-box, forming a prominent feature. In the boot of the driving seat is the blowing apparatus, or bellows, for supplying the requisite quantity of air necessary for combustion, and to impel the flame and hot air through the small flue—too small to allow of what is commonly called atmospheric draught. This machine has also the necessary valves, gauges, &c. for safety and the due performance of the engine; and these constitute the general outline of the mechanical arrangement.

Now to its operation: the first and most important point is the quantity of water it will

deliver, which is about 9,000 gallons (about 40 tons) per hour, to an elevation of upwards of 90 feet, through an adjutage of ¾ of an inch in diameter. Through larger adjutages the quantity of water would be increased. With two ¾ jets, the quantity of water thrown to about 50 or 60 feet in height would be about 50 tons per hour; but the height very much depends upon the state of the wind. On a calm day, a distance of 140 feet has been accomplished with a jet of ¾ of an inch diameter. The next point, which is also very material, is the time required to generate (or what is usually called to get up) the steam, and get the machine into action. This has been proved in our presence. From the moment of igniting the fuel, the water in the boiler being quite cold, until the steam has acquired its full force requires eighteen minutes; and at the various fires to which the machine has been allowed to go, the steam has been ready before the necessary arrangements of screwing on the hoses, suction, and procuring the water, were completed. Nor have we the slightest hesitation in stating, that, with the assistance of competent firemen, who are constantly in the habit of making these arrangements, an engine upon this principle can be got to work as soon, or sooner, than the largest and most powerful fire-engine belonging to any of the insurance-offices. The mode of proceeding is simply, on an alarm of fire being given, the engineer ignites the fuel, and, in conjunction with his assistant, works the bellows. By the time the horses are harnessed and arrive, the fuel is thoroughly ignited. So soon as the horses are put to, a connexion is made from the wheels to the bellows, formed by an eccentric, by which means the bellows are worked by the horses during the progress of the engine to the scene of action. Should there not be a sufficient pressure of steam,* the engineer works the bellows while the regular firemen attach the hoses, &c. Another great feature and conveniency is the very trifling attendance the engine requires; namely only one man and his assistant; thus preventing the bustle and noise occasioned by the number of hands necessary to the ordinary engines, and which cannot be kept in operation without great assistance from the mob; thereby affording many opportunities for bad characters to plunder. The many advantages on this head must be evident. The expense of fuel is so trifling, it is scarcely worth mentioning, not being more than sixpence per hour. Having stated eighteen minutes as being sufficient to generate the steam (the water in the boiler being quite cold at commencing), it might be observed, were the machine in the hands of an insurance-office, the water, at a trivial expense, might always be kept hot, which would enable them to put the steam fire-extinguishing engine into complete operation in less than ten minutes!

The probable cost of one of these machines (such as that exhibited to us) is stated to be about £800, which was the offer to the different fire-offices, accompanied with a proposal to find a competent person to work the same, to be considered the servant of the office, and to keep the engine in repair for a term of ten or twenty years.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

At a late sitting a paper was read, entitled "experiments to determine the quantity of

* Which might be the case if the fire happened in an adjacent street.

light reflected by plane metallic specula under different angles of incidence, with a description of the photometer made use of," by Richard Potter, jun. esq.; communicated by the president.

Sir Isaac Newton has stated, that metallic specula, in common with all other substances, reflect light most copiously when incident most obliquely. Some experiments made by the author, with specula of his own construction, having raised doubts in his mind as to the accuracy of the prevailing opinion on this subject, which accords with that of Newton and of Bouguer, he instituted a more exact inquiry into the proportions of incident and reflected light from specula at various angles of incidence. He used for this purpose a photometer resembling that of Bouguer, and consisting of an upright screen, with a square aperture, across which a piece of thin tissue-paper was extended, destined to receive on one compartment the reflected light from one lamp, and on another compartment the direct light from another lamp, employed as a standard of comparison. By adjusting the respective distances of the lamps, the lights on the paper were rendered sensibly equal in point of intensity,—the equality being judged of by the eye viewing them from the other side. The measurements were taken alternately, first one of the direct, and then one of the reflected, lights, until a sufficient number of uniform results were obtained. The author, after taking every precaution that occurred to him for ensuring accuracy, invariably found that the proportion of light reflected by metallic surfaces, instead of increasing, diminished in pretty regular gradation, as the angle of incidence was augmented. Thus, in the first experiment, when the angle of incidence was 20°, the proportion of the reflected to the incident light was 69·45 to 100, at 40° it was 66·79, and at 60° it was reduced to 64·91. Some irregularities occurred in the series of results deduced from different sets of experiments, arising partly from the variability of the light given out by the lamps, and partly from the difficulty of preserving the metallic surface in the highest state of lustre which it has when newly polished. The author combats the opinion, that the quantities of light which metals are capable of reflecting when polished are in the ratio of their densities; and finds, that in those metals which were the subjects of his experiments, the quantities of light absorbed, or lost by reflection, at incidences nearly perpendicular, are almost exactly in the ratio of their specific heats.

GERMAN LECTURES.

DR. MÜHLENFELS' third lecture (18th ult.), we were glad to see so much better attended than the previous ones. This lecture contained a review of the first Silesian school, so called from the writers being almost all Silesians, and who, from their more general cultivation and truer perception of poetry, certainly take the foremost place among Germany's early poets. The exertions of Opitz entitle him to honourable mention: he ranks highest, however, as a cultivator of the didactic style; for his muse was prompted more by the dictates of the head than stimulated by the impulses of genuine inspiration. He was called by his contemporaries the "creator of German poetry," an honourable though hyperbolic distinction. Paul Flemming follows next,—a true and sweet poet, highly endowed with depth of feeling and energy of style: he accompanied the celebrated Persian embassy of 1635, to which the re-

nowned Olearius was secretary. He died at the early age of thirty-one, and much of this short life was spent in wandering. His erotic songs are sweet and fervid, and devout piety pervades his spiritual lays. Andrew Gryphius, a poetical Rembrandt according to the lecturer, next appears. His mind was of the most melancholy hue, embuing all it touched with its own dark shades: he was remarkable for the versatility of his culture; for, when professor at Leyden, he lectured on anatomy, logic, metaphysics, geography, history, mathematics, and astronomy, and also on physiognomy and chiromancy. His dramas are powerful; but he had the misfortune to select a Dutchman for his model; and he is unhappy in the application of the Alexandrine to the dialogue. He was followed by Logan, the great epigrammatist, who, in addition to the subtilty of his genius, was a good scholar, and had an extensive knowledge of mankind. No German author, except Lessing and Göthe, has, as Dr. Mühlensfels remarked, said so much in so few words: he previously styled him the Solomon of the century, and recommends the perusal of his works to all students of German literature: Lessing fully estimated his keen and acute genius, which is evinced by the selection he published of his works. A troop of inferior rhymers are next in order, but we cannot particularise them in this notice.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Fifth Notice.]

ANTE-ROOM.

No. 426. *Abbot Boniface*. G. S. Newton, A.—The very beau idéal of monastic luxury and ease; painted from Sir Walter Scott's description in "the Monastery;" and one of the most successfully embodied characters we ever saw on canvass. The colouring, effect, and execution, are all also admirable.

No. 375. *The Guerilla's Return to his Family, being the concluding subject of a series of four pictures, representing scenes characteristic of the events of the late war in Spain*. D. Wilkie, R.A.—Perhaps a little less sketchy, but in other respects in the same spirit, and in the same style of treatment, as the other subjects of the series, exhibited last year, and noticed at the time in the *Literary Gazette*. The guerilla is returning, like the knight of La Mancha, broken down both in body and in mind, and with difficulty to be recognised as the hardy enterprising patriot who sallied forth under the auspices and with the benedictions of his pastor. Whether the gaily coloured trappings with which his mule is decorated are a part of the *manubia* we know not, but they much enrich the general tone of the picture.

No. 428. *A Peasant Girl returning from Gloaming*. R. Westall, R.A.—Of Mr. Westall's success when he departs from his usual conventional style, and, availing himself of a model, represents some striking natural effect, this beautiful picture (like that of *A Girl at a Cottage-door*, exhibited last year) furnishes a sweet example.

No. 355. *Weber's Overture to Oberon*. F. Howard.—Does this young and ingenious artist not find the difficulties of the art sufficiently great when he undertakes that which is capable of being accomplished, that he must attempt that which is impossible—to paint sounds? Failing entirely, as was inevitable, in the object which he had in view, there is, nevertheless, much fine imagination in his work.

No. 352. *Jacques moralising on the wounded*

Stag. E. D. Leahy.—Recollecting some very able performances by Mr. Leahy, we have no doubt that his present production possesses great merit; but as to seeing it, for the purpose of forming a judgment, the hangers have rendered that impossible.

No. 370. *Hermione, Mamilius, and Ladies*. H. P. Bone.—The scene is happily conceived, the action of the little narrator is perfectly natural, and the expression of his partial auditors is very judiciously varied; the dignified character of Hermione being well contrasted with that of her delighted and laughing attendants.

No. 374. *The Water-Mill*. F. R. Lee.—There is a picturesque character in mills, and, generally speaking, in the objects by which they are surrounded, which has always rendered them favourite subjects with painters. In this able composition, the rustic dwelling, the splashing stream, and the umbrageous foliage, combine to produce a very pleasing effect. Being somewhat low in tone, however, the picture requires a stronger light than that which falls upon it in its present situation.

No. 376. *The Terrace of the Capuchin's Convent at Sorrento: the Island of Procida in the distance—Sunset*. W. Havell.—A very beautiful sunlit scene. Mr. Havell has in the present exhibition several other clever works, of which a sparkling and brilliant effect is the distinguishing feature.

No. 357. *Joseph presenting his Father and Brethren to Pharaoh*. J. M. Leigh.—Although we are not quite so highly pleased with Mr. Leigh's present performance as we were with his *Joseph sold by his Brethren*, in the last exhibition at the British Gallery, it, nevertheless, appears to us to possess great merit. We are happy to understand, that this young artist is about to proceed to Italy, to prosecute his studies as an historical painter. We wish him health and prosperity; and we have no doubt that on his return he will be an ornament to the British school.

No. 382. *Pallas directing Ulysses to the Palace of Alcinoüs, King of Phæacia*. P. H. Rogers.—As a classical composition, this picture evinces much talent; nor is it less estimable for its clear and brilliant execution.

No. 406. *A Country Lane*. Rev. T. J. Judkin, H.—There is a truth in this amateur performance, which would do credit to professional artists of extensive practice. It ought to have been placed where it might have been better seen.

No. 419. *Zagarolo, an ancient Town in the Campagna, Rome and Mount Soracte in the distance*. W. Linton.—We have the same complaint to make of the situation of this picture, which is of a very elevated character, and possesses great merit.

No. 424. *The Hon. Company's Ship the Duke of Sussex, off the Lizard*. W. Daniell, R.A.—This must be plain-sailing to Mr. Daniell, to whom hurricanes and wrecks have been so familiar; but straight forward as his subject appears, we cannot but admire the skilful execution throughout, particularly the perfect relief given to the well-filled sails by so slight an opposition of strength and colour.

No. 432. *Fish-Market on the Sands—the Sun rising through a vapour*. J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—Here is mist without mystification—vapour without vapouring. Who but must admire the perfect knowledge and fine feeling here displayed—the light and skilful handling the texture (if we may use the expression) of the whole work? It is provoking to see a man of Mr. Turner's genius, capable of producing

pictures like this, yet condescending to send forth such abortions as those we have noticed in some of our former Numbers.

No. 445. *The Glen of the Rocks*. J. A. O'Connor.—Why what a stock of these *hard-ware* materials must Mr. O'Connor have laid in! That he has availed himself of them with great power and effect we have always borne testimony. But would it not be advantageous in every point of view if he were to vary his subjects a little more?

(To be continued.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Bury. Drawn and engraved by T. Wright, from a Painting by Sir T. Lawrence. Colnagh.

THE sixty-sixth of the Series of Portraits of the Female Nobility published in *La Belle Assemblée*.—It is to be regretted, that the graceful whole-length from which this head has been engraved is not in the collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence's works now at the British Gallery. We well remember its being one of the most attractive pictures in the exhibition at Somerset House, about a quarter of a century ago.

Six Views of the most important Towns and Mining Districts upon the Table Land of Mexico. Drawn by Mrs. H. G. Ward, and engraved by Mr. Pye. Colburn.

THE style in which these picturesque views are executed is light and pleasing, and highly creditable to Mrs. Ward's talents and taste. They consist of careful and well-marked, but at the same time flowing, outlines, with just enough of shadow to render the various scenes perfectly distinct and intelligible. Each view is accompanied by a brief statistical description.

National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century. With Memoirs by William Jerdan, Esq. No. XIV. Fisher, Son, and Co.

THE field, the senate, and the cathedral, have contributed to the production of the present number, which contains portraits and memoirs of Major-General Sir Thomas Munro, the Earl of Verulam, and the Rt. Rev. Henry Bathurst, Lord Bishop of Norwich. Of these, the long and active career of the lamented Munro has, of course, furnished the most copious and diversified materials for the biographer. He was, indeed, in every point of view, an extraordinary and admirable man. Justly and finely was it said of him by Mr. Canning, that "Europe never produced a more accomplished statesman, nor India, so fertile in heroes, a more skilful soldier."

Studies from Nature. Drawn from nature and on stone by G. Barnard. Dickenson.

MR. BARNARD is a pupil of Mr. Harding's, and does his instructor great credit. These are, we believe, the first works that he has himself put forth; and they are executed with a facility and lightness of hand, and shew a taste and feeling, which convince us that he has the power of making himself an excellent artist.

Illustrations to the Waverley Novels: Guy Mannering.

WE have before us a set of proofs of the New Illustrations to the Waverley Novels, six in number; being those intended for the embellishment of "Guy Mannering." They are engraved by Messrs. Heath, Bacon, and Portbury, from designs by Messrs. Stothard, Wright, Richter, and Corbould; and are all highly characteristic, and finely finished. We are

particularly charmed with the plate of Julia Mannering lured to the balcony by the sound of her lover's flageolet on the lake; and that of the last scene in the cavern, in which Meg Merrilies is daring the pistol of Dirk Hatteraick: the former engraved by Mr. Heath, from a drawing by Mr. Wright; the latter engraved by Mr. Bacon, from a drawing by Mr. Richter. The grace and delicacy of the one, and the spirit and energy of the other, form an admirable contrast.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. From Drawings by Barrett, Brockedon, W. Daniell, R.A., Dewint, C. Fielding, J. D. Harding, S. Prout, R. R. Reinagle, R.A., Robson, T. Stothard, R.A., Stanfield, and W. Westall, A.R.A.; engraved by William and Edward Finden. Parts I. and II. Tilt.

THERE is no greater proof of the descriptive powers of an author than is afforded by his pages becoming the fruitful subjects of the pencil of the artist; and to no writer of the present day has that homage been more abundantly paid than to Sir Walter Scott. "From the numerous Historical Illustrations," observes the publisher of the work under our notice, "which have appeared to embellish the novels of the author of 'Waverley,' it is matter of surprise that no attempt has been yet made to convey an idea of the scenery, which, beautiful in itself, has been rendered doubly interesting by the eloquent descriptions of the distinguished author. To supply this deficiency is the object of the present undertaking." The work is expected to be completed in twenty parts, of which the two already published, each containing four plates, give a very favourable earnest. The views of "Arran," from a drawing by W. Daniell, R.A.; "Wandermere," from a drawing by W. Westall, A.R.A.; "Skiddaw and Keswick," from a drawing by P. Dewint; "Dunottar Castle," from a drawing by W. Daniell, R.A.; and "Loch-Ard," from a drawing by G. F. Robson, are especially beautiful.

Original Portrait of Robert Burns. Edinburgh, Constable and Co.: London, Moon, Boys, and Co.

THIS portrait was painted in 1786 by an artist of the name of Peter Taylor, and has now been sweetly engraved in the line manner by Mr. John Horsburgh. It represents the Poet in one of the rather grotesque-looking hats which were worn at that period, and which throws a shadow over the upper half of his countenance. This part is almost unanimously recognised to bear the most striking resemblance to his features; the lower division being more full, and the chin less defined than in the original, as recollected by many persons still living, with whom we have spoken on the subject. Altogether, it is a very interesting production; and when we consider the enthusiastic regard in which the memory of Burns is held by every Scotsman who possesses a single grain of feeling, or a sense of the charms of poetry, we may safely predict that it will be a universal favourite, not only in that country, but throughout many distant quarters of the world.

MINIATURE MEDAL OF THE KING.

AN admirable little golden gem has just appeared under this title, at a period when it has so many claims to popular sympathy. It is executed by Mr. Merlen, engraver at the Mint; and though only about half the diameter of a seven-shilling piece, (or $\frac{1}{4}$ ths of an inch,)

represents on one side the head of his Majesty, uniting beauty and force, and on the other the royal crown, surrounded by rays and laurels. The motto on the obverse is, "Georgius IV. D.G. Britanniarum Rex, F.D.;" and on the reverse, "God save our beloved King!" Small and minute as this tiny medal is, it gives us one of the best likenesses of the King we have ever seen on any coin; and, in every respect, it appears to be a lasting credit to the art, as well as a peculiarly pleasing tribute at this moment to the Monarch, about whose health such intense anxiety prevails.

BRITISH GALLERY.

ON Monday evening we had the great pleasure of visiting the Lawrence collection, lighted up for the reception of the directors and their friends. The sight was very brilliant, and many of the pictures were improved in tone and effect. On Saturday (such is the rage for this Exhibition) above 114. was received at the door for admissions.

PICTURE BY PROCCACINI.

WE have just seen a magnificent crucifixion by Giulio Cesare Proccacini, in the possession of Mr. Young, of Craig's Court, which that gentleman politely exhibits to amateurs and patrons of the fine arts. For splendour of colouring, anatomical correctness, and grand effect, it is a masterpiece, and far, far beyond any thing of which we had an idea from the name of the painter. We strongly recommend a visit to it to our friends.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FIRST AND LAST.—NO. VI.

The First and Last Gift.

THEY stood together within her hall,
'Twas the sweet hour of the evening's fall;
The sunset glow through the window came,
And the crimson curtains threw back the flame,
And lent a flush to the floor of stone
Like that which love o'er her cheek had thrown.
Her delicate hand lay on his arm,
And 'twas strong to bind as a wizard's charm;
For how could he shake off that hand
That clasped him like a lily band,
As fair, as tender, and as weak?
There was a tear on her burning cheek,
And in his hand was a wreathed dark curl,
Clasped by a loop of gold and pearl—
It was her first gift, an amulet
That should forbid him to forget:
A glance on such a tress might bring
The heart from its wildest wandering.

They parted—he for Palestine,
To fight for the cause of the holy shrine,
Yet half regretting to leave behind
That heart where the holiest thoughts were
shrin'd;
And many a time, in the battle strife,
When the infidel seemed to have bought his life,
He would look on her gift, her first dear gift,
And up again his arm would lift,
New nerved for her, and never failed
To conquer, howsoever assailed
To shield this fair young orphan flower,
Till he should return to bid it rest,
More dearly cherished, in his breast.

Alas! alas! a dark change came
Over the fate of that gentle dame;
Wherefore she withered none could tell,
Yet in the quiet convent cell
The blight had reached her; her sweet cheek
grew
Hectic and clear in its healthless hue;

Her dark eye took a wandering light,
Like a vagrant meteor of the night,
Glancing on all, settling on none;
Her hand grew thin, and her rose lip wan,
And, worse than all, the rich dark hair
Was blanched by the snow of some untold care.
He came again—he came all warm
With love and hope—but her fading form
Was withered too much for even the dew
Of love its freshness to renew.
She gave him a curl of her hair—'twas gray—
Her last fond gift—she died that day.
He fell not then; but he went again
To seek his death on a battle-plain;
And when they found him midst the slain,
Her first bright gift was closely preat,
Twin'd with her last, to his bleeding breast.

Worton Lodge, Isleworth.

M. A. BROWNE.

MUSIC.

CONCERTS.

MR. PENN'S spacious drawing-rooms were filled with genteel company, and the concert (for the benefit of a distressed literary gentleman) appeared to give general satisfaction. Lablache, Donzelli, Lalande, Blasis, Curioni, and M. Ponchard, were all much applauded. Signor Pistrucci's *improvisation*, and Huerta's fantasia on the guitar, were also much admired. M. Lucet shewed great powers of declamation; and M. Gallais's *Lecture sur la nouvelle Græcque* was well received.

Last week, Mrs. Anderson's concert was performed exactly in the order printed. The room was crowded before the commencement, and several persons were seated in the orchestra. Mrs. Anderson was loudly cheered in all three of her performances, particularly in the duet with Mr. Hummel. Madame Stockhausen was encored in the new Swiss air, and Madame Malibran in the Spanish. Mori was also much applauded: indeed, the whole gave universal satisfaction.

On Thursday Mr. Sedlatzek's morning concert brought a crowded audience to the Great Concert Room; and the whole performances went off with great *éclat*. Moscheles, Lablache,* and Sedlatzek himself, were most liberally rewarded by plaudits for their exertions; and Madame Stockhausen was again honoured with an *encore*.

MICHAEL BOAI: THE CHIN-CHOPPER!!

IT is a fact: we have verified our paragraph of last week, and yesterday, at the Egyptian Hall, absolutely heard the Chin-Chopper play or chop several airs. A more novel and curious exhibition we certainly never saw. Mr. Boai, his wife a pretty guitarist, and a violin accompaniment, performed several pieces of music, the remarkable portion of which consisted in his producing sounds, resembling castanets more than any thing else, by apparently striking his chin with the two fore-fingers of both hands doubled. We presume the clucking to proceed from some action of the tongue and palate; but the extraordinary correctness of the tunes, the force and variety of the runs, and the exact semblance of the whole being produced by strokes upon the chin, rendered the performance extremely entertaining. A number of musical individuals, Miss Stephens, Sinclair, Sir G. Smart, &c., were present, and seemed greatly amused with the efforts of this *Chin-ese*

* This striking performer is, we are glad to see, about to give an English audience a taste of his wonderful qualities, by appearing at Drury Lane, for Jones's benefit, on Monday. Apropos, his famous duet with Santini, in *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, is taken from the scene between Lord Ogley and Stedding, in the *Clandestine Marriage*.

emperor; who will no doubt attract multitudes of the Bull family to hear his extraordinary music. Like the barber in the ballad, he will surely find that

"His crops never failed, for they grew on the chin."

VARIETIES.

Hydrophobia.—It is stated by Dr. Despine, a French physician, that he has observed, in his investigations on dogs, cats, pigs, and man, that the pathological character of hydrophobia is the same; and that it consists in a lesion of the *medulla oblongata*, or commencement of the spinal marrow, and that the extent of this lesion varies in proportion to the duration of the symptoms, between the incipient blush of inflammation and the destruction of the *medulla oblongata*, or its reduction to a state in which it becomes as diffuent as cream.

Asparagus.—In our report of the Horticultural meeting, this day fortnight, we noticed a specimen of *huge asparagus* which was shewn, and at the same time expressed a doubt of its quality, as nothing was said of its flavour. The grower of this "grass," Mr. Grayson, of Mortlake, has since taken the trouble to submit a sample to our examination; and we are in justice bound to state, that it is equally superior in taste as in size to the best Battersea plants we ever ate. Indeed, it is a great improvement of the vegetable, and has already been adopted by royalty and nobility to a considerable extent. Mr. Grayson, himself, cultivates about thirty acres of it: his first discovery was accidental; but having observed the specimen, he had the good sense to pursue the advantage, and has thus succeeded in producing heads about four times the ordinary size. We believe he has been similarly fortunate with raspberries.

On the 31st Jan. the ship *Java* arrived at Bavaria from Japan, having on board Dr. P. F. Von Siebold, the naturalist, who was imprisoned last year by the Japanese government, for having possessed himself of a map of that country.

Spanish Missionaries.—In California the Spanish monks frequently send dragoons into the mountains to hunt the Indians, for the purpose of making Christian slaves of them. The soldier so employed is furnished with a *lasso*; and if he succeeds in stealing upon a troop of Indians before they can perceive him, he throws his noose over the head of one of them, claps spurs to his horse, and gallops with his prey towards the station of the missionaries, which he sometimes reaches with nothing but a corpse. If, however, the victim arrive alive, he is immediately baptised, and becomes the property of the mission; and should he attempt to escape, he is instantly pursued by a horseman with the terrible noose, and expiates his criminal act by cruel punishments and chains. The lives of these unhappy creatures pass in the monotonous repetition of prayers which they do not understand, and the performance of severe tasks imposed upon them by the monks.

—*Kotzebue's New Voyage round the World.*
Silk.—The cultivation of the mulberry-tree, and the production of silk, are increasing in North America with great rapidity. A very interesting volume of essays on the subject has recently been published at Philadelphia.

Athens.—M. Emper, a member of several learned societies in Germany, has published a treatise on the exact period at which Athens was taken by Sylla, and fixes it in March of the eighty-sixth year before Christ.

Prussia.—In the year 1828, Prussia exported

103,933 quintals of iron, while three years before she exported only 65,000. The fabrication of silk is increasing rapidly, especially at Berlin; and in all respects Prussia is making great efforts to rival the principal states of Europe in industry and commerce. She has established marine schools, and schools of industry; a company has been formed for the purpose of undertaking expeditions to America; the navigation of the Oder, the Saale, and other rivers has been improved; more than twenty-one millions of Prussian crowns have been expended since 1817 in the formation of high roads; a society has been established at Berlin to encourage the cultivation of manufactures and the useful arts by the distribution of prizes; and Prussia has concluded treaties of commerce with several foreign powers.

Switzerland.—The population of Switzerland amounts to nearly 2,000,000. The federal contingent consists of 33,758 men; the reserve doubles that force; the armed landwehr consists of 140,000; total 207,516 men; not comprehending the federal staff. In case of necessity, the country can recall the 18,136 men at present in the service of several foreign powers.

Iodic Acid.—At a recent sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, a paper was read, on the combination of iodic acid with vegetable alkalies. It appeared from this paper, 1st, that morphine exercises a decomposing action upon iodic acid; and 2dly, that *quinina, chincoriune* and *trychinni*, thoroughly saturate iodic acid, producing well-crystallised saline combinations. The author of this paper imagines that these new compounds may be of great utility in medicine; but this opinion was not general among the members; for it is thought that the iodic acid, so far from diminishing the violent action of the vegetable alkalies with which it might be blended, would render them more powerful, as the salts, being more soluble than the bases, would be more speedily destructive of life. M. Pougerville has been elected member of the Academy, in the place of M. de Lally, deceased.

Egypt.—The last journals received from Egypt contain various complaints, addressed to the Pasha by the Provincial Assemblies, against their governors. The Pasha seems to be sincerely endeavouring to inform himself with respect to the wants of the country, and its present situation. It appears that a similar measure will, ere long, be adopted in Turkey. The sultan, it is said, is also about to assemble deputies from all the provinces of the empire.

Bavaria.—The King of Bavaria has given orders for the establishment of a Catholic Society, and a Protestant Society, for the dissemination of good moral and religious books among the people.

Naples.—In the year 1829 the number of births at Naples was 14,493; of which 7451 were boys, and 7042 girls. The number of deaths was 13,211; of which 7104 were men, and 6107 women. Only 8939 died in their own houses, the rest died in hospitals; 95 were between 90 and 100 years of age, and 16 were above 100; of which 16, one was a man, and 15 were women. On the 1st of January, 1830, the population was 358,555; being an increase of nearly 1350 on the preceding year.

Cheap Flour.—An account appears in the *Moniteur*, of the discovery, by chance, of the means of making flour from wheat straw. This being chopped small and passed through the mill-stones, yields a flour, coarse in appearance, but agreeable to the taste, and also nutritious. Made into a wash for pigs, or mixed with oats for horses, it is said to be an excel-

lent article of food. The bread which is made from it is superior to much of the common bread eaten by the lower orders on the Continent.

The Press in France.—It is stated in a Paris paper, that within the last three months seventeen new political weekly papers have been started in different provinces, and that fourteen of them advocate liberal principles.

Rapid Communication.—The *Journal du Havre* states that two vessels had arrived at New York from Belfast, one in 17 and the other in 15 days.

M. Caillié.—In a letter published in the *Moniteur* of the 4th of May, M. Caillié professes to refute all the doubts expressed in the *Quarterly Review* with respect to the authenticity and correctness of his journey to Timbuctoo. The French traveller takes the objections one by one, replies to them by long details upon the disputed points, and thus concludes his letter:—"A rival nation entertains a little jealousy at the unexpected success of an undertaking, in the prosecution of which it has expended considerable sums, and lost so many distinguished men. Poor, without support, without science, I have accomplished this task. I am come to tell Europe what Timbuctoo is. Truth constitutes the whole merit of my narrative."

Anatomy.—At the sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences on the 24th inst. a figure was exhibited, by means of which every part of the human frame may be examined anatomically, without the necessity of having the real subject. This figure is intended to be sent to Egypt, for the medical school founded by the pasha at Cairo, for the use of the younger students.

Saxony.—The University of Leipsic has presented a petition to the King of Saxony, praying for the liberty of the press, in favour not only of the Protestant faith, but of all other dissenting opinions and beliefs.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXIII. June 5.]

Charles Lamb, the author of *Essays* by Elia, is preparing for publication a volume of *Poems*, under the title of *Album Verses*.—The *Cook's Dictionary*, by Richard Dolby, of the *Thatched House Tavern*.—*Six new Lectures on Painting*, by the late Henry Fuseli.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's *Cyclopaedia*, Vol. VII. *Cities and Towns*, Vol. I. fcp. 6s. bds.—D'Israeli's *Charles I.* Vols. III. and IV. 8vo. 11. 8s. bds.—*The English at Home*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—*Family Classical Library*, Vol. VI. 18mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—*Hughes's Divines*, Vol. I. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—*Bayley's Four Years in the West Indies*, 8vo. 11. 4s. bds.—*Wright's First Three Sections of Newton's Principia*, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—*French and Skinner's Translation of the Psalms*, 8vo. 8s. bds.—*Adventures of Arion*, 12mo. 4s. bds.—*Life of Alexander Alexander*, 2 vols. post 12mo. 14s. bds.—*Thiersch's Greek Grammar*, by Professor Sandford, 8vo. 16s. bds.—*Anstey's New Bath Guide*, crown 8vo. 9s. 6d. bds.—*Findlater's Sermons*, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—*Lewis's Career of Woman*, 12mo. 6s. bds.—*Family Cabinet Atlas*, Part II. 18mo. 2s. 6d.; coloured, 3s. 6d. sewed.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

	Thermometer.		Barometer.
	From	45. to 58.	
Thursday .. 27	45.	58.	29.46 — 29.56
Friday 28	—	—	29.75 — 29.76
Saturday ... 29	40.	53.	30.02 — 29.94
Sunday 30	—	—	29.72 — 29.76
Monday ... 31	41.	65.	29.80 — 29.91
<i>June.</i>			
Tuesday .. 1	—	50. — 66.	29.96 — 29.98
Wednesday 2	—	—	30.06 — 30.00

Wind S.W. and N.W., at the former prevailing. Generally cloudy, and raining at times. Rain fallen, 9 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude..... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The lines of J. A. of New York, "inscribed to the affections," are not sufficiently poetical to be admitted.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

NORTHERN SOCIETY for the ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS. The Gallery is open every day, from Ten in the Morning until Seven in the Evening.

F. T. BILLAM, Hon. Secretary.
Admission, 1s.—Season Ticket, 3s.—Catalogues, 1s.
Gallery of the Northern Society, Leeds, May 25th, 1830.

TOURNAMENT OF the FIELD OF the CLOTH OF GOLD, 15, Oxford Street, near Charles Street, Soho Square.

Mr. WILMSHURST'S Magnificent Picture of the Tournament of the Field of Cloth of Gold, painted on Enamel, on the vast Surface of 432 superficial Feet; presenting the unparalleled appearance of a Painting of such extraordinary Dimensions on one Sheet of Glass, without the Frames or Joinings being visible. This splendid Work contains more than 100 Figures, including upwards of 60 Portraits, with the strictest Attention to Costume.

Admission, 1s.—Description, 6d.
Open from Ten till Dusk.
N.B. Designs and Estimates for every Description of Painted Windows.

MISS HARRIOT GOULDSMITH—The Public are respectfully informed, that the Paintings of the above Artist are now exhibited, at No. 53, Pall Mall, adjoining the British Gallery, previous to their disposal in Shops.

Particulars may be had on application at the Rooms.

CURIOUS BOOKS, &c.—To be Sold by Auction, by Messrs. SOUTHWATE, GRIMSTON, and WELLS, at their Rooms, 92, Fleet Street, on Monday, June 7, and Five following Days, at half-past twelve each Day, including a Selection from the Library of an Antiquary, comprising the best Works on English Antiquities, Customs, Amusements, &c.; curious Tracts on Catholic Miracles, Theatres and Theatricals, &c.; Broadside, Engravings, Drawings, generally relating to London; Pamphlets, Old Newspapers, Tickets, &c.; together with a capital Bookcase, Nest of Drawers, &c.

May be viewed and Catalogued had.

BEAUTIFUL WORKS OF ART, the Property of Mr. W. B. COOKE, of Soho Square.

Messrs. SOUTHWATE, GRIMSTON, and WELLS respectfully announce, that they have received Instructions to dispose of Mr. W. B. COOKE'S extensive Stock and valuable Collection of Engravings, well worthy the Attention of the Collector and Amateur; consisting of choice and brilliant Proofs before the Letters, of the following splendid Works:—Pamphlet, Gems of Art, Views in the South of France, and on the River Rhone, River Scenery by Turner and Girtin, Views in Saueux by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Beauties of Claude, &c.

At the same time will be disposed of, the entire Remainders of the Stock, and a great number of Copper and Steel Plates of the above Works, together with their copyrights. The Collection comprises also a large Variety of framed and glazed Prints, &c. all in the finest condition.

Catalogues are preparing, and will be forwarded to those who will favour Messrs. Southgate and Co. 22, Fleet Street, with their Addresses.

GENERAL CEMETERY—A Public Meeting will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, on Wednesday, June 9th, at Twelve for One o'Clock.

LORD VISCOUNT MILTON in the Chair; To consider the best means of relieving the Metropolis from the Inconvenience arising from the present System of Interments of the Dead.
It is requested that all Communications may be made (post-paid) to Mr. G. B. Bowman, Solicitor, 18, Milk Street, Cheap-side; or to C. F. Cardan, Esq., 3, Inner Temple Lane.

THOMAS MOORE, Esq.—A Portrait of Thomas Moore, Esq. engraved in the Line Manner, by W. H. Watt, after a Picture by G. S. Newton. Price of Proofs before the letters, 2s. 6s.; Proofs after the letters, 1s. 6s.; Impressions, 1s. 1s.

Sold by Colnaghi, Son, and Co. 8, Pall Mall East; and by Messrs. Moon, Boys, and Graves.
"The first requisite in every portrait is resemblance. He has seldom seen one more striking than the present. It is Mr. Moore himself, in one of his most animated moments."—*Literary Gazette*.

The Subscribers to **TURNER'S ENGLAND AND WALES** are respectfully informed, that Part IX. is now ready for delivery. Part IX. of Views in England and Wales, from Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R.A., with Descriptive and Historical Illustrations, by H. E. Lloyd, Esq.
Part I. IX. royal 4to. 14s. each; imperial 4to. proofs, 11. 1s.; imperial 4to. Proofs on India paper, 11. 11s. 6d.; colonizer folio, limited to Thirty Copies, 2s. 12s. 6d.

Part X. will appear on the 15th of June, forming Vol. I. of the Series.
London: Robert Jennings and William Chaplin, 69, Cheap-side.

Best's Historical Illustrations to the Waverley Novels.
Just published,

ILLUSTRATIONS TO GUY RAN- NERING, Six Subjects, price 5s. 6d. (adapted to the new edition of the Works), a very limited Number in 4to. India Proofs without the Letters, 11. 6s.; India Proofs, with Letters, 18s.; Proofs, 12s.; royal 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Charles Heath has the honour of announcing to the Subscribers to the new edition of Mr. Walter Scott's Novels, that he is preparing a Set of Plates, to be executed in the same style of excellence as his popular Annual, the "Keepsake," from the first Artists, and at a price that will add very little to each volume, which will make the edition most beautiful and complete.
Published by Robert Jennings and William Chaplin, 69, Cheap-side.

THE GENERAL PRAYER of the NATION, GOD SAVE OUR BELOVED KING!—A Miniature Medal of pure Gold, by J. B. Meylan, Engraver at the Royal Mint, containing, on one Side, His Majesty's Head, with the Motto, Georgius IV. D.G. Britanniarum Rex, F.D.; and on the Reverse, the Royal Crown, surrounded with Rays and Laurels, symbolical of His Majesty's glorious Reign, with the Device, expressive at the present moment of the general Prayer of the Nation,—God save our beloved King!
This little Medal, three-eighths of an inch in diameter, is remarkable for its exact resemblance to his Majesty; and also as a Curiosity, from the difficulty of executing so minute an object. It may be set in gems or rings.
To be had of Treuttel, Würtz, and Co. 80, Soho Square.
Price, in a Case, 1s.

Mrs. Ward's Views in Mexico—Just published,
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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. CLXVII. for June 1829. Contents.—I. The Christian Year.—II. The Silent Member, No. 3.—III. Heat and Thirst; a Scene in Jamaica.—IV. To my Babe. By Delta.—V. On the Punishment of Death.—VI. The First Sermon. By the Ettrick Shepherd.—VII. The Reigning Vice. Book 6.—VIII. Some remarkable Passages in the remarkable Life of the Baron St. Gio. By the Ettrick Shepherd.—IX. Cato. Ambassadors from Coosar address Cato.—X. The Mariner's Return; a Description.—XI. Notices Ambrasinæ, No. L.—XII. Monthly List of New Publications.—XIII. Appointments, Promotions, &c.—XIV. Births, Marriages, and Deaths.—London. Printed for William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

THE NEW MONTHLY and LONDON MAGAZINE, for June. Contents.—Prince Leopold and the Greek Negotiation—De Lindsay, a Tale—the Lounger, No. 3, or Observations on the Month—Literary Thefts—Lord Belgrave on the Jew Bill—the King's Own—Constitution in the Athenian—Suggestion of Clubs for Families considered and explained—Mr. Haydon—Unappreciated Authors, &c. &c.—Fashionable Eclogues, No. 1.—The Family Mansion—Mr. Mrs., and Miss Long—the Land of Cakes, No. 3: Aberdeen saw—Sydenham, or Memoirs of a Man of the World—Sketches and Recollections, No. 6.—Recollection of certain French Actors, continued—Frogère and the Emperor Paul—Parce-Pride—Chamois Hunting, by an Alpen Jäger—Swiss Scenery—Journal of a Parisian Resident—Specimens of German Geniality, No. 2: Russia in 1820—St. Petersburg—Hoccom—London Lyrics—the Tenth of April, or Mrs. S.—The Birth Day—Music—Lines by Felicia Hemans—Political Events—Critical Notices of New Publications, the Drama, Fine Arts—Varieties, Domestic and Foreign—Biographical Memoirs of Persons lately deceased—Provincial Occurrences, &c. &c. Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley, 8, New Burlington Street.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1830.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life of Reginald Heber, D.D., Lord Bishop of Calcutta. By his Widow. With Selections from his Correspondence, unpublished Poems, and Private Papers; together with a Journal of his Tour in Norway, Sweden, Russia, and Germany; and a History of the Cossaks. 2 vols. 4to. London, 1830. J. Murray.

It will be allowed, that the office of a critic to a weekly periodical journal is no sinecure; seeing that this work of goodly quarto size, and containing 1320 pages, is only one of the items of our literary labours for this week's bill of fare. Being a capital as well as a respectably sized dish—being various in its component parts, as well as excellent as a whole—we place it at the head of the table, and trust that by our skill in carving and helping it, we shall be able to hit the tastes and please the palates of all our social company of readers.

Reginald Heber was born April 21st, 1783, and belonged to a family of antiquity and property in Yorkshire; his elder brother being the well-known biblio-collector, whose library is one of the most rare and curious in Europe. His early years, of which some puerile anecdotes are recorded by the affectionate feeling of his biographer, were marked by a delicacy of constitution, as well as by great amiability of disposition and readiness of talent. Benevolent, and of the sweetest temper, study seemed to be pointed out by nature for his course of life, and the refinement of his taste confirmed the bias. Even in childhood he shewed himself to be a proficient with the pencil; and the cultivation of his mind, by close reading, speedily made him equally proficient with the pen. His juvenile productions also afford promise of the elegant poet; though we do not find much in his letters before the age of seventeen or eighteen to indicate endowments superior to the generality of well-educated youths. At this period, namely 1800, he was entered of Brazenose, Oxford; and during his first year gained the University prize by his Latin *Carmen Seculare*—verses highly creditable to his skill in composition. In 1803 still greater honours awaited his exertions, and his English poem of Palestine bore off the prize from all competition. Having finished his University career with sterling reputation, he, accompanied by his friend Mr. Hodson, set out in 1805 on an extensive tour through the northern nations of Europe; the usual Continental tour being then shut from English adventure. Of this excursion the Journal is very pleasing; but as we have often since gone over the same ground with later travellers, we shall only recommend it, and its adjunct, the History of the Cossaks, to the public attention, of which both are so well deserving.

Soon after his return, in 1807, Mr. Heber took holy orders, and was appointed to the vicarage of Hodnet in Shropshire, a good living in the gift of his family. He also took his degree of M.A.; and entered with delightful

fervour into the duties of his sacred profession, relaxing from them only to pursue the congenial enjoyments of literature. He wrote many articles for the *Quarterly Review*; and, stopping only to say, that about this time (April 1809) he increased his felicity by marrying Miss Amelia Shipley, daughter of the late Dean and grand-daughter of the late Bishop of St. Asaph,—we shall make a selection of a few of the interesting literary notes and anecdotes which we find scattered throughout his correspondence. As these are mostly very short, and sufficiently explain themselves, we shall not occupy our space by introducing them with many observations of our own. The first is not very complimentary, it must be confessed, to a venerable and esteemed contemporary of ours, the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The editor relates the following:—

“He wrote what none but quick and clever men can write, very good nonsense: some of his *jeux d'esprit* appeared in the grave pages of a certain ancient magazine, in which he occasionally corresponded with himself, keeping himself down to the dulness of his model, to the infinite amusement of the few who were in the secret. One, I recollect, was a solemn inquiry, from Clericus Leicestrensis, into the remedy for the devastations of an insect, which peculiarly attacked spinach,—the evil, the remedy, and the insect, being all equally imaginary. Another was a sonnet on the death of Lieutenant Philip V * * who was killed at the storming of Fort Muzzaboo, on the St. Lawrence (fort and war equally unknown); the last line was

‘And Marathon shall yield to Muzzaboo.’

Mr. Gifford once assured me, that ‘Mr. Higgins,’ in the *Anti-Jacobin*, deceived one person, at least, who seriously complained of the democratical tendencies of ‘the Rovers’ the *jeu d'esprit* from which the last line is quoted, also deceived one other; for it happened, by an odd coincidence, that there had been missing for some years, a certain Philip V * * whose uncle was so much pleased with discovering the scene of his death, and with this glowing eulogium from a witness of his valour, that he sent five pounds to Mr. Sylvanus Urban, for the author of the sonnet. His powers of imitation and of humour were not confined to his own language. Once, as Reginald was on his way to Oxford, he stopped at the Hen and Chickens, at Birmingham, in order to take a coach thence on the following morning. There happened to be in the inn a ball, which not only assembled persons from a distance, who consequently had engaged all the beds, but kept up such a noise throughout the night, that he could scarcely sleep even in his sitting-room. He employed and amused himself, therefore, in writing, in Homeric verse, a description of his situation: annexing a translation after the manner of Clarke, and subjoining the usual proportion of notes, he sent it to Lord Ebrington, then at Brazenose College.”

We annex the beginning, merely as a specimen.

510. Ω πωπει η μεγα πινθος εδοισον ισταται ανδρι,
Οσπιε ινακτιμινον πατ ισπερχομιος ποτλιβρον,
Η κλισην Λυκιν, η Βιλστονα, η Βοιμιχαριον
Καλχασαλι, φιλον οικον αγανωρος Ηφραιστιο
Και τοσι δη μεγαλην ισπτηδουσαι ιοσταν

515. Τικτοσι ανθρωται, μεγα πλουσι, οις μαλα πωπει
Καλχον ινι μεγαρμι Διος και χρωσιν ιδωκι.

Proh Deos! certe magnus dolor peregrino erit viro
Quicumque bene habitatam aliquando adveniens civi-
tatem

Aut nobilem Lyciam, aut Bilstonem, aut Bremicham
Æris-civitatem, chartam donum ob virtutem-mirabilis
Vulcani.

Et tunc quidem magnum cum-studio-parant festum
Fabri viri, multum divites, quibus valde omnibus
Æs in ædibus Deus (Vulcanus &c.) et aurum dedit.

“Note.—V. 510. ‘Οδωσπας ανδρι. Quis foret ille
peregrinus non adhuc satis constat. Hercules Scholi-
astes, Thesæa alii intelligunt. Non animadvertere scilicet
boni interpretes de seipso Poetam hæc locuti, quem Poetam
Iaspida fuisse Anglo Phœnicem ipse supra demonstravi:
Excurs. i. v. 17. hujus libri. Et tamen cl. Turnebo Mo-
ses his veribus annui videtur: quam verè, judicant alii.—
V. 512. Ubiam sit illa Lycia mihi heræ aqua. Lyciam
Asiaticam faciunt vet. Schol. absurde: de Anglicanis
enim civitatibus agitur, neque ποτλιβρον ista Lycia.
Λιζων Hemsterhusius legit, nullis annuentibus Codd.
Nescio an a lupis nomen habens nunc etiam ore vernacula-
ri *Woldehampton* audit. De Bilstone et Bremicham
etiam in celeberrimo Jacobo Thomsono *Bremicham* inven-
nimus:—

‘Thy thund’ring pavement, Bremicham.’

V. 514. Non hospitale (ut videtur) festum paravere Bro-
michamenses, exclusum enim fuisse advenum satis con-
stat. Ergo Bone: Deæ tunc agi sacra Clarkius existimat,
falso, istiummodi enim sacra omnes excludebantur viri, et
tamen v. 518. *αριστες ιουκωνιστι* invenimus. Ut obscenæ
essent istæ saltationes, monente Abrescio, viâ credendum
etsi nullis mamillis exilique veste saltasse puellas ab om-
nibus fere acceptimus. Talia vocant festa Galli ‘un Bal
paré,’ anglicè ‘an assembly.’”

“Many of his contemporaries (adds Mr. Heber, on the authority of a college friend,) will recollect other exercises of kindred talent: one was a mock heroic poem, the subject of which was laid in his own college; but though he wished to forget this *jeu d'esprit*, as it gave offence at the time, and though (how few can look back on their youth without wishing far more to be forgotten!) it may be said of it, as, indeed, of all his other performances in this line, that his wit was without malice, and his humour without a tinge of grossness. His sense of the ridiculous was certainly at this time very keen, but I never heard him say an unkind word; and it was in effusions of this sort that the spirits of his youth found vent. Even at this time, however, he was a very severe student, and made up in hard reading at night, the time given to society and lighter pursuits in the evening. At no period did his success, unparalleled then and since in a university career, tempt him to the assumption of any airs of superiority. He was uniformly humble, and gentle, and kind.”

The subjoined are from Mr. Heber's own letters. They let out a little of the mystery of reviewing and criticism.

Anno 1810. “The poem on Talavera is very spirited, and only unfortunate in being necessarily compared with Scott; the author is understood to be Mr. Croker. The best article, I think, in the Review is the critique on Parr, which, both in wit, taste, and good sense, is

superior to almost every thing of Jeffery's. I intend, as far as my necessary business will give me time, to contribute frequently to the *Quarterly Review*, as it serves to keep up my acquaintance with several interesting subjects, which I might else, perhaps, neglect.

"I agree with you in thinking that my Russian notes are made more conspicuous in the *Quarterly Review* of Clarke's Travels, than the proportion they bear to the rest of the work would lead one to expect. You will not wonder, however, that he himself should be treated coolly, when I tell you that the reviewer is a staunch Muscovite, and an 'old courtier of the queen's,' during the most splendid days of Catherine. With the *Edinburgh Review*, as far as good words go, both he and I have reason to be satisfied. I do not, however, think that, even there, they have been sufficiently acquainted with their subject to appreciate justly his knowledge of antiquities, the liveliness of his sketches of manners, and his power of comparing one nation with another, which are, I think, his strong-holds. And they shew a little too plainly their constant wish to make every thing a handle for politics.

"How do you like the defence of Pitt in the last *Quarterly*? It is by the same person who reviewed Dr. Parr's Philopatus, and written still more powerfully. If I wished that Clarke had got more praise, you will easily believe that I was most thoroughly vexed and surprised at the rough way in which Dealtry is handled, and which I attributed, till I got your letter, to Dr. —, whom you seem to acquit. Gifford probably knew nothing of Dealtry; but he has been ere this informed as to his real character and attainments, which, though the past is irretrievable, will serve as a caution in future."

Anno 1811. "You have in your kind letter paid me two compliments which I very ill deserve; the first, in attributing to me the review of 'Kehama,' which is in truth by Scott; the other, in taking it for granted that I should answer your letter civilly. At least I have a better reason to plead for silence than the Cambridge man, who, on being asked in what pursuit he was then engaged, replied, 'That he was diligently employed in suffering his hair to grow.'"

Anno 1813. "I conclude you have rubbed up all your Russian to converse with the Cossak; had he been the sergeant who accompanied us to Ecatherinodar, I should have been delighted to renew the acquaintance. Gifford, the *Quarterly* reviewer, says all the world are Cossak-mad, and wants me to furnish him with a short article on the subject for the next number of the Review. I have not yet begun it, and know not whether I shall have time. I had previously offered a review of Sir W. Drummond's *Œdipus Judaicus*, a very wicked and foolish book, which its author has, in order to escape the reviewers, only circulated privately; on this account my offer was declined. D'Oyley, of Bennet College, has since answered him very well; and a third person, I know not who, has offered to review D'Oyley; so that I am able at present to attend pretty closely to my dictionary, and to the eastern languages and customs.

"Madame de Staël, to whom we were introduced the day after we left Tunbridge, said a good thing on the style of London parties, which she called 'une société aux coups de poing.' I told her R. G. —'s idea of the female slave-trade; but though she understood the mercantile part of the idea, I do not think

she was sufficiently acquainted with the arrangements of a slave-ship to feel the wit of the comparison, as to crowding, pressure, &c. We met her three times, and I had a good deal of conversation with her. She is so little different in appearance, manner, and general conversation, from many foreign women, that I could have fancied myself once or twice talking to la folle Gargarin. She is, however, better mannered, and more feminine and sensible than that worthy personage, and I think you would like her. She is not handsome; but certainly not ugly for her time of life.

"I have just met with a phenomenon which has considerably surprised me, in an epic poem on Gustavus Vasa, by an Eton boy of seventeen, named Walker. You will laugh at the idea, and so at first did I; but on carelessly looking it over to enable me to answer the questions of the lady who lent it me, I have found so much skill in the construction of his verse, and so many passages of lively and powerful description, as give promise of something very good indeed hereafter. Many parts will not shrink from a comparison with Pope's translation of the *Thebaid* at the same age. The story, as he has told it, is childish; and there is, as might be expected, a boyish ambition of introducing celestial machinery, such as angels and the Supreme Being, which are not happily introduced, and are weapons too ponderous for him to manage; but even this ambition, at his age, is no bad sign. I do not advise you to buy the book, but I do strenuously recommend your borrowing it, as it is really a curiosity. You, as an old Etonian, will probably be able to learn who the boy is, and whether he is thought clever in other respects."

Anno 1814. "From you I have, as you well know, no secrets: you may, therefore, be surprised that I had not already told you that the article on Madame de Staël, in the last *Quarterly*, was mine. In truth, had we met, you would have seen the MS. I desired Murray and Gifford, for obvious reasons, not to name the author; why they have attributed it to a 'young lawyer,' the father of concealment (for I will not use a harsher word) only knows.

"Lara, though it has several good lines, is a further proof of the melancholy fact, which is true of all sequels, from the continuation of the *Æneid* by one of the famous Italian poets of the middle ages, down to 'Polly, a sequel to the Beggar's Opera,' that 'more last words' may generally be spared without any great detriment to the world."

Anno 1816. "Murray has sent me a copy of a glorious poem by Milman on the Fall of Jerusalem, which he wishes me to review immediately. I have looked at some parts, and been delighted with it.

"I have been a little alarmed on receiving a parcel from Mr. Crawford of six quarto volumes of manuscript, each of them, 'so dick als dis sheese,' being the travels of Mr. Kinneir* through Asia Minor, respecting the merits of which I am to give an opinion, according to a rash promise which I made when I was with you. I was not then quite aware of the bulk of the undertaking, but must now persevere, though the journey may be as protracted as that of the ten thousand Greeks through the same route. How do you like the new 'Childe Harold?' I think the beginning tolerable, the end very fine indeed, the middle 'party per pale' (to use the he-

raldic term), very good and very prosaic and inharmonious. Bringing the mountains to bed of a young earthquake has been apparently suggested by the divine author of 'The Death of Hellebore.* I am not sure that a mouse would not have been the more eligible son and heir of the two. The Prisoner of Chillon is not yet arrived. I hear a very high character of a novel not yet published, but soon to be: 'The Tales of my Landlord, by Jedediah Cleishbotham.' The author I do not know."

Anno 1817. Sept. 24th. "I hope you have got through the autumn in better health than several of my friends. Poor Gifford has, I fear, been dismally ill. What is to become of the *Quarterly* when he goes?"

It is curious to see what he afterwards says of our late friend's able successor, Mr. Lockhart.

Nov. 1822. "Among the possible conductors of the *Quarterly Review*, a name has just occurred to me which I cannot help thinking very likely to answer: it is that of Lockhart, the son-in-law of Walter Scott, and the author of 'Peter's Letters,' which are written with abundant talent and caustic humour. He is, I understand, an advocate in Edinburgh, of great acknowledged talent, but little practice; and as his principles are decidedly Tory, he may be very useful at the present moment."

The celebrated and learned professor of Arabic:

Anno 1818. "The oriental scholar whose learning and modesty I praised is a Mr. Lee of Cambridge, who, from the situation of a journeyman carpenter in Shropshire, has, by his own application and talent, and in some small measure by the patronage of Archdeacon Corbet, raised himself to a great degree of deserved celebrity. His discovery relative to the Coptic is, that that language is radically the same with the Malayan."

Anno 1818. A good anecdote: "During the few days I was in Shropshire I heard a good deal of two New Zealand warriors, who have been brought over by a missionary society, and are staying with a clergyman in Shropshire. I was amused with one story which I was told of the youngest: some roasted rabbits were at table, which he supposed to be cats; on being asked whether New Zealanders eat cats, he answered, 'New Zealander eatte hog, him eatte dog, him eatte rat, him eatte creeper' (biting his own arm like a dog in search of a flea), 'him eatte warrior and old woman, but him no eatte puss!' Yet this eater of warriors and old women is said to be very docile to his spiritual pastors, and to have made no contemptible progress in whatever they have taught him."

Anno 1819. "Have you looked over Bristol's 'America?' I think it a curious book, full of useful information, and written, though with prejudices decidedly American, in a tone of more candour than you would guess if you only judge of it from the *Quarterly*, whose zeal against the Americans need not be expressed quite so strongly."

Anno 1820. The following relates to the excellent edition of Jeremy Taylor, published by Mr. Duncan, in XV. volumes, and one of the great delights of our library shelf, to which we always turn with a new gratification.

"I have, you are perhaps aware, engaged to write a life of Jeremy Taylor, for an edition of

* "A mock heroic poem, written by an acquaintance of Mr. Reginald Heber's, to prove that perfect nonsense, when clothed in high-sounding language and read with proper emphasis, may often be admired as eloquent poetry by superficial hearers. — *Ed.*"

* "Sir John Kinneir Macdonald, now (1830) British minister in Persia. — *Ed.*"

his works which Duncan and Co. are preparing. I do not dislike the sort of work, but labour under a lamentable want of materials. I am also engaged in finishing an article on Rennell's 'Illustration of the Anabasis.' It is a very heavy subject, and I am sorry I undertook it; but having advanced so far, it would be absurd to give in.

"I am sorry (he writes to Mr. Wilmot, now Horton) you have not had time to finish your article for the *Quarterly*. I have some weeks since sent them up one, and am now deeply engaged in another. The first was on a very fine poem of Milman's, *The Fall of Jerusalem*, which, as being almost exclusively laudatory, I found difficult, and did not well satisfy myself. My present theme is Southey's *Life of Wesley*,—a theme much more copious, and one which interests me a good deal. How I shall succeed in it, I do not yet know; it is no easy matter to give Wesley his due praise, at the same time that I am to distinguish all that was blameable in his conduct and doctrines; and it is a very difficult matter indeed to write on such a subject at all, without offending one or both of the two fiercest and foolishlest parties that ever divided a church—the high churchmen and the evangelicals."

To the same gentleman he makes the following sensible remarks on parliamentary speaking:

"I think you have laid more stress on the failure of your speech in seconding the motion of thanks than the case calls for. I read it as it was reported, and thought it read well both in point of language and matter, whatever may have been the expediency of introducing disputable questions into such a composition. But it is, I apprehend, no new thing in Israel for a man who speaks well on other occasions, to fail in that kind of laudatory oratory which your party, in this instance, assigned to you. Man is, by nature, rather a vituperative than a complimentary animal; the language of satire and censure has a far greater *copiam verborum* than that of praise; and this is so generally felt, that of all the speeches delivered in parliament, those for the motion and secondment of addresses are, I think, least read and least noticed by the public. On such a subject, even if you had spoken like an angel, few would have given you any great credit for it; and if you have, as you apprehend, done ill, such a single instance of failure will be effaced by the next good or even tolerable speech you make."

Anno 1821. "How do you like Lord Byron's *Faliero*? I am out of patience with it; it has all *Alfieri's* coldness and want of interest, without his strength and stateliness. I have just read a noble MS. play on the subject of the Sicilian Vespers, by a very pretty woman, an authoress in North Wales. If she can get it on the stage, I really think it will succeed." (Mrs. Hemans, to whom he also afterwards pays a well-deserved compliment.)

"I am pretty much out of the way of seeing new books. I believe you know my mind on the subject of *Faliero*; and of the Arctic voyage, all that can be said is, that Captain Parry has made certainly as large a book, and, perhaps, as amusing a one, for its size, as could be made on so barren a subject."

With this we shall close our cento of, we trust, amusing literary extracts, and proceed to select an example or two of the Bishop's poetical productions, and also an entire letter or two in evidence of his epistolary talent.

As we do not esteem his lyrics so highly as his verses of other kinds, we choose from the latter.

"The Spring Journey."

Oh green was the corn as I rode on my way,
And bright were the dew on the blossoms of May,
And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold,
And the oak's tender leaf of emerald and gold.
The thrush from his holly, the lark from his cloud,
Their chorus of rapture sung jovial and loud;
From the soft vernal sky to the soft grassy ground,
There was beauty above me, beneath, and around.
The mild southern breeze brought a shower from the hill,
And yet, though it left me all dripping and chill,
I felt a new pleasure, as onward I sped,
To gaze where the rainbow gleam'd broad over head.
Oh, such be life's journey, and such be our skill,
To lose in its blessings the sense of its ill!
Through sunshine and shower may our progress be even,
And our tears add a charm to the prospect of Heaven!

"The Outcast-bound Ship."

As borne along with favouring gale,
And streamers waving bright,
How gaily sweeps the glancing sail
O'er yonder sea of light!
With painted sides, the vessel glides
In seeming revelry,
And still we hear the sailor's cheer
Around the capstan tree.
Is sorrow there, where all is fair,
Where all is outward glory?
Go, fool, to yonder mariner
And he shall lesson thee.
Upon that deck walks tyrant sway,
Wild as his conquered wave,
And murmuring hate that must obey,
The captain and his slave!
And pinching care is lurking there,
And dark ambition's swell,
And some that part with bursting heart
From objects loved too well.
And many a grief with gazing fed
On yonder distant shore,
And many a tear in secret shed
For friends beheld no more;
Yet sails the ship with streamers drest
And shouts of seeming glee:
Oh, God! how loves the mortal breast
To hide its misery!"

This original poem we shall contrast with a lighter and playful effort.

"Sympathy."

A knight and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.
'O never was knight such a sorrow that bore!
'O never was maid so deserted before!
'From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for company!
They searched for an eddy that suited the deed—
But here was a bramble, and there was a weed;
'How tiresome it is!' said the fair, with a sigh;
So they sat down to rest them in company.
They gazed on each other, the maid and the knight;
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height;
'One mournful embrace!' sobb'd the youth, 'ere we die!
So kissing and crying kept company.
'O had I but loved such an angel as you!
'O had but my swain been a quarter as true!
'To miss such perfection how blinded was I!
Sure now they were excellent company!
At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear—
'The weather is cold for a watery bier;
When summer returns we may easily die—
'Till then let us return in company."

There was, indeed, much of sportive good nature in this virtuous man and eminent Christian divine—witness the subjoined letters.

"Of his entrance into Benares, the seat of brahminical learning, and 'the most holy city of Hindoostan,' the Bishop gives the following characteristic description in a letter to the editor. 'I will endeavour to give you some idea of the concert, vocal and instrumental, which saluted us as we entered the town. —' *First beggar.* Agha sahib! judge sahib! burra sahib! yek puesa do! hum fuqeer hue! hum padre hue! hum booku se mur jata hue! (Great lord, great judge, give me some pice. I am a fakir—I am a priest—I am dying with hunger.)—*Bearers trotting under the tonjohn.* Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh! — *Musicians.* Tingle tangle, tingle tangle, bray, bray, bray! — *Chuprassee, clearing the way with his sheathed sabre.* Chup! chup! jugih do judge sahib ke waste, lord padre sahib ke waste! baen! deina!

judlee! (Silence, give room for 'the lord judge, the lord priest; get out of the way, quick.) *Then very gently stroking and patting the broad back of a brahminy bull.* He! uchu admee! chulo, chulo! (Oh, good man, move, move.) — *Bull, scarcely moving.* Bu—u—uh! — *Second beggar, counting his beads, rolling his eyes, and moving his body backwards and forwards.* Ram, ram, ram, ram, kurte huen! — *Bearers, as before.* Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh!"

We must reserve our other intended examples till next Saturday; and our remaining extracts must be miscellaneous and brief. At a commemoration at Oxford in 1820, we are beautifully told—

"He had the gratification of hearing *Palestine* performed as an oratorio in the same theatre, where, seventeen years before, he had recited it to an equally, or perhaps a more crowded audience than was then assembled. To the eye the scene was the same, but its component parts were widely different. Of the relations who were present at the former period, some had paid the debt of nature; the greater number of his contemporaries were scattered abroad in the pursuit of their respective professions; new faces occupied the arena. Yet there were those present who had witnessed and shared in the early triumphs of his genius, who now partook in the deep feeling with which the editor listened to lines which she could never read without emotion, now dressed in a garb which gave them additional beauties. Those seventeen years had passed over her husband's head, save with two or three bitter exceptions, in tranquillity and happiness. The few that he was thenceforth destined to live, bore, in many respects, a different character; but though not of tranquillity, they were far from being to him years of sorrow. A life so passed can never be productive of real unhappiness, however chequered by the common lot of mankind."

We have been obliged to avoid the discussion of the religious themes which are to be found in these volumes, and which will greatly recommend them to all serious readers, and especially to the friends of the Church of England; but they would have led us far too much into detail. They reflect a bright light on the character of their author; who was in 1815 elected Bampton lecturer; in 1817 made a prebendary of St. Asaph; in 1822, preacher at Lincoln's Inn; and in 1823 D.D., and Lord Bishop of Calcutta, as the successor of Middleton. This distinction was obtained by the influence of his friend Mr. C. Wynn, then at the head of the Board of Control; but it was not till after much irresolution, and a severe struggle, that a sense of sacred duty prevailed over him to accept of this appointment, which severed him from so many dear ties, and from such inviting temporal prospects in his native land. From his letters at this epoch we perceive that he was much excited by the occasion; and his enthusiasm breaks forth in a very natural manner, while the new views of life spread themselves open before him. On the 16th of June, 1823, accompanied by his family, he sailed for India, the enlarged sphere of his spiritual exertions; and every feature of the picture drawn of him, or gathered from himself thenceforward, impresses upon us the idea of as pure and good a man as ever breathed the breath of life.

Of his zeal in India the public is already informed; and his premature death it has deeply lamented. In him was lost a shining ornament and a most useful labourer in the Christian world.

"The following anecdote, strongly illustrative of eastern superstition and eastern tyranny, is related in the MS. of the Bishop's journal. Some circumstances induced the editor to omit its publication, the principal of which was, that, as the King of Oude was then living, and was in the habit of making his sides-de-camp translate English books into Hindoostanee for his information, she apprehended that the engineer, whose history it relates, might again fall under the power of the favourite. That fear having been removed by the king's death, and the immediate dismissal from power of Hukeem Mendee, the prime minister, she no longer hesitates to relate it. 'Many whimsical stories are current in Lucknow respecting the foibles and blindness of the poor king, and the rascality of his favourite. His fondness for mechanics has been already mentioned. In trying some experiments of this nature, he fell in with a Mussulman engineer of pleasing address and ready talent, as well as considerable, though unimproved, genius for such pursuits. The king took so much delight in conversing with this man, that the minister began to fear a rising competitor, as well knowing that the meanness of his own birth and functions had been no obstacle to his advancement. He therefore sent the engineer word, 'if he were wise, to leave Lucknow.' The poor man did so, removed to a place about ten miles down the river, and set up a shop there. The king, on inquiring after his humble friend, was told that he was dead of cholera; ordered a gratuity to be sent to his widow and children—and no more was said. During these last rains, however, the king sailed down the river in his brig of war, as far as the place where the new shop stood: he was struck with the different signs of neatness and ingenuity which he observed in passing—made his men draw in to shore—and, to his astonishment, saw the deceased engineer, who stood trembling, and with joined hands, to receive him. After a short explanation, he ordered him to come on board—returned in high anger to Lucknow—and calling the minister, asked him again if it were certain that such a man was dead. 'Undoubtedly' was the reply. 'I myself ascertained the fact, and conveyed your majesty's bounty to the widow and children.' 'Hurumzada!' said the king, bursting into a fury.—'look there, and never see my face more!' The vizier turned round and saw how matters were circumstanced. With a terrible glance, which the king could not see, but which spoke volumes to the poor engineer, he imposed silence on the latter; then, turning round again to his master, stopping his nose, and with many muttered exclamations of, 'God be merciful! Satan is strong! In the name of God, keep the devil from me!' he said—'I hope your majesty has not touched the horrible object?' 'Touch him!' said the king—'the sight of him is enough to convince me of your rascality.' 'Is-tufurullah!' said the favourite; 'and does not your majesty perceive the strong smell of a dead carcass!' The king still stormed; but his voice faltered, and curiosity and anxiety began to mingle with his indignation. 'It is certain, refuge of the world!' resumed the minister, 'that your majesty's late engineer, with whom be peace! is dead and buried; but your slave knoweth not who hath stolen his body from the grave, or what vampire it is who now inhabits it, to the terror of all good Mussulmans. Good were it that he were run through with a sword before your majesty's

face, if it were not unlucky to shed blood in the auspicious presence. I pray your majesty, dismiss us; I will see him conducted back to his grave; it may be that when that is opened he may enter it again peaceably.' The king, confused and agitated, knew not what to say or order. The attendants led the terrified mechanic out of the room; and the vizier, throwing him a purse, swore with a horrible oath, that 'if he did not put himself on the other side of the company's frontier before the next morning—if he ever trode the earth again, it should be as a vampire indeed.' This is, I think, no bad specimen of the manner in which an absolute sovereign may be persuaded out of his own senses."

As great deceptions are performed at courts nearer home: all are alike; and the independent mind must laugh to scorn the affected imbecility of the cunning tribe, who know that the appearance of talents would be a certain bar against rising in their line of life. The silk threads in Gulliver are the truths of sycophantic exhibition. The following anecdotes are more grateful to human nature.

"Almost the last business which Dr. Heber transacted before he left Shropshire, was settling a long standing account in which he had been charged as debtor to the amount of a hundred pounds; but it was believed by those who were best acquainted with the circumstances, that he was not bound either in law or probity to pay it. As he himself, however, did not feel certain on this point, he resolved to pay the mouey, observing to a friend who endeavoured to dissuade him, 'How can I reasonably hope for a blessing on my undertaking, or how can I commence so long a voyage with a quiet conscience, if I leave even the shadow of a committed act of injustice behind?' About the same time an unknown person sent him a small sum of money through the hands of a clergyman in Shrewsbury, confessing that he had defrauded him of it, and stating that he could not endure to see him leave England for such objects, without relieving his own conscience by making restitution."

But we must now conclude: having entered a cold bath at Trichinopoly, on the 3d of August, 1806, after a day's fatigue, his widow says:—

"He retired into his own room, and, according to his invariable custom, wrote on the back of the address on confirmation, 'Trichinopoly, April 3, 1826.' This was his last act; for immediately on taking off his clothes he went into a large cold bath, where he had bathed the two preceding mornings, but which was now the destined agent of his removal to Paradise! Half an hour after, his servant, alarmed at his long absence, entered the room and found him a lifeless corpse! Every means to restore animation, which human skill or friendship could suggest, were resorted to, but the vital spark was extinguished, and his blessed spirit had then entered on its career of immortality, and, perhaps, was at that moment looking down with fond pity on the exertions of those who would fain have recalled it to its earthly habitation, to endure again the trials and temptations of the world it had quitted. And, surely, if ever sudden death were desirable, it must be under such circumstances. With a heart full of love towards God and zeal for his service, and of that charity and good will towards mankind which are its certain accompaniments, having just officiated in his sacred office, listened with kindness to the wants of his poor brethren, and detailed some of his plans for their relief, he was called to receive

his reward. He had scarcely ceased from glorifying God in his mortal state, when he was summoned to join in that angelic chorus of praise and thanksgiving, whose voices fill heaven in honour of their Maker and Redeemer."

Perhaps there is a little of the tone of presumption in this statement; but when we reflect on every circumstance, we cannot in conscience blame it. We have only to add, that the Bishop had a practice of writing memoranda of short Latin prayers upon interesting occasions; and that there is much in these pages to demand the regards of the Church Missionary and Christian Instruction Societies, as well as of the whole reading world. With some things that might have been omitted, there is a vast proportion to amuse, to delight, to instruct, and to improve: and if the report be true (as we have reason to believe it is) that the preceding works of, and relative to, the Bishop of Calcutta have realised eleven thousand pounds to his surviving family, they may look forward to a very considerable accession through the wide circulation of these new volumes. A portrait of his Lordship; an engraving of his monument by Chantrey, (also published separately as a work of art); and a print of St. John's Church, Trichinopoly, adorn them.

The English at Home. By the Author of the "English in Italy," and the "English in France." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

We know few works that mark the change which has been gradually taking place in our literature more strongly than the one before us. What was just and true circulating library criticism some fifty years ago, has now no reference to its changed condition: talking of novels as the mere amusement of young gentlemen or elderly ladies, is living in an atmosphere of old prejudice, as much as he who still believes in the right divine of kings, or that laughter is the only sign of the human race that distinguishes the Frenchman from the monkey. Men of talent have in all ages taken for their thoughts, experience, theories, and feelings, that mode of expression which was most popular. In early times they threw their minds into orations, dramas, epics; in more modern ones, comedies, essays, satires, and pamphlets, embodied the spirit of the era; and what then was their province is now the province of the novel. Perhaps it has most especially filled up the vacant ground left by the drama. The drama requires a degree of faith, an openness to impression, a willingness to be led by the eyes, which are not to be found in a reading, thinking, analysing generation like our own. Now, if carried away by our impressions, the habit of self command inculcated from our earliest youth makes us prefer that they should do so in solitude: and, moreover, we like to mingle that degree of thought with our feelings which haste and witnesses alike prevent; and reflection, observation, and theory, the satire or the moral, find in the novel their most effective channel, because it falls in with the prevailing taste for reading,—and reading is a solitary and secluded method of either improvement or entertainment. The work we have just finished, for example, has thought enough in it for a horde of essays and political pamphlets, which a story develops by bringing into action. We may differ from many of the author's views, while we cannot but allow the talent with which they are taken; and the very act of differing causes us to think ourselves. *The English in France* was the first work which pointed out

the great change of the French character since the revolution; and Mr. Crowe's (the author, though some good judges have attributed these publications to Lord Normanby, whose style and manner are essentially different in every respect!) views of English society are equally fresh and original. There is much that is at variance with our own opinions; much that strikes us as the knowledge acquired by the man of observation rather than the man of experience—one who rather watches the progress of the game, than plays a part in it,—and hence is somewhat inclined to a theory of his own on probable results. Still, whether in denial or agreement, we cannot but do justice to forcible colouring, the penetrating and philosophic spirit, which gives to his pictures the reality of life. The first story, "Birth," is an animated drama, whose stage is London: the character of Lord Ratoath is genuine comedy, that of Fitzearne in darker and powerful relief, that of Willoughby one of a thousand, but whose very commonness is its greatest difficulty. We differ *in toto* from the spirit of the story: to represent want of high birth as such an insurmountable obstacle to success, is to check at once every effort of either genius or enterprise—a doctrine as dangerous as it is in great part untrue. Nevertheless, the difficulties, the distresses, and mortifications of the *parvenu*, are drawn with a most keen and vigorous hand. We will not analyse the story, thus forestalling its interest, and spoiling the pleasure of all its old-fashioned, and, we rather think, of many of its most modern readers also; and a single scene is scant justice to the author: we shall rather endeavour to give an idea of the spirit of these pages by selecting a few observations and reflections; only promising, that we thus illustrate rather the philosophy than the amusement:—will our readers content themselves with our assertion of the work's possessing also the latter quality?

"Lord Ratoath had kept his heart perseveringly empty and unoccupied by passion of any kind—and if any one would wish to learn how he effected this, he may be informed, that it was by frittering the said heart in whims."

"The chief requisite and secret for catching the tone of a people, or time, or class, is to know and feel what is common-place with them, what not."

"He forgot, or knew not, how essential a part of gentility was the science of killing game; how popular, how English, are sporting habits and knowledge; and how indispensable a requisite the being a passable shot is to success in any path of British ambition, the highest or the lowest, whether it be the sublime of politics, or the beautiful of dandyism. We know that when King William sought to regain the popularity which he had lost by his obstinate principles of toleration, his cabinet gravely advised him to visit Newmarket. Thus the love of a horse-race was considered a virtue capable of covering the crime or weakness of being a philanthropist. And to come down to the present day, know we not accomplished statesmen, high-born, sage, proof in talents and integrity, for ever repelled from influential station by want of popularity amongst their brother aristocrats; and this proceeding from no cause more deep than an aversion to game-laws, and a disdain to be the slayers of pheasants?"

"We must live for our age; and one may as well be ignorant of its language as of the topics which interest it. But his lordship was of the old school, when country gentlemen were country gentlemen, and when courtiers

formed a species quite separate and different from them; the one being animals in top-boots and round hats, the latter in buckles, embroidered waistcoats, powder, and 'Chesterfield manners. Alas! he knew not the amalgamation that has since taken place."

"Providence has admirably arranged, in placing the passion of love to await and seize us human beings on our exit from youth into manhood. It acts somewhat (if the comparison be not too fantastic) as a sanitary officer, who puts the voyager to quarantine on his reaching a new shore, and purifies him from any particle of pestilential atmosphere which might lurk about him. Love comes as a purifier of the heart from all the base and selfish maxims with which it may previously have been crammed."

"The best part of bad theories, whether of education or of aught else, is, that practice ameliorates them; the generous principles of our nature vindicate themselves, and penetrate, despite of being excluded or neglected."

"English conversation, as a French gentleman, subsequently the friend of Willoughby, was wont to observe, is like English land, circumscribed and intersected, hedged in and fenced out, studded with preserves so thickly, that the only perviable spot is the vulgar high road. To enumerate the topics forbidden to women, would be to frame a set of categories, from which nothing would be excluded except trifling and flirtation; and the track for even men to follow, is marked with few divergencies. Pride forbids this, false modesty that. It is considered pedantic, or an unfair monopoly of another's time, to talk of what we know best; and of what we know worst, though it is usual, it is scarcely advisable to dogmatise. At the present period of multiplied and voluminous knowledge, which defies all the power of study or capacity to grasp, the greater part of information we must glean from each other. Folks have come to perceive this, and they have really become as parsimonious of their ideas as of their money. Nought is uttered but with the hope of repayment, either in the same kind or in admiration."

"He has piqued you, then; *tant mieux*. I begin to have hopes that you are not insensible to Louisa's charms: for to feel, Harry, is the whole secret of wooing." "I have deeper cause than any idle jealousy to hate him." "Hate! fie! But resentment is better than mere apathy. Nothing great was ever achieved without some passion or other for its motive."

"Young ladies are hugely indocile in affairs of the heart, even when they happen to have no heart; for then the flutter of vanity or caprice supplies its throbs or beatings."

"I take the metaphor from an old and a valued friend, who used to counsel quaintly in exemplifying the advantages of unity of purpose. 'If you would raise an oak,' said he, 'you plant a single acorn; but you sow many seeds only for the grass-plat, or the flowery border, where beauty serves but to be trodden under foot.'

"Calumny is to some weak minds what bitters are to some weak stomachs—an absolute necessity. Depravity first craves for it, and what is nauseous and base in its nature becomes at last a pleasure to the perverted taste. Hence do we often see habits of talking ill-nature grafted upon the easy character of good-nature; and amiable persons, who would not harm a fly, dissect and poison a human character with excess of delight."

"Vanity is love's alloy. They are always mingled, even at the first; but as years ad-

vance, the coin of sentiment, like that of a kingdom, grows baser by degrees, and sinks profoundly in value, even while its expression or superscription remains the same."

"Human nature is made to be discontented, and Mrs. Oshaldistone was not long an exception. Good humour and good nature formed an excellent mixture; but it is not that of which we would form a god; and women like somewhat to worship."

"Your elderly gentleman is given to complain that there is a great deal too much love in our world of fiction; that it forms alone the connecting and continuous link in those works of the day that attempt to excite interest and command attention;—that we modern authors are a set of poor devils, who, but for love, could not live;—and the fact is not to be denied. Look at the ancients, say they, who were acquainted with other passions; they studied, and could develop a part of them. Love was with them, what it should be with mankind, a subordinate and temporary sentiment; they did not allow so puny a deity to occupy always, and for ever, the entire human heart. Excuses and refutations start up by the dozen. Choose one or two. The ancients were like children in one respect. The feeling to which they were most prone, to which they could be most easily and fully excited, was wonder. That unknown world, whence the spirits of men come, was near, was around them, far nearer than to us. For mankind seems to have rolled down a kind of Jacob's ladder, lengthening its distance and its descent from heaven at the revolution of each century. In early times, the wing of the voyaging angel fanned them, or his brightness dazzled them. Far off, the god which visited their dreams, and stirred in their consciences and aspirations, was fixed by them, and embodied in various shapes, and became startling reality to the children of the deifiers. Fable formed the true interest of an ancient narration, or reality that approached it in the gigantesque and the heroic. The gods and demigods still occupied the scenes. Humanity, as humanity, was not developed, and little interesting. To make a heroine attract sympathy, it was necessary to sacrifice her to the gods; to ennoble a hero, the audience should see him pursued and immolated by Fate. Now, however, we have rolled down to the foot of our Jacob's ladder, and that path of communication is removed. Angels no longer pass to and fro; heaven is far removed, and sight can reach to it but through the aid of a fixed gaze, and a strong religious telescope. In consequence, we have become the sole objects of wonder, of interest, and sympathy to one another. Instead of creating ideal deities, of all our fears and fancies, we have raised one half of the species to more than an equal rank, compared with the other. The sexes are mutual objects of a minor kind of idolatry, and we take all the interest in this new devotion that the ancients did in the worship of Pan, or the persecution of Fate. Love, then, it is seen, has replaced mythology: Love's rewards are, therefore, the sole store-house, whence can be sought or taken the machinery of the modern drama. We are confined to it; and we may answer the caviller against love as the furrier did the lady who complained of a want of a variety of furs, telling her, that Providence had made no new species of animal since last season. So it might be said, there has no patent been taken out for a new passion. Even the old ones are debased or worn out. Ambition is but dandyism; jealousy absurd, and out of mode; pride

is dwindled down to vanity. Love, love, in short, is the only stable and durable sentiment, except, perhaps, the small malignity of scandal that humanity can universally sympathise with."

"We have been somewhat amused by hearing this called a Fashionable Novel; and, as we have already noticed, a production of Lord Normanby, with all the comfortable string of common-places touching fashionable novels, lords writing, higher duties, the depreciation of literature, &c. &c. Nothing is more easy than this style of sweeping criticism; for its very blunders have all the respectability of old prejudices. But, in the first place, how any reader could mistake a work of the author of the *English in France*, for one by the author of *Yes and No*, is a piece of mental assimilation we do not quite understand. Lord Normanby's stories are always in action, his style animated, and full of persiflage,—the highest order of a French proverb, witty, keen, and actual, he is little given to digression, not at all to theory, still less to description, and with a most fresh and original vein of ridicule. The author of the *English at Home* is, on the contrary, a grave and reflective person; he deals in satire and ridicule; he analyses and dissects his characters, enters not only upon actions, but into their motives; often digresses, and loves theory and discussion; his truths are severe, and, we were going to have said, more profound, till we remembered that truth as often floats on the surface as in the depths of the stream: there is a bitterness about the one, in strong contrast to the veracity of the other; but certainly not one point of resemblance can we trace between the two. Secondly, we should like to know what is meant by a "fashionable novel?"—the term seems to us to have been strangely misapplied of late. We would use it as a term of reprobation to those works which depend on their personality; which, with no *matériel* of either observation or invention, purchase short-lived existence by feeding an idle appetite for scandal, or, at best, intrusion into private life. But let it be either a lively or just picture of society, let its pictures be at once actual and general,—actual in their truth, but general in not being susceptible of personal application,—in short, let it be the production of a man of talent; and it is worthy of that attention with which reader or critic should receive any new display of either humanity or society. But one would think, that the very fact of having had the best of educations, having many opportunities of seeing the world, and acquiring every variety of information,—in a word, being a gentleman, with all the advantages of his condition,—the mere fact of being a gentleman, was to render all these advantages nugatory. Confining talent and its means of exertion to the lower class, is as absurd as excluding them from it: the peer and the peasant, all history bears us out in the assertion, are equally gifted; but the extremes of opinion are always its fallacy. To which, let us add, criticism must always be unjust when it becomes personality.

The Undying One, and other Poems. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. 8vo. pp. 272. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

THERE is much in this volume of all that constitutes the fascination of poetry,—tones of tenderness whose echoes are in the heart,—sorrows over which we have all wept,—sad but sweet memories,—gentle appeals to the affections. Mrs. Norton has most truly touched what is the key-stone of a woman's lute,

sympathy; and it is because this sympathy is at once her *matériel* and reward, that we decidedly object to the subject of the principal poem. In the unnatural miseries of the Wandering Jew we can take no share; his griefs have no counterpart in our own. We believe a woman scarcely ever considers her hero in any other light than that of a lover; to this, all his qualities, good or bad, are subservient. Mrs. Norton is no exception to this rule; and her *Undying One* is only a narrative of the various love-adventures in which the Wandering Jew is engaged. Now, the first great feeling which excites our interest in a lover, viz. constancy, is enlisted against him; we cannot enter into his succession of attachments; and it revolts our romance to hear him entertain one mistress with an account of the wretchedness he has brought on another; and when the poem ends with his being "alone," we cannot but remember it is what he has been a dozen times already. We have taken this view of the work on its own ground; but we must add, that Isbal is a very poor representative of the awful and mysterious being whose existence was prolonged by a curse, and who must, of a terrible necessity, soon be far beyond all human affection or interest. But the poem abounds with passages of beauty, and many of its minor companions are very delightful; and we cite one of the pieces introduced into it, rather than a specimen of the narrative.

"None remember thee! thou whose heart

Pour'd love on all around;

Thy name no anguish can impart—

"Tis a forgotten sound—

Thine old companions pass me by

With a cold bright smile, and a vacant eye,

And none remember thee

Save me.

None remember thee! thou wert not

Beauteous as some things are;

No glory beam'd from thy lot,

My pale and quiet star—

Like a winter bud that too soon hath burst,

Thy cheek was fading from the first—

And none remember thee

Save me!

None remember thee! they could spy

Nought, when they gaz'd on thee,

But thy soul's deep love in thy quiet eye—

It had pass'd from their memory.

The gifts of genius were not thine

Proudly before the world to shine—

And none remember thee

Save me!

None remember thee! now thou'rt gone,

Or they could not choose but weep,

When they think of thee, my gentle one,

In thy long and lonely sleep.

Fain would I murmur thy name, and tell

How fondly together we used to dwell—

But none remember thee

Save me!"

Our next quotation, one of the smaller pieces, is an especial favourite, for originality, and the philosophy born of humour: we think it perfect in its way.

"Description of a Lost Friend.

Lost—near the 'Change in the city

(I saw there a girl that seem'd pretty),

"Joe Steel" a most cross-looking varlet,

With a visage as red as scarlet:

His nose and chin of a hue

Approaching nearly to blue:

With legs just the length and no more,

That will trot him from door to door;

And a most capacious paunch,

Fed with many a venison haunch.

Whoever will bring the same

To a tailor's of the name

Of Patterson, Watson, and Co.,

Shall receive a guinea or so.

And that all may understand,

And bring him safe to hand,

I subjoin as well as I can

The character of the man.

He's a grumpy sort of a fellow

Till liquor has made him mellow;

The sort of man who never

Wishes your guests to be clever

When he's asked to come and dine,

But only wants his wine.

He is but a stupid ass
Even when he's filled his glass,
And emptied it too, a dozen
Times, with some civil cousin.

I don't remember his saying

Aught that meant more than braying.

We met and we talked together

Of politics and the weather,

Of the taxes and the king,

And that silly sort of thing;

But he never would give an opinion

As to the sort of dominion

He should like to live under, if we

To think of such things were free.

He said it was all speculation,

More harm than good to the nation.

He wouldn't abuse the Commons,

Nor admire a pretty woman's

Ankle, that tripp'd though the park

When it wasn't light or dark.

Laugh at him—he turn'd sour;

Talk gravely—his brow would lower.

Sometimes he wished to grow fat

(I'm sure it was needless, that)

When he was over-fed.

Or out of spirits, he said.

Sometimes he wish'd to be thin

(When he pour'd fresh spirits in);

But he never, when we were alone,

Said any thing new of his own.

The merrier you were, the more

He grumbled, and fumed, and swore;

The happier you were, the less

He cared for your happiness.

We never agreed for a day,

Except when one was away.

And meeting too often of late,

It was my peculiar fate

To say something bitter and bad

About wives being not to be had

When a bachelor got a red nose,

And his short legs were shrunk in his hose—

It was witty; but cost me my friend:

For being too late to amend,

He took it amiss that I

The defects of his form should spy.

Perchance he had borne a few jeers

On the purple hue of his ears;

But to say that his legs were small!

Oh! his heart's blood was turn'd to gall.

So leaving his bottle, he swore

That he never would enter my door.

And I chuckled within my own heart,

Snapped my fingers, and saw him depart:

But, alas! now I've lost him, I find

There was no one so much to my mind.

I have now got a good-temper'd fellow;

But he tells me my face is grown yellow.

I have now got a new friend that is clever—

But he's brewing his good things for ever:

Another, who talks at a rate

That is frightful of church and of state,

And never will give in a jot,

Though you reason and bawl till you're hot:

Another—but why should I bring

Of friends, as of onions, a string

To my dinners, except that I feel

No number can make a Joe Steel!

When they're lively, I think it a bore;

When they're silent, I miss him the more.

I miss him when I would recall

Some fact of my youth to them all.

Not one of my friends seems to care

If I once had a head of black hair—

Not one of them seems to believe

How the pretty girls once used to grieve

When they mis'd me among them,—Oh! no,

I can have no friend equal to Joe!

I miss his round, red, surly face—

I miss his short legs from their place—

I miss him—! I'm growing quite sad;

I think my old v'rt is turn'd bad—

I miss him, and draw this conclusion

(Though others may think it delusion),

That, with all their worst faults at their back,

(And I'm sure poor Joe Steel had a pack)

Though they never can alter or mend,

There's no friend like a very old friend!"

We leave the following to speak for themselves, just pointing attention to their variety.

"Oh! life is like the summer rill, where weary daylight dies:

We long for morn to rise again, and blush along the skies.

For dull and dark that stream appears, whose waters, in

the day,

AR glad in conscious sunniness, went dancing on their

But when the glorious sun hath 'woke and looked upon

the earth.

And over hill and dale there float the sounds of human

We sigh to see day hath not brought its perfect light

to all.

For with the sunshine on those waves, the silent shadows

Oh! like that changeful summer rill, our years go gliding

by.

Now bright with joy, now dark with tears, before youth's

And thus we vainly pant for all the rich and golden glow,

Which young hope, like an early sun, upon its course can

throw.

Soon o'er our half-illumined hearts the stealing shadows come,
 And every thought that woke in light receives its share of gloom.
 And we weep while joys and sorrows both are fading from
 To find, wherever sunbeams fall, the shadow cometh too!"

"We have been friends together,
 In sunshine and in shade;
 Since first beneath the chestnut trees
 In infancy we played;
 But coldness dwells within thy heart,
 A cloud is on thy brow:
 We have been friends together—
 Shall a light word part us now?
 We have been gay together;
 We have laughed at little jests;
 For the fount of hope was gushing
 Warm and joyous in our breasts.
 But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
 And sullen glooms thy brow;
 We have been gay together—
 Shall a light word part us now?
 We have been sad together,
 We have wept with bitter tears,
 O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumbered
 The hopes of early years.
 The voices which are silent there
 Would bid thee clear thy brow;
 We have been sad together—
 Oh! what shall part us now?"

"Babel.

Know ye in ages past that tower
 By human hands built strong and high?
 Arch over arch, with magic power,
 Rose proudly each successive hour,
 To reach the happy sky.
 It rose, till human pride was crushed—
 Quick came the unexpected change;
 A moment every tone was hushed,
 And then again they freely gushed,
 But sounded wild and strange.
 Loud, quick, and clear, each voice was heard,
 Calling for lime, and stone, and wood,
 All uttered words—but not one word,
 More than the carol of a bird,
 Their fellows understood.
 Is there no Babel but that one,
 The storied tower of other days?
 Where, round the giant pile of stone,
 Pausing they stood—their labour done,
 To listen in amaze.
 Fair springs the tower of hope and fame,
 When all our life is fairly land,
 Till, scarcely knowing what to blame,
 Our fellows cease to feel the same—
 We cease to understand.
 Then, when they coldly smile to hear
 The burning dreams of earlier days,
 The rapid fall from hope to fear,
 When eyes whose every glance was dear,
 Seem changing as they gaze—
 Then, when we feel 'twere vain to speak
 Of fervent hopes, aspirings high,
 Of thoughts for which all words are weak,
 Of wild far dreams, wherein we seek
 Knowledge of earth and sky—
 Of communings with nature's God,
 When impulse deep the soul hath moved;
 Of tears which sink within the sod,
 Where, mingling with the valley cloud,
 Lies something we have loved—
 Then cometh ours:—and better theirs—
 Of stranger tongues together brought,
 Than that in which we all have shares,
 A Babel in a world of cares—
 Of feeling and of thought!"

"The Arab's Farewell to his Horse.

My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by
 With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and dark and
 fiery eye; (speak—
 Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy winged
 I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold, my Arab
 steed! [wind—
 Fret not with that impatient hoof—snuff not the breezy
 The further that thou fliest now, so far am I behind:
 The stranger hath thy bridle rein—thy master hath his
 gold—
 Fleet-limbed and beautiful! farewell! thou'rt sold, my
 steed—thou'rt sold!
 Farewell! these free untired limbs full many a mile must
 roam,
 To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the
 stranger's home;
 Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bed
 prepare;
 The silky mane I braided once, must be another's care!
 The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with
 thee [wont to be:
 Shall I gallop through the desert paths, where we were
 Evening shall darken on the earth; and o'er the sandy
 plain [again,
 Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home

Yes, thou must go! the wild free breeze, the brilliant
 sun and sky, (must fly.
 Thy master's home—from all of these, my exiled one
 Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step be-
 come less fleet, [to meet.
 And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's hand
 Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye, glancing bright,
 Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light:
 And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer thy
 speed,
 Then must I starting, wake to feel—thou'rt sold, my
 Arab steed!
 Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may
 chide, [ing side:
 Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy pant-
 And the rich blood that is in thee swells, in thy indig-
 nant pain, [started vein.
 Fill careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count each
 Will thy ill-use thee? If I thought—but no, it cannot
 be—
 Thou art so swift, yet easy coursed; so gentle, yet so free.
 And yet, if haply when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart
 should yearn—
 Can the hand which casts thee from it now command thee
 to return?

Return!—alas! my Arab steed! what shall thy master do,
 When thou, who wert his all of joy, hast vanished from
 his view?
 When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the
 gath'ring tears
 Thy bright form, for a moment, like the false mirage
 appears.
 Slow and unmounted will I roam, with weary foot alone,
 Where with fleet step, and joyous bound, thou oft hast
 borne me on;
 And, sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and sadly
 think,
 'It was here he bowed his glossy neck, when last I saw
 him drink!
 When last I saw thee drink!—away! the fevered dream
 is o'er! [more!
 I could not live a day, and know, that we should meet no
 They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is
 strong. [long.
 They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too
 Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that thou
 wert sold? [their gold?
 'Tis false—'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them back
 Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant
 plains; [pains!
 Away! who overtakes us now, shall claim thee for his

We must say, we think Mrs. Norton's genius
 essentially lyrical—sweet, variable, and most
 musical snatches of song; and one to whose
 voice we attend with present pleasure and
 future hope. Yet we cannot but observe, that
 a false desire of originality sometimes betrays
 the fair author into similes, the propriety or
 beauty of which we are unable to recognise;
 for instance,—

"My heart is like a withered nut."

Now, the grace of a comparison is in its associa-
 tion; and the association here is at once lu-
 dicrous and offensive. Besides, a nut is hollow
 or maggoty, not withered; and though we have
 heard of hollow hearts and maggoty people, we
 never before heard of maggoty hearts! But
 this is ungallant criticism; and we must as-
 surage it by adding, that this volume is fully
 calculated to sustain the fair writer's former
 popularity.

Illustrations of the Anglo-French Coinage, &c.
 4to. Hearne.

In our No. 695 we briefly alluded to the ap-
 pearance of this interesting and important
 numismaticological work; to which, though
 still but partially and imperfectly, we must in
 justice again beg to call the attention of the
 public. Referring to the general eulogy in
 our No. alluded to, we shall now advert to a
 few of the points which have more particularly
 attracted our notice in the course of these
 pages; and at the very outset we are disposed
 to question the author's assertion that the old
 blind King of Bohemia was slaughtered by
 the Black Prince at the battle of Cressy. It
 is true that several French writers impute
 this bloody deed to the English hero; but we
 are not inclined to receive their dubious testi-
 mony, and especially since no contemporary
 vouchers for the fact, which could scarcely have

passed without comment had it actually hap-
 pened. That the King of Bohemia fell by an
 unknown hand, is the common story delivered
 down to us; and we are unwilling to sully
 the laurels of a prince whose whole character
 was so opposite to savage cruelty, by crediting
 this Gallic rumour.

The author's notices of the *Guainois* coin-
 age are curious; the name sounding so like the
 future *guinea*; and being a striking etymolog-
 ical corruption from the Roman provincia
Aquitania, unde Guyana, Guienne, (p. 6).

At page 10, the author, describing a gold
 hardi of the Black Prince, alludes to the fillet
 of roses about his head as the distinctive dia-
 dem of a sovereign duke; this fillet, however,
 appears in many illuminations of the 14th
 century on the heads of noblemen, certainly
 not sovereign dukes, though they might enjoy
 sovereign powers of another kind. This coin
 does not appear to be accurately engraved,
 for it does not altogether agree with the de-
 scription. No cuisse can be seen; and, in our
 judgment, the prince is not in armour (as in
 specimen 6), but in a civil dress of state.

P. 15. In the notice of a gold pavilion, or
 royal, the writer speaks of the awkward posi-
 tion of the four ostrich feathers, two on each
 side of the hero; but the more remarkable
 feature of the coin is, that there are the un-
 usual number of four. On a coin of Edward
 III. (p. 28) the garter of the order is supposed
 to be visible: this is well worth the attention
 of antiquaries. P. 35, a rare gold hardi of
 Richard II.; the king is represented (says the
 author) in his state tabard or midleg, with a
 rich border at the neck, &c.: we think this a
 mistake, though Fosbrooke's Encyclopædia is
 quoted in support of it. There seems to us to
 be no tabard, but a shirt or gown, with a bor-
 der common from the time of the Anglo-
 Saxons, and not a peculiar fancy of Richard's.
 A similar remark applies to the variety of the
 coin (p. 35), which has neither ruff nor tabard,
 as supposed.

Having now noted the few immaterial points
 which we consider questionable in this valu-
 able performance, to prove, as it were, that our
 profession is nothing if not critical, we turn
 with pleasure to a brief mention of some of
 the great merits of this volume. It is a vast
 accession to our numismatic knowledge, and
 connected with an epoch and country equally
 glorious to English history. Indeed, we deem
 it a perfect treasure of its kind, and extremely
 honourable to individual enterprise; first, in
 making so extraordinary a collection; and sec-
 ondly, in affording so beautiful an account
 of it to the public. The expense of the latter,
 as well as the patience, zeal, and industry, of
 the former, entitle the party to our warmest
 praise. Of this, some idea may be formed
 when we state that ninety-eight remarkable
 or unique coins, in the possession of the
 author, are here finely engraved by Finden;
 that the types in the gold series are possessed
 of the utmost interest, amounting to forty-six,
 while the total in the British Museum, and
 the King's cabinet and mint at Paris, is only
 twenty-nine, viz. nineteen in the Museum,
 five in the cabinet, and five at the mint.

At page 152, the author has a curious argu-
 ment to prove that two half groats with effigies
 of the Black Prince were satirical, and struck
 after the mint towns had been taken by the
 French; and it must be owned that it is diffi-
 cult to assign the imbecile appearances on these

• At least, forty now published for the first time
 † Except one or two.

coins to any imperfection of art. The following also is no new as to deserve quotation.

"The gold florin was first coined in the celebrated city of Florence, according to Villani, A. D. 1252. The excellence of the gold and weight made it speedily current all over Europe; and the type, at least with different modifications of its value, was adopted, I believe, by all the principal powers, besides archbishops, bishops, and abbots, as well as by all the different grades of princes, from the duke to the simple baron, possessing the right to strike money. Tobieson Duby, in his *Monnoyes des Prélats et Barons de France*, gives portraits of twenty-one gold florins, struck in that kingdom alone, exclusive of those that issued from the royal mints, before Charles the Fifth prohibited the type as '*infra dignitatem*,' it having been borrowed from the Florentines. In Germany this celebrated coin was still more extensively spread, and, as was to be expected, the imitations in Italy were even more numerous. On the obverse, and on almost all the reverses, the imitators followed exactly the type of the original, described page 1, Plate I., No. 1. The weight of the florin was about 54 Troy or 67 grains of the marc of Paris; that of the double from 106 to 108, and the half in proportion. The half florin, especially of Aragon, is not very rare; of the double, although of much less frequent occurrence, some specimens are still preserved in royal cabinets. These weights, as far as can be judged from those, seem to have been strictly adhered to, and correspond exactly with the only individual of Edward III.'s English florin coinage that is known to have descended to our days. Snelling says it was then (1763) in possession of Mr. Hannot, of Woodford Bridge, and is now, I suppose, in the British Museum: he calls it a *quarter* florin, which name it still retains, by mistake no doubt, for its weight and fineness are exactly those of the *half* florin of every other country in Europe struck at that time, and for two centuries afterwards. Snelling is silent as to his authority in so naming it, and I have not had leisure to examine the documents on the subject; but I have no scruple in saying, that if it is styled a *quarter* florin in the original warrant, it is a clerical error; for it is not to be supposed that a wise prince, like the third Edward, should, from mere caprice, have ordered a deviation from the universal usage of Europe, and which must have been attended with at least some inconvenience in commercial dealings, without any possible advantage. His double florin, at this rate, ought to have weighed 216 grains,—a most absurd idea, which no person acquainted with the gold coinage of that early period can entertain. The rose noble of his eighteenth year, the heaviest gold piece he struck, and which, from its extreme rarity, was probably soon withdrawn from circulation, weighs only 138½ grains, a *third* less than what the double florin must have amounted to. Two years afterwards, in his twentieth year, the noble was reduced to 128 grains, which did not seem to have been more approved of, for it was again lowered to 120, at which it finally remained. On these considerations I am, I think, justified in supposing that the coin, formerly Mr. Hannot's, and hitherto denominated the *quarter*, is in reality the *half* florin, in which case it will correspond in weight with every *half* florin then in circulation in Europe. I may add that, on the continent at least, the gold *quarter* florin is unknown."

The subjoined moots a novel point respect-

ing two coins not readily to be classed, as they are neither English nor Irish, and, though from an Aquitaine type, bear no allusion to Aquitaine!

"On this type of the Aquitaine money, as well as that of the demi-gros tournois, which in this century had been very generally adopted in the northern part of the continent, there is no reference whatever in the legend to Edward's transmarine possessions! It cannot have been a trial piece, for I possess two, found in different parts of Aquitaine; and it is extremely improbable that two trial pieces, rare of the commonest type, (from the few originally struck) should have fallen into my hands, of a coin hitherto totally unknown. It could not have been coined in Ireland, although, from the legend, it is applicable to the currency of that kingdom. Aquitaine had no trade with Ireland except in wines and brandies, for which the Irish probably paid in English money: I believe the Anglo-Gascons drew no commodities from Ireland for which they paid, as we do the Chinese, in silver,—yet here is an Anglo-Irish coin struck in Aquitaine!" Perhaps some learned numismatist of the sister kingdom may be more fortunate than I have been in solving this enigma. I have examined, I believe, two thousand or more of the gros and demi-gros tournois, in hopes of finding a third specimen; but in vain. It is too well preserved to admit the most remote doubt that the word is any other than "Hibernie."

The Hibernie stands where Aquitaine is usually formed. But we have said and extracted enough to put every numismatologist, and we trust many readers of other literary habits, on the *qui vive* to examine this estimable work, and we leave it to their care with our most hearty commendations. It is full of singular antiquarian matter.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

WE are happy to see the suggestions, first promulgated in the *Literary Gazette*, respecting the formation of a Geographical Society in London, at length so highly and powerfully adopted as to leave no doubt either as to the formation of such an Institution or as to its efficiency. In England we move slowly, perhaps, but if the cause be good, perhaps not the less surely. The hints we have thrown out during the last two years did not immediately fructify, but they made their impression; or, not to spoil our metaphor, they took root; and when we lately intimated that they were about to produce the desired return, the statement seems to have stimulated those most competent to realise the harvest into the activity which was, alone, requisite to the occasion. On the 24th ultimo, a meeting of the Raleigh Travelling Club took place, with Mr. Barrow, the Secretary of the Admiralty, in the chair, when resolutions were agreed to for establishing a Geographical Society.

1. To collect, register, and digest, and to print for the use of the members, and the public at large, in a cheap form and at certain intervals, such new, interesting, and useful facts and discoveries, as the Society may have in its possession, and may, from time to time, acquire.

2. To accumulate gradually a library of the best books on geography—a selection of the best voyages and travels—a complete collection of maps and charts, from the earliest period of rude geographical delineations, to the most improved of the present time; as well as all such documents and materials as may convey the best information to persons intending to visit foreign countries: it

"Simon, in his 'Essay on Irish Coins,' page 17, says, 'that he cannot with any certainty produce any money of Edward the Third: his surmise, that a heavy coin of the penny type is a half groat, requires no refutation. Henry the Fifth struck the first Irish groat.'

being of the greatest utility to a traveller to be aware, previously to his setting out, of what has been already done, and what is still wanting, in the countries he may intend to visit.

3. To procure specimens of such instruments as experience has shewn to be most useful, and best adapted to the compendious stock of a traveller, by consulting which, he may make himself familiar with their use.

4. To prepare brief instructions for such as are setting out on their travels; pointing out the parts most desirable to be visited; the best and most practicable means of proceeding thither; the researches most essential to make; phenomena to be observed; the subjects of natural history most desirable to be procured; and to obtain all such information as may tend to the extension of our geographical knowledge. And it is hoped that the Society may ultimately be enabled, from its funds, to render pecuniary assistance to such travellers as may require it, in order to facilitate the attainment of some particular object of research.

5. To correspond with similar societies that may be established in different parts of the world; with foreign individuals engaged in geographical pursuits, and with the most intelligent British residents in the various remote settlements of the empire.

6. To open a communication with all those philosophical and literary societies with which geography is connected; for as all are fellow-labourers in the different departments of the same vineyard, their united efforts cannot fall mutually to assist each other.

7. And lastly, in order to induce men of eminence and ability in every branch of science, literature, and the arts, and in particular those who have travelled by sea and by land, and all such as are skilled in geographical knowledge, and likely to become useful and efficient members, to adopt a moderate admission fee and annual contribution.

A provisional committee of individuals, distinguished for scientific knowledge and extensive travel, was appointed to frame the constitution of this Society; and when we name Mountstuart Elphinstone, Sir T. Brisbane, Sir A. de Capell Brooke, Cam Hobhouse, Mr. Hay of the Colonial Office, Colonel Leake; Captains Beaufort, Basil Hall, Sir J. Franklin and Smyth, R.N.; Mangles, of the same service; Mr. Barrow; Lieut.-Col. Colby, of the Engineers; Mr. R. Brown, of the Linnean Society; Henry Ward; Major the Hon. G. Keppell; Mr. Murdoch, Mr. Murchison, and Mr. Greenough, with Commander M. Konochie as the Secretary, we fancy we have said enough to shew what sort of an Institution this is likely to be. It gives us pleasure to add, that the gentlemen who had previously met in a similar cause, (that to which our last notice referred,) have had a friendly conference with those who have thus superseded their good intentions; the result of which has been a junction and cordial co-operation with this body;—and the Society already musters an almost complete number of members, including the Duke of Wellington, Duke of Bedford, Lord Melville, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Bexley, Lord Prudhoe, Davies Gilbert, Sir R. Peel, Sir George Murray, Sir George Cockburn, Mr. Charles Yorke, Mr. Croker, Sir G. Clerk, Sir R. Inglis, Captain Beechey, Captain Sir E. Parry, Dr. Roget, and a long list of men eminent in the literary annals of the times. We are almost confident that such a union will do all we anticipated from a Society of the kind in the greatest maritime country the world ever saw; and we believe no time is to be lost by those who may desire to belong to the first five hundred, upon whose adhesion a general meeting will, we learn, be convened to settle definitively the constitution, &c. of this desirable Institute.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MR. BROCKEDON, "On the perception and application of colours." The observations which Mr. Brockedon offered, though they occasionally verged on physiology, were chiefly of a character suited to the painter and artist. He spoke of the three principal colours, and the proportions in which they constituted white light; illustrating this part of his subject by experiments with Mr. Field's chromascope and other apparatus. He then dwelt on the nature of

complementary colours, and exhibited a beautiful movable diagram, in which one colour being taken, its complementary colour could be immediately ascertained by inspection. He next considered the nature of ocular spectra, or those impressions of a complementary nature which are produced on the eye when viewing a coloured or luminous object. The common experiment of looking steadfastly for a short period at a red wafer on white paper was referred to. When the wafer is blown off, it will be recollected that a powerful green ocular impression is left in its place. Mr. Brockedon concluded, by touching on the structure of the inner coats of the eye, and the visual rays, as they have been ascertained and drawn by Mr. Bauer, and remarked upon the arrangement of an infinity of parallel and equidistant lines, which, by the action of the muscles, could be set farther from, or nearer to each other. He also referred to the well-known power of such arrangement of lines in producing definite colours; and suggested, that perhaps nature had here placed that power of compensation, which, by enabling the eye to develop a complementary colour, might also enable it to bear with diminished fatigue the effect of any vividly coloured body set before it.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE annual distribution of rewards by the Society of Arts, &c. took place on Monday last, at their house in the Adelphi; the Earl of Radnor, V.P., in the chair. The great room of the Society, in which are Barry's celebrated pictures, was filled to overflowing with a genteel and attentive auditory. A considerable number of the medals were bestowed on young persons of both sexes for proficiency in the arts of design, the intelligent and animated countenances of many of whom seemed to give earnest that among them may hereafter be found names worthy of ranking with those of Flaxman, and Lawrence, and those other illustrious masters of their art who have received their first public encouragement from this institution. An elaborate specimen of embossed silver, by Mr. Woodbridge, being a copy of one of West's historical pictures, attracted general attention and admiration.

Medals were given to J. Peart, Esq., of Settle, for improving waste land; and to W. Blurton, Esq., of Field Hall, near Uttoxeter, for his swing frame for drying cheeses on. Medals and pecuniary rewards were given to Mr. Chancellor, of Dublin, for a remarkably simple clock escapement; and to Mr. Harrison, of Barton-on-Humber, for a clock escapement and a fly, particularly applicable to turret clocks, the models of which will form an interesting addition to the fine collection of improvements in clock-work already possessed by the Society.

"Three rewards," the secretary stated, "have been given for inventions, the object of which is to afford the means of escape from a house on fire. To the Chevalier Aldini, of Milan, the gold Isis medal, for his armour of wire gauze lined with asbestos cloth, which will enable the wearer to traverse a sheet of flame during fifteen or twenty seconds without injury; to Mr. J. Braidwood, of Edinburgh, the large silver medal, for his chain ladder; and a similar one, with the addition of 10%, to Mr. Henfrey, for his fire-escape.

"The loss of life by fire, although amounting to a very small fraction of the annual mortality, is yet of sufficiently frequent occurrence in London to excite ingenious and humane

persons to contrive means and machines for facilitating the escape of those who may be placed in such perilous circumstances, and to justify the Society in devoting a considerable portion of their time in estimating the value of the many projects for this purpose that are annually offered to their notice. We seem to have arrived at two general principles on this matter: one, that help to be effectual must be applied from without, and not by persons whose minds are agitated by the imminent hazard of personal destruction; the other, that assistance to be effectual at all must be immediately applied, and must therefore be made the subject of police or parish regulation, and not trusted to the casual efforts of bystanders. In Edinburgh the attendance on fires is committed to the fire-engine establishment, a particular branch of the police of that city, regularly drilled and disciplined, and thus rendered expert not merely in the use of the fire-engines, but in the application of the various means that may be adopted for facilitating the escape of persons from jeopardy. Of this establishment Mr. Braidwood is the superintendent; and the reward which the Society have voted to him they wish to be considered not so much as a testimony of their approbation of any particular instrument invented or used by him, but as a tribute to the zeal and activity which he has shewn in combining the use of fire-escapes with the ordinary fire-engine service."

An improved pack-saddle, and a muzzle for crib-biting horses, were exhibited and rewarded, as well as sundry improved tools, among which Mr. Hilton's conical hollow plane for boring with perfect accuracy the bung-holes of casks, attracted much notice. The large silver medal was presented to Mr. J. Ritchie, F.R.S., for his photometer, or instrument for measuring the relative intensities of light, and therefore capable of practical application in estimating the comparative value of gas from coal, oil, rosin, &c., as sources of artificial light.

A silver medal was likewise presented to M. Feuillet, of Paris, for his very simple and ingenious method of removing the impressions of wood blocks and metal plates from the paper on which they were originally printed to other paper. By means of this invention, valuable prints, the paper of which has become stained, mildewed, or otherwise injured, will probably be found capable of being restored.

Two beautiful models executed by Mr. R. Cowling Taylor were exposed, and rewarded with the gold Isis medal of the Society. One of them exhibits the surface of a tract of country containing about eleven square miles, and forming, perhaps, the most interesting part of the great coal-field of South Wales, near Pontipool. The other model shews the geological structure of the same district, distinguishing the beds of useful minerals, such as coal, iron-stone, fire-clay, and building-stone, as well as shewing the faults or dislocations of the strata, as far as they have been observed. The surveys and measurements, both above and below ground, on which these models were constructed, were made by Mr. Taylor, in the years 1825-6.

Rewards were also given for various improvements on the silk-loom to Mr. S. Dean and Mr. W. Jennings, two ingenious weavers and mechanics of Spitalfields, whereby the complex machinery of the Lyonesse loom is greatly simplified, and its action improved.

Finally, the large silver medal was awarded to Lieutenant H. Lister Maw, R.N., for pigments and other articles collected by him in

South America, on the banks of the Marañon, and presented by him to the Society.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

DR. ROBERTS in the chair.—The first paper, read by Dr. Francis Hawkins, was a communication from Mr. Chevalier, on the advantages which he had observed to arise from combining small quantities of the sulphate of quinine with other medicinal agents; especially if the solubility of the sulphate be at the same time diminished by the addition of some alkaline substance. In this manner he conceives that the quinine acts as a local tonic,—invigorating the muscular action of the intestinal canal; and thus it is capable of increasing and sustaining the effect of the other remedies with which it is combined. A paper was then read, communicated by Dr. Roupell, on the nature, qualities, and mode of the preparation of *piperine*, an active vegetable principle, extracted chiefly from the berries of the black pepper. This substance, when first discovered, was classed among the vegetable alkalies, but has since been considered as a resin, with some peculiarities of character. Dr. Roupell had found *piperine*, administered in doses of from one or two grains, successful in the cure of several severe and obstinate cases of ague, which had resisted the control of every other remedy.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

LORD STANLEY in the chair. A paper on *Paussida*, a family of Coleopterous insects, by Mr. J. Westwood, F.L.S., was read. The magnificent skeleton of his Majesty's Giraffe was exhibited by special permission: the bones have been put together in an exceedingly beautiful manner, by Mr. Gould, the articulator of Guy's Hospital, and, by means of screws in some of the principal joints, it can easily be taken to pieces, so as to admit of its being removed without inconvenience: its height is about fifteen feet. The skeleton is to be conveyed to Windsor as soon as circumstances will permit. A specimen of the fruit of the Papaw-tree, ripened in a hot-house of John Barker, Esq., at Aylesbury, was also exhibited, and is probably the first that has been brought to maturity in this country. The Chairman nominated Dr. Maton, Messrs. Brown, Lambert, and Forster, to be his vice-presidents for the ensuing season.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE President in the chair.—Three interesting papers were read. A portrait of Dr. Maskelyne, the late distinguished astronomer-royal, by Vanderberg, was presented by Mrs. Storey, his daughter; and a special vote of thanks was passed to the lady for this donation. A long list of interesting works, as presents to the Society, was read.

The following is an abstract of a paper lately read, entitled, "On the theoretical investigation of the velocity of sound, as corrected from M. Dulong's recent experiments, compared with the results of the observations of Drs. Moll and Van Beck," by Dr. Simons, assistant at the observatory of Utrecht.

Laplace has demonstrated, that Sir Isaac

* We observe that Dr. Roget, the able and intelligent Secretary of the R. S., has circulated a Letter addressed to the President (the correctness of which is confirmed by the President's answer), wherein he completely exculpates himself from the charge of having vitiated in any degree the minutes of the Council. On the contrary, that he acted not only with perfect fairness, but also with discretion, and in a manner agreeable to the proposed reforms of the very parties who have accused him.

Newton's formula for obtaining the velocity of sound, requires, in order to render it correct, that it be multiplied by a certain co-efficient, depending on the ratio between the specific heats of atmospheric air under a constant pressure and under a constant volume. Laplace has endeavoured to deduce this co-efficient, first from the experiment of M.M. de la Roche and Berard; secondly, from those of M.M. Clenient and Desormes; and lately from the more accurate investigations of M.M. Gay Lussac and Welter. By applying this correction, the velocity of sound deduced from calculation corresponded very nearly with the result of actual experiment. Still, however, a degree of discordance was always found to take place. With a view to perfect the theory still further, Dulong attempted, by reversing the process of Laplace, to deduce the co-efficient by which the Newtonian formula is to be multiplied directly, from experiments themselves. The object of the present paper is to compare the investigation of Dulong with the experiments on the velocity of sound made by Drs. Moll and Van Beck, of which an account has lately been published in the *Phil. Trans.* By applying the values of the co-efficients thus obtained, the computed velocities of sound came out much nearer to the observed velocities; and the author concludes by remarking, that such differences as yet remain between calculation and experiment, may, with great probability, be ascribed to the errors which are unavoidable in observations of so complicated a nature.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

HUDSON GURNEY, Esq., in the chair. Mr. W. Nicholls exhibited to the Society a Roll of the Parliament in the reign of Edward VI., illuminated with the arms of the lords of parliament. Mr. Planché exhibited an ancient snuff-box, supposed to be of the very earliest form and make. It was inlaid with different woods and ivory, with a full-length figure on the top in the costume of James I.: it contained a steel grater, on which to rub the tobacco into snuff, and was called a snuff mill; whence Mr. P. considered was derived the more modern word *mull*. A letter was read from Mr. Bird, accompanied by a drawing of Roman pavement discovered at Bishopstone, in the county of Hereford, on the supposed site of the Roman station of Kentchester. Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart., presented to the society several drawings of Roman pavements. A letter was also read from the Rev. John Skinner, addressed to Sir R. C. Hoare, being a disquisition on extensive discoveries of Roman remains which have been made at Cammertun, in Somersetshire, attempting to prove that Cammertun is the same as the Roman *Camelodunum*.

WESTERN LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

At the half-yearly meeting, in Leicester Square, on Tuesday evening, a very satisfactory report was read by the secretary. The library now contains four thousand volumes, and the subscribers amount to about seven hundred and fifty.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Sixth notice.]

MODEL ACADEMY.

It has in some instances happened that, owing to the Model Academy having been the last in our series of notices, its contents have not been

mentioned in the *Literary Gazette* before the doors of the Exhibition have closed for the season. In justice to the talent which this room displays in the present year, we will, by descending to it at once, assist, as far as in us lies, in drawing towards it the public attention which it deserves.

No. 1169. *Statue of Hercules Agonistes*. W. G. Nicholl.—Great talent and great study must have combined in the production of this gigantic and powerfully energetic figure. In common with most of the works placed in this most unsuitable apartment, it appears "shorn of its beams." Although the whole, however, cannot be advantageously seen, the parts may be sufficiently inspected to shew the truth and skill with which the muscles are brought into action. It has been said by some, that this action is exaggerated. We are not of that opinion; and we have no doubt that a strict reference has been made throughout to nature, as well as to the finest examples of ancient art. It must be acknowledged by every one, that Mr. Nicholl has aimed highly, and has accomplished much.

No. 1170. *A Monumental Statue, in marble, of his Royal Highness the late Duke of Montpensier*. R. Westmacott, R.A.—From the agonising struggles of bodily pain, we pass to the repose of the tomb; and a more beautiful and perfect representation of that deep repose has never been produced. It is here, indeed, in the words of Hamlet, "to die—to sleep—no more!" What a tasteful improvement is this upon the straight, stiff, recumbent monumental figures of former times!

No. 1171. *Group, in marble, of a Mother and Child*. E. H. Baily, R.A.—There are few subjects which a master of his art, such as Mr. Baily, would prefer to the display of maternal affection and the charms of infancy. The tender emotions demand peculiar skill and feeling, and have seldom been successfully exhibited: with respect to infantile beauty, too, it is rare in modern, and almost wholly unknown in ancient, art. In the execution of this highly interesting group, Mr. Baily has shewn the same powers which distinguished him in his *Eve*, his *Poetry and Painting*, and his other celebrated performances.

No. 1270. *A Monument representing Bishop Heber blessing two Hindoos*. F. Chantrey, R.A.—The sentiment conveyed in this monumental composition is of the most exalted devotional character. The profound humility and self-abasement of the simple and single-hearted Hindoos, and the benignant and affectionate posture and expression of the bishop, are equally admirable.

No. 1277. *The Seven Ages*. W. Behnes.—Although Mr. Behnes has quoted the commencement of the celebrated passage from Shakespeare, it has furnished him with little except the hint, which he has amplified in an admirable manner, and has assembled all the varieties of the human character which are to be found between the helplessness of infancy and the decrepitude of age. The composition is circular; but is so contrived, that the figures are all seen as in a picture, and not in compartments radiating from the centre, as in the *Shield of Achilles*, and other performances of a similar description. To say that Mr. Behnes has produced a work of great merit, is very insufficient praise. We recognise throughout the whole of it an originality of conception, and a vigour of execution, which incontrovertibly establish his claim to a high rank among the first sculptors of the day.

* See also our first Review.

No. 1274. *Marble Statue of Cupid*. W. Behnes.—An exquisite little figure; full of tenderness and taste.

No. 1273. *Group, in marble, of the Children in the Wood*. J. Gott.—Executed with a feeling of the true character of the subject, which does Mr. Gott great credit.

No. 1197. *A Figure of Hope, designed for a Monument*. T. Denman.—With the exception of the head, similar to a figure exhibited by Mr. Denman last year. The expression in the countenance is, we had almost said, divine.

No. 1196. *Hymen giving Physio to a Married Couple*. E. Advice.—Phoo! nonsense! We mean *Hymen giving Advice to a Married Couple*. E. Physick.—After all, our mistake was little more than one of words; for to most people advice is much the same as physic. The artist has shewn considerable talent in this pleasing production. But where is the bridegroom? We are sure that Mr. Physick is too gallant a man to think of implying that, under such circumstances, the lady alone requires mental medicine.

No. 1185. *The Birth of Venus*. S. Nixon.—A fine and classical composition; in which beauty of form is combined with pure and chaste conception. We wish some of our other sculptors would attend to Mr. Nixon's example in that respect. Academic studies are seldom fit for public exhibition; and when either a sculptor or a painter so far lowers the dignity of his art as to become a pander to vicious propensities, he deserves reprobation and contempt.

No. 1173. *Musidora*. R. W. Sievier. No. 1177. *Marble Statue of Psyche*. T. Campbell.—From the annual appearance of these subjects, one might almost suppose that it was agreed by artists that it could not be what Captain Glasscock would call "a reg'lar-built" exhibition without them. Justice compels us to add, that although we wish Mr. Sievier and Mr. Campbell had made the pages of Thomson and Apuleius yield them more novel matter, they have succeeded very happily in their representations of feminine grace and beauty.

No. 1172. *Devotion*. J. Gott.—We are decidedly of opinion, that this figure would have appeared to greater advantage without the introduction of the artificial and heterogeneous rosary.

Of the busts, one of the most interesting under any circumstances, and unquestionably the most interesting at the present awful moment, is

No. 1265. *Bust, in marble, of his Most Gracious Majesty George the Fourth, executed by command of his Majesty*. S. Joseph.—In this admirable performance Mr. Joseph has well united the general character of dignity with a strong individual resemblance of our beloved and suffering monarch.

Among many other busts of acknowledged excellence, but which, in the common-place though not less true phrase "are too numerous for insertion," we noticed those of *John Soane, Esq., R.A.*, F. Chantrey, R.A.; *Lord Ebrington, W. Behnes*; *The late Lord Kinnaird, T. Campbell*; *M. Faraday, Esq., F.A.S., &c.*, E. H. Baily, R.A.; *The Earl of Belfast, T. Campbell*; *The late Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.*, E. H. Baily, R.A. and R. W. Sievier; *The Rev. Dr. Richards, W. Behnes*; *The late infant Son of the Hon. Lord Elcho, S. Joseph*; *John Galt, Esq., J. Henning, Jun.*; *The Right Hon. Henry Kendal Bushe, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, P. Turnerelli*; *Algernon Jones, Esq., J. Haskoll, &c. &c. &c.*

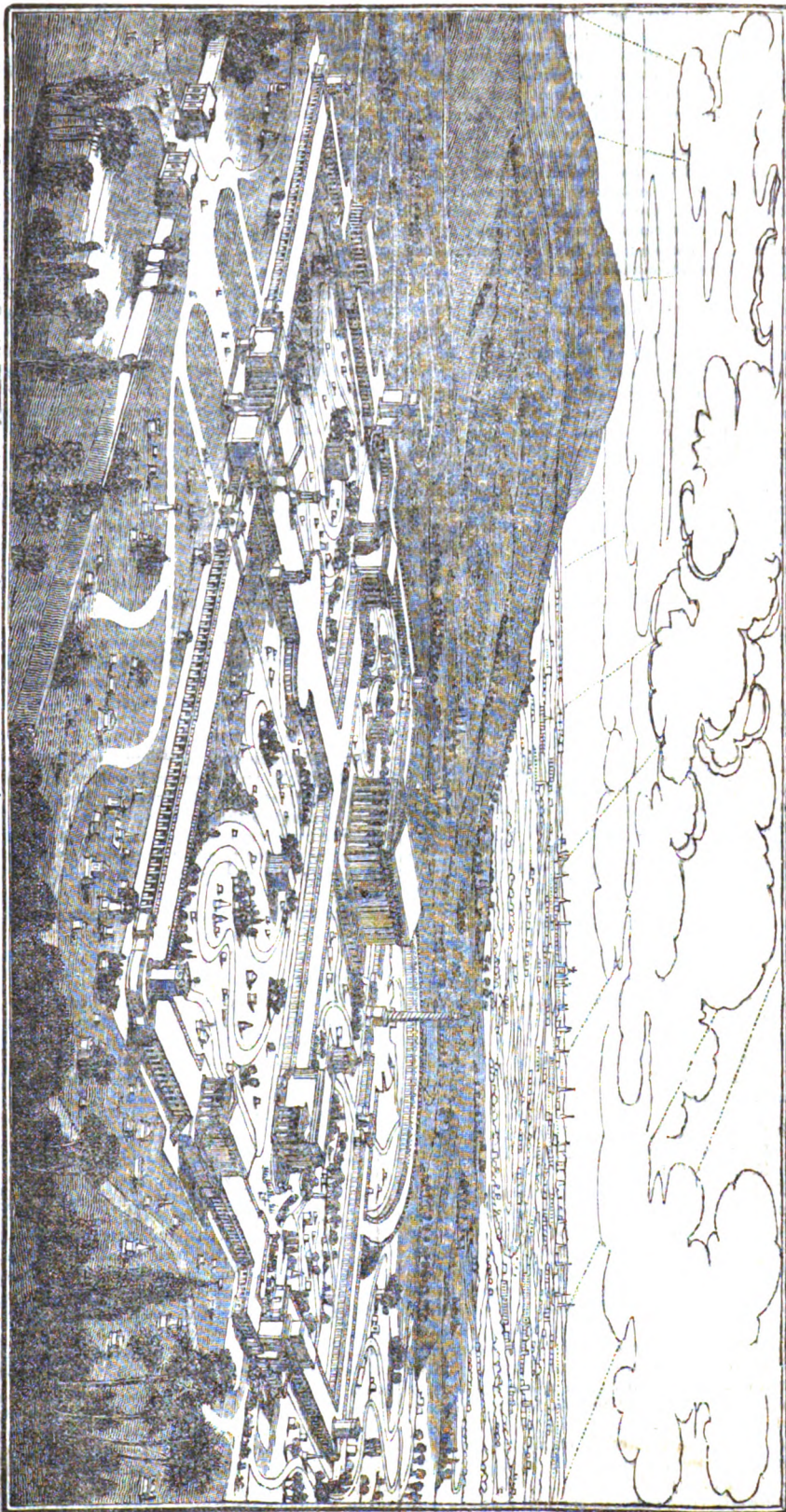
[To be continued.]

GENERAL CEMETERY.

In a recent No. of the *Literary Gazette* we gave a wood engraving of the splendid design for a general cemetery in the vicinity of the metropolis; and we now insert a different (a bird's-eye) view of this undertaking, which we observe is rapidly acquiring not only public note, but great strength and consistency. On Wednesday a meeting was held at Freemasons' Tavern, to form a company for carrying the plan into effect; and when we state that Lord Milton was in the chair, and the Marquess of Lansdowne, Lord Radstock, Sir R. Price, Sir J. D. Paul, Mr. Spottiswoode, M.P., the Rev. Mr. Harris of Liverpool (where a similar cemetery has existed for three years, to the marked improvement of the town), Mr. B. Beaumont, and Mr. G. F. Carden, were the movers and seconders of the resolutions in its favour, we need offer no remark on its likelihood of success.

We are not surprised that public opinion should be decidedly expressed in this matter; but we are surprised that the enlightened capital of highly civilised and intelligent England should have been so long in adopting a measure so obviously called for by every circumstance which can be rationally considered either for the welfare of the living or the decent honour of the dead. Not to dwell on the disgusting ideas suggested by accounts of pestilential effluvia being perceptible in our very streets (as from the burial-ground near the populous quarter of Fetter Lane), or on the ghastly horrors of sepulture in the vaults of churches, where the worship of God above is diverted by the hideous contrast in the charnel-house below; is it not demonstrable to common sense, at a single glance, that the final earthly separation of the departed from the existing, calls for entombment apart from the crowd of cities and the breathing-place of the busy hum of men? When we have heard the solemn ritual of our religion pronounced in the crypt of a church—the “dust to dust, and ashes to ashes,” and seen the coffin shoved in like a tea-chest in an India warehouse, above the rotten tenements of preceding corpses, we have felt such abhorrence as to wonder that custom could ever have braced the nerves and minds of our fellow-creatures to endure the practice. How much more soothing and appropriate it is to witness our general mother Earth close over the remains of those once dear to us,—to hide even from our imaginations the painful spectacle of their assimilation to the maternal bosom which has received them, while we cherish the memory of their living looks, and forms, and actions! How much more beautiful, we will say, is this, than, with every new tenant of the sepulchre, to see them rot and rot before our very eyes,—to be sensible of the most shocking consequence of humanity in our most frequented places, and where we go to worship!

With this strong impression on behalf of the general principle involved in the project now brought forward, we have only to utter our earnest hope that it will be carried into effect. We observe with satisfaction that every guarantee is given to prevent its being made a jobbing speculation; that a committee of men of rank, worth, and responsibility, is to superintend the details; and that the experiment can be begun and tried on a moderate scale, without interfering with the ultimate completion of the splendid cemetery proposed by Mr. Goodwin, and of which we now lay this second view before our readers.



PANORAMA OF AMSTERDAM.

ONE of the most beautifully painted panoramas we have ever seen; with exquisite effects of buildings, shipping, low lands, water, and sky. It reflects infinite credit on the talents of Mr. R. Burford, by whom it has just been opened in the Strand; and is an object alike worthy of public attention as a production of art, and as an accurate representation of a city interesting from its peculiar site and original appearance. The bridges, the canals, the distant country, the city itself, the boats and vessels, the various groups of people, are all admirably painted; and the foreshortening and perspective, throughout, equally fine.

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

WE have been much gratified by the inspection of a model of this subject by Mr. C. Smith, of Gloucester Place, which was not completed in time for the Exhibition. It represents Cupid reposing on a bank of roses: his shafts peep from among them; and in his hand he holds the flower called "the forget-me-not." The expression of infantile beauty is well preserved, and the whole composition is treated with great skill. Mr. Smith's studio is replete with models of taste and busts of character. Among the latter we recognised a striking resemblance of the late Mr. Terry.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Sketches from various Masters, Ancient and Modern, for the Scrap Book, Album, Portfolio, &c. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6. S. Hollyer.

A VERY pleasing publication. Each number contains four or six plates, according to the size. The publisher states that it is his intention to select subjects from the best masters, so as to give the greatest variety in every branch of the art. The plates in the six numbers which have already appeared are from pictures, or drawings, by Vandervelde, Vanderneer, Lewis, Asselyn, Reynolds, Howard, Berghem, Tomkins, Gainsborough, Allen, Titian, Poussin, Downing, Gerard Dow, Hamilton, Bonington, Westall, &c. A few of them are engraved in line, but they are chiefly in mezzotint. Some of the latter are too black. This is a fault which is but too general in the works of the present day; although we well know that, in many cases, it is by no means the fault of the engraver, who is compelled to surrender the suggestions of his own taste and feeling, for the purpose of securing a large number of impressions from a plate.

Rowton. The Winner of the Great St. Ledger Stakes at Doncaster in 1829. Published by R. Ackermann, Jun.

THE pictured beauty of a creature like this is enhanced by a splendid victory, which, like the fame of a human conqueror, gives an added interest to the exquisite graces of proportion, and the brilliant spirit of expressive animation, that pervades almost the hoof, as well as the nostril, the eye, and other nobler parts. Rowton is painted by J. Fernelley, and engraved by C. Turner: we are assured by its owner, Mr. Petre, that it is an excellent likeness, and we will vouch for its being an admirable work of art. W. Scott, who rode it for the Leger, is mounted; and in the same plate (no pun) J. Scott, the trainer, is characteristically represented by the side of his hack pony. To the sporting world we can hardly conceive a more attractive publication; and we learn with a pleasure almost approaching to the fancy of

an amateur, that Mr. Ackermann is to follow up this capital *début* on the turf by a portrait of Priam—a horse as famous as the father of *any-ass*.

MUSIC.

CONCERT ROOMS, KING'S THEATRE.

THAT incomparable leader, Spagnoletti, took his benefit at these rooms on Monday night. We know not when we have attended a concert so admirably conducted. The band appeared to us to be far superior to what we have been accustomed to hear at the King's Theatre. Several pieces, vocal and instrumental, composed purposely for the occasion, were enthusiastically received by a very crowded and gratified auditory. The vocal pieces most deserving of notice were, a *canone* for four voices, with orchestral accompaniments and harp obligato, announced in the card to be the production of Signor Costa, the present clever "conductor" of our operatic establishment; and a beautiful *cavatina*, entitled *Amico il fato*. This song was exquisitely sung by Madlle. Blais, to whom it is dedicated by that admirable pianist and clever composer, Mrs. Schwieso, wife, we believe, of the harp and patent pianoforte manufacturer of that name. Madame Malibran also sang a Tyrolian air composed expressly for her by Hummel. We thought Hummel was a man of more taste, and that Madame M. would not condescend to sing such a *cow-boy* composition, which assails the ear with the unmeaning sounds of *yo-e-yo-e-yo-e-yo*. Huerta's performance on the guitar was enthusiastically encored; an honour rarely conferred on instrumental players.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE third volume of the *Tyrolese Melodies* (the Rainers'), and the words by Mr. Haynes Bayly, has just been put into our hands: to say it is equal to the preceding volumes,—the melodies characteristic, the arrangements by Moscheles excellent, and the poetry by Bayly appropriate,—is giving it the least praise it merits.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE absurd, to say nothing of the impolitic, practice of endeavouring to "draw houses" by attractive names rather than by trusting to a judicious "cast" in the vocal distribution of the parts of an opera, was never more fully, and we may add more painfully, exemplified than in the last two representations of *Don Giovanni*. It would indeed be a supererogatory task to discuss performances as much below criticism as the music of the incomparable composer is above it. Suffice it to say, that on the two occasions to which we allude, *Don Giovanni* was regularly d—d,—the entire company appeared as if they had conspired to commit a midnight murder; Mozart was sacrificed to the selfish feelings of the performers; and there were other errors in arrangement not to be approved. No one will deny, that to give to this unequalled composition the full effect intended by its author, the orchestra should neither be deficient in talent nor force; instead of which, we not only, as Pat says, "found missing" many of the Troubadour's troop; but we observed, that those places which, on common occasions, were wont to be occupied by "four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row," were, to the great annoyance of many a middle-sized man, taken up by four-and-twenty lordless ladies, all in insufferably

high feather. How, then, is it possible that the members of the band, not only "bound in" by "blue bonnets over the border," but by broad bussels over the musical margin, can find elbow-room sufficient to give even the most common-place effect to a choral crash? Besides, ogling in an orchestra is very unlike Lady Bull; and it is not according to the all-accomplished Chesterfield to be throwing sheep's eyes at tormentors of *cat-gut*. Dragonetti, though already stuck up in the print shops, is not, to be sure, a very dangerous man, nor is Lindley likely to try his tongue at a well-timed compliment; but we think the young and clever conductor, Mr. Costa, might conduct himself in a very unceremonious manner, were he to catch an ecstatic glance of the Honourable Mrs. Bull, whilst expressing her dumb admiration of one of Donzelli's forty-horse-power bawls.

On Tuesday night *Il Matrimonio Segreto* was repeated with even increased effect. Lablache surpassed himself; and though we are not altogether free from apprehension that he will eventually turn out something like the "single-speech Hamilton" of St. Stephens, we again and again repeat, that his personation of the deaf *Geronimo* is one of the finest pieces of comic acting ever achieved upon the stage. Indeed, we question, whether even in the best days of Munden, that celebrated comedian could have elicited such irresistible peals of laughter from audiences constitutionally disposed to indulge in somniferous solemnity. On this night, although Malibran was absent, she was not so much missed by the discriminating few: her place was supplied by Specchi; and, considering the short time allowed to prepare for the part, the character of *Zaidama* was well conceived and ably sustained.

It not being our intention to touch upon the merits or demerits of the ballet of *Flore ed Zephire*, particularly as the plot is beyond our simple comprehension, and we have no great predilection for either mythological or allegorical subjects,—we shall confine the few remarks we now have to offer to the dancing of the delightful and all-delighting Tagliioni. The style of this *artiste*, which is peculiarly her own, is not to be described,—it must be seen to be duly appreciated; nor do we think that even the chisel of Canova could have done justice to the classic positions and graceful forms into which she manages to mould a figure not by nature so symmetrically turned as that of the late Miss M. Tree. *Tally-ho-ny*, so called by some of the fox-hunters in the stalls, is somewhat too tall and thin to come under the denomination of an elegant figure; but there is so much of modesty in her mien, such unartificial gracefulness in her general gait, such easy elegance in every movement that she makes; and so thoroughly is she free from the pert strut and pompous deportment so peculiar to people of her calling, that we cannot stop to descant upon her fair proportions, or attempt to criticise her "mortal coil." We do not mean to insinuate that we have not seen dancers of more agility and flexibility of foot, because in these particulars we think she has been surpassed by Ronzi Vestris; but then Tagliioni is not, if we may so express it, a *bravura* dancer. Nor can we better convey a notion of the peculiarities of her style, than by comparing her, especially in the exhibition of those graceful positions which come under the technical designation of *arabesques*, to the singing of Pasta's "*Di tanti palpiti*." In fact, Tagliioni is the Pasta

of dance. If there be any fault discoverable in her style, we are inclined to suspect it will be found to be more in her arms than in her legs, which surpass all preconceived notions even of the *legs talonis*: the points of the elbows should never be seen, and angular positions ought always to be avoided.

VARIETIES.

Constantinople.—The Sultan has had his portrait painted by Mr. Lauriston, an English artist. After the first sitting, the Mufti, alarmed at this innovation, presented his highness, in order to dissuade him from such a profanation, with a long remonstrance, supported by texts from the Koran. The Sultan laughed at the Mufti and their remonstrance, and the picture was finished. Mr. Lauriston, however, hastened to quit Constantinople; and people there say that he acted wisely.

Currents of Wind.—A letter from Naples, dated May 21st, states that for some days previously the atmosphere had been covered with a kind of thick red fog, which was found to be a fine red dust, covering the ground and trees. It was at first imagined that this was the smoke of Vesuvius, but on close inspection it was pronounced to be African dust, which had been brought by the winds from Africa.

Greek Calendar.—The Greek Calendar, the abolition of which was in vain attempted by the Emperor Alexander, has just been abolished in Russia, with the consent of the Synod.

M. Fourier.—This learned and scientific individual, the perpetual secretary of the Académie des Sciences, a member of the French Academy, and formerly secretary of the Egyptian Institute, died at Paris, on the 16th ult., of an affection of the lungs. He was scarcely sixty years of age. On Monday last, M. Arago was elected, by a large majority, to the perpetual secretaryship of the Academy of Sciences, vacant by M. Fourier's decease.

Poetical Lectures by Mr. James Montgomery.—We have just heard, by chance, that this distinguished poet has delivered two out of a course of four lectures on the history of literature, at the Royal Institution. How stupidly must such a matter have been managed to escape the notice of every literary journal and newspaper in London!! We should have thought it difficult to conceal the thing so closely.

Mr. Burchell.—We have heard with pleasure that Mr. Burchell the African traveller has recently returned from the Brazils, laden with the products of that country, and prepared to give the world an account of it and them, which we anticipate will be as valuable as his preceding works.

Pilgrims.—A caravan of pilgrims, on their way from Persia to Mecca, arrived early in March last at Erzeroum. It consisted of five hundred persons; among whom were a wife of the schah, one of abbas-mirza's, and many of the khans and beys of Tauris and Choi. The caravan proceeded to Aleppo.

Muscular Motion.—A machine has been invented in France, the object of which is to give to the human body a muscular exercise, considered to be efficacious in nervous disorders.

Westminster Abbey.—A picture of Westminster Abbey, painted by M. Allaux, is now exhibiting at the Neorama, in Paris.

Captain Dillon.—This gentleman, we hear, who was sent for by the French government, some time ago, to France, for the purpose of

taking command of an expedition in search of further relics of the voyage of La Pérouse, is about to return to England, very much disgusted with the French; who, after having kept him in Paris for several months, have abandoned their intention, and dismissed him without the slightest compensation.

Incendiary Balls.—Among the means to be employed for the reduction of Algiers is a new projectile called *balle incendiaire*. These balls are put into pistols and muskets of large calibre, and discharged by men who have been well exercised. The ball is so constructed, that it ignites every combustible substance against which it strikes. Several experiments were lately made in Paris, in presence of a commission appointed for the purpose, and they are stated to have been fully successful.

Indian Corn.—It is stated in a letter from Paris, that in consequence of the total failure of the crops of Cobbett's corn in the vicinity of the French capital last season, very few experiments of the kind will be tried this year. A farmer near Rouen is said to have lost 15,000 francs by his speculations in this way.

Longevity.—An American paper cites an example of rare longevity in an Englishman of the name of John Hill, residing near Chambersburg, who is above 130 years of age. He was a soldier in the reign of Queen Anne, and enlisted when he was eighteen. It appears that, until the last eight years, he has been exceedingly intemperate, and has frequently been seen lying out of doors in the coldest nights, in a state of complete intoxication. When above a hundred, he still worked with as much activity as most of his fellow-labourers. His mind seems not to be at all weakened, and he does not look above sixty or seventy years' old.

Diorama.—A view of Paris from Montmartre, painted by M. Daguerre, is the subject of a new dioramic exhibition at Paris. The Campo Santo, at Pisa, by M. Bouton, is about to be transferred to London.

Agriculture.—A preparatory school of agriculture has been established at Paris. Among the proposed objects of instruction are, the French, English, and German languages, linear, topographical, and descriptive drawing, the elements of mathematics, general notions of natural philosophy, and mineral and vegetable chemistry, the principles of vegetable physiology, general notions of mechanics, hydrostatics, and hydrodynamics, rural architecture, the elements of manufacturing and commercial economy, &c.

Mexico.—M. Beltrami has presented to the French Academy sixteen Mexican pictures, which have assisted him in framing the genealogy of the Aztek and Toltek kings; and another painting, of which he has availed himself to prove the succession of the chiefs of the republic of Thlascala.

Useful Arts.—The Society in Paris for the Encouragement of National Industry, lately distributed a number of gold and silver medals for inventions and discoveries connected with manufactures and the useful arts. The funds of the Society are in a very flourishing state.

Statistics.—Statistical societies are getting very much into vogue in France: several have recently been established in the provinces.

Animal Remains.—The *Messenger des Chambres* of Tuesday last contains an account of the discovery of some curious animal remains in a cave near Chokier in France. The bones and teeth were found in a bed composed of parts of the cave which had fallen in, and black mud, and were about three feet

in depth. The bones of the horse, bear, elephant, fox, rhinoceros, ox, and stag, were found mixed, in the immediate vicinity of the jaw-bones of the hyæna. Most of them contained their gelatine, and none exhibited signs of having been gnawed. These remains belonged to at least fifteen species, amongst which are the cavern bear, the horse, and the hyæna. Many of them are in a fine state of preservation, and the teeth have not lost their enamel. The following classification is given of them: the cavern bear, hyæna, wolf, fox, mole, hare, rabbit, water rat, field rat, common rat, ox, stag, unicorn rhinoceros, bicorn rhinoceros, and Indian elephant, a few bones of birds of species not determined, and a few common snail-shells. The most extraordinary part of the discovery is, that there were three distinct layers of stalagmites, under each of which bones were found.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXIV. June 12.]

Musical Memoirs, comprising an account of the general State of Music in England, from the first Commemoration of Handel, in the Year 1704, to the Year 1830; with Anecdotes, &c., by W. T. Parke, Principal Oboist at Covent Garden Theatre for forty years.—Personal Memoirs, or Reminiscences of Men and Manners at Home and Abroad during the last Half Century, by Pryse Lockhart Gordon, Esq.—No. 1. of the Juvenile Library, containing the Lives of Remarkable Youth of both Sexes, edited by W. Jerdan.—We observe that a second journal in the French language has been commenced in London: it is called *L'Independent*, and in form and arrangement resembles an English newspaper.—Mr. Britton has announced a Dictionary of the Architecture and Archaeology of the Middle Ages; including the Words used by Old and Modern Authors in treating of Architectural and other Antiquities.—The Denounced, by the Author of Tales by the O'Hara Family.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Cruikshank's Illustrations of Popular Works, Part I. royal 8vo. 6s.: 4to. proofs, 10s. sewed.—Allen on the Royal Prerogative of England, 8vo. 8s. bds.—Martineau's Traditions of Palestine, post 8vo. 6s. bds.—Inch Kenneth, a Poem, fcp. 5s. bds.—Bennett's Tewkesbury, 8vo. 15s. bds.—Macvicar's Economy of Nature, 8vo. 16s. bds.—Tarver's Study of the French Language, Part I. 12mo. 4s. bds.—Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, Vol. XXII. royal 8vo. 1l. 10s. bds.—Scott's Poetical Works, Vol. XI. 8vo. 18s.: 18mo. 9s. bds.—The Undying One, &c. by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Conolly on Indications of Insanity, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Parry's Anthology, 1830, fcp. 6s. bds.—Boyd's Guide to Italy, 18mo. 7s. sheep.—Paterson's Church History, by Brewster, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s. bds.—Memoirs of George Romney, 4to. 2l. 2s. bds.—Thomson on Heat and Electricity, 8vo. 15s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

	June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday	3	From 46. to 64.	29.79 to 29.56
Friday	4	47. — 58.	29.49 — 29.83
Saturday	5	41. — 65.	29.92 — 29.95
Sunday	6	44. — 67.	29.93 Stationary
Monday	7	49. — 61.	29.86 to 29.84
Tuesday	8	46. — 60.	29.94 — 29.98
Wednesday	9	40. — 57.	29.99 Stationary

Wind S.W. and N., the former prevailing. Raining generally, except on the 5th and 6th. Rain fallen, 1 inch, and .125 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our friends and correspondents ought to be aware that, with every wish, liberally, to promote the interests of the arts, sciences, and literature, we cannot insert sheer advertisements as general intelligence, and far less as opinions of our own.—Ed. L. G.

We are this week obliged to postpone many articles, which we can promise will make our next No. as various and interesting as the present is, we trust, made by the novelties which have claimed the priority.

The Editor of the *Literary Gazette* is not aware of the circumstance that Ensign Dale made the original drawing of the Swan River Settlement, which was given with a late No. of the late *Foreigner* L. G.

We intend to participate in all the enjoyments of our worthy friend Mr. Owen's Millennium, when it arrives, and shall endeavour to attend the exposition of the means by which it is to be brought about; but we have not room for the Prospectus or Pisgah view of this modern Land of Promise, far less for its geographical, topographical, and constitutional details.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS, at the Gallery, Pall Mall East, WILL CLOSE for the present Season on Saturday, the 26th Instant.

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F. T. BILLAM, Hon. Secretary.

Admission, 1s.—Season Ticket, 5s.—Catalogues, 1s.
Gallery of the Northern Society, Leeds, May 25th, 1830.

THE WEST of SCOTLAND THIRD EXHIBITION of the WORKS of LIVING ARTISTS will open this Season, on the 9th of August. Works of Art intended for this Exhibition will be received from the 12th till the 21st July.

C. HUFCHESON, Secretary.

Exhibition Rooms, Argyle Arcade, Glasgow, June, 1830.

LITERARY FUND.—GREENWICH MEETING.—The Annual Meeting of the Literary Fund will be held at the Crown and Sceptre, Greenwich, on Wednesday, June 23. Dinner at Four o'Clock.

The Members and Friends of this Society who may honour this Festival with their presence, are requested to leave their Names with Mr. Snow, at No. 4, Lincoln's Inn Fields, on or before Tuesday, the 22d Instant.

PICTURES of EXTRAORDINARY

EXCELLENCE, the Property of a Nobleman. Mr. EDWARD FORSTER respectfully acquaints the Public, he has received Directions to Sell by Auction, at his Gallery, 54, Pall Mall, on Wednesday, 16th June, and following Day, at Twelve, a splendid Collection of Italian, Flemish, Dutch, and English Pictures, of which it is impossible, in the limits of an Advertisement, to enumerate all that are entitled to particular distinction. An Interior, by Adrian Ostade, with several Figures, an exquisite Specimen, from the King of Bavaria's Collection. Two Portraits, one by Titian, the other by Rembrandt; both extraordinary Chef-d'œuvre. The Fish-Market, by Jan Steen; a Flower Piece, by Maria Van Oosterwyck, which for truth and loveliness of colour, cannot be too highly praised. The Head of St. Sebastian, by Guido, from the Gara Bertolotti, the finished Study for the Picture in the Dulwich Gallery; the Remorse of Judas Iscariot, by Rembrandt; Portrait of Pope Julius, by Raffaele; a grand Landscape, with Cows and Grey Horse, by Cuypp; a View of St. Mark's Place, by Canaletti; a capital Picture. Three Landscapes, by Wynant, one enriched with Figures by A. Van der Velde; and Specimens of most of the distinguished Masters of the Dutch School, and several very fine Italian Pictures. May be viewed, Three days prior, and Catalogues, at 1s. each, may be had at the Gallery, 54, Pall Mall.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by

Mr. HODGSON, at his Great Room, No. 192, Fleet Street, on Wednesday next, June 15th, and Four following Days, (Sunday excepted), at Half-past Twelve precisely, the LIBRARY of the late DANIEL MACKINNON, Esq. of Binfield, Berks, among which are—Biblia Sacra Polyglotta, 7 vols.—Vita Jeſu Christi, splendid Manuscript upon Vellum, in 5 large vols. folio, elegant 8 vols.—Les Nobles et Femmes Illustres, splendid Manuscript, with Miniature Paintings, Theatrical Menusols, &c. Editions Princesps, 1605.—Philippi Bergomensis de Clavis Mulieribus, very rare, 1407.—Thorpe's Registrum Rufense—Statoffa's Faena Hiberna, or Civil Wars of Ireland, 1623—Linschoten's Voyages, Black Letter, printed by Wolfe, 1568.—Theraby's Letters, 3 vols.—Ligeia, the Life and Death of Hector, a Poem—Finkerton's Voyages and Travels, 17 vols.—Walpole's Painters and Engravers, and Works, 10 vols. fine Impressions, Strawberry Hill Editions—Albin's Insects, coloured—Queen Elizabeth's Prayer-Book—Dresses and Habits of Different Nations, 4 vols.—Urban's Grammatica, Gr. Aldus, 1479.—Royal Academy Catalogues, 1780 to 1828—Edinburgh Review, 4 vols.—Œuvres de Buffon, 51 vols.—Scott's Novels, 82 vols.—History of Essex, 6 vols.—Pope's Works, by Bowles, 10 vols.—Repertory of Arts, First and Second Series—L'opott's Bibliography, large paper—a good Collection of Divinity and Classics, General History, &c. also upwards of 2000 curious and interesting Tracts, relating to Ireland, Scotland, the Pretender, Civil Wars, History, Laws, Trade, India, Biography, London, Tithes, Theological, &c.; and nearly 300 Old Quarto Plays, &c.

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The Author of the Catalogue Raisonné of the Works of the most eminent Dutch and Flemish Painters, begs very respectfully to inform Subscribers that the Third Part, intended to contain a Description of the Works of Anthony van Dyck, and announced for publication in May last, is unavoidably postponed until the beginning of the ensuing Year; the Author having since deemed it advisable to include in that Part the Works of David Teniers the younger. 137, New Bond Street.

PRIAM, Winner of the Derby Stakes at

Epsom, 1830. R. Ackermann, Jun. most respectfully acquaints the Nobility and Gentry, and all who partake in the Pleasures of the Turf, that he has obtained permission of Mr. Chibney to publish the Portrait of Priam, to be painted by Mr. J. Femeley, of Melton Mowbray.

R. Ackermann, Jun. begs to say he pledges himself to the getting of it up in a superior manner to any thing yet introduced to the Public, excepting Rowton, which is now ready, and in course of delivery to the Subscribers.

Subscribers' Names received at his Eclipse Sporting Gallery, 191, Regent Street, where a fine Collection of Sporting Prints and Drawings are always on view.

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"Miss Dunlop is in the habit of seeing the poet frequently, from the time of his first publication at Kilmarnock, till the time of his death, and his was not a face to be forgotten. Yet, since then, it has not been placed so brightly before her 'mind's eye,' as on opening the box containing this portrait."

From Miss Maitland, (Baroness).

"I return you the fine portrait of Burns, taken from the life by the late Mr. Peter Taylor, his early friend. In my opinion, it is the most striking likeness of the great poet I have ever seen; and I say this with the more confidence, having a perfect recollection of his appearance."—*Agnes Maitland.*

MUSIC.

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Mr. JOSEPH KIRKMAN, of No. 19, Broad Street, Golden Square, Grand Piano-Porte Maker to His Majesty, begs leave most respectfully to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and his Friends, that he has succeeded to the Business of his late Father. He intends to continue the same on the Old Premises as above, which have been in the possession of his Family for upwards of a century, and invites an Inspection of his choice Assortment of Instruments of every Description, ready for immediate Sale.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1830.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Mémoires de Constant, Premier Valet de Chambre de l'Empereur, sur la Vie Privée de Napoléon, &c.—Memoirs of the Private Life of Napoleon, his Family, and Court. By M. Constant, First Valet de Chambre to the Emperor. 8vo. Vols. I. and II. Paris, 1830. Ladvocat. London, Dulau and Co.

WE have here the first two volumes of a series whose materials are sufficiently in detail to extend to any number that may suit its publisher. They contain a full and particular description of how the emperor ate, drank, washed, dressed, slept, waked, saluted his wife or let it alone, with a minuteness which a Frenchman only would have thought of giving. There is accordingly more of amusement than of information in these pages. M. Constant is not a man to see farther than was absolutely necessary—one who would take all for granted that did not concern his office; and who evidently considers his teaching Napoleon to shave himself, to have been one of the great events of the time. Reversing the line of the poet,

“What small effects from mighty causes spring!”

the principal personal consequence of Buonaparte's becoming emperor, is, that he is obliged to shave himself, for fear some secret enemy should take that opportunity of cutting his throat. The habits of Napoleon seem to have been different from what we should have expected of one brought up to all the hardships of a camp: Constant states, that he was always dressed from head to foot, like a child. We shall select a few anecdotes, such as seem to possess most novelty—an attraction of which there is much deficiency in these pages, all of whose contents might well have been compressed into a single volume.

The editor, Ladvocat, however, defends the publication of memoirs by a valet-de-chambre in the following most poetical manner. “The valet-de-chambre of a hero becomes, from his very station, a different thing to a valet-de-chambre. Amber is but a piece of coarse earth, and the stone of Bologna is but a fragment of rock; but the one breathes of the rose, and the other reflects the sun.” So now for a little of the light and the essence whose influence is on M. Constant, who seems duly impregnated with the atmosphere of a court: witness the gallantry with which, when playing trictrac with the empress, he allowed her to beat him.

“If that was flattery, I must avow myself culpable; but I think I should have acted in the same manner towards another woman, whatever might have been her rank, had she been only half as charming as Madame Buonaparte.”

Rival Powers.—“During our first journey into Italy, the first consul wished to hear Marchesi: after much solicitation, the singer came, but with all the importance of a man who considers his dignity injured. The simple costume of the consul, his slight figure, his thin face, and his unimposing distinction, were ill

calculated to make an impression on the theatrical hero; and on being asked to sing an air, he replied only by a bad pun, ‘Signor General, if you want a fine air, you will have the very finest in the garden.’ Dismissal and imprisonment were the consequences of this impertinence; but on Buonaparte's return after the battle of Marengo, thinking the unhappy singer's punishment had been more than sufficient for a poor joke, he sent for him, and again requested a song. Marchesi had found his voice, and he now sang equally graciously and delightfully: the first consul shook hands and complimented him (as our author expresses it) most affectionately. Peace was thus established between the two powers, and Marchesi henceforward only hymned the praises of the consul.”

There are some interesting details on the marriage of Hortense. Constant denies strongly the idea of a connexion between her and the emperor; and we are the more inclined to believe his assertion, as we do really think even this crime would have appeared to him but the result of situation and royalty, and one that he seems much more likely to have palliated than denied. Those most concerned in the marriage were punished for their selfishness: General Duroc, her first attachment, by witnessing the after greatness to which his match with her would have led; and Josephine, in the unhappiness of her daughter, sufficiently exhibited the interested motives (the hope of conciliating Buonaparte's brothers, always inimical to her) which led her to promote the union.

Dialogue on the re-establishment of mass:—“While dressing the first consul, M. Joseph Buonaparte entered with Cambaceres. ‘Well,’ said the first consul to the latter, ‘we are going to mass; what do they think of it in Paris?’ ‘Why many,’ replied Cambaceres, ‘intend going to the first representation, and, if the piece is not amusing, hissing it.’ ‘If any one takes it into their head to hiss, they will soon be shewn the door by the grenadiers of the consular guard.’ ‘But suppose the grenadiers should join the others in hissing?’ ‘I am not alarmed about that: my old moustaches will go here to Notre Dame, as in Cairo they did to the mosque; they will observe what I do; and seeing their general grave and attentive, they will be the same, and say to themselves, It is the watchword!’ ‘I am afraid,’ said Joseph Buonaparte, ‘that the general officers will not be so accommodating: I have just left Augereau, who breathes only fire and fury against what he terms your capuchinades. He and several others will not be so easy to bring within the pale of our holy mother-church.’ ‘Bah! Augereau is just a bawler, who makes a racket; and if he has any little imbecile cousin, he will put him to school, that I may make a chaplain of him. Apropos,’ continued the first consul, addressing Cambaceres, ‘when will your brother go and take possession of his see at Rouen? Do you know he has the best archbishopric in France? he will be cardinal in a year; it is a settled affair.’ The second consul bowed—what else could he do? Certainly

Buonaparte was very accurate in his moral calculations.

“Whenever there was a distribution of arms given as honours, there was a dinner at the Tuileries, to which all, let their rank be what it would, who had a share in these distinctions, came; there were often two hundred. Generals, colonels, common soldiers, sat together without distinction; and Buonaparte spared no pains to make his guests feel at ease; but the embarrassment of many was not to be surmounted: they would sit two feet away from the table, not venturing to touch napkin or bread, colouring up to the ears, and their necks stretched towards the general, as if to receive the word of command; and often did the servants remove plates which had not even been touched. This timidity did not, however, prevent their enthusiastically feeling the distinction. Nothing could be more popular than Buonaparte's manners. He drank with them, and made them repeat what gallant act had procured for them this mark of honour. On rising from table, he thus addressed them:—‘My brave fellows, you must soon baptise me the new-born one,’ (pointing to their sabres of honour). Heaven knows they did not spare themselves.”

The strange difference between French and English manners was never more strongly marked than in the following scene. Who on this side the Channel would ever have thought of describing it?

“In that earlier period, when the first consul inhabited the palace of St. Cloud, he slept in the same bed as his wife; of late years, etiquette interposed, and a little chilled the conjugal tenderness; and at last the first consul slept in a room pretty far removed from that of Josephine. Between them was a long corridor, on each side of which slept the different ladies in waiting. When the first consul wished to pass the night with his wife, he undrest in his own room, which he left *en robe de chambre*; I walked before him with a flambeau. At the end of this corridor was a staircase of about sixteen steps, which led to the chamber of Madame Buonaparte. Great was her joy when she received a visit from her husband; all the house heard of it the next day. I still see her, saying to all who came near, rubbing her little hands together, ‘I am up very late to-day; but you see Buonaparte passed the night with me.’ And that day she was even more kind than usual; she rebuked nobody; every one obtained whatever they asked.”

The confinement of Colonel Delille was very rigorous; he was not allowed to receive any written communication. “The rigour of these orders was, however, softened by his son, about four or five years of age; his father obtained permission to embrace him, and was conducted to him by a turnkey. The poor little thing acted his part like a finished conspirator; he pretended to limp, complaining bitterly of sand in his boot. The colonel took him on his knees, contrived to turn his back on the jailer, and, while taking off the child's boot, secured

the letter concealed in it, which gave him information of the progress of the trial, and what he had himself to hope and fear."

The annexed is a striking instance of superstition in the emperor.

"During one of his campaigns in Italy he broke the glass over Josephine's portrait; he never rested till the return of the courier he forthwith despatched to assure himself of her safety, so strong was the impression of her death upon his mind."

A journal scarcely worth printing is joined to the end of the first volume, of one of those ladies attached to the *ancien régime*, who nevertheless accepted places at the imperial court, renouncing their principles, but preserving their opinions. The chief facts in this diary are the fair journalist's great indignation against Buonaparte for not liking ladies who talked much, for interfering with their costume, and, worse than all, there is a pathetic paragraph, of the glory of France being lost, and herself being horrorstruck, by the emperor's addressing some German princesses as 'Mademoiselles.' The curiosity of this journal is, that though our literary valet sees fit to publish it, he every now and then inserts a little note of contradiction or softening. Most of the personal details respecting the emperor are known; but we, at least, do not remember the very singular fact, that the beat of his heart was imperceptible to himself and others. It required both time and trouble to break in horses for his use, and he neither rode well nor gracefully; he was not fond of hunting, neither was he a good shot. Among many anecdotes, we select the following:

"One day, at the end of a stag-hunt, he approached Mde. de L., and asked, 'What shall we do with the stag? I place his fate, madam, in your hands.' 'Do what you please,' was the somewhat unfeeling reply of the lady; 'I take no interest in it.' The emperor turned away coldly, and said to the chief huntsman, 'Since the stag has the misfortune not to interest Mde. de L., he does not deserve to live; let him be killed.' He was so shocked with her want of humanity, that he spoke of it the whole evening in terms very little flattering to the lady."

Nothing can be more minute than all the particulars into which this most accurate of valets enters: five pages describe how the emperor was shaved, how he would be shaved on one side only at once, how he finally learnt to shave himself, and how Rustan was obliged to hold his mirror, for he splashed the soap lather over the toilette and curtains; how he had toothpicks made of box-wood, and used slight mixtures of opium for tooth-powder; how he never would wear pantaloons, and always adhered to his black stock; habits to which he was accustomed, and ease, were all he sought in dress; indifferent as to the form, he was nevertheless particular as to the fineness of the material. The same man who wrought for him when at the military school, made his shoes when emperor, and was succeeded in the office by his son; hence, observes Constant, they were always ill made: and he records, with an air of triumph, that, after many efforts, he prevailed on his master to have them rounded, instead of pointed, at the toes. In process of time the lasts became too small; and the scene in which the poor shoemaker is summoned to take new ones, is too absurd to be omitted. "I went myself to the shoemaker, who, though he had made for his majesty, had never seen him: the poor man was stupified with fear—his head was turned. How should

he ever appear before the emperor, how must he be dressed? I gave him all possible encouragement, and told him he must have a black coat, breeches, sword, and hat. Thus accoutered, he arrived at the Tuileries, and entered his majesty's room; he made a profound bow, and stood embarrassed enough. 'You are not the person who used to make my shoes,' said Napoleon. 'No your, majesty, emperor, and king, it was my father.' 'Why does he not come now?' 'Because, please your majesty, emperor, and king, he is dead.' 'How much do you make me pay for my shoes?' 'Eighteen francs.' 'It is very dear. Your majesty, emperor, and king, may have them much dearer if you please.' The emperor laughed heartily at the simplicity of this avowal; this laughter completely disconcerted the shoemaker, who, with his hat under his arm, approached to take measure, but the hat rolled down, the sword got between his legs, was broken, and down he fell on his hands and knees; at last, released from hat and sword, he succeeded in taking the length of the emperor's foot."

Will the following remark be taken as a proof of the great happiness of childhood, in having but such slight troubles, or must we admit that their troubles are as great to them? "How happy you are!" said one of Josephine's little pets to her; "you have no mamma to scold you when you tear your clothes." * * *

"The whole army had been ordered to leave off powder, and cut off their queues; many murmured, but all obeyed, excepting one old grenadier belonging to Junot's brigade, who vowed no force should take from him his beloved queue, unless his general cut the first hair. On this reaching Junot's ears, he swore that should be no hindrance: the man was sent for, Junot took up the scissors, and began clipping; and, dismissed with a twenty-franc piece, the veteran went contentedly to be trimmed by the barber."

"The emperor and his brother Lucien had a grand quarrel on account of the latter's marriage with Mde. J., a lady who had been more than suspected. One day, on Lucien's refusing to marry the Queen of Etruria, the emperor said to him indignantly, 'See to what you are led by your foolish passion for a woman of galantry.' 'At least,' replied Lucien, 'mine is young and pretty.' This evident allusion to Josephine so enraged the emperor, that he dashed the watch he held on the floor, exclaiming, 'I will break you, since you will listen to nothing, as I have done this watch.'"

That Lucien, however, was prudent in some of his affairs of the heart, let the next anecdote witness.

"Lucien was just now very desirous of being in the good graces of the Mde. Mézirai, a pretty and lively actress. The conquest was not a very difficult one: in the first place, it had never been matter of difficulty; secondly, the lady knew Lucien's opulence, and took his liberality for granted. The first attentions of her lover confirmed this opinion. She was settled in a superb house elegantly furnished; and the contract for it given her the day on which she took possession. At every visit he made her some splendid present; this lasted some time: at length Lucien, tired of his bargain, became desirous to get rid of it in the least expensive manner. He had given her a magnificent pair of diamond girandoles; and before he allowed the least coldness to appear in his manner, he took up these earrings one morning, while assisting at his mistress's toilette: 'Truly, love, I shall quarrel with you;

as if I could refuse you any thing, and here are you wearing diamonds whose setting is quite old-fashioned.' 'It is not six months since you gave them me.' 'Six months! as if any woman who had a respect for herself—a woman with the least good taste, would wear what had six months' date: I must send them to my jeweller to be re-set.' The prince was of course most tenderly thanked; and he went away with the earrings and divers other ornaments; but a quarrel next day averted the necessity of returning them. Still the house and furniture were so much gained; when one morning the proprietor waited on her to know if she wished her lease renewed; she ran for her deed of purchase,—it was only a receipt for two years' rent."

We now leave these volumes, for the present at least, to those who delight in personal details, of which they are full. Like other works of the kind, they will be glorious materials for the novelist, philosopher, and historian, some hundred years hence. And now, amid the conflict of opinion, their amusement at least has equal interest and variety. They have not yet been translated into English.

The Denounced. By the Authors of "Tales by the O'Hara Family." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

MR. BANIM was the first who made successful efforts in the field of Irish literature—the first to shew how much of strange adventure, of strong passion, of original character, are to be found in the annals of the last century. Enlightened in his views, liberal in his principles, though devoted to, and an advocate of, opinions in favour of religious tolerance—powerful in the delineations of strong excitement, and the workings of internal passion—giving usually a story of great interest;—we do not wonder at the popularity his writings have obtained, and we cannot but consider such popularity as highly beneficial. It is well to put, frequently, in a familiar shape the evil effects of bigotry; the danger of laws so easily wrested to the support of private malice; and the crime as well as mischief of persecution under the name of religion. It is true that these days of intolerance are passing away; but what was the work of opinion is best opposed by the diffusion of another opinion more just and true—the history that has been, ought to operate as a warning to the history that is to be. The volumes before us contain two tales: the first is a romantic story of adventure and escape in the time of William—the second more of private life and individual feeling; and in both the interest is strongly excited and well kept up, though the *dénouement* of the first is somewhat hurried: we are much deceived, if most readers would not wish to know a little more of the future fate of "the Last Baron of Crana." The disadvantages, the discouragements of the penal laws, particularly in the last tale, as operating to prevent all home education among the Catholics, are put in the strongest light. Our author's chief fault is an exaggeration both of language and description; the one is sometimes inflated, and the other overcoloured: we recommend a little softening down to his attention. One of his great merits lies in his perhaps least ambitious efforts; there is a vividness, a reality, about them which gain an intense hold on the reader's imagination: in the scene we have marked for quotation, principally for its length, the air of reality seems to us very striking. We should premise, that Gernon is poaching on the

grounds, as much out of defiance to the Papists as for the sake of the game, his only companion a bull bitch, when Patrick O'Burke arrives at the spot, from which his half-crazed tutor has just retreated.

"My service to you, sir," he said, stepping a few paces from Gernon, who awaited his approach, resting on his piece, and whistling in a low cadence, as he looked in another direction. "And mine to you, sir," he was answered. "What injury have you done upon the gentleman who just parted from you?" continued Patrick. "Gentleman?" repeated Gernon, measuring him with a deliberate glance from head to foot—"I can't tell who you mean by 'gentleman,' young master; but I do not care if you know that the mad creature who left my side a moment ago has undergone no injury from me." Patrick, recollecting the peculiarities of his poor tutor, and his aptness to cry out upon slight occasions, was reasonable enough, in his heated mood, to give credit to this answer. He soon found another subject for talking on, however. "You came here to speak on business with Mr. Pendergast, friend?" "No, friend." Gernon continued his low whistle. "With some of his establishment, then?" "I know not any of them; and on that head wish to remain as wise as I am." "But our gamekeeper, Rory Laherty, is not quite unknown to you?" "A passing acquaintanceship, merely." "Briefly; what do you here, sir?" "As briefly—who is it that asks?" "The O'Burke, and on Mr. Pendergast's account: so, tell your errand now:—answer my question." "Perhaps—if you answer one of mine first." "Let me hear it:" Patrick also rested on his piece. "Where did your worship attend to hear lawful prayers the last Sabbath day?" "Impertinent fellow!" cried Patrick, haughtily. "Impertinent? and fellow? Both. Shew me, and shortly too, that you went to church last Sunday—ay! and the Sundays before it, for as many months as we can count, or pay me twelve-pence, current money of the realm, in satisfaction for every Sabbath day's worship you have missed; such being the fine by law established upon stayers-away from God's service, and loose livers in this pious land." "You shall not tempt me, by your rudeness, fellow, to forget who I am, whoever you may be," said Patrick: "but again I demand to know what is your business here?" "Sport—not business," answered Gernon. "And what kind of sport?" "Such as fills—this," continued Gernon, touching the already half-filled leathern bag which hung from his shoulders. "With whose permission, friend?" "Mine own," replied Gernon, coolly filling a small tin measure with brandy from a wicker-cased bottle which he drew out of his pocket:—"Tis a hot day enough, for a September day: will you please to taste?" offering the measure. "I thank you, no; but it remains for me to tell you, that you must henceforth have Mr. Pendergast's leave, as well as your own, to kill his birds and other game on these grounds." "Oh, not at all: see, for example;" he put his piece suddenly to his shoulder as a small flock of wood-quests flew over his head, fired, and brought down two of the birds:—"Fetch me them, Maud, dearee," he continued—and Maud flew to obey his command. Patrick lost all patience at this imperturbable insolence. "The ugly brute shall never take them off the grounds!" he cried. "To be sure, no—but I will for her," said Gernon, pacing to meet the bitch. "Nor you either, by heavens!" Patrick sprang before him, turned round, and presented his piece. "Hollo?" questioned Gernon, staring

at him. "Mind me, fellow," rejoined Patrick; "your shot is gone—I have mine to the good; so take care what you attempt to do." "Oh, brave! brave!" exclaimed the other, scoffingly; and the words were scarce spoken, when, flinging down his own piece, he jumped head-foremost upon Patrick, and with one twist of his arms possessed himself of his: "Stop, now, Maud! stop! I don't want your help this time; only keep an eye on the lad, to hinder him and me from any more scuffling: 'tis a pretty sporting-piece," curiously eyeing his prize; "and luck is in my road, this morning, to make my own of it." "You are robber as well as poacher, then?" asked Patrick, whose wrath and courage united, though both of the most positive kind, did not prompt him to an immediate continuance of hostilities, under the circumstances. "It can hardly be called poaching," answered Gernon, "to provide a matter of a few dozen of birds for the good bull-feast to-morrow; or robbery, to disarm a concealed Papist, under authority of the Act of Parliament of the last year, in that case made and provided." "Put back the O'Burke's gun in hand, and quit grounds!" here interrupted old Rory Laherty, suddenly arriving on the scene, close by the disputants: he was also armed. "Skirt him, beauty!" exclaimed Gernon, as, with the rapidity and certainty of thought, he wheeled round upon Rory. The old man knew not what was doing, when he found himself without his piece, and at the same moment felt Maud tugging his ample skirts, in obedience to her master's orders. "I must soon press a baggage wain in the king's service, at this rate," pursued Gernon, "to carry Papists' arms to the royal stores, yon," pointing towards the town: "And now, steady young O," to Patrick, who again seemed to meditate an attack,— "I will shoot you as I would shoot a Papish rabbit, if you budge an inch—as for your gamekeeper (so called, but that's to be looked to, yet), Maud can manage him." "Maybe not," said Patrick: then he addressed Rory in Irish; "Is he at hand?" "Within a whistle," replied Rory; "and upon the wind." "Brann! Brann!" cried Patrick; and Brann, our former acquaintances, now grown into the giant which Pendergast had predicted he would be, came galloping out of a near cover. The instant the animal saw how matters stood, his heavy ears, previously cocked, fell low, his eyes glared like live coals, his bristly coat grew rough, and he redoubled his speed to join his friends. At the same moment, still another power appeared in view, in a contrary direction, namely, John Sharpe, his old musket resting on his arm, and his (need it be said?) inch-long pipe between his teeth. "Look to yourself, Maud! a shot a-piece for the Papists, and look to yourself!" Thus Gernon expressed his arrangements for his changed position, holding a piece in either hand, and pointing one at Rory and the other at Patrick. And promptly taking his hint, Maud freed Rory's skirts, and faced round to reconnoitre her more formidable enemy. "This is all fair," continued Gernon; "all fair, and prime sport." The fractious tones of John Sharpe reached him from a distance, demanding, in his own idioms, the meaning of the scene before him, and bidding every human being, and the dogs too, be quite still until his closer approach; but, after a hasty glance at him, Gernon proceeded as if he were not in existence. "I have heard tell of your Papish joyant of a dog, Master big O, and long wished to make him and my little beauty better friends; now they are like to be in for it: so, we have nothing to do but look on, and shew them fair

play—Wait for him, Maud! wait for him!" Brann yet wanted about one hundred yards of the ground occupied by his adversary, who, even anticipating her master's advice, coolly though ferociously awaited his attack. John Sharpe, seeing his all-powerful commands made light of, redoubled his exhortations in the other direction, raised his voice to a cracked scream, presented his musket with the left arm, shook his right fist, and at last, in an effort to run forward, fell. At this instant Brann came within a bound of Maud, and, perhaps in deference to the beauty's sex, suddenly stopped short. Feeling no such scruples with respect to him, she was fast in his throat, in requital for his gallantry, before he seemed well aware of her intent. At the first consciousness of assault, or of pain, the noble brute chucked his head backward and forward, but in vain; Maud held him firm. The great strength of his neck and shoulders was sufficient to raise her clear off the ground, and he often did so, but still to no purpose; and in a short time, self-exhausted by his own struggles, as much as he was enfeebled by loss of blood, and agitated by pain, he submitted for a moment to the advantage she had gained over him, lowering his head, so as to permit her to tug hard, and uttering short and broken barks, while she did not suffer a sound to escape her. "The bit will be out the next tug or so if he gives up that way," observed Gernon; while Patrick and Rory looked on, utterly astonished and grieved at this inconceivable discomfiture of their boasted Irish stag-hound: "but stop; what's in his head, now?" continued the Mayor of Bull-ring. Of a sudden, Brann resumed his struggles to shake off his deadly foe. Then he jumped backward, and dragged her with him; her dangerous tugging being now ended, and her whole strength exerted to cling close and keep her gripe. They went back many paces from the spot on which had commenced the fight, Maud still dragged or tossed at the will of her captive. "He wants to get her into the water, the born devil!" cried Gernon; and he had scarcely spoken, when Brann confirmed his surmise, by slipping into a small but deep pool, which he had gradually approached, and forcing the bitch with him. They sunk; they quickly rose again; Brann now above Maud, but Maud's tusks still in his throat, while the water grew tinted with his pure Milesian blood. "And now he wants to drown her!" continued Gernon, observing that, indeed, Brann, easily remaining uppermost in the new element, as well by virtue of his superior strength, as by his skill in swimming, struck Maud repeatedly with his heavy paws, and almost plunged his own nose under water, to keep her from breathing a mouthful of air. "Well! if the ould soul of cunning Papistry be not in the body of that Papish brute, my name's not John Gernon! Draw dogs, Master Patrick, draw dogs! I consent to have it called a drawn-battle, till some other day. Help me, man, I say, or else the to-morrow's bull may wear his garland home to his stall!" and so saying, he discharged both the loaded pieces which he had hitherto held in his hands, evidently as a precaution against an attack upon himself by their owners, Rory and Patrick; and then, flinging them on the bank of the pool, jumped into the water. Patrick followed his example, more out of anxiety for Brann's oozing wound, than for the life of Maud; and both swam, or waded breast or knee high, according to the varying nature of the ground at the bottom of the pool, round their dogs. The bitch's teeth were now easily disengaged from her adversary's throat, for, in fact, she

was half drowned, and sense and muscular power began to decrease together. 'Take him with you, to the mass, if you like, a' God's name! and land him at your own side, there,' exhorted Gernon, when they had parted the animals, and each seized his own by the neck."

We regret we have not room for the bullfight, or some illustrations of the second story; but our readers cannot do better than refer to the volumes themselves, when we think they will agree with our high estimate of Mr. Banim's talents: he is well entitled to rank among the foremost of our modern writers.

Discoveries in the Science and Art of Healing.

By John St. John Long, Esq. M.R.S.L. Together with the Evidence upon which the Author claims the Confidence of the Country, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 111. London, 1830. Burgess and Hill.

WHEN (as we are ready, and conceive it to be our duty, to bring forward every pretence of improvement in science or art,) we first brought forward for investigation the claims of Mr. Long to the much-desired discovery of a cure for consumption, we excited no small degree of anger on the part of many of our esteemed medical friends. We were, in spite of our general character, which should have exempted us from such reproaches, accused of encouraging quackery and abetting error, and we were laughed at for supposing the disorder to be susceptible of cure. Nay, some genuine quacks, but who had been systematically trained to medicine, and only mixed public writing with their other drugs, used us still worse; and had we not been blessed with an excellent constitution, we are persuaded they would have killed us outright—if railing and abuse could kill. But we calmly held on our course: we said then, as we say now, that Mr. Long's pretensions ought to be examined, and, if erroneous, put down—if justified by results, supported; for the question at issue is of infinite and vital importance to society. There is not a family in the country whom it does not affect; there is not a single breast which it can fail to interest.

And after the inquiries we have made, and the experience we have had, we will not be rallied out of a belief in what we perceive through our own organs of sense, though it were fifty times more improbable than that an individual, not bred as a surgeon or physician, may have made a great discovery in the healing art. The history of the world is full of such events; and we are inclined to think that more valuable mysteries have been unfolded by chances and accident than by scientific research directed to any specific object.

In the volume now before us Mr. Long fairly challenges his adversaries, and brings forward such testimonies in proof of his successful practice, that we do not know by what process of reasoning they can be resisted. Sure we are, that on the tenth portion of such evidence in a court of justice, the decision upon men's properties and lives would be taken without a moment's doubt, and the world would be completely satisfied with the verdict. But in almost all professional matters it is curious to see with what ire an intruder is viewed: one would fancy that the attempt to paint a picture, or compose a tune, or assuage a disease, were in itself infamous in any individual not duly initiated; yet Mr. Long fortifies himself on the authorities of the great Lord Bacon and Sir Astley Cooper, that they, at least in regard to the medical art, did not consider it in this light. "Every medicine (says the former) is an innovation; and he that will not apply new

remedies, must expect new evils, for time is the greatest innovator;" and Sir Astley tells us that "persons who object to a proposition merely because it is new, or who endeavour to detract from the merit of the man who first gives efficacy to a new idea by demonstrating its usefulness and applicability, are foolish, unmanly, envious, and illiberal objectors; they are unworthy of the designation either of professional men or of gentlemen."

Now, by rules of this order we would have Mr. Long's system tried. The whole science of medicine is neither more nor less than a conflict of opinions; hardly two of its wisest and most experienced adepts agreeing upon any one malady or any one method of cure. Hence variances at consultations, and hence the suggestion of fifty different remedies for every ill that attracts attention: such as hydrophobia at this moment. Surrounded, therefore, with so much of doubt and darkness, we are not disposed to quarrel harshly with any individual who endeavours to elucidate some part of the mystery; and we must say for Mr. Long, that he advances into the arena in a candid, open, and manly manner. He states: "the object of this work is to lay before the public the successful results of my researches on some of the more important diseases of the human frame, particularly in the cure of consumption and mania, and prevention of the fatal consequences of small-pox, measles, and hooping-cough, or other analogous inflammable disorders, to which I shall subjoin my reasons for departing from the established rules of medical practice. To point out a new and heretofore unassigned origin for various deviations from the standard of health, whether hereditary or contracted, and to shew that these depend on a certain *acid matter* or *fluid* pervading the system while in a *state of disease*. To prove by indisputable facts that *insanity* is a disease of the *body*, and not a primary distemper of the *mind*. And also to meet the wishes of many correspondents, who are solicitous of being informed of the nature and extent of the diseases that come within the reach of my discovery, and to make the general outline of my practice, in its various adaptations and analogies, intelligible to every capacity; and briefly, to submit the documentary evidence upon which I claim the confidence of the country. In this succinct sketch I shall confine myself to facts, the results of my own experience, and simply state that which I am able and ready to prove by trial at any time, with the view not only of increasing the benefits of my discovery, but of silencing the idle declamation of those whose interest it may be to oppose me."

This, at least, is a plain and honest declaration; and the author proceeds to lay down, with the same plainness, the principles on which he founds his system. Among these the leading ones are—to avoid the use of injurious medicines; instead of weakening, to invigorate the constitution of patients, whatever may be their disorder; and to abstain from blood-letting and reductions, as generally hurtful, since they do not remove deteriorated qualities, but take quantity from quantity, not quality from quantity. There is an obvious common sense in these propositions, whether they may or may not be consistent with the dicta of medical authorities; and we are inclined to think well of common sense in preference to the jargon of schools.

Mr. Long next asserts that he has cured innumerable cases of consumption, after the parties had been given up by the faculty; and that more recently he has found his mode of

treatment applicable to mania and other diseases, which have been effectually removed by it. He also repeats his challenge to undertake the cases of twelve or eighteen persons in three different stages of consumption, (incipient, fair, and desperate,) brought to him by physicians, and to rest the whole merits of his practice on this trial.

Upon these two points we need make few remarks—the test offered shews no fear of failure, and if Mr. Long is so obnoxious to objection as his enemies represent, why do not they overwhelm him at once by this experiment? The matter at issue is important enough to deserve a trial: nay, if only one life, instead of the lives of the hundreds to whom Mr. Long appeals, was concerned, he should be taken at his word and put upon his probation. But till that is done, he must be judged by such facts as he alleges in support of his success; and this volume, it cannot be denied, contains the most staggering proofs which it is possible for medicine to produce.

The great Dr. Cullen held that a remedy for consumption might be discovered; and Mr. Long is only one of several * who have claimed the credit of unfolding that inestimable secret. But he does more, he brings forward his living witnesses to demonstrate the truth of his assertion. And, be it observed, these are not ignorant, uneducated, low, and incredible persons; but, on the contrary, individuals of intelligence, of the first education, of high rank, and of the most unquestionable credibility. When we see the names of such men, to documents of the kind produced by Mr. Long, as Lord Harewood, Lord Dartmouth, Lord Howe, Lord Ingestre, Sir Thomas Lawrence, ladies of similar station in the upper circles, physicians, superior officers in the army and navy, eminent merchants, and plain sensible citizens, (and there are all these,) we really do not know on what ground we could refuse credence to the fact, that he has and is achieving many and very extraordinary cures: and Mr. Long has now under his care eminent members of the houses of Lords and Commons, and ladies of the first distinction, bearing evidence to their improvement, or perfect recovery.

But we have yet another substantiation of Mr. Long's method to state, and truth and justice will not suffer us to withhold it, to whatever obloquy it may expose us in sceptical quarters. We did not introduce the question to the public (as it may be remembered by our readers) without satisfying ourselves, by personal inquiry and examination of patients, either cured, or in the way of being restored to health; and we only vouched so far as they declared to us. This was a year ago, and we were told that the whole was an illusion, and that these parties would infallibly relapse and

* A curious paper was lately read to the Académie des Sciences, at Paris, by M. Flourens, on what is called hibernation. Hibernation, in natural history, is the state of torpor and lethargy in which several animals, as the marmot, for instance, pass nearly the whole of the winter. Cold, insensible, immovable, rolled up into a ball, they continue for three or four successive months without eating, without drinking, without breathing, and almost without any circulation. M. Flourens made a variety of experiments, with a view to ascertain the causes of this phenomenon. The result appears to be, that it is by the gradual decrease of respiration in these animals that the cold is permitted to operate in producing the state of torpor alluded to; and that as the respiration regains its activity, the operation of the cold becomes less and less influential. From other experiments made on birds, M. Flourens confidently draws the following conclusions, as applicable to human beings; viz. that a prolonged exposure to cold is one of the most powerful causes of pulmonary consumption; and that, on the contrary, living in a warm place is so powerful an antagonist of that malady, that, alone, it is sufficient to cure it when it has not been allowed to proceed to the last stage.

die: but they have *not!* We have made it our business, before we returned to the question, to see them again, to write to them, and to ascertain the exact situation in which they now are. The result has been most satisfactory: and as one case is the counterpart of nearly all, we will refer to that stated at pages 64 and 5 of Mr. Long's book. We visited this individual, (so distinguished in the scientific and mechanical world,) and we saw the dying man of two and three years ago, in perfect health, attended by a beautiful infant family, and attributing his "recovery from the grave," on the brink of which he had stood, to the efficacy of the system pursued by Mr. Long. Such a fact needs no comment.

But not to intrude too much upon our readers with a subject of this kind, we shall close for the present, reserving some remarks on the pathology involved in the author's theory for another occasion.

The Family Library, No. XIII.; British Painters and Sculptors, Vol. III. London, 1830. J. Murray.

OUR worthy friend Allan Cunningham improves so much as he goes on, that we could wish his three volumes increased to three times three. This is a very interesting performance, with lives of Grinling Gibbons, Gabriel Cibber, Roubiliac, Wilton, Banks, Nollekens, Bacon, Mrs. Damer, and Flaxman: the last is the best of the whole; and the penultimate, we think, rather the worst, from not being treated in the same liberal and generous spirit which has been extended to the masculine portraits in the book, but ungallantly withheld from the only female. We must also protest against some of the posthumous assaults upon the memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds: the anecdotes may be true, but they may also be miscoloured; and as the dead cannot explain or refute them, we are always sorry to see a bright name darkened, where no moral purpose can be promoted by the act. We are sure that honest Allan has been impelled to do as he has done by a strong sense of justice; but still we would rather that he had softened somewhat of its sternness, and left the whip to other hands.

Having said thus much by way of preface, we shall extract a few passages from the interesting memoir of Flaxman, the most classical and imaginative of England's sculptors.

Flaxman (born at York, July 6, 1755) was the son of a moulder of figures, and in his father's little shop, in New Street, Covent Garden, and in the Strand, imbibed, or rather, perhaps, developed, that (innate) genius which raised him to such fame in after life. He was a weakly child, and slightly deformed; but serene in disposition and enthusiastic in soul. His tastes were precociously displayed, not only in drawing and modelling, but in reading Homer and other illustrious authors—extraordinary pursuits for a boy of the tender age of seven years.

"A great and salutary change (his biographer tells us) took place in his tenth year. He had been hitherto weak and ailing; his studies had been repeatedly interrupted by long fits of illness, and, unable to move without crutches, he had seen little of the green fields, and shared in none of the sports natural to boys of his age. A flush of health came upon him at once; he grew strong, lively, and active; the crutches were thrown aside, never to be resumed; and full of a new spirit, he thought of nothing but adventures such as happened to heroes of romance, and longed to have opportunities of showing his generosity and cou-

rage. A perusal of that enchanting book, Don Quixote, a tall folio, 'translated by sundry wits of Oxford,' wrought this enchantment upon him. 'He was so much delighted with the amiable though eccentric hero,' observes a biographer, 'and his account of the duties and honourable perils of knight-errantry, that he thought he could not do better than sally forth to right wrongs and redress grievances. Accordingly, one morning early, unknown to any one, armed with a little French sword, he set out, without a squire, in search of adventures which he could not find. After wandering about Hyde Park the whole day without meeting enchanter or distressed damsel, he returned home rather ashamed of his romantic flight, and never again sought to emulate the exploits of him of La Mancha, though he always retained a great admiration of his character.' This family legend lends some countenance to a story which I may relate without attesting. Flaxman, it is said, was one day describing a statue remarkable for the truth of its proportions, and more for its heroic beauty, which he had seen somewhere in Italy, and wishing to give a clear idea of it, put himself into the position of the figure, and holding up his hand and extending his right arm, said, 'Look, my lord, at me.' The diminutive stature and disproportioned body of the great sculptor supply the ludicrous of a tale which more will laugh at than fully believe. When health and strength came, Flaxman seems to have made up his mind to follow sculpture. He modelled and drew most assiduously; his father's shop was his academy, and the antique statues which it contained supplied him with form and proportion; their serenity of sentiment presented something akin to his own emotions. If it be true that Roubiliac said he saw no symptoms of genius about our artist's boyish compositions, he was not more fortunate in another artist, to whom, in a moment of confidence, he shewed a drawing of a human eye: 'Is it an oyster?' inquired Mortimer. The joke of the jester made a deep impression upon the sensitive boy, and he resolved to shew no more attempts of either modelling tool or pencil to those who consider it wisdom to humble the enthusiasm of youthful genius. His belief in his own talent was not to be shaken by a few light words; the feeling of internal power had come early upon him; and when he sat, a lonely child with his crutches beside him, reading of poets, heroes, and ancient worthies, he had resolved to attempt something by which his name also might be continued to the world."

We do not follow the narrative through the details of his attracting the attention of Mr. and Mrs. Mathew, who cultivated his predilection for the mighty writers of Greece and Rome; or of his studies at the Academy, where Engleheart carried off the gold medal from him,—upon which occasion Mr. Cunningham severely censures Reynolds and the council. Among his labours at this period for subsistence may be mentioned the making of models for the Wedgewoods' celebrated pottery; and in ten years, previous to 1782, he exhibited thirteen works at the Royal Academy, "including five portraits in wax or in terracotta, and a sketch for a monument to Chatterton. The busts are not even named—no description has reached us of the monument of Chatterton—but of the other seven works a more particular account can be rendered. One was a model in clay of Pompey after his defeat at Pharsalia—a second of Agrippina after the death of Germanicus—a third, Hercules with Dejanira's

poisoned shirt—a fourth, Acis and Galatea—and a fifth, the death of Julius Cæsar. Some of these were terracottas and in relief, others were in plaster of Paris; all were less than half the size of life, and none of them were in marble. Here is a sure proof of the early pecuniary difficulties under which this eminent man laboured—if patronage had smiled, the plaster-model would assuredly have been converted into marble, and the half-size expanded to that of life. In the year 1782 he quitted the paternal roof, hired a small house and studio in Wardour Street, collected a stock of choice models, set his sketches in good order, and took unto himself a wife—Ann Denman—one whom he had long loved, and who well deserved his affection. She was amiable and accomplished, had a taste for art and literature, was skilful in French and Italian, and, like her husband, had acquired some knowledge of the Greek. But, what was better than all, she was an enthusiastic admirer of his genius—she cheered and encouraged him in his moments of despondency, regulated modestly and prudently his domestic economy, arranged his drawings, managed now and then his correspondence, and acted in all particulars so that it seemed as if the church, in performing a marriage, had accomplished a miracle, and blended them really into one flesh and one blood. That tranquillity of mind so essential to those who live by thought, was of his household; and the sculptor, happy in the company of one who had taste and enthusiasm, soon renewed, with double zeal, the studies which courtship and matrimony had for a time interrupted. He had never doubted that in the company of her whom he loved he should be able to work with an intenser spirit: but of another opinion was Sir Joshua Reynolds. 'So Flaxman,' said the president one day as he chanced to meet him, 'I am told you are married—if so, sir, I tell you you are ruined for an artist!' Flaxman went home, sat down beside his wife, took her hand, and said with a smile, 'I am ruined for an artist.' 'John,' said she, 'how has this happened, and who has done it?' 'It happened,' said he, 'in the church, and Ann Denman has done it—I met Sir Joshua Reynolds just now, and he said marriage had ruined me in my profession.' For a moment a cloud hung on Flaxman's brow: but this worthy couple understood each other too well to have their happiness seriously marred by the unguarded and peevish remark of a wealthy old bachelor. They were proud, determined people, who asked no one's advice, who shared their domestic secrets with none of their neighbours, and lived as if they were unconscious that they were in the midst of a luxurious city."

This is a beautiful picture of a well-assorted union; and we would hold it out as worth all the models that ever even Flaxman made, for the imitation of every conjugal pair, whether they happen to be engaged in the fine arts, in literature, or in the ordinary pursuits of life.

Flaxman, thus happily and congenially married, visited Italy in 1787, and speedily acquired a great reputation; and here again Mr. Cunningham pays a distinguished tribute to the virtues and excellence of his partner-wife.

"Those (he says) who desire to see Flaxman aright during his seven years' study in Italy, must not forget to admit into the picture the modest matron who was ever at his side, aiding him by her knowledge and directing him by her taste. She was none of those knowing dames who hold their lords in a sort of invisible vassalage, or with submission on their lips and rebellion in their hearts make the victim walk as suits their sovereign will and pleasure. No;

they loved each other truly; they read the same books, thought the same thoughts, prized the same friends, and like bones of the same bosom, were at peace with each other, and had no wish to be separated. Their residence was in the Via Felice; and all who wished to be distinguished for taste or genius were visitors of the sculptor's humble abode. Patrons now began to make their appearance: the author of the Homeric designs might be countenanced with safety." These designs were the well-known and noble series to illustrate the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

On his return to England, Flaxman found Banks, Bacon, and Nollekens, in full employment; but he immediately entered upon the highest branch of his art, and cultivated it with such success, as to acquire the foremost rank of them all. In his forty-fifth year he was made a member of the Royal Academy; and his future life was spent in private esteem and public honour; his productions, full of poetry and magnificent ideas, nobly sustaining him at the pinnacle which his genius had reached. The account of his various works and the incidents of his life, is ably written; but we must refer to the original for the gratification of perusing it, and content ourselves with one farther extract, which curiously describes the sculptor's process in working in marble.

"It was the practice of this eminent artist to work his marbles from half-sized models—a system injurious to true proportion. The defects of the small model were aggravated, at the rate of eight to one, in the full-sized marble; and such is the nature of the material, that no labour, however judicious, can effectually repair so grievous an error. It is true, that one with an eye so correct, and a taste so well determined, was unlikely to make great mistakes; but all those acquainted with working in marble know, that the removal of one defect is often the means of discovering two, and that any change is like cutting a tooth out of a nicely balanced wheel. By working in that way, indeed, time is supposed to be saved, also some expense—and chiefly the difficulty is eluded of raising up a large structure of wet clay, and preserving it in just proportion till modelled and cast in plaster. But little labour and little thought go to construct a skeleton of wood, in the shape of the figure to be made, round which the modelling clay is wrought—a constant practice with those who feel it to be wiser to work in a soft and pliable material than commit themselves with small models in the difficulties of marble. By means of this skeleton of wood, the naked figure is raised; and farther frame-work is constructed to support hanging draperies. Wire and bits of wood will suspend arms or folds; while the whole skeleton is kept in its position by an upright piece of timber, resembling the mast of a ship, which rises out of the centre of the turning-bank on which the statue is modelled. When the skeleton is ready, and the modelling-clay nicely beat up till it is pliable as the softest dough, the artist places the sketch which he means to copy before him, and cutting the square lumps of clay into long thin slices, works it round the frame-work and beats it solidly in, so as to leave no crevices in which water may lodge and endanger his labour. The clay wrought with tools of wood, and with the hand, gradually grows into the desired form: the artist turns the figure round and round—proves it in strong and in weak lights—compares it with living and also dead models; and when he conceives it to be true in proportion, and expressing the wished-for sentiment, pro-

ceeds to clothe or drape it. All statues are modelled naked and then clothed: this insures accuracy of proportion and gracefulness of shape, without which no drapery will hang with elegance, and fine workmanship is thrown away. To obtain a natural and flowing drapery, a cloak or robe of the same texture of that to be represented is put upon the lay figure—the figure itself fixed in the proper position, and the robe adjusted till it falls in the desired manner: the general idea of the drapery—the chief leading lines—are already determined, and from the robe the detail is copied. In these great essentials—proper conception of sentiment, posture, and drapery—Flaxman was a master. When the model is completed, a mould in plaster of Paris is then made over the figure; and all the clay and frame-work are removed. The mould being made in two parts is readily washed and placed together; the cast is then formed of a finer plaster than the mould, and irons are put up the centre to support it. With a wooden mallet and a blunt chisel formed like a wedge, the artist removes the outer mould, which peels readily off; when the plaster statue is entirely cleaned down, it is then fit to be dried in a hot stove, and copied into marble. Had Flaxman made his models full size, he would have been no loser of time; and certainly in fame, of which he was justly more careful, he would have been a gainer. The process of rough-hewing the marble from a full-sized model, is quick, and easy, and safe, compared to using the lesser size; and in carving the artist sees his way far better, where every fold, however minute, is clearly made out and defined. The simplicity and accuracy of the new pointing instrument furthers labour greatly, and transfers the minutest part of the original plaster-model with mathematical precision to marble. Flaxman latterly became sensible of the advantage of large models—his Archangel Michael overcoming Satan was made in that manner, and so were several of his lesser works."

LIFE OF BISHOP HEBER.

CORIOUS as were our analysis and illustrations of this work in our last *Gazette*, we are induced by its interest to add yet a few columns to the notice.

"In a review of Sir John Malcolm's *History of Persia*, which appeared in the *Quarterly*, Mr. Heber introduces a prophecy of the death of Timour, or Tamerlane, who, 'after founding an empire more extensive than the life of any other man has sufficed to traverse, was arrested, like a tyrant of later days, in his schemes of universal sovereignty, by the rigours of a premature winter, which prevented his march to China.' He died at Otrar, seventy-six leagues from Samarcand. 'This event,' he observes, 'almost naturally slides into poetry.'

Timour's Council.

Emirs and Khans in long array
To Timour's council bent their way;
The lordly Tartar, vaunting high,
The Persian with dejected eye,
The vassal Russ, and, lured from far,
Circassia's mercenary war.
But one there came, uncall'd and last,
The spirit of the wintry blast!
He mark'd, while rapt in mist he stood,
The purposed track of spoil and blood;
He mark'd, unmoved by mortal wo,
That old man's eye of swarthy glow;
That restless soul, whose single pride
Was cause enough that millions died;
He heard, he saw, till ev'ny woke,
And thus the voice of thunder spoke:—
'And hast thou thus, in pride unfill'd,
To bear those banners through the world?
Can time nor space thy toils defy?
O king, thy fellow-demon I!

Servants of Death, alike we sweep
The wasted earth, or shrinking deep,
And on the land, and o'er the wave,
We reap the harvest of the grave.
But thickest then that harvest lies,
And wildest sorrows rend the skies,
In darker cloud the vultures sail,
And richer carnage taints the gale,
And few the mourners that remain,
When winter leagues with Tamerlane!
But on, to work our lord's decree;
Then, tyrant, turn, and cope with me!
And learn, though far thy trophies shine,
How deadlier are my blasts than thine!
Nor cities burnt, nor blood of men,
Nor thine own pride shall warm thee then!
Forth to thy task! we meet again
On wild Chabanga's frozen plain!"

There is some romantic writing in a masque entitled "Gwendolen," to which we are sorry we have only room to refer; while we insert a very playful letter on a subject of a light and sportive character.

"There is yet another hospital for minor wits, which, in wideness of circulation, falls only short of the *Quarterly Review*; in elegance of exterior, surpasses the most splendid album; and which, from its judicious mixture of useful information, elegant literature, and blank paper nicely ruled, is the peculiar favourite, the chosen companion, the faithful confidante, and depository of secrets for the young, the fair, and the tender-hearted. Alas, my dear—I fear you have been so ill educated that you do not at once perceive that I allude to 'Gledge's Royal Engagement Pocket Atlas and Almanac,' a work which has the distinguished merit of gathering up the smallest possible sparkles of human intellect; which affords a twelve month's immortality to many whose names would otherwise have never been repeated out of their own families; which offers to our notice scenes from popular novels unknown to any review; prints of villas, to which the nearest ale-house-keeper could hardly shew the way; fashions which she who follows does it at her own peril; and poetry, which Milton himself would have found it necessary to imitate, if Milton had sought the applause of milliners and young apprentices. Let it not, however, be supposed that there is no distinction of rank in Gledge's paradise, or that the higher distinctions are not here, as elsewhere, the exclusive inheritance of talent and of toil. To carve a snuff-box requires, indeed, less genius than to produce a Laocoon or a Farnese Hercules. But even in snuff-boxes there is a great difference; and much diligent study, and many sleepless nights, are requisite before we can hope to receive a prize pocket-book for the best charade, and to produce a logogram on which our fame may rest in profound security. So, at least, I am assured by a young acquaintance who overtook me some time ago in the streets of a great mercantile city, where he had a few years previous been placed by his parents with an eminent conveyancer. I had known him before as a youth of very pleasing manners and exterior; of good temper; of lively talents; and, at least, as well informed as the majority of lads who pass from the school to the counting-house. I was, therefore, not surprised that, while pressing me to dine with him, he enforced his request by the offer of introducing me to some very agreeable literary characters, with whom he had been so fortunate as to form an intimacy. I felt, however, I knew not why, something like a cold shudder when he further informed me, that these able and amiable young men were in the habit of meeting in an evening to read their own works to each other. But, as I was able to plead a previous engagement, I went on to inquire with some interest, and much personal tranquillity, into the nature

of those studies to which his friends were chiefly addicted, and of the compositions which were thus produced for the common advantage of the society. 'Oh, sir!' was his reply, 'we are all, like yourself, zealous votaries of the muses.' Many of us have repeatedly obtained the prize for charades and riddles; I have myself made so much progress as to have written three letters in verse to my parents,—and you will perhaps think me vain—but I am now just engaged in a logogram, which, even Mudge himself assures me will be very tolerable. 'Mr. Mudge,' I said, 'is, I presume, the most formidable critic of your society.' 'Oh, sir, he is all in all with us. He is, indeed, a man of extraordinary talents, who has been, for some time, the main support of the 'Royal Engagement and Pocket Atlas,' and whose contributions, under his assumed name of *Asphodel*, have been solicited with propitiatory presents by half the stationers in the kingdom. Poor Mudge,' he continued, 'he is, indeed, an enthusiast in logograms! It was only last week that, after a restless night employed in intense meditation, a heavy slumber fell on him, from which he awoke under the strangest circumstances imaginable. His pulse beat high; his skin was feverish; a word, of which he felt, as it were, the weight, seemed bursting from his soul, and a conviction flashed on his mind that this word contained the elements of the most extraordinary logogram in the English language. He sprang from his bed,—he thrust his head through the window. Immediately a stream of words extractable from this one rushed on his memory, and he has already made out a list of five hundred and seventy-six, without one obsolete among them! When I had recovered from the whimsical contrast which this logogrammatic *Berserksgangr* presented to the parallel exploit of Coleridge, who wrote his *Kubla-Khan* under the effects of opium, I inquired if this prolific 'Mater Lectionis' was a very long one. 'Only four syllables,' he answered, with a smile; 'but perhaps, sir, if you are not much in the habit of composing logograms, you can hardly conceive how many words a single well-chosen noun may be coaxed into. For instance, how many are there in steam-boat?' 'Two,' I rashly made reply,—steam and boat.' 'Aha!' said he, with a laugh of good-natured superiority, 'have I caught you? Are there not to be framed out of these letters, beast and boast, and toast and oats, and beam and meat?' 'Oh spare me!' interrupted I, 'you have perfectly convinced me.' 'I thought so! and do you know that this is my own logogram, and that I have already gotten eighty-six words, and hope to find more?' 'This,' said I, 'is indeed vastly clever and curious; but what (I speak ignorantly) has it to do with poetry?' 'Surely, sir,' was the reply, 'you do not think that Gledge would admit into his pocket-book any thing which was not in verse? No, believe me; we are obliged not only to describe our original word enigmatically and poetically, but to give each of its dependent terms in a separate couplet, and under the like mask of a riddle. Let me tell you it is no easy matter to give a figurative and allegorical account of eighty-six words successively.' I here lifted up my hands and eyes, which action my young companion observed, and continued, 'It would indeed, as you may think, be impossible without long practice; but my friend Mudge, who is far above any paltry jealousy, has put it in my power to make a progress beyond any of the

club, by revealing to me the secrets of his own eminence, and procuring for me 'Bysshe's Art of Poetry and Complete Rhyming Dictionary.' Of course you are well acquainted with the work; but those who have not seen it would be quite astonished to find how easy it is, with such a guide, to write poetry.' 'Has Mr. Mudge,' I inquired, 'favoured his friends with any poetry of a different description from logograms?' 'Has he not?' was the reply; 'I should like to repeat to you his 'Weeping Window,' and his 'Answer to an Invitation to a Strawberry Feast.' We had by this time arrived at the point where we were to separate, but the temptation was too strong to resist; I turned down his street, and became his willing auditor, endeavouring, at the same time, with all my power to commit the precious morsels to memory. The first, unhappily, in a great measure escaped me; and I can only remember that a window-glass, on a rainy day, was called 'the amorous pane of a despairing lover.' In my report of the second I can answer for my own accuracy, though I must despair of doing justice to the luminous comments with which my friendly reciter accompanied them. 'He begins,' said he, 'as you will observe, in a playful style:

Friend Higginson, I've understood
That strawberries are wholesome food,
And see no cause to doubt it;
For many pottles I have swallowed,
And no bad consequence has followed,
Then why say aught about it?

'Why, indeed?' said I. 'Oh sir, said he, impatiently, 'observe the invocation which follows:)

Hail, strawberry! thou fruit divine!
In any other shape than wine,

(Strawberry wine, you know, is but nasty stuff)

With Branker's patent suavity!

(Branker, you will observe, sells patent sugar)

Such parties do I daily see
At Phoebe Brown's, by aid of thee,
Who dissipate their gravity.

(Phoebe Brown sells strawberries. Now comes the apology:)

But, Higginson, upon my soul,
Though much I love the spoon and bowl,
I can't go with you now!
Such an engagement have I fix'd,
My hope is vain of strawberries mix'd
With extract of the cow!

Extract of the cow! ha, ha, ha!—meaning cream; ha, ha! But you are in a hurry: Good morning. Let me see you if you come into this neighbourhood again.—Extract of the cow! There's for you!

Speaking of his Majesty's trip to Scotland in 1821, Mr. H. truly observes—

"I rejoice exceedingly that the king's expedition is to take place. . . . If, after visiting Ireland, he sails in his yacht to Glasgow, and thence returns by Edinburgh and York, he will have done much, very much, towards regaining a positive and personal hold on the affections of a people who are naturally more inclined to admire and serve the stately figure whose smiles and bows they have shared in, than the abstract term which they have only known as G. R. on the top of a tax-paper, or which they have seen embodied in the vile caricatures of Hone and Company. I verily believe the Welch could hardly have rejoiced more if Arthur had risen again, than in the prospect of seeing him; all those who handle harp or organ anticipating royal applause, and all those who write dissertations and publish archaeologies, looking forwards to the establishment of British professorships in the univer-

sities, and many similar *avatars* of bounty and patronage."

We have spoken of Heber's serenity of mind and gentle gravity, yet how innocently gay!—thus he writes at sea, after sailing for Calcutta:

"Of the sea, on which so large a part of my future life must be passed, (more particularly if I carry my Australasian visitations into effect,) I have already some means of forming an opinion, and so far as I am myself concerned, we seem likely to suit each other perfectly. Though we have had a good deal of contrary weather, and our full allowance of the noble game of pitch and toss, I have not been unwell even for an hour; and between the various occupations of reading, writing, walking the quarter-deck, watching the flying fish, and learning Hindoostanee and Persian, I have not as yet felt any of that vacuity of time of which I was most apprehensive, and of which others have complained as the worst calamity of a long sea-voyage. The only want I feel is of exercise,—a serious one, and which I know not how to remedy; merely pacing the deck is nothing. I cannot (*salva gravitate*) amuse myself with running up and down the shrouds as the young cadets do;—and though I have a most majestic and Patagonian pair of dumb bells (after the manner of Bengal), I cannot use them in my cabin without endangering my wife and child, and have not yet reconciled myself to exhibiting them on deck, or among the hen coops. My resource, I apprehend, must be to live more sparingly in proportion to my necessary inactivity; but, as my northern appetite still subsists in full vigour, even this will be by no means an agreeable remedy; while it is one of which my shipmates seem to have no notion. Most of them every morning begin at half-past eight with a breakfast of cold ham, mutton chops, or broiled herrings; renew the war at twelve with biscuit, cheese, and beer; dine at three in a very substantial manner; tea it and toast it at six; and conclude the day at nine with a fresh lading of biscuit and cheese, and a good tumbler of grog or wine and water. The ladies, indeed, do not leave their cabins before dinner-time, and are only present in the cuddy at dinner and in the evening. Yet I hear the clash of knives and forks going on with great spirit behind the bulk-heads; and have every reason to believe that the weaker sex finds at least as much need of a full and generous diet as the colonels, majors, and captains of sea and land. And this (I am assured by many persons) is the custom of India, where 'to eat little and often' is recommended by the best physicians. The 'often' they have certainly hit off to a nicety. Of the 'little' I will only say, that if this be the abstinence of the East, it is no matter of wonder with me that some folks leave their livers there. Though now decidedly within the tropics, and with the sun to the northward of us, we have no heat to complain of; and though most people on board have assumed linen or camlet clothes, it has been, I think, as much from fashion as necessity. Till within these few days, indeed, the weather has been decidedly cold; and, while in the latitude of Lisbon and Gibraltar, the captain more than once complained that, if it had not been for the 'blue water,' he might still have fancied himself amidst the cold and 'dirty' weather of the Channel or the German Sea. Of this blue water I had heard much, and it certainly does not fall short of my expectation. In bright weather it is, as compared with our green sea, richly and strikingly beautiful, and the flakes of foam streak it like *lapis lazuli* inlaid with silver. Even in storms it has

a warmer and richer tint than that of the waves which chased us from Ibreei's land towards Parkgate, and enables me to understand more fully than I ever did before the 'wine-faced sea,' *oinea pavos*, of Homer. For the rest, I have seen dolphins, flying fishes, and a grampus; a whale and a shark have paid the ship a visit, but I was not then on deck. The flying fish are, as yet, very small; and the flocks in which they skim along the surface of the waves gives them so much the appearance of water-wagtails, that a repeated and attentive view is required to convince a stranger of their actual fishhood."

As an appendage to this, we cannot resist a sketch of him in one of his journeys in India, written by his companion Mr. J. Lushington.

"September.—Hume says that admiration and acquaintance are incompatible towards any human being; but the more I know of the Bishop, the more I esteem and revere him—

cujus amor tantum mihi crescit in horas,
Quantum vere novo viridis se surrigit albus.

He seems born to conciliate all parties, and to overcome what has before appeared impossible. Most great talkers are sometimes guilty of talking absurdities; but, though scarcely an hour silent during the day, I have never heard him utter a word which I could wish recalled.

"Futtehpoor.—In coming through a brook of water running across the road, the Bishop's horse thought proper to lie down and give him a roll; with his usual kindness, instead of kicking him till he got up again, he only patted him, and said, 'he was a nice fellow.'

"Kulcanpoor.—Notwithstanding the threatening appearance of the skies, the Bishop and I set off to ride a long sixteen miles. We had sent on all our clothes, hoping it might clear up; but had scarcely rode a hundred yards when a rain came on that wet us to the skin; and as we had not a dry rag to put on had we returned to the tents, we faced the pelting storm, which, by the by, was straight in our eyes, most manfully. 'We staid not for brook, and we stopped not for stone,' but dashed on to Pulliampoor, which we reached in about an hour and a half,—at least I did; his lordship's horse knocked up, and he was not up for half an hour after me. There was no standing on ceremony, and I rode on and got a fire lighted in a wretched serai. Perhaps the smoke and stink, &c. kept out the cold, which I thought I must have caught after standing so long in drenched clothes. The scene was rather good when the Bishop arrived. There was the Lord Bishop of all the Indies sitting cowering over a wretched fire of wet wood, the smoke of which produced a bleary redness about the eyes, surrounded by a group of shivering blacks, some squatting, some half afraid to come further than the doorway of the hut; and in the back-ground, close to his head, my horse's tail, with a boy attempting to scrape off some of the mud with which the poor beast was covered all over. The walls were of mud, and the roof of rotten smoked bamboo, from which were suspended two or three Kedgerees pots. We cut jokes upon the ludicrous figure we were conscious of making, and were comfortable enough as long as we were eating, which we did with ravenous appetites. But in a short time we began to be sufficiently wretched, worse far than the 'stout gentleman' on a rainy day—for the 'traveller's room' leaked like a sieve. There were camels, and oxen, and tattoos too, all standing and crouching to be rained upon; and one solitary cock, with his tail drawn up by the wet into a single feather; but there were not even a

couple of gabbling ducks to enliven the dreary yard. The small tents which had been sent on last night were so soaked, that if you touched the roof with the tip of your finger, it immediately attracted a stream of water which ran down your sleeves; they were perfectly pregnant with rain, and at the slightest motion given emitted a sluice. Our beds being all thoroughly soaked, though covered with oil-cloth, we were obliged to turn into the palanquins, which were, perhaps, the best of the two, as one is quite secure from rain in them."

And here we end, again warmly recommending these volumes to the public.

Pickering's Aldine Edition of the British Poets. Vol. II.

THIS handsome volume concludes the poems of Robert Burns (thus comprised in two neat and convenient tomes); and we have rarely seen a prettier book. We could have wished that some of the looser productions of the poet's fancy had been omitted, though no great friends to that sort of fastidious emendation.

Personal Memoirs; or, Reminiscences of Men and Manners at Home and Abroad during the last half Century: with occasional Sketches of the Author's Life: being Fragments from the Portfolio of Pryse Lockhart Gordon, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn and Bentley.

THE very miscellaneous reminiscences of an old gentleman, who has seen much of the world as an officer of marines, a soldier-officer, a traveller, and an observer of what passed around him. It is a book to be taken up and laid down with great amusement; but as our mode of reading is more of the business order, i. e. straight forward, we shall defer our notice of the work till next week, when we shall have the pleasure of exhibiting a selection of its medley contents to our readers.

Conversations on Religion with Lord Byron and others, held in Cephalonia, a short time previous to his Lordship's death. By the late James Kennedy, M.D. Medical Staff. 8vo. pp. 461. London, 1830. J. Murray.

THIS interesting publication has reached us too late for a detailed criticism. The author, though of the class called evangelical, describes Lord Byron as having only "a slight tincture of infidelity." His error, he contends, was levity, but no deliberate denial, or rejection, of religion; in short, "he was like all those nominal Christians who are unregenerate." He was unsettled—not happy, and wished to be convinced of the truth; but rejected the appellation of infidel, which he said was a cold and chilling word. There are some curious anecdotes in the volume.

An Inquiry concerning the Indications of Insanity; with Suggestions for the better Protection of the Insane. By John Conolly, M.D., Prof. of Medicine in the University of London. 8vo. pp. 495. London, 1830. J. Taylor.

A MORE interesting subject, or one less understood, could not be brought under public discussion; and we are glad to see a physician of Dr. Conolly's skill apply his talents to its elucidation. Like hydrophobia, insanity appears liable to many conflicting definitions, and to still more numerous nostrums prescribed as certain cures. Dr. Conolly has brought the strong artillery of common sense, as well as

professional knowledge, to bear upon the questions. Need we add, that his book is one of marked utility?

Parochial Law. By Alex. Dunlop, Esq., Advocate. 8vo. pp. 416. Edinburgh, 1830. Blackwood.

THE able work of an able writer on subjects of this kind. Though of little use as a book of reference on this side of the Tweed, it must possess great value in Scotland; and we could well wish to see a similar epitome in England.

The History of the Church, from the Creation of the World, &c. By the late A. S. Paterson, of Aberdeen. Revised, &c. by the Rev. J. Brewster. 2 vols. 8vo. Aberdeen, 1830. Clark and Son; Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; London, Whittaker and Co.

THE worthy author began soon enough with his history—the creation—when there was no church! Nevertheless, in the way of question and answer, this is a genuine deduction of sacred history from the Bible, and, in later times, from Calvinistic divines and authorities.

Traits of Scottish Life, and Pictures of Scenes and Characters. 3 vols. London, 1830. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co.

WE really cannot award very high praise to the present author—his pictures want force, and his characters originality; while the ground he has taken has been too thoroughly beaten, for the subject to give him any assistance in the way of novelty.

Sir Ethelbert, or the Dissolution of Monasteries; a Romance. By the Author of "Santo Sebastiano," &c. 3 vols. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

SANTO SEBASTIANO was a very popular novel of our younger days, and these volumes possess the same interest of story, kept up by undeveloped mystery; while somewhat of our modern school is visible in the exactness of historical detail, and the minute accuracy of manners and costume. Our author has thus added industry to invention, and united a due portion of research with his romance.

The Sailor Boy; or, the Admiral and his Protégé: a Novel. By Rosalia St. Clair, Author of "Banker's Daughter of Bristol," &c. &c. 4 vols. London, 1830. Newman and Co.

A NOVEL of the old school, with as many incidents as pages; and really very amusing. We doubt not but many of our novel-loving readers will feel much interest in the pains and perils of the sailor hero.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE RAINER FAMILY.

[In a recent L. G. we inserted a very characteristic epistle of the elder Rainer to a friend; and we have been so much interested by the following, from and to the same parties, as to find a place also for its appearance.]

Edinburgh, June 5th, 1830.

MY dear friend,—I received your letter at Dublin, and have seen with great pleasure that you and all your's do well, we have altered as you see our road and are gone from Dublin instead to Liverpool to Edinburgh we intent to stay a few weeks longer in England, and then we are obliged to say good by to this country for ever! to this country to which we are so much indebted and to which we have to thank all our wealth comfort and happiness in our old days! it is most painful for

us to leave this country where we have met with so great encouragements and we are proud to say a great many of truly good friends; who from Royal George through all ranks protected and advised us as we came to England ignorant of the world and the English language, but the good and hospitable people of England received us so that we never shall forget it in our life and we will feel always thankfull and obliged to England and her most gentlemanly population! I hope to have the pleasure to see some of our friends in our own country, and we will with great pleasure do every thing in our power to make their stay as pleasant as possible, yet dear — if you or any of our friends shall coming to our country you have not need to enquire in large Towns for us, no, you shall ask for the small Ziller Valley and for the like small Village of Kügen and there you will find us amongst our family and relations in small houses build of wood happy and comfortable I hope! !

I have no doubt but that we could life here in England by all means good and comfortable but my dear friend if I look on the other side on the watter I see my old beloved father weeping for anxiousness to see us I see my dear wife her face towards the sea and I hear her calling out, felix my husband come in the arms of your wife as soon as possible your wife has no other wish in this world then to see you and to life with you! and this is sufficient to make me sorry for every one day that I must spend abroad.

Now I beg your pardon for trespassing so long on your time and I send, in union with my sister and brothers, our sincerely respect and good wishes to you and all yours, believe me I am your truly friend, FELIX RAINER.

Shall anything coming to you for us be so kind to send us to, Newcastle upon Tyne, in which place we will be in a fourthnight, we leave Edinburgh to moro for Aberdeen I would feel obliged if you would write me a few lines to Newcastle, good by.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

THE last of these agreeable evening meetings for the season took place on Friday se'nnight. The subject was on the laws of the co-existing vibrations in strings and rods; being one of that series of illustrations of the philosophy of sound, contrbuted by Mr. Wheatstone, and delivered by Mr. Faraday. Such parts of the preceding lectures on this exceedingly interesting subject, as had reference to the vibrations of strings, either in the lowest mode as a whole, or in the higher mode when subdivided into aliquot parts by nodal points, were touched upon by Mr. Faraday, who then shewed the co-existence of these modes of vibration in the same string. The experiments were performed with rods, the different laws applicable to strings and rods being also pointed out at the same time; after which, the means of rendering visible the paths traced by strings or rods, when vibrating either in one or several modes, were stated. Dr. Young's experiments upon the reflection of light from the strings of a piano-forte, were next noticed, and then the phenomena under consideration made evident upon a much larger scale by means of Mr. Wheatstone's *kaleidophone*. This instrument consists of an elastic rod, or wire, fixed firmly in a vice at one end, and furnished with a bright metallic bead at the other; when in the light of the sun, a candle, or lamp, a spot is reflected by the bead, which, as the

rod vibrates, is extended into a closed line, depicting the orbit of the end of the wire. By drawing a violin-bow along various parts of the wire, so as to produce different sounds, or, by merely tapping the bottom of the wire, beautifully formed and regular luminous figures are seen, rendering every vibration of the rod visible. Co-existing vibrations of various kinds were here shewn.

At the close of the lecture, Mr. Faraday referred to some very curious observations on the means of contriving the rectilinear motion of a body having great velocity, with that of the eye at right angles, or an inclination to it, so as to produce the appearance of a compound motion and apparent deflections of the moving body. It was stated, that hopes were entertained of making these the foundation of a method for measuring extreme velocities occurring only in short spaces, or through small arcs; but as these are at present undergoing investigation, we do not now consider it expedient to enter more at length into the theory.

It is gratifying to find that the exertions made at this Institution continue to secure their reward; and that every season adds many to the number of its friends. The managers, it appears, have announced an intention of founding a quarterly scientific journal, to be called "the Journal of the Royal Institution"—not as a matter of profit to the Institution; but whatever accrues above the expenses incurred by the managing committee to be expended on the continual improvement of the work. We trust it will succeed, and be of such a character as to invite the scientific of our own and foreign countries to support it.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE President in the chair. Several interesting papers were read, and some others enumerated. The President informed the meeting, that, in pursuance of an arrangement entered into between the council of the Society and the trustees of the British Museum, relative to the exchange of the Arundel MSS.; he, although not bound to do so by the noble donor of the MSS., had consulted with his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, his representative, and had received the assent of his grace to such exchange, provided the trustees of the Museum preserved the MSS. by themselves; putting certain marks upon them to shew whence they had come. The President therefore examined the books in the British Museum, a portion of which were intended to be given in exchange; but although the value of duplicates in that Institution amounted to about 10,000*l.*, still there were not in the collection more than 600*l.* or 700*l.* worth of books at all suitable to the Royal Society; thus leaving about 2,600*l.* or 2,700*l.* of a balance on the value of the MSS. yet unsatisfied by the trustees of the Museum. On this point the President last Saturday met the trustees,—and they came to a resolution of disposing of certain duplicates, and of laying out the funds accruing therefrom upon such scientific works as the council and fellows of the Royal Society should choose, from time to time. This arrangement appeared to give the meeting great satisfaction.

The following is an abstract of a paper lately read; it is entitled, "On the occurrence of Iodine and Bromine in certain mineral waters of North Britain." By Charles Daubeny, M.D. F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Oxford.

The author lays claim to being the first who

announced to the public the existence of bromine in the mineral springs of England: a discovery similar to that which had been previously made by others in many analogous situations on the continent. His reason for offering the present communication to the Royal Society is, that he has examined on the spot a great number of mineral springs, and endeavoured to obtain, wherever it was practicable, an approximation to the proportion which iodine and bromine bear to the other ingredients. He has also aimed at forming an estimate of their comparative frequency and abundance in the several rock formations; an object of considerable interest in geology, as tending to identify the products of the ancient seas in their most minute particulars with those of the present ocean. The results of his inquiries are given in the form of a table, in which the springs, whose waters he examined, are classified according to the geological position of the strata whence they issue, and of which the several columns exhibit the total amount of their saline ingredients; the nature and proportion of each ingredient, as ascertained by former chemists, or by the author himself; and, lastly, where they contained either iodine or bromine; the ratio these substances bear to the quantities of water, and likewise to the chlorine also present in the same spring. He finds that the proportion of iodine to chlorine varies in every possible degree; and that even springs which are most strongly impregnated with common salt, are those in which he could not detect the smallest trace of iodine. The same remark, he observes, applies also to bromine; whence he considers, that although these two principles may, perhaps, never be entirely absent where the muriates occur, yet their relative distribution is exceedingly unequal. The author conceives that these analyses will tend to throw some light on the connexion between the chemical constitution of mineral waters and their medicinal qualities. Almost the only two brine springs, properly so called, which have acquired any reputation as medicinal agents, namely, that of Kreutznach in the Palatinate, and that of Ashby de la Zouch in Leicestershire, contain a much larger proportion than usual of bromine,—a substance, the poisonous quality of which was ascertained by its discoverer, Balard. The author conceives that these two recently found principles exist in mineral waters in combination with hydrogen, forming the hydriodic and hydrobromic acids, neutralised, in all probability, by magnesia, and constituting salts, which are decomposable at a low temperature. He has no doubt that a sufficient supply of bromine might be procured from our English brine springs, should it ever happen that a demand for this new substance were to arise.

At the last sitting, on Thursday, the Society adjourned for the long vacation.*

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

HUDSON GURNEY, Esq., in the chair. Mr. E. Hawkins exhibited to the Society a gold medal found in Bedfordshire; Mr. Dawson Turner, a curious brazen enamelled dish; and Mr. Britton presented some beautiful drawings of the architectural details of the chapel of Henry V. at Westminster. The Rev. John Skinner's disquisition on the site of Camelodunum, and the Roman remains discovered at Cammerton, was concluded. A communication was read from John Gage, Esq., director,

* Mr. Babbage has circulated a printed answer to Dr. Roge's explanation; in which he reiterates his charge respecting the Society's minutes.

being a short history of St. Olave's Church and ancient Hostelry at Southwark, accompanied by drawings, and an appendix containing documents, &c. confirmatory of the account.

The meetings of the Society were then adjourned to the 18th of November.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

ON Saturday the anniversary meeting of this Institution took place; Sir Gore Ouseley in the chair. Colonel Broughton read a statement of the Society's affairs during the past year. In noticing the present volume of the Society's *Transactions*, particular allusion was made to the article and plates descriptive of the Arabic globe in the Society's museum. This globe was given to Sir John Malcolm by the religious chief of the Bohras, a sect found in great numbers in the Rajpoot states; they are said to be the descendants of the followers of the *Sheikh ul Tubal*, or old man of the mountains, renowned for his exploits during the period of the Crusades. The auditors' report exhibited a balance in favour of the Society to the extent of 524l. Sir Alexander Johnston addressed the meeting in the name of the committee of correspondence, and detailed its operations for the past year: from his address we gathered, that the committee had directed its attention to a comparison of the languages or dialects spoken throughout Polynesia; and in this branch of its labours acknowledged the valuable assistance and co-operation of Baron William Humboldt and Sir C. Colville. Another point was the subject of the early communications, commercial and warlike, which had subsisted between Europe and Asia. Thirdly, the committee had turned its attention to the history of the institution of property in law and slaves, and of marriage among all the various classes of inhabitants throughout the whole extent of India. Lastly, the history of the various settlements of foreign nations in India, the circumstances under which they took place, and their effect upon the original inhabitants of the country, was spoken of: on this point Mr. Baber, Mr. Milman, Lord Prudhoe, Colonel Briggs, and several other individuals distinguished for their learning and talents, were mentioned as coadjutors.

The various reports were received with much satisfaction; and the usual ballot for officers having taken place, the meeting separated.

ORIENTAL TRANSLATION FUND.

Anniversary meeting; Earl Amherst in the chair. The right honourable chairman of the committee read a report for the past year. It alluded, in general terms, to the flourishing state of the Institution, and noticed his Majesty's donation of fifty guineas for two royal medals. The absence of Colonel Fitzclarence was much regretted by the committee; but it afforded an opportunity of descanting on his arduous exertions in the cause of oriental literature during his sojourn at Rome, with a freedom of eulogy which his presence would necessarily have limited. The treasures of the Vatican library had been thrown open to the committee by the liberality of his Holiness the Pope, the services of the eminent scholar Signor Mai had been promised, and a branch committee formed at Rome. The report expatiated on the advantages likely to arise from this accession to the committee's strength; and mentioned that the prospectus would be translated and published in Italy. The establishment of the Oriental Institute at St. Petersburg, and of the Branch Oriental Translation Committee at Calcutta, were next adverted to; after which,

the report detailed the works printed during the past year, and those which were in course of preparation; and then named the gentlemen who had been selected as deserving of the rewards of the committee; viz. for the royal medals, Professor Lee and J. F. Davis, Esq.; the Institution medal, Major Price; and for the pecuniary rewards, Messrs. Fraser, Neumann, and Belfour. The report concluded with a list of new subscriptions, received since the last anniversary, amongst which were those of his Majesty, the King of the Netherlands, the grand Dukes of Tuscany and Hesse Darmstadt, &c. &c. From the auditors' report, it appeared that there was a balance in hand of £1,400. The various reports were ordered to be printed, and the rewards handed to the successful candidates whose names we have mentioned, or to their proxies, with suitable remarks. Amongst the distinguished individuals present were the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Selsey, Count de Lasteyrie, Vice-President of the Asiatic Society of Paris, and several others.

PINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Seventh and concluding Notice.]

ANTIQUARY ACADEMY.

THE miscellaneous character of the contents of this apartment might, if it were well lighted, give it a greater interest than any other portion of the Academy. In its present sombre state, however, it can be considered little better than as a lumber-room, into which things of all shapes and descriptions are thrown, and huddled together;—a perfect chaos of pictorial materials. Of these materials, the prints, drawings, and miniatures, are, generally speaking, the most important; and we shall select a few of those, and of the other items, which come within the range of vision, and which deserve remark.

No. 449. *His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, painted by Sir T. Lawrence*; No. 450, *John Soane, Esq., painted by Sir T. Lawrence*. C. Turner, A.E.—Engraved in mezzotinto, and in a style which for clearness and brilliancy cannot be surpassed.

No. 983. *Portrait of the late Archbishop of York, from a Picture by Hoppner*. J. Heath, A.E.—On looking at this admirable line engraving we were forcibly reminded of "auld lang syne," when, in the illustration of such works as *Bell's Poets*, and the *Novelist's Magazine*, Mr. Heath's graver was distinguished above that of any of his contemporaries; and we rejoiced to see that, after the lapse of so many years, his powers were in no whit abated.

No. 984. *His Grace the Duke of Wellington on horseback, engraved from the original Picture painted by Sir T. Lawrence*. W. Bromley, A.E.—This is a masterpiece of the British school of engraving. As far as the situation in which it is placed will allow us to examine its texture, Mr. Bromley seems to have most happily introduced all the tasteful variety of execution requisite to express the several materials of which the picture is composed.

No. 457. *Portrait of a Gentleman on the summit of Mont Blanc, on the 25th of July, 1827, at two P.M.* W. S. Hastings.—A whimsical description. Probably the picture was not painted on the spot: yet it conveys an idea very like truth.

No. 459. *Enamel Portrait of a Lady, painted from the original Picture by Sir T. Lawrence*. W. Essex; No. 460. *Enamel Portrait of Master Bunbury, Page of Honour to her late Ma-*

jesty Queen Charlotte. W. Grimaldi; No. 461. *Enamel Portrait of the Son of the Hon. George Agar Ellis, painted from the original Picture by Sir T. Lawrence*. W. Essex.—Three skillfully executed enamels.

No. 463. *Portrait, in enamel, of Captain Sir William Hoste, R.N., Bart., K.C.B.* H. Bone, R.A.—A characteristic and spirited performance; and, we regret to say, the only one by this able artist.

No. 464. *Disegnatrice*. A. E. Chalon, R.A.—We always anticipate that we shall find something on this spot to be charmed with from the hand of this tasteful artist; and we have never yet been disappointed. The fair designer (are not all ladies fair designers?) is elegantly disposed;—we use the word in its ordinary, as well as in its technical sense;—for what can shew a more elegant disposition than the practice of any branch of the fine arts? To the female character it adds a peculiar grace; for it is the occupation of domestic retirement: it is unaccompanied by any of those personal and public displays which too frequently give to other accomplishments a vain and meretricious air. Mr. Chalon has two other fascinating examples of the powers of his pencil in No. 462. *Portrait of a Lady*; and No. 476. *Portraits of the Countess of Jersey and the Lady Adela Corisanda Villiers*.

No. 475. *Paris; Review of the British Army marching past the Emperor Alexander and other the King of Prussia, led by the Duke of Wellington*. G. Jones, R.A.—We regard this diminutive sketch as a promise, which we trust Mr. Jones will not break. It would be very gratifying to see a picture of the termination of the arduous and glorious struggle from the hand of this able artist.

No. 477. *The Colosseum, and part of the Campagna of Rome, from a Sketch by Miss Gubbins*. W. Westall, R.A.—Very poetically treated; and the Byronic figure introduced in the foreground is in strict accordance with that feeling.

No. 491. *A Spanish Señorita, with her Nurse of the Asturias, walking in the Prado of Madrid*. D. Wilkie, R.A.—This slight sketch is fuller of meaning than many a more laboured production. Patrician haughtiness and plebeian humility were never more amusingly depicted.

No. 488. *The Sketch from Nature*. J. Wood.—Why is this gay, spirited, and highly finished drawing called merely a sketch?

No. 553. *Design*. S. W. Arnald.—The subject is from the Revelations—"War in heaven." Groups of figures are complicated in every possible way, calculated to shew the anatomical knowledge of the artist.

No. 572. *View of the Eddystone Lighthouse, from a Sketch made on the spot*. H. Parke.—A very clever drawing; exhibiting one of the triumphs of art over difficulties apparently insurmountable.

No. 578. *Graystock Castle, Cumberland, a seat of the Hon. Henry Howard, M.P.* T. C. Hoffland. This view evidently possesses every desirable quality in landscape composition; but the skill of the artist is rendered entirely unavailing by the situation in which the picture is placed.

No. 584. *Mount Etna, seen from the road near Syracuse*. H. Parke.—A scene of solitary grandeur; and, as a drawing, executed with a skill that shews great practice.

No. 513. *Portrait of Miss L. E. Landon*. D. M'Clise.—Merely as a work of art, this drawing would do great credit to the artist; but it is much more: it is a faithful resemblance of one whose genius, whether displayed

in the descriptive, the imaginative, or the philosophical, has held captive the attention, and elicited the admiration, of all who are capable of feeling the beauties of fine poetical composition.

No. 498. *Portrait of a Lady*; No. 502. *Portrait of a Gentleman*. Miss Daniell.—These, and other slight but tasteful performances by the same lady, are examples of that rare knowledge, the knowledge of when and where to leave off.

Among the remaining prominent portraits in water-colours are *H. R. H. Princess Sophia*, *Mrs. S. C. Hall*, and *T. Campbell, Esq.*, *D. M'Clise*; *Miss Grim*, *T. Heaphy*; and *Lieutenant Richardson of the Bombay Marine*, *W. Derby*. The last is a highly finished performance.

There are in this room several very clever portraits in oil. We especially remarked *The Hon. Mrs. Newton Lane*, *Mrs. W. Carpenter*; *Thomas Stothard, Esq. R.A.*, *J. Green*; *Lieutenant-Col. D'Aguiar*, *R. Rothwell*; *A Family Group*, *J. G. Middleton*; *Miss Phillips*, of the *Theatre Royal Drury Lane*, *Miss E. Drummond*; *The Rev. J. Brooke*, *J. Lonsdale*; *The Rev. S. Creyke*, *T. Ellerby*, &c.

The miniatures are as numerous as usual; and many of them exhibit great talent. Among the most striking are those from the pencils of *Mrs. J. Robertson*, *A. E. Chalon, R.A.*, *A. Robertson*, *W. J. Newton*, *F. T. Rochard*, *W. C. Ross*, *C. R. Bone*, *W. Bone*, *M. Haughton*, *Miss M. Ross*, *Miss Heaphy*, *J. Burgess*, *C. Winsor*, and last and least, as we imagined, *The Rev. Henry North*, *E. Robertson*; but on looking further we found *Mrs. Russell*, *J. Stewart*, still more surprisingly small. Both these Lilliputian works of art are in the best style of execution, and furnish true examples of the *multum in parvo*.

Of flowers and fruit there is also a gay show. In *The Gardener's Shed*, *V. Bartholomew*, we recognise the same lightness of execution, and clearness and brilliance of colouring which distinguished the splendid cluster of *Hollyhocks* exhibited by the same artist last year. The *Jonquil* appears in the group, with a degree of unusual brightness, owing, we suspect, to a colour recently discovered by the ingenious and indefatigable *Mr. George Field*. *The Crinum Augustum*, from the *East Indies*, *Mrs. Denis Dighton*; *Fruit*, *E. Smith*; *Composition of Flowers*, *J. Holland*; *Dahlia*, *George the Fourth*, and other Varieties, *Mrs. Pope*; *Roses*, and *Studies of Black and White Grapes*, *Madame Comolera*—are all executed with great skill. We are likewise much pleased with a small drawing, *Flowers and Fruit*, *G. Sintzenich*. It is hung in a disadvantageous situation; but evinces a fidelity of imitation, a taste in composition, and a tenderness and delicacy of finish, which are rarely united.

In thus closing our account of the Exhibition of the present year, we beg to observe, that we are quite sensible it contains many able works which our limits have not permitted us to notice.

Prints from Lawrence.

Messrs. COLNAGHI and Son have just enriched our portfolio with a set of engravings which possess a peculiar interest at this moment, from being from paintings by *Sir Thomas Lawrence*, and several of them from pictures now attracting so much of public attention at the British Gallery in Pall Mall. They are as follow:

Whole-length of *Charles X.*, King of France, in mezzotinto, by *Charles Turner*, a fine fac-

simile of the original; and, as in other cases where the costume of the parties forces the painter to employ masses of colour more of necessity than of taste, we must say that we are inclined to prefer the print to the painting.

Cardinal Gonsalvi, *F. C. Lewis*, slightly tinged with colour, and with all the appearance of an exquisite chalk drawing. The vivid eyes of the acute Italian retain all their extraordinary expression.

Sir Astley Cooper, in mezzotinto, by *S. Cousins*; and as fine a specimen of the art as could be scraped. As in the portrait of the President himself, there is a considerable resemblance in this to *Mr. Canning*: no one who puts the least faith in physiognomy, but must grant that the possessor of such a head and countenance could be no ordinary person. Intellect is stamped upon them.

Dr. Thomas Young, by *C. Turner*, is another beautiful example of mezzotinto: it is, farther, a very faithful representation of that highly distinguished scholar.

Miss Susan Bloxam, by *F. C. Lewis*, a niece of the President's, and in the same style as *Gonsalvi*; a style admirably adapted to the portraiture of young and feminine grace and loveliness. It is one of *Lawrence's* sweetest compositions.

Italian Girls (by the same publishers) is from a painting by *P. Williams*, and engraved by *D. Lucas*. It is also a naive and delightful composition, such as one of our best Annuals might have prized. The costume and character are both charming.

Portrait of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Painted by himself, and engraved by *E. Cousins*. Tiffin.

THE publication of this fine print is also very opportune. It is an admirable resemblance; and is not rendered less interesting by the pensive expression which overspreads the features, and which marks the man of amiable feelings and strong sensibilities, on whom long and intimate acquaintance with the world has produced its too usual effects on such a character. The merits of *Mr. Cousins* as a mezzotinto engraver are well known; and he has evidently exerted himself on this occasion.

MR. THOM'S STATUES.

MR. THOM'S exhibition re-opened to the public yesterday, with two new statues, or rather with four new statues; for, although the statues of *Tam O'Shanter* and *Souter Johnny* are nearly the same as those by which the town was so delighted last year, yet they are absolutely new. The great interest of the exhibition, however, consists in the addition of the statues of the landlord and landlady; which, especially the latter, are quite worthy of their jolly companions. The four figures are arranged in a line; the landlord being in conversation with the souter, and the landlady with *Tam*:—the landlord throwing himself back in his chair in a convulsion of laughter at one of the souter's "queerest stories;" the landlady leaning earnestly forwards towards *Tam*, with whom she is evidently "growing" very "gracious."—A great musical amateur, when any piece of music, which he had not heard, was praised in his presence, used to ask "whether it would grind?" *Mr. Thom's* two former figures have received a similar testimony to their excellence, as may be seen on the board of every Italian boy who wanders the streets, offering his "images" for sale; and we have no doubt that the novelties will speedily have the same compliment paid to

them, and will become equally popular. In the meanwhile, every body who has any feeling for humour, or any love of native talent, must visit the admirable originals.

PUBLIC CEMETERY.

WHAT we observed, on the public meeting held at the Freemasons' Tavern on Wednesday 9th, relating to *Mr. Carden's* plan, referred to the *general principle*—viz. the necessity of doing away with the continuance of burying the dead within the metropolis; and, consequently, we gave our entire approval of that gentleman's plan for a general cemetery. But our support of *Mr. Goodwin's* design, which is of a higher character, arises from a desire to see such a project carried into effect, as it will not only take its share in removing the nuisance so generally and so loudly complained of, but at the same time afford the architects and sculptors of the British school that opportunity of exhibiting their talents, which becomes the present enlightened epoch, and is worthy of the metropolis of the British empire. Indeed, Paris having four public cemeteries; surely London, with its vast superiority of population, may well support two, or indeed four; namely, one east, west, north, and south. This of *Mr. Goodwin's*, if properly supported, would take the lead—the site proposed being one of the finest for such a purpose, perhaps, to be found near any city in the world.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE IMPROVISATRICE.

I KNOW thee not, high Spirit! but the sympathy of thought
Hath often to my hour of dreams thy living presence brought;
And I feel that I could love thee with the fondness of a brother,
As the sainted ones of Paradise bear love for one another.
For I know thy spirit hath been poured full freely in thy song,
Where feeling hath been prodigal, and passion hath been strong—
That the secrets of thy bosom are burning on thy lyre, [fire]
In the nature of thy worshipping, a ministry of
Young priestess at a holy shrine, I scarce can deem that years [tears—]
So few and beautiful as thine are registered in
That the gift of thy affections hath gone abroad in vain—
A rose-leaf on the autumn wind—a foam-wreath on the main!
Yet blended with thy beautiful and intellectual lays, [evil days;
I read a mournful consciousness of cold and
Of the weariness existence feels when its sunlight has gone down,
And from the autumn of the heart the flowers of Hope are strown;—
Of the coldness of the hollow world, its vanities that pass [the grass—
Like tinges from the sunset, or night-gems from
Its mocking and unmeaning praise, the flatterer's fatal art—
Flowers madly to the bosom clasped, with serpents at their heart!
And oh! if things like these have been the chasteners of thy years,
How hath thy woman's spirit known the bitterness of tears!
How have thy girlhood visions—the warm, wild thought of youth, [truth!
Folded their sunny pinions, and darkened into

O wearily, most wearily, unto the child of song,
The heavy tide of being rolls, a sunless wave,
When the promise of existence fades before the time of noon,
And the evening of the soul comes on, unblest by star or moon!

God help thee in thy weary way! and if the silver tone
Of Fame hath music for an ear so chastened as Thou hast it from another clime, where heart and mind are free,
And where the brave and beautiful have bowed themselves to thee.

And one whose home hath been among the mountains of the North,
Where the cataract mocks the earthquake, and the giant streams come forth—

Where spirits in their robes of flame dance o'er the cold blue sky,
And to the many-voiced storm the eagle makes reply!

A worshipper before the shrine at which thy spirit bendeth,

While on its pure and natural gifts the holy flame descendeth,

Hath poured his tribute on thine ear, as he would praise a star

Whose beams had wandered down to him from their blue home and far.

Lady! amidst the clarion-note of well-deserved fame,

It were, perhaps, but vain to hope this feeble lay might claim

A portion of thy fair regard, or win a thought of thine

To linger on a gift so frail and dissonant as

But onward in thy skyward path—a thousand eyes shall turn

To where, like heaven's unwasting stars, thy gifts of spirit burn—

A thousand hearts shall wildly thrill where'er thy lays are known,

And stately manhood blend its praise with woman's gentlest tone.

Farewell!—the hand that traces this may perish ere life's noon,

And the spirit that hath guided it may be forgotten with its lofty hopes—the fevered dreams of mind—

Unnoted, stealing to the dead without a name behind.

But thou upon the human heart, in characters of flame,

And on the heaven of intellect, hast registered The gifted ones of fallen earth shall worship at thy shrine,

And sainted spirits joy to hold companionship with thine.

J. GREENLEAF WHITTIER.*

Haverhill, Massachusetts,
8th of 1st Month, 1830.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

LAST Tuesday a rather curious scene occurred at the Opera. Malibran was taken suddenly so ill as to be unable to go upon the stage in the second act of *Cenerentola*; and an apology was

* We do not often admit personal tributes into our columns; but the poetical beauties of this composition, and its gratifying character, as confirming, from another hemisphere, the fame attached to the writings of L. E. L., our long-valued and especial favourite in this country, have induced us to give it insertion. The author is described to us, in a letter from Philadelphia, to be a "young American poet-editor of great promise" in the U. S.; and these lines afford high proofs of talent.—*Ed. L. G.*

made for her. The manager was in a terrible puzzle what to substitute to fill up the evening's entertainments; when Blasis was luckily seen in a box, and begged to undertake the part so unexpectedly vacated. She accordingly dressed for it, and was just about to proceed, when it was found that the indisposed prima donna had recovered as rapidly as she fell sick, and was quite ready to finish the part herself. So much for the medical skill of Dr. Blasis!

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

THE period has again arrived for us to record the closing of the two great theatres, and to review the winter campaign. That its issue has been widely different from that calculated upon at the commencement of the season, even by the most "knowing ones," we believe they will admit; and the argument to be drawn from it is, in our opinion, all in favour of theatrical property. It proves that there is always vitality in a theatre; and that, provided a manager knows how to play a bad hand, the chances themselves are strongly in favour of the table. In September, 1829, the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre would have been but too happy if any one would have insured them against the loss of nearly as many thousands as they now stand the gainers of. Mr. Price, the then lessee of Drury, on the contrary confided too much in the chances he thought he perceived against his rivals, and suffered himself to be out-generated by them in more than one important instance. But even this mistake, and the extraordinary lethargy which, during the commencement of the season, overhung that establishment, did not prevent it eventually from making strong head against the current which had set in for its neighbour, and fully sharing in the Pactolean stream. For, be it understood, as in justice to Drury Lane Theatre it should be, that the embarrassments of Mr. Price have arisen out of circumstances unconnected with theatricals, the receipts of the theatre having averaged 53,000*l.* per season during his lease: so that granting the expenses to be 250*l.* per night for the 200 nights, which they could scarcely exceed, it would leave a profit of 3,000*l.* on each season—not a sufficient recompense, perhaps, for the toil and anxiety attending theatrical management, but still any thing but a losing game. But to proceed to our review. Drury Lane opened on the first of October; and most injudiciously the lessee reduced the price to the boxes, instead of providing entertainments which should have rendered the admission money a matter of indifference. At Christmas the old prices were resumed; and the triumph of the pantomime over that of Covent Garden, the success of the *Brigand*, and the accession of Kean and Madame Vestris, gave a prosperous turn to the affairs, which was furthered by the production of the *National Guard*, *Perfection*, *Popping the Question*, the Easter piece, and the opera of *Hofer*; the latter particularly, if produced earlier in the season, might alone have redeemed the fortunes of the lessee. On looking at the course of Covent Garden, we are dazzled at the outset by the brilliant career of Miss Kemble. Her nights, it is reported, have averaged 300*l.* The off-nights, as they are technically termed, were, however, deplorable, till *Black-eyed Susan* came on board, "and brought them up with a wet sail" to Christmas. The comparative failure of the pantomime was a sad drawback; and Miss Paton in *Ninetta* only added to the expenses of the establishment. At this critical moment, *Teddy the Tiler* came *Pat*, and with more than forty-horse *Power* pulling after it.

A very bad melodrama, with a very good name, bettered the business till Easter. On Easter Tuesday the opera of *Cinderella* was produced; and originally from its intrinsic merits, and latterly through the equivocal interest thrown around its heroine, (*O tempora! O mores!*) has formed a triumphant close to the season. The following are the lists of the pieces produced at each theatre; which, curiously enough, exactly correspond in number, (15), counting *Black-eyed Susan*, as its success entitles us to do, amongst the productions at Covent Garden.

Drury Lane.

		Nights.
Oct. 14.	Epicharis, a Tragedy, 5 acts: Lister	5.
22.	Greek Family, a Melodrama, 2 acts: Barrymore and Raymond	Withdrawn.
Nov. 3.	Snakes in the Grass, a Farce, 2 acts: Buxton	9.
18.	Brigand, a Drama, 2 acts: Planché	47.
28.	Follies of Fashion, a Comedy, 5 acts: Lord Glengall	11.
Dec. 19.	Witch-Finder, a Drama, 2 acts: Jerrold	Withdrawn.
26.	Jack in the Box, Christmas Pantomime: Barrymore	50.
Feb. 4.	National Guard, an Opera, 2 acts: Planché	14.
23.	Past and Present, a Drama, 3 acts: Poole	10.
Mar. 23.	Popping the Question, Interlude: Buxton	18.
25.	Perfection, a Farce, 2 acts: Bayly	17.
Apr. 12.	Dragon's Gift, Easter piece: Planché	20.
May 1.	Hofer, an Opera, 3 acts: Planché	12.
4.	A Joke's a Joke, a Farce, 2 acts: T. Hook	Withdrawn.
25.	Spanish Husband, a Drama, 3 acts: H. Payne	6.

Covent Garden.

		Nights.
Oct. 10.	First of May, a Drama, 2 acts: Miss Hill	11.
22.	Robber's Wife, do. do.: Pocock	15.
29.	Shakespeare's Early Days, ib.: Somerset	11.
Nov. 7.	Night before the Wedding, &c. an Opera, 2 acts: Ball	4.
26.	Royal Fugitive, a Drama, 3 acts: C. Kemble	6.
30.	Black-eyed Susan, a Melodrama, 2 acts: Jerrold	18.
Dec. 26.	Harlequin and Cock Robin, Christmas Pantomime: Farley	34.
Jan. 5.	Husband's Mistake, a Comedy, 2 acts: Pocock	18.
12.	Phrenologists, a Farce, 2 acts: Wade	Withdrawn.
Feb. 2.	Robert the Devil, a Melodrama, 2 acts: Raymond	34.
4.	Ninetta, an Opera, 3 acts: Ball	12.
8.	Teddy the Tiler, an Interlude: Rodwell	45.
Apr. 12.	The Wigwam, Easter piece: Peake	21.
13.	Cinderella, an Opera, 3 acts: Lacy	20.
May 4.	The Colonel, a Farce, 2 acts: Lacy	Withdrawn.

Here break we off. Encouraged by their success, the managers of Covent Garden are making strong preparations for next season, the last under the existing and long-disputed lease. Drury Lane has already passed into fresh hands—untried ones certainly; but for that very reason not to be prejudged. Let Mr. Lee be sure that honourable and liberal behaviour will not only "deserve success," but "command it;" and that the Scylla of what has been hitherto called economy, is as fatal as the Charybdis of extravagance.

HAYMARKET.

THIS theatre opened on Tuesday. A new farce by Poole, from the French, was produced, and proved an amusing little piece. Kean has appeared in *Richard III.*, with less of demand upon his physical powers than at the large theatres.

VARIETIES.

Algerine Journal.—Among the advertisements in the French papers is one announcing the intention of establishing a journal, either on board a vessel belonging to the French fleet

before Algiers, or on shore in the event of a successful landing; to contain copious details of all the warlike proceedings, and literary and scientific information.

Literary Fund.—The Greenwich anniversary of this admirable charity promises to be more than usually well attended. It is understood that Mr. Cam Hobhouse, a V.P., will take the chair, and the friends of the Institution will rally round him on the occasion. For gastronomy, the white bait (upon which an essay is recommended, not to ascertain whether it is fish or fry, but how it tastes,) is ordered to allow itself to be caught. Broadhurst has promised the charm of song; and many other *agrémens* are in requisition.

Mr. Price, the celebrated oriental scholar, died suddenly at his residence, near Worcester, on Thursday morning.

Bourrienne's Memoirs.—In Bourrienne's Memoirs it is stated, that a M. de Sala had communicated to M. de Metternich at Vienna, that, in the year 1815, he had been engaged by M. de Stein, formerly a Prussian minister, to poison M. de Mongelas, the Bavarian minister. M. de Stein has published a lithographic brochure, in which he indignantly repels this charge, and, among other proofs of his innocence, adduces a letter from M. de Metternich, declaring that no such communication had ever been made to him. This correspondence affords, however, the strongest evidence we have yet seen of the authenticity of Bourrienne's work in other respects; and when we find such persons as Prince Metternich and the Prussian ex-minister bearing witness to its superior and accurate information, we advert with pleasure to the same opinion expressed in the *Literary Gazette*, upon the authority of an English minister, cognisant of many of the affairs related by De Bourrienne.

Science.—The Emperor of Russia assigned 10,000 rubles per annum for the continuation of the researches necessary to ascertain the exact measure of the degree. M. Struve, the eminent astronomer of Dorpat, is charged with the direction of this labour, which will last for ten years. Two officers have been sent to Finland to make observations; and M. Struve is also to undertake a journey on this subject.

Anatomical Model.—At the sitting of the Paris Academy of Medicine, on the 8th inst., M. Auzou, a physician, exhibited an anatomical model, intended to assist the young student in surgery, which excited great admiration. It is five feet seven inches in height, and is manufactured from *papier mâché*. Every part takes to pieces. The muscles can be removed, layer by layer, until the skeleton appears. The brain is divided into slices, exhibiting all the nerves and other ramifications. The lungs, diaphragm, heart, intestines, &c. are removable. In the heart, which is filled with black and red blood, all the minuteness of the organisation is shewn; and the whole is so contrived as to be a perfect study in the absence of the real subject. M. Auzou was twelve years engaged in the manufacture of this model; but having succeeded, he is now able to make perfect copies at 3000 francs each. He has also a model for the study of the accoucheur. This is an admirable contrivance. By means of caoutchouc and confined air, he is able to shew the expansions and contractions in labour, so as to enable the student to proceed in his practice with confidence and safety.

Cataract.—A French paper contains an account of a cure for cataract, by continued friction for several hours during the day, for a period of three months, over the eye. Similar

instances of cure have been related in this country.

Winter Gardens in Prussia.—There are at Berlin four large gardens, in which is kept up the appearance of perpetual summer. They are filled with orange-trees and exotics of different kinds, and being covered over and having good stove fires, the temperature is always that of July and August. They contain reading and refreshment rooms, and also small theatres. At night they are illuminated, and have a beautiful effect.—*Paris Paper.* Napoleon had a plan of this kind in contemplation for the Tuileries. It was his intention to roof them in, (which would have been an extraordinary undertaking), and at night to light them with a sort of artificial sun, like the new lamp at the French Opera. His reverses in the field of course prevented his carrying this seeming visionary plan into effect. It would be well if the proprietors of Vauxhall could do something in the same way, especially as our "*summer has set in* (according to the excellent *mot* of Lord Dudley) *with its usual severity*"!!

Canadian Giant.—The greatest man now in London is unquestionably Monsieur Modaste Mailhoit, to whom we paid our respects, up stairs, after visiting Mr. Thom's Scottish statues. He received us with gravity, but seems altogether a pleasant fellow of his inches, which are considerable, viz. 6 feet 4½ inches in height (5 inches taller than Daniel Lambert), 7 feet round the body, 3 feet 10 inches round the thigh, and 3 feet 4½ inches round the calf of the leg. His weight is 619 pounds, *i. e.* less than Lambert's. M. Mailhoit has passed, with all his fat, through his grand climacteric, being sixty-four years of age. He was originally a mill-wright at Quebec, and began to *take on* at the age of thirty. His countenance is not remarkable. He eats well, and a little more than an ordinary person; sleeps regularly about ten hours, and enjoys good health. His only language is French, and he converses in an agreeable tone, apparently quite alive to all that is going on about him. Reading and draughts are his chief relaxations, and he walks without any painful effort.

Chin-Chopping.—It appears that the musical chin is not entirely without an example; since in the 283d No. of the *Spectator*, published in 1712, Budgell writes thus:—"Nor can I in this place omit doing justice to a youth of my own country, who, though he is scarce yet twelve years old, has, with great industry and application, attained to the art of beating the grenadiers' march on his chin. I am credibly informed, that by this means he does not only maintain himself and his mother, but that he is laying up money every day, with a design, if the war continues, to purchase a drum at least, if not a pair of colours." What would this ingenious writer say, could he hear the performance of Michael Boai, who seems to have acquired such a mastery over this *organ*, if it may be so called, that he can execute chromatic passages, however difficult, with all the taste, rapidity, and precision of the violin and piano-forte—modulating his sounds to the subject, and varying his keys in a manner so surprising, as to prove that he is a musician in the fullest acceptance of the term.

Facetia.—An Irish servant lad, going along the passage, and singing rather inharmoniously, was asked by his master what horrid noise he was making? "I have not made any noise, sir!" he replied. "Why! you were singing, and a confounded noise it was." "Oh! perhaps it was the *singing* in my ears your honour heard!" This reminds us of the dialogue between two

meeneesters of the gude kirk of Scotland. One complained that he had got a *ringing* in his head! "Do ye ken the reason o' that?" asked his worthy crony. "Na!" "I'll tell ye: it's because it's empty!" "And have ye never a ringing in your head?" quoth the other. "Na; never." "And do ye ken the reason? It's because it's cracked!" was the retort; and the truth was not very far off.

A reverend and faithful old Gloucestershire servant was feeding her mistress's lap-dog with a plate of broken fish from the table; but she refused him the carcass of a chicken, alleging as her reason, "that the *rib-bones would be sure to choak him!*"!!

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXV. June 19.*]

Travels to the Seat of War in the East, through Russia and the Crimea, in 1829, by J. E. Alexander, 16th Lancers.—An octavo edition of Travels in Sicily, Greece, and Albania, by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B.D.—The Turf, a Novel; and Southemman, a Novel by Galt.—De L'Orme, a Novel, by the Author of "Richelieu" and "Darnley."—The Separation, a Novel, by the Author of "Filtration."—Wedded Life in the Upper Ranks, a Novel.—Clarence, a Tale of our Own Times.—We understand that Dr. Nares' laborious undertaking, a Life of Lord Burghley, the first volume of which was published in 1826, is now completed.—The Author of Sketches, Scenes, and Narratives, has in the press a poem entitled Visions of Solitude.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Morton's Travels in Russia, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Philip on Acute and Chronic Diseases, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Pickering's Emigration or No Emigration, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Ashburnham's Attendance on Charles I. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s.; royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Tanner's Captivity among the Indians, 8vo. 17s. bds.—The Denounced, by the Authors of "Tales by the O'Hara Family," 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Dolby's Cook's Dictionary, post 8vo. 9s. 6d. bds.—Oxford English Prize Essays, 4 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 16s. bds.—Bishop Heber's Life, 2 vols. 4to. 3l. 13s. 6d. bds.—The Sacred Harp, 32mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Peacock's Algebra, 8vo. 1l. 4s. bds.—Brief Compendium of the History of England, 32mo. 1s. sewed.—Arnold's Thucydides, Vol. I. 8vo. 18s. bds.—Surrenne's Dictionary, 18mo. 5s. hf. bd.—Edwards' Philoletes of Sophocles, with English Translation, 8vo. 8s. sewed.—The Child's Guide to Knowledge, 18mo. 3s. sheep.—Bell's Universal Mechanism, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Edwards' Anacron, with English Translation, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Moncrieff's March of Intellect, with Cruikshank's Designs, 18mo. 1s. sewed.—Ventuillac's Classics, 12 vols. 18mo. 3l. 12s. cloth.—British Naturalist, Vol. II. 18mo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Green's Varieties of the Arterial System, 8vo. 4s. bds.—Madame du Barri's Memoirs, Vol. II. 18mo. 3s. 6d.; royal 18mo. 6s. bds.—Greenwood's Scripture Sketches, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Wolfe's English Prisoner in France, 8vo. 7s. bds.—Short Memorials of the Lord's Goodness, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 10	From 46 to 56.	29.95 Stationary
Friday... 11	45. — 65.	29.93 to 29.90
Saturday... 12	44. — 65.	29.72 Stationary
Sunday... 13	40. — 58.	29.76 to 29.72
Monday... 14	40. — 60.	29.66 — 29.56
Tuesday... 15	43. — 67.	29.56 — 29.69
Wednesday 16	45. — 60.	29.56 — 29.79

Wind variable, N.W. prevailing. Except the 10th, generally raining; thunder and lightning about noon on the 13th, and on the evening of the 14th. Since the 20th of May, we have had four days only free from rain, viz. the 26th ult., and the 2d, 5th, and 6th instant; much clover, which had been previously cut down, is entirely spoiled; but the more distressing scene is, to see so many poor individuals, who have come from distant parts of the country to mow, necessarily out of employ, and obliged to beg.—Rain fallen, 1 inch, and .325 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. A. will find a packet at our Office. In our next we intend inserting, entire, a very curious and interesting paper on hydrophobia, read at the last meeting of the College of Physicians.

ERRATA.—In our Review of the volume on Anglo-Galic Coins, last week, we stated the number of portraits of coins at ninety-eight; but on looking more carefully, we observe the important fact, that no fewer than *twenty-one* of gold ought to have been added to that number, making the whole 119. The words "still remaining," after the word "those," page 384, column 1, line 34, of the same Review, are wanted to complete the sense of the passage.

ADVERTISEMENTS, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS, at the Gallery, Pall Mall East, WILL CLOSE for the present Season on Saturday next, the 20th inst. Open from Nine till Seven. Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 6d. CHARLES WILD, Secretary.

SOCIETY of BRITISH ARTISTS. The Exhibition for the Sale of the Works of living British Artists, in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, is now open to the Public, from Nine till Six. Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s. R. B. DAVIS, Secretary.

GENERAL CEMETERY COMPANY, (to be established by Act of Parliament), for providing Places of Interment secure from violation, injurious to Public Health and Decency, and ornamental to the Metropolis.

Shares may be obtained of Messrs. Snow, Paul, and Paul, Bankers, Temple Bar Without, on payment of 2l. 10s. per Share, on account of the Provisional Trustees:

Lord Viscount Milton, and Sir George Spottiswoode, Esq. M.P. Sir John Deane, Bart. George Frederick Carden, Esq.

An eligible site for a general Cemetery having offered itself, the public are now invited to join in this great national improvement.

The grounds will be laid out and planted after the manner of the celebrated Cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise, surrounded with an ornamental enclosure of sufficient height, and so watched and guarded as to prevent the possibility of the sepulchres within being violated or disturbed. Within this area parishes, public bodies, and individuals, may obtain ground for interment, with liberty to erect mausoleums or monuments, after their own design. Vaults and catacombs will also be constructed for general use.

A register of the death, age, and description of each individual interred, and of the situation of every monument, will be kept, and be open to inspection, in the same manner as the registers of parishes.

Original subscribers will be entitled to the privilege of removing their relatives from other places of interment at reduced fees.

Calculating on a small proportion of the annual interments, (40,000), there can be no doubt of an ample return for the capital invested.

At a Public Meeting, held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Wednesday, the 9th of June, to consider the best means of relieving the metropolis from the inconveniences arising from the present system of interment of the dead, at which upwards of 300 persons were present.

Lord Viscount MILTON in the Chair, the following resolutions were agreed to:

It was moved by the Marquess of Lansdowne, and seconded by the Rev. James Harris,

1. That interment within the metropolis is highly objectionable, leading to consequences injurious to health, and offensive to decency.

It was moved by Andrew Spottiswoode, Esq. M.P. and seconded by Sir Robert Frick, M.P.

2. That the most effectual way of remedying the evil is, by the establishment of spacious cemeteries without the limits of the town, which, while they conduce to public health, may be rendered in a high degree ornamental to the metropolis.

It was moved by Sir J. D. Paul, and seconded by J. T. Barber Beaumont, Esq.

2. That in establishing such cemeteries, it is advisable to avoid every expense that may tend to increase the cost of interments. It was moved by G. F. Carden, Esq. and seconded by Lord Radstock.

4. That this meeting approves of the principles upon which the General Cemetery Company has been formed, and recommends to all who feel an interest in the public welfare, and in the improvement of public taste, to join them in promoting this important object.

It was resolved unanimously,

5. That this meeting approves of the resolution of the Provisional Committee of the General Cemetery Company, to the effect that no shares of the Company shall be transferable until three-fifths of the amount shall have been paid up. That the thanks of this meeting be given to Lord Viscount Milton, for his impartial conduct in the chair.

C. B. BOWMAN, Secretary, 18, Milk Street, Cheapside. Prospectuses and every information may be had as above, and of G. F. Carden, Esq., Inner Temple Lane.

This day is published,

THE GALLERY of SHAKESPEARE; a Series of Designs, illustrating his Dramatic Works, from the Designs of Retsch, Ruhl, &c.

No. 1. Hamlet, 2s. 6d.—No. II. Romeo and Juliet, 2s.—No. III. Midsummer Night's Dream, 1s. 6d.—No. IV. Macbeth, 2s. Accompanied by Descriptions and appropriate Quotations. G. Fisher, 21, St. Paul's Church-yard.

No. V. Merchant of Venice, will soon be ready.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS to the WAVERLEY NOVELS.

The Subscribers to the new edition of Sir Walter Scott's Novels, Tales, &c. are respectfully informed that Historical Illustrations to Guy Mannering, containing Six Subjects, are this day published, from Designs by Stothard, R.A., Wright, Corbould, and Richter, engraved by Charles Heath, E. Portbury, and F. Bacon. Prints, adapted to the new way of sending the works, price 5s. 6d.; royal 8vo. 7s. 6d.; Faint, coloumbier 4to. 12s.; India Proof, with Letters, 18s.; India Proof, before Letters, 25s.

Rob Roy is preparing for publication. Jennings and Chaplin, 62, Cheapside.

COMPOSITION BLOCKS for SEALS.

Mr. TASSIE'S New Catalogue of Devices and Mottos for Seals is now to be had, at No. 30, Leicester Square, price 5s. The Collection, by the numerous late Additions, is augmented to more than 1500 in Number.

Block Seals also, from the fine Collection of Antique Gems.

TO THE ADMIRERS of the FINE

ARTS.—Persons desirous of seeing Collections of Drawings and of valuable Specimens of Albums, may procure genuine and authentic Drawings from the Old Masters, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Apply to Mr. Colnaghi, Cockspur Street.

MUSIC.

WILLIS and CO., Royal Musical Repository and Circulating Library, 28, St. James's Street, (opposite Fermyn Street, Lutton, and 7, Westmoreland Street, Dublin), respectfully inform the Nobility and Gentry that their Rooms are always supplied with a splendid variety of Grand Cabinet, Self-playing, Cottage, Square, and Circular Piano-Fortes, by the most eminent Makers, at the lowest Manufacturers' Prices; also Harps, Guitars, and every other Musical Instrument. An extensive Library for the Circulation of Music in Town and Country. Terms moderate.

Willis and Co. have just published the following:—

- New Vocal Music. A Third Volume of Tyrolean Melodies, sung by the Rainer Family, the Words by T. H. Bayly, Esq. I. Moscheles 15 0. Signor Don Mery del Canada, Fioravanti Musical Instrument. An Acto, newly arranged by Signor de Begnis 3 0. The Brook is purrl- ing 2 0. The Love Knot 2 0. The Roman Girl's ditto, Mrs. Hemans 2 0. The Parting Song 2 0. The Curlew 2 0. England's Dead 2 0. The Recal 2 0. The Graves of a ditto 2 0. The Last Wish 2 0. One constant Friend, Words and Music by Miss Deacon 2 0. O no, believe not! ditto 2 0. The Heart's ease, or, La Pense, a Ballad; the English Words by Butler Danvers, Esq. Composed by C. M. Rol. Tibbits 1 6. Defult Saxi 1 6. We love the pleasant Hours, Duet with Dr. Carnaby 2 0. The Feather 2 0. Philipp's Elementary Principles and Practices for Singing 6 0.

- New Piano-Forte Music. Quadrilles, Waltzes, Marches, Airs, &c. now performing by the Prague Minstrels at the Egyptian Hall, London. No. I.—Reydwatza and Kalamayka; Bohemian Country Dances, arranged by I. Moscheles 1 6. No. II.—The Emperor Alexander's Grand March, composed by I. Moscheles 1 6. No. III.—The Hungarian March, composed by Moscheles 1 6. No. IV.—The Love Knot, a Bohemian Melody, arranged by I. Moscheles 1 6. No. V.—The Duke of Wellington's March, ditto 1 6. No. VI.—Josephine's Grand March, composed by I. Willis 1 6. Les Ecossois Quadrilles, performed at Almack's and the Nobility's Balls. Arranged by P. Musard 4 0. Il Pirata, ditto; to which are added Six German Minstrel, performed by the Prague Minstrels, arranged by J. M. Weippert 4 0. Just received, a splendid Collection of Musical (15-day) Clocks, containing Twelve Divertimentos, from the Works of the most eminent Composers, arranged so as to perform one tune each hour, or the whole at one time if desired, and are admirably adapted for a Quadrille Party.

Willis and Co. have a constant supply of the newly invented German 'Solians, in great variety; also their Patent Bar Folio for holding Music, Prints, &c.

A Set of Six Songs, written by Mrs. Hemans, composed by J. Lodge, Esq.; the Words and Music dedicated to Lady Caroline Murray.

FREDERICK KIRKMAN, Son of the late

Mr. JOSEPH KIRKMAN, of No. 19, Broad Street, Golden Square, Grand Piano-Forte Maker, &c. &c. begs to inform his friends, and the Nobility, Gentry, and his Friends, that he has succeeded to the Business of his late Father. He intends to continue the same on the Old Premises as above, which have been in the possession of his Family for upwards of a Century, and invites an inspection of his choice Assortment of Instruments of every Description, ready for immediate Sale.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Price 7s. 6d. VOL. VIII. Part I. of A SYSTEM of UNIVERSAL GEOGRAPHY. By M. MALTE-BRUN.

This Part contains the Geography of Spain, Portugal, and part of France. The work is now finished in the original; but in order to render it a more complete System of Geography for the English reader, large additions will be made to the description of Great Britain, which is now in progress, and will be published in a few months.

"We think the translators of M. Malte-Brun's Geography have done good service to the public, by rendering so valuable a work accessible to the English reader. If the part which is to treat of the United Kingdom be as well executed as that which treats of the United States of America, it will do something to supply one of the greatest desiderata in British literature—a tolerable account of the British dominions."—Edinburgh Review, No. 67.

"M. Malte-Brun is probably known to most of our readers as the author of a systematic work on geography; he is, besides, the editor of a periodical digest under the title of 'Nouvelles Annales des Voyages de la Géographie et de l'Histoire'; the first is as much superior to the compilations of our Guthries and Pinkertons as the other is to the garbled productions of our Trusters and Mavora."—Quarterly Review, No. 52.

"Infinitely superior to any thing of its class which has ever appeared in Literature."—Edinburgh Review, No. 67. Geography stripped of the swaddling-clothes in which it had been trammelled, and raised, principally by his example and expanded mind, to the rank of a useful and elegant science."—Foreign Literary Gazette, No. 1. Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London; and Adam Black, Edinburgh.

THE NOBLE GAME of BILLIARDS,

wherein are exhibited extraordinary and surprising Strokes, which have excited the admiration of most of the Sovereigns of Europe. Translated from the French of the celebrated M. MINGAUD.

Formerly Capitaine d'Infanterie in the Service of France. Dedicated, by permission, to the Most Noble the Marquess of Cleveland.

This work is elegantly got up, and comprises 48 well-executed copper-plates, with directions for performing, with precision, the most masterly strokes of all the celebrated proficientes of the present day. It is, in this respect, a great desideratum to all the admirers of this elegant diversion, no work having appeared in the English language which can be compared with it, for the beauty and precision of its rules and illustrations; and none which comprise the great improvements and discoveries made in the game within the last twenty years. A London: Translated and published by John Thurston, Billiard Table Manufacturer, 14, Catharine Street, Strand; and to be had of all Booksellers.

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY

REVIEW, No. XI. was published this day. June 17, 1830.

Family Library. Illustrated with Eight Engravings, &c.

NO. XIII. of the FAMILY LIBRARY; being Vol. III. of Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

2. Family Library, Juvenile Series. No. I. (which has been long in preparation), will be published on the 1st of July.

3. Family Dramatists, No. II., containing the Plays of Ford, Vol. I. will be published in a few days. New Works just published by Mr. Murray.

1. The Law of Population. By Michael Thomas Sadler, M.P. 2 vols. 8vo. 80s.

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No. 701.—AMERICAN EDITION.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1830.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Conversations on Religion with Lord Byron.
By the late James Kennedy, M.D. 8vo.
pp. 461. London, 1830. Murray.

EVERY work that tends to throw light on Lord Byron's character is of great value; first, for the extreme interest of such a moral study; and secondly, (if it be possible to force on people the conviction drawn from the writer's experience), for placing in the strongest point of view, the folly, not to say cruelty, of harsh judgment, founded half on your own imaginary premises, and half on the mere gossip of the day, which is generally false, and always spiteful—false from its love of the marvellous, and spiteful from that consolation our own faults seem to derive from those of others. Literary fame has always been purchased at a dear price; genius has either had to complain of poverty and neglect, or of envy and misrepresentation—the leaves of the laurel may be given, “but the trail of the serpent is over them all.” And in the present day especially, the successful writer has to suffer under the false verdict of incompetent judges, or the still falser of interested ones; the feelings he avows are denied or misconstrued, those he conceals brought forward for reproach or ridicule; and while we grudge, hesitate, and refute, aught that is mentioned as praiseworthy, there is nothing too improbable for belief when it requires blame. Lord Byron's life is perhaps as discouraging a specimen of literary fame as ever gave a warning, and in vain; it began, and it ended, in bitterness. It is curious to observe how little the *Edinburgh Review* has led public opinion in respect to works of imagination: our principal poets have made their way in opposition to the critical judgment which pronounced sentence of death on their efforts; Wordsworth, Montgomery, Coleridge, &c., were alike jeered and run down; but no one now denies their poetical pre-eminence. Keen, lively, logical, French in his philosophy and its brilliancy of expression, Jeffrey had neither feeling nor imagination strongly developed in himself, and was therefore, by nature, incapable of doing justice to these qualities in others; and when his praise was given, it was in a spirit of nationality or private friendship. The effects of sarcasm, bitter, personal, and crushing, beyond what could ever be called for by a slight volume of youthful poems,—for we hold, that the critic will not err too much on the side of mercy, who takes a general tone of kindness and encouragement towards the efforts of the young,—censure so contemptuous, must have cut deep, and left its scar in a mind conscious of its own high powers, such as Byron's certainly was. To his first successful defiance of public opinion, for such it was to him, in the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, may, we think, be traced much of his recklessness of it in after life; that to defy was to subdue, became with him a principle. Our limits forbid us from entering into the details of his career; he was the spoilt child of

society, to be afterwards punished for the very faults its indulgence had first sanctioned. Of all sins, vanity is the one which we owe most to others, and which they least forgive: an author is soon flattered into the personification of his own heroes; and it was a mere common love of exciting wonder, that made Lord Byron rather like that the mystery which hung round his creations should identify them with himself. But follies are always more severely visited than faults; and every crime he depicted, every expression of remorse, were soon considered to be his own: he had excited the imagination, and set it in array against himself. Among his many and dark offences, infidelity was most especially set forth for reprobation; and a species of warfare commenced between him and public opinion; and its various methods of expression were all directed to his mortification and annoyance. Much was, doubtless, said and written in the aggravation of the moment, which cooler judgment and less excited feeling would have avoided; and we cannot but think that *Don Juan* (the least defensible of his works) would, if written under less irritating circumstances, have rather avoided than sought occasions of unnecessary offence: if, as he himself asserts, he had a moral end in view, it was at least injudicious to begin by sneers at what was respectable to all, and, still more, sacred to so many of his readers. But let us first observe what the spirit of opposition effects in only the daily relations of quiet and domestic life, and thence allow for its effects in the exciting field of literature. And we do not think it taking too favourable a side, when we say that Lord Byron was originally a fine and noble nature: loving excellence more from impulse than judgment, variable in his opinions, from their being founded on impressions too keen and too impetuous to be lasting, he seems to have been generous, though hasty, and kind in feeling, though bad in temper. *His temper was certainly bad*—a key, we think, to much of his character, though too simple for general use; for who is not provoked to find that the meaning of a riddle is a very obvious one?

These *Conversations* shew Lord Byron in a very favourable point of view, giving his time, his thoughts, his fortune, in the hope of benefiting a cause he held to be both honourable and useful—beloved by his dependants, and facilitating, as much as lay in his power, the moral and religious instruction of those within his influence. Dr. Kennedy seems to have been a most well-meaning man—zealous, we must say, with little encouragement; for out of the five he begins with attempting to convert, not one of his efforts proved successful. We shall endeavour to extract those passages which throw the most light on Lord Byron's own opinions: they were elicited in the following manner:—

Dr. Kennedy says: “Before Byron came to Cephalonia, four officers had agreed to enter on the investigation of the doctrines of Christi-

anity; Byron heard of it, and wished to be present. I had seven or eight meetings at which he was not present; and I had seven or eight meetings with Byron alone.”

Indecision, rather than unbelief, is represented as the pervading feature of his mind: witness a passage in one of Count Gamba's letters. “In my opinion, the sentiments of his lordship on religion were not fixed, that is, he was not held more to one religious and Christian sect than another; but his profound sentiments were religious, and he professed a deep respect for the doctrines of Jesus Christ, as the source of virtue and felicity. With respect to the recondite mysteries of faith, his mind was involved in doubts, which, however, he had a desire to dissipate as troublesome, and on this account he never shunned conversations on this subject, as you well know. I have had occasion to observe him often in those situations in which the most involuntary and most sincere sentiments of the mind are unfolded,—in serious danger of the stormy sea, or otherwise—in the contemplation of a fine and tranquil night of summer—and in the midst of a solitude—and I have observed his emotions and his thoughts to be deeply tinged with religion. The first time that I had a conversation with him on this subject was at Ravenna, my native country, about four years ago, while we were riding on horseback in an extensive, solitary wood of pines. The scene invited to religious meditation. It was a fine day in spring. ‘How,’ he said, ‘raising our eyes to heaven, or directing them to the earth, can we doubt of the existence of God?—or how, turning them to what is within us, can we doubt that there is something within us more noble and more durable than the clay of which we are formed? Those who do not hear, or are unwilling to listen to those feelings, must necessarily be of a vile nature.’”

Again, he observes: “Prayer does not consist in the act of kneeling, nor in repeating certain words in a solemn manner. Devotion is the affection of the heart, and this I feel; for when I view the wonders of creation, I bow to the Majesty of heaven; and when I feel the enjoyments of life, health, and happiness, I feel grateful to God for having bestowed these upon me.”

The following dialogue is interesting, though it has only reference to his private feelings:—

“I have had letters from England,” said Lord B., “which mention that Ada has been unwell,—she is now better. Her complaint was a determination of blood to the head: what is the cause of it at her age?” “This depends on various causes, and I could not pretend to judge what the cause is in her case, unless I saw her.” “Do you,” asked he, “think that such a complaint is habitual?” “No, it is not necessarily so,” I replied. “It is curious,” he answered, “that it is a complaint to which I myself am subject.” “I could easily suppose so,” I said, “from your mode of life, and habits of study,—irregular, but intense; and I think I could have inferred so from the state of your

eyes. Your right eye appears inflamed.' 'That is from having read a good deal of late; but it will easily be removed, when I remove the cause. Ada,' he continued, 'is, I understand, very fond of reading. She lies on the sofa great part of the day reading, and displays, perhaps, a premature strength of mind, and quickness of understanding.' 'I hope,' I rejoined, 'that her inclination for acquiring knowledge will not be pushed too far, to the injury of her health, or even to the exhaustion of her intellectual powers, as is too often done by foolish and fond parents.' 'I hope not,' said Lord B.; 'and I am sure that I can rely on Lady B.'s judgment and discretion.' 'Do you know, my lord,' I said, 'that I hope ere long to see the day when your lordship will again be united to Lady B., and enjoy all the happiness of domestic life, instead of following your present wandering and unsettled state, so unsuitable to one of your rank and station.' 'What makes you think so? Have you had any private information?' asked Lord B. 'No,' I replied; 'I judge from circumstances, which I will mention, if they are not likely to offend your lordship.' 'By all means, tell me what they are.' 'I judge from the style in which you spoke of Lady B., when we were talking of whom we would save, at a former conversation, that your affection for her is not extinguished by absence, nor by all that has happened; that, in fact, she is not indifferent to you.' 'If I said any thing disrespectful of Lady B., I am very much to blame. Lady B. deserves every respect from me, and certainly nothing could give me greater pleasure than a reconciliation.' 'With such sentiments, how is it possible that a separation has taken place, or how is it that a reunion cannot be effected? Under such circumstances, neither you nor she can be happy; and the cause must be singular which two persons of such rank and understanding cannot find out and remove.' 'I do not, indeed, know the cause of separation,' said Lord B. 'I know that many falsehoods have been spread abroad—such as my bringing actresses to my house—but they were all false. Lady B. left me without explaining the cause. I sent Hobhouse to her, who almost went on his knees, but in vain: and at length I wished to institute an action against her, that it might be seen what were her motives.'"

An anecdote here shows how painful were his feelings on the subject of his daughter. "One day Colonel D. rode out with Lord Byron, when an infant, from fright, fell: Lord B. got off his horse with great anxiety, and, raising it, took it to his arms: it was a soldier's child. He said, in a hurried manner, 'I cannot bear to look at an English child; I am so reminded of my own, whom I have not seen for a long time.'"

Our next quotation depicts strongly the change from twenty to forty; but it is a change for the worse, when we learn to ridicule our own enthusiasm.

"You must have been highly gratified by the classical remains, and the classical recollections of Ithaca during your visit there," said Colonel D. "You quite mistake me," said Lord B.: "I have no poetical humbug about me; I am too old for that. Ideas of that sort are confined to rhyme. The people at home have very absurd notions of the Greeks, as if they were the Greeks of Homer's time. I have travelled through the country, and know the contrary. I have tried to remove these notions." He said he would do every thing for them, but would take no command. He added, 'a Turk's word could always be depended on, but not a Greek's, if his interest were in ques-

tion.' Speaking of his intention to go to Constantinople to redeem some Greek captives which he promised to their families when he came from Genoa, Colonel D. dissuaded him from it on account of the danger. 'Oh, the worst would be,' he said, 'that I will put me in the Seven Towers, from which I do not think Strangford would release me: besides he is a poet, and two of a trade, you know—' Speaking of Moore, he said: 'He is, like all the fraternity, at present employed in writing heroic and patriotic songs in favour of the Spaniards or Greeks; the last work he has dedicated to himself.' He said he would give his travels in the Morea to the world; but laughing, added, it would depend on the reception he met with, whether they should be written in the Childe Harold or the Don Juan style. When any one spoke finely, he used to say, 'That will do very well for rhyme.' Whether Homer lived or not, he said he did not know; 'but we poets must swear by him.' One night he was out at a gentleman's house; the weather was very hot, and he said when he went on board, that he would bathe. Some one expressed surprise that he should bathe at so late an hour. 'Oh,' said T. (a gentleman who from too great vivacity of imagination and thoughtlessness, exaggerated a little), 'we were two hours in the water late last night.' 'Yes,' said Lord B. emphatically, 'by Shrewsbury clock.' Dr. —, when on board one evening, was narrating to his lordship some wonderful act of legerdemain which he witnessed at Paris: Lord B. smiled. 'You look incredulous, my lord,' said the doctor. 'No, not all,' replied Lord B.; 'where is T.? I dare say he saw the same thing.'"

"When they were disputing about the motto for the Greek telegraph (the first having given offence to many), Lord B. insisted that the old one should not be retained. Count G. entered one day, and said, 'Pray, my lord, what motto shall we have?' Lord B. pettishly replied, 'Foolishness to the Greeks.'"

"Colonel D. took up a book, which was the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. 'You need not look at this,' said D.; 'it is your own.' 'This book did me a great deal of harm,' replied his lordship; 'I lost a great number of friends who have never forgiven me.' 'It is the best you ever wrote.' 'Why,' said Lord B., 'I published a few silly songs, written when I was young; and when the reviewers treated me so severely, I wished to shew them that I would not put up with their insolence so tamely as they expected. But one thing I regret very much in this book, is what I wrote of Lord Carlisle. I am sorry for it.' Colonel D. mentioned the *Quarterly Review* on his *Cain*. 'Oh, you should read the *Edinburgh Quarterly*—this gives it much sharper; for though on my own side, it is always hardest against me.' One day, when talking of one of his aunts whom the colonel knew, he said, 'We have been an unfortunate family; none of us have come to any good.' The colonel said, 'He hoped to see him a Methodist yet, though he regretted that in the interval much time was lost, as his lordship should now be writing some beautiful hymns.' 'When I do become one,' he replied, 'I shall not be a lukewarm Christian.'"

Speaking of Shelley, he mentioned that "he was cool in his manner; yet impassioned, animated, and eloquent, in his conversation. I was much amused with him and another gentleman' (he mentioned the name, but I forget it); 'one was a Platonist, the other was not; and, after long arguments, they converted each other.'"

We have not entered into the detail of the purely religious conversations: Lord Byron's objections seem to have been much founded on matters of feeling; as, for example, where he says—"one of the greatest difficulties which he had met with, and which he could not overcome, was the existence of so much pure and unmixed evil in the world as he had witnessed; and which he could not reconcile to the idea of a benevolent Creator. He added, that whether he had been, he had found vice and misery predominant; and that real happiness and virtue were rarely, if ever, to be seen. He had made it, he said, his business to converse with, and inquire into, the history of many wretched and deformed creatures with whom he had met; and he generally found their history a record of unvarying misery from their very birth. 'How had these offended their Creator, to be thus subjected to misery? and why do they live and die in this wretched state, most of them without the Gospel being preached to them, and apart from the happiness which it is said to produce? And of what use are they in this world? Many are constantly suffering under bodily evils and pains; many are suffering from the constant pressure of poverty; many are doomed to incessant toil and labour, immersed in ignorance and superstition, and neither having time nor capacity to read the Bible, even if it were presented to them.'"

We leave these pages, observing that there is matter for the most serious meditation in their contents; and only pronounce judgment on the opinions they controvert, and the extraordinary individual they bring forward, in the beautiful lines of Southey:

"Oh, what are we,
That we should sit in judgment on man?
And what were we, frail creatures as we are,
If the All-merciful should mete to us
With the same rigorous measure wherewithal
Sinner to sinner metes?"

Songs of the Affections; with other Poems. By Felicia Hemans. 12mo. pp. 259. Edinburgh, 1830, Blackwood: London, Cadell.

ALREADY familiar to many a lip, and treasured in many a memory, these poems do not require the critical notice looked for on a first introduction: long the favourite pages of annuals, magazines, &c., we have only to rejoice that a more durable and compact form is given to them. Language the most polished, versification only another word for harmony, associations with the beautiful, affection tender rather than passionate, a fondness for linking the lovely in nature with some moral or sad feature in nature, historic associations, records of human feeling scattered through the pages of the traveller set in exquisite verse,—these are the characteristics of this little volume—can we give it higher praise?

We dare say the following poems are known to many of our readers, yet we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting them.

"The Chamois Hunter's Love.

Thy heart is in the upper world, where fleet the chamois bounds,
Thy heart is where the mountain-fir shakes to the torrent-
And where the snow-peaks gleam like stars, through the
And where the lawine's* peal is heard—Hunter! thy
heart is there!

I know thou lovest me well, dear friend! but better, bet-
ter far,
Thou lovest that high and haughty life, with rocks and
In the green sunny vales with me thy spirit would but
plunge—
And yet I will be thine, my love! and yet I will be thine!

* *Laurine*, the avalanche.

And I will not seek to woo thee down from those thy native heights, [delights;
With the sweet song, our land's own song, of pastoral
For thou must live as eagles live, thy path is not as mine—
And yet I will be thine, my love! and yet I will be thine.
And I will leave my blessed home, my father's joyous
hearth,
With all the voices meeting there in tenderness and mirth,
With all the kind and laughing eyes that in its firelight
shine,
To sit forsaken in thy hut—yet know that thou art mine!
It is my youth, it is my bloom, it is my glad free heart,
That I cast away for thee—for thee—al! reckless as thou
art! [dwell—
With tremblings and with vigils lone, I bind myself to
Yet, yet I would not change that lot—oh no! I love too
well!
A mournful thing is love which grows to one so wild as
thou, [brow!
With that bright restlessness of eye, that tamed fire of
Mourful!—but dearer far I call its mingled fear and
pride, [beside,
And the trouble of its happiness, than aught on earth
To listen for thy step in vain, to start at every breath,
To watch through long long nights of storm, to sleep and
dream of death,
To wake in doubt and loneliness—this doom I know is
And yet I will be thine, my love! and yet I will be thine!
That I may greet thee from thine Alps, when thence thou
com'st at last, [past,
That I may hear thy thrilling voice tell o'er each danger
That I may kneel and pray for thee, and win thee aid
divine, [thine!
For this I will be thine, my love! for this I will be

“The Lyre's Lament.”

A deep-toned lyre hung murmuring
To the wild wind of the sea;
O melancholy wind, 't'is sigh'd,
What would thy breath with me?
Thou canst not wake the spirit
That in me slumbering lies,
Thou strik'st not forth the electric fire
Of buried melodies.
Wind of the dark sea waters!
Thou dost but sweep my strings
Into wild gusts of mournfulness,
With the rushing of thy wings.
But the spell, the gift, the lightning,
Within my frame conceal'd,
Must I moulder on the rock away,
With their triumphs unrevealed?
I have power, high power, for freedom
To wake the burning soul!
I have sounds that through the ancient hills
Like a torrent's voice might roll.
I have pealing notes of victory
That might welcome kings from war;
I have rich deep tones to send the wail
For a hero's death afar.
I have chords to lift the psalm
From the temple to the sky,
Full as the forest-unsions
When sweeping winds are high.
And love—for love's lone sorrow
I have accents that might swell
Through the summer air with the rose's breath,
Or the violet's faint farewell:
Soft, spiritual, mournful—
Sighs in each note enshrined:
But who shall call that sweetness forth?
Thou canst not, ocean-wind!
I pass without my glory—
Forgotten I decay!
Where is the touch to give me life?—
Wild, fitful wind, away!
So sigh'd the broken music
That in gladness had no part:
How like art thou, neglected lyre,
To many a human heart!”

The first poem we do not remember to have before seen; we doubt, however, its hold on human sympathy: it is beautiful, but coldly so; the tale wins not on our belief, carries us not along with its mystery. Yet some of its lines are most exquisite; and the ensuing passage has all the author's own peculiar sweetness.

“I woke from those high fantasies, to know
My kindred with the earth—I woke to love:
O, gentle friend! to love in doubt and woe,
Shutting the heart the worshipp'd name above,
It to love deeply, and my spirit's dower
Was a sad gift, a melancholy power
Of so adoring;—with a buried care,
And with the o'erflowing of a voiceless prayer,
And with a deepening dream, that day by day,
In the still shadow of its lonely sway,
Folded me closer—till the world held nought
Save the one being to my centred thought.

There was no music but his voice to hear,
No joy but such as with his step drew near;
Light was but where he look'd—life where he moved—
Silently, fervently, thus, thus I loved.
Oh! but such love is fearful! and I knew
Its gathering doom: the soul's prophetic sight
Even then unfolded in my breast, and threw
O'er all things round a full, strong, vivid light,
Too sorrowfully clear! an under-tone
Was given to Nature's harp, for me alone
Whispering of grief.”

“Songs of the Affections,” voices of hearth,
heart, and home, these pages are the echo of
their title; and we like even more than we
praise, though that we do with the most cordial
admiration.

PRYSE LOCKHART GORDON'S MEMOIRS, &c.
AGREEABLY to our promise last Saturday, we
sit down to make our readers better acquainted
with this amusing medley, by which the worthy
author has diverted the tedium of a long illness,
and which is well calculated to divert the
ennui of similar invalids, as well as of more
healthy subjects.

The sketches of men and manners, which
spread over half a century, and various parts of
the world, set out with some very characteristic
traits of Scottish life, and afford a pleasing
picture of the excellent effects of the cheap system
of education which has long flourished in
that country; and from parochial (not parish)
schools sent forth many an able and distinguished
ornament to the active world and to
literature and science. At that early period,
the refinements which have since become familiar
to John o' Groat's house, were not so generally
known; and Master Gordon describes a grand
entertainment given by the travelled
Lord Findlater, in the following way:—

“He came, however, a year or two after his
father's death, bringing with him a countess,
who, being a catholic, had a confessor in the
shape of a priest, a French *chef de cuisine*, two
aides, a baker and pastry-cook! all of that
nation. The new lord gave notice that he
would receive his friends, the gentry of the
county, on a fixed day every week. This system
was quite novel, and was ill-received: there
were but few visitors at the castle for the
first three months; but Lady F. was found to
be amiable and affable; and although milord
was cold in manner and shy to strangers, his
table on Wednesdays was plentiful and
recherché; but few knew what they were eating!
The dishes were disguised and quite French,
excepting a joint (*morçeau de resistance*), on
the side table, which strangers were afraid to
ask for, not knowing whether or not it was to
make its appearance on the board! Shoulders
of lamb and hams looked like fiddles, and every
thing was served up in masquerade. Potatoes
and other vegetables kept company with the
joint on the side-board; there was no hobnobbing;
the cloth was not removed when the dessert
was served; nor did the bottle circulate
afterwards. All these were innovations and
new fashions but ill-suited to the meridian
of the north; yet a little habit accustomed the
good folks who ventured to attend on the
public days; and many discovered on a second
visit the necessity to call for beer when they
were thirsty, and to whisper to the butler (who
trod on tip-toe, and served the plates with white
gloves!) that a slice of roast beef would be
acceptable: and moreover, though the bottle
did not circulate as at other tables, yet there
was always a plentiful supply of the most delicious
wines to those who were *amateurs*. The
greatest evil was, that a man had not time to
get his *modicum* of drink. The dinner lasted
two hours; and when it was ended, the com-

pany washed their fingers and mouths, and
rose from the table, by no means pleased with
such French fashions!”

At one of these *treats*, “an old gentleman,
who had never before seen finger-glasses, drank
off the contents of his vessel; when the butler
put down another; but the laird turned to him
saying—“Na, na, John, I'm for nae mair
cauld water.” The same guest, when vermicelli
soup was placed before him, exclaimed, ‘I
winna fash wi' boiled worms.’”

In 1778 our author got a commission in the
marines, and, being properly fitted out, was
transported to London; and he tells us:—

“I had the pleasure of passing a few days
at Aberdeen with my two brothers, one of
whom was studying law, and the other divinity.
I embarked in a smack, *supercargo* to a kit of
salmon, for my uncle, who kept an academy at
Enfield, as I have already mentioned. The
crowded population of the environs of London,
and the approach to it by Westminster, struck
me with astonishment; though fifty years ago
there were but few houses in St. George's
fields, and the number of stage coaches and
private carriages was not a tenth of what it is
now. I had a letter to a Scotch grocer in
Piccadilly from a relation at Aberdeen, and I
thought it would be a prudent measure to deliver
my credentials to the vender of figs. On my
presenting my letter, he gave me a great many
bows, and when he had perused it, he begged
me to walk into a small dark room behind his
shop, which stunk of bacon, Hamburg sausages,
and rotten cheese, uniting an effluvia as insufferable
as the bilge-water of the smack. ‘Weel,’ said my
new friend, in a most perfect Buchan accent, ‘what
can I do for ye, captain?—(this was speedy promotion.)
My cousin tells me he kens your family—I have
several of your name my customers.’ ‘I want,’
I replied, ‘a lodging for a day or two, before I
go to visit a relation at Enfield.’ ‘An what
may his name be, if you please?—I serve twa
families there.’ When I satisfied him, and added
that he was master of an academy, and had three
score of boarders, his eye glistened, and he
rejoined, ‘I ha' a relation by the mither's side
o' the name of Morison, may be ye are of the
same kin; if at ony rate, I would be greatly
obliged if you wud mention to your uncle that
I sell tea and sugar, and a' kind o' groceries
as cheap as ony man within the city of London
or Westminster, and wud be obliged to you to
tak a *caird* o' my shop—he'll find it to his
advantage to deal wi' me. I'm sorry I canna
ge ye a bed myself, for I ha' unluckily let my
first stage, and am rather hampered for room,
for I ha' a sick mither; but I will introduce
you to an honest man, and a countryman, and
vary *ceevil*; he lives in Suffolk-street, near
Charing Cross—but as ye dinna ken Lunnon
I'll send my shop-boy to shew you the road;
it's No. 6. The man's name is Mitchel, and he
keeps a tailor's shop—you'll be wanting new
claiaths, and you canna do better than get them
frae him—he's an honest man.’ I had tact
enough to perceive that Mr. Mackey, from his
discourse, seemed to have his own and his
friend's interest at heart more than mine; nevertheless
I thanked him for his kindness, and would
accept of his offer by giving me a few lines
to the tailor, and I would get into a hackney-
coach, and save him the trouble of sending his
lad with me. ‘Na, na,’ replied he, ‘that will
cost ye a shilling—keep your siller in your
pouch—ye'll ha' occasion for it, I se warrant.
Suffolk-street is nae a quarter of a mile off.’
I told him that I had left my baggage in the
smack, and that I had nothing

to carry but what was on my back. Mr. Ogilvie, a gentleman whose acquaintance I had formed on the passage, and had brought me to town, at this moment passed in his carriage, and spoke to me. 'He seems a ceevil-like gentleman,' rejoined the grocer; 'fat's his trade?' 'I believe,' said I, 'he is a West India merchant.' 'In ye had any interest with him,' continued Mr. Mackey, 'I wish ye would speak a guid word for me. I wu'd serve him wi' his ain commodities, and may be buy from him.' But on my saying that I had never seen or heard of him till yesterday, he gave up the case as hopeless. The introductory note being written, my worthy friend presented me with a dozen of figs in a paper, saying, 'I dare say ye have a sweet tooth in your had—prie thae figs, they are vary frash, and lat your uncle taste ane or twa o' them—they are particularly guid for the bairns; and when you come back frae Enfield, call in and tak your breakfast—I ha' guid honey, and noo and then a yellow haddock that the skippers wha' deal wi' me bring up.' On promising that I would see him again, we shook hands and parted, his last words being, 'see fat ye can do wi' your uncle for me.' I have often since thought this grocer an admirable specimen of a Scotch tradesman; his selfishness and attention to his own interest, all his cunning could not conceal; and it so disgusted me, that I never repeated my visit."

To fancy this man "an admirable specimen of a Scotch tradesman," is no great compliment; and coming from a Scotsman, too, is the unkindest cut of all.

From London our marine hero went to Cork, to recruit; and he gives a warm account of the hospitalities which he received both there and at Limerick. "It is astonishing (he declares, being then seventeen) how soon I got initiated into fashionable life and expensive habits. * * * I had been for some time in the training of two old school-fellows in the 81st regiment, and frequently dined at their mess: being well acquainted with all the officers, they kindly admitted me as an honorary member. Nature had given me a strong head and a vigorous constitution. In this corps there were many hard drinkers, and my metal was put to the test, and found to be thorough good; but, like all noviciates, I shortly discovered that the horrors of getting sober greatly overbalanced the pleasures of getting drunk. I had formed a great intimacy with the worthy magistrate who attested my recruits; he was an alderman, a trading justice, and a *bon vivant*. He taught me to drink whisky punch, and no man ever saw the bottom of his jug. Billy Butler was so good-natured, and so desirous of getting the shillings, that he would start from his bed in the middle of the night to attest a recruit who might be suspected of repentance in the morning, and paying *smart* when he got sober; for Billy never inquired, when about to administer the oath, whether the volunteer was drunk or sober.

"My Irish education, on the whole, was not unprofitable. I had picked up a little knowledge of the world from society, and something of history from books; I had also got a slight insight into the French language; could play a duet on the flute (at *second sight*, like a HIGHLANDER); and I could sketch landscape decently after nature. I had an early taste for the arts, and had begun to collect prints; my library had swelled into nearly 200 volumes, which afterwards made a respectable figure in my barrack-room. Among other qualifications, I had been taught to drink *three bottles of claret*, and to speak *English* with an *Irish*

brogue interlarded with my *natural* accent! On my joining my corps at Plymouth in 1780, I went into quarters, and joined the mess. I had still fifty pounds in my pocket. I was appointed to the grenadier company, wore a white feather a foot in length, and in the absence of the captain I commanded the company. These were no small honours to a youth on joining his corps for the first time."

But one of the most graphic reminiscences of Ireland is connected with a visit to the celebrated Father O'Leary, with whom, it seems, the young captain formed an intimacy.

"Father O'Leary resided at Sundays Well, a hamlet on the river, a mile from the town. He invited Joe and myself one day to share his dinner, which we joyfully accepted. It was on a lovely summer's day, when we entered through a wicket into the holy father's premises, concealed from the public eye by a high quickset hedge. In the centre of an area of half an acre of shrubbery and flower-ground, stood a thatched cottage of one story, covered completely with Irish ivy, intermixed with honey-suckle and roses. Passing through a small vestibule, we were ushered into an apartment of twelve feet square, in which was seated our reverend host at his desk. After the usual salutations, we walked into the shrubbery, impervious to the sun. 'This,' said the father, 'is my drawing-room: the cabin you have quitted I call my library.' I observed—'that it was a little paradise.' 'To me,' he replied, 'it is so; for contentment is better than wealth, and a man may be as happy in a cottage as in a palace. The bit of ground on which my nest stands was given to me by a dear and departed friend, a lover of nature and of flowers, like myself. There was a *sheeling* on it; but *tempus edax rerum*, as the doctor would say. It was found unserviceable, and my friend pulled it down, and built this; which consists of four rooms, or rather closets *en suite*; but you shall see it, for I am very proud of it. We must first, however, consult Katheline, in case my dormitory should not be in proper order.' The dame was summoned from the rear, where was the kitchen; and finding 'that every thing was clane and dacent, though not grand,' according to her report, we visited the *salle-à-manger*, a well-proportioned room, with a bow window, from whence was a peep of the river, and a view of the city. It was furnished with great simplicity, the chairs and table, and side-board, being of black Irish oak. Over the mantel-piece was a fine portrait, which on my admiring, he said: 'That is the portrait of a celebrated person, who probably you may have heard of: it is Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, and esteemed a fine picture. It is by a Spanish artist, and was an heir-loom in my family: on this account I highly prize it; but I am not an admirer of the character of the original; for though I am a priest, I am not a bigot.' There were two other portraits in the room, which he told us were those of his benefactor and his wife. The library, into which we had first entered, was filled with books, and the cases were ornamented with busts of eminent persons. Two Gothic windows of ancient stained glass gave an air of seclusion to this apartment extremely pleasing. 'My library,' said our host, 'is small, but select; many of the books are the gifts of friends, which add to their value; but the chief part belonged to my father, who was a scholar. In this little room I am never at a loss for company; yet books are but dull companions, if not relieved occasionally by men. There is

no enjoyment in life without some society; and we

ought to be contented, however, with a few friends. I am too fond of company; and if I was not poor and a priest, I should never sit down to a meal alone: the presence of a friend is the best sauce to a dinner, however highly it may be seasoned by cookery. If I had the means, I would be an epicure; I am a disciple of Apicius, as it is; and you will see by an *omelette soufflée*, which Katheline prepares admirably from a receipt of my grandmother's, that I understand something of the noble art of cookery. Dr. Johnson, who I understand is a gourmand, says, 'that a man thinks more of his dinner than of any thing else.' I do not go so far as this; but eating is a *serious opera*. Do not, however, from this harangue, look for delicacies here—*non omnia possimus omnes*, as the doctor would say; but if I was a bishop, instead of a poor priest, you should fare better.' During this conversation we had returned to the summer drawing-room, for the weather was sultry. At the bottom of the miniature shrubbery was a kind of grotto, where stood a round table and three chairs. 'We will drink our punch here,' said our host, 'if agreeable, *à fresco*, and be saluted with the song of the thrush and the blackbird, my tenants. The nectar is already prepared, and is cooling in Katheline's well, for she has the merit of discovering this spring. I am a bit of a botanist; and though I cannot afford to raise exotics, I can boast of as fine indigenous evergreens as the bishop. Look at those arbutus trees; I brought them from Killarney ten years ago. In a few weeks I will shew you my carnations and pinks, and my moss-roses; they are worthy of adorning the parterres of a queen!' While he was thus descending on the beauties of Flora, Katheline announced that dinner was served. Salmon was removed by a corned shoulder of mutton, smothered in onions; to which succeeded a jugged hare, and the promised omelette: the two latter dishes were truly admirable. These luxuries were washed down, first by a glass of poteen (sauce to salmon as well as to goose!), then came Katheline's home-brewed, and with the dessert a bottle of Frontignan. On our praising these beverages, the father observed: 'They are all,' said he, 'from the vintage of my farm. The *soi-disant* French wine is manufactured from gooseberries; the beer is home-brewed; and the whisky is distilled in a black iron pot, and is hence called poteen.' No beverage could be more grateful in a hot day, especially when seasoned by the conversation of two such men, and drank in a cool grot, accompanied by the evening song of birds. I have a most perfect recollection of this delightful day, though nearly half a century has elapsed."

Before farther process, we shall extract two or three short insulated anecdotes from the first half of the first volume.

"Every man (says Mr. G.) is proud of having good blood in his veins. My maternal grandmother was descended from Andrew Ker (a near relation of the family of Roxburgh) and Bessy Burnet, daughter of Sir Robert of Leys, a family of Saxon descent, and one of the most ancient in Scotland. Portraits of these my ancestors were discovered in a farmhouse on the estate of Knock, in Banffshire, about the middle of the last century, and were in the possession of our family; and also a very curious collection of manuscript sermons, neatly written, and in fine preservation. They had been preached by the celebrated Cant* in the hall at Leys, about the year 1645, during

* "The word *canting* is said to be derived from this preacher."

the time of the covenants, the reverend man not being able to hold forth in the parish kirk, as Montrose's troops were in the neighbourhood. These discourses were chiefly political; they became the property of my brother Abercromby on the death of my grandfather, who, at my son's request, presented them to Sir Walter Scott, and they are considered by him as a valuable literary curiosity."

Mr. Gordon is, on more than one occasion, rather hard upon the late Dr. Burney. He tells us: "His library was regarded as a national object, and was purchased by vote of the House of Commons for the British Museum, and estimated at the sum of 16,000*l*. I picked up for him in my travels through Italy, in 1800, the most rare and valuable book in the collection, *Lascaris Grammatica Græca*, Milan, 1476, the first Greek book ever printed. It is so rare that five or six copies only are known to exist. I purchased it at Ferrara, from a *soi-disant marchese*, for fourscore sequins, and ceded it to the doctor for the same sum. I had also collected several other precious relics in my travels during the Italian revolution; all of which were added to the doctor's collection for an old song."—And he speaks of the learned doctor as not having evinced due gratitude for these favours.

Here we must break off for the present.

Travels in Russia, and a Residence at St. Petersburg and Odessa in the years 1827-29; intended to give some Account of Russia as it is, and not as it is represented to be. By Edward Morton, M.B., &c. &c. &c. 8vo, pp. 486. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

OUR worthy countryman seems, from his title-page, to have set out on his journey in a bad temper, and to have returned in a worse; cordially to dislike Russia, and determinedly to tell the reasons why. Yet he had good opportunities for making the best observations; and, with all due allowances for the spirit of resentment in which he writes, (having resigned his Russian appointment under a written protest, and demanded a passport for England), the circumstance of his enjoying such opportunities* entitles his work to a degree of consideration, both at home and abroad, which its obvious prejudices could not command,—at home, as a contrast to preceding writers; and in Russia, as a statement, however inimical, which may suggest necessary and useful improvements on several points.

On the arrival of the George the Fourth steam-boat, custom-house officers come on board; and here, as well as throughout his whole journey, the author vituperates these functionaries and the postmasters as corrupt and imposing rascals!

* Dr. Morton's engagement with Count Vorontoff (Woronzow) was that of private travelling physician (and not an official appointment); and as in this capacity a cover was always laid for him at the count's table, he had constantly the choice of dining with all the highest nobility of the country attached to the court. He remained in Russia about twenty months, and in St. Petersburg about four (during seven weeks of which Dr. Granville also resided in the count's house; and against the said doctor's work he inveighs continually, as a too flattering picture of Russia and the Russians). From St. Petersburg he accompanied the count and suite to Odessa, where they arrived in 1827: in a few months after, the emperor and empress reached Ode-a, and took up their residence at the house of Count Vorontoff; and this nobleman being governor-general of the provinces surrounding Odessa, whenever the chief officers of the court did not dine with the emperor or empress, they dined with him—as did also the foreign ambassadors, &c. Dr. M. had thus daily opportunities of acquiring intelligence. He had the honour to be presented to the empress, and afterwards was at several private parties where her majesty was.

Of the proposed assassination of the Emperor Alexander, we learn.

"The grounds (of Alexandria, an estate of the Countess Branitskii, near Kief) in summer are said to be exceedingly beautiful, and they may be so for Russia; but at the time of our visit their winter garb rendered them cheerless and uninteresting, except in reference to a circumstance which I shall here mention. The conspiracy which broke out upon the accession of the present emperor to the throne of Russia, had been in existence for some time previous to that event, and had for its object, it is said, not only the murder of the Emperor Alexander, but also that of every member of the imperial family; and I have been informed that the conspirators being aware the former would stop at Alexandria, during his journey to the south of the empire, had actually fixed upon this place as the scene of his intended assassination. His majesty, however, arrived before their plans were quite matured, and that circumstance alone prevented the consummation of the horrid project. I have also been informed, during my residence in Odessa, by an individual who was about the person of the late autocrat, that the latter was perfectly aware as to conspiracies against his life being in existence, and that his visit of inspection to the southern provinces of Russia was planned and undertaken for the sole purpose of affording him a plausible excuse for leaving the capital, as the most probable means of escaping the impending danger. I have, moreover, been assured that he had purchased a large extent of territory in the Tauride, where he had commenced building, with the intention of abdicating the throne in favour of his brother Nicholas, and of passing the remainder of his days there as a private individual."

The annexed is a striking picture of conjugal devotion.

"During my residence at St. Petersburg, I was professionally consulted in a hopeless case of disease, affecting the child of the unfortunate Prince Volkonsky, who is at present an exile in the mines of Siberia; and my subsequent residence in Russia was the cause of my becoming acquainted with the following remarkable instance of conjugal devotion in his wife. It amply deserves to be recorded; and will, I am sure, excite the sympathy of the reader. Prince Volkonsky and Major-General Orlof married two daughters of General Raiefskii, an old and distinguished officer in the Russian service. In the conspiracy of 1825, which has been already so often alluded to, both the prince and Orlof were, it is supposed, concerned; the latter having been induced to take a part in the plot through the persuasion and example of Volkonsky. On the discovery of the conspiracy, secret orders were instantly despatched from St. Petersburg for the apprehension of the prince, who was seized at night, in his own house at Odessa, by two gen darmes, and hurried off to the capital. Orlof was likewise arrested, and thrown into prison; but, after six months' detention, was discharged, without ever having been brought to trial: he was, however, deprived of his military rank and honours, being also ordered never in future to stir beyond the limits of his own estate in the interior. Prince Volkonsky was not so fortunate: in due time he was tried by the commission appointed for that purpose, and condemned to death. Upon this, the old general, overwhelmed with grief, reminded the emperor of his own former services, and besought his majesty, in the most affecting terms, to spare the life of his devoted

son-in-law. His prayer was granted; and the sentence of Prince Volkonsky commuted to banishment in the mines of Siberia for life.* After the departure of the unfortunate exile, his wife, disregarding the remonstrances and dissuasions of her friends, requested permission of the emperor to follow her husband, which was peremptorily refused; and she was informed, that if she attempted to join him, she would herself be deprived both of her title and her estates. The threat was utterly unheeded; (what, indeed, is there that a woman will not sacrifice for the object of her affections?) she accordingly set off, and reached her husband, nobly determining to be the companion of his chains and his misery. She is, however, only allowed to see him twice a week, for three hours at a time. As for the wretched prince, I learned when at St. Petersburg, that he was then employed in carrying coals to feed the fire of one of the furnaces in the mines, being also heavily ironed. He had just petitioned the emperor to allow his irons to be removed, but compliance with his prayer had been refused. Prince Volkonsky had a handsome house at Odessa, near the fortress; and Orlof was building a large mansion on the new Boulevard, when this melancholy occurrence took place. It remains, as he left it, unfurnished, and is indeed now rapidly falling to decay. I never passed it without thinking of its owner, who is said to be distinguished for scientific attainments; nor that of the unhappy prince, without being forcibly reminded of his fate, and unconsciously paying him the tribute of a sigh."

"From the commencement of the Turkish war, it was the fashion for ladies to make charpie, to be used at the various hospitals in dressing the wounded soldiers. This was the universal employment. The empress made charpie, and the empress-mother made charpie, and, of course, all the ladies of the court followed their example. Even the poor gentlemen were enlisted into the service, and sometimes, for the sake of being polite, joined in the labour. Square bits of old sheets and napkins, scissors, and a basket, were to be seen on every table; and before dinner and after it, in the morning and in the evening, all were busily employed in unravelling musty linen. I cannot say I thought it the most elegant or the most becoming amusement at all times, and in all places, however laudable in some might be the motive by which they were actuated; I was, on the contrary, rather inclined to believe that the really charitable would have done much more good in subscribing their money towards purchasing soft English lint, than in manufacturing such an abominably coarse and ill-adapted article for the dressing of painful and irritable wounds as charpie. But it was not the fashion to do so, and therefore I thought it best to keep my opinions to myself. However, I may now speak my mind freely, without running the risk either of the knout or Siberia. I shall therefore not hesitate to declare, that in spite of all this attention, and patriotic devotion displayed by the ladies to the wants of the wounded military, the latter were in fact completely neglected."

The doctor then goes on to exhibit the defects of the Russian government.

"The existing form of government in

* "When a Russian nobleman is sent to Siberia, he is deprived at once of all rank, becomes a slave, and is habituated like one, in a sheep-skin wrapper. His name is also changed; and no one, perhaps, but the governor of the province knows his real appellation or his former rank."

Russia,' as Bishop James observes, 'is a pure Oriental despotism;' but it must not be supposed that the emperor alone is despotic, all being so who have the power; of which the following are instances. During the summer of 1828, while the imperial court was at Odessa, Colonel — was suddenly sent away, in charge of a *gendarme*, to Kief, with orders never to return nearer to Odessa than the distance between those towns. The occurrence excited a great deal of talk at the time, from various circumstances. The colonel was guilty of no political offence; but a report existed that he had formerly been criminally intimate with a married lady of high rank, resident in Odessa, and that this connexion had been followed by the birth of two children, which, it was also said, he had threatened to claim; whereon the friends of the lady employed their influence with the emperor to procure his banishment from the town; and, in consequence, this was at once effected in the manner before mentioned. No one can for a moment defend the colonel's conduct, though the lady being of much higher rank and older than himself, it may be imagined that he was not the most culpable of the two: but what a monstrous system is this! No sooner has a man become obnoxious, from any cause, to those in power, than secret representations are made in the highest quarter; and, without trial,—without, perhaps, the accused knowing what he is charged with, or having the means of defending himself,—he may be suddenly seized by a *gendarme*, placed in a *telegra*, and, at a moment's notice, hurried off to Kief, or perhaps to Siberia! Who but must shudder at such reckless tyranny? The following occurrence is, in some respects, of a similar character:—One night, early in the last year (1829), an officer of lancers, while waltzing with a young lady at one of the governor-general's balls, happened to fall with her, or at any rate the circumstance appeared accidental. The next morning, or very soon afterwards, he was hurried off, as I was informed, in custody of a *gendarme*, notwithstanding that he owed at the 'Hotel du Nord' a considerable sum. Where he was sent to, I never had an opportunity of learning. The third instance of despotism I shall mention is that of a father towards his son, and which could have taken place in no other country. The present Count —, now resident at Odessa, was imprisoned in a monastery for a period of *twenty years*, by order of his own father; the reason of which was as follows: the old count, during the life-time of his wife, kept a mistress, which rendered the countess exceedingly unhappy; and the son, having strongly advocated his mother's cause, and expressed his opinions pretty freely with respect to the misconduct of his other parent, was, by the latter's order, secretly conveyed to a monastery, where he remained imprisoned until his father's death restored him to liberty. The horrors of so sudden and protracted a confinement have considerably affected the present count's mind: he seldom goes into society; and his dread of again experiencing similar treatment is such, that he has caused subterranean passages to be constructed in his garden, communicating, by secret doors, with his house, into which, when he perceives persons approaching the latter, he often retires until they have taken their departure."

We believe that there is no country in Europe of which similar stories might not be told, and similar conclusions drawn; therefore we turn to the more agreeable task of extracting a few examples of customs, &c.

"During the court mourning for the late empress-mother, I observed, at one of the governor-general's soirées, Madame Fonton, who had only been married a few days, arrayed in white, the other ladies, without exception, being in black. Upon inquiring the reason of this, to me, singular distinction, I learned that it is a custom in Russia for brides never to wear any but white or coloured dresses for one year after their marriage, whatever mournings may happen within that period. * *

"While sitting one day with the Prince and Princess Galitzin, at their house in Odessa, the former shewed me a Turkish ducat, which his lady had just received as a present from some female acquaintance, in observance of a custom prevalent in Russia. The princess had been recently confined; and it appears it is usual among the Russians for the friends of a lady thus circumstanced, each to present her, when sufficiently recovered to receive visits, with a ducat of some description or other. The Princess Galitzin had received six that morning. * *

"While I was sitting at breakfast this morning, a servant of the count entered, and, after uttering a few words in the Russian language, threw a handful of millet and oats into my face. I was, of course, surprised at this conduct; but guessing it to proceed from some custom prevailing here, I took it in good part. He then said that the Countess Vorontzof wished to see me immediately. I left my rooms accordingly, and went into the count's cabinet, where I found himself, the countess, their children, and one or two of the *employés*, at breakfast. His excellency, rising upon my entrance, shook hands, and wished me a happy new year; after which he threw a handful of millet and oats at me. I had hardly got rid of these, before the children and the other individuals present renewed the attack in a similar manner. Count Vorontzof informed me, in the course of conversation subsequently, that this is a custom prevailing only in the Ukraine and the south of Russia, which are corn countries. Throughout the whole day millet and oats were kept in constant readiness, and every one who entered the house, of whatever rank or sex, was assailed as I had been. * *

"The following anecdote will strikingly exemplify the general character of the Russian slaves. Baron Franck, colonel in the Guards, had given particular directions to his servant always to fold up the newspaper, which he was accustomed to receive regularly, with the title outwards; but the latter, regardless of his master's injunctions, continued to employ his own method. At last the baron became angry, and calling for him, 'Why,' said he, 'do you always fold up the paper in this way? have I not frequently told you to do it otherwise?' 'Please, sir,' answered the servant, with the greatest humility, 'you never beat me for it!' It is to be observed, that the baron is not a Russian, but a native of Germany, which may account for his considering the excuse offered by his servant as sufficiently curious to deserve relating. Perhaps, also, it may shew why a remedy for short memories, apparently so efficacious in the estimation of Russian slaves, had not been previously administered."

How far the following is to be trusted, from an author who betrays strong prejudices, we do not vouch: it is, however, a very novel view of a very important matter.

"It appears to be a generally received opinion in England, that the late Turkish war was

popular among the Russians; but from all I heard and saw, while resident within the autocratic dominions, I am inclined to doubt the correctness of this belief. That the war was agreeable to certain individuals, who reaped, or hoped to reap, important advantages from it, is perhaps true; but I by no means think that, even previously to its actual commencement, it was popular with the majority of the influential nobility of the country, or subsequently with the higher classes of military officers; more particularly, as I happen to know that much dissatisfaction was produced in many quarters from circumstances which took place during the early part of its progress. Previously to our leaving St. Petersburg, it was well known in the court circle that the emperor would be present at the future seat of operations, whenever the war might break out; and I was confidently assured that Count Vorontzof was to have the command in chief of the army, and that any difficulty which might arise from his being junior to other generals would be easily obviated by the omnipotence of the emperor. Scarcely, however, had we reached Odessa, before it became evident that these anticipations were not to be realised, and that others had more influence with the source of power. That dissatisfaction prevailed among the officers of all ranks, after their imperial master joined the army, will scarcely be doubted, perhaps, when I mention that one of them, who had just returned from Varna, informed me that the emperor's conduct on many occasions was most hasty and impetuous, and that he was continually interfering with the arrangements of the commander-in-chief: while, he added, 'it is well known that his majesty never had any opportunities himself of gaining practical experience in war; and therefore what could have induced him to imagine his own opinion more correct than that of an old general, who had previously been twice before the walls of that very fortress, is most unaccountable.' Another officer observed, 'the emperor is so accustomed to issue an ukase in St. Petersburg, and to have it obeyed as a matter of course, that he expects impossibilities to be performed in war, if he only order them to be attempted.' Thus a great loss was uselessly sustained at Varna upon one occasion, in consequence of this determination to command, when he even insisted upon the general-in-chief reprimanding the troops, although that officer was of opinion that they had done all that men could perform. It was also mentioned that, at Varna, Count Vorontzof had ordered all officers when on duty only to wear foraging caps, instead of cocked hats and feathers, the latter having rendered them remarkable objects for the Turkish riflemen, and thus occasioned considerable loss of life: but as soon as the emperor arrived, he commanded the officers to appear in full uniform, and the cocked hats and feathers to be resumed! From these and other facts, we may fairly conclude, that the emperor was not more popular with the army after his first campaign than before; and of this he most probably became himself aware; for on the return from Varna, I heard that it was confidently expected his majesty would not again take the field; and the result has fully proved this opinion to have been correct. It is not a little remarkable, that the first campaign, conducted by Russian generals, under the emperor in person, was dilatory, and in many points a complete failure; while the second, confided to the *unaided talents of a German*, proved as rapid as it was eminently successful, and untarnished, or at any rate not so obviously tar-

nished, by the employment of gold in aid of the sword. I shall never forget the bitter irony with which an officer of rank, just returned from the army, spoke to me respecting the taking of Varna. 'The emperor,' said he, 'was surrounded by a set of military sycophants, whose inordinate flattery was so palpable as to become ridiculous: thus it was always said by those courtiers, 'Your majesty has taken Varna,' 'when your majesty took Varna,' &c. 'as if,' continued he, 'it had been the emperor who reduced that place, and not Count Vorontzof. Had we waited for the former to take Varna, it would have been in possession of the Turks at the present moment!'"

Upon the whole, it seems to us that Dr. Morton's disappointments (see page 107) have made him treat Russia quite as much *couleur noire* as Dr. Granville *couleur de rose*. His statistical account of Odessa is good; and the work will have many readers, from the deep interest attached to all the movements of the great empire to which it refers.

The Juvenile Library, No. 1. ; containing the Lives of Remarkable Youth of both Sexes. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS publication has reached us too late this week to give such a notice of it as it merits. It supplies in literature what has long been considered to be a desideratum, and its success we do not think at all doubtful. The volume before us contains nearly 300 pages of interesting Lives, with four illustrative portraits, and is published at an extremely low price. Of the portraits, those of the Princess Victoria and Sir T. Lawrence will be particularly acceptable to the public. The former is a full-length, in a walking-dress, and is engraved from a portrait in the possession of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. The portrait of Sir Thomas is engraved from a crayon by himself, at the age of twenty-five. The other portraits are, King Edward VI. and Lady Jane Grey. A more pleasing holiday gift at the present moment we cannot conceive than this neat volume. We can assure the public that some of the ablest writers are already enrolled as contributors to this undertaking, and that it is likely to be conducted with great spirit.

The Recluse of Inchidoun, and other Poems. By J. J. Callanan. London, 1830. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

THE best verses in this volume are some translations from the Irish, which, if we recollect rightly, appeared about seven or eight years ago in *Blackwood's Magazine*. From the longest poem, which gives its name to the book, we quote the following favourable specimen of the author's powers, in a farewell to the

"Swift Awniduff, which of the Englishman
Is called Blackwater."

"On Cleada's hill the moon is bright,
Dark Avondu still rolls in light;
All changeless is that mountain's head,
That river still seeks ocean's bed,
The calm blue waters of Loch Lene
Still kiss their own sweet isles of green—
But where's the heart as firm and true
As hill, or lake, or Avondu?"

It may not be—the firmest heart
From all it loves must often part;
A look, a word, will quench the flame
That time or fate could never tame;
And there are feelings, proud and high,
That through all changes cannot die,
That strive with love, and conquer too;—
I knew them all by Avondu.

How cross and wayward still is fate,
I've learn'd at last, but learn'd too late:
I never spoke of love—twere vain,—
I knew it—still I dragged my chain:

I had not, never had, a hope;
But who 'gainst passion's tide can cope?
Headlong it swept this bosom through,
And left it waste by Avondu.

O Avondu! I wish I were
As once upon that mountain bare,
Where thy young waters laugh and shine
On the wild breast of Meenganne;—
I wish I were by Cleada's hill,
Or by Glenhuachra's rusky rill,—
But no! I never more shall view
Those scenes I loved by Avondu.

Farewell, ye soft and purple streaks
Of evening on the beautiful peaks;
Farewell, ye mists that loved to ride
On Cahir-bearna's stormy side!
Farewell, November's moaning breeze,
Wild minstrel of the dying trees!
Clara! a fond farewell to you—
No more we meet by Avondu.

No more—but thou, O glorious hill!
Lift to the moon thy forehead still;
Flow on, flow on, thou dark swift river,
Upon thy free wild course for ever;
Exult, young hearts, in life-time's spring,
And taste the joys pure love can bring;
But, wanderer, go—they're not for you!
Farewell, farewell, sweet Avondu."

Criticism on a posthumous publication like the present would be misplaced. The author died at Lisbon, we believe, about the time of the appearance of this volume, and is now beyond the reach of our praise or censure.

Narrative of a Residence in Algiers: Biographical Sketches of the Dey and his Ministers, &c. &c. By Signor Pananti; with Notes by E. Blaquiere, Esq. (Second edition.) 4to. pp. 467. Colburn and Bentley.

THE first edition of this work was sufficiently interesting at the period of its publication to merit our praise, and copious extracts; and the crisis of the present hour gives it so great an additional value, that we think the editor has done wisely in re-producing a volume so likely to afford gratification, as well as information, to readers of every class.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.—(*Hydrophobia.*)

JUNE 14th. Dr. Roberts in the chair.—Dr. Francis Hawkins, the registrar, read a paper relative to the prevention and cure of hydrophobia, and the bites of serpents, communicated by Mr. Cesar Hawkins, Surgeon to St. George's Hospital. He had tried, by desire of the president of the College, the effects of the *mikania guaco*, which had been brought into notice at a former meeting by Sir Robert Ker Porter; and had also made trial of the *veratrum sebadilla*, a South American species of hellebore, spoken of as a specific for hydrophobia, by Lieut. Hardy, in his recently published travels.

It appeared from these experiments, that, like every other remedy which had been found to mitigate the symptoms of hydrophobia, either in man or dogs, the guaco acted on the disease as a *sedative*, being sufficiently powerful to kill small healthy animals, such as rabbits or birds. The following remarks, however, struck us as curious, and deserving of the notice of medical men, as well as of our unprofessional readers. In estimating the effects of medicine in hydrophobia, two circumstances are not usually taken into account. The first is, that during part of the last twelve or eighteen hours, there is often a remission of the spasms for a considerable time, independent of any medicinal effect, previous to that nausea and vomiting which generally precede death: this was the case in the instance in which the guaco was tried; for at the time when the boy (labouring under the disease) was most violent, and the guaco had least effect, he ate and drank voraciously, notwithstanding the constant nausea from which he was beginning to suffer. The other cir-

cumstance is this: the unfortunate patient is tormented during part of the disorder by the viscid saliva which chokes him, and gives occasion to the spasms. The dog is constantly endeavouring to get rid of it with his paws; and the human patient will start in an instant from apparent sleep, and spit it around him, or cram the clothes into his mouth to wipe it away. For the same reason, notwithstanding the awful preparation which is necessary, and the violent and convulsive spasms which attend deglutition, yet the patient will voluntarily submit to this for the sake of the temporary relief which follows the attempt to wash his mouth, or swallow some fluid. He will muster all his resolution, and hold the cup in his extended arm for several minutes, half choked with spasm, and at last, with a sudden effort, will dash it to his mouth with such violence, as almost to break the vessel or his teeth, and fill his mouth with the liquid, while his whole frame is in the utmost excitement: he will then sink exhausted, but calm, upon his pillow, appearing as if under the influence of a powerful narcotic, while, in reality, the repose he enjoys can be procured by any cooling fluid. Taking these circumstances into the account, Mr. Hawkins thought that the relief experienced by a boy to whom the guaco was given was much less than he had seen in another instance obtained from prussic acid, and less than he expected from its effects upon a rabid dog, to which the same medicine had before been administered.

The result of the experiment upon the dog was, that it was a powerful *palliative*, completely removing for a time (nearly 36 hours) many of the symptoms. Mr. Hawkins said that there are several other medicines, the *alisma plantago*, or water plantain, the knowledge of which the Russian government bought at a high price; the *scutellaria*, or scull-cap; and especially the belladonna, all of which will mitigate the disease; but, from neither of them had such decided and long-continued an amendment been observed as from the guaco.

It failed then as a *cure*; but its effects as a palliative were such, that Mr. Hawkins expressed a great desire to obtain some more of the medicine, so as to try its efficacy at an earlier period of the disease, i. e. before those peculiar spasms occur which give rise to hydrophobia in man (for it is only in man that this symptom exists); and he further suggested that the only probable way to obtain a cure would be by a minute attention for the future to those precursory symptoms which take place for three or four days before the spasms in the throat commence, of which little more is known at present than that there is some pain usually in the bitten part, and some undefined general indisposition. If the changes in the constitution which attend the action of the long latent poison were better understood, and more accurately compared with those which take place in other animals, some clue might at last, he thought, be obtained towards the cure of the complaint.

With regard to the other South American remedy for hydrophobia, the *veratrum sebadilla*, Mr. Hawkins did not find that it justified the lavish encomiums which had been bestowed upon it; for it produced very little effect upon the disease; less than belladonna, and far less than the decided influence of the guaco.

We are tempted, as so much alarm has of late been created with regard to hydrophobia, to state at some length what Mr. Hawkins advanced, as to the prevention of hydrophobia. After some medical discussion upon this ques-

tion, which we omit, he proceeded to say, that very numerous experiments must be made before the surgeon can be justified in not having recourse to excision and the caustic, as the only means which analogy would point out as likely to be effectual, and which experience also justifies to an extent which ought to diminish materially the periodical alarm which is felt throughout the country with regard to hydrophobia. One half at least of those who are bitten by dogs receive no inoculation of the poison, and of the number of those who are injured by decidedly rabid animals, few indeed become affected, if the means alluded to have been adopted within a reasonable period after the wound has been inflicted.

Mr. Youatt has kept a record of four hundred persons who have had recourse to his assistance, after having been bitten by really rabid animals; and although one died of fright, not one had hydrophobia; a number which, if confirmed by other documents, leaves little ground for apprehension to those who have had early recourse to surgical assistance. It is probable, however, that much more might be done towards preventing the occurrence of the disease in dogs, from which animal it is most frequently communicated to man, if the public were better acquainted with the early symptoms of the disease. To shew how vague and erroneous are the notions usually entertained of the nature of rabies in dogs, we need only instance two examples. Every newspaper speaks of the application of a supposed test in a suspected dog; and if the animal attempts to lap water, he is allowed to go at large without apprehension; while in fact the only comfort of the rabid dog is to have plenty of water, in which he may attempt, ineffectually indeed, to assuage his thirst. And again, every poor hunted animal which tries to defend itself against its murderous pursuers, is set down as raging mad; while the placid quiet spaniel, or house-dog, is allowed to lick its master's fingers, or snarl and bite at its companions, without a consciousness of the hidden danger, because, forsooth, it does not rush furiously at every thing within its reach.

Mr. Hawkins observed, that what is called the dumb madness is equally dangerous with those cases in which the dog is furiously disposed; and expressed his opinion, that there was probably a corresponding difference in the disease in man; and that in both it arose in great measure from the previous habits and disposition: so that he had seen a quiet boy lie for hours in the last stage of the disease, smiling, and apparently engaged in a pleasing kind of delirium, while another was furious and unmanageable, and actually drove the attendants in terror from the room, till he dropt on the floor, insensible and exhausted by his own efforts. The one was well educated and amiable; the other afforded a striking moral lesson—as the very bite which caused the horrid death he suffered appeared to have been occasioned by his cruel and depraved habits.

Mr. Hawkins believes that there can be little doubt that rabies at present never originates spontaneously, even in dogs, but arises only from inoculation with saliva. He suggested, therefore, that if every dog which had been bitten by another, were carefully secluded for four months, (which exceeds the common period at which the disease commences after the injury), and if every dog which shows the least symptom of any indisposition, were prevented from communicating the disease, should it prove to be labouring under rabies, much might be done towards the diminution of this

alarming malady. And still more, perhaps, if the law were enforced with greater severity against those who keep these animals only for illegal or brutal purposes; for it is asserted by Mr. Youatt, that in nineteen cases out of twenty the disease is propagated by the fighting dog in town, and by the cur and lurcher in the country.

The second part of Mr. Hawkins's paper related to the power of preventing or curing the bites of poisonous serpents by means of the guaco. His experiments demonstrated the error of the accounts, that it would act as a preventive; but he had not been able to satisfy himself whether the guaco would cure the effects of the poison. He expressed a belief, however, that this part also of the account which had been given was exaggerated, and thought the bites of these reptiles ought to be treated by the use of the cupping-glass or ligature, to prevent the absorption of the poison, till incisions are made to evacuate some of that poison with the infected blood, and caustic applied to neutralise what remains. On the same principle, said Mr. Hawkins, though in a ruder manner, the hunters of Montpelier, when their dogs are bitten by the vipers of that country, are accustomed to make incisions into the wound, and fill them with gunpowder, which they afterwards explode.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Advertisement.—University Intelligence for the Quarter.

OXFORD, March 25th.—The following degrees were conferred:

Masters of Arts.—Rev. G. Huddleston, Merton College; F. Jeune, Scholar of Pembroke College; O. Philippott, St. John's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—Rev. T. Bullock, St. Alban Hall; S. G. Casement, Christ Church.

April 3d.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. H. Wrightson, Queen's College, Grand Compounder; C. Pocock, Christ Church.

Bachelor of Arts.—J. Pearson, Magdalen Hall.
April 21st.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Doctor in Civil Law*.—Rev. F. B. Twisleton, Prebendary of Hereford, late Fellow of New College.

Masters of Arts.—C. P. Golightly, Oriol College, Grand Compounder; Rev. W. G. Dymock, Exeter College, Grand Compounder; Rev. J. Osborne, University College; Rev. P. H. Lee, Fellow of Brasenose College; H. D. Stephens, Fellow of New College; Rev. S. B. Shirreff, Wadham College; Rev. J. Fox, Queen's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—R. Briscoe, Jesus College; H. I. Nicholl, St. John's College; W. T. Marychurch, T. M. Fallow, Edmund Hall.

April 22d.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelors in Divinity*.—E. Greswell, Fellow of Corpus College; J. T. Round, Fellow of Balliol College, and R. A. Thorp, Fellow of Corpus College (the late procurators of the University).

April 28th.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. J. H. Parlyb, E. H. Chamberlain, University College; Rev. T. Hutchins, Chaplain, C. Saxton, Christ Church; J. R. F. Billingsley, Lincoln College; Rev. R. Hawkins, Scholar of Pembroke College; Rev. J. D. O. Crosse, Exeter College.

Bachelors of Arts.—C. Deedes, A. Johnson, Merton College; Sir W. M. Farquhar, Bart. Hon. C. J. Murray, Christ Church; T. Blackburne, Brasenose College.

May 6th.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelors of Arts*.—H. C. Nowell, Exhibitioner, Corpus College; Viscount Villiers, Hon. H. F. A. Harrington, Christ Church; T. J. Ormerod, Brasenose College; J. Bliss, Oriol College.

May 13th.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelor in Divinity*.—Rev. J. A. Cramer, late Student of Christ Church, Public Orator of the University.

Masters of Arts.—T. Tunnard, St. Mary Hall, Grand Compounder; Rev. E. Dudley, Worcester College; J. Cox, Christ Church.

Bachelors of Arts.—C. Benson, Queen's College; G. T. Comyns, W. J. Biew, Wadham College; J. Fox, Worcester College; T. Stanforth, Christ Church; R. Entwistle, A. F. Daubeny, Brasenose College; A. Cox, Scholar, Lincoln College; W. Davy, A. Daniel, Exeter College.

May 19th.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Doctor in Divinity*.—Rev. S. C. Lord, Wadham College, Grand Compounder.

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. C. C. Clerke, Student of Christ Church, and Archdeacon of Oxford.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. Medley, Grand Compounder, Rev. J. Hoole, Wadham College; Rev. E. S. C. B. Cave,

Brasenose College; Rev. H. Trimmer, Rev. J. Byron, Exeter College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. A. Harrison, St. Mary Hall; W. Watts, T. Twiss, Scholars, University College; J. U. Gaskell, Magdalen Hall; I. S. Godmond, E. Cooke, Queen's College; J. N. Harrison, Scholar, Worcester College; J. B. Dyne, Scholar, H. Bostock, Wadham College; H. Fowler, W. R. Brown, T. Halton, Brasenose College; J. Guillemard, Fellow, St. John's College; J. Hayward, Exeter College; S. V. Edwards, Trinity College.

May 20th.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Doctor in Civil Law*.—Sir W. Heathcote, Bart., late Fellow of All Souls', Grand Compounder.

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. H. A. Woodgate, Fellow, St. John's College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. J. Rowe, Magdalen Hall; Rev. F. T. Gregory, University College; Rev. C. Griffith, Christ Church; Rev. G. H. Hadfield, Pembroke College; F. Fynn, Worcester College; W. Hetherington, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. F. Stansbury, J. H. Kendall, Magdalen Hall; A. Graeber, W. Alford, St. Edmund Hall; R. Malcolm, T. W. Robson, University College; T. Maurice, Merton College; P. Williams, H. O. Pigot, Christ Church; M. Davies, Jesus College; J. S. Ogle, Fellow, New College; J. D. Shafto, Brasenose College; J. J. Digweed, P. Kitchingman, Pembroke College; A. Denny, F. C. Parsons, Worcester College; D. Jackson, T. Pearson, J. Nicholson, Queen's College; J. Nash, Trinity College; J. Pyemont, W. W. Butler, D. E. Jones, G. Malim, Lincoln College; T. H. Maitland, W. H. Karlake, T. G. F. Howes, Oriol College; T. Pateson, Exeter College.

June 3d.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelor in Divinity*.—Rev. P. Aubin, Fellow, Jesus College.

Masters of Arts.—W. Grant, Brasenose College, Rev. C. Hesketh, Trinity College, Grand Compounders; J. S. Birley, Rev. F. Maude, Brasenose College; Rev. J. Sutcliffe, St. Edmund Hall; M. Mitchell, Magdalen Hall; W. Griffith, Scholar, Rev. F. Marendaz, Jesus College; Rev. W. N. Fall, University College; Rev. G. B. Hamilton, Corpus Christi College; E. W. Head, Fellow, Rev. W. H. Edmedes, Rev. T. B. Lancaster, Merton College; N. C. Strickland, Lincoln College; Rev. J. Maude, Michel, Scholar, Queen's College; Rev. G. S. F. Fanshawe, Demy, Magdalen College; H. D. Harington, Fellow, Exeter College.

Bachelors of Arts.—N. Kendall, Trinity College, W. W. Andrew, St. Mary Hall, Grand Compounders; E. M'All, St. Edmund Hall; T. W. Webb, R. Tomes, Magdalen Hall; W. Roche, Trinity College; D. Jones, T. Surners, Jesus College; J. Rogers, Balliol College; W. B. Smythe, Corpus Christi College; G. W. Murray, Merton College; E. Hotham, New College; J. Abernethy, O. Brock, Brasenose College; J. Stevens, St. John's College; E. Massie, O. J. Tancock, Wadham College; E. Hawkins, Scholar, R. P. Mallet, G. M. Dowdswell, C. Le Hardy, S. Nicholls, Pembroke College; F. H. Romney, G. W. Kershaw, J. Palmer, J. Steward, W. N. Skillicorn, S. H. Feild, Worcester College; R. W. Goodenough, Student, G. Palmer, E. Conroy, O. B. Cole, J. R. Drake, Christ Church; C. Cheyne, Lincoln College; J. Marriott, H. Stevens, Oriol College; F. Sturmer, E. D. Denton, M. Dand, Queen's College.

On the same day the prizes were decided as follow:—*Latin Essay*.—"Utrum apud Græcos an apud Romanos magis exulta fuerit civilis scientia?"—A. Grant, Student in Civil Law, and Fellow of New College.

English Essay.—"The character of Socrates, as described by his disciples Xenophon and Plato, under the different points of view in which it is contemplated by each of them."—H. Merivale, B.A., late Scholar of Trinity College, now Fellow of Balliol College.

Latin Verse.—"Tyrus"—W. Palmer, Demy of Magdalen College.
English Verse (Newdigate).—"The African Desert"—G. K. Rickards, Scholar of Trinity College.

June 10th.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelors of Medicine, with License to practise*.—T. O. Ward, Queen's College; D. Badham, Pembroke College.
Bachelor in Civil Law.—Hon. and Rev. C. Bathurst, Fellow of All Souls' College, Grand Compounder.

Masters of Arts.—Lord Clonbrock, Christ Church, Grand Compounder; Rev. O. S. Harrison, Queen's College; Rev. W. Wheeler, Demy, Magdalen College; Rev. J. O. Parr, Brasenose College; Rev. W. J. Russell, Pembroke College; Rev. H. V. Shortland, Lincoln College; G. A. Denison, Fellow, Oriol College; Rev. J. Aldridge, Exeter College; Rev. J. S. Halifax, Rev. E. G. Rutdock, Trinity College; Rev. C. Banmatyne, Balliol College.

Bachelors of Arts.—The Earl of Selkirk, Grand Compounder, A. A. Holden, J. Mitchell, Christ Church; E. David, Jesus College; S. S. Wannoth, Queen's College; J. W. S. Donnison, J. J. A. Brown, H. J. Hoskins, H. Hodges, University College; W. E. Trenchard, Pembroke College; T. C. Curtis, Fellow, R. Hollings, St. John's College; E. T. Massey, Brasenose College; M. H. Chaytor, H. H. Cooper, F. J. Buriton, Worcester College; B. F. J. Willesford, Exeter College; H. James, Balliol College; G. Vigne, W. Smith, Trinity College; H. C. Wise, Oriol College.

June 17.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelor in Civil Law*.—Rev. W. Howard, Fellow of New College.

Masters of Arts.—U. T. Price, Grand Compounder, Rev. W. Whalley, Rev. W. Fye, Student, Christ Church; M. C. Tompson, Grand Compounder, Rev. E. J. Ward, Trinity College; Rev. J. Launpen, Grand Compounder,

Rev. E. A. Ormanney, Exeter College; Rev. A. Bromley, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. J. Charnock, Worcester College; T. B. H. Abraham, Wadham College; W. W. Jackson, Lincoln College; W. B. Mant, Oriel College; Rev. J. T. Giffard, Fellow of New College.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. D. S. S. Horlock, Grand Compounder, W. M. K. Bradford, Magdalen Hall; W. A. Hodgson, Grand Compounder, J. Barrow, Scholar, Queen's College; P. D. La Touche, Grand Compounder, C. C. College; E. Odell, Grand Compounder, J. L. Irwin, H. Gray, C. Wordsworth, Student, Christ Church; H. P. Best, University College; J. Cooke, Balliol College; T. Whitaker, B. Hayley, A. M. Bennett, Worcester College; F. Wrench, Trinity College; T. Houlton, Oriel College.

Theological Prize, instituted June 2, 1825.—"The evidence deduced from prophecy in support of the truth of Christianity"—subject for an English essay.

The following subjects are proposed for the Chancellor's prizes, for the ensuing year, viz.—
For Latin Verse.—Nimantia.
For an English Essay.—On the use and abuse of theory.

For a Latin Essay.—Quænam fuerit oratorum Atticorum apud populum auctoritas.

Six Royal Neandride's Prize, for the best Composition in English Verse, not limited to Fifty Lines.—The Success.

CAMBRIDGE, March 26th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—T. Stevens, St. John's College; Rev. R. Twigg, St. Peter's College; T. R. Ashworth, Jesus College; Rev. C. Morgell, Trinity College (*incom paratèd from Dublin*).

Bachelors in Civil Law.—C. A. Nott, Trinity College; J. H. Pattison, St. John's College.

Bachelor of Arts.—Rev. G. H. Langdon, St. Peter's College.

April 2d (the end of term).—The following gentlemen were admitted Bachelors of Arts:—P. Spencer, St. Peter's College; T. Smithett, Queen's College; J. N. G. Lynn, Queen's College; J. P. Cockburn, St. John's College; W. Corbould, E. Boor, Emmanuel College.

April 24th.—The following degrees were conferred:—
Honorary Master of Arts.—Lord Pollington, Trinity College.

Doctor in Physic.—T. Elliotson, Jesus College.
Masters of Arts.—B. Charlesworth, Trinity College; Rev. T. Jarrett, Fellow of Catherine Hall; F. T. Sergeant, C. C. College; T. Sikes, Queen's College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. F. Baring, Christ College.
Bachelors of Arts.—J. W. Sanders, J. M. Carrow, J. K. Eagles, E. N. Cooper, Trinity College; F. C. Cook, G. Booth, St. John's College; T. Bates, W. Darby, St. Peter's College; W. K. Izon, Pembroke College; D. Hill, Clare Hall; T. H. Say, Caius College; C. Sandys, A. W. Brown, T. Leah, C. Waller, J. K. Marsh, R. Evans, J. Wright, Queen's College; R. Bealby, B. F. Tuckniss, W. Tomkins, Catherine Hall; F. T. Blackburn, W. Nunn, F. Barker, G. H. West, Jesus College; B. Wilmer, Christ College; J. L. M'Lachlan, Sidney College.

May 12.—The following degrees were conferred:—
Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. D. Jones, Queen's College.
Masters of Arts.—S. Best, King's College; Rev. T. Dury, Pembroke College; S. Dawes, Caius College.

Bachelors of Arts.—L. W. Sampson, Fellow, King's College; C. Powell, Trinity College; R. M. Atkinson, St. John's College; W. Biscoe, J. Sanders, Queen's College; A. M. Parkinson, Jesus College.

May 20th.—The following degrees were conferred:—
Masters of Arts.—T. Turner, V. F. Hovenden, Fellows, Trinity College; J. Hills, St. John's College; J. Bishop, Compounder, Trinity Hall; G. King, Corpus Christi College.

Licentiate in Physic.—J. Johnstone, Trinity College.
Bachelor in Civil Law.—H. Bond, Christ College.

Bachelors of Arts.—F. Turnly, Trinity College; W. J. Concy, Compounder, Clare Hall; G. K. Jarvis, Pembroke College; T. Walker, Trinity Hall; G. A. Whitaker, Emmanuel College.

May 31st.—The Chancellor's gold medal to a resident Undergraduate, for the English poem, was on Monday adjudged to William Chapman Kinglake, of Trinity College.—Subject, *Bygonium*.

June 10th.—Sir William Browne's three gold medals for the present year were awarded as follow:—
Greek Ode.—J. Hildyard, Christ College.
Latin Ode.—C. R. Kennedy, Trinity College.
Epigram.—W. Fitzherbert, Queen's College.

The following are the respective subjects:—
Greek Ode.—Ilyssi laus.
Latin Ode.—Cuma.
Greek Epigram.—Ægrosit medendo.
Latin Epigram.—Spatilis inclusus iniquis.

June 11th.—The following degrees were conferred:—
Doctor in Divinity.—Rev. R. N. Adams, Fellow, Sidney Sussex College.

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. P. Dehary, Senior, Trinity College, Compounder; Rev. A. M. Wale, Compounder, Rev. W. Maddy, Fellows, St. John's College; Rev. J. Dewe, Fellow, Queen's College; Rev. W. F. Wilkinson, Fellow, Corpus Christi College; Rev. W. Holson, Catherine Hall, Compounder; Rev. T. Mortimer, Rev. D. Evans, Queen's College.

Master of Arts.—Rev. E. Lindsell, Jesus College, Compounder.

Bachelors in Civil Law.—J. D. Sprigge, St. Peter's College, Compounder; A. F. Bayford, Trinity Hall.

Bachelors in Physic.—J. Jackson, Senior, Catherine Hall (by royal mandate, on his departure for India);

C. J. Fox, St. John's College; D. L. Thorp, Caius College; J. Pendlebury, Queen's College; W. Whitworth, Jesus College, Compounder.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. Bingley, G. Broadhead, F. H. Gordon, W. E. Lumb, W. Ramsay, S. Starky, Trinity College; W. L. Mills, Queen's College; H. Armstrong, W. H. Apthorp, Christ College; C. A. Stewart, Trinity Hall.

June 12.—*Members' Prizes*. The Bachelors' prizes were awarded; the first to E. H. Fitzherbert, and the second to T. J. Phillips, both of Trinity College. The examiners consider these essays as possessing sufficient merit to entitle the authors to the prize of thirty guineas each; and they will be printed. The usual prize of fifteen guineas awarded to A. W. Chatfield, Undergraduate of Trinity College; but the essay is not to be printed. No second prize adjudged.

The following are the respective subjects:—
Bachelors.—Quantum momenti ad studium rei theologicæ promovendum, habet literarum humaniorum cultus?—*Ser.*

Undergraduates.—Quæ sit forma Πολιτῆας ad Græciæ renaissance status optime accommodata?

The Porson prize (for the best translation of a passage from Shakspeare into Greek verse) adjudged to C. R. Kennedy, of Trinity College. Subject, Romeo and Juliet, Act II. Scene 2, beginning, "He jests at scars," &c. and ending, "I'll no longer be a Capulet."

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

THE following abstract of a memoir, entitled "the Greek and Latin Inscriptions upon the colossal statue of Memnon, restored and explained;" by M. Letronne, Member of the Institute of France, and Hon. M.R.S.L., was read at the last meeting of this Society. M. Letronne's communication is in French, and extends to 150 pages; it will form an important feature in the publication of the Society's Transactions; and, in the meantime, we congratulate ourselves on being able to present our readers with this accurate and interesting epitome.

M. Letronne precedes his historical and philological disquisitions on these inscriptions by a preliminary notice on the history, size, and probable destination or purport of the statue in question. The vocal statue of Memnon is one of two colossal figures in the plain of Thebes, and on that part of the ancient city which was on the left or western bank of the Nile. They are more than sixty feet in height, at nearly the same distance from each other. Although now unconnected with any of the various magnificent temples which still testify to the power and wealth of the ancient sovereigns of Upper Egypt, within the precincts of the capital of that country, they were formerly the principal ornaments of one of its temples or palaces, built, it is supposed, by Amenophis II. or III., and called, after him, Amenophium. This building was still in existence in the time of Pliny; and there is good reason to believe that one of the statues now remaining, probably that which bears the inscription, is that of the founder. The two statues were originally of a single block of breccia each: the more southern one is still entire; the other, the inscribed one, bears evident marks of having been broken by violence from the waist—the upper part has totally disappeared, but it has been restored—at what period it is impossible to say—by thirteen blocks of gneiss superimposed one upon the other, or laterally attached, so as to form five layers of stone. Strabo and Pausanias saw the colossus in its mutilated state, the upper part lying on the ground. These and other evidences prove that the restoration, whenever it took place, must have been later than the reign of Adrian. The fact, too, of the statue being in this condition during the reign of this emperor is proved by several of the inscriptions hereinafter given, as it is alluded to by them; and many concur with the opinion of historians, that the sacrilegious act was one of those which marked the invasion of the Persians under Cambyses. The learned world was first and principally

indebted for these inscriptions to the labours of our countryman Dr. Richard Pococke, whose Travels in Egypt and various other countries were published in 1743, who not only copied fifty-six of the whole number of 73 of which they consist, but has given them within outlines of the two legs on which they are inscribed,—a caution which M. Letronne has found to be of great advantage in enabling him to fix the date of some, to connect or disconnect others, and to account for the imperfect manner in which some words were originally inscribed. Worden, the Danish traveller, who was in Upper Egypt at the same time as Pococke was, has also given a few, but in a very imperfect state, and has been of little or no aid to M. Letronne. The learned men who accompanied the French expedition into Egypt in 1801 added scantily to the labours of predecessors. Something further has since been published by other English travellers. But the great harvest has been gained, and numberless errors corrected and lacunæ supplied, by Mr. Salt, late his majesty's consul-general in Egypt, and whose copies of these inscriptions have been presented to this Society. M. Letronne has found little or no assistance in the various memoirs which several of the philologists of the continent have already written upon these inscriptions: amongst them he enumerates Leich, Bouchier, Hagenbuch, D'Orville, Jablonsky, and Jacobs, the last of whom has published four of them, in verse, in his last edition of the *Anthologia Græca*. What Jablonsky has written on this subject is to be found in his *Syntagmata de Memnone*. M. Letronne's memoir, now before the Society, is confined to a critical explanation and restoration of the inscriptions alone. This gentleman has already published his views on the history and peculiar phenomena of the statue, as a vocal monument, in a memoir *ad hoc*, in which his hypothesis on the subject is principally founded on the tenor of the inscriptions, where they bear upon it. For a more clear understanding of these ancient documents, M. Letronne has classed them first into two parts: 1. those that have a date; 2. those that have no date. Those with a date are arranged chronologically, without regard to the language in which they are inscribed.* Those without a date are divided into two sections—the Greek and the Latin. Complete references are given in the memoir to the numbers in each preceding arrangement. The particular inscriptions are also marked with the initials of those who have severally published them.†

M. Letronne, after this preliminary introduction, proceeds to an examination of each inscription. The first inscription which he cites is in Latin, and testifies that Aulus Instælius Tenax, principularis of the twelfth legion, which was entitled Fulminatrix; and Caius Valerius Priscus, centurion of the twenty-second legion; and Lucius Quintus, a devisor, a traveller, heard the Memnon, in the eleventh year of the Emperor Nero, on the 17th day of the calends of April: the hour, too, was mentioned; but the figures are obliterated. The date corresponds to the 15th of March, of the sixty-fourth year of our era.

No. 2, also in Latin, states the same fact of Titus Julius Lupus, prefect of Egypt; and the hour was the first hour. This person is mentioned by Josephus and Pliny the elder; he succeeded Tiberius Alexander in this office,

* The first section of this part contains those which preceded the visit of Adrian; the second, those which make mention of this visit; the third, those of a date posterior to this visit.

† M. Letronne has otherwise bestowed great historical and philological research upon these documents.

about A.D. 71, in the reign of Vespasian, and he was succeeded by Paulinus.

No. 3, also in Latin, recites the same of Lucius Junius Calvinus, prefect, and his wife, Minicia Rustica, on the 1st of April, in the fourth year of Vespasian, and at the second hour.

The Suedius Clemens, prefect of the camp, mentioned in No. 4, is understood by M. Letronne to be the person of that name mentioned by Tacitus as a friend of the Emperor Otho; but as the date is the 3d of the ides of November, and the third year of our emperor, it must be assigned to the reign of Vespasian, as Suedius Clemens was only principalis in the time of Otho, and neither that emperor, nor Vitellius, nor Titus, reigned long enough to admit of any other interpretation.

No. 5, also in Latin, is remarkable for reciting no fewer than eleven occasions on which Hancius, son of Julius, paymaster of the third Cyrenaic legion, had heard the same sound; namely, four times in the fourth year of the reign of Augustus, once in the third year, as M. Letronne thinks, of Vespasian, and six times in the fourth year of the same emperor. Another inscription found at Dakkeh testifies that this legion was in Upper Egypt, also, during the reign of Tiberius.

No. 6, is by Tiberius Claudius Heron, in the eighth year of Vespasian.

No. 7 bears the name of a woman, Funisulana Vetulla, wife of Caius Lælius Africanus, prefect of Egypt, and the date of the 31st Jan. A.D. 84, the first year of Domitian. This lady visited the statue three times, but heard the sound only the last time.

No. 8 is entire, but only states the same fact of a centurion of the twenty-second legion, in the fourth year of Domitian Cæsar Augustus Germanicus, 2. 85 A.D.

No. 9 is partly in Latin, and in part Greek. The first part, in Latin, states, as read by M. Letronne, that Titus Petronius Secundus visited the statue in the seventeenth consulship of Domitian, A.D. 96. The second part consists of an hexameter and a pentameter Greek verse, in which M. Letronne observes, *φθίνζας, Ionice for φθίνζω — λάτοδα, Doricè for λητοῖδου—Μίμωνα* in the vocative case, and the words *τὸν γὰρ μέγας ἄδι κάθηται*, appear to prove that the statue was at this period a fragment. The third part, in Latin, is a notice that the prefect's inscription was engraved by Titus Attius Musa, president of the second cohort.

No. 10 serves only to prove, that in the fifth year of the Emperor Adrian, 12th calends of March, at half-past one, Titus Hatenius Nepos, prefect of Egypt, heard the sound (15 Feb. A.D. 121).

The name of the person in the inscription No. 11 is partly Roman and partly Greek; but the inscription itself is wholly Greek. The name is that of Lucius Funisulanus Charisius, and he was strategus of the nome of Hermonthis, and a native of the neighbouring nome of Latopolis. [An inscription at Philæ shews that these two nomes, or districts, were comprehended under the same strategia.] M. Letronne here makes allusion to a peculiarity in the Egyptian government under the emperors — that the strategi were Greeks. If so, the two Latin prænomena prove the application of the Greek Charisius to a Roman family. His wife, too, was a Roman lady of the name of Fulvia; they visited the statue, and heard the sound before and during the first hour of the — day of the month Thoth II I Z, answering to the 6th Sept., A.D. 123.

No. 12 would seem to be a continuation of No. 11, though not directly subjoined to it. It consists of thirteen Greek lines, more or less perfect iambic verses. They contain an address of the same Charisius to Memnon, alluding to the hour of his voice being heard, when his mother, Aurora, greets [bathes?] his body with drops of dew—to the sacrifices and libations which the strategus had offered to him, and comparing him to the Argo, and to the vocal oak of the Dodonaean Jupiter. M. Letronne presents on this occasion some learned remarks on the grammatical construction and poetic licenses of this military poet: as, where *μητρῆ* is used as the last foot of an iambus (perhaps the words *ἡνίκα μητρῆ* ought to have been transposed). The oak is called *φρηγός*, as in Apollonius of Rhodes, and in the pseudo-Orpheic poems. It was the *Quercus esculus* of Linneus. We refer to the original memoir of M. Letronne for the various restorations with which his learning and ingenuity have supplied him, to fill up the *lacunæ* in this poetical address.

No. 13. Caius Bibius Maximus heard the sound at 2½ and 3½ on the 14th calends of March, in the seventh year of the Emperor Cæsar Nerva Trajan, Augustus, Germanicus, Dacicus (16 Feb. A.D. 124).

No. 14, which contains nine imperfect Greek trimeter iambic verses, gives us the name of Celer, a Roman, as strategus, an exception to the general practice mentioned in No. 10. His first visit to Thebes was not to hear Memnon, but, as he says, to labour in the cause of the villagers (quære, was Thebes already reduced to the state of a village?) *τὸν καμύτων*, though he returned for that purpose, and at first Memnon was silent; but two days after, he heard the sound of the god, *τοῦ θεοῦ τὸν ἦχον*. The date, which is the 7th of the month Epiphiis, and the seventh of the reign of Adrian, answers to the 1st of July, A.D. 124, and the 2d hour.

No. 15 (Greek) is in a very imperfect state, particularly the first part of it: the second part, of which a large portion has been originally supplied by Mr. Salt, offers the name of Quintus, who was *νακάρης*, or keeper of the great temple of Serapis at Alexandria, and who was one of those exempted from public charges (*ἀπιλῶν*) and maintained in the museum, and who heard the sound in the fifth year of Adrian.

No. 16 (Latin), quite perfect, or at least offers no difficulty in being made so. Titus Flavius Titianus, prefect of Egypt, heard the Memnon on the 13th calends of April, under the third consulship of Verus and Ambibulus (20th March, A.D. 126, ninth year of Adrian).

No. 17, Latin, and very imperfectly given by those who preceded Mr. Salt. It tells us that Caius Menius Hanlochus, a native of Corinth and centurion of the twelfth legion Fulminator, heard the Memnon during the consulship of Gallicanus and Titianus, on the 13th of the calends of July, which was in the year A.D. 127.

The second section comprises those inscriptions in which allusion is made to the visit paid to Thebes by the Emperor Adrian and Sabina his empress, in the month of November, A.D. 130, viz. the fifteenth of the reign of that emperor.

No. 18 contains merely the words

IMPERAT. A[D]
RIANOC.

but, from its extreme simplicity and shortness, we may suppose it to have been engraved under the eye and by order of the emperor himself; and probably by a Greek, as the name is without the initial Η, and the final letter is Greek.

No. 19 consists first of three Greek lines, containing the name, as very probably made out by M. Letronne, of Julia Balbilla, who on Adrian's hearing the Memnon, on the 24th of the Egyptian month Athyr, A.D. 130, composed ten long and short verses, (given by M. Letronne), and, thanks to his labours and learning, now nearly perfect. They are, as usual, flattering both to the emperor and to the Memnon of Egypt, whose voice was three times heard by the emperor, king of the world. On the first occasion the sound uttered was *χαίρειν*, the Doric infinitive for *χαίρειν*. The statue is called in the second line *Θηβαϊκὸς ἄδης*. In the sixth line the words *ἰς οἰκίαν ἄρα ὄρα* are remarkable, as expressing the shadow cast on the dial by the gnomon; and in the seventh line, that of *ἄς χαλκῶσι τυπέντος*, beaten brass, to which the second sound is compared. The inscription terminates with stating, that Adrian saluted the statue twice — *δις ὃ ἀσπάζεται αὐτῆς Μίμωνα*: and the next inscription testifies that the sound was, in fact, only twice heard, so that probably the first sound (before sun-rise) was only in the imagination of the poetess.

No. 20 is the testimony of *Φλαυῖνος Φιλῶν* to this fact: *ἰνὸς ἄρας, ἰ. e.* within, during, the first hour.

No. 21 offers four Greek hexameters and three pentameters, published with the former in the *Anthologia* of Jacobs, after the notes and corrections of Dorville; but the later labours of Mr. Salt have furnished several improved readings, and the means of suggesting others, to the sagacity of M. Letronne. The same poetess Balbilla speaks:—

I, Balbilla, heard the speaking stone,
The divine voice of Memnon or Phamenoth.
I came along with the beloved Queen Sabina;
The sun was holding the first course of the hour,
In the fifteenth year of King Adrian,
On the 24th day of — Athyr.
On the 25th day of the month Athyr.

Here we observe *πρωτὸς δρόμος*, Doricè for *πρωτοῦ δρόμου*. Adrian is called *καίρειος αἰώνος*, *Eolicè* for *τίσασα*. The last line is a correction of the date given in the last but one.

No. 22 commemorates the simple fact of the sound being heard during the first hour (*ἰνὸς ἄρας*) by Sabina Augusta (wife) of the Emperor Cæsar Augustus.

No. 23 offers fourteen Greek verses of the same Balbilla, divided into two portions, one of six, the other of eight lines. It is addressed to Memnon, and begins with *χαίρει καὶ αὐτῆς προσφρόνως*. The allusion to the statue having been mutilated by the impious Cambyses is imperfect; but we read the words *δοκίμην ἐν σπυγῶν*, to shew that his sacrilegious act was not unpunished. The poetess mentions her royal descent from Antiochus. Her father Balbillus is called *σοφός*, and was probably the individual of that name called by Tacitus *virorum optimus, in omni litterarum genere rarissimus*. His name was Claudius Balbillus, and he was prefect of Egypt under Nero, A.D. 57. The Antiochus mentioned may have been the king of Commagene, third of that name, who died U.C. 770, or A.D. 17. The inscription called that of the Busiritani mentions that this Balbillus visited the pyramids.

No. 24, which offers two long and two short Greek verses, mentions that the Egyptian priests identified Memnon with the ancient king Amenoth; and it also adds its locality as opposite to Thebes, or the city of Jupiter, *ἔντα διὰς πόλιος*. It appears from this, that the Memnon, son of Tithonus, of the Greeks, was the Amenoth of the Egyptians. We read here also *τὸς ἰνίστασιν* for *ἄς ἰνίστασιν*: and the *αι* in *καλαίων* is made short.

The third section contains inscriptions of a date posterior to Adrian's visit to Thebes.

No. 25 presents to us the name of Artemidorus, γραμματις, or public secretary of two nomes, who heard Memnon in the month *Choiu*, which begun on the 27th or 28th of November, in the fifteenth year of the reign of Adrian; and as Adrian left Thebes two or three days before that period, Artemidorus must have engraved the notice of his visit shortly after the emperor's. He was accompanied by his wife (συμπίη) Arsinoë, and his two sons Ailouron and Ptolemy: the former name is unique, and, from its derivation from *αἴλουρος*, a cat, shews the usage of compounding Greek names from Egyptian manners.

In No. 26 Quintus Apollonius Boethus testifies to his having heard the sound with the foregoing.

In No. 27 we learn the fact that for three generations the office of ἀρχιδικαστής, or chief judge, was held in the same family by father, son, and grandson; and as it is in the Greek language, it is probable that this office was given by the Romans to Greeks: the name is Caius Julius Dionysius. *ὄης* is used for *οἰς*.

Nos. 28 and 29 offer nothing remarkable.

No. 30 contains the name of a Petronius, prefect of Egypt, and places the third consulship of Servianus and first of Varus in A.D. 133.

In No. 31 we have three very indifferent Latin lines—

Horam cum primam, cūmque horam sole secundam
 Prolata oceano luminat alma dies,
 Vox audita mihi est ter bene Memnoina.

By Viaticus, A.D. 133.

In No. 32 Memnon is called *Θεῖοστατος*, and mention is made of a month named *Ἀδριανος*. This appellation occurs also, according to M. Letronne, in an astrological papyrus preserved in the Royal Museum of Paris, where it is stated that the 8th of the month Adrian corresponded to the 18th of the old Egyptian Tybi. M. Letronne conjectures, with great probability, from the nonconcurrency of this month with any other, that it was introduced to flatter the emperor, and that it was made to begin on the 24th of Athyr, the month preceding Tybi, being the day on which Adrian arrived at Thebes. The thirty days, then, of the month of *Ἀδριανος* would be from the 20th of November to the 19th of December.

No. 33 only mentions the twentieth year of Adrian.

No. 34 offers the title of γραμματις βασιλικός.

No. 35 contains ten Greek hexameters, with many Homeric plagiarisms, in which the official poet, Gemellus, prefect of Egypt, probably A.D. 140, in the reign of Antoninus Pius, celebrates his visit and the voice of Memnon, in company with his wife Rafilla. The inscription offers nothing very remarkable but the ingenious conjectural emendations and substitutions of the learned author of our memoir.

No. 36 is the notice of M. Ulpius Primianus, prefect of Egypt, who heard the Memnon twice on the sixth of the calends of March in the second consulship of Septimius Severus, 24th of February, A.D. 194. This is the latest date which occurs in these inscriptions.

No. 37 gives the expression *egi gratias*.

No. 38, also in Latin, must be attributed to the reign of Septimius Severus, from the expression AVGG. This Felix, freedman of the emperors, i. e. Severus and Caracalla, held the office of procurator usiacus. This last word offers an instance of the facility with which Greek words were adopted into the Latin language in the decline of the empire. Usiacus can be no other than *οἰσιακός*, which, by the

inscription of the oasis, has the sense of public, imperial, national: *μαθήσους οἰσιακῶν* were the public farms or revenues. The word occurs in no dictionary.

Second Part: Inscriptions without a Date.

First Section: Greek Inscriptions.

No. 39. Two imperfect iambs express the wish of Tribulla that her mother too had heard the sacred voice of Memnon.

No. 40 is of the same poetess, and offers three lines of introduction and five Greek iambs, more correct and better expressed than the preceding. Cæcilia Tribulla, on her second visit, observes that Memnon, son of Aurora and Titobonus, received her and her companions as friends and old acquaintances; and the address finishes with this question: Whether Nature, the creatress of all, has given feeling and voice to stone? The only critical notices of M. Letronne on this inscription are, that *ἔξακουσάντας* and *Τιτοβονίω* terminate iambic lines, making them choliambic, and that *φθίγγματα* is written with two γγ. The place it occupies in reference to the preceding, the one being the highest and the other the lowest on the leg of the statue, proves that both of them must be more recent than the intermediate, i. e. later than the reign of Adrian.

No. 41 presents six Greek iambs, probably of another Cæcilia, daughter of the foregoing Cæcilia Tribulla. The injury done to the statue, and to the quality of the voice rendered by it, in consequence of the violence of Cambyses, are pathetically described.

No. 42. Panion? a native of Side, in Pamphylia? declares, in a Greek distich, that he had verified what he had heard of the vocal powers of Memnon.

In No. 43 Pardalas, of Sardis, promises Memnon that he will remember him in his tablets (*βιβλίω*), having twice heard him.

No. 44 is of Catulus (Græc *Κάτουλος*), τανός, or chief governor of Egypt, who bears witness to having heard the voice, after having come to the statue at night, notwithstanding the injuries of the spoilers.

No. 45 is too imperfect for any thing else to be extracted from it than that more than one person had visited the statue in vain, no sound being heard.

No. 46, also very imperfect, offers only to M. Letronne the opportunity of referring the expression *ὄν ἀνάγνωσ ἴης ποσι*, to a testimony that Memnon was not always thus without a head.

No. 47 presents us with six very good and well-expressed Greek elegiac verses of the poet Asclepiodotus, who was at the time *ἰσπίτροπος*, or procurator of the emperor. The lines are well preserved, and required but very little correction from the ingenuity of our author. The subject of the epigram is an address to Thetis, telling her that Memnon, warmed by his mother's torch, lives and speaks, where the Nile parts the fair-gated Thebes under the brows of Libya, while her son, the restless Achilles, is dumb, whether in the plain of Troy or in Thessaly.

No. 48 contains four Homeric verses, or rather verses made up of scraps from that poet, by Arius, who calls himself an Homeric poet.

No. 49. We have here ten Greek long and short verses, which are very well preserved, and of some merit for their expression and poetry. Poetical licenses are taken, especially in proper names; and M. Letronne has exhibited his usual talent and research in the few corrections which he has proposed. The subject of the little poem of Petronianus, who,

though an Italian, composes in Greek, is, the frequency of visitors to the statue to verify the fact of its uttering a sound at sun-rise, notwithstanding the violence of Cambyses, which had deprived it of the head.

No. 50 is of Heliodorus, the son of Zenon, native of Cæsarea, in the province of Pannias, who thought of his absent brothers, Zenon and Eannus, when he heard the sound twice.

No. 51 is a mere title—*ἱσαρχος λεγιώνος*. No. 52, much mutilated, but mentions that Aponius wrote the *προσκύνημα*, or act of adoration, of Aphroditarius.

No. 53. Claudius Germinus, arabarches and epistrategus of the Thebaid, heard the sound, both in going up and coming down the river. The desert between Egypt and the Red Sea was called Arabia, and the expression *ἀναπλιών*, for going up the river, seems to imply that he had his residence, not at Thebes, but lower down, probably at Ptolemais, which, under the Greeks and Romans, was the capital of the Thebaid.

No. 54. Achilles, with his brother Eumenes, having heard the sound, he leaves to his son Ammonius the task of engraving the notice of it on the stone.

No. 55 is of another epistrategus of the Thebaid, probably Messalinus, who heard the Memnon with his wife (*συμπίη*) Publia Sasis.

No. 56, very imperfect, presents the names of *Ἀρμίνιος* or *Ἀρμίνιος*, a prefect, and of Cambyses.

No. 57. Only the proper name Saturninus.

No. 58. The *προσκύνημα*, or adoration, of one Dionysias or Dianysia.

No. 59. Balbinianus, prefect and ἀρχιδικαστής, or chief judge, admired Memnon.

Second Section of the Second Part: Latin Inscriptions.

No. 60 presents the following hexameter:—
 Auribus ipse meis cepi, sumpsisque canorem.

Nos. 61, 62, 63, present nothing worth notice.

No. 64 gives the names of M. Herennius Faustus and Julius Fadus, of the seventh cohort.

The following inscriptions, to No. 72 inclusive, the number of the whole which are on the statue, are very short and imperfect, and they only present a few titles of legions and cohorts; they are almost all notices of military visitors.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Miss Mordaunt. On stone, by W. Sharp, from a Drawing by J. Hayter. Dickinson. A GRACEFUL and elegant sketch; and, as far as a theatrical knowledge of the fair original enables us to judge, a good likeness.

Westminster Abbey and St. Margaret's Church. Drawn by O'Connor.

NEATLY executed; but by no means a favourable view of the magnificent and venerable cathedral. This print revives a strong inclination we have frequently felt to endeavour to blow up St. Margaret's church!

England and Wales. From Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R.A. No. IX. Jennings and Chaplin.

MR. TURNER has the rare faculty of communicating to his local views an interest similar to that which Reynolds and Lawrence so frequently communicated to their portraits: he makes pictures of them, highly valuable in themselves, independently of their resemblance to the scenes from which the hint for them has

been derived. "Stamford" and "Alnwick Castle," in the present number, the one under the effect of a violent thunder-storm, the other wrapped in the dun shades of night, are singularly fine examples of his power in that respect.

Views of the Canterbury and Whitstable Railway, taken on the opening Day, May 3, 1830.

Executed in lithography by T. M. Baynes. Canterbury, Ward; London, Tilt.

THE picturesque and the useful seldom have any great analogy. Mr. Baynes has, however, communicated as much of the former quality as appears to have been possible to these two views; which are exceedingly interesting, when contemplated as representing one of those undertakings which will, no doubt, in a few years spread over the whole land, and produce changes that it would at present foil the most active imagination fully to anticipate.

The King. J. D. delt. Dickinson.

A STRIKING and pleasing resemblance of his Majesty, in his favourite pony-chaise. Would that his faithful subjects might have the gratification of again seeing him with such good looks, and enjoying a similar recreation!

Amy Robsart. Drawn on stone by W. Sharp, from an original Painting by G. S. Newton, A.R.A. Dickinson.

WE recollect in our boyish days an old idiotic beggar, "of the north countrie," exceedingly ugly, but of whom, as he was well known in the neighbourhood, an itinerant artist painted a portrait, as a specimen of his abilities. When it was finished, the original gazed at it very attentively for some minutes, and then, turning round with a countenance of great delight, amused the spectators of the scene by the exclamation of, "pretty creature!" Although on perfectly opposite grounds, the same words rose to our lips on the first glance at this sweet little print; "pretty creature!"

The Playfellows. Drawn on stone by W. Sharp, from an original Drawing by John Hayter. Dickinson.

TASTEFULLY executed; but we wish the attention of the boy had been monopolised by his favourite. There is a want of unity in the action; the arm and the countenance have different interests.

A Series of Subjects from the Works of the late R. P. Bonington. Drawn on stone by J. D. Harding. Part III. Carpenter and Son.

THE more we see of Mr. Bonington's works, the more sensible we become of the loss which the arts sustained by his death. The five subjects introduced in the present part of Messrs. Carpenters' most interesting publication, are delightful specimens of his taste and feeling; and the characteristic manner in which they are executed on stone is equally creditable to Mr. Harding.

Priam, the Winner of the Derby Stakes, May 27, 1830. The Property of W. Chiffney. London, published by S. Maunder.

IN our last, on noticing Rowton, we mentioned that the publisher had also announced Priam; but in a race of this kind there is much in the start; and we find from a beautiful and very cheap portrait of this celebrated horse just sent to us, that Mr. Maunder has taken the field so early as to distance all competition. We saw Priam win this famous race; and never, even with eyes inexperienced in these matters, witnessed such fine action in the animal creation. He ran like a well-built and fast-sailing vessel before a favouring breeze;

and like "swift Camilla scoured along the plain" without the appearance of exertion, or the waste of one spring or muscle more than caused him to skim the ground with exquisite grace and rapidity. The accurate portrait of so superior an animal is not only a fit treat for the sporting world, but a thing to be admired by all the lovers of mere beauty: and we would lay eleven to two, therefore, that Priam will be an especial favourite not only for the St. Leger, but for many a tapestried wall, and many a select portfolio.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

JUVENALIA.—NO. III.

WO unto him! who, though the proverb warn,
Sits down in the satiric chair of scorn!
That moment, Villany sets up his howl,
Worse than the Hell-dog's rugged-throated growl

When, by Alcides dragged into the light,
His form obscene stood full exposed to sight.
Wo to the keen Inquisitor of Hearts
Who, even to whispering reeds, the tale imparts!
Even though the deep disdain he mutely feels,
His nostril, looped and buttoned, half reveals!
But should he, with TERRIFIC TRUTH, declare
Aloud, what sinks of sinfulness they are,—
Lo! what a host of human fiends arise!
Hark! what a foul-mouthed din of bestial cries!
Like one who in some ruin gropes his way
Where skulking Owls avoid detective day;
His ears with shrieks, screams, hootings, they
astound, [round!
Whir up the dust, and flap him round and
Thus fares the Satirist! who says but sooth;
For the severest satire now is—*truth*.
No need to polish sentences, like swords,
Nor dip in venom his sharp-pointed words.
Yet, though he but *speak out* what is confest
By each man's conscience smothered in his
breast, [days,

(Some kill the brat that shames them, now-a-
And even to *keep* a conscience is some praise!)
That moment he is wished (devoutly!) dead,
And thousand hard words knock him on the
head;

With missile curses whizzing in his ears,
He sinks to Hades every oath he hears.
Each classic name our City Mermaids quote,
Which swells the Whitefriar linnet's Attic
throat, [rote;

Which parrots, kitchen-bred, have learned by
Each title, from old honour's fount, King Lud,
Which runs the public gutter, slick as mud;
Each rapid epithet of stale abuse,
Unseasoned even by common salt for use;
These, like the boarded Frenchman's savoury
show'r,

On JACK's anointed head, unceasing pour,
To whelm the wight whose cutlass keen and true
Assaults, Iniquity! thy coward crew.

That moment, every fool becomes his foe,
And gnashing teeth grin round in many a row—
The only shining parts that blockheads shew!
Like him who wanders Afric lands unknown,
To find out Niger's head, or lose his own,
And, curious, to some wilderness repairs
Of Monkeys, swinging in their forest chairs;
A sudden squall succeeds to fixt grimace!
And senseless words distort each jabbering face;
Some overhead, the threatening branches shake,
Some through the stems a mask of fury make;
Their fangs they grind with more than human
spite, [not bite!

Throw sticks, hurl nuts, fling dirt,—but dare
Come what come will, Truth shall rebuke the
rout! [shout;

Her sharp, small voice, will rise above their

Their tongues (lithe bows of falsehood!) let
them bend,

And call me any thing—except their friend!
So be my grave my resting-place on Earth,
The scorn my soul is big with shall have birth!
Stand forth, Sir Thomas!—upright, if you can,
And dare assert yourself an *honest man!*

"Honest!"—and yet, without remorse or dread,
Defraud the people of their daily bread!
To save your Country this your sole device,
That corn be kept—just at the starving price!

And you, Sir John!—whose genealogic roots,
Rotten by age, sprout *fungi* and not *fruits*;
You that, erewhile, cried out for blood alone,
French, German, Spanish,—any but your own!
Rabid for fight,—where others were to bleed;
Of victory vain,—where others won the meed;
Promised of war the sinews to supply,
And did!—from every lusty tenant's thigh;
Oped to the general need the public purse,
And put your own five fingers in of course!
Voted large sums for mercenary aid,
And sure! for that, at least, *you* should be paid!
With liberal soul conceded state demands,—
But raised, meanwhile, the rents of all your
lands!

Are you, Sir John! the honest man we seek?—
No!—but perchance we'll catch *white crosses*
next week!

MUSIC.

CIANCHETTINI'S CONCERT.

FEW performers deserve better of the public than Cianchettini; and that this feeling was a general one, his well-attended concert sufficiently proved. Mlle. Blasis sung her best; and La Blache was, as usual, melodious thunder. A solo on the harp, by Miss Gautherot, was played with most brilliant execution, only softened by exquisite taste; and a composition of Cianchettini's own, sung by Donzelli, well merited the immense applause it received.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

WHETHER it be that Terpsichore has triumphantly trampled Euterpe under foot, or that *seeing*, as being nearer the "naked truth," has become more fashionable than *hearing*, we cannot exactly determine; but certes, never were people professing to be "passionately fond of music" less disposed to indulge in the prevailing passion than the thousands who congregated at this theatre during the last week to sleep out operatic performances. Notwithstanding the inimitable representation of *Gli Orsini e Curiazzi* and *Il Turco in Italia*, the merits of the vocalists were quite overlooked. All ears appeared to have been shut; and it was not till auditors were told to become spectators, the *legs Talionis* being in sight, that the very (query, pseudo?) musical multitude could be induced to open their eyes. Previous to the ballet not a hand was heard. All digits were reserved for the dancer's toes; and when Terpsichore stood upon these extreme points, the Bulls in the pit were absolutely roaring with delight, and seemed ready to stand on their heads, if not their horns. What the dilettanti are to do upon the dancer's departure, Laporte only can tell; doubtless the dormant propensities of the musical world.

We had intended to have offered a few rational remarks upon the "borrowed plumes" and huge umbrella bonnets which nightly obstruct the view in the pit of this theatre; but not being exactly in the vein, we shall content ourselves by substituting instead, part of a col-

loquy we happened to overhear on Saturday night; the subject—

A full-blown Dame, filling the fourth stall from the right, attired in pick-black hat, white feathers.

1st Dandy. "Who the deuce can she be?"

2d Dandy. "Don't know—must be an undertaker's wife"

1st Dandy. "I wish you could call her a tailor's wife—I'd borrow Mr. Snip's shears, and clip her feathers as close as her crop."

2d Dandy. "D—d nuisance—people have been indicted for less."

1st Dandy. "I can't stand it any longer—I have not seen a leg of her yet." (*Addressing Dame.*) "I beg your pardon, ma'am: may I request you to doff your wig."

Dame. "My wig, sir! Pray who told you I wore a wig?"

1st Dandy. "Your bonnet, ma'am"—

[*Retaining conversation lost in the Tagliani applause; and a quantity of Opera wit and eloquence buried in oblivion for ever.*]

The new lessee of Drury Lane has appointed Morton reader of plays, vice Fred. Reynolds, who is, we hear, about to make his first appearance as a *novelist*; and if he display as much originality in this character, as he formerly did in that of *dramatist*, his new novel will not, at any rate, prove "caviare to the million."

VARIETIES.

Public Education in France.—The French minister of public instruction has addressed a circular to the heads of the colleges and other public establishments for the education of youth, calling upon them to furnish an account of the system of instruction pursued, and of the food, clothing, and general care of the pupils. This is understood to be preparatory to a reform in all these institutions.

Volcano.—Letters from Sicily give lamentable details of the late eruption of Mount Etna. Eight villages, not one of which was ever before affected by the flames or lava of the volcano, have been buried under enormous masses of stones and cinders. The coasts of Calabria, and some parts of Italy, exposed to the wind, have been covered with the same red dust as the vicinity of Etna. The country round the volcano has been completely desolated.

Vegetable Extract.—In the north of France an excellent extract of the herbs used in soups and broths is made by boiling them very slowly with a sufficient quantity of salt, and afterwards evaporating the fluid. A little of this extract, dissolved with gum arabic in hot water, is said to make capital soup.

Yellow Dye from Potatoes.—A French paper disputes with Sir John Sinclair the honour of having discovered a yellow dye in the potato flower. The discovery is stated to have been made in 1794 by M. Dambourney, a merchant at Rouen, who published a treatise respecting it at the time.

Bread.—Baron Ferrusac states, that there are in Paris 500,000 persons who subsist chiefly on bread, and that an increase in the price of this article, at the rate of one halfpenny per day, makes a difference in the year of 9,125,000 francs.

Cæsarian Operation.—This operation was performed a few days ago in Paris, with complete success, by M. Dubois. At the date of the last account, the mother and child were living, and likely to do well.

Weather.—It is stated, in letters from Berne in Switzerland, that on the 24th of May a large quantity of snow fell in that canton; and the cold was so severe, that the inhabitants were all obliged to light fires.

Earthquake.—A letter from Kisliar, in the Caucasus, dated March 9th, states, that during an earthquake, which had just taken place

there, five hundred persons were buried in the ruins of their houses, or of the temples in which they had taken refuge. One of the mountains opened, and a part of it, which was detached, filled up a rich valley, overwhelming every thing.

Butter.—The *Journal des Connaissances Usuelles* gives an account of the means used in the canton of Issigny to procure excellent butter in winter. The cows are warmly clothed, so as to cause them to calve in the autumn, as it is found that the milk, after this process of nature at that time, becomes more abundant and richer in quantity; and during the severest weather in the winter, they were constantly kept clothed, and fed in the open air, as the taste of the butter is said to be much injured by confinement in the stable. The butter of this district is superior to any other on the continent.

Animalised Bread.—A new kind of bread, called *pain animalisé*, is now manufactured in Paris. It having been found that the gelatine of bones, used for soups, was exceedingly nutritious, it was imagined that if this gelatine could be introduced into bread from potato flour, which is very much less nutritious than wheat flour, the former would be equally pleasant, and even more nutritive than wheat-bread. The experiment has been tried with great success; and beautiful loaves of bread, made in this way, are now sold in Paris, at a much lower price than bread from wheat flour. The gelatine is so purified as to impart no unpleasant flavour; and the potato bread, thus manufactured, is as agreeable as it is wholesome. As a cheap, nutritious, and useful article of food for the poor, the potato bread thus made is unequalled. A large quantity of the biscuit sent out with the African expedition was prepared in this manner.

Human Horns.—At a recent sitting of the Royal Academy of Medicine of Paris, a paper was read relative to two human horns, which were submitted to inspection. One of them, resembling, in every respect, a ram's horn, had grown from a man's thigh, immediately over the great trochanter. The second, which is exactly like the other, grew from the posterior part of the leg of the same individual. The horns were removed, in January last, by a surgeon; and the wounds, being cauterised, healed speedily. They gave no pain or uneasiness.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXXI. June 26.*]

The first volume of Sharpe's Library of the Belles Lettres.—The Anatomy of Society, by Mr. St. John.—An Exposition of the Doctrine of Original Sin, by a Layman.—Mr. Dyce announces the Dramatic Works of Robert Greene, uniform with his editions of Peole and Webster; to which are to be added, the Poems contained in his Prose Tracts; with an Account of the Author and his Writings.—The Journal of a Tour made by Senor Juan de Vega, the Spanish Minstrel of 1828 and 1829, through Great Britain and Ireland: a Character performed by an English Gentleman.—Mr. Ackermann announces a new Annual for 1831, entitled the *Hunnorist*, from the pen of W. H. Harrison, author of "Tales of a Physician;" with wood engravings from drawings by the late Mr. Rowlandson.—Mr. Guy, of Oxford, announces *Geographia Antiqua*, or School Treatise on Ancient Geography.—The Rev. J. Topham announces a small Collection of Prayers, in easy language, for every Day in the Week.—Major Leith Hay is preparing for publication a Narrative of the Peninsular Campaigns, extending over a period of nearly six years' service.—The Elements of the Theory of Mechanics, by the Rev. R. Walker, M.A., Wadham College, Oxford.—Schola Salernitana; a Poem, in Latin rhyme, on the Preservation of Health, by Giovanni di Milano, addressed to Robert of Normandy, son of William the Conqueror; with an Introduction and Notes by Sir Alexander Croke, an English Translation, engravings, &c.—A Translation of Professor Heeren's Works; one of the most valuable gifts that could be offered to English knowledge and literature: *sic ait Ed. L. G.*—Lord Nugent has been for a considerable time engaged upon a work embracing an interesting period of our his-

tory: it is to be entitled, Hampden's Character, Conduct, and Policy, as well as those of the Party with whom he acted. We are assured that the noble author has discovered new traits in the character and conduct of Hampden; and we trust that, not only by his own assiduity and research, but by the communications of literary friends, he may be enabled to illustrate the era he has chosen with much original information.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Oxonians, a Glance at Society, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Gordon's Personal Memoirs, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s. bds.—Kennedy's Conversations on Religion with Lord Byron, 8vo. 12s. bds.—The Young Baronet, 18mo. 2s. hf.-bd.—Vening's Rudiments of Mineralogy, 12mo. 4s. 6d. hf.-bd.—The Orphan's Choice, 18mo. 1s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Petersdorf's Reports, Vol. XIV. royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—The Foreign Exclusives, 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Journal of the Heart, edited by the Author of "Flirtation," post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Wilson's Questions on Luke, 12mo. 3s. 6d. sewed.—The Sailor-Boy, a Novel, 4 vols. 12mo. 1l. 4s. bds.—Hemans' Songs of the Affections, 12mo. 7s. bds.—The Captive of Fez, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Hogg's Chemical and Medical Tables, folio, 4s. 6d. sewed.—Hughes' Divines, Vol. II. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

June.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	
	From	To		
Thursday 17	43.	55.	29.83	29.86
Friday 18	41.	66.	29.74	29.60
Saturday 19	45.	61.	29.53	29.64
Sunday 20	43.	64.	29.55	29.51
Monday 21	41.	66.	29.52	29.45
Tuesday 22	44.	66.	29.39	29.49
Wednesday 23	36.	62.	29.76	29.82

Wind very variable, N.W. and N.E. prevailing. The 17th and 19th generally cloudy, with rain at times: the 19th generally clear, till late in the evening, when it rained. The favourable change in the weather which took place on the 20th, and happening to be "new moon" on the afternoon of the same day, induced persons to commence cutting their grass on the 21st; unfortunately, however, without any second change of the moon, the rain again fell, and continued to do so during the night of the 21st and the greater part of the 22d: the next and this day (24th) have been very favourable to hay-making. Rain fallen, 4 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude..... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. May 1830.

Thermometer—Highest..... 78°
Lowest..... 31
Mean..... 51-05645
Barometer—Highest..... 30.03
Lowest..... 29.04
Mean..... 29-60677

Number of days of rain, 11.
Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 3.75.
Winds.—5 East—9 West—4 North—2 North-east—1 South-east—6 South-west—2 South-west.

General Observations.—The month was not so warm as in the last two years, although the maximum was much greater than usual, and the range 47 degrees: the barometer has not been so low in the month of May since 1827, as respects the extremes—but the mean was less than last year: the quantity of rain remarkably great, being much more than in any of the corresponding months of the last seven years, and more than seven times as much as in May 1829. On the 21st thunder was heard about midnight, attended by vivid lightning: there was also a slight thunder-storm on the 23d, about 3 p.m., with very heavy rain: large hail fell on the 30th. In the afternoon, during a squall, with thunder and some lightning. The evaporation, 0,46875 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

¶ We beg to refer particularly to the two very important papers to literature and to science which will be found under our reports of the Royal Society of Literature and the College of Physicians: the former most interesting in regard to the gradual light which is breaking upon ancient Egyptian history; and the other to the pathology and cure of that appalling disorder, hydrophobia, which is at present so anxious a subject with the public at large. We cannot do what Hint, jun. advises.

A Constant Reader suggests that old English ecclesiastical architecture would be far more eligible for a national cemetery and Christian burial-ground than the imitation of heathen temples.

"Amicus" is little acquainted with the provincial press to fancy such a matter as he mentions worthy of notice. If true, the paragraph could only be considered a confession of folly; and if false, that the Editor of such a Journal was equally unfit to give public information.

To Captain Blakiston's communication, all that we shall at present say is, that he seems to have made a very loose bargain in the first instance, and afterwards to have shewn as much impatience as his publishers did dilatoriness in replying to his letters. This dilatoriness is a grievous fault, and is often visited as severely as absolute wrong. The price given appears to us to have been liberal; and the edition of 1500 fair, considering the expense and risk.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE WEST OF SCOTLAND THIRD EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF LIVING ARTISTS will open this Season, on the 9th of August. Works of Art intended for this Exhibition will be received from the 15th till the 31st July.

C. HUTCHESON, Secretary.

Exhibition Rooms, Argyll Arcade, Glasgow, June, 1830.

SCULPTURE—TAM O'SHANTER. SOUTHER JOHNNY, the LANDLORD and LANDLADY.—These Statues, executed by Mr. JAMES THOM, the self-taught Sculptor, are now Exhibiting at No. 98, Old Bond Street. Admittance One Shilling.

GENERAL CEMETERY COMPANY. Capital, £200,000, in Shares of £25 each.

Provisional Trustees:

Lord Viscount Milton, Andrew Spottiswoode, Esq., M.P. Sir John Dean Paul, Bart., George Frederick Carden, Esq.

A General Meeting of the Shareholders of the General Cemetery Company (to which the Public are invited) will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Monday, the 5th of July, at Twelve for One o'Clock. The Officers of the Company will be there elected by the Subscribers.

Provisional Committee.—(Shareholders.)

The Marquess Wellesley, Robert Walter Carden, Esq. Lord Viscount Milton, Geo. Frederick Carden, Esq. Sir John Dean Paul, Bart., John S. Clarke, Esq. Sir Robert Price, M.P., John Fairlie, Esq. Andrew Spottiswoode, Esq., Edward Esq., Esq. M.P., John Griffith, Esq. The Hon. Wm. Booth Grey, George Robert Paul, Esq. Col. Sir Henry Pynn, Henry Augustus Pugin, Esq. Col. Kyrie Money, William Kothery, Esq. Major William Henry Newton, Robert Wm. Sievier, Esq. Rev. James Harris, Thomas Walpole, Esq. John Thos. Barber Beaumont, Esq. Benjamin Wilson, Esq. Benjamin Wyatt, Esq.

Shares may now be had of the Bankers, Messrs. Snow, Paul, and Paul, Temple Bar Without.

Prospectuses and every information may be obtained of the Bankers of London, Esq. the Treasurer, 3, Inner Temple Lane; and of the Secretary, C. B. BOWMAN, 18, Milk Street, Cheapside.

Just completed,

THE PASSES OF THE ALPS. By WILLIAM BROCKEDON.

Containing above One Hundred Plates. The price of the Work, in 2 vols. bound in cloth and lettered, imperial 8vo. 10s.; royal 4to. Proofs, 15s.; ditto, India paper, 20s.; Proofs before the letters, imperial 4to. 30s.; ditto, with Etchings, 40s.; colombier folio, with Etchings, 60s. To be had of the Author, 29, Devonshire Street, Queen Square; Rodwell, New Bond Street; and all other Booksellers. Early application is necessary to secure Proof Impressions of the Work.

PRIAM, Winner of the Derby Stakes at Epsom, 1830.

S. and J. FULLER most respectfully inform the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Turf and the Sporting World, that a fine Print of Priam, the Winner of the Derby Stakes at Epsom, 1830, from a Painting by J. F. Herring, of Doncaster, by permission and under the Patronage of Mr. Chifley, to whom this Print will be dedicated, will shortly be published. The Painting is now ready for the Inspection of the Subscribers, at their Sporting Gallery, 24, Rathbone Place, where the whole of those celebrated Horses, the Winners of the Great St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, are published, from Pudo da Fata to the present Portrait of Rooster, with Mameluke, Gadland, Frederick, Bevy Bedlam, and Doctor Syntax.

FOR SALE BY AUCTION.—Beautiful Works of Art, etc. Property of Mr. B. COOKE, of Soho Square. By Messrs. SLOUGHGATE, GRIMSTON, and WELLS, at their Rooms, 22, FLEET STREET, on Monday, July 8th, and Six following Days, (Sunday excepted), at One o'Clock precisely each Day; being the First Portion of Mr. W. B. Cooke's extensive Stock, and valuable Collection of Engravings, well worthy the Attention of the Collector and Amateur, consisting of choice and brilliant Proofs, before the Letters, of the following splendid Works:—Pompeii—Scenes of Art, Views in the South of France, and on the River Rhone—River Scenery, by Turner and Girtin—Views in Russia, by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—Beauties of Claude, &c. &c. At the same time will be disposed of the entire Remainders of the Stock, and the whole of the Copper and Steel Plates of the above Works, together with their Copyrights. The Collection comprises also a great Variety of Framed and Gilted Prints, &c. &c. all in the finest condition.

The Sale of the second Portion will take place on Monday July 19th, and Seven following Days (Sunday excepted), at One o'Clock precisely each Day. * * * May be viewed, and Catalogues had, Three Days prior to the Sale.

MR. BROSTER is removing from 3, Lower Belgrave Street, Belgrave Square, to his Residence, Brook Lodge, near Chester, where he receives Two Pupils, to instruct in his discovered System for the removal of Impediments of Speech; including Lisp, unpleasant Enunciation, &c. as well as affording a facility and ease in "Public Reading and Speaking,"—precluding the Distress, Fatigue, and Embarrassment often attendant on such exertions. Most satisfactory Cases can be referred to.

Mr. Broster is engaged to give "One Course of Instruction" during the Summer, in Dublin.

PRIVATE TUITION.—A Graduate of Cambridge is desirous of devoting his leisure Hours to the Instruction of Private Pupils in Classics or Mathematics. Gentlemen preparing for the University, or Parents desiring that their Sons should have the benefit of Private Tuition, without their Sons should have the benefit of Private Tuition, without Board, &c. would find this a very favourable opportunity.

Direct, post-paid, A. E. O. General Post Office, 949, High Holborn.

TO THE ADMIRERS OF THE FINE ARTS.—Persons desirous of making Collections of Drawings and of valuable Specimens for Albums, may procure genuine and authentic Drawings from the Old Masters, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Apply to Mr. Coinaghi, Cockspur Street.

MUSIC.

NEW VOCAL MUSIC, by Mrs. R. ARK-WRIGHT, the Hon. Mrs. C. E. NORTON, Mrs. H. S. BLACKWOOD, and THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

A Set of Six Ancient Spanish Ballads, Historical and Romantic. The Words by John Lockhart, Esq., the Music by Mrs. Robert Arkwright. Price 12s. Containing "Xarifa," or the Bridal of Andalus; The Lamentation of Don Rodrigo; The Avenging Child; The Land I love; Lady Aida's Dream; The Song of the Galley.

A Set of Ten Songs and Two Duets, the Words and Music by the Hon. Mrs. C. E. Norton and Mrs. H. S. Blackwood. Price 15s. Containing:

They bid me forget thee! But thou! O sing no more! The Patry Bells The Change The Mother's Lament Chacta's Lament for Atala The Land I love By-gone Hours! I have left my quiet Home For the sake of those who are gone To-morrow

A Set of Legendary Ballads, the Poetry by Thomas Moore, Esq. Arranged, with Symphonies and Accompaniments, by Henry R. Bishop, and embellished with Illustrations. Price 3s. Containing:

The Voice Cupid and Psyche Hero and Leander The Leaf and the Fountain Cephalus and Procris Youth and Age The dying Warrior The magic Mirror The Pilgrim The high-born Lads The Indian Boat The Stranger.

Published by J. Power, 34, Strand.

FREDERICK KIRKMAN, Son of the late Mr. JOSEPH KIRKMAN, of No. 19, Broad Street, Golden Square, Grand Piano-Forte Maker to His Majesty, begs leave most respectfully to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and his Friends, that he has succeeded to the Business of his late Father. He intends to continue the same on the Old Premises as above, which have been in the possession of his Family for upwards of a Century, and invites an Inspection of his choice Assortment of Instruments of every Description, ready for immediate Sale.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

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Dublin Literary Gazette.
 On Monday, June 26th, will be published in London, No. XXVI. of **THE DUBLIN LITERARY GAZETTE;** or, Weekly Chronicle of Criticism, Belles Lettres, and Fine Arts. Price 3d.

It has been resolved to alter the form of this publication, on the completion of the 26th Number, which closes the first Half-year. In future it will be published monthly, under the title of the *Dublin Literary Gazette and National Magazine*, price 2s. 6d. It will thus contain a greater quantity and variety of matter, and at a much lower price, as it will no longer be subject to stamp duty. For the high character which the *Dublin Literary Gazette* has already attained, the Proprietors are happy to refer to the whole periodical press of Great Britain and Ireland. For the ability and regularity with which the *National Magazine* will be conducted, the best pledge they can offer is the fact, that its management is confided to the same Editor who has hitherto conducted the *D. L. G.*; and that in no one instance has a Number of that Journal ever been a single hour late in appearing than the time advertised in the prospectus. The First Number of the *Dublin Literary Gazette and National Magazine* will be published in London on Monday, July 5. No. II. for the Month of August, will be published on the last day of July, and every succeeding No. on the last day of the Month. Complete Sets of the *D. L. G.* in its weekly form, may be had any day after this week, of Messrs. Hurst, Chance, and Co. St. Paul's Churchyard; and of all London Booksellers.

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THE JOURNAL of a TOUR made by SENOR JUAN DE VEGA, the Spanish Minister of 1828 and 1829, through Great Britain and Ireland: a Chapter performed by an English Gentleman, and the whole composed in two octavo volumes, and will be accompanied with a Portrait of the Author in the Dress he wore during this undertaking, drawn by John Hayter, and lithographed by W. Sharpe. Printing for W. Simpkin and W. Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court, London.
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FRASER'S MAGAZINE for Town and Country, price 2s. 6d. The July Number will be published on Thursday next.
 Contents: The Desperate System; Poverty, Crime, and Emigration—The Dead; by L. E. L.—The Physicians and the Patients—The Young and the Dragon; by Robert Southey, Esq.—The Lays of Ossian; by the Ettrick Shepherd—East India Question, No. III.—Evening, after a Picture by Schiller—The Wounded Spirit; by D. M. Moir—Animal Magnetism—Letter from Sir Morgan O'Sherry, Bart.—Review of the *Reprover* of Brutus—An Epitaph on Webster's Travels, and Burckhardt's Arabic Proverbs—Poem to his Critics—The Farewell of the Galleries of Illustrious Literary Characters, No. II.: Thos. Campbell, Esq. Editor of the "New Monthly," being a full-length Portrait, with Biographical Notice—Colonial Question—Escher Hibern and Moses—And why should I dream? by Miss Leveson—Robert Montgomery and his Critics—The Farewell of the Galleries—Thoughts on the Wellington Administration—Election of Editor—List of New Publications—Literary Intelligence, &c. &c.
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SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH'S HISTORY of ENGLAND, Vol. I. price 6s. will be published July 1.

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No. 702.—AMERICAN EDITION.

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1830.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Cabinet Cyclopaedia; conducted by the Rev. D. Lardner, LL.D., &c. &c. No. 8. Vol. I. of the *History of England*, by Sir James Mackintosh, M.P. 8vo. pp. 332. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

OUR anticipations of this volume were certainly very highly raised, and, unlike such anticipations in general, they have not been disappointed. A philosophical spirit, a nervous style, and a full knowledge of the subject, acquired by considerable research into the works of preceding chroniclers and historians, eminently distinguish this popular abridgment, and cannot fail to recommend it to universal approbation. With so many and such sterling claims to our praise, its nature, however, does not impose upon us the duty of being very profuse in our extracts to illustrate the merits to which we have alluded. General character is sufficient where the ground has been so often trodden before; and yet we must, in justice to the vigorous and accomplished author, shew our readers how amply he has deserved the tribute which we have the pleasure to pay to his labours.

A vignette of John signing Magna Charta, by P. Martin after H. Corbould, is an appropriate porch to the literary fabric; an advertisement briefly explaining the writer's views, and an introduction throwing a glance over the earliest state of society among the European races, lead us to the British and Roman period; and thence we are conducted through the various revolutions of the country to the year 1451, when under our feeble sixth Henry the English were finally expelled from France. The general reflections upon this epoch offer a fair example of Sir James Mackintosh's performance.

"A historian (he observes) who rests for a little space between the termination of the Plantagenet wars in France and the commencement of the civil wars of the two branches of that family in England, may naturally look around him, reviewing some of the more important events which had passed, and casting his eye onward to the then unmarked preparations for the mighty mutations which were to affect the relations of states towards each other, their internal rule and condition, and to produce an influence on the character and lot of the European, and even of the human race. A very few particulars only can be selected as specimens from so vast a mass. The foundations of the political system of the European commonwealth were now laid. A glance over the map of Europe in 1453 will satisfy an observer that the territories of different nations were then fast approaching to the shape and extent which they retain at this day. The English islanders had only one town of the continent remaining in their hands. The Mahometans of Spain were on the eve of being reduced under the Christian authority. Italy had, indeed, lost her liberty, but had escaped the ignominy of a foreign yoke. Muscovy was

emerging from the long domination of the Tatars. Venice, Hungary, and Poland, three states now placed under foreign masters, then guarded the eastern frontier of Christendom against the Ottoman barbarians, whom the absence of foresight, of mutual confidence, and a disregard of safety and honour which disgraced western governments, had just suffered to master Constantinople and to subjugate the eastern Christians. France had consolidated the greater part of her central and commanding territories. In the transfer of the Netherlands to the house of Austria originated the French jealousy of that power, then rising into importance in south-eastern Germany. The empire was daily becoming a looser confederacy under a nominal ruler whose small remains of authority every day contributed to lessen. The internal or constitutional history of the European nations threatened in almost every continental country the fatal establishment of absolute monarchy, from which the free and generous spirit of the northern barbarians did not protect their degenerate posterity. In the Netherlands, an ancient gentry, and burghers enriched by traffic, held their still limited princes in check. In Switzerland, the patricians of a few towns, together with the gallant peasantry of the Alpine valleys, escaped a master. But parliaments and diets, states-general and cortes, were gradually disappearing from view, or reduced from august assemblies to insignificant formalities; and Europe seemed on the eve of exhibiting nothing to the disgusted eye but the dead uniformity of imbecile despotism, dissolute courts, and cruelly oppressed nations. In the mean time the almost unobserved advancement and diffusion of knowledge were paving the way for discoveries of which the high results will be contemplated only by unborn ages. The mariner's compass had conducted the Portuguese to distant points on the coast of Africa, and was about to lead them through the unploughed ocean to the famous regions of the east. Civilised men, hitherto cooped up on the shores of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, now visited the whole of their subject planet, and became its more undisputed sovereigns. The man* was then born who, with two undecked boats and one frail sloop, containing with difficulty a hundred and twenty persons, dared to stretch across an unpassing ocean, which had hitherto bounded the imaginations as well as the enterprises of men; and who, instead of that India renowned in legend and in story, of which he was in quest, laid open a new world, which under the hands of the European race was one day to produce governments, laws, manners, modes of civilisation, and states of society, almost as different as its native plants and animals from those of ancient Europe. Who could then—who can even now—foresee all the prodigious effects of these discoveries on the fortunes of mankind? The moment was fast approaching, though unseen by civil and

* Columbus, born 1441, or earlier according to Mr. W. Irving."

spiritual rulers, when a Saxon monk was to proclaim (without his own knowledge, and against his opinions) the right of every man to think for himself on all subjects—the increasing duty of exercising that right in proportion to the sacredness and awfulness of the subject—the injustice and tyranny of all laws which forbid men to aid their judgment by discussion, and to disclose to others what they prized as invaluable truths. The discovery of the free exercise of reason, thus unconsciously and undesignedly made, was the parent of every other invention and improvement; but it could not have been, perhaps, effected at that time without another occurrence, which strikingly illustrates the contrast between the lasting and the momentary importance of the facts which affect the temporary greatness of single states, and those advances in civilisation in which the whole race of man partakes."

From the close of the book we are inclined to leap back all the way to its commencement for our next extract:—one in which the author states the purpose he has thus far so ably fulfilled.

"The object at which I have aimed is, to lay before the reader a summary of the most memorable events in English history, in regular succession, together with an exposition of the nature and progress of our political institutions clear enough for educated and thinking men, with as little reasoning or reflection as the latter part of the object to which I have just adverted will allow, and with no more than that occasional particularity which may be needed to characterise an age or nation—to lay open the workings of the minds who have guided their fellow-men; and, most of all, to strengthen the moral sentiments by the exercise of them on all the personages conspicuous in history. I am fearful that I shall be thought to have said too much for one class of readers, and too little for another, on the history of our government and laws. I can only offer in excuse, that the characteristic quality of English history is, that it stands alone as the history of the progress of a great people towards liberty during six centuries; that it does not appear reasonable to lose sight of this extraordinary distinction in any account of it, however compressed; that the statement offered here, short as it must be, may much facilitate the right understanding of more recent controversies and changes; and, lastly, that a writer, however much he is to curb his peculiarities and guard against his most frequent faults, must at the same time bear in mind that there are some parts of every extensive subject for which nature and habit have less unfitted him than for others. If in this case I have indulged my own taste too much while walking on a path by me before untrodden, I may reasonably hope that experience will enable me to avoid that excess in the sequel of my undertaking. It is now apparent that the work cannot be confined within the limits first announced to the public. How far it may be found necessary to extend them, is a matter on which it

will require the experience of at least another volume to warrant me in venturing publicly on a more specific declaration."

We cannot do better than select for our ensuing exemplification one of those passages to which the writer alludes, as likely to be thought too much by one, and too little by another class of his readers; and we look to the great struggle between church and state, which took place in the reign of Henry II.

"Thomas-à-Becket, the hero and martyr of the ecclesiastical party, was the son of a citizen of London, as ancient chroniclers tell us, by a Saracen lady, under circumstances which, however repugnant to the course of ordinary life, must have been probably more than once combined in the crusades. Gilbert, his father, made an expedition to the Holy Land, probably not without some views to his calling as a trader. He, and his only attendant, Richard, were made prisoners by a Mussulman emir, whose daughter they were permitted sometimes to see; a permission which loses much of its improbability, if we suppose that he was employed in procuring European ornaments for her, and was allowed to see a lady so exalted above him from a mixture of convenience and contempt. She asked him about his religion, and whether he was ready to risk his life for his God. 'To die,' he answered. 'Then,' said she, 'let us escape together.' He could not refuse. Either his courage left him, or the attempt failed. He escaped with safer companions. She afterwards broke her prison; and by the repetition of the word

"London," found her way so cleverly by sea, that she had no difficulty in passing through the Channel, and reaching the coast of France, where she was met by a merchant vessel, in which she was conveyed to the city of London. Her father, who was at that time in Syria, on his return, and on the coast of Syria, was informed of her adventures, and she was recognised by the faithful Richard, baptised with the royal name of Matilda, married to her Gilbert, and she became the mother of Thomas-à-Becket. This child of love and wonder was beautiful, brave, lively, even lettered; and we must not wonder that he plunged into the parade and dissipation of the noble companions who condescended to receive him among their friends. He appears to have been originally made provost of Beverly, before Theobald had prevailed on the king to make him archdeacon of Canterbury, and subsequently chancellor. His manners and occupations, his pursuits, his amusements, were eminently worldly. When Henry told him, that he was to be archbishop of Canterbury, he smiled at the metamorphosis: when spoken to more earnestly, he appears to have agreed with all other men in thinking, that the choice could only have arisen from Henry's confidence in him as a blind instrument in his expected contests with the church. Honour alone was, perhaps, enough to call up a sudden blush at so degrading a reliance. 'Do not appoint me, sir, I entreat you. You place me in the only office in which I may be obliged no longer to be your friend.' Thus far his deportment was manly; what followed is more ambiguous. He immediately dismissed his splendid train, cast off his magnificent apparel, abandoned sports and revels, and lived with fewer attendants, coarser clothes, and scantier food, than suited the dignity of his station. That extraordinary changes suddenly manifest themselves, especially in a lofty and susceptible spirit like that of Becket, is certainly true; and it is evident, on a merely human view of the subject, that personal honour might have

quickly revived the sense of professional decorum, and led rapidly to the simple conclusion, that the only sure way of appearing to be good is by being so in truth. A man of decisive character might seek to secure himself from relapse by flying to the opposite extreme in his outward deportment. It is not to be certainly pronounced, that either the subsequent violence of his policy, or the gross inconsistency of some parts of his conduct with his professions, decisively excludes the milder construction of his motives. Moderation is the best pledge of sincerity, but excess is no positive proof of hypocrisy. Though those who suddenly change the whole system of their conduct have most need of candour, they are by no means at all times the foremost to practise it. But the conduct of Becket has too much the appearance of being the policy of a man who foresaw that he was about to carry on war, as the leader of a religious party; and that it was necessary for him to assume that ostentation of sternness, and display of austerity, which the leaders of such parties have ever found to be the most effectual means of securing the attachment of the people, and of inflaming their passions against the common enemy. Religion might even acquire a place in his mind which she had not before; but it was so alloyed by worldly passions, that it is impossible for us to trust on any occasion to the purity of his motives. The common objects of vulgar ambition were undoubtedly sacrificed by Becket. He lost high office and unbounded favour. He preferred to them dominion over the minds of men, and the applause of the whole lettered part of Europe. In the year 1163, the hostilities between church and state began. Many instances of the most scandalous impunity of atrocious crimes, perpetrated by ecclesiastics, had lately occurred. The king, incensed by these examples, which he justly imputed to the exemption of the clergy from trial before the secular courts, while the ecclesiastical tribunals to whom they were subject had no power to inflict capital, or, indeed, any adequate punishment, called together a great council at Westminster, and required the bishops to renounce for their clergy an impunity as dishonourable to themselves as inconsistent with order and law. He required that every clerk taken in the act of committing an enormous crime, who was convicted of it, or had confessed it, should be degraded and forthwith delivered over to secular officers for the purpose of condign punishment. Finding it difficult to obtain this moderate demand, he tried to obtain the same object in less offensive language. He asked if they were ready to observe the customs and prerogatives of Henry I.? The archbishop answered, 'Yes; saving the rights and privileges of their order;'—one of those reservations which seem specious till it be discovered that they destroy the concession to which they are annexed. The king left them with just displeasure:—they followed him to Woodstock, where they assented to the demand without any saving of the rights of their order. The archbishop was not persuaded to follow his brethren till the last moment. Henry then called a general council at Clarendon, about the end of January, 1164, to give the form of law and the weight of national assent to the moderate concessions which the clergy had made to good order and public justice. The assembly at Clarendon seems to have been the most considerable of those which met under the title of the Great or Common Council of the Realm since the Norman invasion. They were not yet called by the name of a parliament. But whatever difficulty may

exist concerning the qualifications of their constituent members, there is no reason to doubt that the fulness of legislative authority was exercised by the king only when he was present in such national assemblies, and acted with their advice and consent. The king made his propositions to the parliament in the form most inoffensive to the church, as a recognition and affirmation of the customs and liberties observed in the time of his predecessors, especially of the late king; which, however disregarded in practice, yet by force of the comprehensive clause restoring the Saxon laws, might be easily made to extend to the concessions he had required from the clergy."

On Becket's death the following remarks occur.

"Thus perished a man of extraordinary abilities and courage, turbulent and haughty indeed; without amiable virtues, but also without mean vices; who doubtless believed that he was promoting the reign of justice by subjecting the men of blood to the ministers of religion; but who was neither without ambition nor above the vulgar means of pursuing his objects. That Henry did not intend the murder of Becket, may be concluded from the legal hostilities which were in contemplation against him, and from a confidence that so sagacious a monarch must have foreseen much of the mischief which this atrocious deed actually brought on him. It is deserving of observation, how many murders were perpetrated in churches in those ages, when they sheltered the worst criminals from justice. Since the period when they are considered with reasonable respect, and have ceased to enjoy a discreditable immunity, they have also ceased to be the theatre of such bloody scenes."

The subjoined refers to another most important era—the gradual formation of the English House of Commons.

"On the 6th of August, 1265, a fierce and cruel battle was fought at Evesham, between prince Edward and the Earl of Leicester. The king, who was then a prisoner in the hands of Leicester, is said to have been brought into the field. The Welsh auxiliaries in Leicester's army are charged (but by English writers) with breaking the line by a disorderly flight on the first onset. In attempting to rouse the valour of his troops, which this example had damped, by rushing into the midst of the enemy, Leicester was surrounded and slain: his army was totally defeated, with great slaughter both of the leaders and of the soldiery. His body was, after being mangled and mutilated in a manner to which the decency of a civilised age forbids a more distinct allusion, laid before the lady of Roger Lord Mortimer, as a sight grateful to her humanity and delicacy. 'His hands and feet were cut from the body, and sent to several places.' His memory was long revered by the people as one who died a martyr to the liberties of the realm. During the vigorous reign which ensued, the popular feeling was suppressed. In the next generation, when the public feeling could be freely uttered, he was called 'Sir Simon the Righteous.' Miracles were ascribed to him, and the people murmured at canonisation being withheld from their martyr. He died unconscious of the imperishable name which he acquired by an act which he probably considered as of very small importance,—the summoning a parliament, of which the lower house was composed, as it has ever since been formed, of knights of the shires, and members for cities and boroughs. He thus unknowingly determined that England was to be a free country; and he was the blind instrument of disclosing

to the world that great institution of representation which was to introduce into popular governments a regularity and order far more perfect than had heretofore been purchased by submission to absolute power, and to draw forth liberty from confinement in single cities to a fitness for being spread over territories which, experience does not forbid us to hope, may be as vast as have ever been grasped by the iron gripe of a despotic conqueror. The origin of so happy an innovation is one of the most interesting objects of inquiry which occurs in human affairs; but we have scarcely any positive information on the subject: for our ancient historians, though they are not wanting in diligently recording the number and the acts of national assemblies, describe their composition in a manner too general to be instructive; and take little note of novelty or peculiarity in the constitution of that which was called by the Earl of Leicester. That assembly met at London on the 22d of January, 1265, according to writs still extant, and the earliest of their kind known to us, directing 'the sheriffs to elect and return two knights for each county; two citizens for each city; and two burgesses for every burg in the county.' If this assembly be supposed to be the same which is vested with the power of granting supply by the Great Charter of John, the constitution must be thought to have undergone an extensive, though unrecorded, revolution in the somewhat inadequate space of only fifty years, which had elapsed since the capitulation of Runnymede: for in the Great Charter we find the tenants of the crown in chief alone expressly mentioned as forming with the prelates and peers the common council for purposes of taxation; and even they seem to have been required to give their personal attendance, the important circumstances of election and representation not being mentioned in the treaty with John. Neither does it contain any stipulation of sufficient distinctness applicable to cities and boroughs, for which the charter provides no more than the maintenance of their ancient liberties. Probable conjecture is all that can now be expected respecting the rise and progress of these changes. It is, indeed, beyond all doubt, that by the constitution, even as subsisting under the early Normans, the great council shared the legislative power with the king, as clearly as the parliament have since done. But these great councils do not seem to have contained members of popular choice; and the king, who was supported by the revenue of his demesnes, and by dues from his military tenants, does not appear at first to have imposed, by legislative authority, general taxes to provide for the security and good government of the community. These were abstract notions, not prevalent in ages when the monarch was a lord paramount rather than a supreme magistrate. Many of the feudal perquisites had been arbitrarily augmented, and oppressively levied. These the Great Charter, in some cases, reduced to a certain sum; while it limited the period of military service itself. With respect to scutages and aids, which were not capable of being reduced to a fixed rate, the security adopted was, that they should never be legal, unless they were assented to at least by the majority of those who were to pay them. Now these were not the people at large, but the military tenants of the crown, who are accordingly the only persons entitled to be present at the great council to be holden for taxation. Very early, however, talliages had been exacted by the crown from those who were not military tenants; and this imposition daily grew in im-

portance with the relaxation of the feudal tenures, and the increasing opulence of towns. The attempt of the barons to include talliage, and even the vague mention of the privileges of burghs, are decisive symptoms of this silent revolution. But the generally feudal character of the charter and the main objects of its framers prevailed over that premature but very honest effort of the barons. The following general observations may, perhaps, throw some light on the transition by which the national assembly passed from an aristocratical legislature, representing, perhaps not inadequately, the opinions of all who could have exercised political rights if they had then possessed them; through the stage of a great council, of which the popular portion consisted of all tenants in chief who had the power and the desire to attend such meetings; and at last terminated in a parliament, of which members chosen by the lesser nobility, by the landholders, and by the industrious inhabitants of towns, were a component part. With respect to the elections for counties, the necessary steps are few and simple. The appointment of certain knights to examine and redress the grievances in their respective counties, was likely to be the first advance. The instances of such nomination in the thirteenth century were probably, in some measure, copied from more ancient precedents, overlooked by the monkish historians. It is scarcely to be doubted that, before the Great Charter of John, the king had employed commissioners to persuade the gentry of the provinces to pay the scutages and aids, which, though their general legality was unquestionable, were sure to be often in arrear. They were, doubtless, armed with power to compromise and to facilitate payment by an equitable distribution of the burden among the military tenants. It is a short step from this state of things to direct the inferior military tenants of the whole kingdom to send deputies to the capital, empowered to treat with the crown respecting these contributions on general and uniform principles. The distinction made by the charter between the greater barons, who were personally summoned, and the smaller barons, who were only warned to attend by general proclamation, pointed out very obviously the application to the latter of the principle of representation, by which alone they could retain any influence over the public councils. The other great change, namely, the admission of all who held land from any lord mesne or paramount, not by a base tenure, to vote in the election of knights of the shire, has been generally regarded as inexplicable. Considerable light has lately been thrown upon it by one of the most acute and learned of our constitutional antiquaries. It is universally agreed, and, indeed, demonstrated by the most early writs, that the suitors at the county court became afterwards the voters at county elections. It is now proved that numerous free tenants of mesne lords, in every county of England, did suit and service at county courts, certainly in the reigns of Henry III. and of Edward I.; probably in times so ancient, that we can see no light beyond them. As soon, therefore, as the suitors acquired votes, the whole body of the freeholders became the constituents in counties. Some part of the same process may be traced in the share of representation conferred on towns."

Our remaining notice must be more brief than we could desire, looking at the very interesting parts which present themselves to us as eligible for selection. In describing the battle of Crecy, we notice that Sir James follows the

common story, and ascribes the Prince of Wales' assumption of the motto *Ich dien* to his having slain the King of Bohemia with his own hand; a fact of which we expressed a doubt in our recent review of the Anglo-Gallic Coins, and a doubt to which we still adhere, in spite of this new authority. It would perhaps be too much to expect from the author of a history like this, that he should give the toil of minute inquiry into every mere point which has been contraverted; but the fame of our hero Edward ought not to be stained upon the allegations of the enemies whom his valour humbled. The fable or romance of Eustace St. Pierre and the citizens of Paris is also told at this era, without any question of its historical truth: and the glorious battle of Poitiers is very shortly dismissed, without adverting to recent lights thrown on that memorable victory. We have only farther to add, respecting insulated events, that Sir James Mackintosh does not yield his belief to Mr. Fraser Tytler's theory of the residence of Richard II. in Scotland after his deposition.

A curious table of the Anglo-Saxon population is appended to the volume, of which we now take leave; hardly caring to repeat our recommendation of it to that popularity which it is so sure to enjoy as a model of history.

Southennan. By John Galt, Esq., author of "Lawrie Todd," "Annals of the Parish," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

Who is not read in fairy love? and who will not recollect that there are some spirits all powerful in their own domain, but weak and subdued when beyond their own enchanted territory? Some such spirit is surely Mr. Galt's inspiration; and historic fiction is the running stream which puts a boundary to his magic, and over which he cannot pass. Public opinion has in this confirmed our own: while the *Annals of the Parish*, *Lawrie Todd*, &c., are in every body's hands, the volumes, of all others in the circulating libraries, which "see a deal of service"—the *Spac Wife* and *Rothallan* are consigned to more than comparative obscurity. For humour blent with pathos, for giving intense individuality to an oddity, for those slight touches—a phrase, a thought—which are to a book what breath is to the body, that which is its life—Mr. Galt is unrivalled. How is it, then, that his historic romances are cold, uninteresting, deficient in character and dramatic power? We are inclined thus to solve the difficulty. We do not think that either imagination or invention are with him very creative powers; he requires to see, in order to describe, which he will do to perfection; he requires a hint how to act, a face from which to draw his likeness, a living material on which he may work: in short, why *Lawrie Todd* is the first of its class, and *Southennan* so low, is, that Mr. Galt has lived in America, seen American people; whereas he certainly did not live in Queen Mary's time, and has only read about her courtiers: he possesses the rare and graphic talent of reality, but not that of romance. *Southennan*, the ostensible hero, is a nonentity; and the heroine only remarkable for the violence of her first love, and the quiet, easy manner she recovers from the most desperate grief to marry another—nothing can be more abrupt or unnatural than the transition. Again: we rather suppose the author means us to be interested for Mary; but he has contrived, and we think unconsciously, to make the sacrifice of Chatelard one of the most heartless, calculating pieces of self-security of which woman

complete adept in swimming, even before he becomes acquainted with the letters of the alphabet. From the nature of his profession he is in continual peril of suffering wreck; and the necessity of the above-mentioned advantage is obvious. The elder Beckner was fully aware of the truth of this assertion, and would not neglect so desirable a requisite in a seaman. No sooner had little Beckner issued from the cradle, and begun to move about, than his father applied himself to give him lessons in swimming. It is surprising of what human nature is capable when its powers are properly cultivated and called into exercise. The experience not only of danger, but of an unpleasant sensation, which causes so much pain and terror in little children, was undergone by Beckner with all the indifference of a full-grown man. His father used to cast him into the waves almost before he could speak — then, supporting him with one arm, he began to teach him how to move his little legs and arms. By this early application the pupil became such a proficient in the art, that in the fourth year of his age he was able to follow, by swimming, the vessel in which his parent served, to an astonishing distance. His father kept an active eye upon him, and when he perceived that the child began to be overcome with fatigue, would plunge into the sea after him, and bring him back to the vessel. At other times, when the little fellow did not appear much exhausted, a rope was thrown to him, by the aid of which he very briskly climbed up the side of the ship. In a short time Beckner became useful aboard; he was so hardy, active, and free from all sense of fear, that in the midst of the most tempestuous weather he did his duty about the vessel with perfect unconcern. In the dreadful conflict of the elements, when the wind howled furiously, tearing the unfurled canvass, and the rain fell in torrents, the hardy boy was to be seen actively at work, neither daunted by the gloomy aspect of the storm, nor by the hardships it imposed. He climbed up the masts with astonishing facility; and in the midst of the raging tempest, when the vessel was tossed about on the broad bosom of the sea, he might be observed perched on the top of the mast, or entangled in the rigging, in the same apparent tranquillity and indifference as might be shewn by a person viewing the storm from under cover, in complete safety and comfort. Severe and hardy education is the most apt to prepare men for heroic deeds and magnanimous resignation. In the present state of society, persons are prompted to deem rude and barbarous that system of education which confers decided benefits on our moral and physical qualities; but the lessons of experience should teach us the justice of the above statement. Little Beckner was brought up indeed in a most rigorous manner; his food was biscuit, so hard and musty that it was necessary to break it by main force; he was allowed a few hours of sleep, and that too taken, not in a comfortable bed, but stretched upon the hard floor; yet for all this the boy continually enjoyed a perfect state of health; he never suffered from a cold, and he was exempted from fevers, complaints of the stomach, and the long train of maladies which generally originate in a life of ease, sloth, and dissipation. This freedom from disease enabled Beckner also to possess a contented mind, and a heart free from wants and sorrows. The desire of glory and distinction must be born with the individual. Like every other human feeling, it may be improved or softened down, but it

cannot be fostered where nature has not already sown the seed. Circumstances certainly stimulate men to deeds, both of virtue and crime; but the passion that gives the impulse to those acts must have previously existed. In persons deprived of the advantages of education, we often see an ardent love of learning; and, in like manner, in a humble mind, we find an emulation for great things, which seem at variance with the condition of the individual. This must be the operation of natural instinct, which certainly displays itself before the reasoning faculties can be brought into action. Young Beckner, owing to the meanness of his origin, derived little benefit from instruction by books; and though he was naturally of a quick disposition and persevering spirit, these qualities could not be brought to maturity for want of mental cultivation. His father, having destined him to a seafaring life, bestowed all his attention, as we have seen, on the task of preparing him to become a good sailor. Delarred, therefore, from the enjoyments which are supplied by the improvement of the mind, and deprived, likewise, of every probability of obtaining any distinction from the exercise of its faculties, the desires of Beckner were directed into another channel. The great and the daring have unusual attractions for boys. We see a large proportion of children, even in their games and sports, give a preference to every object which argues the possession of courage, and the contempt of danger. This feeling, deeply rooted in the heart of Beckner, discovered itself very early; and was no doubt improved by the hardy system of education adopted towards him by his father. His early dreams were, accordingly, all of glory; since noble sentiments and courage mostly possess a larger share in its acquisition than mental possessions. Beckner, who felt conscious of his own intrepidity and constancy, and of having a frame prepared for toil and fatigue, anxiously longed for the moment when the glittering hopes that played before his fancy should be realised. The naval glories of England were the theme of his speculation; and, as he was aptly fitted by nature and education for the rough trials of the sea, he indulged the hope of obtaining distinction in the navy. Being asked one day what was glory, he answered, 'Glory is to serve our country with zeal, and fulfil with strictness the duties of our station.' Young Beckner was so assiduous, and so full of good-will, as well as quickness of disposition, that at the early age of twelve he had obtained a promotion in the vessel in which he served, and was adjudged double pay. The captain of the ship used to point him out as a model to other young seamen; and, on a certain occasion, he did not scruple to say, 'If this boy continues to display the same courage and good conduct, I doubt not, that in the sequel he will obtain a post superior to my own.' Young Beckner was continually exhibiting traits of daring; he never recoiled from the prospect of danger; and his adventurous soul appeared to enjoy a certain delight when engaged in the performance of some duty of which the probable peril would intimidate other youths. But amidst the various instances of courage and noble resolution illustrated in his short career, none deserves our admiration more justly than the action which put a period to his existence. Beckner and his father were making a voyage from Port-au-Prince to France. Among the passengers on board, there was a rich American, with his infant daughter. This child, taking advantage of a moment when her nurse, rather

indisposed, had insensibly fallen asleep, separated herself from the servant, with the strange propensity to roving discovered in children, and ran to the head of the vessel. There she began to look with mingled curiosity and wonder on the vast expanse of the ocean; and whilst her attention was thus occupied, something made her suddenly start, when, turning her head, she lost her balance, and fell into the sea. Fortunately enough, the elder Beckner saw the child fall, and, with the quickness of lightning, he plunged himself into the waves in order to effect its rescue. His noble endeavours were successful. In a few seconds he had seized the little girl, and whilst with one arm he held her close to his breast, he strove, by swimming with the other, to regain the vessel. His proficiency in swimming would have enabled him to save both the child's life and his own, when, to his consternation, he perceived a large shark advancing rapidly towards him. The formidable fish came lashing the waves on which it was borne, anxious for its prey. Beckner saw the horrible danger by which he was threatened, and cried aloud for help. In a moment all the passengers and crew thronged to the deck of the ship; but, though every one saw the peril, and lamented the lot of the courageous sailor, no one dared venture to his assistance: the appearance of the monster terrified them. Those of the vessel, unable to afford a more efficient aid, began a brisk fire against the shark, which, regardless of the noise, kept still advancing, and was near gaining its object. In this moment of horror and dismay, whilst vigorous and brave men were struck with amazement, and unable to act, a generous impulse of heroism and filial tenderness prompted a boy to perform what no one else had the courage to dare. Young Beckner, seeing the extremity of the danger to which his father was exposed, now seized upon a well-sharpened sword, and with this weapon plunged into the sea. By his dexterity in swimming, he soon succeeded in the plan he had formed. He dived under the water, and, getting behind the shark, he swam until he was below its stomach, and then, with equal skill, steadiness, and resolution, thrust his weapon into the animal, to the very hilt. Startled by this unexpected attack, and writhing under the pain which the wound produced, the shark, excited to rage, now abandoned its intended prey, in order to vent its fury upon the young assailant. A fearful spectacle presented itself to the view. Every one on the vessel stood in a throbb of anxious horror and expectation. The generous young Beckner, nothing daunted by the formidable appearance and superiority of the enemy with which he had engaged, in order to save his father, continued for some time the unequal contest. Whilst the huge animal was twisting and turning to seize upon its prey, the boy plunged again and again his sword into its body. But the strength of Beckner was not sufficient to produce a mortal hurt; and, though the numerous wounds which he inflicted did severe injury to the horrible foe, the little hero at length found the necessity of striving to regain the vessel and abandon the combat. The crew had meantime thrown out ropes to the father and his spirited and self-devoted son, in order that they might be rescued through their means. For some time, the motion of the waves, and the necessity of flying from the more imminent danger presented by the incensed shark, hindered the two objects of distress from availing themselves of the help held out to them; but at last they both succeeded in each grasping

one of the numerous ropes that were thrown out. Every one on board now lent his assistance to draw them out by strength of arms. These efforts, to the lively joy of the anxious spectators, were not void of success. Hope began to dawn in the breasts of all. Both father and son were now above the waves, and suspended by the ropes—their rescue appeared certain. The enraged and bleeding animal perceived that its prey was on the point of escaping. With the sagacity of instinct, and stimulated by the natural impulse of vengeance, the monster now collected every energy, and, making one mighty bound, succeeded in catching between its fearful teeth the unfortunate boy, who was still suspended on the rope which he held; the effort of the huge animal was so successful, that it divided its victim into two parts, of which the creature devoured one, whilst the other was left, a horrid token of the heroism and dreadful fate of young Beckner! The spectators, at this appalling scene, uttered a cry of horror, and stood fixed in sorrow and amazement. They then applied themselves to help the elder Beckner, who safely gained the vessel, with his little charge, the unfortunate cause of the calamity. Such was the end, at once generous and frightful, of young Volney Beckner. He was little more than twelve years of age when he encountered this terrible adventure, which put a period to his life, and smothered the rising hopes that his qualities had inspired in the breasts of those who knew him. His noble spirit, his courage and magnanimity, would certainly have enabled him to play a conspicuous part in the career which he had embraced; but Providence had decreed otherwise. His parents, in the hour of their distress, were not sufficiently prudent to have consulted the propriety of his education, and the necessity of his being educated in a school, where he might have been surrounded by the instruction of a liberal education. When we consider the devotedness of his parents, and the lively feelings of sorrow and regret, which the sympathising heart; but still, when the imagination is roused, and the best feelings of our nature are touched by the heroism of such deeds, we must admit that the misfortunes with which they may be attended are not left entirely without consolation."

We find that we must reserve the extracts from the life of Sir Thomas Lawrence for our next number.

Memoirs of the Life and Works of George Romney. By the Rev. John Romney, B.D. 4to. pp. 332. London, 1830. Baldwin and Cradock.

IN this age, so contemptuously characterised by Burke, in his eloquent lamentation over the flight of noble and chivalrous incentives to action, as "the age of economists and calculators," it is gratifying to find any work undertaken with views which it is impossible to mistake for mercenary; for the sale of 300 copies, to which we understand the impression of the volume under our notice has been limited, will certainly do little more than cover the expense of publication. Filial piety, one of the purest and best of human motives, is that by which alone Mr. Romney has been stimulated to its production. "The author," he observes in his preface, "when he first meditated these *Memoirs*, did not forget the judicious advice of Horace,

versate dtu, quid ferre recusant,
Quid valeant humeri;

and certainly should, under any other circumstances than those in which he was placed,

have declined the undertaking: but when he considered how much he was bound by duty to protect the posthumous fame of his revered relative, and saw with mortification that all the accounts which have been given both of him and of his works were either defective, false, or injurious, his scruples arising from diffidence soon yielded to a more powerful impulse; and he should have deemed himself guilty of very culpable indifference if he had not endeavoured to dispel the malignant cloud that hangs over his father's memory, and to place his character in its true light; by giving publicity to the documents in his possession, and by relating such circumstances as were within his own knowledge respecting the life and works of so rare a genius, which, in fact, none but himself could communicate."

George Romney was born at Beckside, adjoining to the town of Dalton, in Furness, Lancashire, on the 15th December, O.S. 1734. His father was a carpenter, joiner, and cabinet maker, of extensive business, who, notwithstanding the disadvantages of his station and circumstances, had enriched his mind with much science and general knowledge. Being taken from school in his eleventh year, George remained with his father until he was twenty-one; when he gave such decisive indications of talent, and manifested such a growing enthusiasm for the arts of design, that it was deemed advisable to place him under some able master. He was accordingly articled to an itinerant painter of provincial fame of the name of Steele, with whom, however, he remained only two years; and having in the mean while married, he immediately commenced the public profession of a portrait-painter; sometimes amusing himself by historical compositions, several of which were, even at that early period, distinguished for excellence, both in design and colouring. At length it was thought expedient that Mr. Romney should try to establish himself in the metropolis; and in the spring of 1762 he went thither. In the next year he became a competitor for the premiums offered by the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Sciences, and was so successful as to obtain the second prize for his picture of "the Death of General Wolfe;" although subsequently the adjudication was revoked, the second prize assigned to Mortimer, and another premium, expressly created for the purpose, decreed to Mr. Romney as a recompense due to the merit of his performance. The occurrence gave publicity to his name, and procured him considerable employment. He became a member of the Free Society of Artists, and exhibited with it for five years; and, afterwards, with the Chartered Society in Spring Gardens. In 1773, when in full and lucrative practice as a portrait painter, Mr. Romney nobly determined to relinquish the temporary advantage, and to repair to Italy, for the purpose of making those studies which he felt to be necessary to the attainment of excellence in his profession. He accordingly set off, accompanied by his friend Mr. Ozias Humphreys, and visited Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, Florence, and Rome. During his residence in the "eternal city," comprising a period of above a year and a half, Mr. Romney devoted himself with the most enthusiastic ardour to the study of the antique and of the great masters, not omitting occasionally to exercise his own invention. Returning by way of Florence, Bologna, Venice (at which place, he observes in one of his letters, he was "almost lost to every thing in this world but Titian"), Parma, Turin, &c. he arrived in

London in July 1775. The house in Cavendish Square recently occupied by the late Mr. Cotes, the crayon painter (the one at present occupied by Mr. Shee, the President of the Royal Academy), being vacant, it was engaged by Mr. Romney. Here he resided for the remainder of his professional career; and here, of course, all his principal pictures were painted. He was now generally acknowledged as the rival of Sir Joshua Reynolds; and in a short time his celebrity became so great, that his practice much exceeded that of his illustrious competitor. Unfortunately, his attachment to his art rendered his application to it excessive. He often worked for thirteen hours in the day, filling up the intervals between his sitters by painting fancy subjects. The consequence was, that his health rapidly declined. He had projected many great works; but when the period arrived at which they were to have been performed, he was become disabled by the infirmities of a premature old age. He retired, in the first instance to Hampstead, and subsequently to Kendal, in Westmoreland, where he died on the 15th November, 1802.

Such is a brief outline of this distinguished artist's life. It is filled up and enriched by his son with a variety of curious and interesting matter—with detailed descriptions of many of his works—and with letters from, and anecdotes of, a number of celebrated persons to whom he was known. Mr. John Romney, with a warmth which is highly honourable to him, vindicates his father's memory from the imputations cast upon it by Mr. Hayley, with regard both to the circumstances of his separation from Mrs. Romney, and to the alleged morbid reserve of his disposition. But as our space compels us to be very limited in our extracts from his work, we prefer quoting a few of those passages in which he speaks of his father's professional character.

"Subjects of the sublime, in which the powerful passions are represented, were, I think, the most congenial to Mr. Romney's mind. He had a perfect knowledge of the effects which the violent emotions of the mind produce upon the features of the face, and the action of the body; so that he could impart to the eye a language almost as expressive as that of the tongue, and communicate to the muscles and limbs all that appropriate action which they assume according to the impulse of different passions; he could represent with exact discrimination the shades by which kindred affections differ from each other, and even depict that agony of distress, when conflicting passions lacerate the tenderest feelings of the heart—which is the highest effort of skill—the acme of pictorial expression: and his designs representing the struggle between disappointed love and maternal affection in the bosom of Medea, so beautifully described in the epigram on the picture by Timomachus, are convincing proofs of his ability in this respect. In short, if there was any part of his art in which he more especially excelled, it was in expression, which is the soul of painting."—"Notwithstanding Mr. Romney's ardent enthusiasm for heroic painting, he had a rich and elegant fancy, and a nice perception of the charms and graces of female beauty; particularly of that fascinating reserve which results from innocence and virtue: he had, also, a correct feeling and knowledge of the unrestrained actions and playful antics of children; and by combining these respective impressions, he formed in his imagination those ideal beings called fairies, which have so frequently been employed as agents in poetic fictions. There are certain

felicities, both of conception and of execution, in painting, as well as in poetry, in which an artist may be said

‘To snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.’

That poetical fervour and almost magical influence which directs both the pencil and the pen, and gives birth to those felicities, was powerfully felt by Mr. Romney. He had a just conception of the *beau ideal*, which he had acquired by a diligent study of the antique while at Rome; so that even in his portraits he was able to combine ideal grace with the realities of nature. He could impart to his female figures that indescribable something, that *je ne sais quoi*, which captivates the spectator without his being able to account for it. He knew how to unite Grecian grace with Etruscan simplicity.”—“In the colouring of Mr. Romney’s portraits there is a purity, a clearness, and a relief, which give them the appearance of reality. In representing the carnations of the female face his skill was pre-eminent. It might truly be said, in the metaphorical language of Anacreon, that he

Γραφι ρινα και παριους,
Ρουο τη γαλακτι μιζας.

That is, in portraying the lovely features of woman, he combined the three primary colours of the most delicate character—for under the term *milk* may be comprehended all the gradations of tint from the skimmed blue to the yellow cream. He never sacrificed the durability of his colours in order to obtain by meretricious arts a temporary applause for rich and mellow tints. His style is clear, chaste, and unsophisticated; and he will obtain from time what others have anticipated by trick. His pictures which were painted sixty years ago, appear now as fresh as if recently taken from the easel.”—“As few of Mr. Romney’s pictures have ever been before the public, his professional character has not had a fair opportunity of being duly appreciated. To obviate in some measure this disadvantage, I have noted several of his principal works in the course of these Memoirs; but, unless they could be seen collectively, a just estimate of his great talents cannot now be formed.”

With reference to this last remark, we would take the liberty of suggesting, for the consideration of the governors of the British Institution, whether in the next, or in some succeeding season, an exhibition might not be advantageously formed of Mr. Romney’s works? It is as his son observes—owing to his not having been a member of the Royal Academy, and to other circumstances, “few of his pictures have ever been before the public.” But we are persuaded (and we say it advisedly) that it would be no difficult matter to assemble such a collection as would exceedingly surprise those who are not aware of his extraordinary powers, and would do justice and honour to the memory of a man whose genius, however it may be acknowledged and admired by individuals, has not yet had that national tribute paid to it which is unquestionably its due.

“He had studied Milton with much attention, and selected a series of subjects from the *Paradise Lost*, for great pictures, both of a sublime and of a beautiful character. He had also formed a scheme of painting a number of pictures representing the most important periods in human life. The first subject of this series, representing ‘the Birth of Man,’ was considerably advanced. Another great work, which he commenced about 1796, was ‘the Temptation of Christ.’ Had he finished this picture, it would have ranked him with Michael

Angelo. It was equal in original conception and wild fancy to any thing ever produced by any artist. When one looked at Christ, silent passiveness was the idea which presented itself to the spectator; when at the fiends that assailed him, vociferating noise and boisterous insult. Those visionary beings were the human passions and appetites personified. To aid the malevolent purpose, the illusive representations, or ghosts of Eve and Noah, were called forth; and the arch-fiend, the Miltonic Satan, grand as the human mind can conceive him, viewed from the upper corner of the picture with malignant satisfaction the ready obedience of his imps.”*

Towards the close of the volume is a Descriptive List of Pictorial Designs and Studies by Mr. Romney, presented by his son, in 1817, to the University of Cambridge, in order to be deposited in the Fitzwilliam Museum, as well as a List of Cartoons, presented in 1823 to the Liverpool Royal Institution. They consist of numerous designs, more or less advanced, from the Scriptures, from all the great poets, from nature, and from imagination; and shew an inexhaustible fertility of invention. There is also an Appendix, containing a valuable Letter on Expression, by the late Mr. Payne Knight, and a Sketch of the Life of Peter Romney, a brother of George, who appears to have been also a man of great genius, but who died young, the victim of combined misfortune and misconduct.

We must not omit to notice the portrait, from a picture by Mr. Romney himself, prefixed to the work. It is in every respect admirable, and does Mr. T. Wright, the engraver of it, the highest credit.

Life of Thomas Ken, D.D., deprived Bishop of Bath and Wells. By the Rev. W. L. Bowles. Vol. I.

MR. BOWLES, in this first volume respecting the good Bishop Ken, one of the seven who were imprisoned in the reign of James II., has produced a great variety of curious and interesting information concerning every thing except the bishop himself. We do not mean that circumstances are absolutely so; but the biography of Ken, in this earlier period of it, is (from want of materials) a mere thread whereon to string the multifarious matter relating to the religious and political opinions of the times in which he lived. The documents inserted are curious and interesting; and much light is thrown historically on this eventful period of our annals, particularly on the domination of Puritanism, Presbyterian or Cromwellian.

Dr. Hawes, of Salisbury, is the lineal descendant of *Piscator* Walton, and his wife Bishop Ken’s sister; and much information, perfectly novel, is given in the notices of Morley, Bishop of Winchester (Ken’s patron), from the traditional information of Dr. Hawes, who possesses the Prayer-book of old Isaac—of a date when Prayer-books were proscribed—and Ken’s coffee-pot. We extract a passage relative to these relics.

“To Dr. Hawes descended the identical Prayer-book of old Isaac Walton (of which more will be said), splendidly bound, adorned with the arms of Charles I., printed 1637, and containing, in Walton’s hand-writing, the dates of the birth of his children, and the first transcript of the epitaph on his wife Anne, buried in Worcester Cathedral two years after the Restoration. These family memorials are written in the blank leaf before the title-page

of this honoured relic. Dr. Hawes has also in his possession an original drawing in crayons, by Isaac Walton, jun., of his father, which is the most interesting and characteristic portrait I have ever seen, said to have been drawn from recollection, after death. With these records and relics to my friend, descended also the remains of Ken’s worldly splendour, a *small silver coffee-pot*, the companion of all his vicissitudes; together with his silver watch, made by Tompion: also the manuscript of his epic poem *Edmund*, most carefully written with his own hand, and, in places, elaborately corrected.”

We quote also the appalling picture of Cromwell’s death.

“Lord of life and death! how awful, how terrible, must have been the agony, if in a moment of sound mind, with eternity before him, he felt, for the first time, that all had been delusion. As his mind was sinking, new terrors were excited by the voice of his beloved daughter, departing before his eyes, and faintly murmuring, *murder!* He might now have seen, in sick and shadowy imaginings, the forms of those cut off by him, and heard the voice of the brave, the virtuous Capel,

Let me sit heavy on thy thoughts to-night;

or of the shade of the intrepid Lord Derby—

Let me sit heavy on thy thoughts to-night;

or the ‘crowned majesty of England,’ pale, and with look majestic, yet more in sorrow than in anger, pronouncing,

Let me sit heavy on thy thoughts to-night.

What must have been the agonies of death to such a man!”

A more detailed account of Bishop Ken will be given, we understand, in the next volume. The present one may be regarded as a valuable introduction to the main subject—like Dr. Robertson’s *Disquisition on the Feudal System*, preliminary to his *History of Charles V.* The reader will find it full of interest and attraction. The shrewd humour with which Lord Peter, Jack, and Martin, are depicted in the Introduction; the spirited defences of our church establishment and public schools; the raciness, the vivacity, the tenderness, which render the Wykehamical notices so delightful; the humorous account of undergraduate concerts; the exquisite domestic sketches of Walton’s Staffordshire cottage, and Morley’s family circle in the episcopal palace at Winchester; the ingenious and striking remarks on the authorship of the *Icon* and the *Whole Duty of Man*;—and, in short, a greater variety of beauties than we can find time even to enumerate, will render this volume a favourite companion with such readers as retain unsophisticated feelings and pure principle. Nor can we quit this *ασφodelον λιμωνα* without returning to Mr. Bowles the thanks which he has so well merited from all who love the church and constitution of England.

Twelve Designs for Shakespeare’s Richard III. By C. F. Tomkins; after the Drawings, and with the Descriptions of J. R. Planche, Esq. London, Colnaghi and Son.

To the vivacity of the dramatist, Mr. Planché unites the patient research of the antiquary; and the present volume, dedicated to the hereditary Earl Marshal of England, is an equal proof of his taste and industry.

“Methinketh (says old Chaucer) it accordant to reason,
To tellen you alle the condition
Of eche of hem, so as it seemed me,
And which they weren and of what degree,
And eke of what arate that they were in;”

* Milton’s *Paradise Regained*, book 4, lines 422–425.

and so it has seemed “accordant to reason” in

our author, who has placed his characters so cleverly before us in the very habits in which they lived. Such a work, however, appeals more to the eye than to the ear; and we are at a loss how to communicate its merits in the way of accurate delineation of costume to our readers, without a reference to engravings, whereof we have none. Of the title-page, we can only say that it is a charming device, replete with heraldic symbols beautifully arranged on a ground of gold. Speaking of the shields here displayed, Mr. Planché states (respecting Richard's device of a boar argent): "In the account of the materials provided for Richard's coronation, we find the entry of 13,000 boars, made and wrought upon fustian; at which time two standards, made of 'sarcenet beten with white lions,' appear to have been used."

The introduction furnishes a striking view of dress generally at the period, and quotes some curious examples: for instance the king's stomacher of purple satin. "It may seem to the uninitiated a strange article of male apparel, but the author of 'the Boke of Ker-vynge,' written about this period, in 'the Office of the Chamberlayne,' has this still stranger direction: 'warme your soverayne hys petticoate, his doublet, and his stomachere, and then put on hys hosen, and then hys shone or slyppers, then stryke up hys hosen mannerly and tye them up, then lace his doublet hole by hole, &c.' The fact is, that Englishmen of rank began about this period to wear 'a garment laced all the way down to their waste'—a standard like the women's stays, but of a different material, and of a different mobility. The fashion of the petticoat was only in wardrobe in the thirteenth century." "The king's son, Edward III., and his son Richard of Bordeaux, were both handsome and well-proportioned men, as well as all the kings of the house of Plantagenet, better fitted for stage effect, than the odd anomalies which still prevail, in spite of all our improvements and reforms—some of them, by the by, seeming to be rather retrograding than advancing of late years. "The dress now worn by the actors of Richard," says Mr. Planché, "is a fanciful mixture of the costumes of the reigns of Elizabeth and Charles I. A formidable pair of black mustaches and a dandified *imperial*, are also considered indispensable to the perfect personation of the character; although one of the most distinctive marks of the period is the entire absence of beard and whisker, except in portraits of exceedingly old men. The following observations of Mr. Sharon Turner are so appropriate that I shall not apologise for their introduction. 'Richard III. was born at Fodringay, on the 22d of October, 1452 (W. Wyr. 477.) Hence, on the 26th of June, 1483, he was thirty years, eight months, and twenty-four days old. Shakspeare, with correct judgment, did not place the death of Henry VI. in his tragedy of Richard III., yet by opening it with Henry's funeral, he, as Cibber afterwards, has confused the chronology. When Henry VI. was buried, Richard was but nineteen. He did not, at that funeral, court or see Lady Anne, nor marry her till a considerable time afterwards. At Edward the Fifth's accession he was thirty, and not thirty-three years of age when he fell, against Richmond; so that to personate the real historical character, the actor, as the play now stands, should be of the inconsistent ages of nineteen, thirty, and thirty-three, during the representation, instead of the elderly ruffian whom we usually see.' The person of

Richard was unquestionably short, or 'the prelate who came ambassador to him from Scotland would not, in his complimentary address, delivered to him on his throne, have quoted these lines:

'Nunquam tantum animum natura minori
Corpore, nec tantas, visa est, includere vires.
Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus.'

Bucke, p. 573. Nor would he have made such an allusion, if it had not been well known that Richard cared not about it. So Pol. Virgil represents Dr. Shaw as calling on the people to remark, that he was 'pusillus,' like his father, and not 'statura magnus,' as Edward IV. was known to be; p. 544. Rouse, his contemporary, mentions that he was 'corpore parvus, parvæ stature,' p. 216-18. 'I think the declaration of the old Countess of Desmond, who had danced with Richard, that he was the handsomest man in the room, except his brother, (Walp. Hist. Doubts, p. 102,) sufficient evidence as to the beauty of his face; and it seems to me to be implied by the Scotch orator's saying to him, 'he beholds thy face worthy of the highest empire and command;' Bucke, 572. Polydore Virgil described it to have been like his father's, short and compact, without the fullness of his brother's; p. 544. Rouse also mentions him as 'curtam habens faciem;' p. 216. More mentions his face to have been hard favoured, or warly, p. 164, which Grafton understands to be warlike, p. 758; in Hall, also, p. 343, though he chooses to add for himself the epithet of crabbed. As his body was publicly exposed after his fall in battle for some time at Leicester, the distorted features of violent death, in a state of the highest exertion and passion, may have fixed an unfavourable impression of his countenance on the crowds that flocked to contemplate him. That he was 'viribus debilis,' or weak in body, we have the sufficient authority of Rouse, p. 218; 'and his left arm seems to have been a shrunk or defective limb.' 'If this had not been well known to be the fact, it is not likely it would have had so prominent a part in More's detail of the arrest of Hastings, p. 202. He declares that 'no man was there present but well knew that his arm was ever such since his birth; ib. Rouse mentions his having unequal shoulders, the right the highest,' p. 216. This may have been true, the striking deformity would rest on the degree; for the hump back and crooked form I think we have no adequate authority."

Richard in his ducal robes, and as king and armed, are the next plates. The latter is remarkable for an extra cap placed over the knight's cap on his helmet, the only instance of the kind among the regal sigilla of England. Jocky of Norfolk is the next; and Lord Rivers, Sir T. Vaughan, a Nobleman, a Lady, a Widow in her mourning habit, an Archer, and a Standard-bearer, very happily complete the illustrations. As the coronation of a king and queen may now be looked for, we close with some particulars of the dresses worn by Richard and his consort.

"To the king (his wardrobe records,) was furnished for his apparel the vigil before the day of his coronation, to ride in from the Tower to Westminster—a doublet and stomacher of blue cloth of gold, 'wrought with netts and pyne apples,' a long gown of purple velvet furred with ermine, and a pair of short gilt spurs. For the queen, on the same occasion, 'a kirtle and mantle' of white cloth of gold trimmed with Venice gold and furred with ermine, the robe 'garnished with seventy annettes of silver and gylt.' Their henchmen wore doublets of green satin, long gowns of

crimson velvet lined with white sarcenet, and black bonnets. The king's henchmen had also provided for them long gowns of white cloth of gold and doublets of crimson satin. On the day of the coronation the king and queen appear each to have worn two complete sets of robes, one of crimson velvet embroidered with gold and furred with miniver pure, the other of purple velvet furred with ermine; their 'sabotons' (shoes) covered with crimson tissue cloth of gold. Richard's hose were of crimson satin, as were also the shirt, coat, surcoat, mantle and hood, in which he was anointed previously to putting on the last symbols of royalty. During this part of the ceremony he also wore 'a tabard like unto a dalmatic of white sarcenet,' and a coif made of lawn, which being put on his head after the unction, was to be worn for the space of eight days. On the morning after the coronation the following dresses were ordered to be furnished for the king. Two long gowns of crimson cloth of gold, one wrought with 'droops' and lined with green damask; the other 'checked' and lined with green satin. (Richard wrote from York for 'two short gowns of crimson cloth of gold; that one with *droppe* and that other with *net* lined with green velvet,' vide Introduction, p. 2.) A long gown of purple satin lined with white cloth of gold. A long gown of purple velvet lined with purple satin. A short gown of purple velvet lined with plunket cloth of gold. A long gown of purple cloth of gold wrought with garters and roses, and lined with white damask, the gift of the queen. Amongst other paraphernalia the mention of two hats of estate furred with ermine is curious, inasmuch as they are described 'with the round rolls behind and the becks (peaks) before;' and the peculiar position of the crest of England on the chapeau in the Warwick roll (vide illuminated title-page to this work) is thereby accounted for, it being exactly the reverse of the ordinary mode of placing it. To all the officers of state and to the principal nobility, cloths of gold and silver, scarlet cloth and silks of various colours were given as liveries and perquisites. To 'the Duke of Bukks' (Buckingham) who stands first, eight yards of blue cloth of gold wrought with 'droops'; eight yards of black velvet and twelve yards of crimson velvet, were delivered as a special gift from the king. The rest of the book is filled with a list of the furnitures required for the horses, the chairs of state, the canopies, &c., the embroideries for banners, pennons, and all the 'pomp and circumstance' of so splendid a ceremony, every yard of stuff and 'tymbre' of ermine being carefully noted in the margin."

The History and Antiquities of the Tower of London; with Memoirs of royal and distinguished Persons, &c. &c. By John Bayley, F.R.S., F.S.A., &c. 8vo. pp. 627. Second edition. London, 1830. Jennings and Chaplin.

MR. BAYLEY has here conferred a great favour upon that class of readers who, while they thirst for information, cannot afford the purchase of large and expensive works—such as his original History of the Tower. The present edition is very handsomely got up in a smaller form, and contains, with little variation, the whole matter of its predecessor; the notes and appendix, alone, having been somewhat abridged. We most cordially recommend this book to general readers: full of research and curious illustrations of older times, it is placed within their reach, by re-publication in a convenient size, and at a moderate price.

The Waverley Novels, Vol. XIV. Edinburgh, Cadell; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

This volume concludes the deeply-interesting tale of the "Bride of Lammermoor;" so that these fourteen neat and small volumes contain the original quantity published in the twelve-volume octavo edition. We cannot compliment Mr. E. Landseer on the frontispiece of Ravenswood shooting the bull. The vignette, by T. Duncan, is very well, but not of striking merit.

The Classical Library, No. VII.; of Herodotus, Vol. III. Colburn and Bentley.

This volume concludes the admirable history of Herodotus, with the Erato, Polymnia, Urania, and Calliope. The notes are worthy of much approbation.

The Aldine Poets, No. III. The Poetical Works of James Thomson, Vol. I. Pp. 232. London, Pickering.

This volume, containing the Seasons and an excellent memoir of their bard, whom it rescues from the misrepresentations of Dr. Johnson, is exactly such a production as we could wish to see in so handsome a publication as the Aldine Poets. It is every way creditable to the press of Mr. Pickering, and must tend highly to recommend the series of which it forms so deserving a feature. The portrait has an extraordinarily boyish appearance: it is as if the young "taught the young idea how to shoot."

The British Naturalist, Vol. II. 12mo. pp. 363. Whittaker and Co.

A VERY interesting and entertaining compilation, which embodies a great miscellany of natural history of all kinds, not very lucidus in the *ordo*, nor fruitful of new facts; but altogether extremely pleasing and instructive.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

STEAM NAVIGATION TO INDIA.

PROFESSOR HEEREN, who has devoted himself for so many years to the study of oriental history, has lately drawn up, for a society at Göttingen, a most interesting account of the intercourse which subsisted from the most ancient period between Europe and Asia, and more particularly of that between Europe and the island of Ceylon, which, in former times, was the great emporium of trade between the eastern and western parts of the world. In consequence of the efforts which are making to arrange a rapid communication, through Egypt, between England and India, by means of steam-boats, it becomes a subject of interest to see the nature of the intercourse which was carried on between Europe and Asia, through Egypt, in former days; we therefore give a translation of this memoir, which is the first that has appeared in England. It is entitled *De Taprobane insula, hodie Ceylon dicta, ante Lusitanorum in Indiam navigationes, per viginti fere sæcula communi terrarum mariumque australium emporio*, and commences with noticing the very great importance the ancients had attached to the island during their commercial intercourse with India. Hitherto, however, no information had been procured which served to fill up a portion of the chasm that exists in the history of the trade of India during the middle ages, until the appearance of a letter addressed by Sir Alexander Johnston to the Secretary of the Asiatic Society, in their

Transactions, vol. i. p. 3. Sir Alexander, who filled the situation of president of his Majesty's council, and chief justice of that island, at the desire of the government, not only traversed it in every direction, but caused—with the assistance of the Mahomedan priests and merchants, whose ancestors had been in the possession of the trade, and who, having very little intercourse with strangers, had completely monopolised every information—a thorough investigation to be made into the history of their ancient commercial establishments. The information being totally derived from historical sources, and not from the poetical dramas and romances, the professor found himself able to compare these accounts with those of the ancients, and with the still existing antiquities on the island.

The island of Ceylon, the largest on this side of the Ganges, and about the size of Ireland, appears from its position, and that of its harbours—of which Trincomalee, the finest in India, is the principal—to have been well calculated to be the centre of the trade between Africa and China. On the north it is separated from the continent of India by a ridge of sand-banks, which extends from the southern peninsula of India, and is known by the name of Adam's bridge, through which there are two passages. One of these, called the Manar passage, which separates the island of Manar from the opposite coast of Ceylon, near Mantotte, is not above four feet deep at high water. The other, called the Paumotu passage, separates the island of Ramissarum, celebrated throughout India for its Hindu pagoda, from the opposite coast of the peninsula of India, near Tonnotorré point; it is very narrow, and not above six feet deep at high water. The importance of the first of these passages arises from its being that through which all the small vessels trading between the south-west and north-west ports of Ceylon must pass. The importance of the latter arises from its being the passage through which all the smaller vessels trading between the coast of Malabar and the coast of Coromandel must pass. From the information collected by Sir A. Johnston during frequent visits which he paid to the islands of Ramissarum and Manar, he ascertained beyond doubt that both these passages had been much deeper in ancient times. The interior is filled with mountains, though the maritime provinces, particularly the northern, are remarkable for their tameness. In that part of the island which extends from Trincomalee to Manar and Aripo, there were still not only traces to be found of the ruins of pagodas and towns, but also of tanks, or artificial lakes, built of freestone, and extending over a surface of three or four British miles. They were used to irrigate the fields of rice in the neighbouring districts, which are now mere deserts. By one of these lakes, near Mantotte, called the Giant's Tank, it appears from an account of Sir A. Johnston's, that if put into repair, it would irrigate lands sufficient for the production of one million of parras of paddy, each parrah containing forty-four English pounds weight of rice. The inhabitants of the interior (the Cingalese) differ very much from those who inhabit the sea-coast, tempted thither by the advantages of commerce, and living under the guidance of chieftains.

The professor then proceeded to take a comprehensive view of the trade of the island, about the middle of the sixth century after Christ. Cosmas, a merchant, and afterwards a monk, in his *Topographia Christiana* has given us an account which he received from

his friend Sopater, also a merchant, who about the year 550 returned from Ceylon to Adule, near Arkeeko, the harbour of the territory of Axum, in Ethiopia. At that period Ceylon was in the possession of a most extensive trade, extending itself over the eastern coasts of Africa, Yemen, and Persia, and not only to the coast of this side of the peninsula of India, but also to the islands of Sunda, to China. The harbours and merchandise of these countries were famed; and it is observed that the inhabitants of the interior (the land of jewels) differ much from those dwelling on the sea-coast, who live under various chieftains—the latter partly Persians, who had formed a Christian establishment;—whether they were of true Persian descent, or only inhabitants of the countries on the Persian Gulf, who from time immemorial kept up an intercourse with India, remains uncertain.

The trade of Ceylon carried on there being of a reciprocal nature, and consequently one which affected the whole world, the emporium of that trade could not but enrich the immense store-houses, and fill the market. For these reasons, we must not be surprised that no mention has been made of the products of the island itself, consisting principally of cinnamon and pearls, since they were of little consequence, compared with the merchandise of the foreign countries.

The professor now went back from the time of Cosmas to the period of Ptolemy, about 150 years after Christ. He has dedicated a complete chapter in his work on Geography to the island of Taprobane, or Salice; and though he has given no history of trade, still we may infer the nature of it. He was acquainted not only with the sea-coast, but also with the interior ports. The former was lined with harbours and commercial settlements; and the principal production of the interior was the rice. Even the manner of catching the elephants seems not to have escaped his attention. The professor has already shewn, in a paper on the geography of Ptolemy, that his accounts are taken from travelling-books of merchants. The author now proceeded to compare Ptolemy's account with that of Robert Knox, who, towards the middle of the seventeenth century, resided twenty years on the island, and learned the language; and it is remarkable to observe a resemblance existing between the names of the places in the present, and of the same places in Ptolemy's time. The mountain, which in those days was called Male (the Adam's Peak), now bears the name of Malell; the principal river, the Ganges, is plainly the Mavela Gongga; Madutti will easily be recognised as the present Mandotte; and the name of the old capital, Amurogramma, with its district in the great plain, in which is situated the artificial lake (the Giant's Tank) for the purpose of irrigating the rice fields, has not lost its name: Knox calls it Amaroguro. Ptolemy has also, as well as Cosmas, mentioned the Maldiva islands; he states them to be nineteen in number, and to be called collectively the Atolloms; and even goes so far as to fix the number of the land islands at 1376. In the last, he knows Java (Jabadia), with the town of Argentum, near to the present Batavia, and Bantam, as well as the island of Sunda (Sinde), inhabited by cannibals (Battas), and the boats which are made use of by them, the Monoryla; lastly, he is not unacquainted with China and its trade.

About half a century later follows the celebrated voyage of Arrian, who gives a very faithful account of the then Indian trade. Unfortunately, though not far from Ceylon, he

never reached it, having got only to the coast of Malabar. Yet of Ceylon he has related several interesting facts. He says, the island was called Palasimundus, after the name of the town, which, according to Pliny, contained 200,000 inhabitants—probably near to Trincomalee, though some imagine it to be Jafnapatam. Large ships were then able to pass through the straits. The northern part of the island he reports to be well cultivated; and besides the products before mentioned, he states woollen cloth to be a principal commodity of export. Half a century later we have Pliny and Strabo as witnesses. The account given by Strabo of Taprobane, as well as of India, is very meagre. He mentions the trade as consisting of ivory, tortoise-shell, and other Indian commodities: that given by Pliny is taken from the travels of a diplomatic mission, sent, in the time of the Emperor Claudius, to Rome from Taprobane, at whose head was a rashia, or rajah. According to their account, the island contained 500 towns. The capital, as well as principal harbour, was Palasimundus. They were rich in precious wares, even more so than Rome. They traded as far as Serica, to which place the father of the rajah had travelled. The king, who sent the mission, did not rule over the interior; he inhabited a town on the sea coast. Ceylon appears to have been much in the same state then as it was later—at the period of Ptolemy and Cosmas.

This refers us to the time of Alexander and the Ptolemies. The two commanders of the fleet, Nearchus and Onesicritus, who conducted the expedition to the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean, were the first who discovered the island. Their discovery was first confirmed by the Portuguese, in the year 1498, at the conference about the passage to India, which was more remarkable for the discovery of the passage, and the passages to the East, as being of great importance to the maritime interests. The island was separated from the continent by shoals, through which there were passages, narrow, but very deep, sufficient to allow ships of 3000 amphoras to pass. The division of the year favourable to the sailing of vessels was also known at that time. Vessels only went out during four months, according to the change of the monsoons. All this we have received from Pliny. Nearchus informs us, that on reaching the entrance of the Persian Gulf, as soon as he saw the promontory of Maeceta (Mascat), he was told this was the emporium of the cinnamon and other Indian wares, which were conveyed from thence to Babylon. We need no more to convince us that Taprobane had already gained that importance which she retained in the time of the Romans.

It must, however, appear curious, that Eratosthenes and others should have believed the reports spread about the size of Taprobane, at the time of the Ptolemies. This is explained by our knowing that at this period no direct voyage had been made to India from Alexandria, as the Indian wares were to be procured in the southern parts of Arabia. Strabo clearly and positively asserts, that no single vessels had then arrived in India from Egypt; and the narrative of a certain Iambulus, handed down to us by Diodorus, belongs to the time of the travels of Taurinius and Damberg.

The accounts of which Eratosthenes and other geographers made use, were not received direct from Ceylon, but came by the way of Palibothra, the capital of the Prasii on the Ganges, whither the Seleucids had sent their ambassador Megasthenes, and others; and that

these accounts were often fabulous and contradictory is therefore not surprising. That a commerce existed between these countries and Taprobane is quite clear, from the accounts of the sea voyagers which Pliny has delivered to us.

We now come to the Persian period, about 500 years before Christ: it would scarcely be of any utility to prove that those accounts, which we have from Nearchus and Onesicritus, are well authenticated, and not to be doubted; and also, that even before the Persian monarchy there existed a more animated trade between Babylon and India, as the author has already shewn in his critical examination of the Babylonian history. But as the name of Taprobane had not reached the west, the author did not wish to return to the time of Salomo, and his expedition to Ophir, to avoid the slightest shade of doubt being cast over his statement. The professor, therefore, reverted to the point at which he had begun this discourse, namely, the age of Cosmas; and from thence he passed over to the history of the commerce of Ceylon in the middle ages.

The first Mahomedans who settled on Ceylon were, according to the tradition which prevails amongst their descendants, a portion of those Arabs of the house of Hashim who were driven from Arabia in the early part of the eighth century by the tyranny of the Caliph Abdul Malek; and who, proceeding from the Euphrates southward, made settlements in the Concan, in the southern parts of the peninsula of India, on the island of Ceylon, and at Malacca. The division of them which came to Ceylon formed eight considerable settlements along the north-east, north, and western coasts of that island; viz., one at Trincomalee, one at Jaffna, one at Mantotte and Manar, one at Coodramallé, one at Putlam, one at Colombo, one at Barbareen, and one at Point de Galle. The settlement at Manar and Mantotte, on the north-west part of Ceylon, from its local situation with respect to the peninsula of India, the two passages through Adam's Bridge, and the chank and pearl fisheries on the coasts of Ceylon and Madura, naturally became for the Mahomedan what it had before been for the ancient Hindu and Persian traders of India,—the great emporium of all the trade which was carried on by them with Egypt, Arabia, Persia, and the coast of Malabar, on one side, and the coast of Coromandel, the eastern shores of the bay of Bengal, Malacca, Sumatra, Java, the Moluccas, and China, on the other side.

On this part of Ceylon, at an equal distance from their respective countries, the silk merchants of China, who had collected on their voyage aloes, cloves, nutmegs, and sandal wood, maintained a free and beneficial commerce with the inhabitants of the Arabian and Persian Gulfs: it was, in fact, the place at which all the goods which came from the East were exchanged with those which came from the West. Although the Mahomedan traders who were settled on Ceylon had acquired great wealth and influence very early in the eleventh century; and although they continued to possess a most extensive and lucrative trade in its ports till the end of the fifteenth century, it was during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries that they attained the highest degree of their commercial prosperity and political influence on that island. During that period, the great Mahomedan merchants of Manar and Mantotte received, into the immense warehouses which they had established at this emporium, the most valuable produce of the island from

their subordinate agents, who resided at the different seaports which were situated in the neighbourhood of those provinces where the various articles of commerce were produced.

From their agents at Trincomalee they received rice and indigo; from those at Jaffna, the chaya-root, or red dye, the wood of the black palmyra-tree, and the sea shells called chanks; from those at Coodramallé, pearls; from those at Putlam, areca nut for chewing with betel leaves, ebony, satin, and calamander wood for furniture, and sappan wood for dyeing; from those at Colombo, cinnamon and precious stones; from those at Barbareen, cocoa-nut oil and coire; and from those at Point de Galle, ivory and elephants.

By means of armed vessels, which they maintained at their own expense, near the island of Manar, they commanded the only two passages by which vessels of any size could pass, as we have already described; and the wealth which they circulated through the country, enabled the inhabitants of the adjoining provinces to keep their tanks, or reservoirs for water, in perpetual repair, and their rice fields in a constant state of cultivation.

The Portuguese, on their first arrival on Ceylon, at the conclusion of the fifteenth century, found that the Mahomedan traders still monopolised the whole export and import trade of the island, and that they were, from their commercial and political power in the country, the most formidable rivals whom they had to encounter.

From the beginning of the sixteenth century, the trade and affluence of the Mahomedans on the island of Ceylon have been gradually, and constantly, on the wane; owing, in some degree, to the general decline of their trade and influence in every part of India, but more particularly to the systems of policy which have been respectively adopted by the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the English governments of Ceylon, and to the great improvement which has been made within the last three centuries in the science of navigation.

The Mahomedan population on that island now consists of about seventy thousand persons, who are distributed in every part of the country.

We may therefore, from what has been said, deduce the three following points:—1st, It has been historically proved that Ceylon had been, until the latter end of the fifteenth century, the emporium of the trade carried on between Africa, India, and China. 2dly, We may infer, from the imperfect accounts delivered to us, that Ceylon had been, during 500 years before Christ, of the greatest possible importance in respect to trade; and that, during that period, it had also been the staple of the Indian trade. 3dly, That the trade was not carried on by the inhabitants of the interior of the country, but by settlers on the sea coasts, who had come there after the Islam Mahomedan Arabs; and according to Knox, they differ entirely from the Cingalese, in their appearance, language, and manners.

The northern parts of the island are still inhabited mostly by Malabars, whose descendants live in the commercial and maritime towns.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR JULY.

22^d 22^h 38^m — the Sun enters Leo, according to the fixed signs: his true place in the heavens is near Presepe in Cancer.

Solar Spots. — June 29^d — several of these, of considerable magnitude and singular arrangement, are visible on the solar disc; the largest

is to the north-east of the centre, and surrounded with an extensive umbra, through which is a narrow channel directly connecting the nucleus with a small spot on the circumference of the shadowing. From the internal edge of the umbra are bright filaments stretching towards the centre as across a dark gulf: the principal combination of spots is arranged in the form of a sector, and exhibits appearances of perturbation.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
○ Full Moon in Sagittarius	5	14	24
☾ Last Quarter in Pisces	12	15	36
● New Moon in Cancer	19	12	14
☽ First Quarter in Virgo	27	8	36

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Jupiter in Sagittarius	5	11	30
Mars in Pisces	10	18	45
Venus in Taurus	16	13	30
Mercury in Gemini	18	3	10
Saturn in Leo	21	4	0

Occultation of Aldebaran.—16^d—This remarkable star will again be occulted by the moon, visible only with a good telescope: the phenomenon will occur in the W.S.W., at an altitude of about 40°. The following are the circumstances, as calculated for four British observatories and the French capital:—

	Sidereal Time.		Mean Solar Time.	
	H.	M.	H.	M.
Greenwich	7	30	23	55
Bedford	8	17	0	42
Edinburgh	7	29	23	54
Dublin	8	14	0	39
Paris	7	20	23	45
	7	47	0	12
	6	59	23	24
	7	43	0	7
	7	41	0	6
	8	34	0	59

9^d—a favourable opportunity will occur of observing the planet Mercury before sunrise; his greatest angular distance from the sun will then be 26° 29', or 1° 51' less than his maximum of elongation. 14^d 19^h—in conjunction with ♊ Gemminorum. 25^d—in perihelion.

9^d—Venus in conjunction with 166 Mayer: difference of latitude 4'. This beautiful planet is retreating from the earth, and shines as a morning star, not very remote from Mercury.

Mars will soon be a conspicuous object on the midnight sky; the distance between this planet and the earth is diminishing.

The Asteroids.—6^d—Vesta near the small stars 42 and 43 in Cetus. Juno, a degree and a half north of ♋ Aquarii. Pallas, 5° south of ♋ Boëtis. Ceres, forming an equilateral triangle with ♋ and ♍ Virgins—the asteroid east of the stars.

5^d 0^h 15^m—Jupiter in opposition, and appearing on the low brow of eve with its greatest beauty and brilliancy. 27^d 12^h—in conjunction with ♋ Sagittarii.

Eclipses of the Satellites.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First Satellite, emersion	8	11	38	5
	15	13	32	58
	24	9	56	45
	31	11	51	54
Second Satellite	25	9	1	23
Third Satellite	25	12	48	37

Saturn is too near the Sun to be satisfactorily seen.

31^d 19^h—Uranus in opposition, 5' south of 19 Capricorni. Though this planet was discovered to be such by Herschel, it had been observed nearly a century before by Flamsteed, in different places of the heavens, and registered in each position as a fixed star. The earliest observation is Dec. 13th, 1690, as ♋ Tauri; another observation March 22d, 1712, as ♌ Leonis: there are also three other observations, in 1715, which agree with the position of the planet at that time.

Deptford.

J. T. B.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

DR. SHORT in the chair.—Among the donations were a splendid collection of indigenous and exotic medicinal and other plants flowering at this season, from Mr. Gibbs, of Old Brompton, the treasurer; and a collection of medicinal plants from Mr. Houlton, who delivered an introductory lecture on botany. Dr. Whiting related the following case: a child about four years old, while playing under some laburnum trees (*Cytisus laburnum* Linn.) picked some of the capsules, and having eaten them with greediness, soon became drowsy, pale, and exhausted, in which state it was carried to its mother, who, greatly alarmed, sent immediately for a surgeon. As she began, however, to suspect the cause of the attack, the violence of which increasing, excited apprehensions for the child's life, she procured some hog's-lard, and forced a quantity down its throat: she had soon the pleasure of witnessing the good effects of the remedy, in the discharge of the whole of the pods: by the time the medical man had arrived, her child had nearly recovered from the stupor, and was ultimately completely restored to health.

At a subsequent meeting, Earl Stanhope in the chair, a large collection of East India drawings, &c. from Dr. Conwell; another donation of medicinal plants from Messrs. Gibbs and Houlton, and a beautiful specimen of cactus from Mr. Campbell, were received. Dr. Clendinning delivered an introductory lecture on toxicology. Dr. Whiting and Mr. Houlton made some interesting observations on several of the medicinal plants upon the table, and Mr. Everett on the detection and analysis of prussic acid.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SIR ALEXANDER JOHNSTON in the chair.—The following donations were made: by the chairman, 4 vols., Ins' translation of Valentyne's works on Ceylon and Java;—Abraham Welland, Esq., a splendid Persian MS., containing the Shah Jehan Nameh, or Memoirs of Shah Jehan: this copy was written expressly for that monarch, and bears his autograph in a compartment of the illuminated title;—Admiral Sir C. M. Pole, Bart., a very fine Arabic MS. copy of the Koran, with a running paraphrase in Persian. A great number of other donations were likewise made to the Society.

A short paper was read, from the pen of Mrs. Skinner, intended to illustrate the Salágrama, or sacred stone, presented to the Society by that lady. It is entitled, "the History of the Salágram," and is to the following effect. To the south of a mountain called Himopenatum is a river named Gundagee Nudée, signifying one of the sources of the Ganges; on the north side is a holy pool, 180 miles in circumference, called Vishnu Chatrum, and here are found the stones called Salágramas. Near this spot, where Vishnu loved to dwell, a happy pair had made their habitation; the god saw, and became enamoured; he tried every art in vain, to win the constant wife from her duty: during the absence of the husband, who was fighting the battles of his country, Vishnu is represented to have descended to earth, and to have assumed the husband's form. The soldier returned earlier than the god had anticipated; and in his rage rushed on his wife to plunge a dagger into her bosom; Vishnu stayed his hand, resumed his own form, and, to recompense the

pair for their sufferings, changed the husband into the Salágrama, and the wife into the Toolsee plant; and commanded, that in future the two should be offered together upon his altar. He then metamorphosed himself into the holy pool above mentioned! and to this day the Salágrama and the Toolsee are ever united on the altar of the deity. The Salágrama is a fossil, containing one or more ammonites: and Mrs. Skinner was assured by a gentleman who has made some curious discoveries in Druidical antiquities in Somersetshire, that on every altar of Druid worship which had fallen under his notice in that county, he found a similar stone.

VENETIAN ANTIQUITIES.

DR. LABUS, of Milan, has just published a series of very curious observations on some Latin inscriptions recently discovered at Venice, or in its neighbourhood, and particularly on an antique altar which was found last year in repairing the altar of the ancient chapel of the baptistery of the basilic of Saint Mark. In raising upon that occasion the valuable table of oriental granite which forms what in Italy is still called, after the usage of the primitive church, the *Mensa*, or sacred table, it was discovered that it rested on an antique altar, dedicated to the sun, as appears from the following inscription, engraved in very beautiful Roman characters:—

SOLI
SACR
Q. BAIENVS
PROCVLVS
PATER
NOMIMVS.

Dr. Labus's explanations with respect to this monument and its inscription have for their principal object to shew the worship for which the altar had been used, and the title by virtue of which it was erected. He establishes, by a number of analogous ancient inscriptions of the same age, that the monument in question was consecrated to the worship of the sun, revived in the east from that of the Persian god *Mithra*, and that it was one of the ministers of that worship, termed *pater nomimus*, or, as Dr. Labus interprets it, *legitimate father, consecrated father*, who erected this monument of one of the oriental superstitions which longest and most obstinately disputed the ground with infant Christianity. Dr. Labus remarks, that the expression *nomimus*, hitherto unknown to Latin lexicographers, is only the Greek *νόμιμος* latinised, according to a custom of which the inscriptions of the same age furnish numerous examples; and that this expression answers to those of *pater* and *sacratu*, which appear by themselves in several Mithriac inscriptions. Dr. Labus might have added, that the title which seems to have been the most eminent in the Mithriac hierarchy, that of *pater sacrorum*, which is to be met with in several inscriptions of the second and third centuries, is probably the same which is expressed in this altar by the words *pater nomimus*; since the Latin qualification of *pater sacrorum* cannot be rendered into Greek in a more precise and exact manner than by *πάτερ νομίμων*, words which re-appear, almost identically, under a Latin form, in the words *pater nomimus*.—*Revue Encyclopédique*.

FINE ARTS.

MR. MARSDEN'S EXHIBITION.

We were exceedingly gratified on Wednesday last by a private view of a very fine picture

from the pencil of Mr. Richard Marsden, the public exhibition of which has since commenced at the Colosseum, in the Regent's Park. We cannot give our readers a more distinct and comprehensive notion of the subject, which is "St. Paul before Agrippa," than by quoting the words of the descriptive notice, circulated in the room:—

"Then Paul stretched forth the hand, and answered for himself." This is the immediate point of time expressed in the picture. In an open hall of audience, among the splendid buildings of Cæsarea, on the hilly coast of Syria, below the citadel or town of Straton, this memorable defence of the Christian religion was pleaded. The Apostle stands near the centre of the picture; a chain passes from his arm to that of the soldier behind him. At his right sits a Scribe, and more distant on his left is another, agreeably to the usage which ordained that one should attend for the accused, the other for the accusers. Behind the last-mentioned Scribe are two Rabbis, perusing a record of his former pleading before Felix, from whence to derive matter of accusation stands against him. Near the Scribe, on the right of the picture, on the fore-ground, sits a Pharisee, intent on the proceedings, and behind him another Jewish Rabbi. Near these are a group of Christian converts, among whom is the Greek Aristarchus, the friend of Paul and the evangelist St. Luke, the fellow-labourer of the Apostle. On the judgment-seat are enthroned Agrippa and Bernice. On the right of Agrippa stands Festus, the Roman proconsul. Among the captains and chief men of the city, behind the throne, are a Roman senator and Julius the centurion, who afterwards conducted St. Paul to Rome. On the fore-ground, on the left of the picture, is an Ethiopian attendant, with a censor, and the train-bearer of the queen. On the steep hill, in the back-ground, on the extreme right, is the tower of Straton, already mentioned."

With these materials, Mr. Marsden has produced a work which does him the highest honour. The composition is excellent; the expression powerful and well contrasted, the chiaroscuro forcible, without exaggeration, and the colouring rich but harmonious. We do not recollect ever to have seen a painting to more advantage. The hall, at one extremity of which it is placed, is lofty and spacious, and by the judicious management of surrounding draperies, and the concealment of the sources of the light which falls upon the picture, the effect, on entrance, is strikingly brilliant and imposing.

PRINTS AND PLATES;

The Works and Property of Mr. W. B. Cooke. THE engravings of this artist, in connexion with the names of Turner, Girtin, and others of our first painters of landscape and coast scenery, have been so frequently the subject of our highest encomiums, as to render it unnecessary for us to say anything more respecting them than simply to call the attention of our readers to the sale that, it will be seen by our Advertisements, is to take place on Wednesday next; and to observe, that it will enable the amateur or collector to enrich his portfolio with some of the finest examples of engraved art that have ever yet been brought before the public.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Imitations of the Chalk Drawings of Sir Thomas Lawrence. By R. J. Lane, A. R. A. Dickinson.

THE drawings, viz. Lady Charlotte Campbell,

Mrs. Siddons, two of Miss Siddons, Miss Cecilia Siddons, Mrs. John Kemble, an anonymous female portrait, two of Mr. Charles Kemble, and Sir Toby Belch. We confess that we think two or three of these drawings might very advantageously have been allowed to remain in their portfolio; but, on the other hand, several of them, such, for instance, as the front face of Miss Siddons, and the elder profile of Charles Kemble, are eminently beautiful.

Illuminated Ornaments, selected from Missals and Manuscripts of the Middle Ages. By Henry Shaw. Part I. Pickering.

"THE variety and beauty of those ornaments," it is observed in the prospectus of this splendid little work, "which decorate the Illuminated Missals of the Middle Ages, are so duly appreciated by all acquainted with them, that it is somewhat surprising no publication has yet appeared, which, by a judicious selection and careful imitation of them, might make their excellence more generally known." The talent and taste displayed by Mr. Shaw in his "History and Antiquities of the Chapel at Luton Park," are a sufficient assurance of the ability with which his present undertaking will be executed. It is to be completed in twelve parts; of which that under our immediate notice presents an admirable sample.

One Hundred Studies, in Groups and Single Figures, of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, and other Domestic Animals. Engraved from the celebrated Masters, Paul Potter, Cuyt, Berghem, Stoop, Karl du Jardin, &c. under the superintendence of George Cooke. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

To the lovers of picturesque art, the free, loose, and characteristic style in which these plates, thirty in number, are executed, will be highly gratifying. Some of those from Du Jardin are especially beautiful.

Portrait of the Duke of Reichstadt. Engraved by W. Bromley, A. E., after the original drawing by the late Sir T. Lawrence, P. R. A. Tiffin.

MUCH as the public have lately been occupied in viewing and admiring the works of the lamented President, the specimen of his matchless talents under our notice is at least as much calculated to excite attention as any thing that we have as yet seen from his hand. The stamp of his father's features is so very evident in this portrait of the young Napoleon, that no one can for a moment doubt the truth of the resemblance; though we believe from the statement of travellers, that it is indebted to the painter for the advantage of being taken in the position most favourable to grace and effect. It is, however, difficult to imagine a face in which the lines of beauty are more in accordance with those of the finest antique busts. This appears with peculiar distinctness in the mouth, the bland expression of which in some sort tempers the keen hawk-like character of the eye, which has a sternness in it not often seen at the age of eleven,—that at which this portrait was taken. As a work of art nothing can be imagined more beautiful, both with regard to the exquisite taste of the design, and to the inimitable skill with which the engraver has preserved that lightness and delicacy of tone by which the drawings of Sir T. Lawrence are invariably distinguished.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FIRST AND LAST.—NO. VII.

First and Last Love.

I DEEM'D you loved me, for your eye
Would fondly rest on me;
I deem'd you loved me, for your sigh
Would breathe—your cheek would be
Tinged with a crimson, if I came
Across your path by chance;
And then what thoughts, without a name,
Spoke in your hurried glance!

I deem'd you loved me, for I knew
How in my heart I shrined you—
How in each gentle, tenderest clue
Of fancy I entwined you;
I deem'd you loved, because I saw
Your actions like mine own—
Your eye had my heart's timid awe,
Your voice my trembling tone.

I deem'd you loved—I ne'er had loved
Until that feeling burst—
Beautiful, glorious, tried and proved,
The passionate, the first.
I deemed you loved—I was deceived!
My dream of bliss is past:
Those only know like me bereaved,
Such First Love is the Last!

Worton Lodge, Isleworth.

M. A. BROWNE.

DRAMA.

A PARAGRAPH must include all our dramatic news and criticism this week. At the King's Theatre, on Tuesday, *Cenerentola* was substituted for *Tancredi*, and "God save the King!" was sung by nearly two first singers at the same time; for one had begun when the other rushed on the stage (after being waited for) to commence the anthem.—At the Haymarket, a successful petite comedy has been produced, entitled *Separation and Reparation*, said to be by Morton, and Farren its main pillar.—The English Opera season commenced on Thursday, at the Adelphi, with great éclat. Miss Kelly, inimitable in the *Sister of Charity*; Keeley (Mr. and Mrs.) also inimitable in their line; Wrench and others fully sustaining the well-earned reputation and attraction of the company.

VARIETIES.

Fever.—A new mode of treatment in cases of fever has been introduced into some of the West India islands with extraordinary success. It consists in the use of medicines applicable to the peculiar changes which the blood undergoes during the existence of fever, in opposition to the established theory as to the solids. It is stated by one of the physicians who adopt the new mode, that in 340 cases all the patients recovered.

March of Piety.—The *Propagateur de Calais* informs us, that a few days ago a carriage passed from Calais to St. Omer, containing two elegantly dressed females, who distributed, on their route, books of piety among all whom they met. They were said to be two rich young Englishwomen of the sect of Wesleyans.

Mechanical Improvements.—We have often turned with gratification to describe "the march" of mechanical improvement in our pages, (somewhat more substantial, in our opinion, than the boasted march of intellect); but we never noticed any thing of this kind with so much satisfaction as we now do the admirable contrivances of Mr. Pratt, (the well-known and ingenious patentee of improved chairs, beds, &c. &c.), by which he was enabled

to afford ease and comfort to our lamented Sovereign during the later period of his protracted sufferings. We find it rather difficult to convey a perfect notion of these contrivances to our readers; for they should be seen to have their merits fully understood. The chairs and bed (of which last there were three) were stuffed in the springy and elastic manner which distinguishes Mr. Pratt's patent; and so modified with joints, &c. as to be susceptible of sustaining the body in every possible position. But this not being found sufficient to afford all the relief desired in the painful situation of his Majesty, means were immediately invented, by passing bands of catgut transversely through the bed or cushion; which bands could be tightened or loosened at pleasure, to raise or lower, support or leave at rest, any limb or other part, whenever the royal patient expressed a wish to that effect. Sir H. Halford was much delighted with the ingenuity and singular aptitude of this very clever device; and if any thing can add to an artisan's triumph in framing an excellent work, it must be in the recollection that its first use gave many hours of consolation to a Monarch, ever the friend of talents in every branch of art and science.

Dr. Roget.—This gentleman has again replied to Mr. Babbage, and we must again repeat, that in our opinion he has most satisfactorily explained every point in the matter alluded to, both to his own honour, and to the honour of the Royal Society. With regard to that Society, there may, as in all others, be things which require amendment: and we trust they will be attended to, rather than persisted in, in opposition to opposition.

Vauxhall.—We have seen two or three fellows in the streets with placards on their breasts and backs, stating that Vauxhall opened on Friday, and would be open every Monday and Wednesday also. There were some details of the entertainments; but as the standard-bearers had large umbrellas over their heads to protect them from the pelting rain, and umbrella we had not, we did not stop to read the bills.

The Printers' Pension Society propose a two hundred miles aquatic excursion in the Harlequin steamer on Monday week, for the benefit of their charitable fund. What would old Caxton say if he could rise from his grave and witness this triumph of machinery in the cause of benevolence?

Monument to Shakspeare.—Proposals are in circulation for a public meeting to consider of the expediency of erecting a national monument to Shakspeare, worthy of the genius of the poet (impossible!), the progress of the arts, and the grandeur of the empire. We heartily wish the design success.

Steam-Carriage.—A steam-carriage has been built at Leipsic, which is to run between that place and Dresden. It was to commence running on the 1st inst. The saving in time is expected to be about one half. The Dresden letter from which we take this information says, that this carriage is provided with an apparatus for discharging the smoke imperceptibly, so as to prevent alarm to horses on the road.

Spiders.—Professor Weber, of Leipsic, states, that he watched a little spider as it was constructing its web between two trees. The three principal points to which it was attached, formed, as usual, an equilateral triangle. The two upper threads were fixed to the trunks of the trees; but not finding a point to fix the lower upon, the spider suspended from its ex-

trinity a little pebble, by way of counterpoise. The pebble being heavier than the animal, kept the web perfectly extended.—A curious paper was lately read at the Paris Academy of Sciences on the construction of a spider's nest in earth. This spider is a native of Corsica. The nest is in the form of a well, two inches deep, and six lines in width. The interior is lined with fine web, and the top is furnished with a kind of lid, with hinges, which shuts when the insect is in. This lid, which is composed of earth and web, consists of upwards of forty layers.

Bicephalous Girl.—At the sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences on the 21st inst., M. Geoffroy Hilaire read a report on a bicephalous girl, which had been still-born at Aulay, near St. Girons. This child was very similar to Ritta Christina, who died lately in Paris. There were two separate hearts, having each a pericardium.

Domestic Animals.—M. Dureau Delamalle recently read to the French Academy a memoir, the object of which was to shew, that domestic animals are capable of a more extensive development of the intellectual faculties than is commonly supposed; that they have, although within limits not yet ascertained, instinctive qualities, powers of imitation, memory, will, deliberation, and judgment; that the individual, and even the race, are improvable by the state of knowledge of the persons with whom they live, by education, by their wants, by their dangers, and, in order to generalise the proposition, by the circumstances in which they are placed; and that many of the qualities which are considered instinctive, are, in fact, qualities acquired by their powers of imitation, and that certain acts attributed to instinct, are acts of choice, resulting from intelligence, memory, and judgment. M. Delamalle sustains these various propositions by a number of very curious facts.

A Chinese Student.—There is now at Brussels a Chinese merchant, on his way to France, where he intends to study French; and he is subsequently to proceed to this country for the purpose of learning English. As he is in full Chinese costume, he is an object of great curiosity. It is said that four other Chinese merchants, of great wealth in China, were to follow his example.

One good Turn deserves another.—Reynolds, the dramatist, who, as we mentioned in our last, is about to appear in the character of a novelist, was complaining to a friend of the many difficulties he encountered in his new undertaking; the latter replied—"Think, when the work is over, of the pleasure of correcting the press." "Ay!" rejoined Fred. Reynolds—"and when that work is over, think of the press having the pleasure of correcting me."

Dublin, June 26, 1830.
SIR,—I happened to meet with your paper of the 5th inst. this morning, and there read an extract from the *Life of Alexander Alexander*, which alludes to me. I beg leave to say that every line of it is false, from beginning to end. I can conceive a poor devil circumstanced as you describe the author to be, writing lies, or picking pockets, to get a livelihood; but I can with difficulty account for the selection, by the editor of a "*Literary Gazette*," of a passage which has no other merit than its falsehood and malignity, in order to recommend a work and its author to the generosity of the public. There was no Licut-Col. Wilson in the service of Venezuela at the time Mr. Alexander speaks of. I was colonel, commanding the British brigade under General Bolivar, who treated me with great ingratitude; but neither he, nor General Paez, nor any body else that I know of, except "Alexander Alexander," ever thought of charging me with any of the ridiculous plots spoken of in the life of that person, nor with being a "spy for the Spaniards." It might have little weight with the imprisoned libeller or his reviewer, perhaps, were I to produce the testimony of the Commander-

in-chief, the Secretary-at-war, or the Duke of Wellington, as to my character; but as I presume your journal is extensively circulated, and believe that the public in general respect those names, I beg leave to say that I have the honour to be known to all those personages, and have reason to think any one of them would vouch for my being incapable of acting the part ascribed to me by Mr. Alexander. I have requested a friend to hand you this letter, who will put you in the way of satisfying yourself as to every particular respecting me and my connexions; so that you will have the fullest opportunity of judging whether you ought to give my contradiction to the public, or persist in the libel that you have been induced to insert in your paper. In the meantime, I have the honour to be, sir, your very obedient servant, H. C. WILSON.
To the Editor of the London Literary Gazette.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXI. II. July 3.]

General Sir Hew Dalrymple's Proceedings whilst in command at Gibraltar, and afterwards when Commander of the Forces in Portugal, towards a full and faithful Narrative of the Peninsular War.—Dignities, Feudal and Parliamentary; the Nature and Functions of the Aula Regia, or High Court of the Barons, of the Magna Concilia, and of the Commune Concilium Regni, &c., by Sir William Betham, Ulster King of Arms.—A third edition of Montgomerie's Satan; a fourth of the Universal Prayer, Death, &c.; and a twelfth of the Omnipresence, &c. are announced.—Mr. Moore's second volume of the *Life of Byron* is promised in about a fortnight.—An Historical Sketch of the Danmonii, or Ancient Inhabitants of Devonshire and Cornwall, by Joseph Chattaway.—A Memoir of his late Majesty George IV., by the Rev. George Croly, A.M., is nearly ready for publication.—Dr. Hunter, of Leeds, announces a Treatise on the Mineral Springs of Harrogate.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cyclopaedia, Vol. VIII., Mackintosh's England, Vol. I. fcp. 6s. bds.—Francour's Hydrostatics, translated, 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Tennyson's Poems, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Light on the Poor, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Real Devil's Walk, with 13 woodcuts by Cruikshank, 18mo. 2s. sewed.—Monsieur Mallet, with 6 engravings, 18mo. 1s. sewed.—Talbot's Legendary Tales, fcp. 6s. 6d. bds.—Cayley's Commercial Economy, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Maycock's Flora Barbadenis, 8vo. 18s. cloth.—Berington and Kirk's Faith of the Catholics, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Family Classical Library, No. VII. 18mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Juvenile Library, No. 1. 18mo. 4s. bds.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Juvenile Library*.—Our review of this work, to a certain degree explains the difficulty of our position with regard to it; but we have to add, that the volume was submitted for criticism to a gentleman as independent of the *Literary Gazette* as the *Literary Gazette* is itself independent. A man of firmness, talent, and integrity, he was assured that our invariable rule was to know neither friend nor adversary in these pages; and, therefore, that he should exercise, in this and every similar case, his unbiased judgment. Thus much appears to us to be necessary to all events in justice to such publications, and to ourselves; at all events it is the plain and simple truth. The plates in the volume, Lady Jane Grey, and Prince Edward, are beautifully executed; and the whole-length of the Princess Victoria, and the portrait of Lawrence, from his own crayon, are recommendations enough for a book of twice the price, independently of its literary contents.—Ed. L. G.

We have looked over the several pamphlets respecting the disputes unhappily existing at the London University; but we refrain from taking up the subject, in the hope that good sense and moderation may prevail at the meeting, which, we see, is appointed for to-day, and the Institution be restored to that cordiality which alone can promote its successful labours in the cause of education.

We observe by the very able address of Mr. Vigors to the Zoological Club at its last meeting, that it has been dissolved, having effected all the good objects for which it was established, and merged, as it were, into our now flourishing Zoological Society. Mr. Vigors' publication is otherwise very generally interesting, from the view it takes of the rapid advances recently made in every branch of zoological science. Many of the statements are curious, and the whole valuable.

H. G.'s lines cannot be inserted: nor F. W.'s. In answer to a Constant Reader's inquiry.—There is, we are assured, no Librarian yet appointed to King's College; but the Secretary receives all presents of books, &c. and records them in a catalogue, in which the names of the donors are entered.

* The Marquess of Sligo having vouched to us for the respectability of the writer of this letter, we think it best to let him state his grievances in his own temperate language. If he had consulted his reason, instead of allowing his military feelings to run away with such judgment as nature may have blessed him withal, he must have perceived that the "Reviewer" could have no cognizance of the transactions alluded to, except through the work before him; and that whether Alexander was a fabricator of falsehoods, or Colonel Wilson a mere adventurer in a foreign service, must be alike unknown to him. The character of the *Literary Gazette* ought to protect it from the suspicion of wishing to hurt the mind of any gentleman.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS. The Exhibition for the Sale of the Works of living British Artists, in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, is now open to the Public, from Nine till Six.
Admission, 1s.—Catalogue 1s.
R. B. DAVIS, Secretary.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY, for the Annual Exhibition of New and Improved Productions of Arts and Manufactures, Royal Exchange—aring Cross. The Third Exhibition of this Institution is now open to the Public, and will continue open daily, until further notice.
Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
T. S. TULL, Secretary.

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DOUBLE NUMBER of the COURT JOURNAL.—THE KING.—A Double Number of the Court Journal of Saturday, July 3, No. 62, will be published, without extra charge, in order to present to its readers a very copious and interesting volume of this Miscellaneous and Express for the work. It will occupy upwards of 48 columns out of the 96 which the Journal will altogether comprise. The same Number will include every particular that may transpire during the week, connected with the new court. Those who desire to ensure copies, are requested to transmit their orders immediately to their respective Booksellers or News-vendors.
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FROM MORNING POST.—The Examination of the Pupils at Goodenough House, Little Epping, which finished on Wednesday, was conducted on the only plan that can be a true Test of a Boy's Learning. What is the Estimation of a Latin Play? An Effort of Memory!—What is the translation of Greek and Latin Lines which have been read every Day for Six Weeks? A Test of Recollection!—The former is the Examination of Westminster Boys; the latter of Charter House Boys. But at Goodenough House the Pupils were required to translate 100 Lines of Greek and Latin, selected at the moment by the Examiner. This was a severe trial. But from the *Heccuba* of Euripides, a boy 15 years old translated 100 lines fluently; another, 100 from Homer; another, 100 from Xenophon; another, 100 from Livy; another, 100 from Horace; another, 100 from Virgil; and one little boy, reported to have studied Latin but two years, translated 100 lines of Virgil. Maps were drawn neatly, without copies, of all the world, by six boys. The Examination in Pure and Mixed Mathematics, Algebra, &c. did the pupils credit.
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No. XII. will be published in August.
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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Royal Naval Biography; or, Memoirs of the Services of all the Flag-Officers, Superannuated Rear-Admirals, Retired Captains, Post-Captains, and Commanders, &c. &c. By John Marshall, Lieut. R.N. Supplement—Part IV. 8vo. pp. 458. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

OF the former portions of this well-arranged naval record, we have more than once had occasion to speak in terms of praise; and we believe that the work in general is too well known to require that we should now go into any detail as to its plan, mode of execution, &c. The most remarkable particulars in the present volume seem to be the memoirs of Captains Basil Hall, Parry, and O'Brien; the last of whom, our readers will recollect, underwent some severe trials and sufferings in his repeated endeavours to escape from French captivity, in the years 1808-9. The biographies of these distinguished officers cannot fail to be entertaining. We were also much amused by the number of lively and characteristic anecdotes scattered here and there throughout the volume. The following is one of these, which occurs in the memoir of Captain Badcock, while serving in the late American war:—

“On one of these occasions, a marine, named Patrick Gallagher, behaved with great coolness and presence of mind, while posted at some distance from the working party. Observing five American horsemen ride down to the corner of a wood, from whence three of them galloped towards him, he immediately got behind a hay-stack, cocked his musket, and waited their approach: they passed without seeing him, and dismounted; when he instantly called out, ‘Surrender, you rascals! I have you all in a line, and by J—, I will shoot you altogether, if you do not throw down your arms!’ They immediately complied, and he marched them before him, horses and all, to the beach. Unfortunately, this brave fellow was unfit for promotion, being too fond of strong drink, and therefore could not be rewarded. This circumstance serves to shew how much an Order of Merit is wanted in the naval service; for how many hundreds of sailors and marines have, like Patrick Gallagher, richly deserved medals, or some other honorary distinctions, who, for the same reason, could not be made petty or non-commissioned officers?”

This “order of merit,” proposed by the lieutenant, would, we think, be productive of rather disorderly effects, as it would appear, that no man who is not a confirmed drunkard would be eligible. We should like to see a chapter held by “the order.” The medals, too, would be without parallel in any mode of decoration yet extant; for, to be explanatory, the services of the elect should be represented on one side, while the reverse should present an effigy of the jolly god astride on a barrel, to signify, emblematically, why the wearer’s gallantry was not rewarded, as usual, by promotion. This is the “bane and antidote.” Pat would, no

doubt, congratulate himself upon so honourable a distinction, and say, “See what I’ve got by the drink! Sure, if I had been a sober man, the devil more I’d a had but a sergeant’s halbert! Now, don’t I dangle a fine medal to my button?”

The following is a striking anecdote. The fact occurred on board H. M. sloop, Pilot, captain J. T. Nicolas, when in contest with La Légère.

“An instance of heroism occurred during that action, which has seldom been surpassed, and which is scarcely rivalled by even Greek or Roman valour. The Pilot having had her main-top-sail yard shot away, the people were employed aloft in preparing to send up another, and were in the act of reeving a hawser for the purpose, when a voice was heard from the captain’s cabin (to which, as is usual in brigs, the wounded were sent, and through the skylight of which the mainmast is visible), exclaiming, ‘You are reeving the hawser the wrong way!’ This proved to be the case; and on looking down to see who had detected the mistake at the mast-head, it was found to be John Powers, quarter master’s mate, who was at the moment lying on his back on the table under the skylight, undergoing the amputation of his thigh, his leg having just before been carried away by a round shot. The man who under such circumstances can think only of his duty, is a hero, and, whether a common sailor or an admiral, deserves to have his name placed on record. John Powers was an Irishman, about 25 years of age. It was not likely that his conduct should pass unnoticed; and on his captain’s representing it, he obtained for him the object of his ambition,—a cook’s warrant. He was in the Drake sloop of war when that vessel was wrecked on the coast of Newfoundland; and though with but one leg, was amongst the eleven men who were saved.”

In the memoir of Captain John Smith (*b*), we find a simple and ingenious remedy for an evil too often occurring in tropical climates, and known by the name of night-blindness.

“In Sept. 1801, the Merlin, cruising on the north side of Jamaica, captured a small Spanish privateer, mounting one gun on a circular sweep; and Mr. Smith, then rated master’s mate, was sent in her, with twenty men, to cruise as a tender. ‘In a few days,’ says he, ‘at least half the crew were affected with nyctalopia. We were chased one calm morning by a large xebec, carrying from eighty to a hundred men, and towards evening she was fast pulling up to us, our people having been fagging at their oars many hours, without any relief. Knowing that night would deprive half our crew of sight, it was proposed to try our strength with the enemy while it was yet daylight: this was answered by three cheers. The oars were run across, and, the enemy by this time being within gun-shot, the action commenced. After a time, to our great relief, he sheered off and pulled away from us: we, in our turn, became the pursuers; but when night came on, we took especial care to lay our head

from the xebec, and saw no more of her. This circumstance put me on devising some means of curing the people affected with night blindness, and I could think of none better than excluding the rays of the sun from one eye during the day, by placing a handkerchief over it; and I was pleased to find, on the succeeding night, that it completely answered the desired purpose, and that the patient could see perfectly well with the eye which had been covered during the day; so that in future, each person so affected had one eye for day, and the other for night; and it was amusing enough to see Jack guarding, with tender care, his night eye from any the slightest communication with the sun’s rays, and occasionally changing the bandage, that each eye in turn might take a spell of night duty; it being found that guarding the eye for one day was sufficient to restore the tone of the optic nerve, a torpor of which, and of the retina, is supposed to be the proximate cause of the disease. I much question whether any purely medical treatment would have had so complete, and, above all, so immediate, an effect. Persons affected with nyctalopia become perfectly blind as night approaches, and continue so till the return of day-light. The medicinal treatment recommended is, bleeding and purging, blisters applied repeatedly to the temples, close to the external cañthus of the eye, cinchona bark, joined with chalybeates, &c.; all of which was impracticable by us, having no medicine on board our little vessel. I am aware that this disease frequently attends scurvy in tropical climates, and is sometimes occasioned by derangement of the digestive organs and hepatic system, in which cases our simple treatment would be useless; but in the above instance it was evidently caused only by the sun.”

Lieutenant Marshall’s work is, no doubt, highly estimated by his profession. We, as civilians, recommend it to the general reader, as a chronicle of interesting facts necessary to be known by every one who feels a laudable curiosity as to the history of his country.

Album Verses, with a few others. By Charles Lamb. 12mo. pp. 150. London, 1830. Moxon.

If any thing could prevent our laughing at the present collection of absurdities, it would be a lamentable conviction of the blinding and engrossing nature of vanity. We could forgive the folly of the original composition, but cannot but marvel at the egotism which has preserved, and the conceit which has published. What exaggerated notion must that man entertain of his talents, who believes their slightest efforts worthy of remembrance; one who keeps a copy of the verses he writes in young ladies’ albums, the proverbial receptacles for trash! Here and there a sweet and natural thought intervenes; but the chief part is best characterised by that expressive though ungracious word “rubbish.” And what could induce our author to trench on the masculine and vigorous Crabbe? did he think his powerful and dark outlines might

with advantage be turned to "prettiness and favour?" But let our readers judge from the following specimens. The first is from the album of Mrs. Jane Towers.

"Conjecturing, I wander in the dark,
I know thee only sister to Charles Clarke!"

Directions for a picture—

"You wished a picture, cheap, but good;
The colouring? decent; clear, not muddy;
To suit a poet's quiet study."

The subject is a child—

"Thrusting his fingers in his ears,
Like Obstinate, that perverse funny one,
In honest parable of Bunyan."

We were not aware of "Obstinate's" fun before.

An epitaph:—

"On her bones the turf lie lightly,
And her rise again be brightly!
No dark stain be found upon her—
No, there will not, on mine honour—
Answer that at least I can."

Or what is the merit of the ensuing epicedium?

"There's rich Kitty Wheatley,
With footing it featly
That took me completely,
She sleeps in the kirk-house;
And poor Polly Perkin,
Whose dad was still firking
The jolly ale firkin,
She's gone to the work-house.

Fine Gard'ner, Ben Carter
(In ten counties no smarter)
Has ta'en his departure

For Proserpine's orchards;

And Lilly, postilion,
With cheeks of vermilion,
Is one of a million

That fill up the churchyards.

And, lusty as Dido,

Fat Clementson's widow

Flits now a small shadow

By Stygian hid ford;

And good master Clapton

Has thirty years nap't on

The ground he last hap't on,
Entomb'd by fair Walford.

And gallant Tom Dockwra,

Of Nature's finest crockery,

Now but thin air and mockery,

Lurks by Avernus,

Whose honest grasp of hand

Still, while his life did stand,
At friend's or foe's command,
Almost did burn us.

But this day Fanny Hutton

Her last dress has put on;

Her fine lessons forgotten,
She died as the gince died;

And prim Betsey Chambers,

Decay'd in her members,
No longer remembers

Things as she once did.

And prudent Miss Wither

Not in jest now doth *with*er,
And soon must go—whither
Nor I well nor you know;

And flaunting Miss Waller,
That soon must befall her,
Whence none can recall her,
Though proud once as Juno!"

Mr. Lamb, in his dedication, says his motive for publishing is to benefit his publisher, by affording him an opportunity of shewing how he means to bring out works. We could have dispensed with the specimen; though it is but justice to remark on the neat manner in which the work is produced: the title-page is especially pretty.

Irish Cottagers. By Mr. Martin Doyle, author of "Hints to small Farmers." 12mo. pp. 137. W. Curry, junr., and Co., Dublin; Hurst, Chance, and Co., London; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.

THIS unassuming little volume deserves the highest praise; it supplies a vacancy in our literature too much neglected. We cultivate and uphold a taste for reading in the lower classes, but we do not sufficiently attend to the necessity there is also for supplying wholesome and nutritive food to the appetite thus created.

Now, the pages before us apply admirably to this want; they are full of useful instruction and practical example. No one, whether landlord or tenant, could peruse these few leaves without benefit, and, we must also add, amusement. We extract an entertaining scene in court, the consequence of a housewarming, where spirits were illegally sold.

"*Bench.* Call the first case. *Clerk.* Mr. Gilbert Finem against Nicholas Moran, of Drumadecough, farmer, for selling spirits without a license, on Monday night, December 2d.—*Bench.* State your complaint, Mr. Finem. *Gauger.* I have received information that Nicholas Moran sold some gallons of whiskey in his house, last Monday night, without a license.—*Bench.* Moran, what have you to say to this? *Nick.* Plaze your worship, I defy man, woman, or child, to say that I handled a penny that same night for *spirits*.—

Gauger. Will your worship ask him what his wife was selling that night, and scoring with chalk on the leg of the table? *Bench.* Answer that question, Moran. *Nick.* I'll make your worships sensible, and I'll tell the truth; and Mr. Bruce, God bless him! knows that I wouldn't tell a lie for the whole world. Molly was noting down, just for her satisfaction, on the leg of the table, the number of dishes of *tay* that Judy Flynn and the rest of the woman-kind were after sweetening, bekaise, you see, they were sitting up with us that night, on account of the children being bad with the measles; and, by the same token, one of them is mighty bad entirely to-day. I'll give my oath that I sould nothing (and 'twasn't I, but my wife, all the time,) but *tay*. Not a drop of *spirits* crossed the threshold of my door that day; and why should it when the law is again it? I'll swear to that.—*Bench.* You are not required to criminate yourself by any admission, nor can you defend yourself in this way; if the court were to allow you to take what you call a clearing oath, you would be unquestionably perjured in this case. How could you, unprincipled man that you are, swear that no whiskey crossed your door that day, when you know that it did, or perhaps the day before? *Nick.* No, plaze your worship, nor any other day this month past, I'll take my bodily oath of that.—*Gauger.* The whiskey was seen *going* into his house for sale.—*Bench.* Where's your witness, Mr. Finem? *Gauger.* I can't persuade him to appear.—*Bench.* Then he shall be fined 10l. (To the clerk:) Let the fine be entered. You are an incorrigible fellow, Nick; but perhaps we may have you by and by. Call the next case. *Clerk.* James Cassidy against Brien Foley, for using a malicious and slanderous expression against him, in Nick Moran's house on Monday night, the 2d of December, and also for an assault.—

Bench. Cassidy, take the book; now state what you have to complain of. *Cassidy.* Plaze your worships, there was a small party of betewkst 50 or 49, (I wont prove to more than 49, barring the childer are to be counted.)—*Bench.* Don't mind unnecessary particulars; come to the point. *Cassidy.* There was, as I was obsarving, betewkst 49 or 50 of us in the two rooms, very pleasaant and neighbourlike together, taking a tumbler of punch to serve Nick Moran's new house, I mean the new ould house, bekaise he had to buy windys and to put up a chimney.—*Bench.* What do you mean by serving Nick Moran's house? *Cassidy.* Giving him the benefit, plaze your honor, of the whiskey.—*Bench.* Do you mean that you paid him for the whiskey? *Cassidy.* No, plaze your honor, by no means; it was for the

punch only we paid—that is, we owe him for it.—*Bench.* By virtue of your oath, did you understand that the punch there was to be paid for? *Cassidy.* Every sup, your honor, barring what Nick drank himself, and why not? sure we're on honor to pay, now that the score stick is broke.—*Bench.* (To the gauger.) This will prove your case. *Clerk.* make out a conviction for Nick Moran.—*Cassidy.* Bad luck to this tongue, 'twasn't to bring Nick Moran (my own wife's half sister's son) into trouble, I was intending—quite the contrary, your worships: I have no more to say (retiring).—*Bench.* Stay; you have not told one word of your own affair yet. What's your complaint against Foley? *Cassidy.* Sure enough. Why then, plaze your honour, I'd rather not be axed about Foley's business; it's enough to be an informer, in spite of one's self too, wanst in a day. Foley riz the skrimmage, that's all.—*Bench.* Oh, since you have nothing more to say, we dismiss the case, with costs against you; sixpence the summons—a shilling the—*Cassidy.* Will I have to pay for the summons, your honor? *Bench.* Certainly, if you have nothing to prove against the person you have summoned.—*Cassidy.* Why, then, your worship, if that's the case, I'll tell you all about it, from first to last, and I'll be on my oath.—*Bench.* You're on your oath already.—*Cassidy.* Well then, I'll be on my oath again, and leave it to my dying hour, that Brien Foley used a slanderous and terrible word against my character, that is not fit to be repeated before your honors and the people.—*Bench.* Come, sir, don't keep us here all day. What did he say? *Cassidy.* Why then, saving your presence, he called me before one hundred people.—*Bench.* You said just now there were only between forty-nine and fifty (whatever number that may be) present; take care. *Cassidy.* You're right; I stand corrected, your worship. Well then, before fifty of the neighbours—he called me—but would'nt it be decent, plaze your worships, to send the women out of court—the young girls any way; the ould one's an't so delicata.—To this suggestion, so very creditable to Jemmy Cassidy's delicacy, the worthy magistrates readily assented. The court was accordingly cleared of all females. And after the confusion which this occasioned had subsided, the complainant stated that Foley, after having called him nearly twenty times a gimlet-eyed rascal (Cassidy squinted a little) and a rogue and a liar, which he didn't much mind, as Foley had the cross sup in him, at last called him a—GOLUMPUS. Here there was an indication of merriment in the court, in which, to say the truth, the bench were constrained to participate; and this did not diminish when Mr. Bruce drily informed poor Cassidy that *Golumpus* was not an actionable word—humorously asserting that it was compounded of *Goliah* the giant, and *Olympus* the mountain, and therefore must mean a *Man-Mountain*; so, added his worship, instead of making *little* of you, as you had imagined, the defendant has really been making the *most* of you. We are, however, to consider the assault.—*Cassidy.* I don't care about that, since my character is cleared."

We again warmly recommend the present work, as useful to its Irish readers, both as a warning and example; and to its English ones, as giving just views of a country which falsehood and exaggeration have so much and so injuriously marked for their own.

Constable's Miscellany, Vols. 55 and 56. Life of King James I. By Robert Chalmers, Author of the "History of the Rebellions in Scotland." Edinburgh, 1830, Constable and Co.: London, Hurst, Chance, and Co.

INDEFATIGABLE in research, familiar with all old records, till he almost identifies his own feelings with their events, few writers have given more time, trouble, or interest, to their subject than Mr. Chalmers: he is the most enthusiastic of antiquaries—a pursuit, by the by, whose very uncertainty and dryness seems to excite the most opposite feelings in its followers; for your antiquary is generally a warm and ingenuous partisan, of whatever party, for whose sake he draws conclusions. This is Mr. Chalmers' case. His history of King James is full of curious details, amusing anecdotes, forming two most entertaining and readable volumes; but rather materials for history, than history itself: he is more accurate in his facts than in his deductions from them. Our limits are ill calculated for historical discussion; but we must say his favourable opinion of James is indifferently borne out even by his own statements; and we protest against his very unfair and unjust view of Raleigh's case: a little of the liberality so profusely bestowed on the sovereign's defects would not have been ill extended to those of the subject's. We shall now proceed to extract a few of the many amusing anecdotes with which these pages abound; and naturally begin with the birth of James.

"The room where this event took place is so extremely small, that it is yet the wonder of every one who sees it, how it could have afforded the proper accommodation. Indeed, there never perhaps was a king, even among those who have risen to their thrones from a plebeian rank, who was born in an apartment so limited in dimension, and so humble in appearance, as that in which the first monarch of Great Britain was ushered into the world. It measures no more than the length of two ordinary walking-canes in any direction; and it is somewhat irregular in shape. That Mary should have selected so narrow a room for her retirement under such circumstances, certainly gives a curious view either of her character, or of the manners of the age and country in which she lived. About two o'clock that afternoon, Lord Darnley came to visit the queen, and expressed a desire to see the child. 'My lord,' said Mary, as her attendants presented their precious charge to his arms, 'God has given you and me a son.' Darnley stooped and kissed the child, a blush mantling on his cheek, as the novel idea of paternity rushed to his mind. Mary then took her son into her arms, and withdrawing a cloth which partially covered his face, said to her husband, 'My lord, here I protest to God, and as I shall answer to him at the great day of judgment, this is your son, and no other man's son. He is indeed so much your son, that I only fear it will be the worse for him hereafter.' Then turning to Sir William Stanley, Darnley's principal English servant, Mary added, 'This is the son who, I hope, shall first unite the two kingdoms of Scotland and England.' Sir William answered, 'Why, madam! shall he succeed before your majesty and his father?' 'Alas!' Mary only answered, and the answer was expressive enough, 'his father has broken to me.' Darnley, who still stood near, heard this with pain. 'Sweet madam!' said he, 'is this your promise that you made, to forget and forgive all?' 'I have forgiven all,' said the queen; 'but will never forget. What

if Fawdonside's pistol had had shot? What would have become of him and me both! And what estate would you have been in? God only knows. But *we* may suspect.' 'Madam,' answered Darnley, 'these things are all past.' 'Then,' said the queen, 'let them go.' And next in order, as naturally, comes his christening.

"Before the appointed day, the Earl of Bedford arrived, with a retinue of eighty gentlemen on horseback, as ambassador from Elizabeth, bringing with him a font of gold to be employed in the ceremony, as a present from his mistress to Queen Mary. The accurate Stowe informs us, that this grand piece of plate cost the sum of one thousand and forty-three pounds nineteen shillings; while a more homely Scottish chronicler of the day has recorded, that it was 'twa stane wecht.' Large as it was, however, Elizabeth entertained apprehensions that it would be too small to contain the person of the infant prince; and as she had given Bedford instructions, among graver matters, 'to say pleasantly, that it was made as soon as we heard of the prince's birth, and then 'twas big enough for him; but now he, being grown, is too big for it; therefore it may be better used for the next child, provided it be christened before it outgrows the font.'"

Our next extract is from a more advanced period, circa 1589.

"About this time, James procured a marriage to take place betwixt his faithful school-fellow and counsellor, the Earl of Mar and Lady Mary Stuart, daughter of the late, and sister to the present Duke of Lennox. It is a tradition in the family of Mar, that the earl, before this period, when in widowhood, had consulted an Italian conjuror, as to the external appearance of the lady whom it should be his fate to marry for the second time, and that, the conjuror shewing him a figure in a glass somewhat like Lady Mary, he at once fell distractedly in love with her. Unfortunately for his passion, the young lady had a great aversion to becoming the second wife of a man who had already an earlier family to inherit his title and estates; and, moreover, the king was supposed to have destined her for another. Mar, therefore, fell grievously ill, and seemed about to enact that strange absurdity, a man, with a large family, dying for love. But the king, being informed of his illness by a letter, visited him in his affliction, and cheered him up by exclaiming, in his usual boisterous way, 'By G—, ye shanna dee, Jock, for ony lass in a' the land!' His majesty afterwards exerted those powers of small domestic intrigue for which he was remarkable, in bringing about a match between his lordship and Lady Mary—a match which proved exceedingly happy."

There is a curious account of the trials for witchcraft; we can only extract part: we must observe that the Christian tone of the prayer is strangely at variance with the supposed league with the devil.

"Among fifty distinct instances of necromancy which are displayed against Simpson in her indictment, perhaps the reader may tolerate one for a specimen. Being sent for to Edmonstone, to decide by her supernatural skill whether the lady of the house should recover from an illness or not—for women of her order appear in that age to have been as regularly called to the bedsides of the sick as physicians—she told the attendants that she could give them the required information that evening after supper, appointing them to meet her in the garden. She then passed to the garden, and, as was her custom in such cases, uttered

a metrical prayer, which, according to her own confession, she had learned from her father, and which enabled her to determine whether the patient would be cured or not—as, if she said it with one breath, the result was to be life—but if otherwise, death. This prayer was as follows:—

'I trow (*traw*) in Almighty God, that wrought
Baith heaven and earth, and all of nought;
In his dear son, Christ Jesu,
In that comely lord I trow,
Was gotten by the Haly Ghaist
Born of the Virgin Mary,
Stapped to heaven, that all weil than,
And sits at his father's right hand,
He bade us come and lord, to dome
Baith quik and dead to him convene.
I trow also in the Haly Ghaist;
In haly kirk my hope is maist,
That haly ship where hallowers wins
To ask forgiveness of their sins
And syne to rise in flesh and bane,
The lñ that never nair has gane.
Thou says, Lord, loved may he be
That forned and made mankind of me.
Thou coft (*baucht*) me on the haly cross,
Thou lent me body, saul, and voce,
And ordanit me to heavenly bliss;
Wherefore I thank ye, lord, of this.
That all your hallowers loved be,
To pray to them that pray to me.
And keep me fra that fellon fae,
And from the sin that saul would slay.
Thou, lord, for thy bitter passion in,
To keep me from sin and wardly shame,
And endless damnation. Grant me the joy never
will be gane.*
Sweet Christ Jesus. Amen.'

Having stopped in the course of this long prayer, she despaired of the lady's life. However, she called upon the devil, by the name of Elpha, to come to speak to her. He presently appeared climbing over the garden wall in the shape of a large dog; and he came so near her, that, getting afraid, she charged him, by the law that he lived on, to keep at a certain distance. She then asked if the lady would live; to which he only answered, that 'her days were gane.' He, in his turn, asked where the young gentlewomen, daughters to Lady Edmonstone, were at present. She answered, that she expected soon to see them in the garden. 'Ane of them,' said he, 'will be in perill; I wish to have her.' On her answering that it should not be so with her consent, he 'departit frae her,' says the indictment, 'yowling'; and from that time till after supper he remained into the draw-well. After supper, the young ladies walked out into the garden to learn the result of Mrs. Simpson's inquiries; on which the devil came out of the well, and seizing the skirts of one of them (probably a married one, as she is called Lady Torsonce), drew her violently towards the pit from which he had emerged; and it is added, that if Simpson and the other ladies had not exerted themselves to hold her back, he would have succeeded in his wishes. Finding himself disappointed of his prey, he 'passit away thair-efter with ane yowle.' The object of his ravenous passions fainted, and was carried home; she lay in a frenzy for three or four days, and continued sick and cripple for as many months. And it was remarked, that whenever the wise wife of Keith was with her she was well; but on her going away, all the

* Her prayer, or conjuration, for the healing of sickness, was as follows:

'All kynds of ill that ever may be,
In Christ's name I conjure ye;
I conjure ye, baith mair and less,
By all the vertues of the messe,
And rycht sa with the nailis sa
That nailed Jesus and not ma,
And rycht sa with the samen blude
That rekit ower the rathful rude,
Furth of the flesh and of the bane,
And in the eard and in the stane,
I conjure ye in God's name.'

Records of Justiciary.*

dangerous symptoms returned. In the mean time, it is to be supposed, the old lady died."

The Earl of Gowry.—"The fame of his accomplishments, his handsome person, and of Elizabeth's kindness to him, preceded his arrival, and being associated in the minds of the multitude with a recollection that his father was a sort of martyr in the cause of Presbyterianism and popular government, every where excited a lively interest in his favour. Like every other ambitious man, even while he listened with gratification to the applauses of the crowd, he secretly despised the flatterers: he remarked, as he made his way through the mob which received him at Edinburgh—"Pshaw! there were as many, I believe, to see my father's execution at Stirling." Still these marks of popular favour must have tended to foment that very ambition which enabled him to despise them."

We now quote a letter written during the King of Denmark's visit; and a pretty sample it is of manners:—

"My good friend,—In compliance with your asking, now shall you accept my poor account of rich doings. I came here a day or two before the Danish king came; and from the day he did come, till this hour, I have been well nigh overwhelmed with carousal and sports of all kinds. The sports began each day in such manner and such sort, as well nigh persuaded me of Mahomet's paradise. We had women, and indeed wine too, of such plenty as would have astonished each beholder. Our feasts were magnificent; and the two royal guests did most lovingly embrace each other at table. I think the Dane hath strangely wrought on our good English nobles; for those whom I could never get to taste good liquor now follow the fashion, and wallow in beastly delights. *The ladies abandon their sobriety, and are seen to rolle about in intoxication.* In good sooth, the parliament did kindly to provide his majesty so seasonably with money: for there have been no lacke of good living; shews, sights, and banquetings from morn to eve. One day, a great feast was held, and, after dinner, the representation of Solomon, his temple, and the coming of the Queen of Sheba, was made, or (as I may better say) was meant to have been made, before their majesties, by device of the Earl of Salisbury and others. But, alas! as all earthly things do fail to poor mortals in enjoyment, so did prove our presentment thereof. The lady who did play the queen's part, did carry most precious gifts to both their majesties; but, forgetting the steps arising to the canopy, overset her caskets into his Danish majestie's lap, and fell at his feet, though I rather think it was in his face. Much was the hurry and confusion; cloths and napkins were at hand, to make all clean. His majesty then got up, and would dance with the queen of Sheba; but he fell down, and humbled himself before her, and was carried to an inner chamber, and laid on a bed of state, which was not a little defiled with the presents of the queen, which had been bestowed upon his garments—such as wine, cream, jelly, beverage, cakes, spices, and other good matters. The entertainment and show went forward, and most of the presenters went backward, or fell down—wine did so occupy their upper chambers. Now did appear in rich dress, Hope, Faith, and Charity. Hope did assay to speak, but wine rendered her endeavours so feeble, that she withdrew, and hoped the king would excuse her brevity. Faith was then alone, for I am certain she was not joined to good works, and left the court in a staggering condition. Charity

came to the king's feet, and seemed to cover the multitude of sins her sisters had committed; in some sort she made obeisance and brought gifts, but said she would return home again, as there was no gift which heaven had not already given his majesty. She then returned to Hope and Faith, who were both sick and spewing in the lower hall. Next came Victory, in bright armour, and presented a rich sword to the king, who did not accept it, but put it by with his hand; and by a strange medley of versification, did endeavour to make suit to the king. But Victory did not triumph long: for, after much lamentable utterance, she was led away like a silly captive, and laid to sleep in the outer steps of the antichamber. Now did Peace make entry, and strive to get foremost to the king; but I grieve to tell how great wrath she did discover unto those of her attendants; and, much contrary to her semblance, rudely made war with her branch, and laid on the pates of those who did oppose her coming. I have much marvelled at those strange pageantries, and they do bring to my remembrance what passed of this sort in our queen's days; of which I was sometime an humble presenter and assistant: but I never did see such lack of good order, discretion, and sobriety, as I have now done. I have passed much time in seeing the royal sports of hunting and hawking, where the manners were such as made me devise the beasts were pursuing the sober creation, and not man in quest of exercise and food. I will now in good sooth declare to you, who will not blab, that the gunpowder fright is got out of all our heads; and we are going on hereabouts as if the devil was contriving every man to blow up himself, by wild riot, excess, and devastation of time and temperance. The great ladies do go well masked; and indeed it be the only shew of their modesty to conceal their countenance. But alack! they meet with such countenance to uphold their strange doings, that I marvel not at ought that happens. The lord of the mansion is overwhelmed in preparations at Theobald's, and doth marvellously please both kings, with good meat, good drink, and good speeches. I do often say (but not aloud), that the Danes have again conquered the Britons; for I see no man, or woman either, who can command herself."

This royal Dane was quite an enthusiast in drinking: he once pledged, at his own court, the healths of the English ambassadors in thirty-five cups of good Rhenish.

"On one of the evenings of the royal entertainment at Theobald's, this young bacchanal had nearly fallen into mortal quarrel with the Earl of Nottingham, the famed conqueror of the *soi-disant* invincible armada. It had pleased this ancient nobleman to marry, for his third wife, the youthful and blooming Lady Margaret Stuart, daughter of that Earl of Murray so famed in Scotland for his good looks and his unfortunate end, and who was, of course, cousin to the king. The addled brains of the King of Denmark were tickled at the idea of an old man married to so young a wife; and, encouraged perhaps by the character of the earl—for his lordship was an arrant coxcomb—he could not help, in the course of their carousals, making certain allusions, which at once touched the honour of the wife, and offended the vanity of the husband. The wrath of the latter was appeased at the time, probably by the mediation of the king; but not so the indignation of the countess. She, having learned what took place, lost no time in writing the following letter to the Danish ambassador; a composition worthy of herself and her ancestors.

"Sir,—I am very sorry this occasion should have been offered me by the king your master, which makes me troublesome to you for the present. It is reported to me by men of honour, the great wrong the King of Danes hath done me, when I was not by to answer for myself; for, if I had been present, I would have letten him know how much I scorn to receive that wrong at his hands. I need not urge the particular of it, for the king himself knows it best. I protest to you, sir, I did think as honourably of the king your master, as I did of my own prince; but I now persuade myself there is as much baseness in him as can be in any man: for, although he be a prince by birth, it seems not to me that he harbours any princely thought in his breast; for, either in prince or subject, it is the basest that can be to wrong any woman of honour. I deserve as little that name he gave me, as either the mother of himself or of his children; and if ever I come to know what man hath informed your master so wrongfully of me, I shall do my best for putting him from doing the like again to any other: but if it hath come by the tongue of any woman, I dare say she would be glad to have companions. So, leaving to trouble you any further, I rest, your friend,—M. NOTTINGHAM."

"Two gentlemen, noted for agility, trying to outjump each other in James's presence, he said to the individual who jumped farthest, 'And is this your best? Why, man, when I was a young man, I would have outleaped this myself.' An old practised courtier, who stood by, thought this a good opportunity of ingratiating himself with his master, and struck in with, 'That you would, sir; I have seen your majesty leap much further myself.' 'O' my soul!' quoth the king, as his usual phrase was, 'thou lyeest; I would, indeed, have leapt much farther; but I never could leap so far by two or three feet.'"

We now dismiss these amusing volumes, and recommend them as full of animated and curious pictures of the time.

The Templars; an Historical Novel. 3 vols. London, 1830. Whittaker and Co.

THERE is a considerable share of talent in these volumes; some of the scenes are very animatedly written, and Dermot Wharton's character is drawn with much originality. The conduct of the story is, however, but badly managed; the whys and wherefores are confused, with much of a young writer's carelessness: we think he or she has the power to do better. *The Templars, an historical novel*, is a misnomer: it belongs to the present day; and the templars are two young lawyer's clerks. We quote as a sample a scene in a battle, where a regiment in a state of inaction is exposed to the enemy's fire.

"'Plaguy awkward this, Aynton!' exclaimed our hero's brother officer, a regular iron-hearted veteran, as he tapped his snuff-box, and amused himself with an ample pinch with much sang-froid, as a couple of his men were borne wounded to the rear—'plaguy cruel for a green fellow like you.' 'Rather chilling, I confess,' returned Dudley, with something intended for a smile—'should have no particular objections to put one's blood into better circulation.' 'Time enough, man—'t will give one a better appetite when we do start—though, by St. George, we are d—d cruelly posted here, to be knocked down like so many ninepins without ever a blow.' 'Some-what of a sobering sensation, at least to me.' 'Sober enough, when the next may be your turn or mine; but, d—n it, never mind, my hero; we can but die once, you know: though,

egad, Ayrton, there is something rather of the interesting, as well as the picturesque, in the idea, that one's limbs, which this moment are bracing their sinewy grasps across our saddles, may, the next, be as useless as a dead cat's, and ourselves—d—— queer look out that, Ayrton, eh?" "A serious look out, I fancy, Lyon." "Dare say, old Sobersides, and I'll e'en take your word for it, for, 'pon my soul, it's quite out of my line." "The inquiry or the contingency, Lyon?" "The what, man?—contingency?—no d—— it, that's quite in my line—though I never bother myself about it—never could persuade myself to aught so useless." "It is, perhaps, well that you can arrange matters so comfortably." "Perhaps, Ayrton? It is well, man—what can be the use of boring one's brains about things which may not happen?—d—— bad plan, take my word for it." "Very likely, Lyon; but I have still my poor friend Peters before my eyes, and his wretched fate." "Ah, poor devil! confoundedly unlucky, sure enough." "Worse than unlucky, Lyon; it was miserable every way." Our hero repressed any more serious allusions, from a conviction of their unseasonableness, adding, with a deep sigh, "It has sadly unnerved me." "That will never do, Ayrton—good nerves nine-tenths the battle—for my part, mine never flinch—always stanch as—confound its impudence!" This sudden exclamation of the comfortable veteran was occasioned by a shell striking into the ground almost at their horses' feet, and bespattering them pretty plentifully with mud. The captain instantly dismounted, and seizing hold of the shell, threw it with all his might beyond the troop. "Crack, you ugly devil," he puffed out, as, ere it rested on the ground, the murderous missile burst out its hellish bowels in impotent rage. Our hero's pulse certainly beat a little quicker at so exciting a moment. His matter-of-fact comrade, however, quietly wiped off a part of the mud from his dress, then remounted his charger with perfect nonchalance, drew out his snuff-box, and, as it were, resettling himself in his seat with a good hearty pinch, observed to him—"D—n it, man, nothing like nerve—sees a man through many a scrape—will you snuff, Ayrton?" At the same time placing his box almost at the point of his sword, and extending the blade towards Dudley, with a firm, steady hand, in attestation of his perfect composure. "You are a lucky fellow!" exclaimed Dudley, as he held out his fingers to take the proffered refreshment,—"an enviable fellow, Lyon!" At the instant that Dudley's fingers touched the box, it fell suddenly to the ground; the firm sinewy arm that held it dropped nerveless down; and as his inquiring eyes looked up for an explanation, Dudley saw the last convulsive quivering of the in-turned balls, as they closed for ever, and the hardy veteran tumbled lifeless to the ground."

An Inquiry as to the Expediency of a County Asylum for Pauper Lunatics. By William Palmer, D.D. 2d edition. 8vo. pp. 36. Exeter, 1830, Trewman and Co.: London, Rivingtons; Underwoods.

THIS is a sensible and well-written pamphlet, relating to a subject of great general interest, which has frequently been mentioned in our pages. The author, a distinguished clergyman of the Church of England, has long been labouring to accomplish what every Christian heart must anxiously desire,—a suitable asylum in his native county for the proper care and treatment of a most helpless class of our afflicted fellow-creatures. We trust he has not laboured

in vain, and that he will soon have the pleasure of witnessing the full accomplishment of his benevolent views. Of the numbers and condition of the insane poor in England, we had little real knowledge till the documents published by Sir Andrew Halliday, in the course of last year, put us in possession of the startling fact, that more than one in every thousand of our population was actually mad. But this was not the whole of the valuable information given us by the indefatigable philanthropist. He clearly proved, by the same authentic records, that the disease had rapidly increased, and was still increasing; and that unless measures were quickly taken, the evil would become of such magnitude as to defy the most strenuous efforts of the legislature to put a stop to it. The statements of the worthy knight were doubted by some of our contemporaries, and his fears were laughed at by many; but they have been amply confirmed by the returns to Parliament, which are now printed and before the public. By these returns it appears, that the insane population in England and Wales amounts to nearly fourteen thousand souls!—all of them of the poorer classes, and most of them supported from the parish rates;* and it is no difficult matter to account for this great aggregate of numbers, when the manner in which they have hitherto been treated is patiently investigated. In most countries, but particularly in this, it has been the custom, the moment a poor wretch became deranged, to have him shut up in a dungeon, severed from all intercourse with his fellows, and treated, not as one suffering from disease, but as a leper whom the judgment of God had condemned to misery. Even private madhouses, which, till of late, were the only safe receptacles for lunatics, were conducted in a manner rather calculated to confirm the malady than to remove it. We do not speak of such places as were disgraceful to humanity, and conducted as mere objects of gain, but of the best and wisest regulated. No one thought of cure. It was not considered necessary to attempt to remedy the mental aberrations, or soothe the over-excited feelings. Recourse was only had to medicine when bodily ailments supervened; and the mind, thus left to prey upon itself, or further irritated by the insane babble of the numerous inmates of the asylum, or brutal conduct of keepers, very soon sunk into hopeless idiocy. Hence, every temporary attack became a permanent disease, and the number of the sufferers was hourly augmented. The wise measure of the legislature, which authorised the establishment of county hospitals, has hitherto been tardily acted upon, and but for the persevering and benevolent exertions of such men as the author of the pamphlet before us, would very soon have been lost sight of altogether. Where the sufferers are unable to make their own voice heard, few are disposed to give their condition any great degree of serious consideration; and where inquiries such as those connected with a subject so loath-

* Abstract of the number of insane persons in England and Wales, from the Parliamentary Returns:—

	Lunatics.		Idiots.		Total.
	Males	Females	Males	Females	
In England	2083	2737	2365	2054	9239
In Wales	98	118	225	226	659

Total number of Lunatics and Idiots, 9919

To which should be added the numbers ascertained to be in public or private asylums, taken from the annual reports of these establishments, amounting to 3496, which are not noticed in the returns to the House of Commons, and insane persons in the army and navy (not in any return), 280, making a total of 13,665.

some, and often disgusting, only lead, as they frequently do, to most harassing and hopeless discussions, who can be surprised at that apathy which so generally prevails even amongst the most humane? But now that this negligence has given rise to such a magnitude of evil, and that we can no longer shut our eyes to the consequences, it is to be hoped that a different conduct will be pursued, and that the magistrates who have hitherto held back, from an erroneous impression with respect to trouble and expense, will unanimously come forward and provide each for his own county the necessary accommodation for its insane population. The reverend doctor very forcibly observes on the subject of expense—

"That the expenditure now looked to is but trifling, and that it is relieved of much of its burden by the consideration of the legislature; I am sure therefore that it will be cheerfully met for those whose pitiable situations are generally irremediable, except by the aid of those who, unlike them, are blessed with reason, and the means of affording relief to their suffering and helpless fellow-creatures, and thus become the instruments, under Divine Providence, of removing from thousands the cloud of intellectual darkness, and of restoring the light of reason, and with it unfeigned thankfulness for the recovery of the greatest of all human blessings. From what I have here stated it will be seen, that in the first place there will be no difficulty in raising the comparatively small sum required for the erection of the building; that the establishment will not afterwards be attended with any expense to the county; that parishes now paying largely for the care of their lunatic paupers, will derive all the advantages of the profits of the establishment, which will be applied in reduction of the weekly sum; that an asylum, affording as it will a ready retreat for the sufferers, will enable parish officers to apply the earliest attention to the cases, which, as I have shewn, will tend more than any thing else to the cure of the patients, and the consequent diminution of the malady throughout the county. All these facts, therefore, prove that the outlay will be a measure of sound economy. I need not here allude to the higher and more important motives which should actuate us in the course of this inquiry; nor need I enter into any further remarks on the present inefficient and deplorable management of the lunatic poor, or compare it with the wholesome restorative treatment practised in a public asylum. These points are too obvious to require any comment from me."

What is here meant to apply to the county of Devon, may, with equal truth, be addressed to every county in England. Our only object in these few remarks is to keep the attention of our numerous readers directed to the subject, being well assured that it is one deserving of their most serious consideration; and when they have perused the melancholy case* which the worthy divine has related in his pamphlet, we are satisfied that we have done enough to engage their best feelings and exertions to prevent the necessity of ever again having to mention such a scene of horror.

Mackintosh's History of England.
(Second Notice.)

THERE is so much of profound observation, of acute analysis, of new and excellent observa-

* An inquest held at Exeter on the body of Sarah Priddis, a lunatic pauper, and so dreadful in its details, that it is hardly credible such circumstances should have occurred in a civilised land.—Ed. L. G.

tion, scattered through Sir J. Mackintosh's work, that it is only justice both to himself and to our readers to make a cento of those scattered remarks which illustrate the writer's mind as well as the history. Any one may narrate a fact, but it is the inference drawn from its results, the view taken of its moral and practical bearings, that display the historian's talents; and in these pages it is the philosopher enlightening the patriot, equally aware of the value of old associations, and the evil of old prejudices, and tracing in the most enlightened spirit the progress made by our ancestors in civil and religious liberty. We hardly select; for it would be difficult to point out a page without some mark of the thoughtful and superior mind; and first light on a view of the savage state, that deserves quotation.

"That the most secret mysteries of the Druidical priesthood were in Caesar's time most taught in Britain, may be explained by the natural proneness of such superstitions to take refuge among the blindest of their votaries, to fly from the neighbourhood of rival superstitions, and still more from the scrutiny of civilised and inquiring men. It is vain to inquire into the forms of government prevalent among a people in so low a state of culture. The application of the terms which denote civilised institutions to the confused jumble of usages and traditions which gradually acquire some ascendancy over savages, is a practice full of fallacy. The Britons had a government rather occasional than constant, in which various political principles prevailed by turns. The power of eloquence, of valour, of experience, sometimes of beauty, over a multitude, for a time threw them into the appearance of a democracy. When their humour led them to follow the council of their elders, the community seemed to be aristocratic. The necessities of war, and the popularity of a fortunate commander, vested in him in times of peril a sort of monarchical power, limited rather by his own prudence and the patience of his followers than by laws or even customs. Punishment sprung from revenge: it was sometimes inflicted to avenge the wrongs of others. It is an abuse of terms to bestow the name of a free government on such a state of society: men, in such circumstances, lived without restraint; but they lived without security. Human nature in that state is capable of occasional flashes of the highest virtues. Men not only scorn danger and disregard privation, but even shew rough sketches of ardent kindness, of faithful gratitude, of the most generous self-devotion. But the movements of their feelings are too irregular to be foreseen. Ferocious anger may, in a moment, destroy the most tender affection. Savages have no virtues on which it is possible to rely."

Change of Roman Policy.—"The slow progress of the Romans in the reduction of Britain is a fact which has not been sufficiently considered by historians. It forms a remarkable deviation from the ancient policy, and indeed a striking contrast to the conquest of Gaul, though that country was the last great acquisition in the West, and defended by a people as brave as the Britons, more improved, and far more numerous. It is an instance of the sudden change produced in their foreign policy by a revolution in their internal government. The patriate steadily advanced to universal dominion by adherence to the traditional policy of their body. The measures of each emperor fluctuated with his temper and his personal circumstances. The general policy was that of

Augustus, who disapproved a greater extension of an empire, which was already possessed of natural frontiers, and had begun to acquire a species of moral unity; for the Macedonian conquests had established the arts and language of Greece in Western Asia, and the Roman victories themselves had carried the same refinements throughout the European provinces. Beyond the frontiers, were either utter barbarism or the civilisation of another world. The foundation of the imperial power was laid in military usurpation, and the example was too recent not to affect the spirit of the administration. Domitian was jealous of Agricola, as a reproach to his own baseness. Wise and good emperors, desirous of securing a civil and legal government, reasonably avoided conquests, which might once more tempt victorious commanders to overthrow their work. The prizes of ambition had become more splendid at home than abroad; and the Roman dominions were too vast to be embraced as a native country with affection and pride by the most capacious soul. Under a prince of ability and energy, like Trajan, the ancient spirit might be rekindled at Rome; but, generally speaking, the foreign wars of the empire took their rise from inevitable collisions between the commanders on the frontier and the unconquered barbarians. Agricola considered the complete reduction of Caledonia, and even the conquest of Ireland, as the best means of securing the southern province; but the ordinary policy of Rome was to confine the barbarians within their mountains. The fickleness, rashness, and rapacity of the mountaineers, however, seldom failed to supply a Roman general, ambitious of distinguishing himself, with specious pretexts for hostilities against them, which might drag the empire into war. No instructions from Rome could be so pacific as to exclude a recourse to arms in self-defence; and the attacks of the barbarians were perhaps generally within the letter of such an exception, though probably often at variance with its spirit. It was easy to hide and disfigure facts in the relation of contests with a remote and unlettered enemy. The administration of Britain, therefore, depended on the character of the commander; and there seems no reason to wonder that the progress of conquests, attended by no gain and little glory, should be slow and fluctuating."

Naval Power.—"The British islands are naturally destined to be the seat of maritime power. Their coasts are much more extensive, compared with their inland territory, than those of any other great and civilised nation. Their position on the globe, reaching almost to the northern verge of that portion where the whole sea is open to navigation throughout the year, is better fitted than any other to render their numerous mariners hardy, daring, and skilful. Had it been more southerly, these qualities would have been incompletely exercised; had it been farther north, some part of the year, which now serves to train their seafaring inhabitants, would have been lost to that purpose. Their soil and climate neither withdrew their pursuit from the resources of the sea, nor refused the produce which might be exchanged by navigation for the produce of other countries. Their advanced position, as it was in front of Europe, favoured that disposition towards adventurous voyages and colonial establishments, in which, after a fortunate exclusion from the neighbouring continent, the genius and ambition of the people were vented with lasting, grand, and happy consequences to mankind. Popular govern-

ment gives dignity to commerce: it promotes navigation, one of the occupations of the lower and middle classes, and it is disposed to encourage the only species of military force which cannot be made the instrument of its overthrow. It is not unreasonable to add, that the settlement of so many pirates in England, the natives of every country from the Elbe, perhaps from the Rhine, to the North Cape, between the sixth and tenth centuries, may have contributed to cultivate those nautical propensities which form a part of the English character."

Alfred.—"There is no subject on which unanimous tradition is so nearly sufficient evidence as on the eminence of one man over others of the same condition. The bright image may long be held up before the national mind. This tradition, however paradoxical the assertion may appear, is in the case of Alfred rather supported than weakened by the fictions which have sprung from it. Although it be an infirmity of every nation to ascribe their institutions to the contrivance of a man rather than to the slow action of time and circumstances, yet the selection of Alfred by the English people as the founder of all that was dear to them, is surely the strongest proof of the deep impression left on the minds of all of his transcendent wisdom and virtue;—juries, the division of the island into counties and hundreds, the device of frankpledge, the formation of the common or customary law itself,—could have been mistakenly attributed to him by nothing less than general reverence. How singular must have been the administration of which the remembrance so long procured for him the character of a lawgiver, to which his few and general enactments so little entitled him! Had a stronger light been shed on his time, we should have undoubtedly discovered in him some of those characteristic peculiarities which, though always defects, and generally faults when they are not vices, yet belong to every human being, and distinguish him from his fellow-men. The disadvantage of being known to posterity by general commendation, instead of discriminating description, is common to Alfred with Marcus Aurelius. The character of both these ornaments of their station and their species seems about to melt into abstraction, and to be not so much portraits of man as models of ideal perfection. Both furnish a useful example that study does not disqualify for administration in peace or for vigour in war, and that scrupulous virtue may be combined with vigorous policy. The lot of Alfred forbade him to rival the accomplishments of the imperial sage. But he was pious without superstition—his humbler knowledge was imparted with more simplicity—his virtue was more natural: he had the glory to be the deliverer as well as the father of his country; and he escaped the unhappiness of suffering his authority to be employed in religious persecution."

The next is a just remark on cowardly cruelty:—

"It is difficult to trace the secret links that unite cowardice with cruelty; but experience seems to prove, that though the valiant are often not merciful, the pusillanimous, if forced into war, are more apt to become ferocious: whether it be that they find a compensation for being humbled by the brave in the infliction of pain on the weak—or that those who feel most suffering from conflict naturally practise the most terrible retaliation—or that the consciousness of the disgraceful vice of cowardice renders men less sensible to the honour

which generous minds and civilised times reserve for the union of clemency with prowess."

And this an admirable exposition of both Whig and Tory fallacy:—

"The antiquaries of the seventeenth century investigated the state of our ancient constitution industriously, and often learnedly, but aided by little critical estimate of authorities, and guided by no philosophical spirit. The greater number of these praiseworthy collectors, who began their labours at the period of the contest carried on in that century between the house of Stuart and the people of England, adapted their representation of our ancient laws to the part which they took in the momentous controversy of their own age. The contest was decided by the Revolution of 1688; but the mistaken opinions of the contending parties survived the determination. In two fundamental errors only did the Whig and the Tory antiquaries concur. They both held that the Saxon government was a well-ordered system, and that the right of the people to liberty depended on the enjoyment of it by their forefathers. Both treated the terms which denote political and legal institutions as retaining an unalterable signification through all the changes of 600 years; and hence both were led to believe that the same laws and government which they saw around them during the period of their controversy, from the birth of Bacon to the death of Newton, could have existed in the time of the first Saxon freebooters. The Tories represented the Saxon kings not the less as absolute monarchs because they acted by the advice of men of sense and weight chosen by themselves; and these writers treated all the privileges of the people as either usurpations or concessions, chiefly obtained from weak princes. The Whigs, with no less deviation from truth, endeavoured to prove that the modern constitution of king, lords, and commons, subsisted in the earliest times, and was then more pure and flourishing than in any succeeding age. No one at that time was taught, by a wide survey of society, that governments are not framed after a model—but that all their parts and powers grow out of occasional acts, prompted by some urgent expediency, or some private interest, which in the course of time coalesce and harden into usage; and that this bundle of usages is the object of respect and the guide of conduct, long before it is embodied, defined, and enforced in written laws. Government may be, in some degree, reduced to system—but it cannot flow from it. It is not like a machine, or a building, which may be constructed entirely, and according to a previous plan, by the art and labour of man. It is better illustrated by comparison with vegetables, or even animals, which may be, in a very high degree, improved by skill and care, which may be grievously injured by neglect or destroyed by violence, but which cannot be produced by human contrivance. A government can, indeed, be no more than a mere draught or scheme of rule, when it is not composed of habits of obedience on the part of the people, and of an habitual exercise of certain portions of authority by the individuals or bodies who constitute the sovereign power. These habits, like all others, can only be formed by repeated acts; they cannot be suddenly infused by the lawgiver, nor can they immediately follow the most perfect conviction of their propriety. Many causes having more power over the human mind than written law, it is extremely difficult, from the mere perusal of a written scheme of government, to foretell

what it will prove in action. There may be governments so bad that it is justifiable to destroy them, and to trust to the probability that a better government will grow in their stead. But as the rise of a worse is also possible, so terrible a peril is never to be incurred except in the case of a tyranny which it is impossible to reform. It may be necessary to burn a forest containing much useful timber, but giving shelter to beasts of prey, who are formidable to an infant colony in its neighbourhood, and of too vast an extent to be gradually and safely thinned by their inadequate labour. It is fit, however, that they should be appraised, before they take an irreparable step, how little it is possible to foresee whether the earth, stripped of its vegetation, shall become an unprofitable desert or a pestilential marsh. If these be truths applicable to all men, they are more obviously evident in the case of barbarians, where it would be peculiarly absurd to expect a lawgiver of foresight enough to provide for all emergencies, or a people so reasonable as to forego all their most inveterate habits of thinking, of feeling, and of acting, for the sake of making a fair experiment on a new system of laws and government."

Another notice must, we feel, be granted to the merits of this excellent historical compend.

Juvenile Library, No. I. Lives of Remarkable Youth of both Sexes. In 2 volumes. Vol. I. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

[Second Notice.]

WE proceed to quote the extracts from the life of Sir Thomas Lawrence which we promised in our last Number. The life itself occupies nearly eighty pages of the volume. Of course, therefore, our extracts must be comparatively brief; and, in selecting them, we shall generally, though not exclusively, prefer passages which relate to this great artist's youthful days, before he obtained that distinguished rank in his profession which rendered his subsequent career a matter of public notoriety.

"The distinguished subject of this memoir affords one of the finest examples of the immeasurable superiority of genius and integrity over the accidental circumstances of birth and fortune. Sir Thomas Lawrence was born at Bristol, on the 13th of April, 1769. His father at that period kept the White Lion Inn and the American Coffee-house, and rented a small farm contiguous to the city. The ancestry of Sir Thomas is little connected with any thing that can render him of consequence to the public; but the immediate parentage of every man is of importance, as it is the source whence are derived his tone of sentiments, his habits, his deportment, and, to a great extent, his morals. * * * The paternal grandfather of Sir Thomas is reported to have been in the church; but our authentic memoirs commence with his son, who was apprenticed to a Mr. Ginger, an attorney at Hemel Hempstead. When his apprenticeship had expired, his master offered him a share of his business; but Mr. Lawrence had just received a small patrimony from his father's executors, and he had formed the scheme of enjoying a tour through England with a fellow-apprentice, a Mr. Price, who afterwards entered the church, and became the head master of King Edward's school, at Birmingham. Our travellers first directed their steps to Tenbury, in Worcestershire, where Mr. Price had several relations. Struck by the attractions of the neighbourhood, and, probably, finding the society agreeable, Mr. Lawrence felt very little in-

clination to continue his journey. At this period he wrote a few odes; and although they have not a high degree of poetical merit, they evince a taste for literature, and a sensibility to the beauties of nature. It argues much in his favour, that in a short time he had ingratiated himself with the best society of Tenbury. The vicar of Tenbury was the Rev. W. Read, of Brocket Hall, who was likewise rector of Rochford, and first portioner of the rectory of Burford. Mr. Read had married the daughter of Andrew Hill, Esq., of Court-de-Hill, by Anne, the daughter of Sir Thomas Powys, of Henley Court, who had married a daughter of Sir Adam Littleton, of Stoke Milburgh, Shropshire. In the social intercourse with the family of the Rev. Mr. Read, Mr. Lawrence was thrown much into the company of his younger daughter, Lucy, who resided alternately at her father's vicarage and at Court-de-Hill, now the seat of her uncle, Andrew Hill, Esq. In her frequent walks between these two places of residence, Miss Lucy Read was always accompanied by Mr. Lawrence. The confidence reposed in this young gentleman by the lady's parents and uncle may prove very fully their appreciation of his moral character and decorous habits; but it is no great proof of the discretion of a parent to have thrown into perpetual contact two such young, sensitive, and congenial minds. Mr. Lawrence was now in his twenty-fifth, and she in her eighteenth year. After incessant conflicts between reason and attachment, the feelings of youth and the influence of early precepts, the anticipations of parental displeasure and the disregard of those calculations that would most affect their future life, and, what was of more consequence, that of their offspring—the young persons came to the usual compromise of marrying without consent, in preference to marrying against it, or to having their affections blighted. Such was the sympathy for the lovers, that a neighbouring clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Baldwin, of Corley, consented to unite them, regardless of the influence of the wealthy squire at Court-de-Hill, or of that of the stern and rigid rector of Tenbury. The young couple returned to their respective homes, and, for three weeks, associated as before, without the least suspicion being entertained that they had formed a union so sacred. But the continuance of such a state was totally incompatible with the ingenuousness of youth, or with feminine delicacy and integrity. The young lady could not look, and act, and speak deception to her relations; and there was a treachery in receiving the caresses of her father as his maiden daughter, when she was secretly the wife of his guest. A mutual friend was induced to acquaint Mr. Read with the marriage; and to point out how much it was the result of circumstances of his own creation. The father was violent and inexorable. The young fondling of his heart was driven ignominiously upon the world. Her uncle at Court-de-Hill expelled her from his hall; and her father prohibited, under the consequences of his strong resentment, any relation from holding the slightest direct or indirect communication with either of them. But neither the wealth nor the religious influence of this clergyman could enforce an order so abhorrent to nature; and his son, the Rev. William Read, rector of Munslow and Ashton, always received his sister as the more endeared to him by her sufferings from poverty, and from her struggles through life. Mr. Lawrence was ever a welcome guest at his table. The father and his child never met again! In his dying moments he was tormented with a wish to embrace his

daughter; and a messenger was despatched with the utmost rapidity to Bristol, where she then resided. Mrs. Lawrence immediately set off for Tenbury, and arrived in time to see the corpse of her father—he had expired—ungratified by a reconciliation. She was kindly received by her mother, with whom she remained a few weeks; and she left one of her children with her when she returned to Bristol. At this time, however, pecuniary difficulties were accumulating upon her husband; and she had the mortification of hearing that her uncle at Court-de-Hill had altered his bequest to her from 500*l.* to one shilling. Expelled from her father's roof, and abjured by her former friends and relations, Mrs. Lawrence left Tenbury, and repaired with her husband to the other extremity of the kingdom. They resided for some time at Thaxsted in Essex, until Mrs. Gataker (formerly Miss Hill), the aunt of Mrs. Lawrence, procured her husband the situation of an excise-officer at the Port of Bristol. At Thaxsted they had had three children: the eldest died in infancy; the second, Andrew Lawrence, was brought up to the church, and was vicar of Long Parish, in Hampshire, and a chaplain in the navy. He died at Haslar Hospital in 1821. The third child, William Read Lawrence, became major of the 72d regiment, and died at the house of his brother Andrew in 1818. At Bristol, Mr. Lawrence became a most vigilant revenue-officer. He was a very tall, athletic man; active and of great muscular power. His mind was always imbued with a spirit of enterprise, and an ardour approaching to enthusiasm. His conflicts with the daring bands of smugglers at Bristol, which was then the second port in the kingdom, and the centre of illicit trade, could be understood only by a reference to the scale and system upon which those bands of desperate outlaws then carried on their trade, and of which, at present, people, in this country at least, have no idea. • • • Very shortly after removing to Bristol, we find Mr. Lawrence (in 1769), by means which it is impossible to trace, transferred from the humble revenue-officer into the landlord of two adjoining inns (the White Lion and the American Coffee-house), and into a tenant of a neighbouring farm. Whilst in possession of this triple cross-road to fortune or to ruin, Mr. Lawrence had five children living. Thomas and his two sisters were put out to nurse, and the two sons born at Thaxsted were sent to a boarding-school. Of the sixteen children of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, Sir Thomas was the youngest. Only five were living at the death of the parents in 1797; namely, the two sons we have already mentioned, the subject of this memoir, and two daughters; the younger married to the Rev. Dr. Bloxam of Rugby School, and the other to a Mr. Meredith, an attorney of Birmingham. The habits of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence in early life totally disqualified them for keepers of an inn, and their speculations were profitless. Notwithstanding this, the two sitting members for Bristol advanced him funds for a similar speculation; and in 1772 he became the landlord of the Black Bear inn at Devizes. At this period every person of eminence annually visited Bath; the journey was not then performed in a day; and the Black Bear at Devizes was the nightly resting-place of the wits, actors, peers, and eminent characters of every description. The house was, therefore, remarkably suited to the disposition of Mr. Lawrence; but in the same degree it was little likely to be a source of profit. Mr. Lawrence's ruling passion was polite literature. His recitations and his original

verses at Bristol had drawn upon him the satirical castigation of the unhappy Chatterton, who was about sixteen when Mr. Lawrence was at his zenith as keeper of the White Lion. His large, fine person was decorated with a well-powdered wig, and more elaborate and bushy than even the fashion of that day warranted. On the top of this was a diminutive three-cornered cocked hat. The flaps of his waistcoat and skirts of his black coat, with his immense ruffles and long laced cravat, carried the remarkable costume of the period to an almost ludicrous extravagance. Such was his dress and appearance at Devizes. He had rather a large face, which combined the expression of drollery, of animal enjoyment, and of intellectual shrewdness. His gait by no means corresponded with his corporeal dignity: it was rather expressive of the unequal and rapid transitions of his mind; and its fluttering, strutting effect formed a contrast to the importance of his figure and the impression of his manner. When any guests arrived at the Black Bear, instead of finding a bill of fare which might tempt the satiated, or gratify the famished traveller, they were surprised by the figure of Mr. Lawrence, who, entering the room with a folio Shakspeare or Milton under his arm, would expatiate with energy upon the talents of his son Tommy, and request the guests to let the child recite to them a passage of poetry. Lord and Lady Kenyon (about fifteen years before the former attained the peerage) arrived one evening at Devizes, where they were resolved to stay for the night. The severe barrister's nature required from an inn-keeper the homage due to a satrap; and he wanted a good supper, a good bed, and a bill either so small as to gratify his penurious habits, or so large as to enable him to dispute the amount. The lady was in an angry mood at being stopped at Devizes on her short career of fashion to Bath. At an unfortunate juncture of altercation, in which the barrister most probably was out-argued and out-talked by the lady, Mr. Lawrence entered, his eye in a 'fine freuzy rolling,' and his arms compressing, the one a folio Shakspeare, and the other a Milton. He began to expatiate upon the genius of his beautiful boy, who, 'although only in his fifth year, could rehearse them poetry or speeches, or take their likenesses.' Lady Kenyon's vexation and anger at so untimely an interruption, and at the pertinacity of the father, were at their height, when the door opened, and there capered into the room, straddling upon a stick, the most lovely and spirited child they had ever beheld. His beautiful face was flushed with exercise, and neither she nor her husband felt inclined to stop his gambols. As soon as the boy could be got to stand still, Mrs. Kenyon took him in her arms, and asked him if he could take the likeness of that gentleman, pointing to the future lord chief justice. The child, looking with an impatient earnestness at Mr. Kenyon, exclaimed—'Yes, that I can—and very like too.' Whilst materials were sent for, the child had resumed his play; but when all was prepared, throwing his little legs from over his stick, he was lifted on the table and seated in an arm-chair, from which height he took Mr. Kenyon's likeness with a rapidity, a spirit, and a correctness, truly astonishing. The child was impatient to be gone; but Mr. Kenyon, coaxing him, asked if he could take the likeness of the lady. The boy exclaimed—'Yes, that I can, if she will only turn her side to me—for her face is not straight.' This produced a burst of laughter—for Lady Kenyon, by an accident, had a slight

curvature of the nose. The child took the profile. Twenty-five years after, an old friend of Lady Kenyon saw this portrait, and could distinctly trace a likeness to what her ladyship had been at the period when it was taken. The drawing was about five inches broad, delicately shaded, but with the feebleness and indecision of a child, except in the lines forming the contour of the countenance. At four years old, we have authentic memoranda of the child reciting the poem of Joseph and his Brethren; and at five, Addison's Nymphs of Solyma. At seven he gave an almost miraculous proof of memory, by rapidly learning and repeating Milton's Lycidas. Such as we have described was the father of our great artist, and such were the effects and objects of his instructions to this extraordinary child. • • • In no record of the wonders of intellect is there any instance of an earlier display of its powers than in the biography of Sir Thomas Lawrence's childhood. Art presents no parallel case of an equal degree of excellence attained so rapidly, and so exclusively without instruction, or opportunity of study. • • • Sir Thomas Lawrence in every respect may be termed a self-taught man. At six he was sent to a respectable school, kept by a Mr. Jones, at a place called the Fort, near Bristol: but he was removed from it before the age of eight. This was all the education he ever received, except a few lessons, in Latin and French, from a dissenting clergyman named Jervis, whose son, likewise in the church, was chaplain or librarian to the celebrated Earl of Shelburn, afterwards Marquess of Lansdowne, at his seat at Bow Wood, in Wiltshire. • • • But the mind that is worth educating will educate itself; and long ere our artist had attracted the public attention, he had acquired a more than ordinary fund of knowledge. Of Greek he was totally ignorant, and his knowledge of Latin was not extensive or profound; but yet he was well acquainted with the ancient classics, as far as that acquaintance can be acquired by the medium of translations. Sir Thomas was not a linguist: his ardent mind was always engaged in efforts to obtain ideas and new combinations of ideas; and he had neither time nor inclination to study in manhood what is generally acquired in youth—a knowledge of words. • • • In the writings of our own countrymen he was sufficiently versed. He was extensively read in poetry and the *belles lettres*. His memory was extraordinary, and he had a charming faculty of reading and reciting poems. His tone of voice was soft; it was clear, distinct, deep-toned, and admitted of every variety of expression. With respect to that which high birth, or early association with high society, can alone impart, George IV., than whom there never was a more competent judge, pronounced that Sir Thomas Lawrence was one of the most elegant and best-bred gentlemen in his dominions. He possessed, with much refinement and elegance, the conciliatory self-possession which men of humble origin seldom attain, even by a long and familiar intercourse with the world of fashion. The manners of people casually elevated, generally assume a tone of servility, of restless punctilio, or of selfish enjoyment. The fine person and features of Sir Thomas, as well as his air and conversation, gave him the appearance of one to whom dignity came by birth-right. He derived his fine cast of features, with his manly form and graceful action, from nature; but the charm of his conversation and manners arose from that which can alone impress the stamp of true gentility—intellect

and goodness of heart. Invaluable as are the manners of a gentleman, there is one thing of a far more exalted nature, the *mind* of a gentleman; and this, with its attendant spirit, its generosity, its frankness, and benevolence, seemed innate in our great painter. The defamatory reports respecting him have been traced to very unworthy sources, and are totally unfounded. It has been said that he had once assumed the profession of an actor; but he never appeared on any stage, except two or three times in the private theatrical amusements at the Marquis of Abercorn's, at the Priory, Stanmore. It has also been alleged against him, that he was addicted to games of chance. His rectitude and delicacy upon this point were beyond all praise. He was passionately fond of billiards, at which he was a most graceful and successful player, but he played merely for the tables, as it is called. Even this amusement he had given up long before his death. A lady once asked him the reason why he had so long ceased to play at billiards, the only game he was fond of, and at which he so greatly excelled. His reply was full of character—'My dear Mrs. —,' he replied, 'although I never played for money myself, my play attracted much attention, and occasioned many and often very high bets. Next to gambling yourself, is the vice of encouraging it in others; and as I could not check the betting, I have given up my amusement. I have not played a game for many years. The last time I was in a billiard-room was a few years ago, when who should casually come in but the Duke of Wellington? We had often played together, and with nearly equal success. We agreed to have a batch; but we were both so perfectly out of practice, that, after a few strokes, we could not help smiling at each other, and we laid down the cues.' Sir Thomas was fond of playing at drafts with children; and this was the extent of his gaming."

We find that, even now, we must reserve a few traits, anecdotes, &c. of this distinguished man for our next publication.

Brief Memoirs of the late Right Reverend John Thomas James, D.D., Lord Bishop of Calcutta; particularly during his Residence in India. By Edward James, M.A., &c. 8vo. pp. 204. London, 1830. Hatchard.

The life of a good man is a legacy of blessing, one of encouragement and example; and Dr. James was a most worthy member of the faith which he supported to the death. But the materials which would have made an interesting and instructive memoir are not sufficient for a volume;—the beginning of his life was past in quiet and useful employ, and the end is a brief account of exertion and sacrifice: he saw too little of India to have much to record. The following allusion to his children is touching.

"One may almost hold converse with 'the deep and dark blue ocean';—and yet, after all, it is a melancholy suggester of thoughts. How hard is it to be so far away from one's children; how hard, that others, and not myself, should hear all they say, and see all they do!—of all troubles, this is the only one that I have not found harder to bear in reality, than it was to regard it in prospect: and well it may be so, for no powers of the imagination can add to the severity of such a feeling: and yet, no doubt, mine is not the hardest part: no man can know half a woman's feeling towards her child. May the day come that we may both have pleasure to think of this, if such be the will of God!"

Of his spirit contending with sickness, the next passage is a proof.

"The bishop preached at the cathedral, and afterwards assisted in the service at the communion, though he was unable to administer the elements. Such, indeed, was his state of bodily weakness at this time, from the heat of the climate, that he was obliged to have cushions placed to support him in the pulpit, and actually preached on his knees; and in that posture delivered an eloquent and energetic discourse."

He did much for the schools in India, of whose benefit he had a high opinion.

"The most advantageous mode of proceeding among these people would be, for the wife of a resident missionary to open a school for girls; the parents would easily be induced to send them, as there is already an opinion gaining ground of the superiority of girls educated in English schools over the rest of their countrywomen; and when a father parts with his daughter in marriage, he makes a sale of her, receiving ten or twenty rupees, according to her estimated worth, and as the bargain may be. These women, carrying with them the principles in which they are brought up, might be expected to have much influence in after-life. The character of the hill people is vigorous and animated, and greatly superior to those of the plains. They are particularly fond of imitating European improvements; and there can be no doubt, that they are more prepared to listen to missionaries than those of the hills near Bhagulpoor, or the Garrow country."

The Adventures of Ariston. By an Eton Boy. pp. 168. London, 1830. J. Cadell.

OUR young author gives the popular form of narrative to much of classical information: these Adventures may afford both amusement and instruction to our juvenile readers.

The British Celestial Atlas. By G. Rubie. Part III. Baldwin and Cradock.

THE details of the "Solar System" form the chief portion of the third part of Mr. Rubie's work. We wish that he, or some other able astronomer, could devise the means of rendering the great centre of it a little more auspicious to us at the present season.

Fourth Epistle to a Friend in Town, and other Poems. 12mo. pp. 80. By Chandos Leigh. Warwick, 1830. J. Merridew.

THIS slight volume is imbued with much of the spirit of the olden poets, and polished versification enshrines sterling sense: the opening lines are peculiarly harmonious; but we prefer for quotation the following little poem.

"Believe me she is true indeed;
Whatever you surmise
Impartial be, and you may read
Her faith in her bright eyes.
Beaming with candour, every look
Gives evidence of love;
O do not then of Nature's book
The language disapprove!
Her smiles most eloquently speak
The self-approving glow
Of conscience, roses on her cheek
The health of virtue shew.
Hypocrisy could never give
To woman such a grace
As seems, a sign from heaven, to live
In her angelic face.
Believe me she is true indeed;
Whatever you surmise
Impartial be, and you may read
Her faith in her bright eyes."

In eighty too short pages there is much of similar beauty; and, in our judgment, the

pleasure derived from this, as from Mr. Leigh's former productions, is a proof that genuine poetry of any school will always delight.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF POPE.

THE following letter was addressed by Mr. Pope to the Rev. Dr. Holmes, as an introduction to him of the late Rev. Thos. Hooke, rector of Berkby near Northallerton, and son of the celebrated Nathaniel Hooke, Esq., the Roman historian. We have seen the original manuscript, in the possession of his grandson, Mr. Lucius Hooke Robinson, &c. &c. &c. The letter is so very characteristic of the writer, both in style and in sentiment, that we are glad to preserve it for the public.

Sir,—I think, and I hope, you will not be surprised, but rather pleased, that I write to entreat a thing of you which will give me a true pleasure. It is always such (I am persuaded) to yourself to do a worthy man a kindness; and I can assure you, the person I send with this is very deserving of any; both as an ingenious and an honest gentleman. He is y^e son of a most particular friend of mine, Mr. Hooke, to whom every learned society is obliged for his Roman history. He is to pass some time at Oxford as a gentleman-commoner, (though his studies have been long since finished, and there are few better scholars,) with intention to take orders. Your countenance, acquaintance, and (if you will permit me to add) friendship, will lay me (as well as Mr. Hooke and him) under a most particular obligation. It may not be improper to mention, in such an age as ours, that he is a man who will be offensive to no party by any indiscretions; and to no individual by any vices. I am with real regard and sincerity, Sir, your most obedient and affectionate humble servant,

A. POPE.

Twittnam, March 28, 17—2.

The date is blotted at the third figure.

Mr. Hooke, the historian, was a catholic, and had two sons—the above-named, a Protestant clergyman, and the other Dr. Lucius Joseph Hooke, a doctor of the Sorbonne in Paris, and author of a very learned theological work, the standard of the Catholic faith, entitled *Religionis Naturalis et Revelata Principia*, in 3 vols. Latin. We understand there are other letters from the celebrated Earl of Orrery, the great Duchess of Marlborough, &c. in possession of Mr. Robinson, with a copy of which we may perhaps be favoured.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ASTRONOMY.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

SIR,—Permit me to avail myself of your Journal to address astronomers throughout the world, as well as those of our own country.

Some years since, when writing my work on the *Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature*, it struck me as being very extraordinary, that the various satellites of Jupiter,* Saturn, and Uranus, should have received no

* When the illustrious Galileo discovered these beautiful stars, he named them the *Medicean stars*; and subsequently individualised them. Simon Marius and Jo. Baptistia Hodierna also gave them appellations; but as these names were (except in the instance of Marius) merely complimentary to comparatively obscure persons, they have seldom or never been designated after them.

- Galileo.* Simon Marius. Baptistia Hodierna.
 1. Cosmus Minor . . . Jupiter's Mercury . . . Principiapharus.
 2. Cosmus Major . . . Jupiter's Venus . . . Victripharus.
 3. Maria Medicea . . . Jovian Jupiter . . . Cosmipharus.
 4. Katherina Medicea } Jupiter's Saturn . . . Ferdinandipharus.

distinguishing appellations (except numerical ones) by which one could be distinguished from another. This I thought the more remarkable, and felt to be the more inconvenient, since the names of those belonging to the orb of Saturn are numbered, not according to their relative distances from their primary, but according to the dates of their discovery.

This occasions some confusion to those who are but superficially acquainted with astronomical science. Shall I, therefore, be excused for attempting to give a little more order to this complication, by affixing to each satellite an appropriate name? With due respect to the correction of others, I propose naming them after the following manner:—

Satellites of Jupiter.

First in the order of distance....	Hebe.
Second	Astrea.
Third	Flora.
Fourth	Pomona.

Satellites of Saturn.

First in the order of distance....	Cybele.
Second	Thetis.
Third	Doria.
Fourth	Hygeia.
Fifth	Echo.
Sixth	Psyche.
Seventh	Fortuna.

Satellites of Uranus (Herschel).

First in the order of distance....	Urania.
Second	Calliope.
Third	Clio.
Fourth	Melpomene.
Fifth	Psyche.
Sixth	Erato.

Permit me, sir, also to suggest, that if the planets are kept in their relative orbits by the power of attraction,—and that they are, who shall presume to doubt, but upon the most pointed and decisive evidence?—it must be a necessary consequence, since Jupiter disturbs the motions of Saturn on one side, that there must be one large primary planet, or several small ones (like Ceres, Pallas, Juno, and Vesta), between his orbit and that of Uranus. This, I think, is necessary to preserve the equilibrium observable in planetary motion. If astronomers, therefore, (especially those who reside between the tropics) direct a constant attention to the neighbourhood of the ecliptic, they will, I am persuaded, discover the truth of what I here venture to predict; unless, indeed, the surfaces of those planets are of a nature insufficient to reflect the light of the sun in such proportion as to be visible in our province of the universe.

May I presume to step one degree further? The satellites of Uranus possess the wonderful distinction of moving in a retrograde direction, and therefore contrary to the order of the signs. This circumstance leads me to suspect, that Uranus is not only the apparent, but the real, last primary planet of our system; and that the motions of the satellites alluded to, indicate the approach, and indeed the actual beginning, of another system, of which they are at once the heralds and the connecting links.

When a comet shall, at any future time, approach the sphere of Uranus, holding the above suggestion in remembrance, it will perhaps be most particularly worthy of attentive observation, with a view of determining, if possible, what effect the neighbourhood of such a stranger may have upon the motions of his satellites.

Dr. Herschel thought, for some time, that Uranus was accompanied by a double ring, like Saturn; but he afterwards gave up the idea, from the circumstance of the disappearance of what he took to be one. My opinion, however, is, that Uranus has a ring—it is required by all the laws of analogy—and that it will be again

seen in 1866, in 1873, and in 1876, and very probably in the intermediate times; for it ought to be remembered, that Uranus has not made one of his annual revolutions since his discovery. I remain, sir, &c.

Pulteney Terrace.

CHARLES BUCKE.

P.S. Should the above observations be favourably received, I shall take a future opportunity of making some remarks on the *origin* of Ceres, Pallas, Juno, and Vesta; the account of which, though sanctioned by many illustrious names, I cannot but esteem as being (to say the least) extremely unsatisfactory. Indeed, I think I shall be able to prove, that their cause of origin, as stated, involves an utter impossibility, according to the rules of gravity, and the simplest of the laws of projectiles.

By taking the new method of observance, perhaps many small planets may yet be discovered, even in regions which have been the most traversed. The highest of all possible magnifying powers, however, will be requisite. But astronomical observers should particularly bear in mind, what, no doubt, they constantly do, that Pallas does not subtend an angle sufficient to be measured, with any degree of precision, even by the best instruments; and that she ascends above the plane of the ecliptic even at an angle of 35°, which is nearly five times as much as any other planet—a very remarkable circumstance in itself, and almost sufficient to attest the existence of many other analogous bodies besides those already discovered.

C. B.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

AT a special meeting of the council on Wednesday, the President, the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, in the chair, an address of condolence, &c. to his Majesty was agreed on. As this is the only great National Institution founded and munificently supported by his late royal brother for the promotion of our literature, (though George IV. was the liberal patron of almost every establishment which had either the cultivation of the arts, the advance of learning and science, or the diffusion of benevolence in view), we entertain the surest hope that it will be equally the object of solicitude to the monarch who now fills the British throne; and who must feel, as his brother felt, that the noblest laurels which can encircle a crown are those derived from sources so pure and high.

LITERARY FUND SOCIETY.

THE committee of this Society, to which his late Majesty was also a princely benefactor for many years, likewise met on Wednesday, and voted an appropriate address to his august successor.

ANTIQUITIES.

THE following account of some new and interesting discoveries made in the neighbourhood of Kertch, in the beginning of last year, is extracted from the "Journal of St. Petersburg."

"Some workmen digging out clay from a ditch in the neighbourhood of Kertch, discovered, in the month of March, 1829, three antique tombs, upon which were placed ten little statues in terra-cotta, with six vases of the same material, (the form of one of which is most elegant,) and a quantity of small articles of mother-of-pearl, ivory, and glass, belonging to the ornaments of a female. Some metallic articles, discovered in the same ditch, were so

corroded by time, that they broke with the slightest effort. The statues, which are more or less injured, all represent the figures of women. Six of them are draped, and possess no attribute by which to recognise what divinities they personify. The four others form a kind of group, representing Venus and Love. The most remarkable of these pieces, and that which at the same time is the least injured, shews the goddess of Cythera, seated on a rock, partially covered by fine drapery. By the side of the goddess stands on the rock a Term, surmounted with the head of Serapis, with the *modius*; and at the foot of the Term is the child of Venus, standing in a very graceful attitude. Below the rock are two Cupids, mounted, the one on a dolphin, the other on a swan. This composition is in a good style; and wants only the fore-arm of Venus, and the head of one of the Cupids.

"The Museum of Antiquities at Kertch has also made another new acquisition. M. Pountsoff, captain (*jessaul*) of the Cossacks of the Black Sea, residing at Temruk, in the district of Tamane, has presented the Museum with a marble, having an ancient Greek inscription, containing a consecration or oblation to Hercules, and which bears the date of the time of King Perisade, the son of Spartocus. Unfortunately, the part of the marble on which was the commencement of the inscription has been broken and lost. The following is the preserved part; the letters of which are very beautiful and distinct:—

... ΔΑΟΤ ΤΟΤ ΣΠΑΤΟΚΟΤ
... ΤΙΜΟΓΕΝΟΤ
... ΑΘΝ ΕΙΚΡΑΤΟΤ
... ΙΚΡΑΤΗ ΚΡΗΤΙΝΗΝ
... ΗΡΑΚΛΕΙ

King Perisade, the son of Spartocus, who is not mentioned in history, and who is known to us only lately, by a similar inscription found at Kertch a few years ago, and afterwards transported to Theodosia, reigned over the Bosphorus, after the year 284 before Christ; the epoch at which, according to Diodorus Siculus, Spartocus IV. died."

PINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century: with Memoirs. By William Jerdan, Esq. No. XV. London: Fisher, Son, and Co.

THREE finely executed plates, accompanied by memoirs of the late Dr. Thomas Young, the Bishop of Chichester, and Earl Spencer, constitute the fifteenth number of the *National Portrait Gallery*. Of the memoirs, the first (the materials for which were principally furnished by one of Dr. Young's early friends) briefly exhibits the intellectual progress and attainments of "a man almost unequalled in the variety and extent of his acquirements;" the second is peculiarly interesting at the present moment, as to the excellent prelate to whom it relates, was intrusted "the sacred office of attending to the spiritual concerns of our [late] beloved king, during the long period in which it has pleased Almighty Providence to afflict him with earthly sufferings, and purify his spirit for an immortal world;" the last describes the character and career of a nobleman, whose "public life and services are happily blended with a private and literary history, equally fair and worthy of admiration." We extract from that part of the memoir of Lord Spencer which has reference to his lordship's

conduct when at the head of the Admiralty Board, the following curious anecdote :

"We believe it was under his favour that Mr. Brunel's ingenious and valuable inventions in block-machinery were introduced into our dock-yards; together with many other improvements made in these important depôts, which have since contributed in no small degree to our naval superiority. We have heard it told as an anecdote (without being able to answer for its authenticity), that Mr. Brunel's fine device for cutting ship-blocks was ultimately adopted from one of those chances which sometimes help clever men more than extraordinary talent and persevering industry. Like the generality of projectors who offer their schemes to government, he had, it is said, wasted many a day in fruitless endeavours to get his plans accepted and tried: at length, weary with deferred hopes, he presented a mechanical toy to Lady Spencer, into which a pack of cards being put, it could be so regulated as to deal them out to any number for a round game. The ingenuity of this trifle attracted so much notice, that the artist was immediately brought forward; and much of the rapidity with which future ships of war could be rigged and fitted for sea, was the result of a little box which saved fair dames the trouble of dealing cards for the amusement of a home circle!"

Master Williams Wynn. Drawn on stone by W. Sharp, from a Drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Dickinson.

At that delightful age when the intellect is beginning to expand, and the passions have not yet clouded the brow.

His late most gracious Majesty George the Fourth. Engraved by Thomson, from a Miniature by Haines. Whittaker and Co. THE graphic decoration of the sixty-eighth Number of the new series of *La Belle Assemblée*, and a most pleasing and satisfactory resemblance of our lamented sovereign.

The Costumes of the French Pyrenees. Drawn on stone by J. D. Harding, from original Sketches by J. Johnson, Esq. No. I. Carpenter and Son.

AMONG the qualities which constitute the picturesque is the absence of familiarity: we do not mean to assert that the costume of a Yorkshireman is equally picturesque with that of a Basque; but there can be no doubt that the effect of the latter is heightened by its novelty, and that the present promises to be a very clever and entertaining work. We have fallen desperately in love with the demure little "Bourgeoise of Pau."

Albums.—The question whether the practice of keeping *Albums* is, or is not, a sort of polite nuisance, shall not be discussed by us at present. We have seen disreputable public uses made of the contents of these friendly receptacles of idle nothings; but their pretty keepers are generally so amiable, *et cetera*, that we hold the exceptions to be no bar to the rule of gratifying them whenever it is possible. And if you do, the delight of doing it in such an *Album* as has been submitted to our inspection by Messrs. De la Rue, Cornish, and Rock!! The binding is a model of embossing in leather; and the pages, of every beautiful variety of pasteboard and paper, tempt you to draw, paint, and write, something worthy of so elegant a shrine. We have offered our copy to one fair divinity, and been refused the honour of a presentation: if we could only determine

who had right to be first of the second, we would immediately present it where it would do more service to the tasteful proprietors than by remaining on our dusty shelves.

MISS HARRIET GOULDSMITH'S PAINTINGS.

THIS lady's paintings are now exhibiting in Pall Mall, for the purpose, as is stated, of being disposed of by lottery; and we take upon ourselves to say, that if to deserve success were to ensure it, the fair artist might claim her full share of public countenance. Most of these pictures have at different periods come under our notice, and have ever met our unqualified praise and admiration. Miss Gouldsmith's style is bold and masterly: she has formed her practice upon the manner of some of the best Flemish artists; but has, in all her productions, kept her eye on nature; and in form and effect her compositions may fairly vie with some of our best masters in landscape scenery.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FIRST AND LAST.—NO. VIII.

The First and Last Voyage.

HE went down the sloping lawn
He entered the waving wood,
Where nought but the step of the bounding
fawn
Broke on his solitude.

He sat by the mossy stone
Whence the clear rivulet gush'd,
And thoughts of childhood's hours by-gone
Upon his spirit rush'd.

No witness but the skies
And the stream's light waves were near;
And up from the heart to the bright young
eyes
Flowed freely many a tear.

And he thought beneath these trees
He had many an hour beguiled;
And he bowed his head upon his knees,
And wept like a very child.

Past, past away full soon
Was the sorrow from his face,
Like a cloud from the sunny heaven of June,
That leaves behind no trace.

He reached the sandy shore,
Near which his vessel lay;
And the youthful wanderer it bore
On his earliest voyage away.

Away through the rushing waves,
And away through the boiling foam
That the vessel's side like a snow-wreath
laves—
It bore him from his home.

He reached the sea where never
The tide may roughly rise,
Where the ocean, like a placid river,
Reflects the stormless skies.

He looked on islets fair,
And on the Indian lands,
Where the tall plummy palm-trees rear
Their heads like armed bands.

And still he longed to turn
Again to his own dear shore,
And still his weary heart would burn
To see that land once more.

Again the noble ship
Is on the bounding sea,
And the waves, like a nereid's briny lip,
Kiss its stout sides buoyantly.

O well that voyage—the first—
In stormless seas had past;
And he little deem'd that the storm should
burst,
And this should be his last!
But the gallant bark was borne
To wreck by the frenzied main;
And he who left the shore that morn
Ne'er trod his own again.

Worton Lodge, Isleworth. M. A. BROWNE.

JUVENALIA.—NO. IV.

If, while you slept, a thief, by lamp-light chose,
Just as he took your purse, to tweak your nose;
And all unarmed, at said nose-length to stand,
Though you had sword and pistol at command;
Should not you think he wanted common sense
As much as either honesty or pence?

Again: if where the crowd directs its eyes
And mouths, distended to portentous size!
At puppets, actors, monsters, or great men,
Turks, tumblers, all the wonders of the Wen;
If there, alone, full in Detection's sight,
Some picaroon displayed his manual sleight,
While great Sir Richard and his Bow-street
Blues

Stood by with batons, as field-m Marshals use;
Whether should he (I mean the *cutpurse*), say,
Rather be sent to Bedlam or the Bay?
'Tis not so strange then, if, in public, few,
Well watched, seem other than "good men
and true."

The pulpit were an awkward place for sin
To do a sly deed of damnation in;
Aught (but Hypocrisy) to practise there,
Might foil the Devil, though he a parson were!
Yon grave Intemperance will there expose
Nothing to blaze his morals—but his nose;
And ev'n whate'er in sacristy he sips,
Will call it *water*—just to wet his lips!
That spruce, pert, lisper of the Word sublime;
Hums not his hunting-catch in holy time;
Or hums it when the organ drowns his noise,
Or both are drowned by clerk and parish boys.
The Lawyer, whose profession is—*to lie*,
Pleads, as in Truth's dear cause prepared to die;
While he, who takes the post point blank to his,
Seems just as great a friend to Truth (and is).
Behold that solemn, guinea-getting face,
Untaught to smile, but learned in grave grim-
mace;

(As if the unwary owner would proclaim,
It was no laughing-matter where *he* came!)
Feeling the sick man's pulse so gently, he
Says not he's feeling (gently) for a fee;
Nor when "The tongue!" he says,—in foolish
freak

Puts out his own,—but puts it in his cheek;
So decent, so decorous, who'd believe
The secret of his trade is—to deceive?
Loud as when unto Deeps the great Deep
calls,

Wide-gaping—hear how *Boanerges* bawls!
See, with rhetoric froth and patriot foam,
His rage run round the effervescing dome!
While roused from stupor each profound M.P.
Opens his wondering jaws as wide as he!
Murmurs break forth; in vast commotion rolls
A sea of white, black, brown, red jobbermolls;
Skull rings on skull, and shoulder shoulder jogs,
As in a foul wharf, empty casks and logs,
When from the side a rumbling, clattering
block,

Falls down the slip-board splash into the dock!
Let his Pandora-gifted mouth but open,
Out come all Evil things!—within lies Hope!
Hope of a *riband*, *pension*, *title*, *place*,
For self, or some young *Hopeful* of the race.
His Country's Wrongs, Distresses of the Times,
Starving Mechanics, Ministerial Crimes,

Famine, Disease, Rebellion, Bankruptcy,
Decline of Commerce, Death of Liberty,
His patriot soul laments to see and to foresee!
Some more, some less, pursue this gainful
trade,

By which fame *first*, and fortune *then*, is made;
Nor is it easy to detect the cheat,
Where knaves are plausible and fools discreet!
Though Reynard's eye somewhat betray the
rogue,

He barks, and looks, much like a simple dog;
If you would know him, watch him on the prow,
You'll find at length his paw upon a fowl!
'Tis thus with Patriot, Lawyer, Doctor, Priest,
With Mankind *all!* — They ne'er (not oft, at
least.)

Cajole the public in the public view,
Or if they do so, tell us that they do!
But pierce his cloak and penetrate his art,
Each Man will prove a hypocrite at heart.

This truth is universal as it's sad,
While men are not mere idiots, nor stark mad:
Ev'n fools will strain at lies they cannot tell;
And madmen talk most sagely, to seem well.

Some few there be, whose inmost deeds defy
Slander's foul tongue, or Scrutiny's sharp eye;
In whom Deceit ne'er was, nor can be shewn—
They keep it far too secret to be known!
Winging to Abraham's bosom, light as elves,
They die scarce conscious of the sin themselves!

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE MALAYS.

In the maps, the little Isle of Lingga, situated under the equator, between Sumatra and Borneo, and peopled by only nine or ten thousand souls, is generally indicated by the name of the Isle of Linggen. It has never been described with so many details as by M. van Angelbeek, in the last volume of the Transactions of the Society of Batavia. The author, having resided there in 1819, possessed the means of knowing the actual state of the island, as well as of the Malay empire, of which it is now the seat. The history of this remarkable people, who are at present spread through all the neighbouring islands of India, occupies the greatest part of the memoir in question. With respect to the ancient history of the Malays, the author states that he has derived his information from a history written in the Malay language, entitled *Sidjara-Malayoe*.

According to M. van Angelbeek, the true country of the Malays is Menangkabo, in the interior of the Island of Sumatra, in which there is a river named Malayoe, and a district bearing the same appellation. It is after these localities that, according to him, the Malays are designated. A part of the nation abandoned their homes about the middle of the twelfth century of our era, under the conduct of two chiefs, but from what motive is unknown, and embarked in order to establish themselves elsewhere. Storms pursued these emigrants to the peninsula of Malacca. They there founded the town of Singapore, and enjoyed peace in their colony for a century. About the middle of the thirteenth century, a prince of Java attacked and conquered Singapore. The Malays then went and founded another town at Malacca, which soon became one of the greatest places of commerce in India; and which the Portuguese, at the period of their expeditions, found in the most flourishing condition. The Malays incorporated in their kingdom the two isles of Bintan and Lingga. When the Farin-gies, or Europeans, took from them their rich place at Malacca, their sultan proceeded to found another residence at Djohor, in the

same peninsula. The neighbourhood of the Portuguese did not leave them much repose. At length, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, fatigued with the wars which they had to maintain against the Europeans, the sultan of the Malays abandoned the peninsula of Malacca, in which his nation had reigned for several centuries, and went to establish himself at Riouw, the chief place in the Isle of Bintan. But neither was this residence of long duration. In 1783, the Malays of Bintan fell out with the Dutch, who annoyed them in their possession. The seat of the Malay empire was then transferred definitively to Lingga, where that empire will probably expire; for it is not to be presumed that it will ever recover from its decline. Not that the Malay nation is not still very considerable; but it no longer forms a mass, a real nation. The Malays are dispersed throughout all the islands, without recognising the authority of the sultan. The latter reigns only in the little Isle of Lingga, and in a chain of small islands situated at the southern entrance of the Straits of Malacca; such as Singkeb, Labondadong, Batsang, and Karimon. Ten years ago he reigned over Djohor and Pahang; but in 1824, the English, finding it advantageous to be the sole masters of the peninsula of Malacca, deprived him of those portions of his empire. His residence in Lingga, called Kwala-Dai, consists of groups of houses, surrounded by thickets; and, together with the environs, contains six thousand persons. The rest of the isle contains only about three or four thousand. A colony of four hundred Chinese attaches itself here, as in the other isles, in spite of the contempt of the Mussulmans, to agriculture and trade, lives peaceably, tries to cheat a little, and purchases by presents the indulgence of the chiefs. The Malays, in their turn, love commerce, and possess every kind of personal advantage for devoting themselves to it with success. They are a well-made, active, engaging, and polished race. A Malay is always of the same opinion as the man who talks with him; he is prodigal of flattery; but he is perfidious: friendship is so little familiar to him, that there is not a word in his language by which it can be expressed; and he is obliged to borrow the word from an Arabic idiom. Fishing, and, above all, piracy, are his favourite occupations. He is mild and gentle in his domestic relations. Many Malays have only two wives, instead of the four which the Koran allows them; and it is said that the two wives of a Malay generally agree together. They weave silk stuffs, which are preferred to those of Celebes. Among the Malays there are no dances and theatrical amusements, as among the Javonese; the sultan alone has dancing-girls. Gaming and cock-fighting fill the place of ballets and comedies. Their superstition is excessive; and with respect to faith, or credulity, they are very good Mussulmans. Their audacity is feared by those who navigate the Indian latitudes. It is fortunate that their nation is divided; for, united, and obedient to a chief endowed with energy, they would be masters of the Indian seas. On the other hand, their division, under a crowd of petty leaders, is a scourge to commerce.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

IN consequence of the inconvenient susceptibility of Madam Malibran to attacks of sudden and severe indisposition, (such as on Thursday, when Lalande's benefit was again postponed

thereby.) Mdle. Blasis, at very "short notices," has had the good fortune to be brought forward in the favourite parts of this fashionable siren. We allude to the *Cenerentola* of Rossini, and the *Zerlina* of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. In the representation of both parts she is unsurpassed, and her Zerlina in particular is characterised by a vocal and histrionic truth worthy of the best days of Fodor. We listen with delight to the pure, unadulterated strains of Mozart. Nor is the eye ever offended by "wicked" looks, nor the ear annoyed by senseless innovations and "running commentaries," not more at variance with the author's text, than inconsistent with musical judgment and dramatic taste.

With some alterations in the cast, *Don Giovanni* was performed on Tuesday to the most musical audience we have seen this season. Suffice it to say, that there were four encores in the first act. In the *Donna Anna*, Lalande was extremely effective—her trembling tones are well suited to this character; and we know not when we have been better pleased with Curioni. Donzelli howled his best, though in *Don Giovanni* he is somewhat out of his element; and Lablache, though an exquisite actor, is not exactly the lightest *Leporello* we have seen on the boards. The opera, however, on the whole, was very spiritedly performed; and, had not the devils played the devil in the conclusion of the last act, by allowing Giovanni to escape their clutches, and thus marred the moral of the piece, we have no doubt that the representation of the opera would have met with the unanimous approbation of the audience.

Saturday night. One act of *Il Pirata* (one act too many, by the by.) preceded the immitable performance of the first act of *Il Turco in Italia*. So well cast as this opera is at present, we are surprised that the manager curtails it of its fair proportions. Lablache and Blasis are incomparable in their respective parts. Nor are the efforts of Santini and Curioni undeserving of praise.

ADELPHI.

THE English Operatic company at this theatre have distinguished the week by the performance of *Don Juan*. The overture (arranged by Hawes) is one of the finest treats which the lovers of music can enjoy; and they will here enjoy it to greater perfection than they have ever yet had an opportunity of doing at any theatre in London. It is truly Mozart. Mr. Phillips, in *Juan*, is not quite the light libertine, but his splendid organ makes amends for every thing. Benson is one of the best *Leporellos* on the stage. The lady portion not so effective; but the whole very superior.

VARIETIES.

Lithotripsy.—During the last month there were several successful operations for stone by the new method of crushing it in the bladder. The additional security against laceration, from any accidental rent in the instrument contrived by M. Costello, by means of several rounds of wire thread, to prevent the extension of the rent, has been introduced into the French hospitals, where it has given great satisfaction.—*Paris Journal*.

German Literature.—If from an increase in the number of printing-offices and booksellers' shops may be drawn any proof of the growth of civilisation, and of the arts and sciences, Germany may boast of having made a great progress in that respect; for the number of booksellers has been almost quadrupled in the last

fty years. In 1780, there were, in all Germany, only 223 booksellers; and there are at present 827!

Royal Consideration.—It is as much, or perhaps more, from lesser matters than from those of great importance, that we may form our opinion of the disposition of the prince, and the probable character of the reign which has just commenced. Thus, to us, the intimation that his Majesty has commanded an opening to be made into the Park at Carlton Terrace, affords an auspicious augury of the royal desire to cultivate popularity by the best means—yielding graciously to a general wish, and consulting even the slightest gratification of his people beyond a prerogative of the crown. We are sure the boon so granted will be gratefully felt, and the privilege so accorded will not be abused, either in itself, or as a precedent for encroachment. While on the subject of the relations between the new King and his subjects, we cannot help expressing the disgust with which the unparalleled adulation froth almost every quarter poured upon our gracious sovereign contrasts, not merely with the base obsequious neglect, but with the contumely shewn towards his great and yet unburi'd predecessor. Must he not in his soul despise the fawning sycophants who a few hours before bowed in worship to George the Fourth, and who now with tenfold protestations do homage to him? We are sure he must: it is a great moral lesson to all, and a pitiable example of the moral state of this country. But the subject is too painful to dwell upon; and we could most anxiously have longed to see every demonstration of respect, loyalty, and love for the King upon the throne, mingled with more of mournful recollection of the glories of him who has just passed away. We may be assured, that the selfish beings who so quickly forgot or reviled the late, cannot be true friends to any King.

Supply of Water in Paris.—It has been already stated, that the French Government have given permission to a public company to make arrangements for the supply of water in Paris in the same way as in London. This will be one of the greatest improvements of the French capital during the present century; for by the usual mode of supply, which is by water-carriers, the quantity of water furnished per head is only 23 quarts; whereas in London it is 80, at Edinburgh 61, at Manchester 44, and at Glasgow 100. Liverpool, however, seems to be almost as badly off as Paris; for the supply there is said to be only 28 quarts per head. It is to this deficiency of water, and to the expense of the supply, perhaps, that we are to attribute the comparatively filthy state of Paris—a clean staircase is unknown, the yards are rarely washed, and the windows are generally dirty. It is proposed to have the water supplied by steam-engines from the Seine above La Bièvre, and not from a canal, as was intended by Napoleon, as it is found that the Seine above La Bièvre is purer than all others, in the following proportions:

	Residuum after boiling.	Deliquescent salts.
Seine above La Bièvre—gram.	18,606	1,140
Seine below Paris	19,474	2,520
Canal de l'Oureq	24,206	2,780
Aqueduc d'Arcueil	38,900	10,974
Sources Saint Gervais	141,374	44,314
Do. of Belleville and Menilmontant	180,486	23,452

We have just seen the prospectus of this company. It is proposed, in the first instance, to allow to every house-owner in Paris the option of taking a 1500 franc share, so that he may enjoy in a double way the advantages of the scheme. In addition to the 1500 francs, which

would be his portion of expenditure of laying down pipes, &c., for one share about 1500 francs more are to be calculated upon for the expense, making the share 3000 francs, for which the shareholder would for eighty years have a free and very abundant supply of water without charge. As 3000 francs, at 4 per cent, amount to only 120 francs per annum, and as the present charge for a scanty supply of water by means of water-carriers is nearly 150 francs per annum on the average, there would be an actual saving of 30 francs per annum, besides having a more abundant and equally pure supply.

New French Coinage.—There is great activity in the French mint in coining new five-franc silver pieces, and gold *demi-louis* of ten francs. They will be in circulation next month.

Roquefort Cheese.—At the last sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences a curious paper was read by M. Giron de Buzaraingue, on the manufacture of the celebrated cheese called *fromage de Roquefort*, which is made from the milk of ewes. The excellence of this cheese is stated to proceed from the peculiar construction of the caves, by which a perpetual freshness of temperature is maintained. It is also stated, that when the sheep have been milked in the regular way, the teat is struck with force, by which means a much larger quantity of milk is obtained; whilst, contrary to what might be imagined, no injury is done to the animal.

Sweden.—The Swedish Academy of Sciences has just purchased one of the handsomest hotels in Stockholm, for the purpose of converting it into a Museum of Natural History.

A letter from Berlin states, that *Mlle. Sonntag* has entered into an engagement with the opera in that city for two years; but that she is previously to go to St. Petersburg, on the invitation of the emperor.

Copernicus.—A statue of this great astronomer is about to be placed in the square which fronts the palace of the Imperial Society of the Friends of the Sciences at Warsaw.

Encroachments of the Sea.—In Clew Bay, on the western coast of Ireland, there was formerly an island, called *Minish*, the surface of which, in the reign of Charles I., was twelve acres in extent; as is proved by several public documents of that period. On being measured in the year 1814, it was found to be only 420 feet long, and 30 broad. In 1816 it entirely disappeared. The Island of *Clare*, in the immediate neighbourhood, furnishes another example of the destructive action of the sea on those coasts. Bounded every where by cliffs of immense height, it is continually corroded by the ocean, which has worn deep caverns; into which, when agitated, it throws immense blocks of stone, detached from the cliffs, with a noise that is quite appalling.

Turkey.—M. *Ribeaupierre*, the Russian ambassador, has obtained from the Grand Signior a firman, authorising him to visit all the mosques of Constantinople, even that of Saint Sophia. M. *Ribeaupierre* is the first European who has received this permission.

Diving-Bell.—An inhabitant of *Angerville*, in France, has invented a diving-bell, which enables any one to remain for above an hour under water, and to execute the most difficult labours.

HIC JACET

The Remains of Mrs. *Eliza Vaughan*, obit May 2, 1830, at 34 Years.

Adieu, Eliza! to save thee I fondly try'd,
Thou would'st not listen, but refusing all aid died:
To a much better world thou hast now bent thy way,
And left me behind a short time longer to stay. S. V.

The Measles.—The measles has lately been making great ravages in Paris. Most of the children who have fallen victims to it have also been attacked by brain fever.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXVIII. July 10.]

A new edition of the Bible is announced, with Illustrations by J. Martin, and under the immediate patronage of his most gracious Majesty the King. The design of so imaginative and sublime an artist to publish a Series of Prints to illustrate the Old and New Testament, gives rise to the most sanguine anticipation of a production alike glorious to himself and honourable to the fine arts of his country.—The Alexandrians, a Novel.—A new volume of the Transactions of the King and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland.—Le *Keepsake Français*, with engravings.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Marshall's Naval Biography, Supplement, Part IV. 8vo. 15s. bds.—Ingram's *Matilda*, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Macbraire's Medical Nosology, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Murray on Hydrophobia, 12mo. 4s. bds.—Southennan, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Annual Register, 1829, 8vo. 16s. bds.—De la *Beche's Geological Phenomena*, 4to. 2l. 2s. bds.—McNeill on the Jews, 7s. bds.—Vincent's Sermons, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Grant's Lectures on the Prodigal Son.—Spillan's Supplement to the Pharmacopœias, 12mo. 6s. bds.—The *Templars*, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 7s. bds.—Laurent's Ancient Geography, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Rankin on Life Assurances, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Garde's Law of Evidence, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Holroyd on Patents and Inventions, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Dublin University Examinations, 8vo. 8s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.. 24	From 45. to 68.	29.43 — 29.85
Friday .. 25	— 52. — 70.	29.74 — 29.63
Saturday .. 26	— 55. — 76.	29.63 — 29.72
Sunday ... 27	— 51. — 76.	29.79 — 29.02
Monday .. 28	— 52. — 72.	29.44 — 29.79
Tuesday .. 29	— 53. — 72.	29.79 — 29.91
Wednesday 30	— 42. — 68.	29.96 — 29.99

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing. Since the morning of the 26th, generally fine, and free from rain. Haymaking in this neighbourhood has been generally brought to a close. On the evening of the 25th, from about half-past six till as much after nine, a rumbling noise was heard in the south resembling distant thunder, which continued for more than two hours without intermission: from ten till near eleven on the same evening, the atmosphere was continually illumined with vivid flashes of lightning. I have received accounts from Brighton, which state that the thunder and lightning were almost incessant during the greater part of the night of the 25th.

Rain fallen, .25 of an inch.

July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.. 1	From 47. to 71.	29.91 to 29.76
Friday ... 2	— 45. — 64.	29.71 — 29.61
Saturday .. 3	— 51. — 64.	29.46 — 29.64
Sunday ... 4	— 51. — 69.	29.72 — 29.77
Monday .. 5	— 47. — 70.	29.86 — 29.96
Tuesday .. 6	— 49. — 68.	29.96 — 29.76
Wednesday 7	— 55. — 64.	29.61 — 29.56

Wind variable, prevailing S.W. Except on the 5th and 6th, generally cloudy, with frequent showers of rain.

Rain fallen, .725 of an inch. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Edmonton.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude..... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ The state of the times has caused a short literary inter-regnum: no new books of any consequence are appearing; and, indeed, all but the political world seems nearly asleep. We yet hope that our little sheet will be a pleasant repose in the midst of this turmoil. The proceedings of both the Societies mentioned by "Eclectic" are given when they are of sufficient public importance.

To a Correspondent who writes to us that we omitted to notice the death of our late beloved Monarch, we have to answer that a mention of the melancholy event appeared in the stamped edition of the *L. G.*; and that it escaped our recollection at the moment that only a small portion of our numerous readers would thereby see it: we now therefore insert it again throughout the whole edition of our Journal: "His Majesty George IV. died on Saturday last. As a monarch, his reign will be famous in the history of England. He was of a noble nature, liberal, munificent in his patronage of literature and the fine arts, and in most respects all that a great sovereign ought to be. His errors, as a man, have even already been made the theme of unbounded censure: but posterity alone can do justice to his character; and when it is calmly and candidly weighed, truth will render homage to the excellencies which vastly counterbalanced his less laudable qualities."

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

Close of the Suffolk Street Gallery.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS. The

Exhibition for the Sale of Works of living British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, is now open to the Public from Nine till Six. WILL CLOSE on Saturday, July 17th.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue 1s.

R. B. DAVIS, Secretary.

WEEKS'S MECHANICAL EXHIBITION, 3, Tichborne Street, Piccadilly.

The Nobility, Gentry, and the Public, are respectfully informed, that this ingenious Collection, which has remained so long closed, owing to the illness of Weeks, Senior, will be re-opened in the ensuing Week by his Sons, who, regardless of expense, have completed a Variety of curious and entertaining Mechanism, which they flatter themselves will be found worthy of public inspection.

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ROYAL MANCHESTER INSTITUTION. The Fifth Exhibition is intended to take place in August next, and will consist of the Works of Living Artists in Oil Painting and Sculpture.

Owing to an unexpected occurrence, the time for receiving pictures is altered, and will now be terminated on the 30th of July. Any pictures arriving after the 30th instant will be excluded from the chance of being exhibited. Artists desirous of exhibiting their works are requested to apply to the Honorary Secretary.

T. W. WINSTANLEY, Honorary Secretary.

1st July, 1830.

The Late King.

MR. FINDEN'S whole-length LINE ENGRAVING from SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S PICTURE of his late Most Gracious Majesty GEORGE the FOURTH, seated on a Sofa, may be had of the Publishers. Price 3s. 3d.

London: Moon, Boys, and Graves, Printers to the King, 6, Pall Mall. Who have also on sale, The Half-length Portrait, engraved in Mezzotint by Mr. Charles Turner, from the same Picture. Prints, 1s. 1s.; French Proofs, 2s. 2s.; India Proofs, 2s. 1s. 6d.

PUBLIC MOURNING, by AUTHORITY.—Two coloured Engravings of Fashions for the General Mourning as appointed to be worn for His late Majesty, is published this day, in a Supplementary Number of the Ladies' Pocket Magazine, in addition to a Memoir and numerous Anecdotes of George IV. written and collected from authentic sources; a Portrait, and a Representation of his favourite Pony Phaeton, as it last appeared in Windsor Park. Price 6d.

Published by J. Robins, Bride Court.

FALL of NINEVEH.—Mr. MARTIN begs to announce that the Proofs are now ready for delivery. Prices, unlettered Proofs, 20 Guineas; lettered ditto, 10 Guineas.

All Impressions that have not Mr. Martin's name written in the Right Corner of the Engraving are sold without his permission. July 10th, 1830.

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This Establishment, conducted by Mr. Pockock's Sons, will reopen the 26th instant.

LONDON UNIVERSITY SCHOOL. Head Master, the Rev. HENRY BROWNE, A.M. of Corp. Chr. Coll. Camb.—A Classical Day School, to be called the London University School, will be opened on the 1st of November next, under the patronage of the Council of the University, in Gower Street, near Bedford Square. The branches of education intended to be taught are, the Latin, Greek, English, and French Languages, Geography, Arithmetic, the Rudiments of Algebra, the Introductory Books of Euclid, and Writing. The expense will be 15s. per annum for each pupil. There will be no boarders. It will be strictly a day school, and the hours of attendance will be from nine in the morning to three in the afternoon, with suitable intervals of recreation. Boys will be admitted at any age after the completion of their eighth year. The number of pupils is limited, and they will be admitted in the order of their application until the number is filled. The names may be entered at the Office of the University daily (except Sunday), from nine to five o'clock. A prospectus of the general plan of the school may be had at the University, and at the following Book-sellers:—Mr. Taylor, 30, Upper Flower Street; Mr. Lloyd, Harley Street; Mr. Murray, 40, Bedford Street; Messrs. Bristoll and Virtue, Soho Square; Mr. Knight, Pall Mall East; Mr. Gardner, Marseller, Regent Street; Mr. Wild, Mappeller, Charing Cross; Mr. Templeman, Percy Street; Mr. Alexander, 37, Great Russell Street; Mr. Smith, Mappeller, Strand; Mr. Underwood, 32, Fleet Street; Messrs. Rogers, Ludgate Street; Messrs. Manning and Chaplin, 69, Chancery Lane; Mr. Richardson, 24, Cornhill; Messrs. Farbury, Allen, and Co. Leadenhall Street; Messrs. Creech and Spencers, Lamb's Conduit Street.

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GENERAL CEMETERY COMPANY. At a General Meeting of the Shareholders of the General Cemetery Company, held at the Freemasons' Hall, on Monday, the 5th July, 1830,

ANDREW SPOTTISWOODE, Esq. M.P. in the Chair,

It was resolved,

That the election of Directors be postponed to a future day, and that the Provisional Committee be re-appointed for the Management of the Affairs of the Company in the mean time.

That the following Noblemen be appointed Vice-Presidents, viz.

The Marquess of Lansdowne | The Earl of Denbigh
The Marquess of Wexley | The Earl Fitzwilliam
The Earl of Cardigan | Lord Viscount Milton.

That William Fryer, Esq. and Thomas Cornish, Esq. be appointed Auditors for the year ensuing.

That George Frederick Carden, Esq. be re-appointed Treasurer.

That Charles Broughton Bowman, Esq. be re-appointed Secretary and Solicitor.

The Thanks of the Meeting were then unanimously voted to the Chairman.

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EDINBURGH REVIEW.—Advertisements, Notices, &c. to be inserted in the general Advertising Sheet of No. 102 of the Edinburgh Review, are requested to be sent to Longman and Co. Paternoster Row, by Friday, the 16th, and Prospectuses, Catalogues, Bills, &c. to be stitched in the Number, not later than the 23d. Advertisers will perceive the great advantage of sending their Advertisements and Bills early, as they are placed in the exact order they are received by the Publishers.

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ON the day of the funeral of his late Majesty are we called upon to notice this the earliest (and, indeed, a very quickly produced) history of his life and reign. It is a melancholy task, amid the boom of distant minute guns, the dying sound of tolling bells, and all the outward demonstrations of a nation's mourning.* The depressed spirit can hardly take up the theme—every detail appears tedious—and nothing but a vague and overwhelming general impression fills rather than occupies the mind. How transitory are the days of the greatest monarch! How much more transitory do they seem to be than even those of private individuals! It is the mighty blank caused by the loss of one who has occupied so mighty a space: it is the sudden fall and disappearance of an object so lofty that, for a season, all eyes have been turned to its contemplation. And the very moment of its vanishing, without a pause between, new interests and another system rise to the view. The affairs of a kingdom are too pressing and too important to admit of the busy world's giving a period, however brief, to the sympathies of nature; and in a moral sense we see that the king never dies:—does he ever live? When a private person, however humble his station, passes away, there is some chasm, some distinct and obvious break, in the chain of existence; and it is only with the progress of time that his successor gradually glides into the vacant sphere, taking his place, discharging his duties, and supplying that similar atom of the endless tide of which the living flood is formed. But when the powerful monarch departs—when it might be imagined there was a gap created which nothing of humanity could replenish—is it not a wonderful contradiction to observe, that the instant call of circumstances, the operation of fears and hopes in all around, the rush of self-interest and ambition, the love of novelty, the gaud of spectacle, and a multitude of other springs of action, so absorb the public mind, that we may truly say the king descends from his throne into his sepulchre with about as slight a remembrance as the beggar exchanges his hospital truck for his last home in the pauper shell. It is a sad, but a useful, lesson: it proclaims to the great, that it is only by noble deeds, by the encouragement of those things which afford happiness to their species, which improve and adorn mankind, they can hope for such lasting fame as

Smells sweet, and blossoms in the dust.

* The fineness of the day, and the outpouring of the population of London, in consequence of all business being suspended, particularly towards Richmond and up the Thames, gave it, however, all the appearance of a holiday of recreation.

The work before us* enters into no enlarged or comprehensive views, either of personal character or of political transactions: it is a simple and honestly written narrative of the principal events in his late Majesty's life and government. It tells the story fairly, to the best of the author's knowledge; and it leaves philosophical speculation to a period when, perhaps, it can be more truly applied than it could be, so near the date of the matters recorded.

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After devoting above a hundred pages to the ancestry of his late Majesty, Mr. Lloyd gives an account of his own infancy and education. Among other distinguishing features, he states that the prince was always sincerely attached to his instructors, though he seems to hint that they were quite as strict as was required, considering the prospects of their illustrious pupil. His father also shewed great regard to these eminent men: after several instances, the author says:—

"Another proof of the affection which the king had for Dr. Hurd, appeared in one of the finest compliments ever paid by a sovereign to a subject. The bishop's private seal had the bearing of a cross with the letters I. N. R. I. on a label, a glory above, and these words beneath—EK HUSTENON. His majesty, whose observation nothing could escape, was struck by the device, and instantly resolved to make use of it for a purpose he was then contemplating. This was the founding of an annual prize, consisting of a gold medal, for the best theological essay by a student of the University of Göttingen. On the one side of the medal was the profile of the king; and on the obverse an exact copy of Bishop Hurd's seal. When the medal was executed, his majesty took an opportunity of presenting one of the first impressions to the bishop, with his own hand, at Buckingham House. The royal gift was valued as it should be, by being left to the Bishops of Worcester in perpetuity. It is a trait highly honourable to the feelings of the Prince of Wales, that he ever continued to hold his preceptors in high respect. For a proof of this we have only to mention the two following short anecdotes, which reflect equal credit on his sensibility as a man, and on his condescension as a prince. On a summer excursion through some of the western counties of England, the prince happened to be in the neighbourhood of the palace of the Bishop of Worcester; and inquiring after the health of

* Advertised for publication on Wednesday next.

its venerable inhabitant, he was informed that his lordship was so infirm, that he rarely stirred out of his episcopal residence; but that, in other respects, his faculties remained unimpaired, and he possessed as good a share of health and spirits as usually fall to the lot of persons at his advanced period of life. On receiving this information, his royal highness despatched one of his attendants to the palace of his venerable and amiable preceptor, to ask his permission to wait upon him, as he understood that the state of his health did not permit him to come abroad. The good bishop, as may readily be conceived, was charmed with the condescension of his illustrious pupil, and in suitable terms expressed his grateful sense of the honour which his royal highness designed to shew him. An interview succeeded, highly interesting to those who witnessed it; and the prince left the venerable prelate penetrated with the kindness, affability, and flattering remembrance of his royal pupil. The other anecdote to which we refer is of a more recent date, and reflects, perhaps, still more honour on his royal highness's character. The prince, it is well known, for a number of years was in the habit of collecting portraits of all the eminent personages who had at any time been honoured with his friendship. These portraits are executed by the first artists, and form by far the finest collection of modern portraits that is to be met with in the kingdom. Among the other portraits of his distinguished friends, the Prince of Wales possesses an admirable likeness of the late Archbishop of York, which some few years ago was exhibited in the Royal Academy, and was then generally esteemed one of the finest portraits produced by the British school. It was painted by Hoppner, in his best style, and possesses so much of the manner and feeling of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that it might be mistaken for a work of that great master. It formerly occupied a conspicuous situation in the crimson drawing-room in Carlton House, in which splendid apartment there were also a portrait of Lord Erskine, by Reynolds, and one of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, by Sir Thomas Lawrence."

Mr. Lloyd attributes some of the Prince of Wales's youthful irregularities to his attachment to his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland—a feeble-minded and dissipated person, who, without bad intentions, led his nephew into very questionable company and companionship. Of this duke, Mr. Lloyd rather mars a good anecdote in the telling:—

"The duke being once in company with Foote, was so delighted with the wit of the player, that he said, 'Mr. Foote, I swallow all the good things you say.' 'Do you?' replied Foote; 'then your royal highness has an excellent digestion; for you never bring any of them up again.' On meeting Mr. Gibbon in Pall Mall, he thus accosted him: 'How d'ye do? What! at the old trade? aye, always scribble, scribble.'"

The writer has forgotten that it was a presentation copy, on which his royal highness

cried, "What! another big square book?" &c. &c. But to return to the prince: we are told—

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This last paragraph, though confused in style and construction, introduces us to some of the persons indicated as associates of the prince—such as Fox, Burke, Sheridan, &c. &c.; but we select the description of others (except Lord Moira) less known to the public, and certainly (together with that noble lord) not very ceremoniously treated in these pages.

"The late Marquess of Hastings was certainly the steadiest of his majesty's friends; but he was an improvident man, and therefore ill calculated to be the adviser of the prince. He was continually in debt, and taking up money upon post-obits, and other securities, at enormous rates. His servants, of whom he kept a large number, lived riotously, and drank the dearest wines at their master's expense. He also had a number of pensioners, most of whom were blood-suckers. One of these was Felix M'Carthy, an Irish adventurer, who once absented himself longer than usual from St. James's Place, on which his lordship sent to know what was the reason. Felix returned

* "The writer of these pages recollects a circumstance which strongly confirms this remark. A gentleman of great respectability, with whom the prince had had extensive dealings, and had contracted a very large debt, used to express himself, and sometimes in no very measured terms, respecting the repeated delays in the payment. One day, in company of several gentlemen, he declared his intention of going to Carlton House, and telling his royal highness how much injury he did to his own character by thus neglecting to satisfy the just demands of those to whom he was indebted. Some of the company expressed their doubts of his carrying this project into execution; and on his persisting in it, he was induced to promise to make us acquainted with the result of his visit to Carlton House. Some time afterwards, the same company having again met, he was called upon to fulfil his promise. He said, that on sending in his name, he had been immediately admitted to wait on the prince, and obeyed the summons with a full resolution to make him sensible of the unfavourable light in which his royal highness placed himself by his neglect of his just engagements; but that the prince had received him with so much condescension, with such an appearance of satisfaction at his visit, and conversed with him on various subjects in a manner so delightful, that he had not once thought of the business on which he had come, till he had made his obeisance on quitting the apartment."

an old pair of shoes, worn out at toe and heel, asking 'whether those were fit for him to enter his lordship's house in?' It is no wonder that the prince and the marquess should have been constantly embarrassed. Among the early associates of the prince was George Hanger, afterwards Lord Coleraine—a man of the most eccentric character, not destitute of talent, but of dissipated habits, and fond of low company. In his latter years, he resided in a small cottage in or near the Hampstead Road; but though he ordinarily spent his evenings at an ale-house, he was not an unfrequent visitor at the palace. A short time before the regency, the prince laughingly said: 'George, in all the years we have been acquainted, you never asked me to dine with you: now, I should like to do so for once.' 'Sir,' said George, 'if you will dine as I do, no person will be more welcome: only fix your time, that I may be prepared.' The prince mentioned his day, and was punctual. There was little sign of cookery; but at last the cloth was laid by the female servant, and a baked shoulder of mutton, with potatoes, constituted the whole meal, to which was added simple porter; but whether any wine followed, the writer, who heard the story from Hanger himself, cannot now recollect. The colonel succeeded to the title of Coleraine in 1814, on the death of his brother; but a greater affront could not be offered him than to address him in word or writing as 'My lord.' He always wore a silk handkerchief round his neck, and a short club-stick under his arm. He died in 1817, at the age of seventy-three, having been for some years discarded from the prince's parties, on account of his low propensities. He was at one time a sort of purveyor for the royal pleasure; but though he had all the vice and good-humour of Falstaff, he had not the wit of fat Jack. Yet, compared with others, his old patron might say, 'We could have better spared a better man.' * * *

"Another of the convivial companions of the prince, was Henry Bate Dudley, commonly called 'the fighting parson.' His name was originally Bate, to which in 1784 he added that of Dudley. He succeeded his father in the rectory of North Farmbridge, in Essex, but never resided there; living constantly in London, where he wrote for the stage, and conducted the *Morning Post*. In 1780, he established the *Morning Herald*, which became the gazette of fashion. Bishop Lovth having called upon him to reside, or discharge clerical duty, near London, he, to avoid the former, took the curacy of Hendon. Here he used to attend on Sundays, with his friend Parsons the comedian; and between the morning and afternoon service, play at cribbage in the vestry! When the Duke of Bedford became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he gave Dudley the chancellorship of the cathedral of Ferns, and other preferments. In 1816, he obtained a prebend of Ely. The prince regent made him a baronet in 1812. But when, in 1807, application was made to Lord Grenville to promote him to the episcopate, his lordship referred the applicant to the words of St. Paul—'A bishop must be no striker.' The prince, soon after the establishment took place at Brighton, received into his service Louis Weltjie, a German. He was originally a ginger-bread baker, and sold cakes about the streets; and the prince being pleased with his manner and cakes, gave him a situation in his household. Here he rose to be chief cook and purveyor, both at Carlton House and the Pavilion. His pride kept even pace with his

good fortune; and he even took occasionally great liberties with his royal master. Weltjie at last, however, lost his place and the prince's favour by his folly. He had an only daughter, of whom he was fond, till she offended him by marrying her father's assistant cook. Weltjie was so exasperated at this degradation, that he had the assurance to complain to his royal highness, representing the ingratitude of the young man in strong terms, and stating the disgrace brought upon his family by this match. He concluded by soliciting the immediate dismissal of the offender. The good-natured prince only smiled, and told Weltjie to live amicably with the young couple. This Weltjie could not endure, but kept on remonstrating till, his royal highness's patience being tired out, he dismissed the cook from his presence, and shortly after from his service, giving the place to Weltjie's son-in-law. Weltjie, however, had realised a handsome fortune, and built several houses at Brighton. He also kept a subscription house in St. James's Street many years, the history of which would be curious. He died suddenly in 1800."

These, indeed, are truly strange companions for royalty, which should be surrounded by men of genius, the lights of literature and science. We are not of the class who exact more from kings than from other highly informed, polished, and enlightened men;—on the contrary, we feel that many excuses are to be made for the errors, follies, and vices of those whom ordinary experience and collision with society have never shaped for the just appreciation of the world, or the correct sense of relative duties—whom flattery and adulation have beleaguered from the cradle—whom the consciousness of power and superiority has spoiled—whom pliancy and sycophancy, ministering to their worst passions and appetites, have blinded—who, indeed, if possessed of angel virtues and angel attributes, could not escape the contagion that environs their station, or penetrate the darkness that is thrown about their perceptions:—but there is surely, amid all the close-girding delusions which mislead the infancy of power, enough of opening left to enable an intelligent sovereign to see that his welfare and his glory, his domestic comfort and his public triumph, depend upon the selection of other favourites, and the cultivation of other pursuits. Let him enjoy every luxury which fortune has placed before him—let him be sumptuous, and denied no pleasure which a king can taste; but he will augment all these tenfold, by proving that the good of his people is his first object, and by being the patron of men whose talents are for all time, and who, by their genius and abilities, are calculated equally to adorn and to strengthen the reign of the greatest monarch.*

* George the Fourth was a most munificent and distinguished patron of literature, science, and the fine arts: his acts in this respect will shed an everlasting lustre over his reign. It is astonishing that so few English kings have felt the expediency of pursuing a similar course; but barbarous times, and times of civil war and revolution, were not favourable to the advancement of the more illustrious objects which wisdom and policy alike recommend. Now, however, that peace offers the occasion, and the progress of knowledge and civilisation perpetually enforces the truth, it would be utter senselessness not to anticipate a better order of things. Let us concede, that the warrior is worthy of his honours, the statesman of his emoluments, the wealthy of his influence, the yielder of pleasure to his reward: but surely it is also time that the philosopher, the scholar, the man of useful science, should be distinguished from the mass by royal favour, instead of being left to the mere breath of popular opinion. It would reflect as bright a lustre on, as it would derive a lustre from, the throne; and earnestly do we hope to see the reign of William IV. made resplendent by such a course.

Mr. Lloyd, of necessity, enters largely into the painful history of that unfortunate union between the Prince of Wales and his cousin, which led to so much national confusion, disgrace, and danger. We will not revive the recollection farther than by quoting two or three curious passages, which bear on points of the question that so fearfully agitated the body politic. When the proposal of the marriage was made, says Mr. Lloyd, "the princess received the intelligence with composure, amounting to indifference. That the proposed union was one by which her family would be elevated, and by which her own happiness might be improved, she admitted; but her heart was, of course, unmoved by the prospect. Her consent she did not withhold, because, although she had heard of the follies of the prince, she had also heard of his virtues; and his generosity and sensibility had been greatly extolled. Yet here it must be admitted, that the princess neither did nor could love her future husband. Her affections had been fixed on a young German prince, to whom she could not give her hand. The precise state of her mind cannot be better explained than in her own words. In a letter written to a friend, dated 28th November, 1794, she thus expressed herself:—"You are aware, my friend, of my destiny. I am about entering into a matrimonial alliance with my first-cousin, George Prince of Wales. His generosity I regard, and his letters bespeak a mind well cultivated and refined. My uncle is a good man, and I love him very much; but I feel that I shall never be inexpressibly happy. Estranged from my connexions, my associations, my friends, all that I hold dear and valuable, I am about entering on a permanent connexion. I fear for the consequences. Yet I esteem and respect my intended husband, and I hope for great kindness and attention. But, ah me! I say sometimes I cannot now love him with ardour. I am indifferent to my marriage, but not averse to it; I think I shall be happy, but I fear my joy will not be enthusiastic. The man of my choice I am debarred from possessing, and I resign myself to my destiny. I am attentively studying the English language; I am acquainted with it, but I wish to speak it with fluency. I shall strive to render my husband happy, and to interest him in my favour, since the fates will have it that I am to be Princess of Wales."

At their first interview, it is stated the Prince was not only affable, but warm in his attentions to his bride; and the author adds—"Lady Jersey, who had been present during the greatest part of the interview between the prince and princess, and had remarked, with a feeling of displeasure, the attentions which the prince paid to his intended consort, seems to have resolved to avail herself of the time that would elapse before a second interview, to prejudice the prince against her royal mistress. The princess, it is said, had incautiously avowed to Lady Jersey her previous attachment to a German prince—but probably not in such strong terms as her ladyship represented; however, on the succeeding day Lady Jersey apprised the prince of this previous attachment owned by the princess, with whose person and manners she also found much fault. On the next day, therefore, when the Prince of Wales visited St. James's, he was cool and reserved in his manners, and manifested, if not an aversion to the Princess of Brunswick, at least a considerable alteration in his behaviour. Queen Charlotte has been accused of being the individual who effected,

or contributed to effect, this alteration; but it seems much more rational to ascribe it to the intrigues of a rival, than to a princess whose conduct in every part of her life places her far above any such suspicion."

Afterwards we are told—and the sentiment is a little at variance with the preceding quotation:

"While the conduct of the prince, in renewing his intimacy with Mrs. Fitzherbert, must be blamed and lamented, as an unhappy deviation from the course which a just regard to his own honour, and to the influence of his example, should have led him to pursue, it is impossible not to acknowledge that that of the princess was not calculated to overcome the dislike which she was well aware her consort had had to the union, to inspire him with that affection which she knew he did not, and could not, yet feel—or to command his respect and esteem at least, if she failed in gaining his love. As his present majesty, then Duke of Clarence, designated her, in the House of Lords, as a 'lovely and amiable woman' (a eulogium which, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, was repeated in still more energetic terms by the late Mr. Canning), it can hardly be doubted that, with patience and forbearance, she might, in a great degree at least, have attained so desirable an object. Might it not have been expected that she would, by such a mode of proceeding, have acquired the friendship of her most amiable and accomplished sisters-in-law, considering the sympathy that the female heart ever has for female wrongs? But, instead of acting in this manner, she took no pains to conceal her resentment and dislike. She behaved with marked difference to the king and to the queen—caressing the former as her father, and receiving the latter with stiffness and court etiquette. It has been stated that she vented her complaints on this subject to Lady Jersey, and that her ladyship repeated these complaints to the queen. If this be true, the inference irresistibly follows, either that the stories of the prince's attachment to her ladyship, and of the resentment of the princess on that account, are fables; or that the princess must have been the most imprudent of women, to make a confidante of a person whom she regarded as an enemy and a rival; unless, indeed, we should suppose that such observations were made with a view of vexing the person against whom they were directed, and to whom it was intended they should be conveyed. That a female of high descent, and a haughty spirit, could ill brook neglect or aversion, will be readily acknowledged; but the princess, instead of the lofty pride of conscious innocence and offended virtue, which have led women of as proud spirits as her own to endure in dignified silence the most outrageous wrongs, rather than expose them to the unhallowed gaze of unfeeling curiosity, was much too fond of venting her complaints both in conversation and letters; and during the course of her unfortunate life, her communications in writing, which ought to have been secret and confidential, too frequently found their way to the public through the medium of the press, for which, rather than for the information of those to whom they were immediately addressed, many of them, like speeches in some popular assemblies, appear to have been composed."

But we have done. This quarrel was an unhappy affair, in which, as in all family dissensions, there was little to commend, and much to condemn, on both sides. We rejoice to conclude by remarking on the harmony

which prevails among all the branches of the royal race at this day. It is an auspicious omen: the man who loves his nearest relatives, has a heart likely to expand in love and regard to a far wider circle; and our prayer is that such may be the fate of William the Fourth, till it embraces his entire people, and is inestimably returned by them.

Wallenstein's Camp, from the German; and Original Poems. 8vo. pp. 167. London, 1830. Murray.

A most animated translation of that curious picture of the momentary rest in a soldier's life, that scene among the privates which, preceding the appearance of their generals, is a species of prologue to Schiller's *Wallenstein*. How characteristic are the following speeches of a fearless but unscrupulous warrior, upholding to his companions the higher feeling, the honour of a warlike career!

"*First Cuirassier.*—The man whose trade it is to die, Must feel his profession's dignity; If not, he had better remain away From the losing game of the battle fray; Or, like the Croat, for paltry hire, By himself and others despised, expire.

Both Yagers.—Yes, life is light against honour weighed.

First Cuirassier.—The sword is neither share nor spade—

We were fools to plough with the iron blade. For us no corn-stalk, or golden grain, Springs, blooms, or ripens; on earth's wide plain We must flit, and look for an home in vain. The soldier checks not his restless flight To gaze on his own hearth's ruddy light: The city is thronged, and the streets are gay— On marches the column, he must not stay; In the village meadows he must not share With the cattle the verdure and freshness there; On vintage and harvest, with longing eye, From far he gazes and wanders by, What has the soldier to call his own, If it lie not in self-esteem alone? If that be denied him, in wrath he turns On others, and murders, and robs, and burns.

First Arquebuser.—God knows it a life of misery.

First Cuirassier.—Yet not to another beneath the sky Would I turn from the soldier's life to fly. Now, mark: through the world I have wandered wide Much by experience have proved and tried; Have served St. Mark's republican reign, And the crowns of Naples and kingly Spain; Sought fortune far, though I sought in vain— The church and the law have alike surveyed: The statesman, the monk, and the sons of trade; There is not among them, if choice were free, Robe, cow, or doublet, would sit on me Like the iron jerkin which here you see.

First Arquebuser.—In faith! with that I can hardly agree.

First Cuirassier.—Would we follow a chase, we must not be content

Through toil and through danger to track the scent: Who seeks for title, and rank, and state, Must bow down his neck to their golden weight: Who seeks to pass through his life possessing His children's love and his parents' blessing, In peace and honour some trade may ply:— Not so minded, in sooth, am I. Free would I wander and live and die— No man's spoiler and no man's heir; And with reckless glance, and with spirits gay, From the back of my charger the world survey."

Most of the minor poems have been published before: the spirit and gaiety of "Boyle Farm" are admirably contrasted with the noble translation of Müller's elegy on Lord Byron; but we prefer quoting the following little poem: it is new, we think, at least; and will, even if a repetition, excuse itself.

"*The White Lady.*

Our troops went forth on Sarfeldt's morn,
Beneath their monarch's eye,
And merrily peal'd the yager's horn
As the guard was marching by.

And first and last the howitzers past,
And the battery's iron train,
And all to throw the desperate cast
Upon Jena's fated plain.

The march they play'd was sweet to hear,
The sight was fair to see;
It smooth'd our Frederic's brow austere,
And Blucher smiled with glee.

That sight was fair to all but those
Who own'd prophetic fears:
And sweet that martial strain arose
To all but gifted ears.

And was there none in dream or trance
Could follow the column's way,
And with the vulture's prescient glance
The death-doom'd troops survey?

Yes, close at hand she had taken her stand,
I saw and I mark'd her well;
'Twas she who wanders through the land,
Whose name I fear to tell.

They saw not her form, nor her visage of grief—
It was not that their sight was dim;
But fix'd on his troops were the eyes of their chief,
And their glances were fix'd on him.

But I knew her at once by the long lank hair,
And the garments as white as snow;
And she linger'd there in her still despair,
And scowl'd on the troops below.

I knew her at once for a lady who wends,
Impell'd by the curse divine,
And who wanders abroad when wo impends
Upon Prussia's regal line.

I have kept the night-watch, where she chiefly is said
To roam by the ruinous stair;
I should not have trembled, I should not have fled—
For I could have faced her there.

For I fear'd not the sight of the lady in white
By the moonlight's spectral ray,
In the hall of our kings, at the hour of night;
But I shrunk from the vision by day.

Yet I thought what the fortunes of Prussia decreed
By questioning her to know;
So right to that lady I spur'd my steed,
Till no nearer he would go.

For he rear'd at the sight of the lady in white,
And he stopp'd in his full career.
She spoke, and her words, when I heard them aright,
They curdl'd my blood for fear.

'Now trouble me not—I list to the shot—
On Sarfeldt I see the dead;
Disturb me no more—I weep for your lot!
Was all that the lady said.

She strided away, and I could not tell where,
For a shuddering seized my frame;
And whither she vanish'd I cannot declare,
And as little know whence she came.

But at Sarfeldt's fight, since the morning light,
The Frenchmen had fled well,
And the lady had spoken the moment aright
When Louis of Prussia fell."

There are surprisingly few good translations from the German; and our literature owes an important service to the young nobleman (Lord Francis Leveson Gower) who thus devotes his talents and his information. We like this little volume too much not cordially to hope that its author will add industry to his other merits.

The Family Library, No. XIV. *Lives of British Physicians*. London, 1830. Murray.

It is full time that there should be a book in which medical men are the principal characters; for it is really a strange thing to say, we do not remember in history, in fiction, in the drama,* or in any other class of literature, a single instance in which a doctor, a surgeon, an apothecary, or an accoucheur, is the hero. How comes it that these able and amiable men have been so sadly neglected? This, we presume, is to be attributed to the nature of their profession. Deeply as every human sympathy is interwoven with the visit of the physician, his practice, his care; there is nothing in the mode of his proceedings which is elevated or imposing. On the contrary, almost all medical acts either approach the nasty or the ridiculous. Feeling the pulse with a grave look would make a savage laugh; and putting out the tongue, &c. &c. &c., besides dressing wounds and sores, examining noisome substances, and other necessary offices, are derogatory to those ideas of brilliancy with which the imaginative love to invest their he-

* We do remember one play in which a surgeon was the chief person. He was a sort of Inkle, and performed the operation of couching on a fair Indian—but the audience would not see it out.

roes. They have therefore thrown the whole medical tribe like physic to the dogs; and but for the kind interposition of a *Family Library* volume, these valuable family friends might have been passed over in silence to the end of time.

Here we have eighteen of them, from Linacre to Gooch, rescued from this unmerited fate; and if experience should prove the experiment to be judicious, there are now so many Libraries afloat, we have no doubt but the public will be drugged from Esculapius to Dr. Jordan. With this, however, we have at present little to do; the one pill before us is a dose; and as it is likely to produce a very good effect upon our patients, the public, we shall make it our business to inform them what are the component parts of the recipe.

The lives consist of Linacre, Caius, Harvey, Browne, (improperly Brown, without the finale, on the plate), Sydenham, Radcliffe, Mead, Huxham, Pringle, Fothergill, Heberden, Cullen, W. Hunter, Warren, Baillie, Jenner, Parry, and Gooch. The first, the founder of the College of Physicians, is more meagre than we could have wished; for the biography of Linacre was an extraordinary one, and might have furnished matter for a far longer and very interesting sketch. There is no notice whatever of the curious Greek manuscripts, and other stores of literature which he brought into England; and yet we know of no private individual whose efforts in this way would have furnished matter of greater attraction to the reader. The history of Caius is observable for its extract of his account of the sweating sickness.

In another work (as the writer states) the learned doctor "gives a brief account of the variety of dogs existing, in his time, in this country, and adds a systematic table of them, subjoining for the instruction of his correspondent, their English names, which are as follows: 'Terrare—harier—bludhunde—gasehunde—grehunde—leviner, or Iyemmer—tumbler—spainel—setter—water-spainel, or fynder—spainel-gentle, or comforter—shepherd's dog—mastive, or bande-dog—wappe—turn-spit—dancer.' Of his manner of treating his subject, the following may be given as specimens:—The *terrare* takes its name from its subterraneous employ, being a small kind of hound, used to force the fox, or other beasts of prey, out of their holes. The *harier* derives its name from hunting the hare. The *bludhunde*, or slothunde, was of great use, and in high esteem, among our ancestors. Slot means the impression left by the foot of the dog in the mire. This dog was remarkable for the acuteness of his smell, tracing any wounded game that had escaped from the hunter, and following the footsteps of the thief, let the distance of his flight be ever so great. The bloodhound was in great request on the confines of England and Scotland, when the Borderers were continually preying on the herds and flocks of their neighbours, and was used also by Wallace and Bruce, during the civil wars. The *gasehunde* would select from the herd the fattest and fairest deer, pursue it by the eye, and if lost for a time, recover it, and again select it from the herd which it might have rejoined. (This species is now extinct, or, at least, unknown.) The *grehunde* was the first in rank among dogs, as appears from the forest-laws of Canute, who enacted, 'That no one under the degree of a gentleman should presume to keep a greyhound;' as also from an old Welsh saying, which signifies that you may know a gentleman by his hawke, his horse,

and grehunde. Notwithstanding the rank it held among the canine race, Caius mentions, on the authority of Froissart, the following fact, not much to the credit of the fidelity of this species:—When that unhappy prince, Richard the Second, was taken in Flint Castle, his favourite greyhound immediately deserted him, and fawned on his rival, Bolingbroke, as if he understood and foresaw the misfortunes of his former master. This act of ingratitude, the unfortunate monarch observed, and declared aloud, to be the presage of his future death. The *leviner*, or *Iyemmer*: the first name is derived from the lightness of the kind; the other from the old word *Iyemme*, a thong: this species being used to be led with a thong, and slipped at the game. This dog hunted both by scent and sight, and in the form of its body observed a medium between the hound and the grehunde. They were chiefly used for the chase of wolves. According to Caius, we are indebted to Spain for the *spainel*; but the *comforter*, or *spainel-gentle*, comes from Malta. The *mastive*, or *bandedog*: of these, he says, three were a match for a bear, and four for a lion. It appears that Great Britain was so noted for its mastiffs, that the Roman emperors appointed an officer in this island, with the title of Procurator *Cyneгии*, whose sole business it was to breed, and transmit from hence to the amphitheatre, such dogs as would prove equal to the combat exhibited at that place. The mastiff has been described, by other naturalists, as a species of great size and strength, and a very loud barker; whence they have derived its name, *mastiff*, quasi *mase thefese*; it being supposed to frighten away robbers by its tremendous voice."

The next anecdote which occurs to us as worthy of extract is to be found in the life of Harvey, the immortal discoverer of the circulation of the blood: it follows—

"Soon after his return from Scotland, the anatomical skill of Harvey was employed, by the king's command, in the dissection of that extraordinary instance of longevity, Thomas Parr, who died November 14, 1635, at the age of 153 years. He was a poor countryman, who had been brought up from his native country, Shropshire, by Thomas, Earl of Arundel, and shewn as a great curiosity at court. At the age of 88 he had married his first wife; at 102 he had done penance in church, for a breach of the laws provided against incontinency. When he was 120 he married again, and done other agricultural work, by which he gained his livelihood. His usual habits of life had been most sparing; his diet consisting of coarse brown bread made of bran; of rancid cheese, and sour whey; but when, on his arrival in London, he became domesticated in the family of the Earl of Arundel, his mode of living was changed, he fed high, drank wine, and soon died. According to Harvey, who opened his body, his death was occasioned by a peripneumony, brought on by the impurity of a London atmosphere and the sudden alteration of his diet. There were adhesions of the lungs to the pleura on the right side; his heart was large, his intestines sound; but the cartilages of his ribs, instead of being ossified, as they generally are in elderly persons, were, on the contrary, soft and flexible in this man, who was more than a century and a half old. His brain was sound; he had been blind for twenty years before his death, but his hearing was distinct: his memory was very bad."

In the life of Sydenham we have an episode of the plague, of considerable interest, though it has been so often described; and we fear we may consider the anecdotes of Dr. Radcliffe, amusing as some of them are, to be also too notorious for any chance of novelty.

Richardson relates of him that he once said to Dr. Mead, 'I love you, and now I will tell you a sure secret to make your fortune; use all mankind ill,'—and it certainly was his own practice. Radcliffe himself owned that he was avaricious, even to spunging (whenever he could contrive to do it), at a tavern reckoning, a sixpence or shilling among the rest of the company, under pretence of hating (as he ever did) to change a guinea, because, said he, it slips away so fast. He could never be brought to pay bills without much following and importunity; nor even then, if there appeared any chance of wearying out his creditors. A pavier, after long and fruitless attempts, caught him just getting out of his chariot at his own door, in Bloomsbury Square, and set upon him. 'Why, you rascal,' said the doctor, 'do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? why you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work.' 'Doctor,' said the pavier, 'mine is not the only bad work that the earth hides.' 'You dog, you,' said Radcliffe, 'are you a wit? you must be poor—come in;' and paid him."

It appears that Radcliffe, who told King William he would not have his two (swollen) legs for his three crowns, and affronted Queen Anne by telling her nothing ailed her but the vapours, if she could only believe it,—was one of those medical men of whom there seems to have been a pretty regular succession in London, and who have got into great note and practice not merely by skill and talents, but by a real or affected rudeness in speech and manners. This is a peculiarity which we have observed in no other liberal profession; and it is difficult to account for it: but the notorious fact is, that there has always been some celebrated bear of the kind flourishing in the metropolis, and that no sooner does one die, than his mantle (we beg pardon, his skin) falls upon a worthy successor.

Of these, the diffident and gentle Gooch, so lately taken from us by death, was not one, and his personal memoir is particularly affecting; though we shall copy from it a portion of more general interest, relating to his literary labours.

"It was (says the writer) at the commencement of the year 1808 that Gooch first appeared in the character of a critic. Several of his friends agreed to establish a new medical journal, and he became one of the principal contributors to the *London Medical Review*, which existed for about five years, and contained many articles of very considerable merit. The great error of all young reviewers is the abuse of assumed power; it is gratifying to self-esteem to point out defects, and the youthful critic is more anxious to discover faults than excellencies. Gooch used often, at a later period of his life, to regret the severity in which he had indulged in some of his early essays in this department. His first article was on the subject of insanity; the book reviewed, a translation of Pinel. By a singular coincidence the first and the last of his literary labours were on the same subject. There is a paragraph in this review which is so applicable to Gooch's own peculiar conformation of mind, that he must have had an eye to himself when he wrote it. 'There are some characters,' he says, 'who are commonly called low-spirited, gloomy, desponding fellows. During an interval of occupation, when the mind

is free to range where it pleases, they are constantly painting their future lives with a pencil dipped in black. Aware that they possess certain resources of money, knowledge, and patronage, they view their present situation in the same light with the most cheerful of their companions. But the character of the man, the extent of his resources, and the usual conduct of the world being given, to find his future lot, he commences his calculations with the same assumptions, and differs from them in the conclusion. They deduce success, he misfortune; and the consequence is, that he becomes a frequent prey to those sorrowful apprehensions and gloomy emotions which want only strength and permanency to constitute one species of mental disease.'"

Poor Gooch! "on the 16th of February, 1830, he breathed his last. Enough has been stated in this brief memoir to shew that Robert Gooch was no ordinary man. During a short life, embittered by almost constant illness, he succeeded in attaining to great eminence in his profession, and left behind him valuable contributions to medical knowledge."

With this we end our notice: if not one of the most sparkling, this volume is not one of the least various and useful of the excellent Library of which it forms a part.

PRYSE LOCKHART GORDON'S MEMOIRS, &c.

AT Bristol,—continuing our review of these amusing volumes—at a future period, the author tells us:

"I happened to meet the celebrated Dean Tucker, who had just published a pamphlet against the American war, which made a great noise. It was one of the first political treatises I had read; and being struck with the reasoning, I could not avoid complimenting the reverend gentleman, saying—'that I should be converted into a Whig from his arguments.' Though the praises of such a youth were not highly flattering to a dignitary of the church, he seemed gratified, and next day sent me the pamphlet with an invitation to dinner. The dean was a man of singular conversational talents. He advised me to stick to the Tories; 'for depend on it,' said he, 'that gentlemen of the army have no business with politics.' At this party was the father of Lady Holland, Mr. Vassall, a wag, a *bon vivant*, and a whist-player. We cottoned in these propensities, and I was often at his pleasant dinners. I recollect a singular trick which he played on the 'Bristol hogs,' as he called the merchants, to which he made me an accessory. It is well known, that although these merchants have a handsome exchange, they transact all their business in the street, rain or sunshine. Vassall made a bet, that at the usual hour of high change he would collect the whole commercial body within the building. For this purpose he procured a badger and several brace of terriers; and as I had a famous dog, he made me an accomplice. As three o'clock struck, there was a great hubbub in the area of the Exchange, and every one ran to see what was the matter. The dogs were drawing the badger; not an individual dealer, broker, chapman, or merchant, was to be seen in the street while the sports continued; and it was at last found that it was one of Vassall's hoaxes. On another occasion he played one of his practical jokes off on these gentlemen. It was the fashion, 'fifty years ago,' to roast meat by a wheel, in which was enclosed a short-legged cur called a turn-spit. There was hardly any other sort of jack in Bristol;

and Vassall, who had a great love for the canine race, determined to give the turn-spits a holiday; and he fixed on Sunday, as on that day the bakers' ovens were not at work. Our wag, by bribing a batch of vagabonds, contrived to gather together every turn-spit within 'the bills of mortality,' which he shut up in stables, feeding them well. Great was the consternation of 'the hogs' when the cooks struck work, for lack of their marmitons. There was a hue and cry all over the town, and the roasts were put aside for another occasion. In the evening the dogs returned, and, contrary to their patron's calculation, got well trimmed; but he had the satisfaction of hugging himself with the thoughts that the gourmands had a meagre day, and the quadrupeds a holiday. It was soon found out that the trick was got up by Vassall. Miss Vassall was at this time a pretty *piquante* girl of sixteen, and a great favourite of her papa, who played off his tricks on every one but her."

If we can credit Mr. Gordon's recollection, the following is decisive on the disputed question about *breaking the line*. In 1782 he was on service at Rodney's landing, on his return from his celebrated battle in the West Indies, and he says:

"The hero was extremely condescending in his manners. I took an opportunity of complimenting him on the glorious victory he had achieved. 'I owe not a little of my success,' said he, 'to a countryman of yours, who sent to me a description of a plan, demonstrating that by breaking the centre of an enemy's fleet, either the van or rear would be compelled to fight. This gentleman's name is Clerk, a squire near Edinburgh, and who could not be supposed to know much of sea affairs; but his plan appeared to me to be ingenious, and I put it in practice with success; and I intend writing to him to thank him for giving me the first opportunity of shewing the effect of a mode of attacking fleets hitherto unpractised, and which in my opinion is a very important discovery.'"

Mr. Gordon occupied succeeding years by serving in the marines, till the breaking out of the French Revolution, when, after being fifteen years a subaltern, he joined the Fencible regiment raised by the Duke of Gordon, as lieutenant and quarter-master;—by marrying Miss Browne in 1787, and raising a family, as his chief raised a regiment;—and by subsequently travelling as a companion to Lord Montgomery.

As a part of his adventures in the latter sphere, we regret to read some statements very injurious to the memory of Lord Nelson and of Lady Hamilton. The moral repute of the lady it is not ours to defend, nor to go into the story of her connexion with the hero of the Nile; but we firmly believe that she rendered great political services to him and to her country; and we confess we cannot credit such an anecdote as the annexed.

"Shortly after our arrival (at Palermo) we dined with our ambassador. In the evening a stranger was announced as having arrived, bearing a despatch from the Emperor Paul of Russia; the messenger was a Turk. Lady H., with her usual tact, recommended Lord Nelson, for whom the despatch was destined, to clothe himself in his pelisse and aigrette to receive the Turk: this was done in a moment. The party moved to a *salle de réception*. The folding-doors were thrown open, and the Mussulman entered. The moment he caught a glance of his lordship's costume, the slave was prostrate on the earth, making the grand

salaam. This was the scene her ladyship had anticipated, and it was got up with stage effect. The credentials being delivered were found to contain an autograph letter from Paul, complimenting the hero on the glories he had achieved; and in testimony of his majesty's regard, the emperor of all the Russias desired his acceptance of a gold snuff-box, on which was the imperial portrait. The letter (in French) was read to the assembly, and the present exhibited. It was superb, of chaste [chased] gold; the portrait was set with large brilliants, a gift worthy of an emperor.

"The only memorable event which occurred at the minister's entertainment, was this warrior getting drunk with rum, which does not come under the prohibition of the prophet. The monster, who had the post of honour at her ladyship's side, entertained her through the interpretation of the Greek with an account of his exploits; among others, that of his having lately fallen in with a French transport, conveying invalids and wounded soldiers from Egypt, whom he had brought on board his frigate; but provisions and water having run short, he found it necessary to get rid of his prisoners, and amused himself by putting them to death. 'With this weapon,' said he, in his vile jargon, and drawing his shabola, 'I cut off the heads of twenty French prisoners in one day! Look, there is their blood remaining on it!' The speech being translated, her ladyship's eye beamed with delight, and she said, 'Oh let me see the sword that did the glorious deed!' It was presented to her; she took it into her fair hand covered with rings, and looking at the encrusted Jacobin blood, kissed it and handed it to the hero of the Nile! Had I not been an eye-witness to this disgraceful act, I would not have ventured to relate it. Mrs. C—s L—e, the beautiful and amiable wife of our consul-general, was sitting *vis-à-vis* to the Turk, and was so horrified at the scene (being near her accouchement), that she fainted, and was taken out of the room. Her ladyship said it was a piece of affectation, and made no efforts to assist her guest; the truth is, she was jealous of her beauty, and insinuated that, being a sister of the late Lord E. F., she must, necessarily, be a Jacobin. N.B. She wore green ribands. The toad-eaters applauded, but many groaned, and cried 'shame' loud enough to reach the ears of the admiral, who turned pale, hung his head, and seemed ashamed. Lord M. got up and left the room, and I speedily followed. Poor Nelson was to be pitied—never was man so mystified and deluded!"

On his return to London, Mr. Gordon became acquainted with the late Mr. Perry, editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, with whom and his associates he appears to have mixed a good deal in company; frequenting taverns with them in their dissipating hours, and being one of such convivial clubs as in those days, more than now, were the relaxations of literary men; for there were then no United Service, University, Oriental, Athenæum, or Literary Union haunts, with all their pseudo luxuries for novices; and the scribes, our predecessors, were fain to put up with "Humbug" Societies, and others of hardly more imposing denominations.

"Mr. Perry," we are informed, "was very convivial during his whole life, but never neglected his business for pleasure. He was a member of many clubs, one of which, of a very singular nature, originated with him. It was called the 'Humbug Club,' was instituted about forty years ago, and existed for two

seasons. It was a sort of quiz on all institutions, and composed of many men of *esprit* of its time. There were a president and twelve judges, and the meetings were weekly, at a tavern, during three or four of the winter months. The club was assembled by proclamation on the first day of the year, and published in the *Chronicle*: it was written by Mr. Perry, who was the president, designated 'Humbugallo Rex!' and countersigned by his secretary, 'Screech.' These proclamations were very humorous, and may be seen by looking on the files of the paper of 1790 (I think). When a new member was proposed, he was admitted blind-folded with great ceremony. He was then conducted by a member to the bottom of a large apartment, where he mounted a dozen of almost perpendicular steps, being warned, 'that if he slipped, he would probably break his neck!' When the candidate had ascended to the top of this *rostrum*, and the bandage was removed from his eyes, he found himself elevated some ten feet above the rest of the company, near the ceiling, and standing on a platform of four feet square, looking on a table round which were sitting the president, his secretary, and twelve judges, all masked, with long beards and black gowns; and in the centre of the table was a cauldron of spirits of wine, which threw a most lugubrious light on these hideous *dramatis personæ*! It required a man of good nerves to look on this *coup d'œil* without being a little agitated. Behind the president's chair was placed on a perch a live owl, whom he consulted in all difficult cases. The secretary, 'Screech,' was ordered to examine the candidate, and the queries were so extremely absurd, that answering them gravely was out of the question; they were merely intended to raise a laugh at the expense of the candidate; but it sometimes happened that a witty reply turned the laugh on the examiner; the candidate was in this case admitted without further questioning. 'Pray, sir, were you present at your birth?' was the first question put to me. 'I do not remember,' said I. 'Are you a sportsman?' 'Yes.' 'Well, suppose you are in a stubble field—the wind being easterly, your dog Nero points, and your bitch Juno backs—a covey of partridges take flight—there are thirteen in it: you kill two birds with the first barrel, and one with the second, how many remain?—take care what you reply, sir; think well before you speak.' I did not hesitate, boldly exclaiming, 'ten remained!' 'You may be a good shot, sir,' rejoined my examiner, 'but you have made a bad *hit* here—why three only remained, the ten flew away!' After having been badgered in this way for ten minutes, I was admitted a member on paying a bottle of claret—the usual fine. If a member became obnoxious to the society, he was got rid of in a summary way. The attorney general was ordered to prosecute him for some alleged crime, and council was appointed to defend him; but he was always 'found guilty, and fined 500*l.* or to quit the club!' Mr. Felix M'Carthy, a celebrated personage, was indicted 'for being a coxcomb.' His case was heard at a great length, and he made an able defence without the assistance of council, and was acquitted of the charge, but recommended 'to put on a clean shirt when he went to the club.' Another *worthy*, who was obnoxious to the society, had a practical joke played off on him, which produced great mirth. It was known he had many debts, and that he was afraid of being arrested. A hint was given to him one evening, 'that a suspicious fellow, looking like a bailiff, had got into the house, and was in-

quiring for him.' The bait took, and the same good-natured friend who had given him this information, recommended him to make his escape from the window. Ropes were procured, and the Jew (for he was a Levite) of sixteen stone was lowered into a yard from which there was no outlet. He remained quiet for two hours, fearing discovery; at length he began to hollow out for aid. It came—but he was taken for a thief, and the watch was about to be called, when an explanation saved Moses from the round-house; and he never shewed his face again at the club. This society, however, was short-lived: it became too mixed, and many disagreeable low-bred persons got into it. It died a natural death after the second year. Messrs. Perry and Gray were also members of a club (to which I belonged) at the *British*, in Cockspar Street: it was called 'the Anonymous,' and the meetings were monthly. Many eminent men were members of this society, which lasted till more than half of the club were dead. Professor Porson, Dr. Burney, Dr. Raine, my brother Mr. George Gordon, Mr. John Kemble, and many other men of *esprit*, composed one of the pleasantest societies ever formed, where wit, tempered with good humour, was 'the order of the day.' Toasts from Shakespeare were given, and it was expected that the members were to produce a new one at every meeting. The variety of convivial sentiments found in this great author was astonishing. Dr. Burney, on one occasion, having nothing *new* to propose, gave 'Another can!' All were puzzled to recollect the passage, till Porson exclaimed—'If one can't—another can.' Such was the extraordinary memory and quick imagination of the Greek professor. Out of this club rose another called 'the One Bottle;' but it was short-lived:—'the days of chivalry were gone,' along with many of the wits of the *Anon*. Hewerdine, the convivial poet, was laureate to the Humbug Club, as well as prosecutor-general; and his cross-examinations were never exceeded by Mr. Scarlett in his best days. H. was also ordered to write a constitutional song in eight days, under penalty of an *amende* of 500*l.*! He executed this task in four and twenty hours, and sang it the following evening. It was an admirable piece of humour."

There are still a few miscellaneous matters, to which we shall probably devote another paper.

Mackintosh's History of England.

(Third and concluding Notice.)

To give three notices to a small volume is some proof of the interest it has excited in us: with the present we close our review of Sir James Mackintosh's history.

The rise of the papal sway is well shewn in the following:—

"Hildebrand, who soon after ascended the papal throne, after having reigned over the church for many years, through a succession of his creatures whom he raised to a titular popehood, had then completed the portentous and tremendous scheme of a universal theocracy, administered by the pope, in which all civil rulers were to be treated as subordinate and removable officers. He was the greatest man of his age, combining original genius, commanding spirit, and undaunted courage, with an exemplary life, and with principles which seem to have been disinterested. The astonishing pretensions which had almost triumphed in his vigorous hands were deduced from simple and apparently true premises. Most associations

of men exercise the power of expelling delinquent or obnoxious members; excommunication was accordingly practised by the apostolical church, as it is at this day without dispute by the humblest meetings of Quakers. It would be absurd that civil rank and authority should involve exemption from an ecclesiastical censure. Hitherto the reasoning seems indisputable. The next step was alarming: as the faithful were forbidden to hold intercourse with any man excommunicated, they could scarcely perform any active duty towards him. It therefore became unfit for the subjects of an excommunicated king to obey him in peace or to serve him in war; and when the sovereign pontiff expressly absolved them from their allegiance, he seemed only to warn his children against the necessary consequence of acting under the commands of a man excluded from participation in sacred rites. Another reason, equally simple, offered itself. In the many contests between different states, or between subjects and their rulers, it was often difficult to determine on which side justice lay. As it was their moral duty to satisfy their conscience on that head before they proceeded to or persevered in violence, they could not consult any person more likely to be learned or impartial than the common father of Christians. As a king took the advice of the private director of his conscience, so it became him to recur, in great difficulties, to the general confessor of Christians. It could not be blamable in the pope to offer his mediation to prevent the effusion of Christian blood. The rejection of his good offices naturally indicated conscious guilt, and might be so contumacious as to justify a recourse to spiritual censures. In watching over the safety of the church, it was the duty of the pope to take care that the acts of civil governments should not endanger it. Of the reality and extent of the danger he alone could judge; and he had no effectual means of defending the church but by excluding enemies from her communion. As all subjects who abetted the aggressions of their rulers against the spiritual power were accomplices in that heinous crime, the pope might defend himself by the formidable sentence of a universal interdict, in the territory of the delinquents, of all those religious rites on which depended many of the most important transactions of life, and, in the opinion of the parties interested, their eternal salvation."

The view taken of the crusades strikes us as peculiarly just.

"No war is just which is not defensive. By that principle the expeditions for the recovery of the Holy Land must, like all other wars, be tried. It must be owned, at the outset, that the Europeans of that age did not conform to the technical rules of our international law. They did not make a formal demand of reparation for wrong, and of security against danger. They did not inquire whether the possession of Palestine could directly add to their means of defence. Nor did they content themselves with a moderate succour to the Greek empire, as some modern philosophers have required. But, is the disregard of technical rules always attended by violations of their principle? There was no doubt that embassy and negotiation would be vain. It was lawful for them to defend the safe exercise of their religious worship in Palestine; and it was for them to determine where they could best defend any of their rights which were either violated or threatened. The avowed principle of all Mahometans, that they are entitled to universal monarchy—a principle consecrated by their religion, and enforced by

their law,—might, in itself, be considered as a perpetual declaration of war against states of a different faith. But in the eleventh century this insolent pretension was maintained by arms, with a success very alarming to Christendom. About that time Europe, in different parts of her frontier, shewed the sense of danger by beginning to resist the invaders. The expeditions against the northern and Sarmatian pagans manifested the like vague and confused fear in an unwarrantable form. The tottering state of the Greek empire, and the successive invasions from Tatars, which renewed the valour and barbarism of the southern Mahometans, combined to threaten the eastern frontier of Christendom. The Mahometans acted on one principle, and as one body. The Christians were justified in acting, and compelled to act with the like union. According to the most rigid principles of international law, an attack on any Mahometan territory was an act of self-defence: it was the means of securing themselves against attack. The European rulers could undertake no such perilous enterprise without the hearty and enthusiastic concurrence of their people. Nothing but a strong feeling could have bound together all the scattered power of a feudal force. It was lawful to rouse their spirit against the wrong-doers, and excite a zeal necessary for the effectual exercise of just defence. The only means by which these ends could be reached were an appeal to the fellow-feeling and religious sentiments of the body of their subjects. These grand springs of human action were made to act by an expedition for the safety of the pilgrims to Jerusalem, who could not be really safe without the establishment of a Christian authority in Palestine. No cold representation of distant and disputable dangers could have put such masses in motion. But were not the feelings of the people perfectly justifiable? Is it true that nations, while they may maintain at the point of the sword every rock and islet of their old possessions, are forbidden to defend the undisturbed exercise of religion, which may (and if it be real, must) be their dearest and most precious interest? The assault on their territory cannot more wound and degrade them than outrage towards what they most reverence. They had acquired, by a usage older than Mahometan power, a right peaceably to visit Bethlehem and Calvary, and their rulers were morally bound to protect that right. As every state may maintain its honour because it is essential to its safety, so Europe had a right to defend her common honour, which consisted materially in resisting, or averting by chastisement, attacks on her common religion. It is not true that every war which is disinterested and generous, which is waged for our fellow-Christians against persecution, or for our fellow-men against tyranny, is on these accounts forbidden by the true principles of international law. Though it be dangerous to allow too much latitude where virtuous motives may be used as pretexts, yet it is also certain that every nation which supinely contemplates flagrant wrong done to others, weakens its spirit as well as lessens its reputation. They, on the other hand, who draw the sword for justice on behalf of other wronged nations, carry back to their own defence a remembrance which gives them the strength of an approving conscience in their own cause. A just and brave people may be wrongfully deprived of the confidence and esteem of other nations; but they cannot be bereaved of the efficacy of such remembrances, in assuring them that they who fought for justice alone in the case of others, may contend more

for right than interest in their own. If it be good for an individual to be disinterested, to help the miserable, to defend the oppressed, these virtues must equally contribute to the well-being, the honour, and the safety of communities. The European law of nations is well adapted to a body of states of the same general character, not differing from each other too widely in civilisation, and professing a reverence for the like principles of justice. In the ordinary wars of such nations, the rules of international law are of sacred authority. In relations spreading through communities of a different character, and on occasions too new and great to be embraced by precedent, the principles of that law retain their inviolability, but its rules may sometimes yield for the sake of the principle. It seems morally evident, that whatever a nation may lawfully defend for themselves, they may also defend for another people, if called upon to interpose. It is true that ambition often converts these principles into pretexts; but ambition deals in the same manner with all the purest motives of human conduct. Our blame is not in such cases to be lessened: it is to be applied, not to the principle avowed, but to the hypocrisy and fraud practised by the ambitious. Much doubt has been brought on these questions by the general condemnation of religious wars. This is an equivocal phrase. Wars to impose religion by force are the most execrable violation of the rights of mankind: wars to defend it are the most sacred exercise of these rights."

On the first war to preserve the balance of power, Sir James remarks:

"The support given by Louis le Gros to Robert and his gallant son, as well as to the malecontent nobles of Normandy, may be considered as the earliest precautionary wars to preserve such a balance in the force of neighbouring states, that one or a few might not acquire the means of oppressing the rest."

House of Brunswick.—"In 1165 the Elector of Cologne came to London to espouse the princess Matilda, the king's eldest daughter, as the proxy of Henry the Lion, duke of Saxony, a puissant, ambitious, and magnificent prince, who was spoiled of his dominions by a decree of the imperial diet, in 1180, and who twice took refuge in England from the pursuit of his triumphant enemies. It is a remarkable circumstance, that his posterity by this lady, who out of the vast dominions of their ancestor preserved only the duchies of Brunswick and Luneburgh, after the lapse of near six hundred years, came back to the throne of a greater England than the empire of the Plantagenets, to be holden by a nobler tenure than that of birth. At the espousals the Earl of Leicester would not kiss the archbishop-elect, because he was excommunicated as an adherent of the anti-pope Octavian."

Maid of Orleans.—"It is true that her accusers and all others then believed in the reality of sorcery: and the most important lesson taught by the event is the value of that knowledge, the fruit of free inquiry and fearless reflection, which has banished such imaginary crimes from the civilised world."

These are but a few of the acute and original remarks with which these pages abound; and in continuing his work as he has begun, Sir James Mackintosh will confer a great benefit on his country.

Juvenile Library, No. I.—(Conclusion).

THE length to which the story of Sir T. Lawrence's early days is carried, has compelled us

to make a third paper of this interesting illustration of precocious talent.

"At four, young Lawrence could take crayon likenesses; and it is a very remarkable fact, that at the age of five, his drawings of eyes forcibly attracted the attention of Mr. Prince Hoare, at Bath. Fuseli, who was fond of depreciating the merits of Sir Thomas, would conclude a detracting sentence, by uttering with his energy and strong emphasis—'But he paints eyes better than Titian.' At seven, the fame of Lawrence induced Sherwin to publish an engraving of his portrait; and an eminent author speaks of the child's wonderful faculty at taking likenesses. The same writer expresses his delight at the boy's recitations. He describes him as reciting from Milton and Shakespeare, with discrimination, feeling, and humorous set-off, by appropriate attitudes, gestures, and varieties of tones; with a voice full, harmonious, and flexible. It may be remarked, that the 'Black Bear' at Devizes was frequented by Garrick, Foote, Wilkes, Churchill, Barry, Henderson, Burke, Sheridan, and other great wits and orators; and no doubt the child must have attracted their attention, and benefited by their remarks. On one occasion, we find Sir William Chambers, the architect, praising the child's talents, and Colonel Von Hornich giving him a guinea for his beautiful hand-writing. Mr. and Mrs. Garrick, when they were at Devizes, used to take the child into a summer-house, and amuse themselves by his clever remarks and declamation. When they arrived at the Black Bear, their first inquiry was for Master Thomas, and whether he had learnt any more speeches. Mr. Hugh Boyd, one of the supposed authors of Junius, was so enraptured with the beauty and cleverness of the child, that he invited the father, for the sake of the son, to his house in town—we think, in Berkeley Square. They stayed with him several weeks, during which he took the child to the houses of eminent persons, whom he delighted with his extraordinary talents, particularly with his pencil. His copying some stuccoes, at the house of Mr. Richard Lee, is spoken of as a very surprising proof of juvenile talent. * * * The first painting that Lawrence ever saw, except the daubs upon the country inns, or the portraits over the farmers' chimney-pieces, was in 1777, when he was eight years old, and was taken through Corsham House, the seat of the Methuen family. Going over the rooms, the visitants totally forgot the child, and, retracing their steps, they found him in one of the rooms, rivetted to the spot by a painting of Rubens.—'Ah, I shall never be able to paint like that!' was his exclamation upon their removing him from the picture. At the age of ten, suddenly, and at his own suggestion, our young artist burst, from taking likenesses, into original compositions of the highest class. He painted as a subject, Christ reproving Peter for denying him before Pilate; and Reuben's application to his father, that Benjamin might accompany his brethren into Egypt. Encouraged in these attempts, he next chose for a subject 'Haman and Mordecai,' which he finished with great rapidity. The fame of the juvenile artist now spread among the higher families of Wiltshire and the neighbouring counties; and we find Mr. Wild, of Ludworth Castle, taking him to the Earl of Pembroke's, at Wilton, and to the mansions of other noblemen and gentlemen, who possessed galleries of the eminent masters. * * * Mr. Lawrence now felt the narrow circumstances of his family. The Black Bear at Devizes had not

proved a fortunate speculation, and for obvious reasons. Whilst the father was revelling in poetry and speeches, and attending to the drawings of his son, the hosts of the rival inns were attending to the drawing of the corks, and to all the details of their business. In 1779, Mr. Lawrence and his family were obliged to leave Devizes. In the first instance they proceeded to Oxford, Mr. Lawrence's design being to turn his son's talents to some profitable account. The boy was only ten years of age, and yet to him was the family obliged to look for assistance. The Bishop of Oxford, and many of the dignitaries of the University, in their way to Bath, had witnessed the extraordinary talents of the innkeeper's child at Devizes; and upon their return to Oxford, his genius had been the subject of much discussion. When, therefore, it was known that Mr. Lawrence and his family had arrived in the city, the father was much noticed, and the child as much caressed. The boy's pencil was in immediate requisition. * * * In 1782, his father repaired to Bath, and fixed his residence in Alfred Place, where he was soon surrounded by the most intellectual and refined of the nobility and fashion of the place. Bath, at that time, was as the west end of London, devoid of its mixed society and vulgarity, and it was the temporary sojourn of all that was titled, affluent, or distinguished. By these was young Lawrence patronised; and it became a fashion to sit for his oval crayon portraits, the price of which was soon raised from one guinea to a guinea and a half. * * * At seventeen, he made his first attempt in oils. The subject was Christ bearing the Cross, and the canvas was eight feet high. After this large painting in oils, of Christ bearing the Cross, young Lawrence painted his own portrait in oils. In this, he had evidently aimed at the style of Rembrandt in his middle life, when he had neglected his high finish, and availed himself of the broad fulness of the brush, with deep contrasts and sudden transitions, and with great breadth of light and shade. * * * On arriving in London, Lawrence was in his eighteenth year. His father immediately hired a very handsome suite of apartments (at four guineas a-week) over a pastrycook's shop in Leicester-square. This at once indicates his love of display and his possession of funds. These lodgings were within sight of the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose study and drawing-rooms were daily visited by the nobility and the wealthy and celebrated persons in London. This was a sight inspiring to a lad of real genius and laudable ambition. Provincial and metropolitan fame are very distinct; and notwithstanding young Lawrence's having been the phenomenon of Bath, his having received the medal of the Society of Arts, and his juvenile drawings having been talked of in London and Paris, these were scarcely sufficient introduction to a step so bold as that of challenging the notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the height of his fame and splendour. But Sir Joshua was kind, and easy of access to persons of decided talents; and Mr. Prince Hoare had paved the way for the president's noticing young Lawrence. Sir Joshua, in reply to an application from the father, immediately appointed an interview; and young Lawrence, with the sensibility inseparable from worth and talents, was taken to the painting-room of this favoured head of the English school of art. Sir Joshua was forcibly struck by the beauty, and fine figure, and graceful manners of the lad; and he received

him with an attention and a benignity that dissipated his apprehensions and restored him to self-possession. As they entered, Sir Joshua was examining the specimen of another juvenile aspirant, who had evidently come upon the same object. The youth stood in trembling expectation of the decision of the oracle, which was to determine his course of life; and after some ominous hems and hahas, some positive blame, and some condemning with faint praise, the Mæcenas dismissed him with the negative encouragement of 'Well, well, go on, go on.' The situation of young Lawrence during this scene may be easily imagined. Sir Joshua now inspected the oil portrait of young Lawrence, of which I have already spoken. He was evidently much struck with it. He discerned those marks of genius which gave promise of the future fame of the artist. He bestowed on the painting a very long scrutiny, in, as young Lawrence thought, an alarming contrast to the more hasty glance with which he had dismissed the other. At last he addressed the youth with an air of kindness, though serious and impressive: 'Stop, young man, I must have some talk with you. Well, I suppose you think this is very fine, and this colouring very natural, hey, hey?' He then broke into a sterner tone, and began to analyse the performance, and to point out imperfections sufficient, in the alarmed imagination of the sensitive lad, to destroy all hope of being a great painter. Presently, altering his tone, he began to shew the 'other side' of the picture—its merits; and he concluded in a mild manner, 'It is very clear you have been copying the old masters; but my advice to you is to study nature; apply your talents to nature, and don't copy paintings.' He then took him by the hand, and kindly told him he was welcome, whenever he chose to call. Young Lawrence was always well received by Sir Joshua from that hour to his last illness, which occurred four years after. Mr. Lawrence possessed every element of worldly success; and when the frequent parties of titled and eminently intellectual persons found he had the *entré* into Sir Joshua's house; and when they witnessed the pleasure which this really great and good man took in noticing the young aspirant, they drew inferences both of his talents and of his future success. He was quickly noticed by persons of consequence, and became a general favourite. Very shortly after, his majesty and the queen expressed their desire to patronise him. This is remarkable, for the late king had never given a single order to Sir Joshua Reynolds; and his gratification in art was at that time exclusively confined to the pencil of Mr. West. Sir Joshua had painted his majesty twice, but on each occasion at his own instance, and at his own expense. * * * At the death of Sir Joshua, Mr. Lawrence had not completed his twenty-third year, and yet numerous honours were bestowed on him, in preference to his very able competitors. The race was honourable to all; and his success was merited, and therefore excited no mean or malignant passions. The Dilettanti Society unanimously chose him to succeed Sir Joshua, as their painter, though, to effect this, they were obliged to rescind a regulation, which prevented the admission to the Society of any person who had not crossed the Alps. Mr. Lawrence's foot had never quitted the soil of England. His majesty also appointed him to succeed Sir Joshua Reynolds as painter in ordinary; and he was raised from the rank of associate to an academician."

For the reasons assigned at the beginning

of our first notice, we are compelled entirely to pass over a detailed description of the numerous and splendid works, the successive production of which placed Sir Thomas Lawrence, by common consent, at the head of his profession as a portrait-painter; and must confine ourselves to copy a few personal anecdotes of this amiable as well as celebrated man.

"On one occasion, a widow of a poor artist was told, in her distress, 'to try Mr. Lawrence,' and she was buoyed up to expect 5*l.* from him, 'as he was a liberal man.' She repaired to his house, and created very strongly his sympathy for her misfortunes. Having left the house, she unfolded the paper he had given her; and, what was her astonishment to find it not a five but a fifty pound note! Mr. B——, the artist, was in great pecuniary distress, which came to the ears of Sir Thomas. One morning Mr. B. unexpectedly called upon a mutual friend, in every appearance of gladness. It was to relate, that Sir Thomas Lawrence had sent him a present of a 100*l.* note, which, added Mr. B——, 'has relieved me from my distress, and has made my wife's heart leap for joy.' When his man, Robert, who had long been in the habit of setting his palettes, &c. for him, fell ill, Sir Thomas used to call on him at his lodgings, sit with him, and read to him; and he supported him to his death. When he went down to Haslar, to attend his brother's funeral, he witnessed the total destruction of the hut of a poor waterman, by the gale, which was so violent as to do very considerable damage to many public works. The wretchedness of the poor man, with his wife and numerous children in a state of nakedness, as they saw their whole property swept away, made a deep impression upon Sir Thomas Lawrence, whose mind was already oppressed with melancholy. He entered into the feelings of the sufferers, but what he gave them we know not; this, however, is known, that when a few years afterwards he again went to Portsmouth to witness the death of his remaining brother, he found the man and his family prosperous in a small cottage, and received from them their warmest gratitude for having 'enabled them to do well in the world.'

After the funeral, he took leave of these poor people; and, praising their sober and industrious habits, he gave them a ten-pound note.—Sir Thomas sometimes defended himself very humorously from the encroachments of sordid avarice, as well as from the annoyance of silly and purse-proud vanity. On one occasion, when a lady of property wished her portrait taken gratis, on the ground that her face would make a capital picture that would do the artist credit, Sir Thomas concluded his neatly turned and delicately ironical compliments to her beauty, with, 'but it is some years since I painted for fame.' When a wealthy lady was once exceedingly desirous that her portrait should be worth the money, she concluded every expression of sordid fear with the question, 'But how will you paint it, Sir Thomas?' Sir Thomas, with great good humour, kept making the reply, 'Why, madam, you pay to have it well done, do you not?' On the other hand, he would often paint from friendship. An old friend begged him to recommend a cheap but competent artist, to take the likeness of his nephew, who was about to sail to India. Sir Thomas duly promised, but, as usual, deferred the execution, until he was told that it was too late. He was evidently chagrined; but, to make amends, he made the young gentleman call upon him the next morning very early, and in a few hours took an admirable likeness, which he sent as a present to the uncle. * * *

His kindness to animals was excessive. It was not in his nature to inflict or to witness pain. In a letter to a lady he says, 'Have you had more letters from Sir Walter? (Scott.) How sincerely sorry I am to learn that his favourite hound is dead. A selfish regret has great part in this feeling, for the fine animal was to have been my subject.' * * * No man was ever more affectionate to relations. On the death of a niece, whose portrait he had taken, and had had engraved, he writes to a friend, in great depression of spirits—'I have lost a sweet, good, modest little being, in my niece Susan; but who can, for the innocent, lament the death of the innocent? It is a severe affliction to her parents, sisters, and friends. I feel thankful that this one talent, which God has given me, has, in this case, afforded consolation to my good sister and her family, by perpetuating the form, and expressing the nature, of this lovely lamented being, my dear Susan.' * * * No idea could have been entertained that the dissolution of this amiable and enlightened man was so fast approaching. On the 24th of December, a fortnight before his death, he dined alone with an old and confidential friend. In the course of conversation he observed that, from the regularity of his living, and the care he took of his health, he thought he might attain a good old age; but nevertheless he would wish to insure his life for 5000*l.*; and telling his age, he asked what would be the premium. He fixed on the Friday to effect the assurance—on the previous day he expired!"

We now conclude; and shall only hint at the expediency of making such volumes as these school-books. Young persons are drudged through the same thing so often, that they lose all interest in what is placed before them to read. Their tasks are truly so: But give them novelty combined with merit, to attract, to exercise, and to form their minds, and their lessons may be made pleasures to which they will devote themselves with greater alacrity than to the play-ground itself.

The Epping Hunt. By T. Hood, Esq. &c.

A SECOND edition of this whimsical *jeu d'esprit* does not call upon us to enter on another wild goose chase; and we only notice it for the sake of copying the announcement by which we find it accompanied, and which promises us another hearty laugh with our punning friend, and his able graphic coadjutor, George Cruikshank. It is as follows—and worthy of the author:

"Many persons having expressed a desire that the 'Epping Hunt' should have a companion, the author immediately expressed his readiness to comply with the wish as soon as he could provide himself with a suitable subject. In consequence, numerous hints, recommendations, and applications, have been forwarded to him from all quarters—the proprietors of sundry wakes and revels preferring very urgent requests in behalf of their own sports. Above all, the inhabitants of Epsom made such a grand stand for the Epsom races, that he was induced to take his course to theirs. The result has been satisfactory. Instructed by the gentlemen of the betting ring how to 'make up a book,' he is preparing a little volume, to be called 'Epsom Races,' illustrative of the yearly festival on those celebrated Downs. It will be accompanied, as usual, by various appropriate designs, or, to speak in turf language, with several 'plates for all ages.' Due notice of the time of starting will be given by public

advertisement; and to avoid any thing *oraclic*, be sure to ask for Hood's *Epsom*."

Anti-Draco; or, Reasons for abolishing the Punishment of Death in Cases of Forgery. By a Barrister of the Middle Temple. Pp. 49. London, 1830. Ridgway.

WHOEVER the writer of this pamphlet is, he has done himself great honour. It is an admirable production—humane in principle, forcible in argument, profound in legal acquirements, beautiful in morality, and irresistible in its general conclusion. Unless, indeed, the people of a country had become hardened by usage to the horrid spectacle of human life continually and ignominiously sacrificed for crimes of the least, equally as for crimes of the deepest, atrocity, the publication of such an appeal never could have been necessary. Death has truly been called the remedy for all human ills: our bloody statute-book seems to have considered it the remedy for all human offences. Except where modified by sheer accident—the caprice of a judge, the condition of a calendar, the under-word of a constable or a gaoler,—it has said alike, let the remorseless murderer die, let the forger of a name for a few pounds of property die, let the cruel violator of the person die, and let the petty thief who has broken a pane of glass and stolen a pocket-handkerchief, let him die!! Hang the sanguinary monster who has butchered a whole family; ay, and hang the famishing wretch who has robbed the flock of a single lamb. Let the "protecting genins of the public executioner" guard our lives from the assassin, our midnight rest from the burglar, our pocket from the coiner and forger, our property from the picker and stealer. But we will not attempt to go over any of the ground so ably occupied by the production before us; and we have only to add, that it demonstrates the utter inconsistency and insufficiency of the reform which has just been sanctioned by the legislature. The comfort is, that the good work is begun, and that it cannot stop.*

A Letter addressed to Thomas Simpson, M.D. (of York), on the Subject of Horse Exercise; pointing out the Cause of its pre-eminent Utility, as illustrated by the Author's own Case. Pp. 23. London, Underwood; Baldwin and Co.; Longman and Co.: York, Barclay: and Edinburgh, Lizars.

THE pre-eminent utility of horse exercise, "as illustrated by the author's own case!"—we wish we could add, and by his reviewer's; but a terrible downfall the other day has not only

* A novel and striking mode of illustrating the force of public opinion on this question has just appeared: it consists of a map of the kingdom in which no place is laid down but such cities, towns, &c. (214 in number) as have petitioned against the punishment of death for forgery. It is so well filled a chart, that we must think a judge would be most painfully circumstanced were he to leave an offender for execution for the crime of forgery at any of these, or indeed any other assize town. In this predicament, a strong inducement is held out for the commission of forgery; and nothing can be more injurious than the present unsatisfactory state of the subject, with the law one way, and the popular sentiment so strong the other way, as to render the carrying the law into effect almost impossible. It is worthy of remark, that this, however, is not the only temptation to crime which has recently been held out from high quarters: for, if we can believe the newspaper reports from the Old Bailey, Mr. Baron Garrow has incautiously cheered on the guilty of every class to try their hands, by the chance of escape which he tells them is now reserved for them in the Capital Lottery. The jury had recommended some convict to mercy, and the judge is reported to have said—"he had great pleasure in telling the jury that, from what he had recently observed, their recommendation would meet with every attention in the proper quarter. The royal mercy was unbounded, and would in future be exercised in every case that called for its interposition." Has it not been so heretofore?

put us *hors de combat* as it regards such an addition, but almost past the power of offering any opinion upon the subject. The writer asserts that the motion of his horse produced an increased *oxidisement* of the blood in the lungs, and thus restored him from debility: but the motion of ours caused a profuse *oozement* of blood from the head, and has thus reduced us to debility. Perhaps much depends on the mode of riding, and especially on the horse. For instance, if the author's horse had tumbled with him at a smart canter, and made such equal wounds on its own knees and his caput that it would be difficult to tell which were the worst, he would not have published this pamphlet. But it seems to have been a gentle, medical beast; and he to have derived great benefit by keeping upon its back, whilst at the same it kept its legs. On the whole, therefore, maimed as we are, we are still inclined to join in the recommendation of equestrianism, to bring atmospheric air into the lungs and invigorate the vital principles.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PESTILENTIAL DISORDERS.

A REPORT made by M. Moreau de Jonnés to the *Conseil Supérieur de Santé*, at Paris, contains a number of facts with respect to the irruption and progress of pestilential disorders in the year 1829; from which we extract the following:—

The Plague.—Favoured by the occurrences of the war in the East, the plague appeared in 1829 at several parts of the shore of the Black Sea. In the month of July it visited Varna, the neighbourhood of Odessa, and some of the vessels of the Russian squadron. Towards the end of August it manifested itself at Sevastopol, the grand maritime arsenal of Russia in the Black Sea. Two cordons of troops formed round the town, prevented its spreading into the interior of the Crimea.

The Cholera Morbus.—This terrible scourge, which for twelve years had afflicted all the countries in Asia, seems to have had its power limited in 1829. It was not so in the preceding year. In the month of April it appeared in Bengal, and attacked with violence the garrisons and inhabitants of Calcutta, Cawnpore, and Chittagong. In the month of June it appeared in Bombay, at the other extremity of the Indian peninsula; and in October attacked Madras and its neighbourhood. It was introduced into Borneo, and infected the Dutch garrison of Pontiana. The greatest mortality, however, occurred in the neighbourhood of Calcutta. Whole villages were depopulated; and in the city several public functionaries, and many of the inhabitants of the first classes of society, perished after eight hours' illness; some after only two.

The Yellow Fever.—In 1829, the yellow fever extended its ravages to a less number of places in America than usual. There was no appearance of it at Martinique, or Guadaloupe, throughout the year. The great Antilles were not so fortunate. The yellow fever existed at Port Royal in Jamaica in the month of April. In the first ten days of May, thirty sailors belonging to the crew of the *Magnificent* fell victims to it. In July it reigned on board the merchant vessels in the Road of Havannah; and the hospitals were filled with individuals who had been attacked by it. Nevertheless, the island of Portico Rico, which is separated from Cuba only by a narrow channel, remained entirely free from it. New Orleans imported it in the month of October from Havannah;

and its ravages were so dreadful, that it destroyed almost all whom it attacked. For six weeks, from twenty-five to thirty persons died daily in the town; and in the country in proportion. This is attributed to the want of proper precaution; and the American journalists assert, that in consequence of similar negligence, the population of New Orleans has been thrice renewed in ten years!

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SIR ALEXANDER JOHNSTON in the chair.—Many donations connected with oriental literature and art were made to the Society; amongst these we noticed Captain Macan's collated edition of the original Persian text of the celebrated poem of Firdousee, entitled, the *Shah Nameh, or Book of Kings*.

Mr. Houghton's account of a tombstone, lately presented to the Society by Mr. Samuel Broughton, was read. This curious relic of eastern antiquity was obtained by the late Mr. Salt, when in company with Lord Valentia, at a town called Dhalac el Kibeer, near Massowah, on the Red Sea coast of Abyssinia. It is of the kind commonly called clinkstone, and is in a wonderful state of preservation, when its great age is considered. The inscription upon it is very slightly engraved, but quite perfect, and bears date A. H. 439, answering to A. D. 1047. The inscription is Arabic, written in Cufic characters, and consists of fourteen lines, of which the first nine and a half contain the usual formula of monumental inscriptions, being a passage from the Koran; after which comes the following:—"This is the grave of Fatima, the daughter of Muhammad, the tailor. She was buried on the Sabbath day (Saturday), the 10th of the Muharram (6th July), in the year 439. Praise be to God, and may his blessing be upon Muhammad and his descendants. The peace of God be with you!"

A notice respecting the natives of New Guinea, by W. Marsden, Esq., followed the preceding paper. The observations in it principally refer to the existence of cannibalism among the natives of that island; and the information supplied was derived by Mr. Marsden through the medium of the Malayan language, from two Lascar seamen of the East India Company's ship Northumberland, who with many others were carried off by the natives during a temporary visit of the ship in March 1783, but who were subsequently released through the interference of a neighbouring rajah. We omit the details respecting the habits and customs of these islanders contained in Mr. Marsden's communication.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

IN referring to the subjoined appointments, which we understand to have been this week made by the council of this institution, we are bound to add, that we consider them as constituting an auspicious earnest of the talent which will characterise those departments to which the professors remain yet to be appointed:—To the professorship of mathematics, the Rev. T. G. Hall, of Magdalen College, Cambridge; surgery, J. H. Green, Esq.; practice of physic, Dr. F. Hawkins; anatomy and physiology, Herbert Mayo, Esq.; theory of physic and therapeutics, Dr. Bisset Hawkins.

NORTHERN LIBRARIES.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—I have esteemed it fortunate that the same columns which are so vigilant in the

cause of virtue and honour, should have been selected to promulgate my appeal in favour of the Northern Libraries.

I would now beg to acquaint you, that my request has been supported by the liberal contributions of Earl Spencer, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, Sir Frederick B. Watson, Archdeacon Butler, Thomas Rickman, Esq., William Lloyd, Esq., John Lee, Esq., LL.D., Joshua Watson, Esq., Capt. W. H. Smyth, Rev. Peter Fraser, and Sampson Hanbury, Esq., and by other kind patrons of literature, whose choice selections of books will open a wide field of study to the industrious inhabitants of those inclement regions; and be the means of directing their attention to many important subjects, from which science may be expected to draw a rich harvest.

As the amount (250*l.*) which I anticipate is, however, far from being complete, I would again invite the co-operation of those who are friendly to the progress of knowledge; and I beg to add, that I shall keep the sentiments expressed in my former appeal open for a month or six weeks, after which time the whole collection will be confided to the integrity and discretion of Professor Rafn.

I have the honour to be, &c.

Somerset Place.

NICHOLAS CARLISLE.

THE BYZANTINE HISTORIANS.

THE collection of the works of the Byzantine historians, publishing under the auspices of M. Niebuhr and other able philologists, is rapidly advancing to its close. Georgius Syncellus, and Nicephorus C.P., have recently appeared at Bonn. Syncellus, by no means one of the least important of these writers, has been intrusted to the revision of M. Dindorf, whose works have rendered him justly celebrated. In a short preface, M. Dindorf states that he has availed himself of two manuscripts in the Paris library. The one served as the basis of the first edition published at Paris in 1652, by Father Goar; the other is mentioned in Bredow's Parisian Letters. M. Dindorf calls Goar *mediocri homo doctrinâ, artis critica faculitate nullâ, negligentia incredibili*; but has nevertheless reprinted his Chronological Canon, his Notes, and even his Index! The republication of Syncellus must, however, be very serviceable at the present moment, facilitating as it does a knowledge of the dynasties of Egypt. As for Nicephorus, that Archbishop of Constantinople merely gave a *chronographia compendiaria*, an abridgment, in which facts have been intercalated, posterior to his epoch.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Sylva Britannica; or, Portraits of Forest Trees, distinguished for their Antiquity, Magnitude, or Beauty. Drawn from Nature by Jacob George Strutt. Royal 8vo.

WHEN this work appeared in its folio shape, in the year 1828, it was noticed in the *Literary Gazette* with the commendation which was its due. We think Mr. Strutt perfectly justified in the hope which he expresses in his preface to the present publication, namely, "that this comparatively small edition will afford a gratification similar to that which a lover of art derives from comparing a finished miniature with the same subject in full size—fidelity of representation being alike adhered to in both instances." It is undoubtedly true, as Mr. Strutt finely observes, that, "independently of

all other considerations, trees afford such delightful individuality, joined with such exquisite variety of character, and bring with them so many charming and hallowed associations of liberty and peace, of rural enjoyment or contemplative solitude, of the sports of childhood or the meditations of old age,—in short of all that can refresh or exalt the soul,—that it is wonderful they have not hitherto been more decided objects of interest to the painter and the amateur, than merely what may arise from their introduction, rather as accidents in pictorial delineation, than as pictures in themselves: yet what can afford more delightful contrast in landscape than the giant strength of the oak, with the flexile elegance of the ash; the stately tranquillity of the elm, with the tremulous lightness of the poplar; the bright and varied foliage of the beech or sycamore, with the funereal majesty of the cedar or yew; all differing in form and character, as in colour." We can scarcely conceive a more agreeable way of enjoying an autumn than, with Mr. Strutt's volume in our hands, to pay our court to all the sylvan monarchs whom he has so happily depicted and described.

Great Britain Illustrated. From Drawings by W. Westall, A.R.A.; with Descriptions by Thomas Moule. Nos. 24, 25, 26, and 27. Tilt.

THIS pleasing publication is proceeding with uniform fidelity, neatness, and elegance.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. Engraved by William and Edward Finden. Part III. Tilt.

"MIRKWOOD MERE," from a drawing by G. Barret, and "Solway Frith from Allonby," from a drawing by Copley Fielding, are our favourites in the present Part.

The Ruins and Scenery of South Wales. From Drawings after Nature by J. E. H. Robinson. Executed on Stone by J. E. H. Robinson and J. S. Templeton. Engelmann and Co.

"THE Castle and Monastic Ruins, and other Architectural Antiquities of Wales," observes the prospectus of this interesting publication, "are very numerous; those of South Wales exceeding fifty; and are justly celebrated for their picturesque beauty, and variously interesting expression. Many of them are in high preservation, and from their generally bold and elevated situations, objects of commanding attraction and interest. The scenery that surrounds them is generally fine, and often extremely captivating and impressive." The present is the first of twelve numbers, each containing six plates, in which these ruins and this scenery are to be represented. The plates are executed in a very free and pleasing style of lithography.

Dr. Wollaston. Drawn by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A. Engraved by F. C. Lewis. Tiffin. A MASTERLY and beautiful imitation of Sir Thomas's drawing of this eminent man; of whom it has been justly remarked, that "there are few persons whose names are more intimately connected with the general history of learning and science in the nineteenth century."

The Fall of Nineveh. By John Martin. MR. MARTIN has re-produced this splendid picture, as he has done his former great works, in mezzotinto; and thus multiplied the proofs of his extraordinary genius, in embodying in a picture the terrible scene described by the pro-

phet Nahum. Our pages have already dwelt upon the merits of this sublime and poetical production; so that nothing is now requisite from us but a notice of the engraving. And when we say that it possesses the grandeur of the original, and conveys the same powerful impressions to the mind, we need hardly add another syllable to recommend it to the public attention. It is, indeed, a glorious conception—the living desperation and ruin in the foreground—the magnificent architecture, doomed so soon to perish, too, though apparently built for eternity—and the elemental strife of the threatening heavens, are all combined in the wide swoop of desolation. In one word, the sheet is an *epic*.

M. Boai.—A lithographic representation of our friend the chin-chopper is to be acknowledged as a resemblance of this odd performer.

A Medallion of George the Fourth. Engraved by A. J. Stothard, Medal Engraver in ordinary, by special appointment, to the King.

A MEDALLION, executed in the style and taste in which this appears, cannot fail of becoming a popular and cherished memorial of our late and much-lamented Sovereign. Its character, as a work of art, may rank it among the first of its class. The proportion of its relief is admirably calculated to give a perfect idea of the features, and indeed to convey to the mind one of the best resemblances we have ever seen. We are well aware of the high value of this species of art, both as preserving the likenesses of the illustrious great, as recording national services, and as commemorating important events; and we are happy to find in Mr. A. J. Stothard the power and ability of meeting any occasion that may offer for the exercise of his talents in so lasting and elevated a walk. These medallions are struck in bronze and in silver: the size two inches and a half in diameter.

George IV.—Among the memorials to the late king, we have received specimens of his portrait, embossed by Mr. Dobbs, in paper, or rather card, of various colours, and surrounded by emblematical ornaments. These are strong likenesses, and beautifully executed: indeed, the effect of this art is as pleasing as it is new in its application to such subjects.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

JUVENALIA.—NO. V.

SINCE cloud-borne Chaos his dark ensign furled
Till now heard idly flapping through the world,
And fled before the cherub-van appeared
Whose thunderous step foretold the fate he
feared; [gun
Since Heaven's great work of wonder was be-
And light came roaring from the fountain sun;
Quiet, through space, a blind rough thing of
clay,
This Earth of ours has wound her airy way;
Still in her motion, steady though she turns,
Nor the soft rule that sways her ever spurns;
Onward she goes, in silent joy of speed,
Creature well worth Creation's toil indeed!
From her rich breast teeming no less a store
Than Life needs (some philanthropists say
more);
Varied with gentle slope, and cliff, and plain,
And Heaven-fall'n waters raised to Heaven
again;
For ever feeding with a silver flow
The streams that dancing to the ocean go,
Where, on his oozy wing, light Zephyr plays,
Curling the white surge most fantastic ways,

Or, in fierce mirth, some rude Eolian form
Chafes up the riotous pageant of a storm:
Though by the harrowy sled of wheeling Time
So often traced, still beautiful and sublime;
Fresh as when first from Nature's womb she
sprung,

For ever lovely and for ever young!
Now, ye bright sitters of the middle skies!
With dew-blobs fit your microscopic eyes,
And pore for half a century, if you please,
Like Entomologists on nits or fleas;
Perchance you'll scarce, upon this terrene ball,
Discover more than they do, after all!
Draw nearer, pray; and stronger lenses take,
For laughter, if not information's sake:
Only descend ye three-parts from the Moon,
Your midribs shall be tickled till ye swoon.
Now!—Do ye aught that moves, on Earth per-
ceive?— [conceive!
"We do!"—What is it?—"La! we can't
There are some millions of such moving things;
And now we mark, some creep, some go on
wings." [some two."
The *creepers* what?—"Some have four feet,
What are the *bipeds* like?—"Faith, much
like *you*!"

'Would it were not so! but alack 'tis true!
Well! can you guess what *sort* of things they
be, [see:
Reptiles, I own, but of what sort?—"Let's
A tribe, perhaps, of *earth-worms*."—O most
blind!

Can ye no trace of their great nature find?
These are the Mighty Creatures called—Man-
kind!

These!—these!—ay these! live corpuscles
of clay! [away
Which with light breath Destruction sweeps
By myriads every year!—Earth's atomies,
Though less to her than mites to massy cheese!
Yet, with stout lungs, and swelling every lobe,
They'll boast themselves—the Masters of her
Globe!

Mark you that *monad*?—"Hey—a perky thing,
With rod and ball? what's that?"—"Tis called,
a *king*!

"Heaven save his majesty! a royal mite!
His throne is surely three hairs'-breadth in
height!"

Of potent atoms such as this, a score
Or so, have Earth in shares (and would have
more!) [Rheims,
"Bless us! who gave it them?"—Inquire at
Where his *estate in tail* King Capet claims;
If holy oil, sent down in flasks from Heaven,
Give not the right,—I know not how 'twas
given! [breast,
"And pray what's that, with spark upon its
That struts so high, and crows above the rest?"
Strange ignorance these starchy people shew!
Why that's a *lord*, sirs!—sure ye ought to
know!

Hath it not something of an *air*—a *grace*—
A *je ne sais quoi*, that speaks a lofty race?—
"Excuse us! we must smile—when you assert
Grace, air, and lord knows what, in *grains* of
dirt!" [there,
But say,—those light things flitting here and
As specks of down that haunt Elysian air,
What things are they?"—"Faith your eyes
grow keen!

I guess it is our butterflies you mean;
Gay, painted, gaudy-pinioned creatures?—
"Yes!
Gay (painted too, most like), of garish dress;
But still, they mince the ground with little feet,
Or loll in four-wheeled chairs that whisk from
street to street." [view,
Bah! these are *she*-Men!—fair to outward
What else they are, Pope (Alexander) knew!

Yet 'tis the vermin-tribe at which ye sneer
Disturb, defoul, disgrace this patient Sphere;
War, tumult, faction, thirst for blood or dross,
Her peaceful wish, and God's good pleasure,
cross;
Minims! with Folly big, in Vice o'ergrown,
And daily lost in that great globe of dust they
think their own!

FIRST AND LAST.—NO. IX.

The First and Last Hope.

'Tis past, 'tis o'er! my first hope's knell

Within my heart has rung,

The echo of the cold farewell

Thy voice at parting flung.

That cherish'd hope of many years,

The beautiful, the first,

Hath melted, rainbow like, in tears,

On the clouds by which 'twas nurst.

'Tis past, 'tis o'er! and now my brow

Is free from passions wild,

My spirit is as quiet now

As a slumbering dreamless child.

I've done with earth—I've ceased to strive—

My first dear hope hath pass'd;

And yet another can survive—

The loveliest and the last.

The parting hour that hope so quench'd

Hath severed me from thee;

Yet were no ties of fondness wrench'd

That bound thee unto me:

'Twas my own visions made me deem

Thou loved'st me as I loved—

Sadly hath pass'd away the dream,

And its falsehood I have proved.

I blame thee not: thy heart was given

Unto another's shrine—

Thy vows to her approved by Heaven,

And why should I repine?

I feel no pang—I've felt but one,

'Twas in that hour we parted;

That storm of agony is gone,

And left me broken-hearted.

But now I see thee as a thing

That I must leave behind:

I hear death's summons murmuring,

As soft as summer wind.

No passion'd tempests o'er me roll;

My pains are gone to rest;

A sunny calm is on my soul,

A peace within my breast.

And what can give me thus a power

To hold my woman's faith,

Yet mourn not now it brings the hour

Of early wasting death?

'Tis that last hope, the holy trust,

That heaven's a home for me,

And, rising from earth's dark'ning dust,

I there may meet with thee.

Worton Lodge, Isleworth.

M. A. BROWNE.

MUSIC.

PAGANINI.*

Extract from a Sketch of an Excursion in the Interior of Germany, in the Years 1829, 30.

SIR NICOLÒ PAGANINI'S performance on the violin is truly remarkable, and such as perhaps has never before been heard; but it is rather the eccentricity of his performance, than any particular excellence, that elicits such general applause. In saying this, I am not to be understood as depreciating his talent; for his execution on the instrument is such as could only have been acquired by intense study and application during many years: there is great clear-

* A recent traveller has favoured us with the following, by far the most lively, sketch of this celebrated performer which we have yet seen.—Ed.

ness as well as precision in his performance; and he is more particularly expert in playing the flageolet notes, which he produces up to the very bridge. Nay, he frequently executes whole passages in double flageolet, and makes even a double shake in this manner, which is a thing that has never before been attempted,—because a single shake requires the application of three fingers, though Sir Nicolo is able with four to produce a double one. His manner of bowing is very remarkable for expertness in the *staccato*, and his *capricci* are effected with great distinctness and roundness. He is very clever in producing the *pizzicata* with the left hand, it being at the same time interlarded with bowing in *staccato*. This, however, is no novelty, nor can it be said to be particularly difficult, although few perhaps have acquired a like skill in this whimsical performance, in the application of which he frequently steps beyond the bounds of propriety, since it can only be considered as a jest; yet he introduces it like a laugh in a serious discourse, nay, even in a cadence of an *adagio*, where it is as much out of place as a joke in a solemn harangue. In other respects his cadences are in general good, and being the unpremeditated creation of the moment, are evidently effusions of genius.

But the peculiarity of his performance is more especially acquired by means that cannot generally be admitted. The strings of his violin are much thinner than they usually are on the instruments of other performers: this greatly facilitates his execution, but it also deteriorates his tone. Those who recollect the performance on the violin on Viotti, and now hear his countryman Paganini, will, in this particular, find a great falling off. The strings of Paganini's violin being uncommonly thin, and his instrument altogether of small dimensions, he is enabled to tune it half a note higher than the concert pitch of the orchestra. Accordingly he plays in D, when the orchestra accompanies him in E flat. Now the performance in D major being much easier than in E flat major, his execution by that means is much facilitated, though he is necessarily confined to such music as is calculated to answer his peculiar purpose. His solo pieces are, in consequence, few in number; and if he gives several concerts at one place, he does not scruple to play the same concerto two or even three times in succession. It is on account of this advantage that he always tunes his instrument in a room by himself, only sending for a violin from the orchestra that has previously been tuned, and never touching his own instrument publicly with the bow till the orchestra begins.

When he plays variations, he frequently alters the pitch of one of the strings between the variations, obtaining thus different intervals, by means of which much novelty is produced. His performing a few pieces only on the G string, is remarkable rather on account of its novelty than of its utility.

As to the general character of his performance, its leading feature is a plaintive tendency, sometimes interchanged with a frolicsome jest, and emitting occasionally the sparks of brilliancy; but of grandeur, greatness, or dignity, it has none. Nor is there any such a thing as grace belonging either to his execution or his appearance. On the contrary, it is rather his ghostly exterior that excites so much attention. He is only forty-seven years of age, yet his whole person is extremely meager and emaciated. In addition to this, his thin and pale face is nearly concealed under his long black hair, which hangs down almost to his shoulders. His look, except when he is

much pleased, is that of deep melancholy and latent affliction, either mental or bodily, or perhaps both. Arrogance is entirely foreign to his manner.

On the whole, this singular performer may be compared to a rider that sticks with the greatest ease and confidence to his horse,—now leaning forward, sympathising with and patting the neck of the animal, and now being up to every kind of wanton freak, leaping hedges, ditches, and five-bar gates, to the right and left, with a facility that must create wonder: but riding an easy and dignified gallop, or a stately walk,—these are things that are altogether unknown to him; and before doing so, he is said to despise them, it being evident that nature never designed him for either the one or the other.

The idle tales that have been spread respecting Paganini are wholly undeserving of notice; and must have had their origin in envy, detraction, and calumny. The Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia have conferred honours on him; and before doing so, their majesties were no doubt informed of his history: how then could those illustrious personages ever have thought of bestowing favours on a criminal? Farther refutation of such scaudal would be an insult on common sense.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE sudden and somewhat unexpected re-appearance of the "uncertain" Malibran, has been the only novelty worthy of notice since our last report. On Saturday night, after the conclusion of the first act of *Il Turco in Italia*,—a piece, by the by, which, if acted entire, must be most popular, from the spirit and strength of its cast,—the first act of the *Barber of Seville* succeeded the first doings of the *Turk in Italy*. Madame Malibran enacted the rôle of *Rosina*; and though her reception was characterised by a degree of coldness on the part of her numerous auditory, and which we are sorry so admirable a songstress should provoke by her caprice, it is but justice to say, that we never heard her sing better, or so little indulge in unmeaning ornament. Indeed, we were inclined to agree with the Abigail in Sheridan's comedy, that "illness best becomes her ladyship;" and that Madame M. always looks best and sings most delightfully, when most disposed to be indisposed. The fulness and firmness of tone in which she executed the difficult cavatina of *Una voce poco fa*, evinced splendid powers; and we had no reason to suspect illness but from the circumstance of her appearing slipshod on the boards, and treading the stage with the heels of her shoes down, as if the "fascinating siren" had chilblains in the dogdays. But, joking apart, though this vocalist has often disappointed the public, we do not think it altogether kind in the auditory to seem so austere. Madame M.'s singing of the song we have particularised, merited the *encore* which was called for, though over-ruled by other voices. When a singer sings well, all little tricks behind the curtain should be forgotten; and when an artist does her best, and such an artist too, why we cannot help thinking that to shew resentment is as unworthy of the house, as to commit pettish extravagances is ridiculous in the actor.

Of the admirable performance of Santini in *Figaro*, we have before spoken: he is certainly the best on the boards.

Tuesday night the first acts of *Matilda di Shabran* and *Il Turco in Italia* were tacked

together to make up the evening's performance. We have before now deprecated the bad taste of such unnatural conjunctions. By this practice all illusion is lost. If the manager must bring his forces together, why not in pieces complete, and not in mutilated *morceaux*? This error originates in leaving things to chance, instead of making timely arrangements in the early part of the season. We recommend the active and enterprising Laporte to look to this next year.

HAYMARKET.

MR. KEAN performed *King Lear* on Monday evening at the Haymarket, and therewith terminated, as he assures us, his last engagement in London. We are sorry to lose him, and trust a voyage to America, by restoring him to health and spirits, will induce him to change his determination; for he has in this short summer campaign shewn that he is still great in the prouder walks of tragedy. Nevertheless, most heartily do we rejoice at bidding adieu to Melpomene at the little theatre in the Haymarket, where in sign-board scenery and moth-eaten velvets she appears to ask for charity, in lieu of compelling homage. The barn-like decorations and properties of this theatre have been long the subject of animadversion; and though "the quips, and cranks, and wreathed smiles, such as hang on *Liston's* cheek"—induce one to overlook them in comedy, they become inexpressibly ludicrous when thrust forward as the appropriate "pomp and circumstance of glorious tragedy." The season, the company, the *every thing*, in short, is opposed to grief and terror; and our regret at witnessing the last performances of Kean, alone prevented our laughing outright, according to the laudable custom of Haymarket auditories;—a custom which we trust will be revived with the fine weather.

VARIETIES.

Chili.—Dr. Bertero, a distinguished naturalist now in Chili, writes that he has made an extensive and valuable collection of plants in that country. He mentions, among other discoveries, the *Mimosa balsamica* of Molina, called in this country *Sarilla*, a magnificent *Mimulus*, which he calls *Fenestratus*, several new species of plants of different kinds, two new species of *Cactus*, &c.

Campbell's Exile of Erin.—We thought it too absurd to notice a paragraph in the Irish newspapers, accusing Mr. T. Campbell of having stolen his beautiful little poem, the *Exile of Erin*, from a Mr. Reynolds. What Mr. Campbell has done proves how fully capable he was to write this piece; and though the charge has been reiterated with the addition of circumstantial evidence, we must confess that we are among those who must hold it to be founded on some entire mistake.

Mlle. Sontag.—The engagement of this lady at Warsaw is said to be 1000 ducats (more than 450*l.*) for each concert; the expense of which to her will not probably exceed 100 ducats. Her benefit at Berlin produced 5000 crowns (about 750*l.*)

French Coin.—It is said that gold pieces, of 100 francs each, are to be issued from the French Mint. They will, we imagine, be rather curiosities than useful pieces, as compared with the Napoleons and new Louis d'or.

Navarino.—A large sum has been received at Navarino from the French government, towards the re-erection of the citadel which was blown up in November last. Some French

speculators are also endeavouring to get up a scheme for the rebuilding of the town; but in the present state of Greece, it is not likely to meet with much success.

Prognostications of the Weather.—Under the title of *A Companion to the Almanacs, &c.*, we have the following prognostications, which we are assured are the result of fifty years' experience. As a matter of curiosity, if not of guidance, we think it worth being copied for the use of our readers; and we hope to hear if their meteorological observations confirm the data of our authority. "There are so many causes that have a tendency to produce alterations in the state of the atmosphere, and, of consequence, change of weather—particularly in an insular situation, as these kingdoms are—that it is not probable any mode will ever be discovered to foretell, to a certainty, what weather will absolutely succeed any precise period. But, as it must be of the utmost service to the traveller, farmer, gardener, and numerous other persons, to be enabled to form a judgment of what weather will most probably prevail at any fixed time, the following table, constructed upon a philosophical consideration of the attraction of the sun and moon in their several positions respecting the earth, and confirmed by the experience of many years' actual observations, will, without trouble, furnish the observer with the knowledge of what kind of weather there is the greatest probability of succeeding, and that so near the truth, that in very few instances it will be known to fail.

Hour of day	Phase of Moon	Season	Weather
12	Full Moon	Summer	Fair and mild
1	Waxing Moon	Summer	Fair and frosty if N. or N.E.; rain or snow if S. or S.W.
2	Waxing Moon	Summer	Fair and frosty if N. or N.E.; rain or snow if S. or S.W.
3	Waxing Moon	Summer	Fair and frosty if N. or N.E.; rain or snow if S. or S.W.
4	Waxing Moon	Summer	Fair and frosty if N. or N.E.; rain or snow if S. or S.W.
5	Waxing Moon	Summer	Fair and frosty if N. or N.E.; rain or snow if S. or S.W.
6	Waxing Moon	Summer	Fair and frosty if N. or N.E.; rain or snow if S. or S.W.
7	Waxing Moon	Summer	Fair and frosty if N. or N.E.; rain or snow if S. or S.W.
8	Waxing Moon	Summer	Fair and frosty if N. or N.E.; rain or snow if S. or S.W.
9	Waxing Moon	Summer	Fair and frosty if N. or N.E.; rain or snow if S. or S.W.
10	Waxing Moon	Summer	Fair and frosty if N. or N.E.; rain or snow if S. or S.W.
11	Waxing Moon	Summer	Fair and frosty if N. or N.E.; rain or snow if S. or S.W.
12	Waxing Moon	Summer	Fair and frosty if N. or N.E.; rain or snow if S. or S.W.
1	Full Moon	Summer	Fair and mild
2	Waning Moon	Summer	Fair and mild
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2	Waning Moon	Summer	Fair and mild

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SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1830.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Lord King's Life of Locke. Second edition. 8vo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

HAVING received an early copy of this new edition of a work which our former estimate hailed as one of sterling value, we have great pleasure in affording a notice to an addendum which now enriches it, and to which the public will attach considerable importance. It is entitled, "Notes of Domestic and Foreign Affairs, during the last years of the reign of George I. and the early part of the reign of George II." The preface thus states the character of these Notes.

"After the trial of the Earl of Macclesfield, Sir Peter King, lord chief-justice of the Common Pleas, was made lord chancellor, and held the seals from 1725 to 1733, during which period he noted down in short-hand the principal subjects which occupied the attention of the administration of Sir Robert Walpole. It will be seen, however, that these memoranda are very much broken and discontinued after 1730, in consequence, probably, of the declining health of the writer. Abundant proof will be found in the following pages of the disproportionate importance attached to German politics during the reigns of the two first princes of the House of Brunswick, who were more interested in the welfare of their electorate, and in making some petty addition to their German territories, than in that of Great Britain, which they neither valued nor understood. Many of the questions stirred up by the restless activity of the Queen of Spain and the projects of the emperor, for establishing a great trading company at Ostend, to the detriment of English commerce in the East and West, perplexing as they may have been to the ministers of that day, have now lost the interest that formerly belonged to them; but as they may serve to explain some parts of our history, they are printed verbatim from the short-hand memoranda. There are some curious anecdotes of George II. and Queen Caroline, and a remarkable proof is afforded of their early hatred to their eldest son Frederick, afterwards Prince of Wales, in the plan which they had formed for disinheriting him in England. The project, however, was defeated, by the equally inimical feelings of the reigning king, George I., towards his own immediate successor, if not by his sense of right and justice. Wherever Walpole is mentioned, we may observe the good sense and discretion which distinguished him among the statesmen of his own times. He is, indeed, eminently distinguished above the statesmen of almost every age, by his love of peace—the first and greatest of all virtues in a minister."

The proof of the early hatred of Prince Frederick is afforded by a confidential conversation, July 24, 1725, in which, among other remarkable facts, Sir R. Walpole told the chancellor, while on a visit to him at his house at Ockham, "that pending the design in France of sending back the young queen

to Spain, there had been a negotiation between the princess and Count Broglio, the French ambassador, by the intervention of the late Lady Darlington, for Princess Ann to be given in marriage to the French king, and that the French court expected it as a thing sure; and for that reason, at the same time that the ambassador notified the resolution of sending the young queen back, he desired of the king his grand-daughter for his master, but that the king absolutely refused it. Another negotiation had lately been on foot in relation to the two young princes, Frederick* and William.† The prince‡ and his wife|| were for excluding Prince Frederick from the throne of England; but that after the king and prince, he should be elector of Hanover, and Prince William, king of Great Britain; but that the king said it was unjust to do it without Prince Frederick's consent, who was now of age to judge for himself; and so this matter now stood. But that Sir Robert Walpole had told the king, that if he did not in his life-time bring over Prince Frederick, he would never set his foot on English ground; so that he did not know whether the king, when he returned from Hanover, would not bring that prince with him." The king was then on a journey to Hanover.

The following is a very remarkable piece of political reformation, relating to the treaty between the emperor and Spain; to counterbalance which, the alliance was entered into by England, France, and Russia.

"June 20th (1726).—The Duke of Newcastle communicated to me the information given by Mr. Keene, the 15th instant, to the duke, of the discoveries made to Mr. Stanhope in Spain by the Duke of Ripperda. After the Duke of Ripperda's disgrace he sheltered himself in Mr. Stanhope's house, and whilst there, made such discoveries to Mr. Stanhope, that he did not think fit to send in writing, lest they should fall into the hands of those who might make an ill use of them, therefore sent Mr. Keene to acquaint the Duke of Newcastle with them by word of mouth, that so he might lay them before the king. The account that Mr. Keene gave was, that Mr. Stanhope having pressed the Duke of Ripperda to inform him of the schemes that had been projected or agreed to by the Emperor and King of Spain, either with regard to the state of Europe in general, or to his majesty's affairs in particular, the duke began with the secret treaty of Vienna, consisting of five articles, and three separate ones, the substance of which he dictated to Mr. Stanhope, who took them down in writing with his own hand, and are as follows:—Art. 1. Confirms and ratifies all preceding treaties made

* "Afterwards Frederick Prince of Wales.

† "Afterwards Duke of Cumberland. This is a very curious proof of the early hatred of George the Second and Queen Caroline to Frederick Prince of Wales. It would have been fortunate if the separation of Hanover from England had taken place then or at any time, by fair means, or by any means."

‡ "The then Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Second.

|| "The Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline.

between their imperial and catholic majesties. 2. The emperor gives the eldest archduchess in marriage to the infant Don Carlos. 3. The second archduchess is given to the infant Don Philip. 4. The Emperor and King of Spain enter into reciprocal engagements to begin a war for reconquering the duchy of Burgundy, Franche Comte, Alsace, and all the French conquests in Flanders and encroachments on Lorraine, Navarre, Roussillon, Petite Sardaigne, which are to be divided after the following manner: Burgundy, Franche Comte, Alsace, and all that formerly belonged to the house of Austria, is to be settled upon Don Carlos, and looked upon as the Austrian patrimony: Lorraine is to be restored to its duke; and Navarre, Roussillon, and la Petite Sardaigne, to be reunited to the Spanish monarchy. 5. The Emperor and King of Spain do mutually oblige themselves and posterity, never to give an archduchess or infanta in marriage to the house of Bourbon in France. 1. Separate article.—That in case the present King of France should die without issue to inherit that crown, the infant Don Philip is to be king of France. 2. The Emperor and King of Spain do solemnly engage to assist the Pretender with their forces, in order to the putting him in possession of the throne of Great Britain. 3. Is a reciprocal engagement between the Emperor and King of Spain, utterly to extirpate the Protestant religion, and not to lay down their arms till this design be fully and effectually executed. None of the King of Spain's ministers, besides himself, knew this treaty; and that it had not been communicated to any person whatsoever, except the emperor, the King and Queen of Spain, and the ministers who signed it. His Catholic majesty was so earnest for the extirpation of the Protestant religion, that in the several letters that had passed directly between the King of Spain and the emperor upon this subject, the king proposed, in case of necessity, to see the domains of his throne put up *grandezas* to the highest bidder, and dispose of all the employments for life in the Indies to the best purchaser, for promoting this scheme; and in one of his own letters he makes use of these extraordinary expressions: *Je vendrai ma me chemise.*"

At the present period it will be interesting to readers to have the particulars of an earlier succession to the crown in the reigning house, on the demise of George I.

"Wednesday, June 14th, 1727.—About five in the evening I had a letter from Sir R. Walpole, informing me that the king was dead, and desiring me to meet him immediately at the Duke of Devonshire's. I went there immediately, and found that Sir R. Walpole, on receipt of the news from Lord Townshend, had instantly gone to Richmond, and acquainted the prince with it, and that thereupon the prince had resolved to be in town as fast as he could that evening. In the mean time we prepared, by the attorney and solicitor-general, the draft for proclaiming the king, and set-

ted the other things necessary to be done. The king, in the mean time, came to town, and sent us word that he was ready, whenever we were ready to wait on him. Accordingly, we who were at the Duke of Devonshire's, except the duke himself, who had the gout, went to Leicester House, and there being joined by several others of the nobility, we sent in to the king to desire an audience: and although the archbishop was present, yet I made a short speech to the king, according to agreement, setting out the great sorrow we were under by the unexpected death of the late king, and that nothing could relieve or mitigate it, but the certain prospect of happiness under his future administration; and that being now become our liege lord, we desired leave to withdraw into the council-chamber, to draw up a form of a proclamation for proclaiming him, and to sign it as usual; which being granted, we retired into the council-chamber, and there the form, which we had before agreed upon, was produced, engrossed, and thereon all the lords of the council then present first signed it. Then the doors were opened, and the peers in the outer room were desired to walk in and sign it, which they did; then it was delivered to the gentlemen in the outer room to sign as many as they pleased. And after it had been some time out, the lords of the council sent for the parchment, which being returned, secret intimation was given to the king that the council were ready to receive him. Whereon he immediately came in, and seating himself in the royal chair, he there read the declaration, that was printed at the desire of the lords of the council: it had been prepared at the Duke of Devonshire's, by Sir R. Walpole and the speaker. After that, orders were given for the proclaiming of the king the next morning at ten o'clock, and several other orders of course were made, which are to be seen in the council-book, particularly one for proroguing the parliament, being now, by reason of the king's demise, immediately to meet.—Thursday, 15th. A little after ten, I came to Leicester House, and the heralds and all being ready, about eleven, the Archbishop of Canterbury, myself, and other lords, went into the yard before Leicester House, and there the heralds proclaimed the king, we being there on foot uncovered. As soon as that was done, we went into our respective coaches, and in the street before Leicester House the king was again proclaimed. From thence we went and proclaimed him at Charing Cross, Temple Bar, the corner of Wood Street, and the Royal Exchange.

On the king's coming to the throne, he ordered Sir R. Walpole and Sir S. Compton to confer together about his affairs, and let him know what they thought fit to be done for his service from time to time. Sir R. Walpole seemed so sensible that he should be laid aside, that he was very irresolute what to do, whether to retire into the House of Lords and give up all business, or whether to continue. But the king and the speaker persuading him to continue, he went on, and undertook what the king expected from him, as to the civil list and the queen's jointure, which he forwarded in parliament. During which time, by his constant application to the king by himself in the mornings, when the speaker, by reason of the sitting of the House of Commons, was absent, he so worked upon the king, that he not only established himself in favour with him, but prevented the cashiering of many others, who otherwise would have been put out. The speaker for some time came constantly to the king every afternoon,

and had secret conferences with him; but in about three weeks' time, he saw his credit diminish, and so left off the constancy of his attendance. The Tories and others, who expected great changes and alterations, finding things not to answer their expectations, began to retire about the end of the short session of parliament that was held for settling the civil list. The king, when he came to the throne, had formed a system both of men and things, and to make alterations in several offices, as to their power, and particularly as to mine. About July 8th, he told me that he expected to nominate to all benefices and prebendaries that the chancellor usually nominated to. I told him, with great submission, that this was a right belonging to the office, annexed to it by act of parliament and immemorial usage, and I hoped he would not put things out of their ancient course. He told me my Lord Cowper* told him, that in the latter part of his chancellorship, in the queen's time, he laid before the queen a list of all persons whom he recommended to benefices, that she might be satisfied they were good churchmen. I did not give up this point, but directly desired him to consider it; and afterwards, at another time, he told me that I should go on as usual.—Sunday, July 16th. I then saw him again: he seemed now very pleasant, and I gave him a list of all the judges, both in England and Wales, king's sergeants, and council, and other subordinate officers in the law, in his invariable nomination, and told him, that as to those which were not judges in England, they were many of them parliament men, and some now stood again. So he ordered me to make out *fiats* for such of them as were like to be parliament men. He also told me, now that he had heard that I had acted prudently in his father's time, as to the commissions of the peace, that his pleasure was, that I should put into the commission of the peace all gentlemen of rank and quality in the several counties, unless they were in direct opposition to his government; but still keep a majority of those who were known to be most firmly in his interest, and he would have me declare the former part as his sentiment. • • November 24. Sir R. Walpole took occasion to tell me of the great credit he had with the king, and that it was principally by the means of the queen, who was the most able woman to govern in the world. However, he wished now he had left off when the king came to the throne; for he looked upon himself to be in the worst situation of any man in England; that that which engaged him to go on, was seeing every one willing to settle a large civil list on the king. He went with the others, and that the civil list now given exceeded the civil list given to his father, and all the additions made to it; so that this civil list, which was given with unanimity, was more than the late king ever had, and so was a justification of

* Lord Cowper's diary, found among Lord King's papers at Ockham, confirms George the Second's account of the conversation.

“Extract from Lord Cowper's Diary.

“November 13th, 1705.—I had the queen's leave to bestow my livings of 40*l.* and under without consulting her.

“June 25th, 1706.—At cabinet. Before it begun, I had discourse with the archbishop about disposing of the livings in my gift, and my having promised the queen to present as she directed, in all the valuable ones; he said he feared it would be under a worse management than under the late keeper's servants, by the impertunity of the women and other hangers-on at court, and promised to endeavour to get that matter into a proper method.”

“These impertunate women and other hangers-on at court, were probably the first and loudest to cry, The church is in danger! on every occasion that suited their interest or secured their patronage: and they thought the best security of the church was to be found in the worst distribution of the richest benefices in that church.”

his conduct as to that matter in the late reign: that he was now struck at by a great number of people. All those who had hopes on the king's coming to the throne, seeing themselves disappointed, looked upon him as the cause. All the discontented Whigs, and Carteret, Roxburgh, Berkeley, Bolingbroke, the Speaker, Compton, and Pulteney, were entered into a formal confederacy against him; and if he could once retire, he would never meddle by way of opposition, but would comply with the government in every thing.”

With these specimens of a diary which we may well include among the valuable historical lights of this genuine description, we for the present conclude; and when the work to which it forms so interesting an addition is published, (we trust next week), we shall feel ourselves more at liberty to extend our extracts.

The Journal of the Heart. Edited by the Authoress of “Flirtation.” 8vo. pp. 323. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS is a most charming and feminine volume—one delightful for a woman to read, and for a woman to have written. Elegant language, kind and gentle thoughts, a sweet and serious tone of religious feeling, run through every page; and any extract must do very scanty justice to the merit of the whole. The following family sketch is quite from real life.

“The family consisted of a mother and six children, five of them grown up, and one not yet arrived at that state of felicity. The eldest, Mrs. Davies, left school at seventeen, and happened immediately to attract the fancy of a yellow, sickly, Indian judge, who was come home on a three weeks' prowl in search of a wife. None of her friends liked the marriage, but, nevertheless, she took him for ‘better for worse,’ trusting to the latter proving impossible, and sailed with him for India. Ever since this event, fashion has pronounced her ‘the flower of the flock,’ and will not allow that either of her sisters can play or sing like her, or look so pretty, or make themselves so agreeable, or, in short, be at all compared to Mrs. Davies. No wonder, for neither of them are married! and is not marriage the infallible criterion of a woman's character all the world over, and that which is proposed as the measure of her excellence? Certainly in this the testimony of the world in general must be right; and fashion, for once, speaks in the language of wisdom and experience; for when was it ever heard that a foolish, an ugly, or an ill-tempered woman was married? or that one handsome, or amiable, or good, remained an old maid? Captain Evelyn, the eldest son, was in reality as well known to the antipodes as to us, being in the army and abroad; but old Lord Morley had once seen him for two days, and declared he was a very fine young man, so all the neighbourhood echoed that John Evelyn was an uncommonly fine young man, very handsome, and as brave an officer as ever drew a sword; and thus his character has every chance of remaining *intact*, unless he has the impudence to destroy the dream by coming to dwell before our waking eyes. The other son, William, was at Oxford; he was intended for the church; had been more in the neighbourhood, and therefore was known a little better, but not much, which occasioned him to have a character of a mixed nature. He was said to have done divers very wrong things—he had stayed out on Saturday-night till the beginning of Sunday morning, and he had been two or three times inebriated. Moreover, report added, that he had frightened his

mother out of her wits, for fear he should be fashionable; and his sisters for fear he should not; some of his friends, lest he should be a missionary, and others, lest he should be a confirmed rake; but those persons who were inclined to like him, laid all the fault of these his aberrations, to his guardians, and pitied him, poor creature! and only thought him the more interesting, whilst others said it was entirely owing to his own wild and thoughtless disposition, that he was so ill spoken of. Arthur was but eight years old, and just placed at school; yet we heard more of him, and wished more to see him, than any of the rest of the family; for he was said to be an extraordinary child; the delight of his mother's heart, and the unwearied theme of her admiration and praise: and one of the worst traits of the Miss Evelyns, was their seeming to care so little about this delightful boy. He did not know his letters at four years old, because Mrs. Evelyn considered the brain as a sort of vegetable, and therefore thought that, like other vegetables, it would put forth the most fruitful and most vigorous shoots, if left to itself; besides which, she had been told by a learned physician, that his temperament was hot, and that if (to use another metaphor) she taught his 'young ideas how to shoot,' before nature had given them strength to bear, they would be firing off, to right and left, at all hazards, and drive either herself or her child into a brain fever. But the fact of Arthur's not knowing how to read till he was seven, only made his precocity of intellect the more remarkable. He listened most attentively whenever his mother read the Scriptures, and found out, from them, that Moses was taken to the hill by the Bristol carrier. Moreover, he had seen many little lions, in the shape of poodle-dogs, about Bath, the first time he was taken to that town, and had looked at them, and passed them without a sign of fear. But his grand feat was discovering the day of judgment, and desiring his mother to prepare for it, as it would take place on the morrow. He had heard her read that before that day, the stars would fall from heaven, and the moon would be turned into blood: and when he was going to bed at night, he had seen the full-moon rise slowly and magnificently, a dark and lurid red, and some of the stars falling (as it is called) from one part of the sky to another. At the time of our visit, only Mrs. Evelyn and her two daughters were at home—she, in the opinion of every one, was devoted to her duties, and a charming woman; and having made a confidant of my mother, we knew particularly about her. Poor woman! it was from the best of all authorities,—from her own mouth,—we learned how she suffered from these detestable girls. Where she liked to live, they hated to reside; and where she hated to sojourn, they liked to abide; she had taken Ashgrove entirely to please them, and from a hope that they would mix much with the society near them, and find it suit their wishes. Ellen Evelyn was a stupid, conceited, evil-speaking girl; and her sister, besides excelling her in the two last-mentioned particulars, was satirical—*bas bleu*—and all that was horrible. 'We shall have a woful visit of it.'

The paper whence this is extracted is called "prejudice," and the ensuing remarks in it, upon the subject of taking up hearsay and hasty opinions, are admirably set forth. An "owre true" tale is interestingly told (it seems to be by a different hand); and, altogether, we most cordially recommend this *Journal of the Heart*, though we are unable to do it justice by

any selection of its beauties, which are too intimately interwoven with each other to admit of separation. The volume is adorned by five very pretty plates.

An Account of the Great Floods of August 1829, in the Province of Moray, and adjoining Districts. By Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart., of Fountainhall, F.R.S.E. 8vo. pp. 431. Edinburgh, 1830, Adam Black; London, Longman and Co.; Elgin, Forsyth and Young.

It must be confessed, that when we lifted this well-sized volume, though we could not expect a very dry narrative, either from the nature of the subject, or from the Laird of (here most appropriate) *Fountain-hall*, we could not help prejudging it as a production of far too great length for the event which it undertook to describe. Local details,—how one burn swelled, and another overflowed its banks; how a river raged, and a bridge was swept away; how the poor dwellers on the lowlands were forced to flee, and how their goods and chattels were destroyed by the merciless waters,—seemed to us, *à priori*, a sufficient theme, for some weeks, in a county newspaper, or a pamphlet at most; but a stout octavo—Neptune preserve us! thought we, from such a flood (not a rivulet) of text, and without any dishonest book-making breadth of margin! For (we went on considering) if there had been—(and the Lauders are an old family, whose ancestor came into Scotland with Malcolm Canmore)—if there had been any Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart. in the time of Noah, or even of Deucalion, (*unde* Dick or Duck might very readily be derived by an ingenious etymologist), what famous long histories we might have had of either the sacred or the pagan deluge! At this rate, in the proportion of one volume octavo for Moray, we must have had, at least, ten thousand folios of papyrus for the old Patri-ark, and five thousand for the son of Prometheus. However, it was our duty to dip into Sir Thomas's "Account;" and who can guess our surprise and pleasure when we discovered, that out of so unpromising a theme he had contrived to make a book, not of merely ordinary, but of uncommon interest—a book which Scotsmen, especially, in every quarter of the world, will read with national and homefelt pleasure? It is true that the worthy baronet goes into many small details; but even in these there is a truth and freshness which remind us more of the fascinations of *Robinson Crusoe* than of any other work with which we are acquainted; and, generally speaking, there is a graphic spirit in the whole of this narrative which makes you not only a spectator of all the perilous incidents which it relates, and a hearer of the remarks of the people, whether sufferers or saviours, but absolutely an actor in the busy and affecting catastrophe. The book is one of the most complete pictures of Highland scenery and manners which we have ever read; and so far from being tired with its minuteness, in our opinion the omission of any one little particular would be an injury and a loss.

Indeed, the production is altogether peculiar—a novelty in manner and in matter—a literary curiosity. The alternation of characteristic traits, bordering on humour, with simple unadorned relations from the mouths of the parties where dangers were appalling and lives were sacrificed, adds much to the feeling with which these pages must be perused; and another striking variety is communicated to them by the recollection of ancient historical events, of superstitions and legends, of antiquities and

celebrated places, of raids and murders, and of spots, however marked by tradition, which are brought under notice by this strange visitation, where "the waters prevailed."

Such being our judgment upon this work, it may be but candid to say, that we cannot be sure of its possessing the same charm for every reader. The difference of taste may cause it to seem somewhat prolix and less interesting to others; but we are convinced that the great majority will agree with us in thinking it a very singular and captivating performance. It is finely embellished by two maps of the rivers chiefly augmented by the floods; and by sixty-five picturesque plates, illustrative of the state of the country, its inhabitants, their houses, ruins, bridges, inns, &c. &c. &c., from the clever burin of W. H. Lizars.

It is out of our power to afford room for the copious extracts we should otherwise be tempted to make, for the purpose of justifying our criticism; but we shall do our best, by selecting as great a diversity as we can, to do honour to the author, and to gratify our readers.

Among the previous indications or warnings of the flood were many electrical phenomena, aurora-borealis, waterspouts, &c. On the 12th of July, one of the latter occurred at Keenloch-Luichart, in Ross-shire; and the author tells us: "This waterspout did not extend beyond two miles on each side of the village—a circumstance that led these simple people to consider their calamity as a visitation of Providence for their landlord's vote in parliament in favour of Catholic emancipation."

So much for Highland simplicity! It was in August (3d and 4th) that the waters came down in torrents from the hills, and that the rain and tempest raged with incessant fury. On the Findhorn at Randolph's bridge (the Randolph of Douglas, in which tragedy the effects of the swollen river are so poetically described), the flood rose to the height of *fifty feet*; and Sir Thomas says:—

"Nothing can convey an idea of the violence and velocity of the water that shot away from the whirling sea above the cliffs. It was scarcely possible to follow with the eye the trees and wreck that floated like straws on its surface. The force was as much more than that of a raging ocean as gunpowder ignited within the confined tube of a cannon is more terribly powerful than the same material when suffered to explode on the open ground. I was particularly struck here with an example of the fact, that trees exposed to occasional struggles with torrents, instinctively prepare themselves to resist them. I observed one tall ash, growing a little way above Randolph's Bridge, covered to at least four-fifths of its height. It was broken over at last, but, having been taught by experience to resist the action of water, it was not rent away, whilst all those which had never been visited by floods before were torn up like weeds. Before I left this spot, I saw one of the under-gardeners wade into the water, as it had begun to ebb on the haugh, and, with his umbrella, drive ashore and capture a *fine salmon*, at an elevation of *fifty feet above the ordinary level of the Findhorn.*"

Among the incidents, where the inhabitants were rescued by the bravery of their neighbours from houses surrounded by the waters, and momentarily yielding to their force—we find the following:—

"After landing the Cumins, the next house of the hamlet the boat went to was that of Widow Speediman, an old bedrid woman, with whom resided her niece, Isabella Morrison, an elderly person. One of the walls of this house

was gone, and the roof was only kept up by resting on a wooden-boarded bed. Here those in the boat beheld a most harrowing spectacle. Up to the neck in water sat the niece, scarcely sensible, and supporting what was now the dead body of her aunt, with the livid and distorted countenance of the old woman raised up before her. The story will be best told in her own words, though at the risk of some prolixity. 'It was about eight o'clock, an' my aunty in her bed, fan I says till her, Aunty, the waters are cumin' about's; an' I had hardly spoken fan they wur at my back. 'Gang to my kist,' says she to me, 'and tak oot some things that are to be pit aboot me fan I'm dead.' I had hardly tukken oot the claes fan the kist was floated bodalie through the hoos. 'Gie me a haud o' your hand, Bell,' says my aunty, 'an' I'll try an' help ye into the bed.' 'Ye're nae fit to help me,' says I, 'I'll tak a haud o' the stoop o' the bed.' And sae I gat in. I think we war strugglin' i' the bed for aboot twa hours; and the water floatit up the cauf-bed, and she lyin' on't. Syne I tried to keep her up, an' I took a haud o' her shift to try to keep her life in. But the waters war ay growin. At last I got her up wi' ae haun to my breast, and hed a haud o' the post o' the bed wi' the ither. An' there wuz ae jaw o' the water that cam' up to my breast, an' anither jaw cam' and fuppit my aunty oot o' my arms. 'Oh! Bell, I'm gane!' says she; and the waters jist chokit her. It wuz a dreadfu' sight to see her! That wuz the fight and struggle she had for life! Willin' was she to save that! An' her haun, your honour! hoo she fought wi' that haun! It wad hae drawn tears o' pity frae a heathen. An' then I had a dreadfu' spekalation for my ain life, an' I canna tell the conseederable moments I was doon in the water, an' my aunty abeen me. The strength o' the waters at last brak the bed, an' I got to the tap o't; an' a dreadfu' jaw knockit my head to the bed-post; an' I wuz for some time oot o' my senses. It was surely the death-grip I had o' the post; an' surely it wuz the Lord that waukened me, for the dead sleep had cum'd on me, an' I wud hae faun, and been droont in the waters! After I cam' to mysel' a wee, I felt something at my fit, an' I says to mysel', this is my aunty's head that the waters hae torn aff! I felt wi' my haun, an' tuk haud o' wi' fear an' trumlin'; and thankfu' was I fan I found it to be naething but a droon't hen! Awel, I climbed up, an' got a haud o' the cupple, an' my fit on the tap o' the wa', an' susteened mysel' that way frae maybe aboot half-past ten that night till three next afternoon. I suppose it wuz twelve o'clock o' the day before I saw my aunty again, after we had gane doon thegither, an' the dreadfu' ocean aboot huz, just like a roarin' sea. She was left on a bank o' sand, leanin' on her side, and her mouth was fou o' san'. Fouk wondered I didna dee o' cauld an' hunger; but baith cauld an' hunger ware unkent by me, wi' the terrification I wuz in wi' the roarin' o' the waters aboot me, Lord save me! The corpse of the poor old woman Speediman was put into a cart, together with her niece, Bell, whose state of exhaustion was so great, that it was difficult to tell which was the living, and which the dead, body. . . .

"At a place called Fosse, immediately above the Hill of Birnie, there is an ancient course of the Lossie, by which it must have once run down through a totally different line of country from that which it now waters. Its modern level is considerably below the mouth of this. But, in the fourteenth century, Alex. Barr,

bishop of Moray, had a plan for restoring it to this channel, in order to relieve the valuable lands of the church from its troublesome inroads. Birnie was the first episcopal seat of the bishopric of Moray. The sanctity of the old church is still so great, that it is common to send from great distances to ask the prayers of its congregation for people in extremity. The popular saying is, 'If a man be ill, let him be prayed for in the kirk of Birnie, which will either end him or mend him.' There is a beautiful Saxon arch in the interior, and a very ancient stone font. But the most curious piece of antiquity is the Ronnell bell of Birnie, said to have been brought from Rome by the first bishop. It is about 18 inches high, by 6 inches one way, and 4 inches the other, at the mouth. Its shape angular, and joined at the sides with nails. It has a handle at the top, and no tongue remaining. Its metal seems to be bronze; but the popular tradition is, that there is a great deal of silver in it. I think I have seen bells resembling it, used in religious processions in Italy."

Speaking of the river Dulnan, we have a similar illustration (not of antiquities, but) of an old Cateeran affair.

"Near the hamlet of Carr, on the right bank, a slate-rock has been laid bare, which, if properly wrought, might turn out to some account. About 150 yards to the westward of the houses, there is a small patch of land surrounded by a few stunted birches, called Croft-na-croich, or the Gallows Croft, having the following story attached to it:—Near the end of the seventeenth century, there lived a certain notorious freebooter, a native of Lochaber, of the name of Cameron, but who was better known by his cognomen of Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt, Peter the Priest's son. Numerous were the creachs, or robberies of cattle on the great scale, driven by him from Strathspey. But he did not confine his depredations to that country; for, some time between the years 1690 and 1695, he made a clean sweep of the cattle from the rich pastures of the Aird, the territory of the Frasers. That he might put his pursuers on a wrong scent, he did not go directly towards Lochaber, but, crossing the river Ness at Lochend, he struck over the mountains of Strathnairn and Strathdearn, and ultimately encamped behind a hill above Duthel, called, from a copious spring on its summit, Cairn-an-Sh'uaran, or the Well Hill. But, notwithstanding all his precautions, the celebrated Simon, Lord Lovat, then chief of the Frasers, discovered his track, and despatched a special messenger to his father-in-law, Sir Ludovick Grant, of Grant, begging his aid in apprehending Mac-an-Ts'agairt and recovering the cattle. It so happened that there lived at this time on the laird of Grant's ground a man also called Cameron, surnamed Mugach-more, of great strength and undaunted courage: he had six sons, and a stepson, whom his wife, formerly a woman of light character, had before her marriage with Mugach; and as they were all brave, Sir Ludovick applied to them to undertake the recapture of the cattle. Sir Ludovick was not mistaken in his man. The Mugach no sooner received his orders than he armed himself and his little band and went in quest of the freebooter, whom he found in the act of cooking a dinner from part of the spoil. The Mugach called on Padrig and his men to surrender; and they, though numerous, dreading the well-known prowess of their adversary, fled to the opposite hills, their chief threatening bloody vengeance as he went. The Mugach drove the cattle to

a place of safety, and watched them there till their owners came to recover them. Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt did not utter his threats without the fullest intention of carrying them into effect. In the latter end of the following spring he visited Strathspey with a strong party, and waylaid the Mugach, as he and his sons were returning from working at a small patch of land he had on the brow of a hill, about half a mile above his house. Mac-an-Ts'agairt and his party concealed themselves in a thick covert of underwood, through which they knew that the Mugach and his sons must pass; but seeing their intended victims well armed, the cowardly assassins lay still in their hiding-place and allowed them to pass, with the intention of taking a more favourable opportunity for their purpose. That very night they surprised and murdered two of the sons, who, being married, lived in separate houses, at some distance from their father's; and having thus executed so much of their diabolical purpose, they surrounded the Mugach's cottage. No sooner was his dwelling attacked, than the brave Mugach, immediately guessing who the assailants were, made the best arrangements for defence that time and circumstances permitted. The door was the first point attempted; but it was strong, and he and his four sons placed themselves behind it, determined to do bloody execution the moment it should be forced. Whilst thus engaged, the Mugach was startled by a noise above the rafters, and, looking up, he perceived, in the obscurity, the figure of a man half through a hole in the wattled roof. Eager to despatch his foe as he entered, he sprang upon a table, plunged his sword into his body, and down fell—his stepson! whom he had ever loved and cherished as one of his own children. The youth had been cutting his way through the roof, with the intention of attacking Padrig from above, and so creating a diversion in favour of those who were defending the door. The brave young man lived no longer than to say, with a faint voice, 'Dear father, I fear you have killed me!' For a moment the Mugach stood petrified with horror and grief—but rage soon usurped the place of both. 'Let me open the door!' he cried, 'and revenge his death, by drenching my sword in the blood of the villain!' His sons clung around him to prevent what they conceived to be madness, and a strong struggle ensued between desperate bravery and filial duty; whilst the Mugach's wife stood gazing on the corpse of her first-born son in an agony of contending passions, being ignorant, from all she had witnessed, but that the young man's death had been wilfully wrought by her husband. 'Hast thou forgotten our former days of dalliance?' cried the wily Padrig, who saw the whole scene through a crevice in the door—'how often hast thou undone thy door to me when I came on an errand of love; and wilt thou not open it now to give me way to punish him who has but this moment so foully slain thy beloved son?' Ancient recollections and present affliction conspired to twist her to his purpose. The struggle and altercation between the Mugach and his sons still continued. A frenzy seized on the unhappy woman. She flew to the door—undid the bolt—and Padrig and his assassins rushed in. The infuriated Mugach no sooner beheld his enemy enter, than he sprang at him like a tiger, grasped him by the throat, and dashed him to the ground. Already was his vigorous sword-arm drawn back, and his broad claymores was about to find a passage to the traitor's heart, when his faithless wife, coming

behind him, threw over it a large canvass window sheet, and, before he could extricate the blade from the numerous folds, Padrig's weapon was reeking in the best heart's blood of the bravest highlander that Strathspey could boast of. His four sons, who had witnessed their mother's treachery, were paralysed. The unfortunate woman herself, too, stood stupefied and appalled: but she was quickly recalled to her senses by the active clash of the swords of Padrig and his men. 'Oh, my sons! my sons!' she cried—'spare my boys!' But the tempter needed her services no longer—she had done his work. She was spurned to the ground, and trampled under foot, by those who soon strewed the bloody floor around her with the lifeless corpses of her brave sons. Exulting in the full success of this expedition of vengeance, Mac-an-Ts'agairt beheaded the bodies, and piled the heads in a heap on an oblong hill, that runs parallel to the road, on the east side of Carr Bridge, from which it is called Tom-nan-Cean, the Hill of the Heads. Scarcely was he beyond the reach of danger, when his butchery was known at Castle Grant, and Sir Ludovick immediately offered a great reward for his apprehension; but Padrig, who had anticipated some such thing, fled to Ireland, where he remained for seven years. But the restlessness of the murderer is well known, and Padrig felt it in all its horrors. Leaving his Irish retreat, he returned to Lochaber. By a strange accident, a certain Mungo Grant of Muckrach having had his cattle and horses carried away by some thieves from that quarter, pursued them hot foot, recovered them, and was on his way returning with them, when, to his astonishment, he met Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt quite alone, in a narrow pass, on the borders of his native country. Mungo instantly seized and made a prisoner of him. But his progress with his beasts was tedious; and as he was entering Strathspey at Lag-na-caillich, about a mile to the westward of Aviemore, he espied twelve desperate men, who, taking advantage of his slow march, had crossed the hills to gain the pass before him, for the purpose of rescuing Padrig. But Mungo was not to be daunted. Seeing them occupying the road in his front, he grasped his prisoner with one hand, and brandishing his dirk with the other, he advanced in the midst of his people and animals, swearing potently, that the first motion at an attempt at rescue by any one of them, should be the signal for his dirk to drink the life's blood of Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt. They were so intimidated by his boldness, that they allowed him to pass without assault, and left their friend to his fate. Padrig was forthwith carried to Castle Grant. But the remembrance of the Mugach's murder had been by this time much obliterated by many events little less strange; and the laird, unwilling to be troubled with the matter, ordered Mungo and his prisoner away. Disappointed and mortified, Mungo and his party were returning with their felon-captive, discussing, as they went, what they had best do with him. 'A fine reward we have had for all our trouble!' said one. 'The laird may catch the next thief her's nanesel, for Donald!' said another. 'Let's turn him loose!' said a third. 'Ay, ay,' said a fourth, 'what for wud we be plaguing oursel's more wi' him!' 'Yes, yes! brave, generous men!' said Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt, roused by a sudden hope of life from the moody dream of the gallows-tree, in which he had been plunged, whilst he was courting his mournful muse to compose his own lament, that he might die with an effect striking

as all the events of his life had been; 'yes, brave men! free me from these bonds! it is unworthy of Strathspey-men,—it is unworthy of Grants to triumph over a fallen foe! Those whom I killed were no clansmen of thine, but recreant Camerons, who betrayed a Cameron! Let me go free, and that reward of which you have been disappointed shall be quadrupled for sparing my life!' Such words as these, operating on minds so much prepared to receive them favourably, had well nigh worked their purpose. But, 'No!' said Muckrach sternly, 'it shall never be said that a murderer escaped from my hands. Besides, it was just so that he fairly spake the Mugach's false wife. But did he spare her sons on that account? If ye let him go, my men, the fate of the Mugach may be ours; for what bravery can stand against treachery and assassination?' This opened an entirely new view of the question to Padrig's rude guards; and the result of the conference was, that they resolved to take him to Inverness, and to deliver him up to the sheriff. As they were pursuing their way up the south side of the river Dulnan, the hill of Tom-nan-cean appeared on that opposite to them. At sight of it, the whole circumstances of Padrig's atrocious deed came fresh into their minds. It seemed to cry on them for justice, and, with one impulse, they shouted out, 'Let him die on the spot where he did the bloody act!' Without a moment's farther delay, they resolved to execute their new resolution. But on their way across the plain, they happened to observe a large fir-tree, with a thick horizontal branch growing at right angles from the trunk, and of a sufficient height from the ground to suit their purpose; and doubting if they might find so convenient a gallows where they were going, they at once determined that here Padrig should finish his mortal career. The neighbouring birch thicket supplied them with materials for making a withe; and, whilst they were twisting it, Padrig burst forth in a flood of Gaelic verse, which his mind had been accumulating by the way. His song, and the twig rope that was to terminate his existence, were spun out and finished at the same moment, and he was instantly elevated to a height equally beyond his ambition and his hopes. No one would touch his body, so it hung swinging in the wind for some twelve months or more after his execution; and, much as he had been feared when alive, he was infinitely more a cause of terror now that he was a lifeless corpse. None dared to approach that part of the heath after it was dark; but in daylight people were bolder. The school-boys of Duthel, who, like the frogs in the fable, gradually began to have less and less apprehension for him, actually bragged one another on so far one day, that they ventured to pelt him with stones. A son of Delrachney, who happened to aim better than the rest, struck the birchen withe, by this time become rotten, severed it, and down came the wasted body with a terrible crash. As the cause of its descent was hardly perceptible to any of them, the terrified boys ran off, filled with the horrible belief that the much-dreaded Padrig was pursuing them. So impressed was poor young Delrachney with this idea, that, through terror and haste, he burst a blood-vessel, and died in two hours afterwards. Padrig's bones were buried about 100 yards to the north of the bridge of Carr; but, as if they were doomed never to have rest, the grave was cut through about 35 years ago, when the present Highland road was made; and they were reinterred immediately behind the inn garden. Should any idlers, who may

wander after dusk along the road leading by the base of the Tom-nan-cean, see strange sights cross his path, let him recall the story I have narrated, and it may furnish him with some explanation of what he beholds."

With this long extract we must for the present conclude; but we shall return to our author as soon again as possible.

ΘΟΥΚΤΑΙΔΗΣ. *The History of the Peloponnesian War, by Thucydides. The Text according to Bekker's Edition, with some alterations. Illustrated by Maps, taken entirely from actual Surveys. With Notes, chiefly historical and geographical, by T. Arnold, D.D., Head Master of Rugby School, &c. Vol. I. 8vo. Oxford, 1830. Parker.*

PERHAPS in no department of our literature has there been a more decided change for the better, within the last few years, than in the elementary class of school-books; and it is with great pleasure that we observe this change gradually extending itself to the higher classes and to the universities. We hail the appearance of this long-expected work, as the most decisive proof we have yet seen that this change will speedily become universal. The voice of reason has at length made itself heard, and henceforward the notes intended to assist the student in the study of the Classics will not be more difficult for him to construe or understand than the text of the author they are intended to illustrate. The appearance of a Greek classic with English notes, by a scholar of acknowledged eminence, who ranks indeed amongst the highest of his day, and this work printed in Oxford by the university printer, and published by the university bookseller, may well be said to form an era in the literature of our country. It is well known that the works published in this manner are considered to have received the indirect sanction of the authorities in the university, though not positively stamped with their fiat as published by the university, like those which were wont to be called the "Clarendon books." The Clarendon press no longer exists; but its legitimate successor, the university press, changed in name but not in nature, will, we trust, long continue its useful and honourable career. The distinction between a work printed at the university press or by the university printer, is too nice to be generally noticed or known out of Oxford; nor is it very important that it should be so, since Mr. Collingwood cannot print any thing without the permission of the vice-chancellor, and Mr. Parker is not very likely to publish any work of importance without previously consulting some of the leading delegates of the press. This indirect sanction is, therefore, sufficient for our purpose, and must be acknowledged as a chief point gained. Another circumstance which gives still greater force to the inference we have drawn, and importance to this publication, in our view, is the fact, which we "happen to know," that the greater part of the notes were first written in Latin and subsequently *rewritten* in English. As Dr. Arnold has long been celebrated amongst his friends for his remarkably elegant Latin, it must be acknowledged that this was a noble sacrifice of personal vanity to a strong feeling of duty, as rendering his work more conducive to public utility. He could well afford to make such a sacrifice, but perhaps few men could have done it. His reputation stands on too high ground to be shaken by any clamour that may be raised against him by that pedantry and bigotry which are generally only a cloak for ignorance. The immense fund of learning and research which he has brought

to bear on the illustration of his author, without attempting or thinking of any display of them, are a sufficient proof that his high character is not undeserved; and he, standing on the rock of common sense, may well despise any charge, if any is attempted, of being an innovator and a liberal.

It is difficult to give our readers any idea of a work of this nature: much that is invaluable in its proper place is necessarily unfit for extract; nor is the subject sufficiently interesting to the general body. The following extracts from the preface will suffice to shew the nature of the work, and give the author's reasons for adopting the change we have so heartily commended, and for which we think he is entitled to the thanks of the community.

"My own principal object has been to explain the historical and geographical difficulties of Thucydides, so as to enable a modern reader fully to understand his narrative, and to enter into the opinions and feelings of the times to which it refers. As a critical edition, the work now offered to the world has little pretension.

"It only remains that I should explain the reason of the Notes and Preface to this edition being written in English, when prescription has so long been in favour of the use of Latin. It seemed to me, that to continue at this time of day to write in Latin, were but to add one more to the numerous instances in which, by professing to tread closely in the steps of our ancestors, we in fact depart from them most widely, by persisting foolishly in what they began wisely. When the languages of modern Europe were no better than unformed dialects, and the inhabitants of neighbouring countries no more thought of learning them than we now think of acquiring the provincial patois of Lancashire or Somersetshire, it was very reasonable that literary men should neglect what were really so many local dialects, and should adopt in their writings what alone was their common language. Accordingly, not only editions of classical authors, but theology, history, law, philosophy, every thing, in short, except popular poetry, tales, and some few chronicles, were universally written in Latin. Now, however, when there is scarcely a language in Europe whose literature is so poor as that of Rome; when the knowledge of French, German, Italian, and English, forms so common a part of the acquirements of educated men in all these four countries; and when it would be ludicrous for a divine, a historian, or a philosopher, to publish his thoughts in any other than his native language, there can be no further reason why an Englishman, in editing a Greek writer, should have recourse to Latin; or why, in communicating between two nations, whose languages are both so rich and so flexible as those of Greece and England, we should call in the aid of an interpreter whose vocabulary is so meagre as that of the language of Rome. No cause but necessity would induce an active-minded man to submit to the constraint of writing in any other language than that in which he habitually speaks and thinks; and necessity can in this case no longer be pleaded, since the happy peace which we now enjoy has broken down the barriers between nation and nation; and has taught every civilised country of Europe to regard an ignorance of the language and literature of its neighbours as little less disgraceful than an ignorance of its own."

MR. GORDON'S MEMOIRS, &c.—concluded.
MR. GRAY, Mr. Perry's early co-editor in the *Chronicle*, was a school-fellow of Mr. Gordon's;

and the biographical sketches of him, of Perry, of Porson,* and of others, their contemporaries, are interesting.

Of Porson's marriage and sequent life the account is curious. "The circumstance of Mr. Porson's marriage with a sister of his friend Mr. Perry, a widow, is another proof of his eccentricity, as regards the mode of his deciding on this important step. The professor was not supposed to be likely to commit matrimony, and especially a marriage of inclination. One night, however, while he was smoking his pipe at the cider-cellar in Maiden Lane (his favourite haunt) with my brother, they had called for *second go*, when, addressing his companion, he said, 'Friend George, do you not think the widow L—— an agreeable sort of personage as times go?' throwing out a huge volume of smoke. An affirmative nod and a compliment to the lady was the reply. 'In that case you must meet me at St. Martin's in the Fields to-morrow morning at eight o'clock,' rejoined the other; and so saying, and finishing his *go*, he threw down his reckoning and retired. My brother, who knew his man well, though not a little astonished, determined to attend to the invitation; and at the hour fixed repaired to the church, where he found the professor and the fair widow attended by a female friend, with the parson and his clerk. The license being produced, the ceremony (a very short one) took place, when the parties separated, the bride and her friend retiring by one door, and Porson and his *man* by another. It appeared that the alliance which had just taken place, had been some time on the *tapis*, but the lady objected, without her brother's approbation; on this point, however, the *Greek* was immovable, and the widow, well knowing his temper, at length gave her consent to the clandestine step. My brother now urged him to declare his marriage to Mr. Perry, who he could not doubt would be speedily reconciled, though perhaps hurt, that he had not been consulted; but the professor would not listen to this advice, and they parted; my brother being determined that Mr. P. should not be kept in the dark, the more especially as he had been an accessory to the deed. In a few hours, however, the Benedick entered in his best paraphernalia, viz. his black satin nether garments and ruffled shirt, which he only wore on *solemn* occasions. 'Friend George,' said he, 'I shall for once take advice (which I seldom do, as you know), and hold out the olive-branch, provided you will accompany me to the 'Court of Lancaster': you are a good peace-maker.' They got into a hackney-coach, and found Mr. Perry at home. The bridegroom was presented, made a speech, and though his friend's *amour propre* was not a little *blessé*, a reconciliation soon took place, a few intimate friends were summoned 'on the spur of the occasion,' a handsome dinner was served, and an apartment was provided for the newly married couple. It caused no small speculation among the *Greeks* what could induce the professor to marry, and in so mysterious a manner. Poor Mrs. Porson did not live long to enjoy her new honours; within a year after the event her health began to decline, and before two had expired she was consigned to the grave. In her brother she had found a father for her children, whom he educated and provided for. She was a good-tempered and an amiable person, and the professor treated her with all the kindness of which he was capable. He continued to reside with Mr. Perry until her death, when he again re-

* It is mentioned that Mr. Scrope Davies, his intimate friend, is preparing a life of Porson for publication.

turned to his *kernel* in the Temple. His professorship did not produce him above 150*l.* a-year; he was too idle to continue the course of lectures which he had commenced on taking the chair, though with the most flattering prospects of advantage to the public and his own emolument; but he did not, it would appear, like a college life, and at the end of a couple of years he bade adieu to his *alma mater*, and returned to his customary habits, and the society of his friends in the metropolis. He had for many years been subject to severe attacks of spasmodic asthma, which frequently reduced him to the lowest state of debility. On these occasions he neither took medicines, nor consulted physicians, and he made no secret that he had a sovereign contempt for both. Starvation was his mode of treatment, but unfortunately, like all obstinate men, he carried his system too far. In a severe attack, which continued longer than usual, his bed-maker became alarmed, and offered him some light food, which his stomach rejected, debilitated by long fasting. It is supposed that he was himself alarmed at this symptom, for the same day he crawled towards the city; but whether his steps were directed was never known. Exhausted with this little exertion, he dropped on the pavement in Ludgate Hill, speechless, and with but small signs of life. He was carried to a neighbouring apothecary's shop, and a surgeon summoned to his assistance, who opened a vein, but scarcely any blood flowed. It was evident that the attack was apoplectic. Every usual remedy was resorted to, but with little good effect: he continued speechless. On examining his pockets, a note was found from his friend Doctor Raine, which identified the person of the invalid, and the abode of his friend, who, being apprised of his state, instantly flew to his assistance, and he was removed to his house; but the lamp of life was fast ebbing, for after continuing in a stupor for twenty-four hours, he expired, seemingly without pain or feeling. On a *post-mortem* examination, it was ascertained that his system of starvation had hastened his end; for having fasted so long, his stomach had entirely lost its tone, and could no longer perform its functions. It is melancholy to reflect that a man endowed with such extraordinary powers of mind, should have sacrificed his life to an obstinate whim, founded on no principle of common sense or sound reasoning."

To these characters succeed Pope the performer, Raymond, Romeo Coates, &c. &c.; but we have no room for their exhibition, and shall merely add a few anecdotes to this, of necessity, desultory notice.

When Mr. Addington was speaker, "Mr. Mackintosh, the provost of Inverness, came to London for the first time. One of his friends, on finding that he expressed a desire to hear a debate, advised him to write a note to the speaker, begging he might be admitted to sit under the gallery, 'which,' said the wag, 'you are entitled to do *ex officio*.' The note was written, and handed to the chair. The result was, that the worthy citizen, notwithstanding his high office, after being severely reprimanded for his impertinence, was ordered into the custody of the sergeant-at-arms. But an explanation took place; the provost protesting he had committed the offence from ignorance and bad advice, was discharged."

At Edinburgh, during the residence of the present King of France in Holyrood-house, "our government having granted a certain allowance to Monsieur, and the commander of the forces being desirous of doing him all possible honours, a weekly *levée* was got up, under

the auspices of Lord Adam Gordon, who, in defiance of his slender acquaintance with French, generally acted as master of the ceremonies. The mistakes which occurred at this modern court of Holyrood were sometimes not a little ludicrous. One gentleman, on presenting an officer of a Highland regiment (now a lord) in his full costume, said, 'Voilà, mon prince, Monsieur G., capitaine d'un régiment des Ecossais sauvages!' The *voilà* and the *sauvages* made his royal highness titter; and turning to General Drummond, he asked for an explanation, who replied, 'that *montagnard* and *sauvage* were synonymous.' On another occasion, Lord — was desirous of telling the duke that the adjutant-general kept a good table, and said, 'Monsieur le Général tient une bonne boutique!' which caused no small amusement.

"I had never seen Lord Kaimes, who was the great literary lion of his day. In manners he was quite a contrast to his brother of the bench, being plain, and blunt in speech, with a strong Scottish accent; while Monboddo was quite a courtier of the *ancien régime*, well-bred, and ceremonious. Of his bluntness in manner I have heard an anecdote, which it may not be amiss to introduce here. Every one knows that in the celebrated work on *man*, the author asserts that men originally had tails, but had worn them off by sitting on chairs! On one occasion, in Edinburgh, when Kaimes and Monboddo met to dine with a friend, a girl of six or seven years old, who was in the drawing-room, archly and slyly attached a fox's brush to Monboddo's skirt; and the ceremony of who should first proceed to the dining-room as usual produced some demur (Monboddo insisting that he could not possibly precede a senior lord), till Kaimes, spying the tricks which had been played on his friend, exclaimed, 'Gang in, man, and shaw's your tail!' pushing him forward. Of course the laugh was irresistible, but Monboddo could not enjoy it, as, through fear of giving him offence, he was not informed of the joke.

"When his majesty, the ex-King of Sweden, visited Basle in Switzerland some years ago, he dined at *tables d'hôte* and at *restaurateurs*, as his finances would permit; at last they were so low, that he could not afford to replace a pair of boots which were worn out, and he sent them to the cobbler to be soled. The son of Crispin thought that a king, though he might be poor, could always afford to pay better for mending boots than a commoner, and charged his majesty three times more than the job was worth. But Gustavus was not to be imposed on, and refused to pay so unreasonable a demand. The cobbler sued him, and was beat; he applied to a higher tribunal, who condemned him to an *amende* of a day's wages, and reduced the charge to the ordinary sum of soling a pair of boots. The king was highly gratified with the justice of this decision, and wrote to the judges expressing his satisfaction; at the same time he sent them the boots, entreating them to hang them over the tribunal, as a testimony of the justice of the laws of Switzerland. This anecdote I had from the Swedish minister."

Wine.—"Some of the Portugal wines of the vintage 1775, were not ripe until twenty years, when they became very fine. Mr. Mumm, a celebrated wine-merchant at Frankfort, told the writer that in general the wines of the Rhine were in their perfection within twenty years, and that they afterwards degenerated; at the same time confessing that it was not his interest to give such an opinion, as Englishmen preferred hock, rather on account

of its age than its quality. The vintage of 1811 was, at seven years old, preferable to any batch he had in his cellar, and bore a higher price in the market; its *bouquet* being particularly delicious. At Frankfort a wine-merchant demanded for hock of 1727 fifty-five guineas a dozen, and had found more than one amateur at the extravagant price.

"About fifteen years ago a dilapidated house, which had been upset by the earthquake of 1755, at Lisbon, being about to be rebuilt, a considerable number of bottles were discovered in the cellar; they were incrustated with small shells, the sea having had access to the cave. They were found to contain both white and red wine; though the corks had decayed, the incrustation had supplied their place, and the wine was perfectly entire, especially the calcavellos."

And here our medley ends. With somewhat of the garrulity of age, there is much to entertain, in the pages of Mr. Gordon; and they will be fastidious, who cannot forgive their imperfections, in compliment to their merits. The detestable phrase *talented* is of everlasting occurrence, and, together with the abuse of needless initial letters where names might just as well have been given, tends to disgrace the work; but, on the whole, we are thankful to it for a few hours' very tolerable amusement.

Pompeiana; or, Observations of the Topography, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeii. By Sir William Gell, F.R.S. F.S.A. &c. New Series, Part II. London, 1830. Jennings and Chaplin.

FROM the second Number of Sir Wm. Gell's tasteful and curious publication we extract the following account of the "Chalcidicum," the excavation of which, he observed in his first Number, took place soon after the publication of his former work, and laid open the only example of that species of edifice which has existed in modern times.

"Nearly opposite to the twelve gods is a fountain with steps, which, by two flights, lead to the interior of the Chalcidicum. The wall of the staircase is painted in black panels, separated by red pilasters, which have produced a good effect. Over this entrance was a lintel, or architrave, of marble, with the inscription—
EVMACHIA. L. F. SACRED. PVBL. NOMINE. SVO
ET. M. NVMISTRU. FRONTOVIS. FILL. CHALCIDIVM. CRYPTAM. PORTICVS. CONCORDIAE
AVGVSTAE. PIETATI. SVA. PEQVNTIA. FECIT
EADEMQVE. DEDICAVIT.

This inscription, or a great part of it, seems to have been repeated on certain large blocks of marble, which have formed part of the architectural decoration of the forum. It has been thought, in the present instance, to justify the application of the term Chalcidicum to the edifice in question, particularly as the crypto-porticus, or perhaps the crypt and the portico, remain to verify the supposition; and it seems, moreover, one of the most difficult problems of antiquity to discover what was the meaning of the word. Signor Becchi, a Florentine architect in the Neapolitan service, has published a dissertation on the subject, and seems to have been of opinion that the area, surrounded by its open and closed porticos, was quite distinct from the Chalcidicum, which he would place in front, so as to form a sort of deep porch toward the forum. By consulting the plan it may be observed that this porch, formed by sixteen pilasters, and paved with white marble, is of more consequence than the general line of portico surrounding the forum, being about 126 feet by 39; and the fragments of the repeated inscription before mentioned lying near, but by

no means opposite to the spot, seem, in some degree, to confirm the hypothesis of Signor Becchi, which, in the absence of a better, has met with general support. The remains of a marble pavement, and the evident traces of iron or brass gates which closed the south end of this portico, shew that it was appropriated to some particular purpose. Moreover, at the south angle of the supposed colonnade is a new pillar of marble, placed quite close to one of the old stone columns of the forum. It is so close to the old column that it could not be finished on that side, proving that the old pillar was intended to have been taken away, and that a new colonnade was beginning to be erected. The plan is sufficiently clear to enable the reader to form his own judgment. Nothing, however, seems more difficult than to draw any precise conclusion from the hints which the ancients have left us of the use of a Chalcidicum. Vitruvius says, that, if possible, the Chalcidica should be placed at the extremities of the basilica. This would seem to imply a portico. He also says that the Chalcidica should have two ranges of columns, the upper being one-fourth less than the lower. The pillars of the upper portico, in which it seems merchants transacted business, stood upon a sort of pluteus instead of a balustrade, so that those who were in the upper gallery were not easily seen by those below. This would make the Chalcidicum a sort of exchange. Ausonius, cited in Wilkins's Vitruvius, makes the Chalcidica the same as *TIEPNTIA*, or upper rooms, used as magazines. Moreover, there seems to have been a sort of earth or plaster called Chalcidica, used for the preservation of corn; and, to add to the difficulty of forming a just idea on the subject, we find the word sometimes explained as a caudicum, or court of justice, a mint, baths, cœnaculum, and a portico invented at Chalcis in Eubœa. It is possible the edifice at Pompeii may have served as a place of resort for merchants, and might have had a court of justice in the semicircle or tribunal which fronts the great entrance from the forum, where Signor Becchi supposes the statue of the *Pieta Concordia* to have been erected in a niche. This statue was found near the spot. The head was wanting, and the robe was bordered with a gilded or red stripe, not unlike the *laticlave*. It might have been the figure of a Roman empress. There seems no objection to the supposition that the crypto-porticus might have served for a cœnaculum, having been connected with the open portico by a door on each side and eleven windows, which could be opened or closed according to the season, as their marble lintels sufficiently demonstrate. There exist also certain pedestals of white marble on the spot, which seem to have served as supports to slabs or tables of the same material. The staircase on the right of the grand entrance makes it probable that there was either an upper colonnade or a terrace for walking round the hypæthrum, and a second seems to have ascended from the porch or Chalcidicum to the roof of the crypto-porticus. The folding-doors at the great entrance turned upon sockets or umbilici of brass, and were secured by two bolts, which were shot into holes yet visible in the centre of the marble threshold, twelve feet six inches wide. The court seems to have been paved with white marble, of which material were also the steps and the forty-eight Corinthian columns of the peristyle, which is 157 feet in length and 13 feet 6 inches in breadth; and here also were found certain cisterns, evidently used for washing, which serve again to confuse any precon-

ceived ideas of the uses of the building, particularly when combined with the dedication of the statue of Eumachia by the Fullones, who must have been either the washers or dyers of Pompeii. The hypæthrum, or court, was about 120 feet long, by less than half that breadth. The columns were ranged on each side to the number of eighteen. The two ends had only eight each. There was evidently a projection from the portico in front of the tribune. The whole edifice, with the porch in the forum, would be included in a quadrangle of about 126 feet 8 inches in breadth, and double that length; scarcely any thing being rectangular at Pompeii, a defect generally prevailing throughout Italy at the present day. The porticos are about fifteen feet seven inches wide, but almost all the columns had been excavated and removed by the ancients. Every part seems to have been well finished, and covered with thin plates of marble where such a decoration was requisite; but the earth appears to have been displaced and the edifice ransacked for the purpose of carrying off these marbles in ancient times. It must have been repairing at the time of the eruption, as a piece of marble was found on the spot with a line drawn in charcoal to guide the chisel of the stone-cutter. The walls of the crypt are painted in large panels, alternately red and yellow, having in the centre of each some little figure or landscape. One, which is now, or once existed, in the northern division, has been selected as presenting a pretty and picturesque group of buildings, and serving to give an idea of the beautiful effects which must have been frequently produced by the various combinations of shrines, columns, and ornamental pediments, in the cities of Greece and Italy. Below these panels are smaller divisions, in which, on a black ground, are painted flowers, not unlike the lily in form, but generally of a red colour. It is not impossible that some sorts of flowers, and particularly bulbous roots, may have been lost in Italy, as we rarely find that invention has been substituted for reality in a department of nature which affords such vast and pleasing variety. Some are of opinion that the red flowers in question resemble the Guernsey lily. They might be said to be more like the iris in form. There is no crypt on the side near the forum, and that on the opposite end is somewhat narrower than those of the flanks. In the centre of this innermost crypt, which is there fifteen feet eight inches wide, exactly behind the semicircular tribunal, and close to the staircase before mentioned as ascending from the Via dei Mercanti, is a recess painted in green and red panels, in the centre of which is the statue of Eumachia, the public priestess, and the foundress of the Chalcidicum, the crypt, and the portico, not ungracefully executed in white marble. She is represented about five feet four inches in height, and stands on a pedestal about three feet from the pavement, on which is inscribed—

EVMACHIAE. L. F.
SACERD. PUBL.
FVLLONES.

Plate IX. gives a representation of the recess and the statue as they were first discovered in the year 1820. The figure has been carefully preserved by a modern roof, and still remains in a case on the spot. The door which is seen painted on the wall in this plate seems to have been intended to correspond with the door of the staircase opening to the Via dei Mercanti. It is worthy of remark, because no real doors remain. It is six feet wide, and ten and a half high, and is separated into three folds, with

eight lines of division painted between each. A ring in the centre served to close it. Doors seem to have been called bivalves when only formed of two folds, but became valvatæ, volubiles, and versatiles, when the number of folds increased greatly, which must have been the case when the wide openings of the tablinum were to be closed. The learned Cavaliere Carrelli, in the account of the Temple of Isis, purposes giving an account of these varieties. Little more can be added to this very imperfect account of an edifice of a description so equivocal. It is much to be doubted whether the seventeen pilasters, each about three feet square, have any relation to the portico commonly called the Chalcidicum; and, were it not for the fine marble pavement, their defective construction would rather lead us to suppose them the only remains of a range of low arches on piers which might have surrounded the forum of Pompeii previously to the first earthquake, and which had been generally replaced by handsome Doric colonnades before the final destruction of the city. The absence of the eighteenth pier, and the substitution of a column, one side of which is left rough, at the junction of the street with the forum, and which was absolutely necessary to the supposed Chalcidicum, render it highly probable that the piers rather belonged to an old building on the point of being removed, than to a newly-constructed edifice. On the external wall of the crypt, in the Via dei Mercanti, is a notice of a show of gladiators, such as seems to have been usually affixed to the walls of public buildings on these occasions.

A. SVETTHI. CERII
ÆDILIS. FAMILIA. GLADIATORIA. PVGNABIT
POMPEIS. PR. K. JVNIAS. VENATIO. ET. VELA
ERVNT.

Which may bear this interpretation: 'The troop of gladiators of Aulus Suetius Cerius, the ædile, will fight in Pompeii on the last day of May. There will be a venatio, or chase of wild beasts; and shades to keep off the heat of the sun will be extended over the spectators.' It seems that those who had been ædiles frequently gave such games for the amusement of the populace. On the external wall of the crypt is also the inscription—

SABINVM. ET. RVFVM. Æ. D. R. P.
VALENTINVS
CVM. DISCENTES
SVOS. ROG.

It may seem extraordinary that these ædiles, so worthy of the republic, should protect a person like this Valentinus, who wrote *discentes*, instead of *discentibus*, at his own door. Perhaps the following inscription on the same wall, or in the neighbourhood, may be interesting, as tending to prove the opulence of the city:

C. CVSPIVM. PANSAM. ÆD.
AVRIFICES. VNIVERSI
ROG.

'All the goldsmiths invoke Cains Cuspis, the ædile.' On the wall of the crypt of Eumachia are written at length the words SIGLA. FAC FACIT, which have been useful in determining the disputed meaning of the three initials. The temple adjoining the Chalcidicum on the north, with the basso-relievo representing a sacrifice in the centre of the area, in which some have imagined the features of Cicero were distinguishable, has, since the publication of the former *Pompeiana*, been supposed to have been rather dedicated to Quirinus than Mercury, who seems to have had very little claim to it. The following inscription is copied from the work of the learned and indefatigable Cavaliere Arditi, the truly respectable patriarch of Neapolitan antiquaries, who has restored it. He says it was found on a pedestal near the

entrance of this temple, and adduces it, very rationally, in support of the more recent appellation:—'Romulus Martis filius urbem Romam condidit et regnavit annos 'plus minus' quadraginta, isque Acronne duce hostium et rege Cœniniensium interfecto spolia optima Joci Feretrio consecravit, receptusque in deorum numerum Quirini nomis appellatus est à Romanis.'"

Sharpe's Library of the Belles Lettres. Vols. I. and II. Addison's Essays. London, 1830. J. Sharpe.

MR. SHARPE justly claims the merit of having been before all our new "library" periodicals in producing beautiful and accurate series of works of merit; and he now returns to the field, an experienced veteran crowned with general applause. We hail him to the liberal competition; and trust that his *Belles Lettres* will meet with success. These volumes are got up with his usual skill and extreme neatness—the embellishments well chosen, and the printing handsome. The object, to give a selection of the lighter graces of British literature, could not be better begun than by the best of Addison's Essays from the Spectator.

History in all Ages. 12mo. pp. 520, and Index. London. J. O. Robinson.

ALL works of this kind are useful and valuable, if they are edited on sound principles and a good plan for reference. And such is the pre-

* In a letter from an intelligent correspondent, he justly remarks, on the subject of Pompeii and Herculæum—'To those who have visited the very interesting scenes which these cities exhibit (among whom it is my happiness to be classed), it is a source of surprise to find them in almost every English periodical always, or most frequently, named together, as if excavations were now continued equally at both; and discoveries so mentioned, as if they might be referred to either of the two cities. Let me assure you, in the first place, that many of the discoveries announced within the year 1828, were completed and exposed to view (only at Pompeii) before I left Naples, in April 1825:—I am not without suspicion that I myself saw the opening of one of the paintings just exhibited at Pompeii to the king of Bavaria. The house of Arrius Diomedes was, I believe, the very first which was wholly explored; but the exact date I cannot refer to at this moment. As to Herculæum, the investigations there have been long discontinued, on account of the expense and the danger to the towns of Resina and Portici, which are built over it; at least no excavations were going on in 1824 and 1825. The theatre of Herculæum is the only part now shewn: it is completely underground, and therefore very imperfectly seen by the general body of travellers, who are not aware of the quantity of lights required to give them a clear idea of it, until they find themselves groping about almost in the dark—so pernicious is the supply of light which the exhibitor furnishes. Among other inaccuracies arising from the confusion made between Pompeii and Herculæum, the most important, perhaps, relates to the papyri, or manuscripts. I may have misunderstood my informant, but the impression on my memory is, that none of the few found at Pompeii have been preserved, having mouldered into dust (as did many at Herculæum) as soon as they were exposed to the air. Indeed, the difference between the substances that covered the two cities renders this probable: I conceive that those only of the Herculæum papyri are preserved which were charred. Whenever you have space and can obtain from one of your numerous friends a plan of the excavations at Pompeii, it would prove extremely interesting, if the date to which it was corrected were stated. I have not seen any book of reference, any gazetteer, or topographical account, which has procured correct information relative to Pompeii later than 1819; and in those it is very imperfect: the opening of almost the whole circuit of the city walls is not mentioned—a very interesting operation, as it shews how much of the entombed city remains unexplored; though it is probable that the whole space within the walls was not so closely filled with houses and shops as the portion already excavated. It is to be wished that the entrance to Pompeii should be arranged so as to produce the full effect which the circumstances of the place are so well calculated to excite. The visitor ought to be so conducted to it that he should look down into it on the first view;—which, indeed, the mind is prepared for on approaching a buried city: this might be done without any other difficulty than making an approach on the north-west side, instead of driving into "the Street of the Tombs," which has been cleared so far to the right and left that the effect of the exhumation of the city is almost lost.'

sent volume, which is printed for the proprietors of publications on Christian principles, judiciously arranged, and comprehending so ample a store of information, that it may truly be said to furnish a satisfactory outline of "history in all ages." The notices are necessarily brief (the history of Prussia, Turkey, Denmark, for example, being respectively given in five pages); but, upon the whole, we very heartily recommend the performance as a source of great general intelligence, and one to which young people may apply with much benefit.

The Polar Star of Entertaining and Popular Science. 2 vols. (III. and IV.) 8vo. London, 1830. H. Flower.

THIS is the two quarterly collections to Lady-day and Midsummer of one of our agreeable contemporaries, whose diligence enables him to form a miscellany from the multitude of the productions of the day, which partakes of the utility and entertainment of them all. There is also original matter of considerable merit, and, for a medley of every sort of literature, we may very fairly point out the *Polar Star* as an ample and various home.

Insect Architecture.

THE volume of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge* addressed to this curious and interesting subject is now before us; but as we noticed the parts as they appeared, (see *L. G.*, No. 697, &c.), we need only now express our admiration of the vast variety of anecdote and information on the subject which it contains, and of the number and accuracy of the illustrations. It does great credit to Mr. Knight's abilities, and to his general design; and is a most delightful book for readers of every description, particularly in the country, where opportunities are afforded of tracing the minute and remarkable creatures with which nature so profusely replenishes her universal domain.

The North of England Medical and Surgical Journal. No. I. August 1830. London, Whittaker and Co.

THE great ability displayed in several of the papers in this first No. induces us to notice with more than common approbation the first appearance of a new contemporary whose labours are devoted to so important a branch of science. It is in the magazine form, and promises to reflect great credit upon the medical and surgical school and practice in the northern parts of the kingdom.

Journal of a Tour made by Señor Juan de Vega, the Spanish Minstrel of 1828-9, through Great Britain and Ireland. 2 vols. 8vo. Simpkin and Marshall.

WE took up these volumes with strong hopes of amusement, from original and lively descriptions of manners; but we have been grievously disappointed. The book purports to be the journal of an English gentleman, who traversed the country in disguise of a Spanish player on the guitar, mixing with the populace of every description, and enjoying continual opportunities of studying them in their native colours. We have often entertained the idea, that an adventure of this sort might lead to the production of as entertaining a book as could possibly be written; and in competent hands it would do so. But our pseudo Don is not the man for the task; and instead of animated and curious illustrations of the mode of life among the inferior orders in towns and in the country, he has given us a

prolix narrative of uninteresting details, mixed up with a good deal of personal vanity, and disfigured by some stories of amours, and affairs approaching to amours, which are hardly to be tolerated in good society. On the latter account, particularly, we avoid giving any extracts from a publication which might have been what it is not.

Principles of Geology; being an Attempt to explain the former Changes on the Earth's Surface, &c. By Charles Lyell, Esq., F.R.S., &c. 2 vols. 8vo.: Vol. I. pp. 511.

ONE of the most important, or we may more correctly say, a moiety of one of the most important works upon geology which has ever been published. It will require much of our best, and shall have our earliest, attention.

Aneddoti piaceroli e interessanti occorsi nella Vita di Giacomo Gotifredo Ferrari. Scritti da lui Medesimo. Londra, 1830. A. Seguin.

To such of our readers as are interested in Italian literature, we can safely recommend these amusing little volumes. They will be found to contain a variety of anecdotes of remarkable personages, given with considerable naïveté; and are equally adapted for the perusal of both sexes—a consideration not always found in foreign productions. One anecdote, as illustrative of the general character of the work, and as interesting to the English in particular, we venture to cite. We need scarcely inform the travelled reader, that the Cavaliere Acton alluded to, was for several years prime minister to the King, or rather to the Queen, of Naples; which station, if history may be accredited, was the higher office of the two. Referring to the preponderant power of this personage, we find the following pasquinade of a court wag:

"Hic Regina,
Hic Acton,
Hic hæc hoc Acton."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

OPENING OF A MUMMY.

A MUMMY, which was brought from Egypt by Baron Denon, was lately opened at the rooms of the Literary and Philosophical Society at Newcastle. The bandaging was remarkably clumsy, and seemed like loose pieces carelessly wrapped with narrower ones, resembling tapes. When this was removed, there was a common spiral bandage, from the feet upwards to the head, which appeared very neat. The operators next came to a crucial bandage, not very well put on, and then to another bandage, crossing in one direction. Several pieces of cloth were now discovered, which seemed to have been laid over the body after a certain degree of wrapping had taken place, to keep all as straight as possible. After removing some other bandages, a fifth crucial bandage was met with, which made two crosses about the neck and shoulders, finishing at the toes. A singular bandage then appeared from the neck over the face, across the occiput; compresses of many folds were found across the face, and large compresses from the shoulders to the feet. A spiral bandage from the feet upwards being removed, the moisture from the contents of the wrapping was very perceptible. Several pieces of bark were then discovered, and a strong bituminous odour prevailed. The bandaging altogether weighed more than 30lbs. In the course of the operation, a sheet of bituminous cloth, of more than usually large size, was discovered; the moisture between which and

the body was considerable. The vacant spaces between the legs and the arms, and the body, were filled with compresses, so as to preserve the regularity of the form. The *humerus* seemed to have been forced aside, and the cavity of the shoulder filled with bitumen, which bore evident marks of having been poured in while in a heated state. The head was enveloped in a very thick compress. The moisture had penetrated so strongly, that it was now difficult to remove the bandaging without destroying the texture and the order. The perfection of this mummy was remarkable. Perhaps, considering the supposed age, (between two and three thousand years,) there was hardly ever a mummy opened in such preservation. There was considerable pliancy of the joints. The arms admitted of a good deal of motion. They were in spiral bandages, but one up and down, the other beginning at the top. No papyrus was discovered in any part whatever. Within the bandaging, near the flesh, there was much bitumen, which had been run in when hot. The cuticle remained at the roots of the nails. In one instance, so careful had the embalmers been of this, that to preserve the nail, a piece of thread had been tied about the root where the cuticle was coming off. The abdomen was remarkably soft, and by no means of the hard, dry nature that might have been imagined. It was with difficulty the face could be cleared, but when it was, it was found very perfect. The teeth were good, the nose rather flat, but straight; the balls of the eyes had been taken out, and the sockets filled with linen or cotton. The hair was perfect; it seemed of a light texture, and not woolly. There was no section of the abdomen. The arms appeared much straighter down than in most of the mummies that have been opened. The fingers and toes might almost be taken for the remains of a person who had been only a few years embalmed.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

PRESENT STATE OF LITERATURE, &c.

IN our last No. we took occasion, upon the simple *primâ facie* statements which had obtained circulation through the newspapers, to express our utter disbelief of an idle story charging Mr. Campbell with having pirated a ballad; and of a somewhat more extended allegation, that the volumes in Dr. Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, represented to be the productions of Sir James Mackintosh and Sir Walter Scott, were not, in fact, written by these gentlemen. General character would be, indeed, worth little if it could not protect men from such accusations; but the love of slander is so prevalent, that the most improbable inventions are likely to obtain some credit; and we were not sorry to see a distinct and decisive refutation of the last-mentioned of these fables, which appeared in the *Times* of Saturday, simultaneously with our conjectural denial of its truth.

The documents published on this occasion are so characteristic in themselves, and offer so much food for remark, that we make no apology for transferring them to our columns, together with a few of the observations which they suggest to our minds, and bearing upon the state of the press whether in general or periodical literature.

In the first place, we think we may fairly presume to warn readers against every work which attempts to acquire notoriety by abusing others. As no one can throw dirt without being dirty, it may be received as a certain truth that no book or journal which is guilty of im-

putting base motives to its contemporaries is worthy of honour for its own. The low in mind and in reputation are always the most suspicious and vituperative; and as they cannot rise to any elevation, they address themselves to the more congenial task of bringing others down to their own level. They insinuate charges of imposition or corruption, which would never enter into the conception, and far less within the commission, of a gentleman—and where is the gentleman to be found, unless the character exist among the well-educated and the enlightened, and especially among those of the class who venture into the open public, surrounded by every tie and connexion which could regulate even wavering principles, as authors and guides in literature? What is thought of the tradesman who endeavours to sell his own goods by causing it to be suspected that the goods of others in the same line are of an inferior quality, or obtained by discreditable means?—That he is a rascal, and, in all probability, the very cheat he represents his neighbour to be. And how much more despicable is such conduct in the literary man? Let all detractors lay this question to themselves; and let the public perceive, that it is much easier for pretenders to acquire a trumpety notice by falsehood and abuse than by laudable exertion and desert. We see these things every day, and, knowing what we know, look with ineffable contempt on the whole tribe of disappointed, envious, and struggling creatures, who try to attract by disparaging what they cannot emulate. It is thus that such trumpety accusations as Dr. Lardner has thought it right to refute originate; and perhaps, considering the facility with which the most obvious and ridiculous falsehoods are believed by some of the ignorant and thoughtless, it was as well not to trust entirely for the negation of the calumny to that which was quite sufficient with every person of honour and common sense—the bare names of the parties implicated. But, as a general rule, it is preferable to treat these slanders with silent disregard; for if you once begin to disprove, there is no saying to what length you may be carried, and it becomes a question that all beyond where you stop may acquire force from being uncontradicted. Upon the whole, we consider it wiser, as well as more expedient, to rest on character, and suffer detractors, like scorpions, to die of their own venom.

The following letters are, as we have said, well worth preserving as literary curiosities. How much of the writers appear even in these short notes! Scott, cold, firm, and peremptory in his flat denial; with the Scottish caution, mingling his "dear sirs" and "most obedient servants." Mackintosh, argumentative and sensible in his first paragraph—direct and conclusive in his last. Southey, betraying the *genus irritabile*, and, in a dread passion, wishing to take the law of the felons: it is droll that he appears to be more angry than his precursors, exactly in proportion to his not being accused as they were by name. Moore in a bustle, but with time enough to point a capital epigram—"such impostors are (indeed) worth knowing." The word "more" in the last line but two was omitted in the *Times* publication of this letter: it has since been added *per erratum*:—did Moore, in the first instance forget himself, or "more"? Campbell seems to be brought in for the make-weight of a name—he knows nothing either of the charge or the defence, and has merely to say, as far as he is concerned, that he has promised to do something for the *Cyclopædia* (or, as he will have it,

the *En-cyclopædia*), and (which is not strange) means to keep his word. The addresses and subscriptions to the last four letters are as peculiar as those we have noticed of the first. Dear sir, most faithfully yours—sir, yours faithfully—dear Doctor Lardner, yours very truly—and my dear Lardner, yours truly,—are all various and observable. Dr. Lardner's own letter is, in our opinion, too long: with such a case, the less that was put upon reasoning and inference the better. The able editor hypothetically supposing a possibility of the prostitution he describes in the third paragraph, merely for the sake of a vaunt, is in bad taste: and why the publishers should care one jot about an anonymous and rascally scandal, as mentioned in the next paragraph, is to us unaccountable. But we seldom know exactly where to pause in our own disputes; and the slight matters we have noticed are rather critical trifles than things of the least consequence to the case.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *TIMES*.

Regent Street, 16th July, 1830.

SIR,—It is with the greatest reluctance that I am compelled to claim the public attention by the paragraphs respecting me which have lately appeared in the *Times*. What you consider a "hint of a charge against my *Cyclopædia*," was, according to my view, infinitely more injurious to the work and to myself (though not so intended by you) than any explicit imputation could have been. The charge was declared to be of such a nature that you could not give credit to it without the strongest evidence. Surely, any reader must have inferred from this, that some accusation of a disgraceful kind had been made; and no other course could have been pursued by me except that which I adopted; viz. that I request that the charge might be disclosed. I found that I was accused of having conspired with some of the most illustrious literary men of the age, to practise upon the world an unparalleled act of fraud, by publishing a series of works as theirs, such works not being written by them, and that these distinguished persons had merely hired out their names for this unjustifiable purpose. I confess that I did think that no individual could for one moment entertain a supposition of such measureless absurdity, and therefore conceived that an answer was unnecessary. The accusation, however, being reiterated, and an answer clamoured for, I am obliged—I trust, for the first time—to occupy, in your paper, a space which might be employed much more profitably than in such discussions.

I have communicated the particulars of the charge to the first five persons who appear on the published list of contributors; viz. Sir Walter Scott, Sir James Mackintosh, Robert Southey, Esq., Thomas Moore, Esq., and Thomas Campbell, Esq.; among whom are included the two persons more specially charged by your correspondent. I subjoin their answers; and should your readers require any more such disavows, they can be easily procured.

If men of high literary or scientific attainments can be found who would prostitute their names in the manner which your correspondent describes, I, with all humility, claim for myself sufficient honesty to save me from being a party to such a transaction. I fling back the charge with the indignation which it must excite in every right-minded man, and with the contempt which a reptile—spitting its venom from the shelter of an anonymous signature—merits.

The publishers desire me to say, that they feel gratified and flattered that the number, rank, and talent of the men by whose aid their undertaking is supported, are such as to have excited either the incredulity or the envy in which this strange accusation has originated.

I take this opportunity of stating, that the objection lately urged by you, on account of the narrow limits imposed upon the distinguished persons who have undertaken to write the volumes of the *Cyclopædia*, had been foreseen, and the ground of it removed. The *History of England* will extend to eight volumes; and Mr. Moore, Mr. Southey, and the other contributors, have as much space as they think desirable for their respective subjects. I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

DION LARDNER.

SIR WALTER SCOTT TO DR. LARDNER.

Abbotsford, Melrose, 12th July, 1830.

Dear sir,—I am favoured with your letter of 10th July, and the copy of the *Times* Newspaper, expressing, so far as I am concerned, the false and calumnious allegation that I am not the author of the work going under the name of the *History of Scotland*, published as mine in your *Cyclopædia*. Nothing can be more false than such an assertion, as I either wrote with my own hand or dictated every line in that *History*. I am, with regard, dear sir, your most obedient servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH TO DR. LARDNER.

Battersea Rise, July 15th, 1830.

Dear sir,—When I first read the assertion in the *Times*, that the persons named as authors of the historical por-

tions of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia* were not the real writers, communicated, as it is said to be, by an unnamed correspondent, and professedly disbelieved by the editors who publish it, I thought it needless to contradict a statement so improbable and unsupported. As, however, the proprietors of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia* think a contradiction necessary, I have no hesitation in declaring that every word in the part of that publication which bears my name was written by me.—I am, dear sir, most faithfully yours,

J. MACKINTOSH.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ., TO DR. LARDNER.

Kenwick, 12th July, 1830.

Sir,—Your letter gives me the first information of the charge concerning the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, which has been put forth through the medium of the *Times* newspaper. The publishers will do rightly in giving a prompt and decisive contradiction to a charge as false as it is absurd, and as injurious as it is impudent. They will do also a public service, as well as an act of justice to themselves, if they bring the person who has advanced it before a court of law, where he may be taught that not every kind of slander can be published with impunity.—I remain, sir, yours faithfully,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ., TO DR. LARDNER.

Bury Street, St. James's, July 15th, 1830.

Dear Doctor Lardner,—Your note finds me in all the bustle of departure. I should have thought it hardly worth your while to notice this foolish charge, which is but one of the many brought forward from time to time, for no other purpose, it would seem, than to give somebody the trouble of contradicting them. I only wish that they had informed us *utro* are those persons that write under the names of Sir Walter Scott and Sir James Mackintosh—such impostors are worth knowing.

Should you really think it necessary to take notice of this imputation, I can have no objection to your adding my testimony to that of the many other more distinguished witnesses you can produce in disproof of the charge.—Yours, very truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ., TO DR. LARDNER.

Middle Scotland Yard, Whitehall, July 16th, 1830.

My dear Lardner,—I have seen the paragraph in the *Times* newspaper in which you are called upon to contradict the assertion, that you have announced literary characters as contributors to your *Encyclopædia*, who do not intend to be the authors of the productions which they permit to be published under their names. As far as I am concerned, I can testify that I have promised you my assistance in the *Cabinet Encyclopædia*; and though I am unable from my present literary engagements to pledge myself precisely as to time, yet it is my intention to fulfil my promise. As to the idea of such men as you mention lending their names to articles not written by themselves, it is a calumny that brings its own refutation.—I remain, dear Lardner, yours truly,

T. CAMPBELL.

We do not think that either the editor or the publishers of the *Cyclopædia* have any cause to regret having been thus brought before the public: on the contrary, the recoil* of the absurd falsehood must be of considerable service to their work, by attracting universal attention to the most distinguished talents by which it is supported—a matter of much importance amid the great struggle for fair notoriety in the competition that exists. To be much talked of, is a great desideratum for every new design; and it is quite a hit to produce this effect, as in the present instance, without having recourse to expensive expedients, or lugging forward the business by head and shoulders. It is worth five hundred pounds spent in that monstrous tax upon our literature which is levied in the shape of advertisements, and amounts in many cases to a prohibition upon the efforts of talent and genius. We trust the *Cyclopædia* will flourish, as it amply deserves, accordingly.

* One advantage of the accusation was, that it was tangible—not in the more usual way of baseness, imputing motives only—for the latter, owing to their vagueness, are more difficult to deal with. For our own parts, we always view them as proofs of malignity which ought to be despised, because, in the first place, no one can really know the motives which influence another; and, in the second place, the innuendoes are generally of a character to defeat their own purposes, coming from unsuccessful rivals, and either bearing on their front the stamp of untruth, or showing that they have been hazarded without that due inquiry which alone can justify the promulgation of injurious assertions.

A List of the most renowned German Poets now living.

<i>Born.</i>	<i>Born.</i>
J. W. von Goethe .. 1749	A. F. Klingemann .. 1777
C. A. Tiedge .. 1732	F. de la Motte Fouqué .. 1777
F. M. von Klinger .. 1733	E. von Houwald .. 1778
Fr. von Matthiason .. 1761	F. Rückert .. 1779
F. G. von Salis .. 1762	L. Robert .. 1779
A. W. Schreiber .. 1764	C. Streckfuss .. 1779
A. W. von Schlegel .. 1767	J. F. Castelli .. 1781
J. F. Kind .. 1768	E. B. S. Raupach .. 1784
F. A. Krummacher .. 1768	Ludwig, King of Ba-
F. F. von Gerning .. 1769	varia .. 1786
F. H. W. Witschel .. 1769	L. Uhland .. 1787
F. Mahlmann .. 1771	A. Count von Platen
L. Tieck .. 1773	K. Immermann
F. D. Gries .. 1773	G. Schwab .. 1792
Krug von Nidda .. 1776	F. Grillparzer .. 1791
C. Brentano .. 1777	J. von Außenberg .. 1798

Female Authors.

<i>Born.</i>	<i>Born.</i>
C. von Wolzogen 1763	C. de la Motte Fouqué .. 1773
F. S. Ch. Brun .. 1765	A. von Helwig .. 1773
C. von Pichler .. 1769	F. Tarnow .. 1782
J. Schopenhauer .. 1770	Helmine von Chery .. 1783
J. F. Weissenethur .. 1773	Agnes Franz .. 1795

PINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

An Account of a Collection of Drawings. By Major Hamilton Smith, F.R.S. F.L.S. &c., and Member of the Plymouth Institution. In a Letter to the President. Plymouth, Rowe.

THIS is a description of a very extensive collection of drawings, well known to the antiquary, in various stages of advancement, from pencil outline to complete finish, amounting to about ten thousand in number, and the whole, with scarcely a single exception, the work of one hand. The fundamental principle on which it was formed was "the acquirement of knowledge of all such facts and objects as could be presented to the mind by a direct exhibition of pictorial forms;" and accordingly the drawings have reference to the illustration of zoology, antiquities, costume, paleography, heraldry, topography, &c. Of these by far the most important appear to be the drawings which relate to costume, and which are divided into various series, comprehending the Egyptian, Indian, Babylonian, Persian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Celtic, Anglo-Saxon, feudal, continental of the chivalrous ages, &c. down to the costume of modern days. Major Smith has detailed and described these various series in a very interesting manner. We subjoin what he says of his Egyptian drawings:

"These are the more curious, because the conjectural hints of De Sacy and Ackerbladt led the late Dr. Young to a discovery which M. Champollion has extended to satisfactory readings of the long unintelligible hieroglyphical inscriptions of Egyptian antiquity:—what, therefore, was until lately vague conjecture, is now daily becoming historical; and the Egyptian collection of costume now under consideration will shortly be as completely within the reach of explanation as any other document where the figures are accompanied by inscriptions; at present, with some exceptions, they depend upon conjecture. All the materials of the set are taken from the insculptured monuments of Egypt; and many of these are still on the walls and ceilings of temples and catacombs, in the full splendour of their original colouring. The set consists at present of fifty drawings, containing above 150 figures of gods, kings, heroes, priests, warriors, women, artisans, musicians; of foreigners, such as Syrians, Greeks, Arabs, Jews, negroes; chariots, boats, temples, porticoes, funerals, processions, &c. They were obtained chiefly from the original sketches of one of the artists employed by the Institute of

Cairo; others are from the monument and work of the late Belzoni; from the paintings within the coffins of mummies, and from the papyri found upon them; from the great work of the Institute published at Paris; from Denon, and other sources. From this set we learn that the bull Apis, or Mnevis, had not invariably the same colours and markings; that the priests on ceremonial occasions wore masks, representing the heads of their many typical divinities. We see all their idols carried in arks, with veils often covering the theba; we find the brazen chariots, such as Herodotus relates to have issued from the hundred gates of Memphis. Here artists will see that Osymandias, Memnon, Sesostris, and the Pharaohs, appeared in a very different costume from the Romanised Greek dress, in which they are usually figured. We can distinguish the blue-eyed Phœnician, the cheretim or bowmen, the prisoners and the women; we observe that the complexion of the men varied from reddish to dark brown between the Delta and the cataracts, but that the women were uniformly of a pale colour; here are sowers and reapers, hunters, dancers; punishments, wrestlings, rejoicings, &c. Among the most curious is an attack upon a fortress, unquestionably the most ancient battle-picture in existence: the Egyptians are storming the walls by means of a testudo, unnoticed by the ancients; it seems to be of rhinoceros or camel's hide, supported by men, upon which the assailants are mounted, while others are scaling the walls upon ladders. There is also a naval battle between Egypt and the Syro-Phœnicians, of which, however, I have copied only the most prominent ships. A prince of the Memphian dynasty receiving homage, with his enemies painted bound upon his footstool, and lying on the ground, as noticed in the Psalms of David. To these I have still to add Egyptian horse-races from Herculaneum, and domestic scenes from the Præneste mosaics." There is much in this little tract which deserves the serious attention of the artist, and especially of the historical painter.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FIRST AND LAST.—NO. X. AND LAST.

The First and Last Born.

MY first-born, my first-born! shall I e'er forget the charm
That filled with happiness my heart when on my clasping arm
Thy little head was pillowed, when I laid thee on my breast,
And wept for very joy as I watched thy tranquil rest?
Shall I e'er forget thy father's smile, and the beaming eye, that still
A glittering tear of joy and pride as he looked on thee would fill?
The ecstasy of those dear hours can my spirit e'er forget?
O no, they haunt my mem'ry, like stars that cannot set!
My gentle, helpless last-born! how differently I hailed
Thy coming midst the clouds of care that my life's full summer veiled!
My stars of hope and love were gone—my mind was full of fears;
And the tears I shed on thy quiet face, O they were bitter tears!
Hushed was his voice that blessed my first—his lip no longer smiled,
There was no father's eye to gaze with rapture on my child;

And O! how different from that first sweet sunny ecstasy,
Was the serious, deep, and chastened bliss, my babe, I had in thee!

My first-born, my first-born! how open was his brow!
How like his father's was his eye, alas! 'tis like it now!
How sweetly did the chestnut curls upon his forehead wave!
And now they lie, unstirred, within the dark and voiceless grave:
Like some full-leaved yet fallen tree, with its young and tender shoot—
The sire and son together rest, all motionless and mute:
The first two treasures that I called mine own, of all earth's store,
Sleep with death's curtains drawn around, to greet these eyes no more.

My last-born, my sweetest babe! it cheers me still to trace
Thy father's lip, thy brother's eye, upon thy lovely face;
Even now thy dear, unconscious hand twines sportive in my hair—
Thy lip hath just as bright a smile as my lost love used to wear:
I clasp thee to my bosom, and I find a gentle bliss—
A comfort to my wounded heart, that nought can give but this.
O my first babe! thou wast a flower to wreath the brows of love;
But when love's light failed, this last was sent a sweet star from above.

Worton Lodge, Isleworth.

M. A. BROWNE.

THE LAKE.

JUNE has charmed

The winds to rest; the broad, blue waters sleep
Profound from bank to bank; or if an air
Have leave a moment wantonly to bend
The graceful lily sitting on her throne
Of moist, lush leaves, the lovely shadow waves
In tremulous response below, and then
The lake is strangely still again. The eye
Delights to look into those glossy depths,
And glance refreshed from flower to flower, that blooms
Anew, in shadowy glory, ere the breeze
Destroy its brief, bright life. The very trees,
Deliciously deceptive, fling abroad
Aye, leaf for leaf, their greenness. E'en the bee
That buzzes round the woodbine, has his dark
But clear-seen image; and, anon, floats near
The gem-winged butterfly. The bird which skims
The tides of air, seems in the impassive flood
Again to sport; and every cloud that sails
Slowly through heaven, has motion, colour, shape,
In that clear, liquid world. Laburnum showers
Profuse her golden blossoms; and the vine
Her full, frank clusters, that but wait the breath
Of August to put on the glorious tint
Of amethyst; and proud the tulip shews
His gorgeous dyes—scarlet, and gold, and black—
The gayest flower the silver waters hold;
But not so dear, ah no! not half so dear,
To the fond eye as many that unfold
Their simpler beauties there. The queen-rose reigns
Supreme as ever—in that mirror still,
As in the rich and breathing world above,
Fairest among the fair.

N. T. CARRINGTON.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

MACKLINIANA.

The Original Macheath.—Tom Walker, as he was constantly called, (the so much celebrated original *Macheath* in the Beggar's Opera), was well known to Macklin, both on and off the stage. He was a young man, rather rising in the mediocre parts of comedy, when the following accident brought him out in *Macheath*.* Quin was first designed for this part, who barely sung well enough to give a convivial song in company, which, at that time of day, was almost an indispensable claim on every performer; and on this account perhaps did not much relish the business: the high reputation of Gay, however, and the critical junto who supported him, made him drudge through two rehearsals. On the close of the last, Walker was observed humming some of the songs behind the scenes, in a tone and liveliness of manner, which attracted all their notice. Quin laid hold of this circumstance to get rid of the part, and exclaimed, "Ay, there's a man who is much more qualified to do you justice than I am." Walker was called on to make the experiment; and Gay, who instantly saw the difference, accepted him as the hero of his piece.

The Beggar's Opera.—Mr. Gay wrote all, or the greatest part of, this opera, at the Duke of Queensbury's, in the summer-house, which is something like a cavern on the side of a bank at Amesbury. The duke and duchess were great friends to learned and ingenious men; particularly to the late celebrated Dr. Arbuthnot. At that period the duchess thought herself slighted at court, and had desisted attending the drawing-room. Miss Arbuthnot and Mr. Gay were almost constantly with her; and, I believe, to gratify the duchess, he touched on the modes of the court; and Miss Arbuthnot knowing many old Scots and English songs, collected the most proper airs, and Gay wrote in suitable measure for them; so they had no need of a musician to compose new tunes.

The whole money received for the sixty-two nights of this opera was 11,199*l.* 14*s.*; and one night (making the sixty-three) for a benefit, 168*l.* 10*s.*

Young Macklin.—I was informed nearly fifty years since by an elderly gentleman, who was born and bred in Dublin, that Macklin had been a shoe-boy, i. e. a blacker of shoes, at the college in Dublin, and was a waiter or marker at a gaming-table, where his common appellation was cursed Charley.

Hyppesly, the original Peachum.—In this character Hyppesly adopted the very dress of Jonathan Wild—a black coat, scarlet waistcoat with broad gold lace, velvet breeches, white silk rolled-up stockings gartered under the knees with black straps, square-toed shoes, white flowing wig, laced hat, silver-hilted sword, &c. Shuter followed his example. He, Wild, was hanged in 1725.

The true-born Irishman.—acted at Covent Garden one night only, Nov. 28th, 1767, and not printed: Macklin seemed to acquiesce in the withdrawal, saying, in his strong manner, "I believe the audience are right; there's a geography in humour as well as in morals, which I had not previously considered."

In rehearsing this piece, Macklin took infinite pains to instruct a young actor in his part, who having to pronounce "Lady Kin-

* Quin performed the part of Macheath for his own benefit, (at Lincoln's Inn Fields, March 19, 1730), which produced 112*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* in money—tickets, 93*l.* 16*s.*

negad," did it so differently from what the veteran expected, that he could not help exclaiming in an angry tone, "What trade are you, sir?" The performer answered, "Sir, I am a gentleman." "Then," rejoined he, "stick to that, sir; for you will never be an actor."

Macklin as Macbeth.—The squibs on this occasion were innumerable; the following being short, are given as a specimen:

I learned to-night what ne'er before I knew,
That a Scotch monarch's like an Irish Jew.

So uncouth Macklin's form, I'll suffer death,
If well I knew the witches from Macbeth.

No longer mourn, Macduff, thy children's fall,
Macklin hath murdered sleep, Macbeth, and all.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Tuesday *Otello* was the performance; and to this, the longest of Rossini's operas, was added an act of *Il Turco*; so that the lovers of music had "surely enough;" and it was near one o'clock before *Massaniello* could commence his capers. By the by, it is a bad sign of the properties, (though one of old use and standing), that they cannot find a pocket-handkerchief for *Otello*! It is true he might be equally jealous of the sheet of paper (which passes for one); but it would be more real, as the Scotch say, to see a "nose-napkin."

On Monday, Mr. Kean took his farewell at this house, when we were squeezed as flat as a pancake, and stewed down to a jelly afterwards, but *did* nevertheless manage to see and to hear (which was beyond our expectations) Mr. Kean take "his long, his last farewell" of the London audience, as he impressively expressed it. He had evidently screwed himself up to the trial, and went through his fatiguing task with unflagging energy. At the close of the performance he advanced, still in his *Otello's* dress, and uttered a few, we may call them incoherent, sentences, amidst the cheers of the house, and terminating them with the declaration above mentioned, retired, supported by Mr. Harley and Mr. Cooper. A couple of wreaths were flung to him on the stage, and loud cries of "No! no!" interrupted his allusions to a final separation from his theatrical friends. He makes a tour through the provinces before he departs for America; and although we do not think his resolution to quit the stage will hold, should he ever return to England, the probabilities are, that he follows his prototype, George Cooke, to a Transatlantic grave, and that we have really seen the last of this great but misguided actor.

HAYMARKET.

AN exceedingly stupid affair, called the *Force of Nature*, was produced here on Friday last. It is a translation from the French drama *Philippe*, which has drawn crowded houses in Paris, because, notwithstanding the unnatural tone of sentiment which prevails throughout the piece, it is founded upon customs (we cannot call them laws) which existed during the reign of terror, and has a peculiar interest for the many who personally witnessed, at that frightful period, incidents as singular as those referred to in the drama, or who still feel the effects of their influence on their families. In the French piece, also, the plot is dramatically developed; while in its mutilated copy, the consciousness of its want of interest for an English audience has induced the translator to huddle up the story, and run the chance of escaping in the confusion. It is such persons as these, who, without the slightest

taste, tact, or discrimination, send over their slubbered transcripts of every piece that is successful in Paris, merely because it has been successful there, that give a handle to the "tiny whippers" of the press, and furnish every would-be critic with examples to adduce in proof of the degradation of the English drama, the absence of all original talent, &c. &c. &c.—commonplace tirades that are at least as devoid of originality as the trash against which they are directed. Unfortunately for the manager, Farren's admirable acting saved the piece. We say unfortunately; as it can never be productive to the theatre, while yet it may linger, so supported, long enough to be paid for. As we have repeatedly noticed the wretched scenery at this house, we are bound in justice to observe that there was really a chamber-scene exhibited on this occasion which did not require a label upon it to state for what it was intended. Were we as vain as some of our brethren, we should take to ourselves the credit of working this miracle.

ENGLISH OPERA, ADELPHI.

MR. PEAKE produced a new melodrama here on the aforesaid Friday, not having, like his godfather, Sheridan, the fear of that most unlucky day before his eyes. The *Skeleton Lover* is of the same genus with the *Bottle Imp*, but we fear will not rival it in attraction. For those, however, who admire the *extravaganza-terrifica*, it has its pleasing horrors and its frightful fun; and at any rate is not burdened with that most heavy of dramatic sins—dulness. We are happy also to have it in our power to speak most favourably of the music by Mr. Rodwell. The opening chorus, the waltz in the last scene, Mrs. Keeley's ballad—"When the glow-worm," and that allotted to our charming little friend Miss H. Cawse, are highly creditable to the taste and skill of the composer, and were sung, the ballads especially, in the very best style. There was considerable opposition to the piece on the first night, in which we regretted to hear it said, that a young and popular musical composer, who had been passed into the house by the author, took a prominent part. The *Skeleton Lover* has, on its subsequent representations, been considerably improved by curtailment, and now goes off merrily and briskly enough.

ODD SORTS OF MUSIC.

OUR worthy friend Mr. Boai made an apology for not performing on his instrument the other day, on account of his having got a cold: a wag observed, that he supposed it must be the *chin-cough*! Another musical wonder has arisen in fertile Germany;—a woman who plays beautifully on the piano-forte with her nose. Nobody knows what the next improvement will be; perhaps to play the harp with elbows.

LADIES' BAZAR, IN AID OF THE FUNDS OF THE DISPENSARY FOR DISEASES OF THE EAR.

MR. JENKINS' grounds, so prettily laid out and so well adapted for the purpose, were crowded on Monday with a host of the remaining rank and fashion in town. Very gaily decorated stalls were kept by some of our *premières élégantes*.—Lady Vintry was proxy for the Duchess of Cumberland, and Prince George was the first purchaser. This benevolent institution deserves the highest encouragement from the public, if we think for one moment of the dreadful affliction it alleviates. Upwards of 6355 patients are stated to have been cured, or

greatly benefited; a circumstance which speaks volumes for the charity. It is stated that the fête will be repeated earlier next season: its supporters cannot do better, and we trust it will meet with all the favour it so well deserves.

VARIETIES.

Dress of the Bedouins.—A French officer in the Algerine expedition thus describes the costume of the Bedouins. "They are enveloped from head to foot in a covering of thick flannel, fastened over the head by means of a riband. They have neither shirt nor shoes, and are armed with a long gun, which carries very far and very true; they are besides furnished with a little sheath, similar to that used by butchers, in which they keep a small and exceedingly sharp knife.

New Street.—We rejoice to see it stated in the newspapers, that the new street from the Strand, opposite Waterloo Bridge, is to be carried into effect;—a great and manifest public improvement, and not the less welcome that it will re-establish so deserving an individual as Mr. Arnold on one of the finest theatrical situations in the metropolis.

Geology.—A new Society, under the name of "the Geological Society of France," has just been formed in Paris.

Potatoes.—At the present season it may not be superfluous to recall to the recollection of our friends in the country the fact which has been recently promulgated in France, with respect to the growth of that useful root, the potato. By nipping off the flowers after they are fully blown, an increase of fully one third may, it is said, be anticipated in the crop.

M. Grinthaussen.—His majesty the King of Bavaria has appointed M. Grinthaussen professor extraordinary of astronomy in the university of Munich. This extraordinary professor is the same gentleman who perceived the works of the fortified towns in the moon, and counted the number of the ships which were entering the various ports of that useful satellite of our globe!

School of Arts at Brussels.—The King of the Netherlands, with a view to improve the manufactures of the country, and create a desire to establish manufactories in Holland, has just founded a Royal School of Arts and Trade at Brussels. This monarch is a great promoter of manufactures, and is proprietor of several manufactories, which must have fallen but for his aid. It is customary with him to advance money to distressed manufacturers, taking an assignment of their property until they are able to repay the sums borrowed, and then to restore the property with a handsome present from his own purse.

College in New South Wales.—A college has been founded at Sydney, in New South Wales. The first stone was laid on the 26th of January last. The following inscription (in Latin), engraved on a brass plate, was inserted in it: "This foundation-stone of Sydney College— an institution founded for the vigorous and pious promotion of polite literature and the liberal arts among the youth of Australia— was laid by Francis Forbes, chief justice of New South Wales, on an auspicious day, viz. the 26th January, in the year of our Lord 1830, in the happy reign of George IV.; Lieutenant-General Ralph Darling being governor of New South Wales."

New Crops.—Last Friday were exhibited for sale, on the Market Hill, Huntingdon, two mandrakes, the plants, or rather roots, mentioned in Genesis. They were about thirty

inches long, and in shape resembled the formation of the human figure."—*Provincial Journal.* We are not told if they groaned either on being pulled up, or at the price given for them.

New Medicine.—M. Leroux, an apothecary at Vitry-le-Français, has extracted from the bark of the willow a new substance, to which he has given the name of salicine; and which he has found to be a powerful febrifuge. A committee of the French Academy, to whom M. Leroux's discovery was submitted for consideration, have pronounced most favourably with respect to it. They say that its medical properties are singularly energetic, and that it may be advantageously substituted for quinine. M. Majendie administered eighteen grains in a day, in three doses of six grains each, and that quantity sufficed to remove intermittent fever, without any return. Experiments have also been made in the various hospitals of Paris, especially at l'Hôtel-Dieu and La Charité; and it has always been found that eighteen, or at most twenty-four grains, administered in doses of six grains each, have been sufficient to prevent the return of the fit. It appears, therefore, that the quantity of salicine necessary for that purpose is smaller than the quantity of quinine which must be employed under the same circumstances. The committee are of opinion that M. Leroux's discovery is one of the most important with which the therapeutic art has for some years been enriched; encourage him to continue his researches; and advise him to undertake the preparation of the salicine in large quantities, that it may be sold as cheaply as possible.

To preserve dead Game.—The *Journal des Connaissances Usuelles* states, that if the entrails, &c. of the game to be preserved be taken out, the inside filled with wheat, and the hare or bird afterwards placed in a heap of wheat, so as to be completely covered, it will keep fresh for two or three months. The skin or feathers should not be taken off.

New Dishes.—The *Corsaire*, a French paper, says—"One of the outposts of the French army at Algiers killed two snakes and a lion, which they sent to the floating restaurant on the following day. The carte of this restaurant, among other things, contained the following:—filet de lion, sauté dans sa glace, matlotte de serpens, boa à la tartare, fraise de lion à la poulette, pieds de lion farcis, lion fraisé aux petits pois, &c.

Steam Carriages.—Attempts are making in the United States to introduce the use of steam for land travelling on ordinary roads. Amongst other announcements on this subject, is that of an inhabitant of Pennsylvania, who states, that by means of an ethereal vapour, of small cost, and which he can condense at pleasure, and restore to its gaseous state, he can impel a carriage of considerable size at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, with a boiler little larger than a tea urn. We understand that a patent for something of this nature has been lately taken out in London by a speculative officer of marines; but we have not heard of any satisfactory experiment having been performed by him.

The Mazurka.—In the introduction to a collection of Polish national and popular airs, lately published by M. Sowirski, the mazurka is thus described: "The mazurek, the name of which comes from Mazovia, is the most characteristic dancing air of the country. It is the model of all our new airs. These latter are, however, easily distinguished from the ancient by their less original and less tuneful

cadence. There are two kinds of mazureks. The one, of which the first part is always in a minor, and the second in a major key, are composed to be sung, and, as they say in Polish, to be heard; the others are used in a dance, the figures and steps of which are numerous. Its movement is in $\frac{3}{8}$; but is, nevertheless, less rapid than the waltz."

Corsica.—A company has been formed to drain the marsh lands of Corsica. Several thousand acres will be thus gained for agricultural purposes, and the health of the inhabitants improved at the same time.

OLD EPIGRAM,

On the Taxes on Powder and Tea, by Mr. Jekyll.

You tax our powder and you tax our tea!
We soon shall have no beaux—not even Bo-hea!

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXX, July 24.*]

Πλουτος ή της Ψυχης, πλουτος μονος εστιν αληθης, is given out as preparing for the press by Mrs. Harding.—A historical novel is announced by the Author of "Highways and Byways," entitled the Heiress of Bruges, and intended, we are told, as the first of a series of novels illustrative of the history of Holland and Flanders.—The Midsummer Medley is the title of the new work by the Author of "Braunletye House," which consists, we are informed, of a series of comic tales and sketches in prose and verse.—The Separation, by Lady C. Bury, so often announced as a sequel to "Flirtation," is now, it is said, positively about to appear.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 15	From 45. to 74.	29.94 Stationary
Friday .. 16	49. — 69.	29.94 — 29.96
Saturday .. 17	49. — 66.	29.90 — 29.96
Sunday .. 18	56. — 63.	29.91 — 29.97
Monday .. 19	59. — 69.	29.89 — 29.98
Tuesday .. 20	51. — 67.	30.04 — 30.05
Wednesday 21	51. — 75.	30.09 — 30.14

Prevailing wind, S.W.
Except the 18th and 20th, generally clear, raining heavily on the 18th.

Rain fallen, .55 of an inch.
Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. July 1830.

Thermometer—Highest.....	74.00°
Lowest	35.00
Mean	52.46250
Barometer—Highest	29.95
Lowest	29.14
Mean	29.56444

Number of days of rain, 15.
Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 4.11975.
Winds.—1 East—4 West—2 North—1 South—1 North-east—1 South-east—12 South-west—8 North-west.

General Observations.—So wet and cold a June, attended by so great a depression of the barometer, has not occurred during the last eight years: the quantity of rain was extraordinary, exceeding by upwards of half an inch the quantity which fell in the same month last year, which was noticed as being particularly great: the mean temperature was upwards of 22 degrees below the average of the last seven years. On the 25th there was much lightning all round the compass, from 8 P.M. until midnight—but the thunder was not loud. An indistinct lunar halo observed on the night of the 2d, about 10 P.M. The evaporation 0,21875 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank J. J. (Croydon), but the anecdote is old in print.
We purpose inserting D.'s contrast next week, with some notes of our own.

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Council of this Institution do hereby give Notice, that they have deemed it expedient to extend the period for receiving Applications for the under-mentioned Appointments until the 1st of November next, viz.

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The Professorships of Classical Literature.
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English Law and the Principles of Jurisprudence.

Information respecting these Situations may be obtained on application at the Office of the College, between the Hours of Twelve and Three. By order of the Council, H. SMITH, Secretary.

9, Parliament Street, 13th July, 1830.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Military Reminiscences; extracted from a Journal of nearly Forty Years' active Service in the East Indies. By Colonel James Welsh, of the Madras Establishment. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1830. Smith, Elder, and Co.

NEARLY a hundred plates increase the interest of this very various and agreeable publication. The forty years' experience of a clever, observant, and sensible man, who has seen service in, and traversed almost every part of, our vast Indian empire, could not fail to yield materials for a work far larger than these Reminiscences; and, accustomed as we are to be treated with six weeks' tours over no very strange countries extended to as great a length, we feel disposed to think well of the taste and moderation of Col. Welsh in limiting his selections within so acceptable a compass.

The author states himself to be a native of Edinburgh, who went to India (to Madras, *via* Calcutta) as a cadet, at the age of fifteen, in the year 1790, and consequently as not having enjoyed the advantages of a complete education, or of literary culture. These deficiencies, however, are not observable in his narrative, which displays acuteness, good sense, and good feeling. He speaks, it is true, as a plain soldier; but his general views, when they occur, are discriminating, and his local descriptions and remarks at once concise and sufficient. We shall endeavour to exemplify these opinions by our extracts; and, on the whole, can justly recommend the work, as possessing many attractions for our Indian friends, as well as being of that miscellaneous and interesting nature which is calculated to please readers of every class.

We cannot do better for a beginning than give an account of the composition of the Company's native army. It is "composed (says Colonel W.) of five distinct castes, or classes of men, differing most essentially in manners, in religion, and in customs, who never unite, even at a meal or in marriage: the discipline and harmony which have ever distinguished those native forces are truly wonderful. The more especially, when the bigotry of one class and the superstitious prejudices of three others are taken into consideration. First, the Musulman, of whom at least one-third of the army is composed. This class is again subdivided into four particular sects, viz. the Sheik, the Syed, the Mogul, and the Puthaun or Pattan, as they are usually called. They are generally brave, enterprising, and intelligent; and, upon the whole, being free from religious prejudices, make excellent soldiers. Second, the Rajahpoot, or descendants of the ancient rajahs, the highest caste of Hindoos, a race not very numerous, but extremely scrupulous; and, when their prejudices are humoured, the bravest and most devoted soldiers, far surpassing all the other natives in a romantic but sometimes mistaken notion of honour. Third, the Telinga or Gentoo, a race of Hindoos generally remarkable for mildness of disposition and cleanliness of person; obe-

dient and faithful, but not very intelligent or enterprising soldiers. Fourth, the Tamoul, or Malabar; similar to the former. Fifth, the Pariah, or Dhère, as they are called in the army. The latter class, poor Chowry Mootoo, brave, active, and attached as they were to their officers and the service, with a few European failings, such as dram-drinking and eating unclean meats, &c. have of late years been excluded from the line, in order the more fully to conciliate the higher classes, who, however they may differ from each other in many points, are all united in considering any mixture with these as a contamination. They are now enlisted only in the pioneers, and as artillery and tent Lascars. The former corps, one of the most useful in the army, is composed almost entirely of this degraded class, than whom there exists not in all India a braver, more efficient, or zealous body of troops. I beg it to be understood, however, that though the preceding remarks are intended, in particular, for the Madras native army, yet they are almost equally applicable to those of the two other presidencies."

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"As every article of life was comparatively reasonable, they still contrived, with hardly any external intercourse, to spin out a dull and peaceful existence, enjoying their pipe and dram, without even inquiring what was going forward in the surrounding world. If their countrymen in Europe are styled phlegmatic, what term can be applicable to their still more apathetic oriental brethren? I have met with many, but only in their own homes, who boasted that they had been thirty or forty years in the same house, and never went outside of the place they were living in! They never complain, or inquire how others get on; and as long as the mere necessities of life are to be procured, they are contented."

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it, every time the door was opened, by making a servant swing them about for some minutes. His wine was never fined, and seldom bottled, but drawn for immediate use. He was a man of few words, and directed his servants by snapping his fingers, or by whistling. A native of Savoy or Portugal, of a diminutive form, being under the middle size, with a visage more resembling a baboon than the human species, and manners the most uncouth and outré, Colonel Martinz was still the father of his corps, and the kind friend of all his little community; and, to sum up his character in a few words, was generally known, much beloved, and wanted only the outward forms of religion, to be universally respected and esteemed."

At this period our author assisted in the reduction of Ceylon; and on returning to India, took an active part in the Poligar war, the details of which (hitherto unknown to European readers) are given with uncommon effect. They create a deep emotion, which is not lightened by the tragedy with which our victory over the natives, considered as rebels, was consummated. We record this with pain:—

"(1801.) What followed afterwards was, indeed, of little importance, the enemy no where making head against us; parties were sent to hunt them down in the different jungles; and I had the bad luck to be in full pursuit of one of the Murdoos, for whom a large reward was advertised, when a few of our ally Peons fired at, wounded, and took him, close to our party; thus depriving us of about ten thousand pagodas, or four thousand pounds sterling. In a few days both the Murdoos, with their families, Catabómia Naig, Dalawai Pilly, and the Dumb Brother, were all taken, and the men all hanged, except Dora-Swamy, the youngest son of Cheena Murdoo, and Dallawai Pilly, who, being of less consequence, were transported for life to Prince of Wales's Island, with seventy of their devoted followers; and thus ended this most harassing warfare, in which the expenditure of life had been profuse, and the result any thing but honourable to the survivors. Of the two Murdoos, so frequently mentioned in this narrative, the elder brother was called Wella, or Velli Murdoo; but he had nothing to do with the management of the country. He was a great sportsman, and gave up his whole time to hunting and shooting. Being a man of uncommon stature and strength, his chief delight was to encounter the monsters of the woods; and it was even said, that he could bend a common Arcot rupee with his fingers. Unencumbered with the cares or trappings of government, he led a sort of wandering life; and occasionally visited his European neighbours at Tanjore, Trichinopoly, and Madura, by whom he was much esteemed. If any one wanted game, a message sent to Velli Murdoo was sure to procure it; or if he wished to partake in the sports of the field, Velli Murdoo was the man to conduct him to the spot, and to insure his success, as well as to watch over his safety.

Did a royal tiger appear, while his guest was surrounded by hardy and powerful pikemen, Velli Murdoo was the first to meet the monster and despatch him. A life such as this, although it may appear idle and insignificant to those accustomed to the safety of a well-regulated country, was very far from being without its usefulness in a district overrun with jungle, and infested by beasts of prey. The minor game was, however, politely decoyed, or driven in front of his European friend, who might thus, with less danger, kill hogs, elks, deer, pea-fowl, &c. in abundance. From this Oriental Nimrod I had received many marks of attention and kindness, when stationed at Madura, in the year 1795, and then one of the youngest subalterns in the place; a pretty certain proof of his disinterestedness. The Cheena Murdoo was the ostensible sovereign of an extensive and fertile country, and his general residence was at Sherewéle. Though of a dark complexion, he was a portly, handsome, and affable man, of the kindest manners, and most easy access; and though ruling over a people to whom his very nod was a law, he lived in an open palace, without a single guard; indeed, when I visited him in February, 1795, every man who chose to come in, had free ingress and egress, while every voice called down the blessing of the Almighty upon the father of his people. From a merely casual visit, when passing through his country, he became my friend, and during my continuance at Madura, never failed to send me presents of fine rice and fruit; particularly a large rough-skinned orange, remarkably sweet, which I have never met with in such perfection in any other part of India. It was he also who first taught me to throw the spear, and hurl the collyery stick, a weapon scarcely known elsewhere, but in a skilful hand capable of being thrown to a certainty to any distance within one hundred yards. Yet this very man, I was afterwards destined by the fortune of war to chase like a wild beast; to see badly wounded, and captured by common Peons; then lingering with a fractured thigh in prison; and lastly, to behold him, with his gallant brother, and no less gallant son, surrounded by their principal adherents, hanging in chains upon a common gibbet! Of the *Cat* I have already made mention, but I cannot close this account of horrors, without a few words in memory of one of the most extraordinary mortals I ever knew; a near relation of Catabómia Naig, who was both deaf and dumb, was well known by the English under the appellation of Dumbly, or the Dumb Brother; by the Mussulmans, as Mookah; and by the Hindoos, as Oomee; all having the like signification. He was a tall, slender lad, of a very sickly appearance, yet possessing that energy of mind, which, in troubled times, always gains pre-eminence; whilst, in his case, the very defect which would have impeded another, proved a powerful auxiliary in the minds of ignorant and superstitious idolaters. The Oomee was adored; his slightest sign was an oracle, and every man flew to execute whatever he commanded. No council assembled at which he did not preside; no daring adventure was undertaken which he did not lead. His method of representing the English was extremely simple: he collected a few little pieces of straw, arranged them on the palm of his left hand to represent the English force; then, with other signs, for the time, &c. he drew the other hand across and swept them off, with a whizzing sound from his mouth, which was the signal for attack; and he was generally the foremost in executing those plans for our annihilation. Whatever undisciplined

valour could effect, was sure to be achieved wherever he appeared; though poor Oomee was at last doomed to grace a gallows, in reward for the most disinterested and purest patriotism. He had escaped, as it were, by miracle, in every previous engagement, although every soldier in our camp was most anxious to destroy so notorious and celebrated a chieftain. On the 24th of May, when the fort was wrenched from them, and the whole were retreating, pursued by our cavalry, poor Oomee fell, covered with wounds, near a small village, about three miles from Punjalumcoorchy. As soon as our troops had returned from the pursuit, Colonel Agnew instantly ordered the Eteapoorians to follow them till night, offering rewards for any men of consequence, dead or alive. Our allies, consequently, set out with great glee, somewhat late in the evening; and in the meantime, an appearance of quiet induced some women of the village to proceed to the field of carnage, in the hope of finding some of the sufferers capable of receiving succour. Amongst the heaps of slain they discovered the son of one of the party, still breathing, and after weeping over him, they began to raise him up, when exerting his little remaining strength, he exclaimed, 'Oh mother! let me die, but try to save the life of Swamy, who lies wounded near me.' The word he used fully justifies my assertion of their adoration, as its literal meaning is a deity. The woman, animated by the same feelings, immediately obeyed her dying son, and speedily found Oomee, weltering in his blood, but still alive; and these extraordinary matrons immediately lifted and carried him to the mother's house, where they were busily employed stanching his wounds, when they were alarmed by a sudden shout from the Eteapoorians in pursuit. There is nothing like the ingenuity of woman at such a crisis. These miserable and apparently half-imbecile creatures conceived a plan in an instant, which not only proved successful, but most probably saved the lives of several others. They covered the body over with a cloth, and set up a shriek of lamentation peculiar to the circumstances. The Eteapoorians, on their arrival, demanded the cause, and being informed that a poor lad had just expired of the small-pox, fled for their lives out of the village, without ever turning to look behind them. How he was afterwards preserved, I could never learn; but, certainly, he was present, and as active as usual, on the 7th and 10th of June; and was taken alive at the conclusion of the campaign, and hanged, along with his gallant and ill-fated relation, on the tower we had erected in the plain before Punjalumcoorchy; now the only monument of that once-dreaded fortress, if we except the burying-ground of six or seven hundred of our slaughtered comrades, in its vicinity. No sooner was order again restored than the southern corps returned to Pallamcottah; and I was detached to command Tutucorine, whither all the rebels destined for transportation were sent in the first instance; and there I had the melancholy satisfaction of lightening the chains of Dora Swamy, the younger and only surviving son of my poor quondam friend Cheena Murdoo, a youth of about fifteen, condemned to perpetual banishment. With a mild and dignified resignation, this amiable young man bore his cruel fate without a murmur; but such was the melancholy expression in his fine countenance, that it was impossible to see and not commiserate him. As he was consigned to my personal charge, to connive at his escape was impossible; but being under the same roof with me, in the large fortified factory, I was enabled

to free him from his ignominious fetters, and separate him from the mass of his former menials. Never shall I forget the day when, on the wharf at Tutucorine, I consigned my charge over to Lieutenant Rockhead. I still seem to see the combination of affection and despair which marked the fine countenance of my young friend Dora Swamy, as I handed him into the boat; and the manly and silent misery which his companions in affliction displayed on quitting their dear native land for ever. Here, to all appearance, our acquaintance was to end; but fortune had still another pang in store for me; for being forced to sea for my health in the year 1818, and landing at Penang, I received a sudden visit from a miserable decrepit old man, who, when, without the most distant recollection of his person or countenance, I demanded his name and business, looked for some time in my face, the tears ran down his furrowed cheek, and at length he uttered the word 'Dora Swamy!' It came like a dagger to my heart; the conviction was instantaneous. My poor young prisoner stood before me; changed, dreadfully changed in outward appearance, but still with the same mind, and cherishing the remembrance of former days and former friendships. The casual hearing of my name had revived his affection, and, I much fear, the mistaken hope, that an advancement in rank might afford me the means of lessening his misery. He even entreated me to be the bearer of letters to his surviving family; but this I understood was contrary to the existing orders, since, though I found the governor, the late Colonel Bannerman, my former commanding officer, kind and considerate, it did not appear to rest with him, and I was compelled to decline. Let me, however, in conclusion, express a hope that this narrative may fall into the hands of some kind-hearted director of that honourable company, which I have served so long, and be the means of alleviating, if not entirely removing, the sufferings of an innocent man; the country being now completely settled, and no chance of any ill effects, as regards state policy, likely to accrue from such a compassionate measure." To this melancholy finale we say Amen! with all our hearts. After the conclusion of the Poligar war, our author served with General Wellesley (the Duke of Wellington), and was a participator in the glories of Assaye and Argaum. His mention of the hero, in these his earlier days, cannot be passed without quotation, though we shall be very brief in our selection. "Our camp (he tells us) was pitched about four miles to the northward of the fort; and I joined my corps on the 22d of January, 1803. The Honourable Major-general Arthur Wellesley, who then commanded Seringapatam, as well as our force, lived in the Dowlut Baugh, on the island; and in the short interval before our march, he manœuvred his future army, and taught us that uniformity of movement, which was afterwards to enable him to conquer foes twenty times as numerous, and to acquire for himself a name which can never perish in the East. In the pursuit and annihilation of Dhoondia, the Sepoy general had already laid the foundation of his future fame; but little did any mortal at this time foresee the resources of that master-mind, which the approaching campaign was destined to develop." Of Assaye he states:—"When our troops had arrived at their ground, two horsemen were taken, who informed us that the combined armies of Scindiah and the Berar Rajah,

were encamped about five miles off, instead of twelve, as was supposed; and that the cavalry were actually preparing to move. Almost any other man would have hesitated to give battle to so very overwhelming a force, at the head of only four thousand five hundred men; but that decision of character which, by a series of immortal and increasing triumphs, has so pre-eminently marked his after-career in Europe, was here displayed, to the extreme dismay of the enemy, and the utter astonishment of all India. General Wellesley immediately ordered the rear-guard, strengthened by the 1st battalion of the 2d regiment, under Lieut.-Colonel Chalmers, to halt, and cover the whole of the baggage at the adjoining village; when moving on himself, with his staff, and Captain Johnson of the Bombay engineers, he ordered the picquets to follow, and the line to come up as soon as formed. After marching about three miles, he suddenly came up in sight of the enemy's army, drawn up in order of battle, on a small peninsula, formed by the rivers Kaitnah and Jootee; the cavalry being on their right, and the infantry and guns on the left; the river Kaitnah half a mile in their front, and the Jootee, with very steep banks, about three-quarters of a mile in their rear. The general immediately determined to turn their left flank, a movement which would necessarily reduce their operations within a narrow space, and more effectually secure the flanks of his own little force, during the action."

The battle is described in a most interesting manner. At eight o'clock in the evening, the British were in "quiet possession of the dear-bought field, with one hundred and three cannon, most of which were brass, and twelve howitzers, all beautiful guns, an immense quantity of ammunition, and one thousand two hundred dead bodies. Amongst the spoils of this memorable day were many standards, and a number of orderly books, kept by European officers; by which it appeared, that they had ten thousand eight hundred regular infantry, and thirty thousand cavalry in the action."

Some of the prisoners said it was generally understood, that when Colonel Stevenson's and our force had united, we intended to offer them battle; but when they first discovered only one body advancing, they thought them actually mad, as it was their own intention to have attacked our little camp the same day. Here may be seen the advantage of that prompt and energetic decision which so early characterised the hero of Assaye as the first general of the age. He not only gained a splendid and important victory, but by anticipating his enemy, cramped and confined his enormous force within such narrow bounds, that they could not form a larger front to oppose his handful, nor turn his flanks in the action: whereas, had they been permitted to assail his camp on the plain, defendants being always somewhat dispirited, they could have entirely surrounded it, and employed every man in the assault. As soon as all the remains of our army were collected on the ground, the cavalry were ordered back, to bring on the camp equipage, baggage, &c.; but did not return till the next morning. The night after this victory, even to those few who had escaped unhurt, cannot be supposed to have passed very agreeably; what then must it have been to the numerous wounded, who lay on the cold ground without shelter, and many even without any kind of succour? The dawn of the 24th of September was hailed by the victors with a mixed feeling of exultation and regret; for few, if any, of the survivors had not lost a friend, or had

one or more lingering on the bed of sickness, and pierced with wounds."

The total killed was 649, wounded 1,610, and missing 18; total rather more than half of the whole number engaged, viz. 2,277.

"The general had two horses killed under him, and his staff four more. Of one thousand two hundred horses, which the cavalry carried into action, one hundred and thirteen were killed, and three hundred and twenty-five wounded; leaving only eight hundred and sixty-two mounted in the whole brigade, at the end of the day."

Here we must pause for the present; but shall return to those amusing volumes next week.

Literary Recollections. By the Rev. Richard Warner, F.A.S. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

THIS is one of those amusing and interesting works with which men of letters in the leisure of retirement now and then favour the world. The lucubrations of such a person as the rev. author of these volumes, who now calmly looks out from his loop-hole of retreat, must, from their very nature, afford a high gratification to the reader; and, whether we trace him back to the first little tome which introduced him to the ocean of authorship, follow him when fairly embarked, or see him coming into port with all his works "thick about him," we must derive both pleasure and instruction from the employment. Here is his first venture. He made his maiden essay by "a Companion in a Tour round Lymington," from which he gives a short extract, and continues:

"It was in the month of May, 1789, that my work issued from a printing-press at Southampton. That the immediate wants of a public might be supplied, I had ordered an impression of one thousand copies to be struck off; and requested the printer to keep the matter standing, (every author will understand the phrase,) to furnish, with greater celerity, and at less expense, that second edition, which, I had no doubt, would be required in the course of a fortnight from the appearance of the first. A large hamper of copies, as speedily as they could be boarded, was sent to a worthy little bookseller at Lymington, the literary caterer for the town; who had already received strict injunctions to notify, in every possible manner, the sale, on a specific day, of 'Warner's Companion in a Tour, &c. Burning with curiosity, as to the impression made on the public mind of the Lymingtonians by my work, and the success of its sale, I dropped, as if by accident, into Mr. Jones's shop, on the third day of its exposure on the counter, (for no longer could I contain); when a dialogue, much to the following effect, took place between the writer and the vender of the book.

Author. 'Good morning, Mr. Jones. Delightful weather this. A glorious May. Quite tempting for a little tour.' Bookseller. 'Yes, sir; every thing alive, except trade. But it's still winter with us. Dead, sir, very dead!'—A. 'Sorry to hear it, Mr. Jones. However, you mustn't be disheartened: when you get the spring publications from town, your shop will be crowded like a bee-hive. By the by, has the printer sent you a few copies of my little work?' B. 'Yes, sir, a hamper full of them; 250 in boards. The carriage came to 4s. 3d.'—A. 'Only 250, Mr. Jones! Will they be sufficient for a present supply?' B. 'Quite enough, sir.' (With a true sardonic grin).—A. 'Allow me then to ask you, how many you have already sold?' B. 'Two,

—A. 'Two! eh! two hundred I presume you mean?' B. 'No, sir, two! one: two: man and wife, sir. The curate, good man, was my handsel; and Mr. Gripe, the apothecary, purchased the second copy, out of respect (as he said) for the family.'—A. 'Most marvellous! couldn't have believed it, if you hadn't told me so yourself, Mr. Jones. In what a deplorable state is the world of letters! However, so it has ever been; and from the very first invention of printing, we authors, after having, as Milton says, 'scorned delights, and lived laborious days,' for the sake of 'Fame,

(That last infinity of noble minds)
Then, the fair querdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind fury,'

in the shape of brutish ignorance, stubborn prejudice, or false taste; quashes all our hopes, and leaves us always disappointed, and too often pennyless. Good morning, Mr. Jones.' The debtor and creditor account of my 'Tour' was made up in about eighteen months; and on its settlement, I, with some difficulty, scraped together twenty-two pounds seventeen shillings, to discharge the balance against the concern. This omen, it must be confessed, was not a very encouraging one; and ought to have cured my disease in its commencement—but, as the sequel will shew, it did not quench my 'clear spirit;' nor make me

'bate a jot
Of heart or hope'—
I determined to 'still bear up and steer
right onward';

fully satisfied, that on my second voyage I should be favoured with more propitious gales than had hitherto attended my bark; and return to port, laden with an ample freight of reputation and profit."

From such small beginnings, we accompany with pleasure our worthy divine to his more finished productions, which have long held a high rank in the republic of letters, distinguished alike for the research they evince, and the ability displayed in their composition.

But to the present *Recollections*. Mr. Warner, in his earlier history, refers to all the then celebrated residents of Lymington and Christchurch. And his short but happy sketches of their various inhabitants seem like a moving panorama of life, giving a vivid picture of each once familiar face, and throwing around them that indescribable grace which at the same time renders them in the highest degree pleasing, and gives assurance to the reader of their faithful resemblance. He has a tale or anecdote of every one; and whether he celebrates "the honest chief magistrate of *Crischurch*," who gives his civic toast of "prosperation to this corporation," or relates the short but eventful history of Nancy Bere, he is alike lively and amusing. We give the latter in his own words.

"Once, and only once (for her opportunities of recreation were but few), I remember to have seen at a *fête champêtre* a beautiful young female, the real incidents of whose singular story were as far removed from the occurrences of every-day life, as the adventures of the heroine in any of the less extravagant novels of modern days. Her name was Nancy Bere. She resided in Lymington; mingled, occasionally, in private parties; but very rarely appeared in any of an indiscriminate kind. Her home was with a Mr. and Mrs. Hackman, who lived in the best house in the town, and had adopted Miss Bere as their daughter, under the following circumstances. Mr. Hackman, an eccentric, lively, and improvident character, had originally, as I have understood, been bred to, and followed

the profession of, the law; but, long before I recollect him, having married a widow lady, with a considerable life estate, had settled as an independent gentleman in Lymington. No contrast could be more marked than the difference in the character and habits of the husband and wife: he, hospitable, convivial, full of frolic and fun, a keen sportsman, and a jolly *bon vivant*—she, an hypochondriacal valetudinarian, shunning society, confining herself in a great measure to her home, and rarely extending her excursions beyond the limits of the garden, which lay at the back of her residence. I know not, for a certainty, whether this dissimilarity of character weakened the conjugal affection of the parties, or disturbed their domestic tranquillity. The probability, however, is, that Mr. and Mrs. Hackman jogged on as gaily as the generality of husbands and wives are accustomed to do; since *he* was infinitely good-humoured and complying, and *she* indulged in every wish, and uncontradicted in every whim. Her garden, in which alone she found particular pleasure, stood in need, as is usual in the spring season, of an active weeder; and John the footman was despatched to the poor-house, to select a little pauper girl, qualified for the performance of this necessary labour. He executed his commission in a trice; brought back a diminutive female of eight or nine years of age; pointed out the humble task in which she was to employ herself, and left her to her work. The child, alone amid the flowers, began to 'warble her native wood-notes wild,' in tones of more than common sweetness. Mrs. Hackman's chamber-window had been thrown up: she heard the little weeder's solitary song; was struck with the rich melody of her voice, and inquired from whom it proceeded? 'Nancy Bere, from the poor-house,' was the answer. By Mrs. Hackman's order, the songstress was immediately brought to the lady's apartment, who became so pleased, at this first interview, with her *naïveté*, intelligence, and apparently amiable disposition, that she determined to remove the warbling Nancy from the workhouse, and attach her to her own kitchen establishment. The little maiden, however, was too good and attractive to be permitted to remain long in the subordinate condition of scullion's deputy. Mrs. Hackman soon preferred her to the office of lady's maid; and, to qualify her the better for this attendance on her person, had her carefully instructed in all the elementary branches of education. The intimate intercourse that now subsisted between the patroness and her *protégée* quickly ripened into the warmest affection on the one part, and the most grateful attachment on the other. Nancy Bere was attractively lovely; and still more irrealisable, from an uncommon sweetness of temper, gentleness of disposition, and feminine softness of character; and Mrs. Hackman, whose regard for her daily increased, proposed, at length, to her complying husband, that they should adopt the pauper orphan as their own daughter. From the moment of the execution of this plan, every possible attention was paid to the education of Miss Bere, and, I presume, with the best success, as I have always understood that she became a highly-accomplished young lady. Her humility and modesty, however, never forsook her; and her exaltation in Mr. Hackman's family seemed only to strengthen her gratitude to her partial and generous benefactress. It could not be thought that such 'a flower' as the adopted beauty

'Was born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

or that, however retired her life might be, Miss Bere would remain long the beloved *protégée* of Mr. and Mrs. Hackman, without being remarked, admired, and solicited to change her name. Very shortly, indeed, after her assuming this character, such an event occurred; though without, at that time, producing any propitious result. A clergyman of respectable appearance, had taken lodgings in Lymington, for the purposes of autumnal bathing, and amusing himself with a little partridge-shooting. The hospitable Mr. Hackman, ever attracted towards a brother-sportsman, by a sort of magnetic influence, called upon the stranger, shot with him, and invited him to his house. The invitations were repeated, and accepted, as often as the shooting days recurred; nor had many taken place ere their natural effect on a young, unmarried clerk was produced. He became deeply enamoured of Miss Bere, and offered her his hand. She, for aught I know, might have been 'nothing loath' to change the condition of a recluse for the more active character of a clergyman's wife; but, as the gentleman had no possession save his living, and as Mr. Hackman could not, out of a life-estate, supply Miss Bere with a fortune, it was judged prudent, under these pecuniary disabilities, that she should decline the honour of the alliance. A year elapsed without the parties having met; and it was generally imagined, that Lethe had kindly administered an oblivious potion to both; and, with the aid of absence, had obliterated from their minds the remembrance of each other. But such was not the case. At the ensuing partridge season, the gentleman returned to Lymington; and, with the title of 'very reverend' prefixed to his name (for he had obtained a deanery in the interval), once more repeated his solicitations and his offers. These (as there was now no obstacle to the marriage) were accepted. The amiable pair were united, and lived, for many years, sincerely attached to each other—respected, esteemed, and beloved by all around them. The death of the husband dissolved, at length, the happy connexion. His lady survived her loss for some time; and, a few years ago, the little warbling pauper, Nancy Bere, of Lymington workhouse, quitted this temporal being, the universally lamented widow of the Right Rev. Thomas Thurloe, Palatine Bishop of Durham."

We have a short account of Vincent Hawkins Gilbert, Esq., a celebrated fox-hunter, of whom a little trait is brought forward as characteristic of his zeal for the chase. He appears to have been a perfect gentleman in his bearing, but sometimes would suffer this zeal to swallow up his usual good manners. "An acquaintance of mine (says a narrator, alluding to Mr. Gilbert), a good sportsman, but a warm man, when he sees the company pressing too closely upon his hounds, begins with crying out, as loudly as he can—'Hold hard.' If any one should persist after that, he goes on, moderately at first—'I beg, sir, you will stop your horse.' 'Pray, sir, stop.' 'Heaven bless you, sir, stop.' 'D—n your blood, sir, stop your horse.'"

Mr. Warner himself was curate of Fawley, in Hants, and relates a rather curious adventure which was the occasion of his transfer to All Saints' Chapel, Bath.

"I had crossed the river one November day to transact some business, and to dine, in the opposite town of Southampton. The evening was dark, and I hurried down the street to my boat, which was waiting for me at the quay. In my haste I came in rude contact with the

shoulder of a person who was walking in an opposite direction to my own. I felt that I was to blame, and made my apology accordingly. 'Bless me,' exclaimed the gentleman (in a voice that I immediately recognised to be that of the Rev. Mr. A——n's), 'is that Warner?' 'The same unquestionably,' said I. 'Why, I fully thought you had been at Bath. I left that place only a few days ago, and learned while I was there, that the rector of Walcot had appointed you to his vacant curacy of All Saints' Chapel, and that you were every day expected there to undertake the charge.' 'Would that it were true, my friend,' I replied; 'but not a breath of such good tidings has reached my ear. I know neither the rector nor his chapel, and am perfectly sure that my family are as little acquainted with the former as myself. Adieu!' My passage across the river afforded me leisure for meditation, and I ruminated much on the oddity of the adventure. My epistolary intercourse with Bath was frequent; but I had received no communication that bore at all upon the business of Mr. Sibley (the rector's name) or his curacy; information which I felt sure I should have received had there been any foundation for the Rev. Mr. A——n's intelligence. I resolved, however, at all events, to inform my connections at Bath of my *rencontre* with this gentleman, and to request they would make the earliest inquiries on a subject so interesting to us all. In a few days an answer from them arrived. They had not heard of the vacancy, nor were acquainted with the rector of Walcot; but had applied to a friend of that gentleman both for information and assistance. The Rev. Dr. Griffiths (the person alluded to) afforded the one, and promised them the other; the curacy was vacant, and he would apply to Mr. Sibley. He redeemed his pledge. 'The rector of Walcot knew not Mr. Warner even by name. There were many applicants for the situation; but in consequence of his regard for Dr. G., and his confidence in the propriety of his recommendation, he would nominate his friend to the curacy, provided he could make it convenient to enter shortly upon the duty.' * * * The source of Mr. A——n's intelligence to me in the street of Southampton has never been explained; for, singular to say, from that moment to the present time (an interval of nearly six and thirty years) I have neither seen nor heard of the gentleman in question."

We might continue these extracts *ad infinitum*. Now and then, perhaps, the stories approach the garrulity of old age; but it is the garrulity of the scholar and the gentleman; and we are not sure that we shall not recur to these volumes for the amusement of our readers, who we are satisfied will be anxious to know more of them: in the mean time we dismiss them with our hearty commendation.

Wedded Life in the Upper Ranks. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

A VERY interesting tale is here made the vehicle of that best of morality, the lessons deduced by experience from facts. The danger, as well as crime, of indulging in vain regrets, which render us blind at once to the feelings of others, and the advantages of our own situation; the necessity of keeping guard over an unoccupied imagination; and the incumbent duty that it is to weigh our benefits in the balance with our drawbacks,—are well set forth in these pages; which are a pleasant addition to, after all, a very prevalent and fasci-

nating species of reading. Good, and even bad novels are, and will be, extensively devoured; and we always rejoice when one comes before us which we can recommend to our readers. There are two tales; the first is the most interesting, the second in a more lively style. We give a spirited quotation, describing the change which has taken place in one whom the writer left a bride, and returns to find a matron of some years standing.

“To those who have been absent from home many years, the return to the abode of their early days is matter of so much mixture of feeling, that neither pleasure nor pain may be said usually to predominate. If, as in the case of him who is now about to present himself to the reader, the absence has been more than ten years, in another quarter of the globe; unfeigned delight at the sight of the paternal halls, might argue that many bitter moments had intervened since last he greeted them. On the other hand, if those years have not been years of sorrow, but only according to the chequered career of mortal life—then, the home view may appear tame, melancholy, uninteresting; and a doubt of the happiness therein to be enjoyed may cross the mind of even a wearied traveller in the busy scenes of life. With such blended feelings, I heard the heavy gates of my brother's park (which I had left my father's) close upon me; in another few minutes, those of the court-yard opened, and in the next moment I was fast locked in the arms of a brother. That minute was one of perfect felicity, unblended with retrospection or anticipation, either pleasing or painful. Ten years and more in a foreign land had not been unblest by many ties of friendship; but none could equal the bond which unites brothers in kindred love,—that love which grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength, and which, in my case and my brother's, engrossed all the affections of our parents; for we had no sisters or brothers to share that which consequently was for ourselves alone. ‘My dearest Arthur!’ ‘My dearest John!’ were all the words that for some time were heard to issue from our lips. ‘But Flora, where is Flora?’ said my brother, after a pause; ‘I must seek Flora—she has only walked into the pleasure-ground. She never would have gone farther the day you were expected. I will seek her; but first come in here. This was the billiard-room, which you may remember; well, it is now the breakfast-room, and we have had the billiard ta But this will all do another time,—I must run and fetch Flora.’ My departure from England was strongly connected with the recollection of this same Flora. The day before I sailed, I had taken my chance, and flying up to London, had witnessed the ceremony of my brother's nuptials; and was just in time back again at Portsmouth, with a fast-sailing boat, to catch the Indiaman in which I had secured my passage.—This Flora was to my mind's eye as visible as though we had parted yesterday. I saw her blushing cheek, concealed beneath her Brussels veil; her long, fair curling hair; her slender figure bending beneath folds of lace, drapery, and jewels; and withal so truly bridelike, feminine, lovely, and modest;—she was all, in short, that a boy's first dream of love presents to him, and which so seldom proves other than a dream. In all my thoughts of home, this lovely creature shedding light and life around my brother's fireside, was ever present to my view. My brother's footstep was again heard. I turned my eyes from the contemplation of a picture of my father, hang-

ing over the chimney-piece, to the door. My brother indeed entered, and with him a lady. The lady was short and plump; a coarse, and not precisely new Dunstable straw bonnet, undecked by ribands, was drawn low on her face. A dark common shawl, thick shoes which bore manifest token that the rain which had fallen that morning had moistened the soil, completed the costume of my brother's companion. It could not be Flora; so I resumed the contemplation of my father's picture. In a moment, however, the lady had sprung forward and seized my hand; and my brother's voice was heard; ‘What! Arthur, have you forgotten Flora?’”

There is an occasional incorrectness in either style or printing, and the French is frequently inaccurate: indeed this blemish of interlarding with an ill-understood foreign language ought to be discountenanced.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

Lord King's Journal, in Memoirs of Locke : concluded.

IT is not our intention to exhaust the valuable lights which are thrown upon our national history by this tract of 132 pages, which forms so interesting an appendage to the new edition of the *Memoirs of John Locke*; and we shall therefore merely state, that the latter moiety of it unfolds one of the most curious internal expositions of state machinery and policy which we ever read. It relates to the efforts of England to ally the Dutch republic and France, and some of the German electorates, in a common cause against Spain and Austria.

In March 1728-9, George II. being then in Hanover, Lord Chesterfield our ambassador in Holland, Lord Townshend with his majesty, and the queen at home assisted by a council of noblemen and ministers; we find the following picture of Holland, then on the eve of a great political change:—

“Lord Townshend sent me some letters from Lord Chesterfield, ambassador in Holland, to Lord Townshend, and his answers; the first was a private letter from the Hague, from Lord Chesterfield to Lord Townshend, dated 15th March, 1729; wherein he wrote that he had been yesterday with the pensionary, to know if he had any positive answer to give upon the subject of a very private letter of the 20th of February, O.S., of Lord Townshend's; and that the answer he gave was, that he had consulted with the greffier, and with some few others of his friends, upon the proposition of concerting a plan with England to oblige the emperor and Spain to come into measures, and to excite and press France to join in that design; but that he found it was impossible for him to propose it here; that they were so sensible of their own weakness, so persuaded of the inactivity of France, and so apprehensive of engaging in measures that may by any accident bring on a war, that he was sure such a proposal would be instantly rejected, and with a good share of indignation upon himself for having done it. That the only possible way of bringing it about, was for England and France to join in pressing the republic to come into such measures, in which case, he believed, they neither could or would refuse; but to act separately with England alone, he was sure they would never do it. The Earl of Chesterfield proceeds farther in his letter to give an account of the arguments that he made use of with the pensionary to induce him to enter into the concerting of the said plan with England; but it was all without success. For the pensionary told him, that he was as much convinced of the truth of

those reasonings as Lord Chesterfield could be himself, and as desirous to bring the republic into vigorous measures if possible; but that the weakness of the government, the private interest of some, and the reasonable fears of others, made it impossible to carry it through, and consequently imprudent to attempt it. That besides, the stay that the Prince of Orange had made at the Hague, though but short, had given so great an alarm, and caused so much uneasiness amongst the anti-stadholder party, that they could think of nothing else, and they would apprehend that a war would facilitate the designs of that prince. The Earl of Chesterfield says farther in that letter, that it is impossible to describe the miserable situation of the republic. The disputes between province and province engross both the thoughts and the time of the states general, as the disputes between town and town wholly employ the states of each particular province. Private interest or resentment is to be gratified at the expense of the whole. Present and imminent dangers are neglected for the fear of those remote and chimerical; and I may venture to say, with justice, of this government, that the utter ignorance of some, the notorious depravity of many, and the private view of all, render this republic at present a most contemptible enemy, and a most insignificant ally.”

Our ambassador, after dwelling on the Dutch government's objection to the marriage of the stadtholder with an English princess, says, very confidentially, no doubt, at that period, though thus let out *now* :—

“Upon the whole, I am persuaded the prince is not likely to be stadtholder by fair means, the power and profit of that employment being so much taken away from the most considerable people of the province, who will always oppose it. But I am convinced too, that whenever it shall be thought proper to push that affair, a general insurrection of the people may with very little difficulty and expense be procured, and a stadtholder imposed upon the province.”

So much, as a specimen of diplomacy. This is further illustrated by the annexed :—

“The affairs of the Prince of Orange in Zealand seemed to take a favourable turn, and I think it not impossible that he may be declared stadtholder of that province very unexpectedly; the whole thing depends upon three people, two of whom are corruptible. I must therefore beg to know whether, if a sum not exceeding ten thousand should absolutely secure that affair, I might, upon a proper occasion, be empowered to promise it?”

To the latter part of the proposition the reply to our ambassador (Lord Chesterfield) who made it, is, that “his majesty did not think it at all expedient for him to take a step of that nature at present, when the consequences may be throwing things into disorder, and without any immediate real advantage to the prince.”

There is a great deal of discussion respecting the orders to and the joint operations of the combined English and Dutch fleets; in which there seems to have been a little underhand dealing and secret intentions on both sides; but as Spain acted, the whole ended on paper. Our ministers (for instance) and their royal master pass these opinions :—

“It appears probable to his majesty that the Dutch will be inclined to join some of their ships to those of the king's that shall be ordered to the West Indies, which cannot be refused them if they desire it: his majesty is of opinion that this part of their lordships' scheme, which relates to the operation of his fleet alone in

those seas, should be kept secret, since the states would most certainly oppose it, and the proposing it to them would most certainly break the union which subsists between them and his majesty, which would be fatal at this juncture. Besides, the sailing of the joint squadron thither upon some general concert, in common for annoying the Spaniards, and protecting the trade of both nations, will not hinder his majesty from sending some more ships in a reasonable time after, with four Irish battalions on board, under pretence of strengthening our garrisons in those parts, in order to put in execution any attempt on Porto Rico, or any other place of the Spanish dominions there. Such particular expeditions have been several times undertaken in the last war without any communication with our allies, and cannot reasonably be excepted against, in case a war should be actually begun with Spain—and this may be done without putting the nation to any greater expense, by finding some pretence to keep back so many of Sir Charles Wager's squadron as may be thought necessary to convey the troops that shall be sent to the West Indies."

We have the following extraordinary memorandum:

"Monday, 2d Sept. 1729, went to town. The next day saw the queen at court; from thence went to Sir R. Walpole's in his chariot, and dined with him and his lady only. He told me, that since the last time I saw him, they had received the draught of articles for a definitive peace concerted between our plenipotentiaries and the cardinal and the *garde des sceaux*; that they were so plain and good, that they did not think it worth the while to send for me to come to town to see and agree to them, or to give any farther instruction; that they were as good as we could desire, he was afraid too good—but, however, the cardinal said that he was sure Spain would come into it; that, for expedition, as soon as they were agreed on in France, they were immediately sent to Spain, and were there by this time. In talking with him about the king's orders, that orders for the fleet and the negotiations with Spain should be all from hence without first sending to Hanover, he told me that Lord Townshend was very much displeased at it; that he, in concert with the queen, gained it by a stratagem; that the queen wrote a letter to the king, intimating that some people thought the orders for the fleet were too long coming from Hanover, but that she would not for the world desire the king to send a power to her or to any one—here to give immediate orders; that would be to execute a power which belonged only to him, and should be only executed by him. Whereon he wrote her a letter, that he would trust his throne and kingdom entirely with her, and thereupon ordered, that not only the fleet, but also the plenipotentiaries at Paris, should receive their immediate orders from hence, and not stay for his. On this occasion he let me into several secrets relating to the king and queen—that the king constantly wrote to her by every opportunity long letters of two or three sheets, being generally of all his actions—what he did every day, even to minute things, and particularly of his amours, what women he admired and *took as favourites*;* and that the queen, to continue him in a disposition to do what she desired, returned as long letters, and approved even of his amours, and of the women he took;* not scrupling to say, that she was but

* The words used in stating this remarkable fact are such as to compel us to corrupt the text.—Ed. L. G.

one woman, and an old woman, and that he might love more and younger women, and she was very willing he should have the best of them. By which means, and a perfect subserviency to his will, she effected whatsoever she desired, without which it was impossible to keep him within any bounds."

In 1730, there is a curious story about a Spanish vessel, which we also copy, as an example of politics where money is the temptation.

"November 5, 1730.—On a summons of the cabinet council, there met at Lord Harrington's office, himself, Lord Wilmington, Lord Torrington, and myself. When Lord Harrington told us that the king had news that a Spanish man-of-war, coming from Carthagena to Spain with a great quantity of money and effects, had been cast away at St. Pedro's Shoals, about ten leagues from Jamaica; and that they had help from Jamaica to save what could be saved out of the ship, and that an officer had been ashore at Jamaica to desire help for that purpose, and that the king desired us to advise him whether he should not on some pretext or other detain the silver and effects, to be disposed of as hereafter should seem reasonable. By the treaty of Seville, the Spaniards were to restore the money and effects they had seized of ours during the rupture; among which was 200,000*l.* in silver belonging to the South Sea. The King of Spain had given orders to his officers in the West Indies to restore it, but they said they had contrary orders from Patino, to send it home to Europe, which they had done. So that as yet we had no restitution; and if there were the same sums to be met with in this shipwrecked ship, by this means we might obtain restitution. On the whole, we were of opinion that a frigate should be sent forthwith to Jamaica, under pretext of carrying orders to the governor, to provide place and conveniencies for the two regiments of soldiers that were to go thither from Gibraltar; but that a letter should be writ to him to take care and help the Spaniards in securing all the silver and effects; that he should take an exact account in their presence, and by their concurrence, of all the silver and effects that were saved, put them in safe custody, and then tell them that he would give an account thereof to England, and have orders from thence about the delivery."

With the following notice of what would in our day be considered a strange occurrence, namely, the French right to recruiting in Ireland, we shall conclude these extracts.

"November 8, 1730.—At Lord Harrington's, present myself, Duke of Newcastle, Lord Wilmington, Lord Harrington, Lord Torrington, and Horace Walpole. The Duke of Newcastle informed the company that the king had promised the French king to permit him to list 750 men in Ireland, to fill up the Irish regiments in France, and that French officers were gone over, and at Dublin. But this had made so great a noise there that the prime and other justices did not care to meddle therein but by positive and direct orders from hence, that therefore it was thought reasonable that we should endeavour to get a discharge of this promise from France; and it was proposed to consider in what manner to write to France to this purpose. The Duke said that it had been thought a proper way to let France know the disturbance the putting it in execution would do at this present, and therefore desire them to waive it; but if, notwithstanding, they insisted upon it, the king would certainly do it. I gave my opinion, that

at the first view I did not think it proper to enter into any new engagement; but what to do I could not tell till I was first satisfied of the legality of it, and when I was satisfied as to that, I would give the best opinion I could.

"Wednesday, November 11th.—The same persons as before were at Lord Harrington's, and the Duke of Newcastle desired the company to advise what was best to be done with relation to the permitting the filling up the Irish regiments in the French king's service. As to the legality, this depending upon an act of Parliament in Ireland, it might be taken for granted, that, following the direction of that law, it was legal. As to the prudential part of it, all wished no such promise had been made. But it was affirmed by the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Harrington, that such promise had been frequently made; and therefore it was the thought of all that proper application should be made to the court of France to obtain a discharge of it; and the Duke of Newcastle took out a copy of an intended letter to the cardinal, the purport whereof was to lay before him the great alarm this made in Ireland, and the great impediment there would be to the king's affairs if it were insisted on, which it was hoped the French king would take into consideration, withal assuring him, that if he should not like to comply with this reasonable request of our king, upon the return of the courier the king's promise should be performed. I objected against this last clause, and gave it as my opinion, that the king should not put himself under any new engagement. What was passed could not be helped, but he should not anew tie himself down. But except Lord Torrington, every one present was against this, alleging, that the best way to procure this act of amity from France was to shew the king's adherence to his promises. I thought this had no solid argument in it, therefore still declared my opinion that it should not be done. But at the instance of Lord Torrington, they softened the assurance of doing it the next courier, by saying, that if the king of France insists on it, it should be done *d'abord*."

It is from such records as these that we are really enabled to understand public transactions, appreciate characters, and arrive at the truth of history. We are infinitely indebted to Lord King for opening this new lock.

Sir T. Dick Lauder's Account of the Great Floods of Aug. 1829, in Moray, &c.

[Second Notice.]

AGREEABLY to our pledge, we return to the *Floods in Moray*, which, according to the doctrine of Pythagoras* (we believe), seem to have been one of those periodical visitations which, as the philosopher holds, have at various times visited, and will at various times to come visit the earth, not as universal deluges, but as local and partial scourges, such as that of Deucalion, which, according to the same authority, was principally confined to Hellas.

* A work similar to that of Sir Thomas Lauder's has been published in the German language by Major Müller, a military engineer in the kingdom of Hanover, giving a historical and technical description of the extraordinary inundation which, in February 1826, devastated the countries situated, as well on the shores of the North Sea, as on the banks of the rivers which flow into it. This inundation extended from Antwerp to Lubeck, towns distant from each other more than 120 leagues in a right line. It was preceded by various remarkable indications: large flights of wild geese were seen passing from the north-west towards the south-east; the waves of the sea assumed a frothy and phosphorescent character; human beings were affected as if by some electrical agency; and even the animals in the fields wandered restlessly about, and seemed to be agitated by some sinister foreboding.

In our last *Gazette* we mentioned the author's agreeable references to past events, and we now illustrate this by an extract historically relating to Kingston, near Garmouth.

"The alarm at the mill of Garmouth, occupied by George Scott, induced his wife and daughters to wade away, driving their cattle before them; whilst the miller and his lad remained to put something to rights about the premises, with the intention of following the family. But the flood increased, and the tempest still raged, and neither came. After relieving the family of the Lambs next morning, the boatmen pulled for the miller's house. They rowed several times round it, and among the ruined outbuildings, calling loudly on the miller; and, receiving no answer, they turned away, in the sad conviction that the unfortunate inmates had perished. As they were in the act of leaving the place, the wall of the house gave way in a moment, and great part of it fell into the rushing waves. The boatmen pulled off, in dread of being overwhelmed by the fall of the remainder of the building, when, to their no small surprise, they espied Mr. Scott's head and red night-cap thrust through the broken roof, and heard him calling loudly for help. They gladly returned, lowered him and his lad down into the boat, and placed both of them in safety. Mr. Scott's own account was, that, having gone from the mill into the house to dinner, they were surrounded by the water, 'which,' said he, 'gaed on growin' an' growin' till between eleven an' twal o'clock. We got up on a table on ane o' the beds, and syne on chairs aboon the table, till we proppit oursel's up to the ceilin' o' the hoose. Ilka ither thing was floatin' aboot. The water was fiver five feet deep, an' mysel' but five an' a half, an' the loon five feet high. I was hearin' the rummel o' the oot hooses as they war fa'in', an' sae I began to be frightit that the farrest up end o' our fire-hoose might tummel doon an' kill us baith. So mysel' and the loon got a hand o' a rope, and swung wi' the help o' it to a bed at the ither end o' the hoose, whar there was nae ceilin', an' we had hardly gotten there wi' the providence o' God, when the upper end o' the hoose that we had left gied way, an' cam' doon wi' sic an awfu' rummel that my heart lap to my mouth wi' fright. I thought surely the end we war in wad gang naist. But whan I put my head oot o' the roof, an' saw a' the hooses in ruins, an' spied the boat, I trow I praised the Lord for our salvation. What think ye o' my swine, only sax months auld. Ane o' them swemed doon to the bar, an' then four miles east, through the sea to Port Gordon, whar' the poor beast landed safe, an' I sauld him there. Ither three o' them teuk a sea voyage five miles to the wast, an' landed at the Blackhill. See they's them i' the sty there. A'my furniture was ruined, an' I thought I wad ha'e been ruined too, if no killed or drowned. But wi' some fish [trouble] I got ahaud o' my watch, an' my bit pickters, an' some ither usefu' papers, an' rowed them i' my napkin, an' pat them aboot my throat. I thought whan the water should come there, I wad soon ha'e little need o' them. But feggs I saved them that way.' Strange as it may appear, the miller assured his deliverers that he had 'got a glimmer o' sleep about five o'clock i' the mornin'.' The populous village of Garmouth stands about a quarter of a mile above the embouchure of the Spey, occupying the base and slope of a gently rising ground. It consists of several winding streets. The houses, many of them three stories high, are built of clay

* Meaning his bank-notes.

kneaded up with straw, in a frame, as practised in the south of France, at Roanne, for example, the whole of which town is of these materials. Here they are plastered, or rough-cast, with lime, so as to present an extremely good exterior. The smaller village of Kingston stands on a ridge close to the sea-shore, composed of rounded pebbles brought down by the river and again thrown up by the tide. It has its name from the historical fact of Charles II. having landed here from Holland in 1650. The descendants of a man of the name of Milne, who carried his majesty ashore, are still in existence; and the family have been distinguished ever since by the appellation of *King Milne*, from the service then performed by their ancestor. Thomas Milne, or, as some will have it, John Milne, was ferryman here in 1650. The vessel which brought Charles to Scotland could not come into the harbour, but rode at anchor in the bay, whilst a boat was sent to land the king. The boat could not approach the shore sufficiently near to admit of Charles landing dry-shod; and Milne, wading into the tide, turned his broad back to the king at the side of the boat, and resting his hands on his knees, very quietly bade his majesty 'loup on.' 'Nay, friend,' said the king, smiling, though somewhat alarmed at the proposal, 'I am too great a weight for so little a man as you.' 'Od! I may be leetle o' stature,' replied Milne, looking up and laughing in Charles's face, 'but I'se be bound I'm baith strong an' steedy; an' mony's the weightier burden I've carried i' my day.' Amused with the man, and persuaded by those around him that there was no danger, the king mounted on Milne's back, and was landed safely on the boat-green. It does not appear that Milne received any reward for this piece of service."

Our next quotation exemplifies the characteristic facetiousness to which we alluded, as being mixed up with the details of this sad calamity. We trust its Doric dialect will be sufficiently intelligible to our southern readers.

"The rapid burn of Tomore descends from the mountain of Belrinnes on the right. John Cly, the meal-miller of Tomore, a sturdy, hale, independent-minded old man of seventy-five, has been singularly persecuted by floods, having suffered by that of 1768, and by three or four inundations since, but especially by that of 1783, when his house and mill were carried away, and he was left pennyless. He was not a little affected by that calamity, which fell upon him and on no one else; but his indomitable spirit got the better of every thing. About seven years ago, he undertook to improve a piece of absolute beach, of two acres, entirely covered with enormous stones and gravel. But John knew that a deep rich soil lay below, buried there by the flood of 1768. He removed the stones with immense labour, formed them into a bulwark and enclosure round the field, trenched down the gravel to the depth of four or five feet, and brought up the soil, which afterwards produced most luxuriant crops. His neighbours ridiculed his operations while they were in progress, saying that he never would have a crop there. 'Do ye see these ash trees?' said John, pointing to some vigorous saplings growing near, 'are they no thriving?' It was impossible to deny that they were. 'Well,' continued John, 'if it wunna produce corn, I'll plant it wi' ash trees, and the laird, at least, will hae the benefit.' The fruits of all John's labours were swept away by the direful flood of the 3d of August. But pride of his heart, as this improvement had been, the flood was not able to sweep away his equa-

nimity and philosophy together with his acres. When some one condoled with him on his loss 'I took it frae the Awen,' said he, with emphasis, 'and let the Awen hae her ain gain.' And, when a gossiping tailor halted at his door one day, charitably to bewail his loss, he cut him short, by pithily remarking, 'Well! if I have lost my croft, I have got a fish-pond in its place, where I can fish independent of any one.' After the year 1783, he built his house on a rock, that shewed itself from under the soil at the base of the bank, bounding the glen of the burn. During the late flood, the water was dashing up at his door, and his sister who is older than he, having expressed great terror, and proposed that they should both fly for it: 'What's the woman afeard o'?' cried John, impatiently, 'hae we not baith the rock o' nature an' the Rock o' Ages to trust till?—We'll no stir one fit!' John's first exertion after the flood was to go down to Ballinalloch, to assist the laird in his distress. There he worked hard for three days, before Mr. Grant discovered that he had left his own haystack buried to the top in sand, and insisted on his going home to disinter it. When Mr. Grant talked to him of his late calamity, 'Odd, sir,' said he, 'I dinna regard this matter hauf sae muckle as I did that slap i' the aughty-three, for then I was, in a manner, a marked man. Noo we're a' sufferin' t'gether, an' I'm but neebourlike.' Mr. Grant says that the people of this district bear misfortunes with a wonderful degree of philosophy, arising from the circumstance of their being deeply tinged with the doctrine of predestination. I was much gratified with my interview with honest John Cly. Whilst I was sketching him unperceived, Mr. Grant was doing his best to occupy his attention. 'Well now, John,' said Mr. Grant to him, pointing to an apparently impracticable beach of stones a little way up the glen, 'if you had improved that piece, as I advised you, it would have been safe still, for you see the burn hasn't touched it at all.' 'Na, fegs!' replied John, with a most significant shake of his head, 'gin I had gruppit her in wi' the stanes that cam' oot o' ye, whaur wad she hae been noo, think ye?—Odd, I kent her ower lang.' The flax-miller's croft shared the same fate as John Cly's, and the mill, full of flax, was sanded up to the beams of the first floor."

The following is an appalling story, and worked up with all the fearful interest of a melo-drama; but, unfortunately, of a fatal termination.

"The flood, both in the Spey and its tributary burn, was terrible at the village of Charlestown of Aberlour. On the 3d of August, Charles Cruickshanks, the innkeeper, had a party of friends in his house. There was no inebriety—but there was a fiddle; and what Scotsman is he who does not know that the well-jerked strains of a lively strathspey have a potent spell in them that goes beyond even the witchery of the bowl? On one who daily inhales the breezes from the musical stream that gives name to the measure, the influence is powerful; and it was that day felt by Cruickshanks with a more than ordinary degree of excitement. He was joyous to a pitch that made his wife grave. I have already noticed the predestinarian principles prevalent in these parts. Mrs. Cruickshanks was deeply affected by her husband's unusual jollity. 'Surely my goodman is daft the day,' said she gravely; 'I ne'er saw him dance at sic a rate. Lord grant that he binna fey!' When the river began to rise rapidly in the evening, Cruickshanks, who had a quantity of

wood lying near the mouth of the burn, asked two of his neighbours, James Stewart and James Mackerran, to go and assist him in dragging it out of the water. They readily complied; and Cruickshanks getting on the loose raft of wood, they followed him, and did what they could in pushing and hauling the pieces of timber ashore, till the stream increased so much, that, with one voice, they declared they would stay no longer, and, making a desperate effort, they plunged over-head and reached the land with the greatest difficulty. They then tried all their eloquence to persuade Cruickshanks to come away—but he was a bold and experienced floater, and laughed at their fears; nay, so utterly reckless was he, that having now diminished the crazy, ill-put-together raft he stood on, till it consisted of a few spars only, he employed himself in trying to catch at and save some hay-cocks belonging to the clergyman, which were floating past him. But while his attention was so engaged, the flood was rapidly increasing, till, at last, even his dauntless heart became appalled at its magnitude and fury. 'A horse! A horse!' he loudly and anxiously cried—'run for one of the minister's horses, and ride in with a rope, else I must go with the stream.' He was quickly obeyed; but ere a horse arrived, the flood had rendered it impossible to approach him. Seeing that he must abandon all hope of help in that way, Cruickshanks was now seen, as if summing up all his resolution and presence of mind, to make the perilous attempt of dashing through the raging current with his frail and imperfect raft. Grasping more firmly the iron-shod pole he held in his hand, called in floater's language a *sting*, he pushed resolutely into it; but he had hardly done so, when the violence of the water wrenched from his hold that which was all he had to depend on. A shriek burst from his friends as they beheld the wretched raft dart off with him down the stream like an arrow freed from the bow-string. But the mind of Cruickshanks was no common one to quail before the first approach of danger. He poised himself, and stood balanced, with determination and self-command in his eye, and no sound of fear or of complaint was heard to come from him. At the point where the burn met the river in the ordinary state of both, there grew some trees, now surrounded by deep and strong currents, and far from the land. The raft took a direction towards one of these; and seeing the wide and tumultuous waters of the Spey before him, in which there was no hope that his loosely connected logs could stick one moment together, he coolly prepared himself, and, collecting all his force into one well-timed and well-directed effort, he sprang, caught a tree, and clung among its boughs, whilst the frail raft hurried away from under his foot, was dashed into fragments, and scattered on the bosom of the waves. A shout of joy arose from his anxious friends—for they now deemed him safe; but he uttered no shout in return. Every nerve was strained to procure help. 'A boat!' was the general cry, and some ran this way and some that, to endeavour to procure one. It was now between seven and eight o'clock in the evening. A boat was speedily obtained from Mr. Gordon of Aberlour; and though no one there was very expert in its use, it was quickly manned by people eager to save Cruickshanks from his perilous situation. The current was too terrible about the tree to admit of their nearing it so as to take him directly into the boat; but their object was to row

through the smoother water to such a distance as might enable them to throw a rope to him, by which means they hoped to drag him to the boat. Frequently did they attempt this, and as frequently were they foiled, even by that which was considered as the gentler part of the stream—for it hurried them past the point whence they wished to make the cast of their rope, and compelled them to row up again by the side, to start on each fresh adventure. Often were they carried so much in the direction of the tree as to be compelled to exert all their strength to pull themselves away from him they would have saved, that they might avoid the vortex that would have caught and swept them to destruction. And often was poor Cruickshanks tantalised with the approach of help, which came but to add to the other miseries of his situation, that of the bitterest disappointment. Yet he bore all calmly. In the transient glimpses they had of him as they were driven past him, they saw no blenching on his dauntless countenance,—they heard no reproach, no complaint, no sound, but an occasional short exclamation of encouragement to persevere in their friendly endeavours. But the evening wore on, and still they were unsuccessful. It seemed to them that something more than mere natural causes was operating against them. 'His hour is come!' said they, as they regarded one another with looks of awe; 'our struggles are vain.' The courage and the hope which had hitherto supported them began to fail, and the descending shades of night extinguished the last feeble sparks of both, and put an end to their endeavours. Fancy alone can picture the horrors that must have crept on the unfortunate man, as, amidst the impenetrable darkness which now prevailed, he became aware of the continued increase of the flood that roared around him, by its gradual advance towards his feet, whilst the rain and the tempest continued to beat more and more dreadfully upon him. That these were long ineffectual in shaking his collected mind, we know from the fact, afterwards ascertained, that he actually wound up his watch while in this dreadful situation. But, hearing no more the occasional passing exclamations of those who had been hitherto trying to succour him, he began to shout for help in a voice that became every moment more long-drawn and piteous, as, between the gusts of the tempest, and borne over the thunder of the waters, it fell from time to time on the ears of his clustered friends, and rent the heart of his distracted wife. Ever and anon it came, and hoarser than before, and there was an occasional wildness in its note, and now and then a strange and clamorous repetition for a time, as if despair had inspired him with an unnatural energy. But the shouts became gradually shorter,—less audible and less frequent,—till at last their eagerly listening ears could catch them no longer. 'Is he gone?'—was the half-whispered question they put to one another, and the smothered responses that were muttered around, but too plainly told how much the fears of all were in unison. 'What was that?' cried his wife in delirious scream,—'that was his whistle I heard!'—She said truly. A shrill whistle, such as that which is given with the fingers in the mouth, rose again over the loud din of the deluge, and the yelling of the storm. He was not yet gone. His voice was but cracked by his frequent exertions to make it heard, and he had now resorted to an easier mode of transmitting to his friends the certainty of his safety. For some time his un-

happy wife drew hope from such considerations, but his whistles, as they came more loud and prolonged, pierced the ears of his foreboding friends like the ill-omened cry of some warning spirit; and, it may be matter of question whether all believed that the sounds they heard were really mortal. Still they came louder and clearer for a brief space; but at last they were heard no more, save in his frantic wife's fancy, who continued to start as if she still heard them, and to wander about, and to listen, when all but herself were satisfied that she could never hear them again. Wet and weary, and shivering with cold, was this miserable woman, when the tardy dawn of morning beheld her, straining her eye-balls through the imperfect light, towards the trees where Cruickshanks had been last seen. There was something there that looked like the figure of a man, and on that her eyes fixed. But those around her saw, alas! too well, that what she fondly supposed to be her husband was but a bunch of wreck, gathered by the flood into one of the trees; for the one to which he clung had been swept away. The body of poor Cruickshanks was found in the afternoon of next day, on the Haugh of Dandaleith, some four or five miles below. As it had ever been his uniform practice to wind his watch up at night, and as it was discovered to be nearly full wound when it was taken from his pocket, the fact of his having had self-possession enough to obey his usual custom, under circumstances so terrible, is as unquestionable as it is wonderful. It had stopt at a quarter of an hour past 11 o'clock, which would seem to fix that as the fatal moment when the tree was rent away; for when that happened, his struggles amidst the raging waves of the Spey must have been few and short. When the men, who had so unsuccessfully attempted to save him, were talking over the matter, and agreeing that no human help could have availed him, 'I'm thinkin' I could ha' ta'en him oot,' said a voice in the circle. All eyes were turned towards the speaker, and a general expression of contempt followed, for it was a boy of the name of John Rainey, a reputed idiot, from the foot of Belrinnes, who spoke. 'You!' cried a dozen voices at once, 'what would you have done, you wise man?' 'I wud ha'e tied an empty anker-cask to the end o' a lang lang tow, an' I wud ha'e floated it aff frae near about whar the raft was ta'en first awa, an' syne, ye see, as the stream teuk the raft till the tree, maybe she wud ha'e ta'en the cask there too,—an' if Charley Cruickshanks had ance gotten a haud o' the rope,'—He would have finished, but his auditors were gone. They had silently slunk away in different directions, one man alone having muttered, as he went, something about 'wisdom coming out of the mouth of fools.'

Of such materials is this volume, of which we reluctantly take leave, in the hope that we have interested our readers with the same fancy for it, which we indulge ourselves. If not, we can only regret the difference of tastes, and look for the comet of 1830 for a subject of an entirely different kind, wherewith to entertain them—if we all live.

The Cabinet Cyclopaedia. Vol. IX. Outlines of History. pp. 461. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

THE design of this volume will be best shewn by an extract from its preface.

"The object of the writer of the present volume has been to give a correct, and, as far as the limits would permit, a comprehensive

epitome of the history of the world, which accuracy of narration and chronology would render valuable as a book of reference, and in which general views and reflections would remove the dryness inseparable from a mere enumeration of facts. As a portion of a Cyclopædia, it is to the historical volumes what in an atlas the map of the world is to those which follow it, representing in connexion what they exhibit isolated, and displaying the relative proportions and importance of the several parts. Its chief utility will be, doubtless, as a book of reference for those who are already versed in history; yet it is hoped that even the tyro who studies it with attention will find himself, at the termination of his labour, ignorant of few of the great characters and events which occur in the history of the world."

Useful rather than amusing, it is a well-contrived dictionary of dates and names; but less adapted for reading than reference, for which latter purpose it will be very valuable.

Foreign Exclusives in London. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

THE title of these pages is a mere catch, having neither the personality nor the knowledge in London society, of its prototype. There is nothing requiring either much of censure or of praise.

The Pulpit. Vol. XIV. London, Harding; Edinburgh, Oliphant.

IN acknowledging the attention of our graver contemporary in sending us his fourteenth volume, and a series of his later weekly Nos., we take the opportunity of mentioning the very marked additional interest which these Nos. possess from their ample reports of so popular and curious a subject as the sermons preached by clergymen of all sects, and every variety of opinion, on the death of the late King. Even those who have not previously been disposed to read *the Pulpit*, will be strongly tempted by these piquant bits of politico-theology: they have, we confess, astonished, amused, and informed us, in no small degree.

Waverley Novels, Vol. XV.—A Legend of Montrose.

WE discover from this that we fell into a mistake in reckoning Vol. XIV. the conclusion of the series in twelve vols. 8vo.; and we are very glad to have had another pleasure added to our list. The frontispiece is ably engraved by a rising Edinburgh artist, of the name of R. Lauder; and the volume, with introduction and notes, is certainly one of the most interesting even of the author's productions.

A Practical Latin Grammar, in two Parts. By L. Edward Peithman, LL.D., Author of the "Practical Greek Grammar," "Elements of Latin Composition," &c. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

THIS is a really practical grammar. It includes grammatical rules, exercises, reading lessons, and a vocabulary. By a course of progressive exercises, the pupil is enabled to form the rules for himself, by induction; and rules deduced by this process are not only better understood, and lastingly impressed on the mind, but will prepare the learner to reason logically and philosophically on any subject whatever. In the etymological part, however, the author enters too deeply into the niceties of the language, and overburdens the learner, in the first instance, with too many forms, be-

fore the mind is stored with matter fit to be conformed. But, notwithstanding this defect, or rather redundancy, we are strongly inclined to the opinion that this is the best book for the purpose of learning the Latin language that we know. The plan of reciprocal translation is excellent; for thus only can abstract rules be permanently impressed on the mind. The exercises, we see, are drawn from Latin prose writers, and are calculated to convey useful information on history and the nations of antiquity.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NAVAL UNIFORM.

AT a moment when our gallant tars are crowding in their new uniforms to pay homage to a sea-bred King of the House of Brunswick, it is amusing to look back, some eighty odd years, to the days of his great grandfather, to see the state of our sailors' personal equipments at that time. We are indebted to the brave and distinguished veteran Sir J. Saumarez for the following original letter from Captain Keppel (afterwards so famous) to Capt. Philip Saumarez, on the subject of dress,—important, it seems, to heroes as well as to ladies. It is curious to find that there was no regular uniform.

London, August 25th, 1747.

MY DEAR SIR,—I received the pleasure of yours just as my Lord Anson was talking of you, and saying that he had received your letter, which he would answer, but in the mean time desired me to make some excuse to you for him, which I readily undertook. He at present has the troubles of the navy on him, as there are many days when they cannot form a board; so pray be easy till you hear from him.

Your letter is so extremely polite, that I don't know how to answer it; but still write to keep up our intimacy, which I assure you gives me great pleasure. Tim Brett tells me you have made a uniform coat, &c. after your own fancy; my Lord Anson is desirous that many of us should make coats after our own taste, and then that a choice should be made of one to be general; and if you will appear in it here, he says he will be answerable your taste will not be amongst the worst.

We reason variously on the subject of Bergen-op-Zoom; the place still defends itself bravely, and the French do not gain an inch of ground but what they undermine; but still I fear it cannot hold out above a week or ten days longer: I wish I may judge wrongly. Only think what alarms we shall have, and how much our cruising will be interrupted, if any more invasions are trumped up, which they will be in the winter, so that their Martinico ships may pass safe without the English protecting them.

I pity your situation at Plymouth, but you will soon be at sea. I hope soon to be with you. Men will be the thing I want, and from the finest mann'd ship in the service, perhaps shall have the worst, though I am told I shall have my own people; but to expect them all to come will be extraordinary.

Cheap and Saunders, who are now with me, desire their compliments; and I conclude with assuring you that I am, with the greatest truth, yours, (Signed) A. KEPPEL.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR AUGUST.

The Sun.—The solar disc has not during the past month been free from spots. 28th July—

two of considerable magnitude are now near the centre. Some astronomers have hazarded the idea, that there may be a connexion between the frequency of this singular phenomenon and the uncertain character of the seasons. Independent, however, of the want of a long-continued series of observations, so necessary to form a theory, the opinions of those who have attended at all to the subject are at variance, some considering the spots as concomitants of a cold, humid season; and others, of excessive heat and drought. A long space of time occasionally occurs when the sun's orb has been observed to be free from these appearances:—from the year 1650 to 1670 scarcely any spots were visible: a similar purity of disc was noticed about a century since, so as nearly to sanction the opinion of the bigoted persecutors of Galileo—that the sun was immaculate, "without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing." For some years past, the sun has exhibited these spots, with scarcely any interruption, and occasionally in great numbers and magnitude.

The occasional deficiency of brilliancy observed in the sun by ancient writers might possibly be owing to the orb being copiously covered with spots. A.D. 321, the Chinese annals have an account of spots seen in the sun, visible to the naked eye. A.D. 807, a large spot was observed for eight days. In 1547, there is recorded a very general deficiency of the solar light, which might be owing to numerous small spots. These mysterious appearances on the central globe of the system have furnished a very plausible explanation of the phenomenon of variable stars. These are considered to be suns, which have large permanent spots unequally distributed on their orbs, that when, by rotation, that side which is least covered with these spots is turned towards the earth, then the maximum of brilliancy occurs; and that when that side which is most covered is similarly directed, then its minimum of light appears. A star in Sobieski's shield, of this description, is now in a favourable position for observation. This star goes through all its changes in sixty-two days.

A singular circumstance has been noticed in solar observations—that the spots near the limb require the focus of the telescope to be shorter than for those near the centre of the disc. This has been attributed to the superior brilliancy of the central parts. The bright planets, Jupiter and Venus, require a different focus to the less bright planets Mars and Saturn.

17^d 23^h 53^m—the Sun eclipsed. This eclipse, though occurring at noon, will, owing to the great south latitude of the Moon, be invisible to the northern hemisphere: it will prove a very small obscuration to the inhabitants of high south latitudes: two digits only of the sun will be concealed.

23^d 5^h 7^m—the Sun enters Virgo.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ Full Moon in Capricornus	4	0	57
☾ Last Quarter in Taurus	10	20	8
☾ New Moon in Leo	17	23	53
☽ First Quarter in Ophiuchus	26	2	3

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Jupiter in Sagittarius	1	16	0
Mars in Pisces	7	13	30
Venus in Gemini	15	9	30
Saturn in Leo	17	18	15
Mercury in Leo	19	3	52
Jupiter in Sagittarius	28	22	7

4^d 8^h 30^m—Mercury in his superior conjunction. 8^d 18^h—in conjunction with Saturn. Difference of latitude, 39'.

12^d—Venus in conjunction with p Gem-
 norum: difference of latitude 30". 25^d—
 in conjunction with 344 Mayer: difference of lati-
 tude 4'.

13^d—Mars stationary, and appearing with
 increasing splendour; it may easily be distin-
 guished by its ruddy aspect; it rises in the
 east at the following times respectively:—

D. H. M.	D. H. M.	D. H. M.
1 9 42	13 9 1	25 8 17

The Asteroids.—5^d—Vesta is near no par-
 ticular star to indicate its situation; it passes
 the meridian at 16^h 32^m. Pallas is near
 α Boötis, and Ceres near 578 Libræ. 25^d—
 Juno in opposition 2° 13' north of 44 Aquarii.
 This small planet shines as a star of the eighth
 magnitude, is of a reddish colour, and free
 from that nebulous atmosphere that surrounds
 each of the other asteroids. This latter cir-
 cumstance has given occasion for the suspicion,
 that if these bodies are the wreck of an ex-
 ploded planet, Juno was the satellite of the
 destroyed world, and not a component part;
 but though no cloudy atmosphere is perceived,
 this asteroid is liable to considerable variations
 in its light, arising probably from its rotation,
 which is supposed to be performed in 27 hours.

The elements and other phenomena of Juno
 are as follow:—

	V. D.	H. M.	S.
Sidereal revolution.....	4 132	15 51	33.12
Mean synodical revolution ...	0 474	0 0	0
Longitude of ascending node ..	5 signs 21°	7'	40".4
Place of perihelion	1 ...	23 33	46
Eccentricity of the orbit, 65 millions of miles, or one fourth of the mean distance from the Sun.	13°	4'	9".7
Inclination of the orbit.....	13°	4'	9".7
Proportional quantity of light and heat, the earth being 114037		
Mean diameter	3"		
True diameter.....	1425 miles.		

Owing to the great ellipticity of the orbit,
 Juno occupies twice the time in traversing that
 part of its course most remote from the Sun,
 that it does in describing the remainder.

Jupiter cannot fail to strike the most insen-
 sible spectator with its beauty and brilliancy,
 as it slowly ushers in the autumnal season: its
 low altitude on the meridian affords an excel-
 lent opportunity of contemplating the almost
 infinite variety of position which the system
 assumes;—sometimes all the satellites to the
 east of Jupiter, as on the 9th evening; or to
 the west, as on the 21st—only two visible on
 the 8th and 23d—conjunctions among them-
 selves, 9th, 21st, and 30th—clustering to-
 gether on the 15th and 22d. Every description
 of elongation, transit, occultation, and station-
 ary position, which is slowly developed in the
 planets of the system, are here beautifully seen
 in miniature, and in very short spaces of time.
 The following will be the visible eclipses of the
 satellites:—

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First Satellite, emersion	16	10	11	11
Second Satellite	1	11	38	17
	26	8	40	1
Third Satellite.....	30	8	52	47

14^d 15^d—Saturn in conjunction with the Sun.
 Uranus continues favourably situated for
 telescopic observation. A lapse of six years
 occurred between the discovery of the primary,
 and the first observation of the second and
 fourth satellites, and thirteen years before the
 other four were seen. It is generally believed
 that there are other satellites belonging to this
 remote planet, but shining with a light too
 feeble to be seen with our instruments.

The comet of Encke will this month attain
 its aphelion, and re-commence its return to
 this part of the system, and cross the earth's
 orbit in the spring of 1832.

The comet of Halley has completed seventy-
 one years of its period, and is now rapidly ap-

proaching these lower regions. It is calculated
 that it will pass its perihelion 16th November,
 1835. J. T. B.

Substitute for Ships' Rudders.—Lieut. G.
 W. Rabett, of the R.N., has circulated a plan
 (previously, we understand, submitted to the
 Admiralty) for substitute rudders, in the
 event of the usual rudders being carried away
 or rendered useless at sea. The invention,
 judging from the diagrams, as we have not
 seen a model, appears to be very simple as
 well as ingenious. It consists of a metallic
 composition rudder on each side of the ship's
 rudder, but cased upon the stern of the
 vessel, so as not to injure her way, and secured
 by a long bolt. Should the rudder be dis-
 placed, this bolt is withdrawn, and the substi-
 tute, released from its case, acts in its stead.
 Thus the ship, as it were, carries two spare
 rudders, ready for immediate use, with it to
 sea; and all the dangers and delays hitherto
 incident to the service, when such accidents
 happen, may be avoided. We are not aware
 what objections any seaman may entertain to
 this plan: we are told that many experienced
 persons have highly approved of it. The ex-
 pense, we presume, may be some obstacle; or,
 perhaps, the idea that the necessary opening
 might weaken a ship's timbers, may operate
 still more forcibly: but as the design is obvi-
 ously new and clever, we think its author de-
 serving of praise for his zeal and ability, and
 the thing itself worthy of trial.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.
 ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

THE RT. HON. C. W. W. WYNN in the
 chair.—Baron W. Humboldt, and several other
 foreigners of distinction, made various dona-
 tions to the Society. Three papers were read:
 from one of them, by Mrs. Skinner, entitled,
 "Notes on Cudapah," we select the following
 interesting account, relating to the heroism of
 a headman of the village of Chitway. This
 village stands on a beautiful lake, which for
 three successive seasons overflowed its banks,
 and destroyed the crops of rice on which the
 inhabitants depended for subsistence. Dis-
 heartened by these repeated visitations, they
 went in procession to a temple of Siva to con-
 sult the god. The oracle declared, says the
 tradition, that nothing would avail to stop the
 ravages of the flood, unless some inhabitant of
 the village offered himself as a sacrifice for the
 sake of his countrymen. All was dismay,
 when the reddy, or headman, volunteered to be
 buried alive for the good of his native village;
 all he asked was, that his wife should be kept
 in ignorance of his intended fate. On the day
 appointed, accompanied by all the pomp of
 religion, he calmly proceeded to the spot, on
 the bank of the lake, where a grave was pre-
 pared to receive him. On his arrival, he was
 struck at observing a second grave close to his
 own; he looked round, as if to ascertain the
 meaning of this, when his wife rushed towards
 him, exclaiming, "It is mine; we have lived
 blessed, and we shall die together!" Vain
 had been the attempt to keep her husband's
 fate a secret to her, and equally vain were all
 attempts to induce her to change her purpose.
 They entered their graves together; and it is
 remarkable, that the lake has never since been
 known to overflow its banks.

This meeting was the last of the season.
 At a special general meeting, held on Tues-
 day, a vote of thanks was passed by acclama-
 tion to the King's most excellent Majesty for
 the gracious manner in which he had been

pleased to accede to the Society's wishes, of
 becoming its patron. At the same meeting
 the thanks of the Society were also given to
 H.R.H. Prince Leopold, he having expressed
 his readiness to accept the office of Vice Patron
 recently held by His Majesty when Duke of
 Clarence.

ECLECTIC SOCIETY.

JUNE 29. An address of condolence and con-
 gratulation was unanimously voted to his Ma-
 jesty King William the Fourth.

July 20. Mr. Jenkins read a paper on a new
 and more effectual plan of extinguishing fires;
 which it is not in our power to render intelli-
 gible without figure. It cannot fail to have
 struck every observer of fires, he remarked,
 that the beneficial effects produced by the
 present method of extinguishing them are
 vastly inferior to the power of the engines, the
 quantity of water consumed, and the skill and
 energy of the firemen. There are but two
 principles on which the extinguishing of fire
 depends, namely, the cutting off the supply of
 atmospheric air, and the application of water:
 with the first we have nothing to do here, inas-
 much as it will be for ever impossible to con-
 struct an extinguisher which will cover a house;
 and the problem appears to be, as regards the
 latter, to extinguish fire with the least labour
 and the least possible quantity of water. It is
 evident that a dozen engines playing upon a
 house in a state of conflagration can benefit
 little, if some are playing on the external walls,
 and some through a broken window, without
 method and without union of design. Nine-
 tenths of the water either returns into the
 street, or never reaches the burning material;
 or passing in one dense stream through the
 flames, extinguishes truly all that it touches,
 but quickly finds its level in the lowest part of
 the building, where it remains inert and useless.
 The only mode in which fires can be speedily
 and effectually extinguished, Mr. Jenkins con-
 tinued to maintain, is by water falling from
 above in a continued shower, coming into im-
 mediate contact with every part of the burning
 material; and, by its incessant action, leaving
 no chance of revivification to that flame which
 it has once subdued. His plan went to effect
 this by a perfectly simple process, which, he
 stated, had been submitted to the test of prac-
 tice, and was found fully adequate to the end
 proposed. A model of a dwelling-house, with
 the apparatus of the pipes, &c. &c. was ex-
 hibited, in corroboration of it. It was not,
 the inventor observed, the least advantageous
 part of the plan, that fire in any separate floor
 of a house may be extinguished, independent of
 the rest, by simply attaching the hose of the
 engine to that particular story.

FINE ARTS.

MR. LOUGH'S EXHIBITION.

SINCE our last notice of Mr. Lough's Exhi-
 bition, he has added two admirable works to
 the collection;—the one a model of a monk,
 which is about to be reproduced in stone; the
 other a model of a sleeping child, the son of
 Mr. Manning. The severe abstraction of the
 former, and the bold and broad style of its
 execution, furnish a striking contrast to the
 sweetness and simplicity of the latter, and the
 tenderness and finish of its beautifully undu-
 lating forms. We never saw infantile slumber
 more happily expressed.

* Brathwaite's engine, wrought by steam, of which we
 recently gave a description, is one of these prodigi-
 ously effective means.—Ed. Lit. Gaz.

ROYAL BAZAR.

MR. REINAGLE, the Royal Academician, has recently assembled an interesting collection of pictures, which has just been opened for public view at the Royal Bazar in Oxford Street. They are above thirty in number; and, besides two magnificent altar-pieces, copied by Mr. Reinagle himself from two of Rubens's noblest productions, comprehend some very fine original works by Claude, G. Poussin, Bassano, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Guido, Rubens, Vandyke, Correggio, Procaccini, Romanelli, Carlo Dolce, Giorgione, Mutziano, Parmegiano, L. Caracci, Vernet, Westall, Gudin, &c.—The most beautiful picture in the room is unquestionably "the Assumption of the Virgin," by Carlo Dolce. It is as highly finished and admirable a specimen of the master as we ever met with, and would of itself constitute an attractive exhibition. We were also much struck with a modern work of great talent, "the loss of the Kent East Indiaman, by fire, in the Bay of Biscay," by Monsieur Gudin. But the most curious article in the collection is, "the celebrated antique Greek painting, the Portrait of Cleopatra; a picture in encaustic, 1863 years old;" presumed to be by Timomachus, who lived in the reign of Augustus Caesar. Of the authenticity of this singular performance we understand that no doubt whatever exists. It is in extraordinary preservation, considering its age; and although it does not rank very highly as a work of art, is, nevertheless, not without its merits.

Now that the more extensive exhibitions of the season are closed, we hope that this select little gallery will have numerous visitors.

WEEKS'S MECHANICAL EXHIBITION.

THE admirers of ingenious and minute mechanism will be much pleased with this splendid little exhibition; which principally consists of a collection of valuable and superbly ornamented clocks; the striking of the hours of which is followed by the singing of birds, the dancing of peasantry, the flowing of rivers, the passage of boats, the falling of cascades, the revolving of wind-mills, the fluttering of butterflies, the expanding and closing of flowers, and a number of other amusing varieties.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Panorama of Switzerland, as viewed from the Summit of Mont Righi. Drawn from Nature by Henry Keller; engraved by J. Clark. Also a Circular View of the Country, by General Pflyffer; with Descriptive Notices of the most remarkable Objects. London; Leigh.

At the hottest moment of the hottest day of the last hot week did this tantalising Panorama meet our eye, and fill us with vain wishes to plunge into the fresh lakes, or ascend the frozen peaks, represented within its extensive round.

"O happy they! the happiest of their kind!"

who, at such a season, are able to exchange Hampstead Heath, and the canal in St. James's Park, for scenes like these; in which nature assumes her grandest and most romantic shapes; and in which the walk of a league comprehends almost every variety of climate and temperature. If we had Fortunatus's cap upon our heads at the present instant, the next would find us lying on the summit of Mont Righi, close to the Kulm Inn, (we have excellent English reasons for such a vicinity,) with Mr. Leigh's most distinct and intelligible Pa-

norama spread before us, tracing the numerous features of the stupendous and sublime prospect.—But we are forgetting ourselves; we must away to Took's Court!

Illuminated Ornaments, selected from Missals and Manuscripts of the Middle Ages. By Henry Shaw. Part II. London, Pickering.

THE second part of this singularly beautiful publication exceeds even the first in splendour. The specimens in it are almost entirely derived from the Harleian and Royal Libraries, in the British Museum. What a striking contrast does the patient labour of many months bestowed on the decoration of a single copy of a work in former days, afford to the steam-press expedition of the present times! It is the garden, as compared with the field: the spade and the rake have been exchanged for the plough and the harrow. Far be it from us to doubt the value of the benefits which the world now enjoys, and which it will henceforth enjoy, from the cheap and wide diffusion of learning and science; but there is, nevertheless, a character, even in the merely mechanical execution of ancient productions, which must always command our admiration and respect. We should think it a great improvement if the dates, or supposed dates, of the originals were given.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

MILD cresset of Eve, in thy lustre appearing,
Like Hope's beacon-lamp, midst yon fast-fading ray,
While the dun-vested twilight in stillness is
Her flowers to the last golden glances of day;
How sweet, when in peace sinks each feverish emotion,
Reclined by the brink of the hoarse-sounding
To watch thy pale beam on the bosom of Ocean,
And trace the dim records of joys that are o'er!
Say, Star of the lonely—Night's fairest of daughters,
By whom are thy far-distant regions possess'd?
Do the depths of thy valleys—the banks of thy waters,
Resound to the praises and strings of the blest;
Where the morn of content breaks, unclouded by sorrow,
And joy blooms, unchilled, by the clear-flowing
And fear shrinks no more from the dark-frowning
And Time dooms no parting, and Love has
Oh! fain would we deem that the shades of the perished,
Released from life's ills and the fetters of earth,
Smile thence on the hearts where their memories are cherished,
And still fondly watch o'er the place of their
And fain would we trust, that each now-mourning spirit,
When one darkness is spread o'er our dust and
May hope, by those fountains of light, to inherit
A bliss unpolled and lasting as theirs.
Whate'er be the scenes which thy radiance discloses,
Or thy realm's joyous tenants, bright gem of Still,
as now, when Eve scatters yon heaven with her roses,
Be thine influence descending, as balm to the
And still, where the minstrel is silently musing,
May the smile of thy glory be shed from a-far,
Its own gentle ray on his pathway diffusing,
Its peace on his visions—thou soft-beaming Star!

J. F. H.

TO LUCY ON HER BRIDAL MORN.

AND has the vow of mortal love been breathed upon thine ear?
And hast thou pledged thy faith, O maid, to one of earthly sphere?
And has that virgin heart, whose sigh like incense rose to heaven,
To Love's enchantment yielded, and to earth that incense given?
I cannot smile as others smile to see the paganant gay,
That flaunts so pompons and so bright upon Thy vestal glory shone so pure, so like the modest light
Of the dear twilight-star that shines more tender still than bright.
And must that maiden lustre now so quickly pass away?
That lambent radiance disappear before a
It must be, for the vow is pledged—triumphant at thy side
Young Edward stands, and claims thee for his own, his beautiful bride.
Thy soft, thy lovely cheek, that erst a lonely pillow prest,
Shall bloom no more upon the lilies of its virgin
For Love's blush-roses proudly have thy snowy temples crown'd,
And Hymen's orange-flowers and myrtle in the wreath are found.
Then fare thee well!—thy mother weeps to give thee from her arms,
And prays, and hopes, and sighs, with all a mother's kind alarms.
Thy father holds thy hands in his, and with uplifted eye,
Invokes upon his lovely child a blessing from Thy sister's lips are prest to thine, in long and dear embrace;
Her tears are mixed with thine—they fall upon thy glowing face:
That full, effusive confidence of hope, or joy,
Which sister maidens know, with thee she cannot know again.
But fare thee well!—the hour is come, the hour when thou must part
From all that most are cherished by a yet unwedded heart:
Go—be thy Edward's halcyon love, the load-star Thou hast shone peerless as a maid—be perfect as a wife.

JUVENIS.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

Anecdote of Charles X.—The present King of France, when a child, was one day playing in an apartment of the palace, while a peasant from Auvergne was busily employed in scrubbing the floor. The latter, encouraged by the gaiety and playfulness of the young count, entered familiarly into conversation with him, and, to amuse him, told him a number of diverting stories and anecdotes of his province. The prince, with all the ingenuousness of childhood, expressed his commiseration for the narrator's evident poverty, and for the labour which he was obliged to undergo in order to obtain a scanty livelihood. "Ay!" said the man; "my poor wife and five children often go supperless to bed." "Well then," replied the prince, with tears in his eyes—"you must let me manage for you. My governor every month gives me some pocket-money, for which, after all, I have no occasion, since I want for nothing. You shall take this money and give

* At a moment when the king of France appears to be in a position of much peril, it may be interesting to read this anecdote of his infancy.—Ed.

it to your wife and children; but be sure not to mention a word of the matter to a living soul, or you will be finely scolded." On leaving the apartment, the honest dependant acquainted the governor of the young princes with the conversation that had taken place. The latter, after praising the servant highly for his scrupulous integrity, desired him to accept the money, and to keep the affair a profound secret; adding, that he should have no cause to repent of his discretion. At the end of the month the young Count d'Artois received his allowance as usual, and watching the moment when he was unobserved, hastily slipped the whole sum into the hands of his protégé. On the same evening a child's lottery was proposed, for the amusement of the young princes, by the governor, who had purposely distributed among the prizes such objects as were most likely to tempt a boy of the count's age. Each of his brothers eagerly hazarded his little store; but the Count d'Artois kept aloof from his favourite amusement. The governor, feigning astonishment, at last demanded the reason of this unusual prudence:—still no answer from the count. One of the princes, his brothers, next testified his surprise, and at length pressed the young count so hard, that in a moment of childish impatience he exclaimed—"This may be very well for you; but what would you do if, like me, you had a wife and five children to support!"

A friend conversing with Talleyrand about the portrait of a ministerial personage not remarkable for eloquence, exclaimed—"What a striking resemblance! It positively wants only the faculty of speech." "No wonder," replied Talleyrand—"it was sketched in the House of Lords."

A provincial actor performing the part of Augustus in the tragedy of *Cinna*, during the late severe winter, evinced his delicate sensibility to cold by the very un-Romanlike action of rubbing his hands together. A few audible hisses from some classic spectators in the pit reminded the performer of his want of noble bearing. Nothing disconcerted, the actor exclaimed, with a loud oath—"Idiots! a Roman knows just as well as a Christian when the thermometer marks fifteen degrees below zero."

DRAMA. HAYMARKET.

A FARCE called *Honest Frauds*, from the pen of Mr. Lunn, was produced on Thursday last, and received with as much applause as the few persons scattered about the benches could prevail on themselves to bestow at twelve o'clock on a sultry night, exhausted by the heat and satiated with acting. A fourth piece was begun, positively after the stroke of midnight, and that a two-act farce, *The Happiest Day of my Life!* This is downright cruelty to animals, and ought to be punishable under Mr. Martin's act. *Honest Frauds* is unworthy the author of *Roses and Thorns*, and is evidently two pieces dovetailed together that have no natural connexion in style or plot, and pertinaciously refuse the aid of the joiner. Why the farce should be called "*Honest*" *Frauds*, too, we do not exactly perceive. It may be very droll or very dramatic to trick an old gentleman out of his daughter, by making him suppose his son-in-law a man of great genius and fortune, when the first is questionable and the second positively false; but we do not clearly see the honesty of the hoax. Mr. Horn sang a very elegant song, "The deep, deep sea," which will be sure of popularity, whatever may be the fate of the farce.

Of Mrs. Evans, a vocal *débutante*, we hope to speak in our next.

ENGLISH OPERA, ADELPHI.

THE splendid opera *Der Vampyr* has been revived here, and went off on Tuesday evening with great *éclat*. It was followed by what the bills call "a dramatic foolery," entitled, *Pop, or Sparrow Shooting*. This little sketch appeared some time ago in the *New Monthly Magazine*, and was never intended for the stage. The author of *Paul Pry*, however, may not put his pen to paper with impunity, and accordingly Pop! we behold it on the boards of the Adelphi. We confess we laughed at its pleasant absurdity, and wondered that any body could put themselves into such a passion about trifles this tremendously hot weather, as a few atrabillious critics did at the fall of the curtain.

In answer to Mr. J. Barnett's note, respecting a report to which we gave currency last Saturday, we have only to say, that we were not entrusted with the name of "the young and popular composer," and regret that Mr. Barnett should have occasion to think himself the person alluded to.

Parisian Drama.—Considerable excitement was caused amongst the playgoers of Paris, by the announcement of the *clowns* who were to appear at the Théâtre de Nouveautés; and equal disappointment was experienced when the manager unwillingly announced that the English mimes had been forbidden to appear, because this species of pantomime was not included in the privileges of the theatre; but permission to play a certain number of nights has been granted by the minister of the interior, who took into consideration the enormous expense of the proprietors.

VARIETIES.

Natural History.—A letter from Hamburg states that great preparations are making there for the assembly of naturalists and other scientific men, which is to take place in September. The professors and students in natural history on the continent have for some years past had an annual meeting in some city of Germany, at which they form new acquaintances or renew those of early life. At these meetings essays are read and important discoveries communicated, but amusement and good cheer are not neglected. The meeting at Hamburg this year is expected to be very numerously attended.

Mr. Buckingham.—Owing to the delay in sending us tickets, we were not present at a meeting in which the plan of a philanthropic voyage round the world, under the command of Mr. Buckingham, was brought forward, under very high auspices. We have, however, seen the papers published on the subject; and have to express our hope that sufficient support may be given by the benevolent and patriotic towards carrying this design into effect. At present we abstain from discussing the details, the difficulties, and the probable results; being contented with the general excellence of the motives, and satisfied with the feasibility of doing much good.

The Camel.—An attempt is making to introduce the camel into the South of France. Several of the principal persons in the department of the Landes, apprised of the useful designs of the government in that respect, have offered to contribute all in their power to the naturalisation in that district of an animal which offers so many resources, and whose services will be so beneficial.

The Papal Rose.—It is customary for the pope to give every year a golden rose, ornamented with diamonds, to whichever of the powers of Europe appears in his eyes to be the most distinguished for sincere piety. His counsellors intrigue deeply to obtain the preference, every one proposing his favourite nation. The general of the Jesuits has carried it off this year. And who do the public think is the prince beyond all others the *enfant chéri* of Father Roothan? Don Miguel! He will receive the rose.—*Le Mercure Etranger*.

New Coach.—A new coach, loyally named after our excellent Queen, has begun to run, of which the announcement is very whimsical; being as follows:—"The Queen Adelaide! starts from the King's Arms, at Bushy, every morning at eight o'clock."

Silk Shirts.—A silk manufacturer at Berlin has presented to the Society of Arts in that city an article for shirts, which he calls *toile de soie*. Several physicians assert, that the use of silk near the skin is very conducive to health.

Silk Worms in America.—A correspondent of a New York paper states, that he had obtained from 9,000 silk worms more than thirty pounds of fine cocoons, containing one-third more silk than those of Europe. He says, that in consequence of the success which had attended his and other experiments, the breeding of silk worms in the United States was likely to become general.

Silk in Sweden.—A company for the production of silk in Sweden has been established at Stockholm. The prince-royal has made them a grant of land sufficient for transplanting 2,400 mulberry-trees, of from two to four years old, which are placed at the disposal of the society.

Gold in Russia.—In the beginning of March last there arrived at St. Petersburg a caravan with the gold and platina obtained during the second six months of 1829, from the mines of Oural, viz.

Gold from the government mines	1783 lbs.
Do. from private mines	3025
	4808
Platina from the government mines	47 lbs.
Do. from private mines	1108
	1155

The produce of the first half year of 1829 was 4,688 lbs. of gold, and 1,041½ of platina. The value of the gold alone for the year is about 650,000*l*.

Gold.—The heads of the Americans seem to have been almost turned, by the accounts of the discovery of gold in Georgia and the Cherokee territory. It is found in small pieces and fine grains, and sometimes in smooth cubes, weighing nearly 150 dwts. The stratum in which it lies is of granite stone and sand, one or two feet thick, resting on slate. This stratum is very near the surface.

Zoology.—A zoological society, similar to that of London, has, we hear, been set on foot in Dublin.

Swan River.—The governor, Captain Stirling, it is mentioned in the latest letters, has sailed on board the Eagle for the southern coast, on a voyage of discovery.

Louis XVIII.—It is said, that a person who was on terms of intimacy with the late king of France, received from him, either as a legacy or as a deposit, several sealed letters, with a prohibition against opening them during the reign of his successor; and it is thought that in these letters Louis the Eighteenth has applied himself to describe beforehand all the political events which, according to his conjectures and experience, must take place in France,

during the years immediately following his death. This is a singular idea; but it is conformable enough to the turn of mind of the prince to whom it is attributed.

Parisian Dialogue between a Lady and her Servant.—"Madam, somebody has called upon you." "What is his name?" "He says, madam, that that is of no consequence; he has brought a new number of M. de Jouy's works." "Ah, mon Dieu! another! Will M. de Jouy never have done writing? Take it, and pay for it." (The servant goes out, and returns immediately with two octavo volumes.) "Madam, the man begs you will have the goodness to give him something to drink." "Eh! give him the books, and let there be an end of it."—*Le Mercure Etranger.*

Fine Arts in England.—His Majesty sat for an hour and a half to Chantrey for his bust, as a model for a new coinage.

On Saturday the King went over the new palace at Pimlico, to which he has been pleased to give the name of *St. James's Palace*, instead of the various appellations by which it has hitherto been designated.

The Duc de Bordeaux.—This young prince, who received the rudiments of his education from his mother, by whom all his books were chosen, (most of them being in English,) is said to display great fondness for the study of military tactics, to the exclusion of studies more proper for his age. He is already half a mathematician, and designs very prettily.

Paris Academy of Sciences.—At the last sitting of this Society a child was introduced, who had lost by gangrenous inflammation the right cheek, the lower lip, and a part of the chin. In this horrible state, M. Dupuytren took the child in hand, and by means of a portion of flesh and skin taken from the neck, and placed over the denuded parts, succeeded in obtaining a union, and restoring them, so that when the child was presented to the Academy, although disfigured, there was nothing repulsive in his appearance. At the same sitting a long discussion ensued, on the discovery of some bones of the extinct bird, which was known in the Isle of France, up to the year 1630, under the name of *dronte* and *didart*. M. Cuvier took this opportunity of stating, that among the animals now extinct, we may place two species of crocodiles, of which several embalmed specimens have been found in Egypt.

Artificial Nose.—The Rhenoplastic operation was performed on the 21st ult., at the hospital of *La Pitié*, in Paris, by M. Lisfranc, with success. The patient was a female, who had lost her nose by ulceration. The skin was taken from the cheeks for the operation.

Heat discovered in the Moon's Rays.—An American paper communicates the following as an experiment made by Dr. Howard of Baltimore. It is very similar to one, of which an account was some time ago given in this country. Dr. Howard says:—"Having blackened the upper ball of my differential thermometer, I placed it in the focus of a thirteen-inch reflecting mirror, which was opposed to the light of a bright full moon. The liquid began immediately to sink, and in half a minute was depressed eight degrees, where it became stationary. On placing a screen between the mirror and the moon, it rose again to the same level, and was again depressed on removing the obstacle. This experiment was repeated several times, and always with the same result."

Barbarous Levity.—A French paper states that at Montauban, a lady hearing the shouts

of some assassins who were furiously attacking the house of a M. de Preissac and Madame de Condat, his sister; laughingly observed, "The ladies of Condat love music; it is a serenade they are giving them." This reminds one of the horrors of the revolution.

Algiers.—An officer of the French army at Algiers gives the following description of it:—"To reach this place, we passed through a country little worthy of notice—sands, hills, and heaths, with laurel, myrtle, and thorns; but round Algiers the soil is very superior—orange, lemon, date, and palm-trees, mixed with the fruit trees of Europe, prove its fertility, although their sad condition shews the indolence of the cultivator. Near the town there are country-houses, some of which are very pretty in their way, though the architecture is sufficiently grotesque. The outside of the houses is whitewashed, the interior is lined with marble and porcelain—they contain little furniture; but they have good fountains, and every house has an excellent stock of poultry."

—An important question relating to this place now divides and perplexes the Parisian literati. It is nothing less than deciding whether Algiers, which is spelt in French *Alger*, should be pronounced *Algé* or *Alger*, with the *r*. This puzzling question, respecting which authorities are cited on both sides, will, says the *Messenger des Chambres*, be in all probability referred to the Academy.*

Absence of Mind.—Who does not sometimes forget the day of the month, or the day of the week? It is said that M. de Bonnaud, a well-known French academician, asked his own name of one of his friends when he was about to sign a contract of marriage. One of Napoleon's courtiers, talking to Louis XVIII. in the year 1814, began, "Sire, your genius and your victories—" A similar *lapsus lingue* is just now amusing the good people of Paris. A peer of France exclaimed to his jealous and angry spouse, "I assure you—my dear Fanny!" forgetting that that was the name of the fair one whom the lady suspected of being her rival. —*Le Mercure Etranger.*

New Musical Instrument.—M. Lichental, a piano-forte maker of Ghent, has invented a new instrument, called *piano-viole*, in which, with all the execution of the piano-forte, the sounds of the violoncello may be obtained with the same degree of continuity. From the description given to us, however, we conclude that it is merely a modification of the piano exhibited here last year, in which the chords, which are of cat-gut, are played upon with a bow moved by the keys.

Triumphant Column.—The French government has resolved to erect a rostral column, surmounted by a pharos, in the Roan of Toulon, to commemorate the national triumph at Algiers, of the cannon taken at which place it is to be formed.

Sand.—Showers of reddish dust have lately fallen in various parts of Italy. This phenomenon was, in the first instance, attributed to an eruption of Mount Etna; but it is now believed to have been sand transported from the plains of Africa by a violent sirocco.

Fine Arts in France.—It is a striking proof of the encouragement given to native art in France, that a French artist, M. Eugene Isabey, was appointed by the king "Painter to the Expedition to Algiers." M. Isabey has made, and sent home a number of drawings, which are about to be lithographed.

* We would again refer to the edition of Pananti's *Travels*, just republished, as affording the latest and best intelligence respecting this portion of Africa.—*Ed. L. G.*

The Pasha of Egypt.—A negotiation is carrying on between the Pasha of Egypt and the French envoy, M. Baron Taylor, who has the title of King's Commissioner, for the purpose of procuring for the government of France one of those pillars at Alexandria, known as Cleopatra's Needles, and the two celebrated monuments of Luxor. The baron has written to the minister of marine, on the success of his mission, in the following terms:—"The pasha, unable to deny any request of the King of France, has eagerly embraced the occasion of presenting these splendid obelisks to his acceptance." They will consequently be conveyed to France forthwith.

Sheep.—A paper has been presented to the French Academy by a M. Petri, a German, in which it is stated, as the result of experiments, that by shearing lambs early, and shearing them several times in the year, a thicker and finer fleece is obtained than by the present practice.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXXI, July 31.*]

Dr. Jamieson announces the Elements of Algebra, designed as an Introduction to Bland's Algebraical Problems; also a Key.—Dr. Lingard has sent to press the eighth volume of his History; and as it will bring down the work to the epoch of the Revolution, it will be accompanied by a copious index.

Bavaria.—One of the King of Bavaria's librarians, M. Schmieller, has just published, at Stuttgart, a Saxon poem of the ninth century, entitled *Helund*. This is the first complete edition of this poem. The dialect in which it is written resembles the remains of the language of the Goths; and it is a valuable publication for philology and for the history of German poetry. Klopstock was acquainted with this poem: in a letter to Gleim he praises its lyric rhythm, and says he frequently found in it expressions very poetical, but which unhappily have fallen into desuetude; he also speaks highly of the energy of its style.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. IX. Outlines of History, fcp. 6s. bds.—Hunter on Harrowgate Waters, 12mo. 3s. bds.—Chambers' Book of Scotland, 8vo. 9s. bds.—Lauder's Account of the Floods in Moray, &c. in August 1829, 8vo. 14s. bds.; royal 8vo. procs, 11. 1s. bds.—Lyell's Principles of Geology, Vol. I. 8vo. 15s. bds.—Album Verses, by C. Lamb, crown 8vo. 7s. bds.—Cabinet Album, 8 vols. 10s. bds.—Clarance, a Tale of our own Times, 3 vols. fcp. 11. 1s. bds.—Devotional Sonnets, 18mo. 4s. bds.—Christian's Appeal, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—The Moral Muse, by E. Price, 12mo. 7s. bds.—Lloyd's Memoirs of George IV. 8vo. Portrait, 18s.—Juvenile Library, No. II. Historic Anecdotes, France, with four Portraits, 18mo. 4s. bds.—Family Classical Library, No. VIII. Virgil, Vol. I. with Portrait, 18mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Hughes' Divines, Vol. III. Sherlock, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Aldine Poets, Thomson, Vol. II. fcp. 5s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

July.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	
	From 55.	to 74.	30.16	to 30.14
Thursday .. 22	57.	76.	30.08	to 30.06
Friday 23	60.	77.	30.01	to 30.06
Saturday .. 24	61.	80.	30.15	to 30.16
Sunday 25	60.	83.	30.10	Stationary
Monday .. 26	61.	84.	30.24	to 30.26
Tuesday .. 27	62.	83.	30.29	to 30.21
Wednesday 28	62.	83.	30.29	to 30.21

Except the 22d and 23d, almost cloudless. The more seasonable weather of the past week has caused the harvest to commence in neighbouring places; and we rejoice to state that there is every appearance of productive crops, both of oats and wheat.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Philotas, if "a constant reader" must be aware how cautious the *Literary Gazette* is of being made the organ of any puffing, by the representations of parties or their friends. Of the matter to which he alludes, and we can say no more on an anonymous assertion, we know nothing, except from the documents publicly circulated at the meeting.

When G. W., of Manchester, chooses to write amatory songs, we wish he would sing them to his dears; or, if he must effuse them in MS. to parties who do not care a farthing either for him or them, that he would pay the postage of his letters.

We are unhappy in not being able to insert M. J. S.'s lines on Happiness.

ERRATUM.—In the first page of our last No., middle col., line 31, for "reformation," read "information."

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

TO AMATEURS.—For Sale, a DOME, 13 Feet diameter, painted by the late Sir James Thornhill, at intervals, while painting Greenwich Hospital. The Subject represents either the Day or the Four Seasons. May be seen at the Nursery Grounds of Thomas Gibbs and Co., Seeds and Nursery Men to the Honourable Board of Agriculture, at Old Brampton, situated One Mile from Hyde Park Corner, on the direct Road to Earlscourt.

Switzerland.

In Case, price 12s. plain, or 11. 4s. beautifully coloured, PANORAMA of the LAKES, MOUNTAINS, and PICTURESQUE SCENERY of SWITZERLAND, as viewed from the Summit of Mount Righi. Drawn from Nature, by HENRY KELLER. Accompanied with Descriptive Letter-press, Directions to Tourists, &c.; and a Circular View of the same portion of the Country, on the Plan of General Pflüger. Printed for Samuel Leigh, 18, Strand. Of whom may be obtained.

A variety of Guides for the Use of Travellers on the Continent.

THE SHANNON and CHESAPEAKE. Just published, in double elephant folio, price Two Guineas, on India paper, a Series of Four Views to illustrate the Naval Action fought on the 1st of June, 1813, between the English Frigate Shannon and the American Frigate Chesapeake. Drawn in the most beautiful style of Lithography, from very accurate Paintings, by S. C. Schuetzky, Esq. under the Inspection of Captain R. H. King, R.N. Accompanied by a Description of the Plates, and a general Account of the Engagement. Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill.

MUSIC.

VERY superior ITALIAN and ENGLISH SINGING TAUGHT, in an unusually elegant manner, uniting a chasteness of style with a classical correctness of articulation rarely met with in the vocal art. By this Method, feeble voices are rendered effective. Also, the Piano-Forte and the Rough Bass. Letters addressed W. H. at Messrs. Goulding and D'Almaine's Music Warehouse, Soho Square, will be immediately attended to.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

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No. 707.—AMERICAN EDITION.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1830.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Principles of Geology; being an Attempt to explain the former Changes of the Earth's Surface, by reference to Causes now in Operation. By Charles Lyell, Esq., F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. Vol. I. London, 1830. J. Murray.

FROM the distinguished situation which the author of the work before us occupies, as Foreign Secretary to the Geological Society, no less than from the intrinsic importance of the subject, his *Principles* have been looked for with more than ordinary impatience, and more than is customary with the scientific class of readers. The subject may indeed be said to be yet in its infancy when compared with many other departments of science: or, more correctly speaking, practical geology is yet in its infancy, though it appears to be advancing with rapid strides through the different stages of its minority; and at present may be regarded as one of the most interesting and important branches of inquiry that can engage the attention of man.

Mr. Lyell's work differs from all others which have preceded it, in being less encumbered with hypothetical speculations, on the one hand, and minute subdivisions of those fossil remains which pervade nearly the whole of the secondary and tertiary strata, on the other. In point of classification, it is inferior to the excellent *Outlines* of Messrs. Conybeare and Phillips; but as it is not addressed to the mere tyro in the science, this is of less importance. Mr. Lyell's aim appears to have been that of carrying into effect, so far as the laborious research of an individual can accomplish, the excellent principles pursued by the Geological Society, that of collecting and collating facts;—as the following extract will testify:—

After taking a rapid historical view of the several theories of the earth which have been advanced by former geologists, our author remarks:—"A great body of new data were required, and the Geological Society of London, founded in 1807, conduced greatly to the attainment of this desirable end. To multiply and record observations, and patiently to await the result at some future period, was the object proposed by them; and it was their favourite maxim, that the time was not yet come for a general system of geology, but that all must be content for many years to be exclusively engaged in furnishing materials for future generalisations. By acting up to these principles with consistency, they in a few years disarmed all prejudice, and rescued the science from the imputation of being a dangerous, or at least but a visionary pursuit. * * * Whether (says the author) our investigation of the earth's history and structure will eventually be productive of as great practical benefits to mankind, as a knowledge of the distant heavens, must remain for the decision of posterity. It was not till astronomy had been enriched by the observations of many centuries, and had

made its way against popular prejudices to a sound theory, that its application to the useful arts was most conspicuous. The cultivation of geology began at a later period; and in every step which it has hitherto made towards sound theoretical principles, it has had to contend against more violent prepossessions. The practical advantages already derived from it have not been inconsiderable; but our generalisations are yet imperfect, and they who follow may be expected to reap the most valuable fruits of our labour."

To the justice of which conclusions, we offer our entire concurrence.

The principal merit of the author of the work before us is that of endeavouring to simplify the subject as far as possible, by discarding those speculations relative to the Mosaic cosmogony with which former writers have embarrassed the study. That important changes have taken place in the relative position of the different strata composing the crust of the earth, and that many of these changes are still in operation to a greater or less extent, is admitted by every geologist; but, in tracing these changes, and investigating the physical laws by which they are induced, there is no more necessity for mixing geological investigation with the traditional records which have been handed down to us from the great Hebrew lawgiver, than to refer chemistry, or any other branch of physical science, to the same standard. We therefore entirely agree with Mr. Lyell, "that the identification of the objects of geology with those of cosmogony has been the most common and serious source of confusion."

Though we are far from asserting that the amiable Mr. Granville Penn* and the able chemist Dr. Ure† are not justified in the geological conclusions they have drawn, in order to harmonise with the Mosaic period assigned to the creation,‡ yet we do not dislike the argument, that it might be much better, for the interests of religion and the advancement of science, to keep the two branches of inquiry quite distinct. It is scarcely possible to reconcile the original formation of the materials of our globe, or even the comparatively recent formation of those myriads of organic remains that are imbedded many thousand feet in limestone rocks, and which attest the existence of countless ages, with the recent period which chronologists have uniformly assigned as the era to which the divine historian refers the creation of man. It does not impeach this record, to conceive the previous existence of organic and inorganic matter; and we are not therefore to be debarred from the inquiry, when we reflect, that the more we investigate the wonders of creation, the more we feel inclined to reverence and admire that Almighty Power by which such physical agency was originally planned. Can it diminish the awe and gratitude we feel on beholding the

beautiful designs of the great Architect of the universe, to be told that the globe we inhabit, and all the glorious orbs by which we are surrounded, have existed in progressive stages of advancement for immeasurable ages?

Mr. Lyell, professing to render his work a record of those changes which have taken place in the temperature of the crust of the earth, and the correspondent change of climate, judiciously observes—"In the present state of our knowledge, we cannot pretend to institute a close comparison between the climate which prevailed during the gradual deposition of our secondary formations and that of the older carboniferous rocks; for the general temperature of the surface must at both epochs have been so dissimilar to that now experienced in the same, or perhaps in any latitudes, that proofs from analogy lose much of their value, and a larger body of facts is required to support theoretical conclusions. If the signs of intense heat diminish, as some suppose, in the newer groups of this great series, there are, nevertheless, indications in the animal forms of the continued prevalence of a climate which we might consider as tropical in its character. We may now turn our attention to the phenomena of the tertiary strata, which afford evidence of an abrupt transition from one description of climate to another. If this remarkable break in the regular sequence of physical events is merely apparent, arising from the imperfect state of our knowledge, it nevertheless serves to set in a clearer point of view the intimate connexion between great changes in the physical geography of the earth, and revolutions in the mean temperature of the air and water. We have already shewn, that when the climate was hottest, the northern hemisphere was, for the most part, occupied by the ocean, and it remains for us to point out that the refrigeration did not become considerable until a very large portion of that ocean was converted into land, nor even until it was in some parts replaced by high mountain chains. Nor did the cold reach its maximum until these chains attained their full height and the lands their full extension."

The following extract shews Mr. Lyell's views regarding the comparative periods at which the secondary and tertiary series were thrown up from the great basin of the ocean; but, although ingenious, it is difficult to reconcile his conclusions with sound analogy, as we shall subsequently endeavour to shew.

"A glance at the best geological maps now constructed of various countries in the northern hemisphere, whether in North America or Europe, will satisfy the inquirer, that the greater part of the present land has been raised from the deep, either between the period of the deposition of the chalk and that of the strata termed tertiary, or at subsequent periods, during which various tertiary groups were formed in succession. For as the secondary rocks, from the lias to the chalk, are, with a few unimportant exceptions, marine, it follows, that every district now occupied by them has been converted into land since they

* Mineral and Mosaic Geologies.

† New System of Geology, 1829.

‡ On the contrary, our Reviews of their valuable works have spoken most highly of them.—Ed. L. G.

originated. We may prove, by reference to the relative altitudes of the secondary and tertiary groups, and several other circumstances, that a considerable part of the elevation of the older series was accomplished before the newer was formed. The Appennines, for example, as the Italian geologists hinted long before the time of Brocchi, and as that naturalist clearly demonstrated, rose several thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean before the deposition of the sub-Appennine beds which flank them on either side. What now constitutes the central calcareous chain of the Appennines must for a long time have been a narrow, ridgy peninsula, branching off at its northern extremity from the Alps near Savonna. A line of volcanoes afterwards burst out in the sea, parallel to the axis of the older ridge. These igneous vents were extremely numerous, and the ruins of some of their cones and craters (as those in Tuscany, for example) indicate such a continued series of eruptions, almost all subsequent to the deposition of the sub-Appennine strata, that we cannot wonder at the vast changes in the relative level of land and sea that were produced. However minute the effect of each earthquake which preceded or intervened between such countless eruptions, the aggregate result of their elevating or depressing operation may well be expected to display itself in seas of great depth, and hills of considerable altitude. Accordingly, the more recent shelly beds, which often contain rounded pebbles derived from the waste of contiguous parts of the older Appennine rocks, have been raised from one to two thousand feet; but they never attain the loftier eminences of the Appennines, nor penetrate far into the higher and more ancient valleys; for the whole peninsula was evidently subjected to the action of the same subterranean movements, and the older and newer groups of strata changed their level in relation to the sea, but not to each other.

“These phenomena (continues the author) are exhibited in the Alps on a much grander scale, those mountains being encircled by a great zone of tertiary rocks of different ages, both on their southern flank towards the plains of the Po, and on the side of Switzerland and Austria, and at their eastern extremity towards Styria and Hungary. This tertiary zone marks the position of former seas or gulfs, like the Adriatic, which were many thousand feet deep, and wherein strata accumulated, some single groups of which are not inferior in thickness to the whole of our secondary formations in England. These marine tertiary strata rise to the height of from two to four thousand feet, and consist of formations of different ages, characterised by different assemblages of organised fossils. The older tertiary groups generally rise to greater heights, and form interior zones nearer the Alps. We may imagine some future convulsion once more to upraise this stupendous chain, together with the adjoining bed of the sea, so that the greatest mountains of Europe might rival the Andes in elevation, in which case, the Deltas of the Po, Adige, and Brenta, now encroaching upon the Adriatic, might be uplifted so as to form another exterior belt of considerable height around the south-eastern flank of the Alps.”

Now, although Mr. Lyell has given us a diagram to illustrate the position of the strata across the peninsula, which divides the Mediterranean from the Adriatic, (and we give full credit to the accuracy of his observations,) yet we can see no necessity for that imaginary line of demarcation which he draws between the

elevation of the secondary and tertiary series from the bed of the ocean. We cannot perceive any proof, “by reference to the relative altitudes of the secondary and tertiary groups, that a considerable part of the elevation of the older series was accomplished before the newer was formed.” On the contrary, as the tertiary series of the Appennines correspond in their organic remains with the tertiary strata deposited in the great chalk basin of Paris, the Isle of Wight, and the London chalk basin, it is fair to infer that the same agency operated in each instance. Thus, if we go back to the remote period when the great basin of the Mediterranean, whence the whole peninsula of Italy was thrown up, was in a state of repose, with the tertiary strata overlying the chalk series, in parallel strata nearly horizontal; and in this state of things, the same volcanic agency which has operated beneath the chalk series in a small scale in this country, (according to the opinion of Dr. Buckland, Mr. Conybeare, and other eminent geologists), be supposed to operate on a much grander scale under the chalk basin of the Mediterranean, we shall have precisely similar results. The up-heaving of the chalk will carry before it the superincumbent beds of the tertiary class to a certain extent, when a disruption of the latter will take place, from their being less tenacious. The expansive force still operating will drive the chalk strata into the ridge, or saddle-back form, as it is invariably observed to be at a far greater altitude than the broken strata of the tertiary class, which will necessarily recede on each side.

Now, when we look at the gigantic power of volcanic agency which still prevails in the great ridges of the Mexican Andes, there is nothing improbable in the supposition, that the elevation of the peninsula of Italy might have been the work of a single day, or even a single hour, and that both the secondary and tertiary strata might have been lifted from the deep by the same convulsion of nature.

We will allow Mr. Lyell his minor proposition, that these tertiary beds may have been the theatre of subsequent volcanic eruptions. Indeed, such a result seems a natural sequence to the volcanic agency by which the whole mass of the peninsula was raised. For the lesser tenacity of the tertiary strata would doubtless afford a more ready exit to the volcanic fire beneath than the more compact limestone series; and the succession of small volcanoes running parallel with the chalk ridge on each side, would be the natural result, as described by our author.

We must, however, defer further remarks on this very able work.

The Hobart-Town Almanac for 1830. 18mo. pp. 272. Hobart Town. James Ross.

We last year noticed our distant contemporary; and have now to call the attention of our home readers to this new annual specimen of his industry and talents. Together with the usual Almanac matters, addressed to the meridian and wants of Australia, this little tome contains a very picturesque and novel itinerary, which gives us good notions of the scenery, &c. of the country. From this we select, as a specimen, the following passages of an excursion in Van Diemen's Land.

Morning is thus painted at the starting of the party:—

“As we sallied forth, the day was just opening, and my chanticleer and his two mates were hopping to the ground from the higher branches of a honeysuckle tree (Banksia inte-

grifolia, an umbrageous bush about twenty feet high), in which they had taken roost and spent the night. Our way for a short distance lay up a beautiful valley, with the river and its opposite bank on one side, and a lofty range of hills to the west. The sun was just raising his red disk above the horizon, and had already awakened the wattle bird, which flew, uttering its singular note, with its long yellow pendants or ear-drops, from tree to tree as we advanced. A slight dew, just enough to deck the grass with pearls, hung upon the blades, having rather a frosty appearance where the long shadows of the trees yet eclipsed it from the sun's rays. At intervals, the magpie, though unseen, filled the valley with its loud but sweet song, or rather bar of music. Here and there, a little bandicoot or a kangaroo rat would start from beneath our feet, and run with the velocity of an arrow for shelter in the scrub; and sometimes, a noble buck kangaroo, with two or three attendants, sitting upright on his haunches, after looking at us attentively as if waiting our near approach, would all at once turn round and hop off with the elegance and elasticity peculiar to that animal.

“Our way through this almost impervious forest continued in a westerly direction for about four miles. At last we thought we could perceive a lightness in the horizon a-head, which gradually became more evident; and we eventually emerged on the edge of a very extensive plain, in the midst of which was a large rushy lagoon. On looking round we were not a little surprised to see several small parties of blacks, some strolling about, while others sat in little families, as it were, round small fires. We found they were a tribe of about sixty or seventy, whom I had occasionally met with before, and who had sometimes visited Hobart Town, where they had been kindly treated by the government and the inhabitants, who had supplied them with provisions, clothing, and blankets. Here we slackened our pace, willing to waste a few minutes on the new scene which presented itself. As we were walking towards one of the little parties, a tall fellow overtook us with a bunch of seven fat, but strong-smelling, opossums slung on his back and round his neck. We followed him to the fire, and he very deliberately chucked them all upon it, one after the other, just as he had caught them. The company seemed to have little to say; for but few words passed between them, and what was rather mortifying to gentlemen in our rank of life, they scarcely deigned to look upon us. On our parts, however, we could not help admiring their upright and even elegant gait, which would be a pattern to any Bond Street loungers. It was quite indicative of persons who had little to do, with their pleasure only to seek. Their air of independence was quite charming; and upon reflection, I know no race of people who have greater claims to that property. So perfectly indifferent were they of dress and clothing, that several of them had cast away the blankets they had in Hobart Town, as an unnecessary incumbrance. What a host of supervacaneous tinkers, tailors, dress-makers, shoemakers, bottle blowers, shop-keepers, store-keepers, and manufacturers of all sorts of things, are thrown into the shade by these aboriginal ladies and gentlemen! Diogenes with his tub is a slave to luxurious life compared to them. The only symptom of weakness which they betrayed, was the pains that some of them (no doubt dandies in their community) took with their heads. They had smeared their hair with a red pigment mixed with grease; and one gentleman had decorated himself with two

white cockatoo feathers. In this respect they resembled some of the civilised race, whom I have known besmear their heads with perfumed pomatum, or some of the four-legged canine species whom I have sometimes, when they come across some putrified or strong-smelling substance, rub their cheeks against it until they have thoroughly imbibed the stench. As soon as the opossums were singed and well heated on one side, our cook turned them on the other, and then dragging them by the leg from the fire, he scraped off the fur, and with a sharp flint cut out the inside, and again threw it on the fire, from which it was soon after taken and eaten, without the trouble of knife or fork, in a half-raw state. Occasionally they would take a short walk to the lagoon, and laying themselves on their breast, and dipping their mouths into the water, drink, without cups or chalice, the pure element of nature. They then returned to their rural hearth, and sitting or reclining on the ground, they dozed as deliciously as if they had reposed on a velvet couch. Notwithstanding the kindness and civility shown by the settlers in the colony generally to these benighted people, I regret to say, that in other instances the conduct of unprincipled stock-keepers, remote from restraint, has gradually incited a spirit of hostility towards the whites, which scarce any effort or ingenuity of the authorities appears able to subdue or counteract. The best possible arrangements have lately been adopted by the government throughout the island, and parties of military and field police are stationed to watch or scour various districts; so that if the whole of the tribes are not speedily apprehended, a certain period must be put to their outrages. An establishment has been formed on Brune island, superintended by Mr. Robinson, for the domestication and instruction of such as are caught, and considerable progress has already been made in civilising about twenty or more, who now compose that establishment.

"The sun was already fast descending behind the Western lakes, lengthening the shadows of the few straggling trees that here and there enlivened the edge of the Shannon, when crossing a curious ravine, where the river took a sudden bend, forming an acute angle in its course, we arrived at a cluster of very curious upright rocks that stood upon a rising ground. Here we resolved to take up our abode for the night. Having selected a place for the scene of our bivouac, my friend and I left Regan and Carrots to prepare the essentials while we scrutinised the neighbourhood. In parts the rocks stood up like the turrets of a castle, in others ranged themselves along like a temple of the Druids; here and there they formed curious caves; and, in short, it was the most singular conglomeration of alluvial remains that I have ever witnessed. Among them grow some fine specimens of that species of eucalyptus called the cider-tree—from its exuding a quantity of saccharine liquid resembling molasses. Streaks of it were to be seen dripping down the bark in various parts, which we tasted, and found very palatable. The natives have a method, at the proper season, of grinding holes in the tree, from which the sweet juice flows plentifully, and is collected in a hole at the root. We saw some of these covered up with a flat stone, doubtless to prevent the wild animals from coming to drink it. When allowed to remain some time, and to ferment, it settles into a coarse sort of wine or cider, rather intoxicating if drank to any excess. Here we ate our last biscuit, reserving but a small portion of tea and sugar for next morning. As we lay our-

selves to rest on the graas, we were again serenaded by the cawing of the rooks as in the preceding evening, but with the addition of the purling of the adjoining stream as it fell several yards and dashed itself on the perpendicular rocks on the opposite bank."

As we began with Morning, so must Evening, and a remarkable echo, close our notice.

"After travelling about four miles, we again emerged into light at the upper end of an extensive marsh or plain, about four or five miles in length, and one or two broad. Pursuing our course through some thick bushes that grow on the upper edge of this plain, for about another half mile, just as the sun was setting, and gave to the scene an enchanting serenity, we all at once found ourselves on the border of an extensive lake. The pleasure we enjoyed at the beautiful sight was enhanced by conceiving ourselves the first discoverers of it among Europeans, and we stood upon the sandy beach viewing the black swans as they sailed along its surface, and the long dark shadows cast by the setting sun from the western bank and from two beautiful little islands that stood near the centre,—we stood, I say upon the beach, forgetting all the fatigues of the day, and fancying ourselves the lords and masters of the scene before us. The sun, however, quickly disappeared, and when we had satiated our eyes with the heavenly prospect, I took a fancy to shoot a black swan as it glided past. The echo that succeeded the report continued to reverberate in a circle as it were round the shores, in three distinct and successive parts. The effect was sublime, and we exulted in a sort of rhapsody, as we repeated the effects by other shots in the discovery of so eloquent, so supreme a charm of nature, in so remote and hitherto unfrequented a part of Van Diemen's land."

Clarence: a Tale of our own Times. 3 vols. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

THE title of this work gives us little idea of the contents, which are American entirely, and exclusively American, and evidently written by a native. As a novel, it has no striking characteristics; the plot is full of old-fashioned improbabilities and mysteries—the personages as beautiful and superexcellent on the one side, as they are detestable and wicked on the other. Mrs. Layton is a Transatlantic copy of Lady Delacourt; only the desire of something of novelty in the delineation has occasioned an inconsistency not in Miss Edgeworth's model. But what attracts our attention to these pages is their national character; and we proceed to extract two or three amusing specimens.

Dinner Difficulties.—"I ordered the dinner yesterday," said Miss Clarence, with faint voice and faint heart; for she well knew that the result of ordering a dinner bore a not very faint resemblance to that of 'calling spirits from the vasty deep.' 'Yes, ma'am, I know you ordered it; but I told Amanda to let you know that the butcher did not come down from the village this morning, and we've neither lamb nor veal in the house.' 'But we have Neal's fine mutton.' 'Not a pound of it. He came up yesterday to say his fat sheep had all strayed away.' 'Why did not you tell me?' 'You were riding out, ma'am, and I sent John to Hilson for a roaster.' 'Oh, spare me, Becky; a roaster, you know, is papa's aversion, and mine too.' 'I know that, Miss Gertrude; but then I thought to myself, it's no time to be notional when there's company invited, and not a pound of fresh to

be had for love or money; but as ill luck would have it, Hilson had engaged the whole nine for the Independence dinner—a delightful sight they'll be, all standing on their feet, with each an ear of corn in his mouth. But thinking of them,' added Becky—mentally reproaching herself for this gush of professional enthusiasm,—'thinking of them won't fill our dishes; and so, Miss Gertrude, I want you to send word to the Widow Carter, you must have her fowls whether or no. To be sure they'll be rather tough, killed at this time of day.' 'Yes, Becky, since we know why she refuses them, they would be too tough eating for any of us. No, I had rather give our friends a dinner of strawberries and cream.' 'Cream! the thunder turned all that last evening.' 'The elements against us too!' 'Elements! ice-creams, you mean. No, ma'am, they were mixed last night; but Malvina says she can't stay to freeze them. She must go down to the village to Mrs. Smith's funeral. She says the general expects it. 'It is a hard case, Becky; but we must make the best of it. You must not let this Englishman spy out the nakedness of our land. Your fingers and brains never failed me yet, Becky. Now let us think what we have to count upon.' 'There's as good a ham as ever came from Virginia.' 'Yes, or Westphalia either; and as beautiful lettuces as ever grew. Ham and salad is a dinner for a prince, Becky; and then you can make up a dish from the veal of yesterday with currie—boullie a tongue—prepare a dish of macaroni—see that the vermicelli soup is of your very best, Becky—papa says nobody makes it better—and the trout, you forgot the trout, here comes old Frank up the avenue with them now—bless the old soul, he never disappoints us—boil, stew, fry the trout; every body likes fresh trout. As to the ice-creams, tell Malvina she shall go down to the village to every funeral for a year to come, if she will give up the general's lady. The dinner will turn out well yet, Becky. As you often say, it's always darkest just before day.'"

A proposal:—

"To Miss Clarence.

"Respected lady,—'If a man would thrive, he should wive,' therefore, as agent, and acting for my son (John Smith), I have the satisfaction of proposing an alliance (matrimonial) between you and him (that is, my son). He is a remarkable genteel young man in a drawing-room (John is)—quite up to any thing; but as that is where you have seen him (chiefly), I shall say no more about it, only observing, that my son (John) always goes for the first (he can afford it), i. e. Wheeler's coats, Whitmarsh's pantaloons, Byrne's boots, &c. &c., which is (I take it) the reason he has made you, valued lady, his choice, you being the first match in the city (at present). John (my son) has been a healthy lad from the egg, and cleanly (his mother says), thorough cleanly. A touch of the intermittent that he is taken down with (this evening), makes nothing against it (i. e. against his constitution). As I have found procrastination (in all kinds of business) a bad thing, and to strike while the iron's hot a safe rule (without exceptions), and as the doctor says my son (John) may be down for a week, I concluded (knowing his mind) not to delay, for fear of accidents. As I have not writ a love-letter since I married my wife, I hope you will, ma'am, excuse all mistakes and deficiencies. As soon as I receive a punctual answer (to the above), we will arrange all matters of business (there I'm at home) to you and your honoured father's wishes. (Er-

rors excepted,) your obedient servant to command, ma'am,
SAM'L SMITH."

There are some curious marks of ignorance as regards English customs and facts. The traveller, for example, is a little effusion of spleen: we are not aware that even one of our gastronomes would deem salad with fish any solecism either in taste or manners: the hat under the arm belongs to our grandfathers: Sir Benjamin West must thank these pages for his title: and there is not a little national partiality in stamping the heroine as perfect in her literary taste, because she prefers Bryant to Byron. We think these volumes the production of a lady;* for they often display much tact and vivacity, that lively perception of the ridiculous which is so truly feminine; but they are deficient in all that requires a higher degree of power—they can copy well, but not create. Yet if *Clarence* be a first essay, we do think its author might attain a much greater success.

Juvenile Library. Vol. II. Historio Anecdotes; France. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

"ALTHOUGH the History of France," it is observed in the preface to this volume, "has been for many centuries so intimately connected with that of Great Britain, the English reader has not, heretofore, been sufficiently supplied with the means of obtaining an easy knowledge of even its most leading events. The object of the present volume is to afford, accompanied by historical data, as correct an idea as could be preserved within a space necessarily limited, of the most remarkable circumstances that have taken place, and the most extraordinary men who have flourished in the kingdom of France, from the earliest period of its history to the times in which we live. And, it is presumed, that, while contributing to their amusement, especial care has been taken to add to the information of the young. 'History is philosophy teaching by example;' and the following pages may supply many an excellent lesson to those who desire that, while amused, they should also be improved: that Pleasure should be at all times the handmaid of Knowledge, and only welcome when she visits in company with her more valuable associate."

Such is the intention of the work. As a specimen of its execution, we subjoin,—from no motive of selection, however, other than its offering a consecutive extract of convenient length,—the account of the celebrated Maid of Orleans: and, at a period when the affairs of France excite such a vivid interest throughout the world, we must consider it a very opportune chance which has produced a volume for the young (and old too) so full of the not less striking events that have so strangely diversified the history of this country. It is by comparing the past that we can judge of the present; and assuredly these anecdotes are as full of matter for reflection as they are in themselves memorable and interesting.

"In 1422, Charles the Sixth died, and the kingdom was inherited by his son, Charles the Seventh, surnamed 'the Victorious.' During the first six years of his reign, the English arms in France were almost uniformly successful; and the young king was reduced nearly to a state of penury. Nor was he

previously very fortunate, for shortly before he obtained the crown, he had been forced to supply his table even by the sale of his wife's jewels. His little court was torn by intestine factions; the English, under the command of John, Duke of Bedford, uncle to Henry the Sixth, were proceeding to lay siege to Orleans; and the ruin of Charles appeared inevitable—when an occurrence, the most singular in the records of history, turned the scale in his favour, and restored him in power to the throne of his ancestors. The fortitude, courage, perseverance, and cruel death of the Maid of Orleans form one of the most romantic and interesting portions of French history: her spirit and good fortune may with propriety be called marvellous; since, informed as we happily are, we cannot deem it, as in her own time it was universally deemed, miraculous. Joan d'Arc, a native of Droimy, near Vaucouleurs, on the Meuse, was a country girl, somewhat above twenty years of age, handsome, lively, and of irreproachable conduct. She had been early accustomed to the management of horses, and rode with grace and ease, having filled the humble situation of maid in the inn of her native village; where she had frequent opportunities of hearing discussed the calamities and misery under which the lower orders were suffering, the deplorable state of the country, and the peculiar character of Charles—one so strongly inclined to friendship and affection—which naturally rendered him the hero of that sex whose generous minds place little bounds to their enthusiasm. These discussions warmed the maiden's imagination, rendered her indignant against the English, and inspired her with the noble resolution of delivering her country from its enemies. She went therefore to Vaucouleurs, obtained admittance to Baudricourt, the governor, and assured him that she had seen visions, and heard voices exhorting her to re-establish the throne of France. An uncommon intrepidity of soul made her overlook all the dangers which might attend her in such a design; and the village-girl burst forth at once into the fearless heroine. Doubtless her inexperienced mind mistook the impulses of passion for heavenly inspiration; for no one act of Joan d'Arc leads to the belief that she ever contemplated imposition. The governor of Vaucouleurs treated her at first with neglect; but after a time, wisely considering that, in the present state of affairs, advantage might be taken of her enthusiasm, he entered into her views, and sent her, with proper attendants and recommendation, to the king, who was then residing at Chinon. The age was one of almost unbounded credulity; and it was the interest of the king and his friends, when accepting her services, to persuade the people she was sent by God. She resided two months at Chinon, and the priesthood confirmed the rumour of her being an inspired person. It is but fair to suppose that all were disposed to believe what they so ardently wished. Joan, armed *cap-à-pie*, and mounted on horseback, was triumphantly presented to the people as the messenger of Heaven, and began her martial transactions by escorting a large convoy for the supply of Orleans, as the English were then besieging that city. She ordered the soldiers to confess themselves before they set out on their enterprise; banished from the camp all dissolute characters; and carried in her own hand a consecrated banner, on which the Supreme Being was represented grasping the globe of earth, and surrounded with *Jeux-de-lis*. The Maid wrote to the commanders of the English troops, desiring

them, in the name of the Omnipotent Creator, to raise the siege and evacuate France, and menaced them with divine vengeance in case of their disobedience. The English affected to deride her and her heavenly commission, but their imaginations were secretly affected by the strong feeling that prevailed in all around them; and they waited with anxious expectation for the issue of these extraordinary proceedings. Strange it was, but no less true, that provisions were safely and peaceably permitted to enter the city; and Joan was received as a celestial deliverer by all the inhabitants, who now believed themselves invincible under her influence. An alteration of affairs was visible to the whole civilised world, whose attention was fixed upon the war between two such nations; and the sudden change had a proportionate effect on the minds of both parties. The spirit resulting from a long course of uninterrupted good fortune, was rapidly transferred from the victors to the vanquished. The Maid cried aloud for an immediate sally of the garrison—her ardour roused to exertion—she attacked and conquered. Nothing, after this success, seemed impossible to her votaries; she declared that within a little time the English would be entirely driven from their entrenchments, and was herself foremost in the battle, animating and exhorting her troops. Nor was her bravery more singular than her presence of mind: in one attack she was wounded by an arrow in the neck; she pulled the weapon out with her own hands, had the wound quickly dressed, and hastened back to head the troops and plant her victorious banner on the ramparts of the adversary. The English no longer denied that Joan was inspired, but they declared she was possessed by an evil, not a good spirit. Whether 'the Maid of Orleans' (an appellation given to her when she had finally succeeded in obliging the English to raise a siege upon which so much money and so many valuable lives had been expended) really acted upon her own counsel or upon that of the French general, Dunois (as it was said), she is alike entitled to our praise and admiration; for there is often as much wisdom shewn in following, as in giving advice. And it must never be forgotten that, when necessary, she curbed her visionary temper and zeal by prudence and discretion. The Maid gave two promises to Charles; one that she would force the invaders to raise the siege of Orleans; the other, that she would see him crowned at Rheims. The former having been kept, the latter remained to be fulfilled. The king joined his victorious people, and, accompanied by her who might be truly termed his guardian angel, set out for that ancient city. Such was the universal panic, that he hardly perceived he was marching through an enemy's country. When he arrived at Rheims, he was there joined by the Dukes of Lorraine and Bar; and next day, the 17th of July, 1429, his coronation was performed with the holy oil, to which we have elsewhere referred, and which, it was said, a pigeon had brought to King Clovis from heaven, on the first establishment of the French monarchy. The Maid of Orleans stood by his side in complete armour, displaying that sacred banner with which she had so often animated his troops and dismayed his enemies. When the impressive ceremony was concluded, she threw herself at the monarch's feet, and shed a flood of exulting and tender tears. 'At last,' she exclaimed, 'my dear sovereign, the will of God is fulfilled; in this happy event he hath shewn that you are he to whom this kingdom

* We have since learnt that they are written by a Miss Sedgewick, the author of a pleasing volume, (the name of which we cannot just now call to mind), and are a republication from America, as we suspected. We state this as a proof (certainly not needed) of our critical sagacity.

doth indeed belong.' It is impossible to imagine one more devoid of personal ambition than Joan d'Arc. It is true that Charles ennobled her family, and exempted her native village from taxation; but, having fulfilled the professed end of her mission, she earnestly solicited the favour of being permitted to return to her home and tranquillity. When the indelible stain made by her death on the page of English history is remembered, it will be deeply regretted that Charles refused her request. Finding that her services were again required, she threw herself into Compiègne, then besieged by the English, and made many successful sallies against the assailants; but being deserted by her party on one occasion, she was pulled from her horse and taken prisoner by one Lionel de Vendôme, an officer of the Burgundian army. It is hardly to be credited, that a king whom she had crowned, a people whom she had saved, should have made no effort to recover their preserver from her bitter enemies. Yet they left the intrepid girl to the cruel vengeance of her foes; and the Duke of Burgundy purchased, for the sum of ten thousand pounds sterling, the casket that contained the soul of Joan of Arc. She was carried to Rouen, loaded with irons, and summoned to appear before a tribunal formed of persons interested in her destruction. Nothing could exceed the intrepidity of her conduct, or the coolness of her replies: they could not try her as a prisoner of war; and so for a period of four months, they harassed her with religious interrogatories. During the whole time, she never betrayed any weakness or womanish submission, and no advantage was gained over her. Her answers to the various questions proposed to her are too long for insertion here, but they must ever prove highly interesting to the lovers of true heroism. In the issue she was found guilty of all the crimes imputed to her: of being a sorceress, an idolater, a witch, and a heretic. But the chief part of her accusation was wearing man's apparel: and she was finally sentenced to be delivered over to the secular arm. It was hardly to be expected but that, sooner or later, the weakness of the woman would triumph over the fortitude of the heroine. Browbeaten by men invested with the appearance of holiness, her spirit was subdued: the visionary dream of inspiration with which she had been buoyed up by the applauses of her party, as well as by continual success, faded before the punishment to which she was condemned. She confessed her willingness to recant, acknowledged the illusion of those revelations which the church had rejected, and promised never more to mention them: her sentence was then, as they termed it, 'mitigated.' She was doomed to perpetual imprisonment, and to be fed during life upon bread and water. But the vengeance of the maiden's enemies was not yet appeased. Suspecting that the female dress had been rendered uncomfortable by habit, although she had consented to resume it, they purposely placed in her chamber a coat of armour, and meanly watched for the effects of the temptation. At the sight of a dress in which she had acquired so much renown, and which she had once believed she wore by the direct command of Heaven, all her former feelings and passions revived, and she ventured in her solitude to clothe herself again in the forbidden steel. Her base and contemptible foes surprised her in that condition; the slight offence was interpreted into an heretical relapse, and she was doomed to be publicly burned in the market-place of Rouen (June the 14th, 1431). 'This admirable heroine,' says Hume,

'to whom the more generous superstition of the ancients would have erected altars, was, on pretence of heresy and magic, delivered over alive to the flames, and expiated by that dreadful punishment the signal services she had rendered to her prince and her native country.' The English king, Henry, was at Rouen at the time of this authorised murder; and there is still extant a very curious letter from him to his uncle, the Duke of Bedford, on the death of Joan, which he terms the 'extirpation of a pestilential error.' The effects of her influence, however, were felt long after her death; and although by a kind of mock coronation, the young king of England received the crown of France at Rheims, it was manifest that the English power was rapidly declining in that country."

Of the plates we hope we may without imputation, and we are sure we may with truth, speak highly. The "Portrait of Francis I." engraved by Dean, from the well-known picture by Titian, is pre-eminently beautiful.

The Aldine Edition of the British Poets. IV. Thomson's Poems, Vol. II. Pp. 318. London, W. Pickering.

MR. PICKERING is following up his design with great spirit; and this volume possesses more novelty and interest than we could have anticipated from the subject. Some Addenda to the Memoir of the poet, communicated by Mr. David Laing, of Edinburgh; and the publication of some inedited minor pieces, must be received as valuable acquisitions to any work of the kind; and, with one or two exceptions, we think we may say the reader will feel indebted for them to the editor. We are sorry to make exceptions; but while we hold the pen of public critics, we never can allow such passages as occur in the letter quoted at page cv. to pass without protesting against the want of taste, and of sense to appreciate the decorum of the age, which is evinced by such lapses. We are not squeamish cavillers; but we know not what there is inherent in such matters to recommend them to revival: on the contrary, every consideration would teach us to bury them in oblivion. Expressions that seem very coarse to our ears were not deemed unpolite a century ago: but prudence, if not refinement, would prompt us to refrain from reprinting even these, where it could be avoided; and still more imperatively, the resuscitation of indecent ideas couched in vulgar language. For let us only see what an injury it is to a bard like Thomson,—moral, deeply imbued with the love of nature, and impressively religious, and hardly impeached by a slight excess of poetical warmth—what an injury it is to such a bard, we say, to have a familiar letter prefixed to his beautiful compositions, in which the most incorrect and objectionable statements are too plainly written. The editor has called this "levity" (p. civ.), but it deserves a harsher name—it is indecency; and, as Pope, who himself wrote indecently enough to be intolerable in our days, justly asserted, admits of no defence. The elegy on James Therburn, from being liable to the same objection, ought not to have been inserted in this otherwise excellent volume, of which the "Castle of Indolence" and "Liberty" are the chief ornaments.

But as these are on the memory and tongue of every lover of true poesy, we shall look elsewhere for our illustrations; and cannot do better than select them from about a score of the slight productions now given to the world for the first time.

Our choice for the opening is a poetical

epistle to Sir W. Bennet, supposed to be one of Thomson's earliest efforts, and written before he was sixteen.

"My trembling muse your honour does address—
That it's a bold attempt most humbly I confess;
If you'll encourage her young fagging flight,
She'll upwards soar and mount Parnassus' height.
If little things with great may be compared,
In Rome it so with the divine Virgil fared;
The tuneful bard Augustus did inspire,
Made his great genius flash poetic fire;
But if upon my flight your honour frowns,
The muse folds up her wings, and dying—justice owns."

The pruning of the muse's wing before the flights that spread her flying fame upon the earth, is always an object of interest; and the above is little more. The following song to Amanda has higher claims.

"Come, dear Amanda, quit the town,
And to the rural hamlets fly;
Behold! the wintry storms are gone;
A gentle radiance glads the sky.
The birds awake, the flowers appear,
Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee;
'Tis joy and music all we hear,
'Tis love and beauty all we see.
Come, let us mark the gradual spring,
How peeps the bud, the blossom blows;
Till Philonel begins to sing,
And perfect May to swell the rose.
E'en so thy rising charms improve,
As life's warm season grows more bright;
And opening to the sighs of love,
Thy beauties glow with full delight."

Amanda was a Miss Elizabeth Young, afterwards the wife of Vice-admiral John Campbell, whom Thomson was prevented from soliciting to unite her fate with his, in consequence of the want of fortune. We like the gentle pity of the subjoined "Stanzas written by Thomson on the blank leaf of a copy of his *Seasons*, sent by him to Mr. Lyttelton, soon after the death of his wife.

Go, little book, and find our friend,
Who nature and the Muses loves,
Whose cares the public virtues blend
With all the softness of the groves.
A fitter time thou canst not choose,
His fostering friendship to repay;
Go then, and try, my rural muse,
To steal his widow'd hours away."

In our next quotations we fully recognise the author of the *Seasons*.

"On May.

Among the changing months, May stands confest
The sweetest, and in fairest colours drest!
Soft as the breeze that fans the smiling field;
Sweet as the breath that opening roses yield;
Fair as the colour lavish Nature paints
On virgin flowers free from unodorous taints!
On rural scenes thou tempt'st the busy crowd,
Who, in each grove, thy praises sing aloud!
The blooming belles and shallow beaux, strange sight!
Turn nymphs and swains, and in their sports delight.

The Morning in the Country.

When from the opening chambers of the east
The morning springs, in thousand liveries drest,
The early larks their morning tribute pay,
And, in shrill notes, salute the blooming day,
Refreshed fields with pearly dew do shine,
And tender blades therewith their tops incline,
Their painted leaves the unblown flowers expand,
And with their odorous breath perfume the land.
The crowing cock and chattering hen awakes
Dull sleepy clowns, who know the morning breaks.
The herd his plaid around his shoulders throws,
Grasps his dear crook, calls on his dog, and goes
Around the fold: he walks with careful pace,
And fallen clouds sets in their wonted place;
Then opens the door, unfolds his fleecy care,
And gladly sees them crop their morning fare!
Down upon easy moss he lays
And sings some charming shepherdess's praise."

The last of our extracts is, on the contrary, dissimilar to any piece of the author's; and though it begins poorly, there is much to admire in the four concluding stanzas.

"A Complaint on the Miseries of Life.

I loathe, O Lord, this life below,
And all its fading, fleeting joys;
'Tis a short space that's fill'd with wo,
Which all our bliss by far outweighs.
When will the everlasting morn
With dawning light the skies adorn!

Fly this life's compared to night,
 When gloomy darkness shades the sky;
 Just like the morn's, our glimmering light
 Reflected from the Deity.
 When will celestial morn dispel
 These dark surrounding shades of hell?
 I'm sick of this vexatious state,
 Where cares invade my peaceful hours;
 Strike the last blow, O courteous fate!
 I'll smiling fall like mowed flowers;
 I'll gladly spurn this clogging clay,
 And, sweetly singing, soar away.
 What's money but refined dust?
 What's honour but an empty name?
 And what is soft enticing lust
 But a consuming idle flame?
 Yea, what is all beneath the sky
 But emptiness and vanity?
 With thousand ills our life's oppress'd,
 There's nothing here worth living for;
 In the lone grave I long to rest,
 And be harass'd here no more;
 Where joy's fantastic, grief's sincere,
 And where there's nought for which I care.
 Thy word, O Lord, shall be my guide;
 Heaven, where thou dwellest, is my goal;
 Through corrupt life grant I may glide
 With an untainted upward soul:
 Then may this life, this dreary night,
 Dispell'd be by morning light."

We now dismiss this volume; of which, if only two pages had been omitted, we should have spoken with unqualified eulogy; and we are sorry to have been compelled to do otherwise; but we are sure, after what we noticed of Burns, that Mr. Pickering will consult the wide and extensive popularity of this elegant and delightful publication most efficaciously, by impressing the editor with the remembrance, that it is especially calculated to win its way among the fair and young, for whose reading every indiscreet word is a blot, every impure image a pollution. We pray him to let none such escape his vigilance in new editions of the past or in future volumes.

Autobiographical Memoirs of Timour. 4to. pp. 180. London, 1830. Murray, Parbury, &c. To that excellent institution, the Oriental Translation Committee, we are already indebted for many valuable publications. Our acknowledgments must now be made for another very curious and interesting volume—the *Mulfuzát Timúry*, or Memoirs of the Great Moghul Emperor Timour (or Tamerlane), originally composed, or dictated, by himself, in the Jagalay-Turkey language, translated into Persian by Aly Taleb Hussyny, and into English by Major Charles Stewart, whose reputation as an Orientalist has long been established by various works.

The *Institutes of Timour* were published many years ago, by Davy and White. Respecting the authenticity of the *Memoirs*, Major Davy bears witness, in a letter to Dr. White (1779), but mentions the extreme difficulty of procuring them. "Shah Aulum," says he, "the present moghul, has a beautiful copy of the *History and Institues of Timour*, which he holds in such esteem, and of which he is so exceedingly careful, that, though he granted me the use of any other book in his possession, this he positively excepted by name, as a work so rare and valuable, that he could not trust it to the care of any person whatever." Yet of this imperial volume Major Stewart obtained two transcripts, containing Timour's account of himself from his birth (A.D. 1336) during the first forty-one years of his life, and reminding us in many passages of another very entertaining publication, the *Autobiographical Memoirs of Jehan-guir*, which lately issued from the press of the Oriental Translation Committee. The two great eastern despots evince the same ambition and love of conquest; the same affected zeal for religion, and the same superstition. Yet

Timour, who frequently consulted astrologers, and was favoured with numerous dreams, omens, and visions, encouraging him in his favourite designs, says, "Another extraordinary circumstance was this: whenever I undertook any thing, I cared not whether it was deemed a lucky or unlucky hour, but, placing my faith on God, I commenced it: yet the astrologers always affirmed, that whatever I had undertaken, the hour had been propitious for the event." When he felt a desire to conquer some distant province, he "determines on a holy war against the unbelievers;" and in 1367 "I entered," says he, "my thirty-third year, and being of a restless disposition, I was much inclined to invade some of the neighbouring countries." He was extremely shocked one day at having unintentionally trodden on an ant; yet ordered that melted lead should be poured down the throats of some persons who had indulged in wine; and he tells us himself, "At the time I invaded the province of Fars, the people of Shiraz took part with Shah Mansur, and having joined him, put my governor to death; I therefore gave orders for a general massacre of the inhabitants," &c. Of the numerous visions, dreams, and other extraordinary circumstances which always occurred most opportunely, and served to encourage Timour (or rather his troops) on occasions of importance, we shall notice one. "At the period when I invaded Fars, Shah Mansur came unexpectedly on me with five thousand horse; I called out for a spear, but none of my attendants were in readiness. I suddenly saw a spearman in the form and dress of an Arab at my side, who gave into my hand a lance, and said, 'O God, assist Timour!' At this instant Shah Mansur fell from his horse, and my son Shah Kukh came up with and wounded him. When I made inquiry for the Arab, he was no where to be found; but I subdued the province of Fars."

Pompeiana; or, Observations of the Topography, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeii. By Sir William Gell, F.R.S., F.S.A., &c. Part III. Jennings and Chaplin.

From the present Part of Sir William Gell's curious and interesting publication, we extract a portion of his description of the Pantheon, or College of the Augustales, which was excavated in the years 1821-22.

"This edifice, which is called on the spot the Pantheon, for no other reason than that twelve pedestals were found in its centre, is one of which the use is the least evident of any at Pompeii. The plan is, as nearly as possible, similar to that of the building miscalled the Temple of Serapis at Pozzuoli, but which, by the more recent excavations, is proved to contain the baths or thermæ of Puteoli, with their appropriate medicinal spring, now cleared and applied to its original use. In each of these edifices we find an open court, with its colonnades and little chambers, and, in each, we have a circular or polygonal tholos in the centre, corresponding with that which Pausanias describes at Epidauros as the place where patients waited till they could enter the bath. In each we find, exactly in the same relative situation, a temple or building evidently more sacred than the porticos; but these coincidences only serve to prove, that the convenience of such a disposition of the apartments of public buildings was the motive for its frequent adoption in places serving for the union of any great concourse of people. Signor Carlo Bonucci, in his work printed at Naples in the year 1826, has called a part of this edifice the

Temple of Augustus, and considers the remainder as the scene of the sacred banquet of the Augustales; and there seems no reason to doubt this theory, except the difficulty of finding so large a piece of ground, in the centre of a city already built, for the erection of such a fabric, and for such a purpose, at so late a period. Yet Vitruvius, cited by Signor Bonucci, gives such a situation for the Temple of Augustus. The Augustales were highly honoured, as we are informed by Vegetius, being chosen by Augustus, the founder of the order, to lead the troops in battle; and they seem to have presided at the feasts and games called Augustalia, in honour of that deified emperor. Tacitus has given some accounts of the institution, and Lipsius has added almost every thing else that was known of the Augustales, till the numerous inscriptions at Pompeii proved that they were of great consequence in that city, though neither their office nor their antiquity is likely to conciliate the respect of the moderns, or give any interest to their history. They seem, by one inscription, to have been six in number at Pompeii. It appears, however, that the Augustales were possessed of funds which supplied them with the means of feasting, and inviting their fellow-citizens to partake in the banquet, for which purpose the building now called the Pantheon was so well calculated, that, whether belonging to a particular order, or the common property of all the inhabitants of Pompeii, it may be safely considered as a place of feasting or carousal under the protection of some deity, who, from his more elevated sacellum, was supposed to overlook and patronise the banquet. That such was the destination of this edifice, and that it differed but little in its uses from that which the Greeks called Lesche, and the modern Italians a Trattoria and coffee-house, seems to be rendered more probable by many of its internal decorations; while its proximity to the Forum, the chief resort of the inhabitants of the city, would point out this situation as the most eligible for a place of conversation and refreshment. Pausanias, in his account of Delphi, describes a building called Lesche, which, he says, was a place of meeting and conversation common in many of the more ancient cities of Greece, where, says Harpocration, citing Cleanthes, the Lesche was sacred to Apollo. In that was a temple, as in this at Pompeii, and the walls were covered with paintings, some of which represented the very personages repeated on the walls of our Pantheon. The Lesche of Lacedæmon was even called Poikilos, or painted; and as most of the smaller temples had little light, these pictures must, like those of Pompeii, have been disposed on the walls of the portico or peribolus. The Lesche of Delphi, among other historical paintings, had many Homeric subjects. Ulysses, Ariadne, Theseus, Penelope, Phædra, Bacchus, and Æthra, were among the personages represented there; and we find many of these on the walls of the Pompeian edifice, with other scenes taken from Italian history. It must be confessed that this coincidence of ornament proves little more than that the plans and decorations of many public buildings were not very dissimilar; as a portico, surrounding a court with a more sacred portion at one extremity, would be the characteristic of the greater number of them. That feasting, however, was the principal motive for assembling in the porticos of Pompeii, may be presumed from the subjects of many of the smaller paintings. The street which runs along the north side of the Pantheon from the Temple of Jupiter has been called that of dried fruits,

from the number of figs, raisins, chestnuts, and plums, fruits in glass vases, lentils, hempseed, and other objects of the same kind, found in the shops. Bread, scales, money, and moulds for pastry, were among the discoveries; and a bronze statue of Fame, of small size and fine work, with golden armlets. We find at the northern entrance, which has on a pilaster the name *CELSVM*, and near which was found a box containing an engraved stone set in a gold ring, with 41 silver medals and 1036 brass coins, Cupids employed in making bread, or driving the ass, crowned with a wreath, that brought the flour. On the opposite side, they are employed in making garlands for the guests. On the wall at the southern entrance is painted a hatchet for cutting the meat; while hams, boars' heads, fish, and other viands, compose the picture. In other places we find geese, turkeys, vases full of eggs, fowls and game ready plucked for roasting, oxen and sheep, dishes of fruit, and a cornucopia poured out, with a variety of amphoræ for holding wine, and every other sort of accessory for the banquet. To the evidence of the pictures may be added that of a drain or sink near the tholos or dodecagon, in the centre of the court, which was found obstructed with bones of fish, and other indications of the remains of articles of food."

Among the plates are a "Victory," a representation of "Comedy," another of a "Dwarf and Monkey," "the Peristyle of the Dioscuri," an "Ariadne," a view of "the Door of a House;" various "Pictures," "Bas-reliefs," &c. In speaking of the pictures found at Pompeii, Sir William says:—

"All subjects mentioned by poets or historians have a value, as conveying to our senses the conception which the ancients themselves had formed of circumstances with which they were more intimately connected than ourselves. The work of Millin, aided by the treasures of Pompeii and Herculaneum, may, probably, in time, enable us to produce editions of the classics illustrated by ancient art. It may be necessary to add, that none of these pictures have that strong effect of light and shadow which is the characteristic of modern painting, and must have been the invention of a nation which lived more in the house than the Greeks and Romans. Though the pictures are shaded, it is only to a depth that might exist in the open air."

Colonel Welsh's Military Reminiscences of the East Indies.

[Second notice.]

FROM general military topics we turn to more diversified subjects; and shall quote the personal exploits of a Lieutenant Bryant, who was with a party attacked by a superior force of about fifteen to one. "Captain O'Donnell, who, though small, was a truly gallant fellow, immediately assumed the command, and led on his motley band, amounting in the whole to not more than one hundred men, to the charge. Lieutenant Bryant, a very powerful man, first saved the life of O'Donnell, who had snapped his pistol at the leader of the Arabs, and was about to be cut down by him, when Bryant put him to death; and then attacking their colour-bearer, cut him down also, and seized their standard. At this moment the enemy's cavalry appeared, and Captain O'Donnell drew off his little party into the village; but so closely were they pursued, that they were forced to take post in a large choultry, from whence the enemy could not dislodge them. Here the extraordinary courage and strength

of Bryant, if it did not entirely save their lives, at least conduced to their preservation from famine. He harangued the Sepoys in broken English, not knowing a word of any native language, and continually sallied out with a few volunteers in search of food, and as regularly killed some of their opponents. Amongst other feats, having broken his sword on some Arab's skull the first day, he seized a musket and bayonet, which he always used afterwards; and so dexterous was he with this new weapon, that he frequently put the bayonet through one man, and knocked a second down with the but-end. One day, seeing a leader mounted on a beautiful mare, he immediately singled him out for his prey; and running him through the body, seized the mare by the bridle, and bore her off in triumph. On this mare he afterwards rode all the time he remained in the Mahrattah country." * * * A year after, in another part of the country, our friend made a bit of a mistake; for Colonel Welsh says, "While I was otherwise employed, I had informed Lieutenant Bryant, the hero of Kurjet Koriagaum, that there were pea-fowl a short distance off; when he sallied out and brought home a grass-cutter, whom he had taken for a peacock: hearing a rustling behind the bush, and mistaking her blue cloth for feathers, he fired, and shot her dead. I must do him the justice, however, to state, that he was greatly distressed; and not only brought her corpse back in his arms, paid for her interment, and gave her family a handsome present, but actually came to deliver himself up to me, being judge advocate of the force, as the only legal practitioner in the camp."

From man we go to birds. "The battle of Assaye had collected all the birds of prey in the country, a few following the army, and the rest taking possession of the inheritance left them, by their kindest benefactor, man, on the field of battle. On the 19th I killed one on the march, an adjutant, which seemed by its attention in following us, to be anticipating a feast on the road. From the tips of its wings this bird measured ten feet across, and was exactly similar to those so cherished at Calcutta and Fort William as public scavengers. I mention this extraordinary fact, because I had never before seen one in any part of India, the vicinity of Calcutta and the Hooghly only excepted; nor did I ever again see any in after-times in the Mahrattah country; proving the strength and power of their olfactory nerves. * * *

While marching along the north bank before crossing the river Toombudra, in the morning, we saw a large flight of saruses, or demoiselles, on the southern bank. This is a rare and very wild bird, of enormous dimensions, somewhat resembling a stork. I have only met with them in the Mahrattah and Mysore countries, and that very rarely. They always keep in a flock, and, rising gradually, soar over the same spot, screaming like a woman in distress, so as to be heard when out of sight overhead. The river being some hundred yards broad, I drew up a small party, who, firing by word of command, brought down two out of perhaps fifty or sixty birds. The difficulty then was to secure them, when Captain Pepper, and a havildar, both grenadiers, volunteered to swim over; and, strange to say, the latter would have been drowned but for the captain, who supported him in the middle of the stream; though the natives, in general, are very expert swimmers. The remains of my fever still hanging constantly about me, prevented my accompanying them. Although struck by a ball, one of the

birds made its escape; the other, which was brought away and served at dinner, was much larger than a turkey, and very good eating it proved. I acknowledge myself to have incurred deserved censure for this achievement; and I should never have forgiven myself, had any accident happened to my friend, or his havildar; but we were all deceived as to the depth of the river; and this was, I suppose, the last opportunity we should have of obtaining a bird of a species, which, though frequently alarming and disturbing our camp with their distressing cries, had never been shot by any person in our army during a three years' campaign."

And from birds to vegetables—grass. In the hill country, near the source of the river Paunjur, north of Poonah, the author says: "Being anxious to take some bearings from a rising ground in our neighbourhood, I endeavoured to force my way through the grass and reeds, but could not effect it, and was very glad to find my road back again. To ascertain the height of the grass, I held up my gun at arm's length, and could then perceive it some feet above the muzzle."

Near a large sheet of water called Tinghully Tallowe, in the Mysore, Col. W. also states: "On the margin of the lake, between us and the water, grew some most luxuriant and tempting-looking grass, in which many of the natives allowed their cattle to graze; and our horse-keepers also permitted the grass-cutters to give it to the horses, instead of going to a distance, and cutting the roots of the delicate pasture on which they are generally fed. The consequence of which was, that in one night, every horse in our camp was taken ill, and out of twenty with the corps, about sixteen died; and the head man of the village, instead of warning us beforehand, very coolly told me, that one of our regiments of cavalry, going the same route, had lost ten times as many; for the grass was all poisonous near the tank. One word would have saved all; but he had not the sense or the humanity to utter it. I wrote a complaint against him to the resident in Mysore, and was informed that he was disgraced for this misconduct; but the past was without remedy."

Near this place there is a prodigious work of art, which is thus described:—

"Estimated as a military post only, Nungdeo must ever rank high, from its being almost inaccessible; though all wonder at the preceding sight was speedily lost in our surprise, when, after ascending several neat stair-cases, we suddenly came upon a large stone building, above which we then first discovered a finely formed image, carved out of one solid stone, about seventy feet high, and representing a young man with wreaths of laurel winding from his aules to his shoulders, every leaf of which was so exquisitely laboured, as to bear the closest examination. We were able to contrast the size of this extraordinary colossus with men, monkeys, and vultures, two of the latter being perched upon its head, and the upper part being seven times the height of a middle-sized man who stood on the top of the building, with the legs and thighs of the statue below. That it was cut out of the solid rock cannot admit of a doubt; for no power on earth could have moved so massive a column to place it there on the top of a steep and slippery mountain—so steep, indeed, that we could not even see this statue till we had ascended close to it. The legs and thighs are cut out in proportion to the rest, but are attached to a large fragment of the rock behind them, artfully covered by the building, of which it forms

the back wall. I never in my life beheld so great a curiosity, every feature being most admirably finished: from the nose inclining to aquiline, and the under lip being very prominent and pouting, the profile shews it to the greatest advantage; and every part, from top to toe, is smooth and highly polished. I could hardly conceive how the hand of man, and that particularly of a race by no means either intelligent or educated, could have accomplished such a work of labour, and that too on the summit of a sterile rock. No person on the spot seemed either to know or care when, or how, or by whom, it was made; and though I have given it the usual appellation, the Brahmins called it Gometrauz and Gomethez; and at a distance it appeared to be a stone pillar."

The author mentions a brass gun taken in a warfare against the Rajah of Travancore, and cast on the spot: this gun was "sixteen feet long, and bored as a twenty-two pounder: it was so extremely massive, that 1200 men, assisted by sixteen elephants, could not move it even for a few yards." This war finished too like that of the Poligars; after defeating the enemy, we are informed—"the late dewaun was speedily traced into the interior of a pagoda with brazen doors, and while our party was forcing them open he killed himself; when his brother, with six friends, who were taken alive, were carried to Quilon and hanged in *terrorem*; and thus terminated the Travancore war, designated a rebellion."

In continuation, he also relates the following:—

"Having obtained leave of absence to return to Pondicherry, where I had left my family, on the way from Madras, I arrived at Pallamcottah on the 10th of April, and setting out post, was bit by a tarantula at Kytaur, where I stopped to change horses. The effect was such in a few hours, that about twenty miles from Madura I fell off my horse, and was carried on by the kindness of the collector's public servants to Teppocolon, where our kind old friend Mr. Parish immediately called in medical assistance. I have mentioned this circumstance, because it was out of the common routine of accidents: I had previously experienced the stings of scorpions and bites of centipedes, one of the latter while sleeping on board the Piedmontaise, a few nights before, being eight inches long, without much inconvenience: but this reptile stung me on the same spot both going and coming, and I was suffering tortures from the first bite when I joined the force on the 5th of February; one of the advantages of posting on horseback without servants or baggage. I must, however, acknowledge that I did not see the creature either time. I was reclining on a little straw under the only tree left at Kytaur, while a fresh horse was saddling for me, on both occasions; but the natives described it to be an enormous spider which bites and even kills cattle; and I have actually seen tarantulas in that neighbourhood. It certainly did not put me, as is usually reported, into dancing trim, but was each time followed by excruciating pain and a burning fever."

At Trevycary, seventeen miles from Pondicherry, he proceeds—

"Of all the curiosities I have witnessed in the East, the petrifications in the vicinity of this insignificant village are the most interesting and extraordinary. There being no shelter for Europeans in its neighbourhood, it is necessary to pitch tents near a small pagoda, on ground somewhat above the level of the plain. This building is evidently of great antiquity,

though it possesses no beauty or attraction at present; but close to it are several rude rocky hillocks, which on a near approach prove to be of a circular form, and hollow in the centre, resembling the craters of volcanoes. These craters were all more or less choked up with weeds and bushes, so that we could not penetrate to the bottom, though they did not appear to be of any great depth; but still, considering them in that light, our wonder was the greater, to find the surface covered with large fragments of petrified wood, instead of coals and lava. On a nearer examination, the soil of these cavities proved to be a whitish loose sand, and that of the exterior surface a compound of sand and clay completely transformed to stone, extremely porous, and perforated in a thousand places, like rocks under water, in a stream, with enormous masses of trees of various forms and descriptions, some of which were actually buried in them, and others scattered about, as if they had been thrown down by some sudden eruption of nature and broken by the fall. When these rarities were first discovered, or by whom, I have no idea; and it was only on our return from Poonah that I first heard at Madras of 'the petrified tamarind wood,' as it was always designated. Masses being cut out into various ornaments and highly polished, very much resembled Scotch pebbles, and were then much in fashion as a novelty. Yet this very name, given indiscriminately to all these stones, however varied in shape or colour, proved to my mind that the spot from whence they were taken had never been visited by any European, or person capable of examining and distinguishing the original petrifications—for I found them so perfectly different, and some so nearly entire, as to be able to pronounce positively as to their variety; and actually carried to my tent, with much difficulty, part of a branch of a cocoa-nut tree, which bore the strictest examination, and could not possibly have been mistaken. It is natural in such situations to endeavour to trace the causes of such extraordinary transmutations; but I could find no native capable of assisting my research, nor any other signs to enable me to form any correct conclusion. I therefore venture a diffident opinion, that, when formerly flourishing and planted with trees, the ground on which these hillocks now stand was inundated by a sudden flood many centuries back; and after continuing under water for several hundred years, was as suddenly dried up again by some volcanic eruption, and left in that state, in which, with little alteration, I found them; for all the lapidaries in the East uniting together could not clear the ground of these fragments, which would most likely require a thousand waggons to remove to any distance."

Near Nundydroog, where Colonel Welsh was for some time stationed, he says:—

"In this valley, and about a mile from our house, stood a rocky hill, a few hundred yards high, with a remarkably large perpendicular rock at the eastern extremity, known by the name of Hyder's Drop; which, not less from its very picturesque appearance, than from the blood-stained fame connected with its former history, certainly merits an especial mention. This rock was nearly insular, and was connected with the summit of the hill by a narrow causeway, evidently the work of man. It had a wall round it, and a small gate by which to enter a low bungalow of coarse materials, in which some hundreds of European prisoners were confined by those monsters Hyder and Tippoo; and it was well known that whenever

the inmates became too numerous, some of them were hoisted over the precipice; when a fall of seventy or eighty feet ended their misery by breaking every bone in their bodies, which were kindly left as food for jackals, hyenas, and tigers. We found the names of many of our countrymen scratched upon the walls and roof; and this puts me in mind of another favourite drop of those inhuman Mussulmans, on the top of Nundydroog, towards the southwest, where the rock is in one place about one thousand, or one thousand two hundred, feet in perpendicular height; from which spot I was assured that some hundreds of our sepoy, having been taken prisoners and refused to serve the tyrant, were rolled over to eternity, sewn up in sacks. I even visited the bottom of the precipice with much labour, but could not find any traces of the facts related, time having removed all vestiges of their remains."

The interest of these *Reminiscences*, especially on the author's visits to Coorg, will probably tempt us to another notice.

Hints originally intended for the small Farmers of the County of Wexford. By Martin Doyle. 6th edition. Dublin, 1830. Curry and Co.

WE have a word or two to say to our friend Martin Doyle, whose second edition we noticed with due commendation about a year and a half since (No. 638). Pray, Mister Martin, when you recommend a savings' bank, and talk of government security for the spare shillings of an Irish peasant, where are the spare shillings to come from? Answer us this.—Why, says Martin, "the shillings saved by abstinence from whisky and tobacco;" yet in the very preceding page we are told that "you have often seen a very large family picking delicately at one salt herring for dinner;" which is a near neighbour to Tom Moore's poetical dish of "potatoes and point."—Answer us this, honest Martin, in your seventh edition; for into a seventeenth we prophesy your Hints will run.

Martin Doyle, Martin Doyle, let us speak a word of sense to you: Don't overstrain your admonitions; and then write half a dozen tracts for the peasantry of Ireland to read, and you will be a national benefactor. You have no sectarian prejudices—your words come home to high and low—and your poetry in its way is perfect: take for example:—

"This section introduces to your notice
A plant, whose name uncouth to English throat
From Germany the *Mangel Wurzel* came,
And well deserves its widely-spreading fame."

Or this on dairy management:—

"Beware the fate of Mr. Synges,
From England if your maids you bring:
Then how shall Irish damsels please,
Unblest with art of making cheese?
Why—but one mode can I discern,
And that is, send them there to learn."

The Marquis of Londonderry's Narrative, &c. LORD LONDONDERRY'S second volume, to which we have so long owed a promised continuation of our review, we have at last, in consequence of the time that has elapsed, been induced to lay upon the shelf; but we cannot do so without again reminding our readers that it contains a vast store of information, both military and political, of the highest interest and importance. No history of the events to which it relates can be correct without reference to its statements; and the independent spirit in which the noble marquis's remarks

* Of Glenmore Castle, in the county of Wicklow: this gentleman is a valuable landlord.

are made, adds materially to its value as a present light and a future guide.

Discourses on the Millennium, &c. By the Rev. Michael Russell, LL.D. 12mo. pp. 443. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

THE most interesting object of this work is to shew, that the idea of the Millennium is a fanciful invention of the Jews, long prior to the Christian era, with which Christians or the Christian religion can have no possible concern. Had it been true, the author also contends, the period for its arrival has long since passed; but the whole is a piece of imaginative foolishness. For ourselves, all we shall say on the subject is, that if both the believers and the unbelievers were to remember and practise the golden rule, the earth would present much more of Millennium happiness than it does amid controversial acrimonies, and the want of the charities and humanities of life.

The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., &c. By James Boswell. London, 1830. J. Sharpe.

THE whole of Boswell's most entertaining and characteristic *Life of Johnson* is here, by the neat hand of the printer, and the use of double columns, compressed into one pretty pocket volume of 622 pages. If we go on this way, the impossibility of putting Homer in a nutshell will soon cease to be impossible. The general reader is much indebted to Mr. Sharpe for this cheap and convenient publication of a work so justly popular.

The Family Classical Library, No. VIII. Colburn and Bentley.

VOLUME I. of *Virgil*, with a beautiful bust, engraved by Freeman, as frontispiece. This vol. contains Wrangham's Translation of the *Eclogues*; Sotheby's *Georgics*; and two books of the *Eneid*, by Dryden. The volume is executed in a handsome style; and reflects great credit on this classical publication, combining the three important requisites of accuracy, elegance, and cheapness.

Burns's Address to the Deil. With Notes. Illustrated by eleven Engravings on Wood, after Designs by T. Landseer. London, W. Kidd.

THE character and excellence of these designs, which possess extraordinary merit, both for invention and execution, must recommend this little work to great favour. Mr. Landseer has displayed his powers upon the evil Power, and has given his portrait so faithfully after the Ayrshire bard, that, whether in his sootie cavern, in betraying travellers, in frightening clowns, in tempting Job, or in watching his opportunity in Eden, we can conceive nothing superior to the spirit with which he is delineated. The notes are but poor appendages to the poem; but the Deil himself is in all his phases so d—ish well done, that he absolutely extorts our admiration. The wood-cutting is a superb specimen of the art, worthy of the designs and talent of the original artist.

Constable's Miscellany. No. LVII. THIS Vol. is the first of a translation of Bourrienne's *Memoirs of Napoleon*, which is to be completed in three volumes. Too much publicity cannot be given to this important work; and the translator seems to have done his part with skill and spirit, abridging only what very slightly impairs the text, and not at all the sense of the original.

A Comparative Grammar of the English, French, and Italian Languages, &c. By Mrs. Eaton. 12mo. London, 1830. Holdsworth and Ball.

No foreign languages are more generally studied than the French and Italian; and as they bear such a close affinity to each other, a close comparison of the rules which determine their respective structure, must be very beneficial to the student; since it will teach him, not only where they are similar, but also where they differ. At the same time, a comparison of two such highly-cultivated languages with our own, so judiciously presented as it is in this little volume, will be the best method for acquiring the knowledge of general grammar. The introductory dialogue will be found particularly useful by those who have to initiate either themselves or others into this abstruse study; as we have never met with a book where this science is more philosophically, and, at the same time, more clearly and simply developed. It is a work which ought to be in the hands of every teacher of languages.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

ON the first proposition for establishing this Society (so loudly called for by the actual state and unexampled capabilities of the British nation), it has been espoused by the influential and the scientific, the powerful and the intelligent, of every description to whom it could address its views and pretensions; so that already, after only one meeting, nearly five hundred members have been enrolled, including such names of ministers, noblemen, members of parliament, distinguished officers of every service, official persons, eminent travellers, authors and men of science, as we never saw combined at the commencement of any undertaking whatever.

We have, in a preceding *Gazette*, given the outline of this institution. At the meeting of the 16th ult., J. Barrow, Esq. was in the chair; and after the rules, &c. were adopted, he delivered the following judicious and enlightened observations to the meeting, explanatory of the general views of the Society:—

The Geographical Society of London being now established, the provisional committee cannot close its proceedings without adverting to the gratifying fact of there being enrolled, on the list of its members, within so short a space of time, considerably more than four hundred names. From this great and increasing number, and still more from the general character of the subscribers, it is fair to conclude that a favourable opinion has been formed of the utility likely to result from the labours of such a Society. The *degree* of utility, however, which will be really effected, the committee deem it almost unnecessary to observe, must depend on the attention and assiduity which the president, the vice-presidents, and the council, may bestow on its concerns, quite as much as on the stock of knowledge they may bring to the consideration of the several subjects that will come before them. And not on the council alone will depend the extent to which the useful labours of the Society may thus be carried, but in a very great degree also on the assistance which they may receive from the many individuals eminent in the arts, sciences, and literature, and from the distinguished officers of the army and navy, whose names appear on the list of members.

The many opportunities that are afforded to officers of the army while on service abroad,

and the promptitude and ability with which they avail themselves of them, (as the office of the quarter-master-general and the board of ordnance so amply testify,) are the best pledges of what may reasonably be expected from that quarter; and the more so, since the committee has had the satisfaction to witness the readiness with which so many distinguished officers of the royal artillery and engineers have come forward to join the Society.

With the same confidence the committee look for aid from the officers of the sister service, who on their own peculiar element in particular, will, it is hoped, be assisted by other experienced navigators, whether of, and belonging to, the corporation of Trinity, the East India Company, or to any other maritime service. On the exactitude of the minutest details of hydrography must always depend the safety of commerce and navigation. Numerous dangers unquestionably exist in various parts of the ocean, that have not yet been ascertained, while others that have no existence still figure on our charts to the dread of navigators. It has been well observed, that 'the man who points out, in the midst of the wide ocean, a single rock unknown before, is a benefactor of the human race;' and scarcely less so is he, who, after careful examination, is able to decide that a rock or shoal, which appears on a chart, is either misplaced, or has no existence. These, it is true, may not be ranked among brilliant discoveries; but the smallest obstruction, whether rock or shoal, that exists in the ocean, may have been, and, so long as its exact position remains unascertained, is still likely to be, the cause of destruction to life and property. It may also be noticed, that many practical observations are still desirable on the prevailing winds and currents, and more particularly on tides, of which there are various peculiarities among the islands, and along the different coasts of the ocean, concerning which facts and observations are still wanting, for establishing one general theory that shall be found applicable to every part of the globe.

Every accession, therefore, to hydrographical knowledge—a real danger discovered—a fictitious one demolished—or a peculiarity ascertained—must be of great importance to navigation, and a fit object for promulgation by the Society.

The committee, however, are also willing to hope, that many valuable contributions on geographical subjects will be received from other individuals, whether on the list of members or not, than those who are thus professionally qualified and invited to furnish them, particularly from such of their countrymen as have permanent residences abroad, from the various public authorities in the British colonies, and from those who have travelled, or may yet travel, in foreign countries. It is not for the committee to specify in detail the various points of information which should engage the attention of the traveller; but they may observe, that every species of information, connected either with physical geography or statistics, if it have only accuracy to recommend it, will be acceptable; and in cases where the stock of information, generally, in the hands of any individual, is not of sufficient magnitude or importance to form a volume for publication, if sent to the Society, it will be made available, in some form or other, in its transactions. The routes, for example, which travellers may have pursued through portions of countries hitherto but imperfectly known, or inaccurately described,—the objects of natural history that may have presented themselves,—the meteorological and

magnetic phenomena that may have been observed,—the nature of the soil and its products, of its forests, rivers, plains, mountains, and other general features of its surface; but, above all, the latitudes and longitudes of particular places which the resident or traveller may have had the means of determining to a degree of precision on which he may rely;—such notices of detached portions of the earth's surface, where regular surveys cannot be held, are of extreme importance, as furnishing the only means by which any thing approaching to correctness in our general maps can be attained. And the committee cannot, therefore, entertain a doubt, that it will constitute a part of the Transactions of the Society to publish such detached pieces of information bearing on each of these points, as may be thought of sufficient interest and importance to be communicated for the use of its members, and of the public at large.

But there are many other means, besides those now mentioned, by which geography may be advanced, which are too numerous to be here specified at length. In addition to the few, however, which have been noticed here, as well as in the printed prospectus already circulated, the following points may be briefly stated, as being among the most important that will probably engage the attention of the Society:—

1. The composition of maps illustrative of particular branches of geographical knowledge, more especially those relating to orology, hydrology, and geology.

2. The establishment of new divisions of the earth's surface, formed upon philosophical principles, and adapted to different departments of science; more especially as regards those divisions which are founded on physical and geological characters, on climate, and on distinctions of the human race, or of language.

3. A more uniform and systematic orthography than has hitherto been observed, in regard to the names of cities and other objects; and a more precise and copious vocabulary than we at present possess of such objects.

4. The preparation and improvement of road-books for different countries, of gazetteers, and of geographical and statistical tables, and all such matters as are of general utility.

The committee cannot take upon itself to pronounce to which, of so many important considerations as have been enumerated, the attention of the Society should be first directed; the order of precedence must obviously, in some measure, depend on the means, rather than the wishes, of the council. But the committee are willing to hope that, sooner or later, most or all of the subjects mentioned will engage that attention of the members to which they appear to be fairly entitled; and that the range of investigation will in no respect be less comprehensive than the title of the Society implies.

In making these observations, which have reference chiefly to facts, the committee wish, however, to guard themselves against any supposition that might be entertained of their being hostile to theory; or of recommending to the Society to limit the reception of communications to such only as are the result of actual observation and experiment. On the contrary, they are fully aware that great benefits have been, and yet may be, derived from speculative geography. Theories that do not involve obvious absurdities or impossibilities, but are supported by reasonable probabilities, may serve as guides to conduct to important discoveries; by exciting curiosity they stimulate inquiry, and inquiry generally leads to truth. And reasonings and suggestions, there-

fore, in regard to parts of the world deserving of minuter investigation, which are little known, or of which no good account has yet been given, the routes to be observed in examining them, the chief subjects of inquiry, and best modes of overcoming the probable difficulties that may occur in the research,—all these will form proper subjects for admission into the proceedings of the Society.

And lastly, the committee having reason to think, that at no great distance of time, the Society will be able to obtain suitable apartments for the reception of books, maps, charts, and instruments, they would venture to suggest, that donations of such materials as may tend to the elucidation and extension of geographical science would afford facilities to the attainment of its views. And they are willing to hope that, aided by such means, a library of books and manuscripts on geographical subjects, with a collection of charts and maps, may be formed, that will not be undeserving of public approbation and patronage.

Who can doubt the eminent success and national utility of such a Society? Our hopes of it are of the most sanguine kind; for it possesses all the elements of greatness.

ASTRONOMY.

His Majesty's favour, in knighting Sir James South, we observe it stated in the *Times*, was in accordance with the declared purpose of his august brother and predecessor; and intended, as well as a personal honour, to mark the royal approbation of the scientific pursuits in which Sir J. South had so long and so zealously been engaged. We rejoice to see the glorious science of astronomy so distinguished, and in the person of a votary who has spared neither study nor fortune in advancing the knowledge of it: witness his noble observatory at Kensington, and the splendid apparatus and glasses with which it is furnished. The same journal states, that his Majesty has placed 300*l.* a-year at the disposal of Sir James to promote the cultivation of astronomy; a measure which we also hail as indicative of a desire in the highest quarter to rescue the British government from the imputation to which it is (as a government) too justly exposed, of great apathy towards every thing connected with literature, the arts, or science. What makes this matter more remarkable is, that the new knight is one of the most fierce impugnors of the Royal Society.

ACADEMIA CÆSARÆA NATURÆ CURIOSORUM.

WE learn, from Germany, that the president of this distinguished Society, Dr. Nees von Esenbeck, has removed his residence from Bonn to Breslau, where he continues to conduct the affairs of the Academy. The library has been placed under the charge of the first secretary and librarian, Professor Goldfuss, at Bonn, in the building appropriated for its reception by the Prussian government; communications for the Academy, therefore, may safely be sent to either place. While we seize the opportunity of giving information of interest to our scientific readers, we avail ourselves of the occasion to compliment the learned president and his associates on the many and essential services which their labours are continually rendering to natural history and all its congenial, useful, and delightful branches.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

AMONG other gracious acts of his Majesty, the royal pleasure has been communicated to the

Committee of the King's College, that it shall be placed under the immediate protection and patronage of William IV.

GRECIAN ANTIQUITIES.

(From the *Greek Gazette Universelle*.)

Ægina.—The friends of Greece, and the friends of antiquities and the fine arts, will no doubt hear with interest of the foundation here of an establishment as useful, as honourable. In digging the foundations for the House of Refuge for Orphans at *Ægina*, several ancient vases were found, the material and form of which attracted the attention of antiquaries. Similar ones have been discovered in excavating some of the streets of the town of *Ægina*; and on the site of the new lazaretto a bas-relief has been turned up, representing a horse with its leader. Such is the origin of a museum which has just been established at the House of Refuge for Orphans; and which already contains two statues, two heads, nine inscriptions, sixty-seven bas-reliefs, a large stone vase, with bas-reliefs, and two gold ear-rings. These articles of antiquity have been partly collected by the government, at a trifling expense; but the greater number have been presented by individuals. The museum is visited every day by travellers; and drawings have been made of some of the most remarkable of its contents. Hopes are entertained that it will soon be greatly augmented.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Picturesque Views of the Antiquities of Ireland.

Drawn on Stone by James D. Harding, from the Sketches of Robert O'Callaghan Newenham, Esq. 4to. T. and W. Boone.

WE deferred our notice of this publication, which was commenced about four years since, and appeared in quarterly parts, until its completion. We can now bear testimony to the creditable manner in which Mr. Newenham has fulfilled his engagement to his numerous subscribers; and we rejoice to see that due national encouragement has been given to his labours.

The leisure of five and twenty years has been devoted by Mr. Newenham to sketching the remains of such remarkable objects as appeared to merit the notice of the artist or the antiquary; and his official situation as superintendent-general in the barrack department of Ireland afforded him particular facilities in exploring (if we may use the term) every part of the country. From the mass of sketches thus accumulated, we are now presented with a selection of one hundred and twelve subjects, admirably lithographed by Mr. Harding. Round towers, abbeys, and castles, predominate in these Views; the former singular buildings are judiciously illustrated by those of Scattery, Clondalkin, Swords, Devenish, Kilmacduagh, Timahoe, Roscrea, and Glendalough; and their greatest varieties by that of Kinneigh, in the county of Cork, and that of Ardmore, in the county of Waterford; the basement of the former for the height of fifteen feet is hexagonal, and the latter is girthed by five bands or sets-off.

Mr. Newenham, speaking of the Pillar Tower at Kilmacduagh, in the county of Galway (we believe the highest in Ireland), observes, that "it is said in the *Monasticon Hibernicum* to deviate from the perpendicular even more than the well-known Leaning Tower at Pisa, which inclines thirteen feet, whilst the inclination of that at Kilmacduagh is stated to be seventeen feet and a half. Hav-

ing the means of accurately measuring the inclination, I found that the tower leans only two feet and a half;—the height is one hundred and two feet, and its diameter at the base nineteen feet—so that the deviation from the perpendicular amounts to little more than one-eighth of a diameter; a quantity which could hardly be perceived without the assistance of instruments."

After a description of the Pillar Tower at Timahoe, in the Queen's County (stated to be eighty-four feet high), we find the following account of an extraordinary achievement, which we presume, from Mr. Newenham's matter-of-fact manner, to be unquestionable. "As a local feat, it may be worth mentioning here, that on the 2d of July, 1827, a countryman, named Daniel Keane, climbed up on the outside of this tower, without any assistance whatever, and stood on his head on the summit, where he fastened and left his coat as a memento of the performance."

We may here remark, that Mr. Newenham, in the literary portion of his work, confines himself to concise local and historical notices of the buildings represented. He enters into no controversy, and offers no antiquarian conjectures respecting the pillar towers of Ireland, or similar debatable matters; but he places before us faithful resemblances of these mysterious structures, and such other remarkable buildings as best illustrate the progress of architecture in the sister island.

Coast Sketches. Drawn and etched by E. W. Cooke. Part I.

THERE is in our eyes much greater merit in such etchings as these, in which the character of every object is marked with a light but firm hand, and away, than in those more laboured productions, where every inch of the copper or steel is covered with work that in many instances might have been advantageously spared. This is a publication which exhibits Mr. E. W. Cooke's taste and feeling as an artist in a very favourable point of view. It consists of twelve plates of subjects at and near Brighton. They are full of picturesque beauty. The next Part will be devoted to Hastings and its neighbourhood; and we hope that Mr. Cooke may be induced to proceed until he has embodied in his sketches all the various and distinctive features which the coast of this island presents.

Mary Queen of Scots and her Secretary Chatelard. Engraved by A. Duncan, from the original Picture painted by H. Fradelle. London, 1830. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THERE have been few prints so popular in England, and perhaps no English print was ever so popular on the continent, as the well-known mezzotinto plate which was published a few years ago from Mr. Fradelle's picture. The present is an engraving in line, and of a smaller size than its predecessor. It is very ably executed, and especially with reference to the great charm of the composition, namely, the fond abstraction with which the lovely queen is contemplating the amorous, but rash and unfortunate Chatelard.

Ten Views of Picturesque Scenery in the North and North-West of Ireland. Engraved by William Miller, from Drawings by George Petrie, Esq., R.H.A., &c. Dublin, Curry and Co.

THE plates of the northern tourist, done up in the most attractive shape—and very superior plates they are, both as to the drawing and the engraving. Friend Miller decidedly ranks next

to Le Keux for delicacy of execution. The view of Narrow-water Castle is perfect in the way of scenery; and the Giant's Causeway and Dunluce Castle are beautiful specimens of art.

National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century. With Memoirs, by William Jerdan, Esq. No. XVI. Fisher, Son, and Co.

THE present Number contains memoirs of Lord Lyndhurst, the Earl of Fife, and Sir Thomas Le Breton. With respect to the first, the steps by which, from a condition of comparative obscurity, he has "risen to the highest legal honours to which a subject of England can aspire," are fully and, we believe accurately, detailed. The second, hitherto "little known to our London world except as a man of high fashion, a friend and favourite of royalty, and an ornament to the social circle, where his polished manners and intelligence are so justly prized," is shewn to be quite as deserving of notice "for his brave conduct throughout the Peninsular War, his important services, and the privations and dangers which he encountered in that splendid cause." And of the third, who is Bailli of the island of Jersey, and President of the States, it is "justly presumed, that great merit, worth, and ability in the discharge of his various and important duties, have contributed to raise him to so elevated a station among his fellow-citizens." The plates in this Number are remarkably fine. The portrait of the Lord Chancellor, in particular (drawn and engraved by Mr. T. Woolnoth), is a most striking resemblance, and conveys a perfect idea of the intelligence and acuteness by which that eminent person is distinguished. That of the Thane of Fife, in his tartans, is well calculated for a great run among the northern clans; and the natives of Jersey will, no doubt, be gratified to see their magistrate in such company.

Characteristic Sketches of Animals. Drawn from the Life, and engraved by Thomas Landseer. Part IV. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THE Gazelle, the Lion-Tiger Cubs, the Calmuc or Little Russian Horse, and the Elephant, have been the subjects of Mr. Landseer's crayon and etching point for this, the fourth Part of his clever work; and they furnish a fine exhibition of animal elegance, ferocity, picturesqueness, and sagacity. The accompanying descriptions are written with their usual ability.

PLATE.

It is always with pleasure that we find ourselves justified in noticing such productions of English artists as shew the progress of taste and skill, in whatever department it may be displayed. Thus, we have this week been highly gratified by the inspection of a piece of plate, voted by the Roman Catholics to the Secretary of the Association, for Great Britain, Mr. Blount, and executed for them by Mr. Kensington Lewis. This splendid and elegant design consists of four beautifully chased female figures, conjoined by wreaths, and supporting a shell-vase, whence a (real silver) fountain descends so as to form the support or pedestal. There is great originality in the general appearance of this work; and we never saw any thing of the kind which at the first glance gave more of the idea of grace. Six hundred guineas was the sum subscribed for this heir-loom to the family of Blount; and they may well be proud of the token.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

JUVENALIA.—NO. VI.

[Series concluded.]

THERE's nought (held some philosopher of old) So silly, but philosophers will hold! Append your faith to liberal Demo's sleeve, And mankind, all but little gods, believe; See through dark Timon's blear and bloodshot eyes,

You'll think mankind but devils in disguise; What paragons! how noble! one exclaims, The other beats through Bilingsgate for names, And, in the foulness of his deep attain, Fiends become fair and Satan turns a saint. On either side of that old Samian line, The hair-broad bridge that leads to Truth divine

Midway of errors (hard to tread or see!), Both deviate far, and both in like degree.

Let us in metaphysic mortar bray The two opinious: their result will say— Of Beings, none within our polar span, So wise, so weak, so great, so mean, as Man!

In the vast scale of sentient things, I own, Rank is assigned to mental worth alone; Through all the grades of Reason, Instinct, Sense,

From Apathy to pure Intelligence. Grandeur of soul from size is quite disjoint, And God may be a mathematic point.

The wiser ant we place above the sloth, We class the beaver with the behemoth; Herculean clowns we couple oft with hogs, And puppy gentlemen with puppy dogs.

But is it much that Man is wise and great Compared with Brutes?—'Tis true, beyond debate,

Sagacious as he is, no Elephant Could subtilise like Coleridge or like Kant; No geometric Spider could, perchance, Bear off the Polytechnic bell in France; Ev'n in the honied range of industry, Brougham makes greater buzz than any bee; Bacon is somewhat brighter than a pig, And Newton by dull Neddy might look big; In cunning, Reynard has been long renowned; Yet keener rogues at Crockford's may be found; Monkeys have mother-wit, yet more by half Liston or other mimes will make you laugh: I grant, in short, what scarcely Swift denies, Men are lords-paramount beneath the skies; But are we, therefore, truly great and wise?

Now turn the tapestry!—Certes, here indeed, Men do all earthly creatures far exceed, Still paramount—in Folly and in Crime!

The running-base and burden of my rhyme. What a wide-walking gander would not do, Man will commit, and think it wisdom too! That foolish bird will gabble, if you please,

But not till he disgusts the other geese; While drivelling Balbus prates so loud and long, We sicken ten days after at a tongue!

The ostrich when pursued, 'tis said, will push (To blind the pack) its head into a bush, Hoping, because it cannot see the rout, They are as much at fault for it without; But, unpursued, wise Man the knee will pat, For Death to leap upon him like a cat!

See Morus play with grim Perdition's paws, Phillip his beard, and walk into his jaws! Through Sin's foul mass, down to Tartarean gloom,

Blinder than moles, we work out our own doom; Dancing the barlot-reel and red with grapes, We knock at hell-mouth where Destruction gapes;

Rot for a debt, are pistolled for a punk, Or sober die for what we said when drunk! Behold Nasidio! blacklegs know him well, With what sang froid he saunters to his hell!

Where hawk-eyed fiends, with claws of griffin clasp,
Sharks in their gullet, for his substance gasp;
His gingling purse proclaims him made for sport,
As cap and bells declared the fool at court!
Though knave and cheat he sees convened to rob,
And feels the great Rook pecking at his fob,
He smiles—sits—plays—wins—loses, o'er and o'er—

Till he can lose (except his wits) no more;
Perchance by rope or razor ends his pains,
Or proves, when blown out, that he had some brains!

Thus would it seem, that greatly to go wrong,
Does to the *Reasoning Race* alone belong;
And only they can put forth just pretence
To err by light of Knowledge and of Sense!

TO LAURA,

On her asking if I loved her.

LAURA bids me tell my love,
That I may her beauty flatter;
But its warmth words cannot prove—
Words that every wind may scatter:
'Tis in deeds that I would shew
How my warm affections glow.

Should I call her loveliest,
Say her charms like brilliants glisten,
Swear she is my dearest, best—
Language that might make her listen,—
I should swear what I before
Oft have sworn to many more!

Lovers' vows are only air,
Forgotten with the ease they're spoken;
Chains of flowers, light as fair,
Easy to be made and broken:
Leave such things to girls and boys—
Only children play with toys!

But a heart that loves her well,
With a warm and lasting fire,
Though it have no songs to tell
How it pants in soft desire,
By my deeds shall brightly shew
How my warm affections glow!

LA BASTIE.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

FREDERICK-WILLIAM FIRST, OF PRUSSIA.

THE memoirs of the Princess of Baireuth, the sister of Frederick II., have already initiated us in the household secrets of that most whimsical of monarchs, Frederick-William I., who thought nothing so satisfactory to the heart of a king, as the appearance of a regiment of men of six feet; and who carried the spirit of economy and avarice in his palace to such an extent, as to refuse absolute necessities to his family, who were frequently reduced to envy the condition of the meanest citizen. A volume has lately been published at Hamburg, by Dr. Cramer, consisting of papers rescued from obscurity (found, it is said, in the collection of one of Frederick the Second's preceptors), which perfectly accords with the Princess of Prussia's memoirs, and places the extravagancies of the father of Frederick the Great in a still stronger light. The second of these papers is entitled, "How my son Frederick is to carry on his studies at Wusterhausen." It is an instruction written by the king. Among other things he says, "on Sundays, he (the prince-royal) will rise at seven o'clock: as soon as he has put on his slippers, he will kneel by the side of the bed, and address a short prayer to God, but in a tone of voice loud enough to be heard by those who are in the room; as soon as that is done, he will dress himself quickly, wash himself well, tie his hair, and powder it. Dressing and pray-

ing will not occupy more than a quarter of an hour. It will then be a quarter after seven. He will breakfast in seven minutes. After that, his servants and Duhan (the governor) will enter, to say prayers on their knees, &c." With respect to education, the king has written on the margin of the plan of studies which he proposes:—"The history of Greece and Rome to be omitted; it is good for nothing." The poor prince-royal found much difficulty in complying with the demands of his august father. In 1728, he addressed a humble letter to him, to ascertain why he succeeded so ill in satisfying the king. The answer to the letter is,—"Because you are obstinate, because you do not love your father; in the second place, you well know that I do not like an effeminate fellow, who has no human inclinations, who is full of awkwardness, who does not distinguish himself either in riding, or in shooting, who is dirty, who frizzes his hair like a fool, and who, a thousand times reprimanded, never corrects himself; who, moreover, has a ridiculous pride, never speaks to any body, is neither popular nor affable, makes faces, and never obeys my wishes except when he is compelled to do so. There is my answer. (Signed) Frederick-William." The same monarch says in his instructions to his son's governors:—"The principal care of the two tutors must be to inculcate in my son the love of a military life, and to make him sensible that as nothing in the world can confer on a prince so much honour as the sword, he will be despised if he does not love it above every thing, and seek in it his sole glory." It certainly appears that these instructions were fulfilled to the letter, and that the tutors succeeded pretty well in inspiring Frederick II. with "the love of the sword!" Another paper in this collection exhibits the despotism of Frederick-William I. in religious matters. Full of Lutheran zeal, the king had it much at heart to banish from the service every thing that could recall the rites of the Catholic church. In consequence, he prescribed, with a rigour almost fanatical, or rather with his usual military despotism, surplises, tapers, Latin psalms, &c. to the great dismay of the pastors and the parishioners, habituated from their infancy to these customs. Happily, his son afterwards restored liberty in that respect, without, however, entirely abolishing the arbitrary orders of his father. The most curious paper of the collection, seems to us, however, to be the ordinance by which Frederick-William summoned the Count de Stein to the vice-presidency of the Academy of Sciences. The following are the contents of this document, the German style of which is singularly absurd:—"The king enjoins the new vice-president to observe closely the conjunctions of the stars, and to see if there is not in the firmament a meeting of comets which may endanger the earth. In such a case, the vice-president must confer with his colleagues, in order to devise the means of remedying the disorders which may ensue. The vice-president is enjoined to take care that night-hags, flying-dragons, mountain-dwarfs, will-o'-the-wisps, and other mischievous beings, the existence of which incredulity would fain deny, do no harm. As they love to sojourn in marshes, lakes, ditches, and heaths, the vice-president must exert himself to extirpate such malevolent creatures. He will be allowed seven crowns for every monster that he may deliver up, dead or alive." Such were to be the occupations of a vice-president of the Prussian Academy in 1732! What an enormous distance between the gross superstitions of Frederick-

William I. and the philosophical spirit of his son Frederick II.!

THE BOMARANG: A MISSILE OF NEW HOLLAND.

THE natives of New South Wales have the art of throwing a curved flat stick, made of very heavy wood, and in the form of a crescent, with such force and accuracy, as to break a man's leg at sixty or eighty yards; but the strange peculiarity of it is, that it can also be thrown to the distance of a hundred yards and upwards in the air, and, without striking any thing, will return to the person who threw it, and even pass beyond him twenty or thirty yards. A similar stick is used by a people to the southward of Trichinopoly, the Colareese: they, however, only use it for straight-forward purposes, and do not understand how to make it return. Captain Cook, when at Botany Bay, having seen the Bomarang, concluded it was a wooden sword; and under that idea, conjectured that the natives of New South Wales were descended from Malays, from the supposed similarity of the Bomarang to the Malay sword.

THE WOMORA, OR THROWING STICK.

THE New Hollanders also have a method of discharging their spears, which surpasses any other that I have heard or read of. The spears they use are from seven to eight feet long, and they are cast by means of a flat stick called a *Womora*, about a yard in length, with a sort of hook at the point of it, on which the hinder end of the spear rests; this stick acts as a sling or lever; by this means the spear can be thrown to the distance of a hundred and twenty yards: with the hand alone, the spear cannot be thrown beyond fifty yards. J. N.

MUSIC.

THE JEW'S HARP: MR. EULENSTEIN.

OUR old, and we will add our modest, ingenious, and deserving friend and favourite, Mr. Eulenstein, has been indulging his London admirers with specimens of his exquisite performance on the Jew's harp, previous to his departure on a provincial excursion, to include, as he tells us, Cheltenham, Gloucester, Worcester, Birmingham, Edinburgh, and other populous places. We have at former times described the extraordinary effect which he produces on these simple instruments, by attuning a number of them to a certain scale, and changing them with astonishing rapidity in the course of his playing, so as never for an instant to interrupt the melody or impair the most brilliant execution. But since we previously heard him, (when he performed with so much applause before his late Majesty, and also at the Royal Institution to illustrate Mr. Faraday's lecture and Mr. Wheatstone's theory of musical sounds,) Mr. Eulenstein has made great improvements in his practice. By increasing the size and tone of his larger harps, he has added much power to his former delicious sweetness; and his range is now as extended as it is delicate, possessing an organ-like swell, in union with the dying cadences of the Eolian harp. It is impossible to imagine any thing so beautiful from such means; and when we also find that science is deeply indebted to these charming vibrations for the advancement of a very interesting inquiry, we are the more inclined to point out the subject for public notice, and, in this instance, its certain consequence, public encouragement. Our readers in the country will do well to

avail themselves of any opportunity to hear, what we have no hesitation in stating to be as delightful as it is unique.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

My silent Heart shall drink to thee. Poetry by Mrs. B. C. Wilson. Music by Mr. Rodwell. Goulding and D'Almaine.

WITH pretty words and sweet music, every body must be pleased with this ballad, as we have been; though it is rather of the longest, which a ballad for singing ought never to be, even with the remedy of leaving out verses.

The Gondola, for four Voices. E. W. N. Bayley, Esq. Composed and published by J. Green.

It is long since we have heard a quartetto which has pleased us so much as this. It is beautifully simple, and the accompaniment and symphony peculiar and striking. The composer has marked it "rowing time:"—what does he mean? why not sailing time, plunging time, ducking time?

Green Hills of Tyrol. Goulding and D'Almaine.

THE words by George Linley, Esq., the music by Rossini, and sung by Malibrán, in Guillaume Tell, this is a gay and lively Tyrolean air, very Swiss in its style, and already so general a favourite, that we need say nothing more for it.

Romantic War Song. Lonsdale and Mills.

THE poetry is by H. J. Bradfield, who has distinguished himself by the production of more important compositions (see our Literary Reviews), inspired by his travels in Greece, and the love of that country. When we have time to turn our attention from French and domestic politics again to this interesting portion of the world, Mr. Bradfield's words, and Mr. Macdonald Harris's music, will be prized as a spirited theme, doing equal justice to the writer and the composer. We think, with energy and a fine male voice, it would have great effect on the stage or in the field.

My own Love, my true Love. Words by T. Haynes Bayly, Esq. Composed by Joseph Gould. Goulding and D'Almaine.

MR. GOULD himself sings this so sweetly (at the Melodists' Club), that we fear to say it would most probably be thought monotonous if sung by any other person.

Le nouveau petit Tambour. T. Boosey and Co. COMPOSED by De Begnis, the enlivening soul of the concert-room, theatre, or social board. The present piece is quite worthy of him, and displays his musical talents to great advantage.

Herr's "celebrated Galoppe à la Giraffe." arranged for the harp by N. C. Bochsa.

AN excellent easy little piece for beginners on the harp, and, we are told, fashionable, which is a sufficient recommendation to their elders, to the age of seventy, and perhaps more.

Overture to Guillaume Tell. Rossini.

Goulding and D'Almaine.

Too well known to require our passport; but we do cordially advise our fair young friends to make it a favourite piano-forte exercise. The single air, page 5, has beauty and melody enough to sell hundreds of copies.

Matrimonio Segreto Quadrilles. N. C. Bochsa. A CAPITAL set, nice airs, and well suited to dancing, which is all that can be required.

DRAMA.

NOTHING new this week at either of the theatres on this side the water. *The Battle of Herham* has been revived, Heaven knows why, at the Haymarket; and on Thursday last its devoted company absolutely got through eleven acts!—(three two-act farces and a five-act comedy)—being four more than the usual and fully sufficient number. We really should not be surprised at seeing Inchbald's *British Theatre* announced for representation some evening at this house. Surely, if we may judge by the complaints on this subject which reach us from every side, it cannot be policy to weary out actors and audiences, night after night, in this manner. The new *Susannah*, Mrs. Evans, possesses a good voice; but operas, and Mozart's operas, at this theatre, without singers, and without an orchestra, are wonderfully absurd. Oh, to think upon the halcyon days, when *Teasing made Easy*, *Exit by Mistake*, *the Green Man*, &c. &c. &c., crammed nightly the house to the ceiling! when Liston, and Jones, and Mathews, and Terry, and Tokely, and Mrs. Davenport, and Mrs. Gibbs, and twenty others scarcely less celebrated, kept the benches in a roar! We have now Farren, and Mrs. Glover, and—but "comparisons are odorous."

UNPUBLISHED FRAGMENTS BY TALMA.

(From the *Revue de Bruxelles*.)

EVERY body can judge of strong passions by himself. They exist in the depths of all souls; the actor only awakens them.

The high style is wearisome when it is badly played. In that case the public no longer go in quest of noble emotions; they prefer laughing at farces; especially when written by a man of wit.

There is in tragic diction an indescribable harmony. A tragic actor ought to have an ear exceedingly sensible to harmony.

When an actor has studied a part, when he has well reflected on its general tone and character, and proceeds to the details, he must always reflect that in every scene there is an intention, in every couplet a principal object: he must always aim at that intention and that object, sustain and give value to all which relates to them, and keep down the rest. If you try to make every thing felt, you will fail in every thing. There is a general rule in all the arts; namely, to give splendour to ornaments by repose. An actor who endeavours to make every thing felt, is like an architect who covers his walls with decorations;—they destroy one another. A bas-relief has much the best effect on a plain wall.

There are many good ways of saying any thing; but one of them is always the best.

Our theatrical representations are more natural than those of the ancients; and more difficult for modern actors.

To put pebbles into the mouth is a bad way of rendering pronunciation more distinct.

As every thing in a theatre is artificial, the scenes, the lights, &c. and as the spectator himself is unacquainted with what is passing on the boards, a loud declaimer will never make him forget that he is present at a play. But let an actor be natural, let his voice assume the true tone of passion, and suddenly all is changed; the painted canvass is transformed into a real palace; the light of the lamps becomes daylight, the actor disappears; it is Manlius or Nero. The spectator is no longer aware that he has neighbours; he is no longer in Paris; he is at Rome, or at Athens; and if he recollects himself, it is to conceal the tears which he feels as if ashamed to have shed.

There are objects enough on the stage,—the scenes, the poetical language,—which compel the spectator to make an effort to surrender himself to the illusion, without adding a pompous declamation, which does not affect him, which makes him always feel that an actor is before him, and which prevents him from forgetting the actor to think only of the play.

Characters of ingenuousness have this inconvenience, that an actor cannot play them well until he is no longer of the age of such characters. Every thing that belongs to the passionate is well played in youth; but still a youth wants knowledge of the combinations necessary to play youth. You must not experience, but you must have experienced the feelings which you are representing; for if you experience them, you will no longer be master of yourself—you will be carried beyond the bounds of discretion—you will no longer have the power of forming the combinations which are necessary to exhibit the beautiful in feeling. If you represent tears, they will suffocate you; you will no longer have control enough over yourself to distribute them at your discretion, for the purpose of producing the greatest effect. If you represent anger, and are really angry, your words will be confused and faltering. So with love. We must have experienced all the passions; but it is only the recollection of them of which we must avail ourselves in order to play them well. Ingenuousness, for example, is not a passion—it is a state of mind. Well, it is only when we are no longer at the age of ingenuousness that, reflecting on the manner in which it discloses itself by outward signs, we are able by art to give it its just expression.

Music has a powerful effect on the soul. I always wish to hear it before I go on the stage, because it throws me into a state of exaltation favourable to the development of my mental faculties.

It is in the silence of night that I study my parts to the greatest advantage.

People often say to me, "Why do you not educate a pupil?" My answer is, "Give me a fit subject." They might as well have desired Voltaire to educate a pupil. Nature must create the actor, as well as the poet or the painter.

The greater number of painters, sculptors, or actors—nay, of authors, preachers, and learned men, are born of honest but poor parents. They are a little like the ancient Mamelukes, who, bought in the first instance to recruit the army, in time raised themselves to the higher ranks, and ended by becoming the masters of the country.

VARIETIES.

French Honesty.—The following paragraph appears in *Galignani's Messenger* of Monday: "On Wednesday, 200 young mechanics and workmen, who had been fighting all the previous day, without tasting food, traversed the restaurant that connects the Rue Vivienne with the Passage Colbert, for the purpose of procuring arms, said to be concealed in one of the warehouses of the latter place. A number of silver forks and spoons, with heaps of small loaves, were lying on the various tables of the establishment; but though the band passed twice from one extremity to the other of the restaurant, not a single article was put out of its place, or a morsel of bread touched."

Musical Phenomenon.—A person, the imitator with his voice of so many kinds of musical instruments, (from the harp to the double bass),

was to exhibit his extraordinary powers yesterday afternoon at the Egyptian Hall; but we regret to say the hour was too late to admit of our reporting his performances.

Operatics.—An Italian company is to perform at the Hague during the rejoicings for the marriage of the Princess Marianne: Laurent is to be the manager. Among the principal singers the following are mentioned:—Donzelli, Zucchelli, Santini, Lablache, Graziana, Malibran, Damoreau-Cinti, Meric-Lalande, and Blasis.

Cairo.—The Pasha of Egypt has resolved to establish at Cairo a museum of antiquities. With this view he has forbidden Europeans to export, and even to search for, antiquities. However, Mr. Barker, the English consul-general, has obtained leave to ship at Alexandria two sphynxes, which he had purchased. They may soon be expected in England.

Etna.—If what is stated in private letters be correct, the recent eruption of Mount Etna must have been dreadful. The ashes were carried by the wind as far as Florence, and even to Turin.

French Literary Gazette.—A weekly publication, under the name of *La Gazette Littéraire*, on the plan of the *London Literary Gazette*, has been regularly published in Paris for the last eight months.

Railway in France.—A great improvement is contemplated in the road between Paris and Orleans. An iron railway will be laid down immediately, and continued as far as Tours. The minister of public works has issued an order authorising a society of capitalists to proceed with the undertaking; and the prefects of the various departments are desired to forward, by every means in their power, a plan which holds out such great advantages to commerce and communication.

Culture of Potatoes.—A correspondent observes, in reference to what was stated in a late Number respecting potatoes, promulgated in France, that the same fact was much adverted to in England about fifteen years ago; but it was then stated that the increase of size was at the expense of the quality. It is, however, very desirable, that some experiments should be made to the fact. Our correspondent further says:—Is not the potato in its native state poisonous? and may not cropping the flowers divert the poison to the root?

The French Press.—It is stated, by persons who are thoroughly acquainted with the facts, that, on the abolition of the liberty of the press by Charles X., and the consequent stoppage of the liberal journals, property to the amount of more than 150,000*l.* was either destroyed or placed in danger of destruction; and upwards of three hundred literary persons and compositors were thrown out of bread. The number of copies of the *Constitutionnel*, *Journal des Debats*, *Courier*, *National*, *Temps*, and *Journal du Commerce*, printed daily, exceeded fifty-five thousand: and it is computed, that the readers of these papers diurnally were upwards of two millions. It is supposed, however, that since the liberty of the press has again taken place, the number of copies of these papers will increase to eighty thousand daily.

The French journals announce the death, at Chambéry, on the 21st ult., of a very eccentric but benevolent officer, General Boigne. From the following account of his will, he appears to have been enormously rich. To his servants he left from 1,500 to 10,000 francs each; to his brother and nephew 30,000; to each grandchild 200,000 francs; to physicians, and others of his acquaintance, legacies to the amount of 100,000 francs; to his widow, 60,000 francs;

per annum; to his son, estates, &c., valued at from 15 to 18 millions of francs; to the town of Chambéry, for public improvements, an estate which is expected to fetch from 4 to 500,000 francs; to every poor person in the hospitals, asylums, poor-houses, &c., 5 francs per annum. During his life, General Boigne made the following donations at Chambéry:—

For the construction of a theatre	400,000 <i>fr.</i>
To the lunatic asylum	500,000
Mendicity dépôt	300,000
Hospital for aged persons	1,200,000
To the college	300,000
For the enlargement of the public library	30,000
Facade of the Hôtel de Ville	60,000
The construction of a street	500,000
Founding thirty beds in the hospital	200,000
For the purchase of linen, &c., for the prisoners in the jail	24,000
To the <i>Chevaliers Turans</i>	30,000
To an establishment for teaching trades to young girls	100,000
Total	3,678,000

France.—The following lines are stuck on the walls in different parts of Paris:—

Camarade le Dey, par mol ton fort est pris.
—Oui, l'amî Charles dix: mais vous perdez Paris.
Nous volla donc tous deux sans capitale:
Buvons un coup; c'est moi qui vous régale.

Piracies.—It is probable that Germany will soon be delivered from the plague of pirated works, which it has so long endured without an attempt at remedy. Austria, it is said, in conjunction with all the other states of the confederation, is about to submit to the Diet of Frankfort a plan of a general law on the subject.

A new Saint.—On the 16th of May the Pope decreed the canonization of the blessed Alphonse Marie de Ligori, the founder of the Congregation of the Holy Redeemer. To authorise the public worship of the new saint, all that is wanting is the solemn celebration of the canonization; the period for which is not yet fixed.

Isthmus of Panama.—It appears from the researches made by the special commission charged to measure the isthmus of Panama, in order to ascertain the best mode of communication between the two seas, that the opinions are in favour of rendering the river Chagres navigable for steam-boats, and continuing the line with an iron railway.

Earthquake.—The great city of Guatemala, and the surrounding country, has been desolated by an earthquake, which continued for five days, in the month of May. The particulars have not reached us; but the calamity seems to have been very extensive and destructive. Some doubts have since been thrown on this intelligence.

The Prussian Press.—In 1819 there were 516 presses in Prussia; in 1822, 530; in 1825, 693. Of periodical publications of various kinds, there were 300 at the end of the year 1827.

The Polish Press.—In Independent Poland, with a population of 107,934, the number of journals published is five; in Russian Poland, with a population of 15,377,389, thirty-nine; in Prussian Poland, with a population of 1,984,124, one; and in Austrian Poland, with a population of 4,226,969, four; being forty-nine journals for a population of 21,696,416; or, on the average, one journal for 442,784 persons.

Electricity.—A curious fact has been established with respect to electricity; namely, that the transmission of it, from one conductor to another, varies very sensibly according to the manner in which the current is conducted: for instance, that positive electricity passes more easily from copper into zinc, than

from zinc into copper. This discovery explains a number of phenomena hitherto considered as anomalies.

Spanish Idea of the Arts.—A letter from Madrid says: "Our government patronises the arts with a dignity worthy of it. It has just established at Seville a school of *taourmachy*, under the protection of the intendant. This school has two professors, with salaries of 12,000, and 8,000 reals; and, henceforth, every town or village wishing to have bull-fights, must contribute at least 100 reals towards the expense of the school."

New Medicine.—It is stated, in a letter from Rome, that the French medical men in that city continue to administer, with great success against intermittent fevers, the bark of the willow. These gentlemen assert that it has more power than Peruvian bark.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement*, No. XXXII. Aug. 7.]
The Natural History of Poisons, by John Murray, F.L.S., &c.—A History of the County Palatine of Lancaster, by Edward Baines, Esq.—Author of the "Topography of Lancashire," &c.—No. 1. of Views in India, from Sketches by Captain R. Elliot, R.N.—Robert Cruikshank's Brighton, a Comic Sketch, with seven Humorous Illustrations.—Bombastes Furioso, as performed; with eight Humorous Designs by George Cruikshank.—Illustrating the Devil seems very much in vogue just now; for we have announced, The Devil's Drive; and the Devil's Second Visit to England, by R. Cruikshank; also Burns's Address to the Devil, with Illustrations from Designs by Thomas Landseer.—Tales of the Cyclopes, and other Poems, by H. J. Bradfield, Author of "the Athenaiad."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Finely on Elections, 12mo. 14s. bds.—Murray on Consumption, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Charles Morrison's Elements of Practical Arithmetic, 12mo. 3s. sheep.—Murphy's New Theory of Astronomy, 8vo. 16s. bds.—Pinnock's Geography of the British Empire, 18mo. 5s. sheep.—Scottish Tourist and Itinerary, with Plates, 12mo. 11s. sheep.—Eton Greek Grammar, translated into English by G. N. Wright, 12mo. 4s. sheep.—Military Reminiscences, by Colonel Welsh, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 16s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

July.	Thermometer.			Barometer.	
	From	58.	to 82.	30.14	to 31.03
Thursday .. 29	—	58.	—	29.96	— 29.96
Friday 30	—	58.	—	30.09	Stationary
Saturday .. 31	—	56.	—	—	—
August.					
Sunday 1	—	50.	—	29.96	to 29.94
Monday ... 2	—	50.	—	29.76	Stationary
Tuesday .. 3	—	50.	—	29.91	to 29.98
Wednesday 4	—	48.	—	30.01	— 29.91

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing.
On the evening of the 29th and morning of the 30th ult. frequent and vivid lightning in the S. and S.E., since which we have had less sunshine, and frequent cold showers of rain.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude..... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have only had time to read the first two volumes of De L'Orme; and though we can abstain from an imperfect criticism, we cannot refrain from saying that they have greatly delighted us. If the third does not fall off, which we have no reason to suppose, this work will raise the already high character of the Author of "Richelieu" and "Darnley."

We do not enter on politics in prose, and E. B. must excuse our doing it in verse.

Mr. Barnett's letter, with Mr. Parry's enclosure, reached us too late for this No.

We have not seen the Sermon mentioned by an "Old Subscriber;" but rejoice to hear that the son of so distinguished a mother has given so much satisfaction to his parishioners.

We cannot be judges of the claims of Mr. George Allen upon the New Bridge Committee, and can only say that his Fourth Memorial presents, *primâ facie*, a very strong case.

Edmund is upon one of those too prolific subjects on which we cannot enter.

ERRATUM.—Page 496, last column. Lest we should prematurely terrify our readers, we have much satisfaction in noticing that the year 1830, near the end (of the column) in our last, is a misprint for 1832, at which time, as stated elsewhere, the Encke comet is calculated to return to our sphere, towards which, indeed, its course is now tending, as may be credited from the heat of the weather.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

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VII. The Vale of Pines—Sunset after Rain—and Evening
Tranquility. By Delta—VIII. The Silent Member, No. 3. A
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—XII. The Revenues of the Church of England.
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—III. Wild Fowl Shooting—IV. Passages from the Diary of a Phy-
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And vice hath left his ugly blot;
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Like hollow ides, a backward pace,
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IN former days an historical novel meant a castle and a dungeon,—a heroine and a lute,—a tyrannical baron and a hero as handsome and as valiant as words could make him; but, save in name, all as much belonging to the nineteenth as to any other century. But we have reversed this law of perpetual imprisonment, and have been in danger of running into the other extreme, and making the novel a sort of antiquary's diary, full of dates and dryness, where the dress of the heroine is only inferior in interest and accuracy to the dinner and accoutrements of the hero. The work before us has steered happily between the two: the time, that of Louis the Thirteenth, was one of the strongest political excitement, when politics involved every species of romantic adventure; and nothing can be more varied than the career of *De L'Orme*. Bold, enterprising, yet with a vein of deep melancholy, which gives a touch of poetry to the character, without detracting from its activity; born among the wild mountains of the Pyrenees, he becomes equally engaged in the revolts of the Spanish and the conspiracies of the French side: but how he succeeds, we leave to the reader to discover, to whom we shall now endeavour to introduce him, enough for interest, but not for knowledge; and we rather think his further acquaintance will be strongly desired. Chance circumstances throw *De L'Orme* into the very midst of the rising in Catalonia: he is taken prisoner, and brought before the viceroy, whose short career is so animatedly sketched, that we must try to abridge it.

"Seated in an ivory chair, somewhat resembling in form the curule chair of the ancient Romans, appeared a short fat man, not unlike the renowned governor of Barataria, as described by Cervantes. I mean in his figure; the excessive rotundity of which was such, that the paunch of Sancho himself would have ill borne the comparison. His face, though full in proportion, had no coarseness in it. The skin was of a clear pale brown, and the features small, but rather handsome. The eye-brows were high, and strongly marked, the eyes large and calm, and the expression of the countenance, on the whole, noble and dignified, but not powerful. It offered lines of talent, it is true, but few of thought; and there was a degree of sleepy listlessness in the whole air of the head, which, to my mind, spoke a luxurious and idle disposition. The dress of the viceroy—for such was the person before me—smacked somewhat of the habits which I mentally attributed to him. Instead of the stiff *fraise*, or raised ruff, round the neck, still almost universally worn in Spain, he had adopted the falling collar of lace, which left his neck and throat at full liberty. His *juste-au-corps* of yellow silk had doubtless caused the tailor some trouble to

fashion it dexterously to the protuberance of his stomach; but still many of the points of this were left open, shewing a shirt of the finest lawn. His hat and plume, buttoned with a sapphire of immense value, lay upon a table before him; and as I entered, he put it on for an instant, as representative of the sovereign, but immediately after, again laid it down, and left his head uncovered for the sake of the free air, which breathed sweetly in at one of the open windows, and fanned him as he leaned back on the cushions of his chair. Behind the viceroy stood his favourite negro slave, splendidly dressed in the Oriental costume, with a turban of gold muslin on his head, and bracelets of gold upon his naked arms. He was a tall, powerful man; and there was something noble and fine in the figure of the black, with his upright carriage, and the free bearing of every limb, that one looked for in vain in the idle listlessness of his lord. His distance from the viceroy was but a step, so that he could lean over the chair and catch any remark which his lord might choose to address to him, in however low a tone it was made, and at the same time, he kept his hand resting upon the rich hilt of a long dagger; which seemed to shew that he was there as a sort of guard, as well as a servant, there being no one else in the room when we entered. I advanced a few steps into the room, followed, as I have said, by Achilles alone, and paused at a small distance from the viceroy, on a sign he made me with his hand, intimating that I had approached near enough. After considering me for a moment or two in silence, he addressed me in a sweet musical voice. 'I perceive, sir,' said he, 'notwithstanding the disarray of your dress, and the dust and dirt with which you are covered, that you are originally a gentleman—I am seldom mistaken in such things. Is it not so?' 'In the present instance, your excellence is perfectly right,' replied I; 'and the only reason for my appearing before the viceroy of Catalonia in such a deranged state of dress, is the brutal conduct of a party of soldiery, who seized upon me while travelling peacefully on the high road, and brought me here without allowing me even a moment's repose.' 'I thought I was right,' rejoined the viceroy, somewhat raising his voice: 'but do you know, young sir, that your being a gentleman greatly aggravates the crime of which you are guilty. The vulgar herd, brought up without that high sense of honour which a gentleman receives in his very birth, commit not half so great a crime when they lend themselves to base and mean actions, as a gentleman does, who sullies himself and his class with any thing dishonourable and wrong. From the mean, what can be expected but meanness? and consequently the crime remains without aggravation; but when the well-born, and the well-educated, derogate from their station, and mingle in base schemes, their punishment should be, not only that inflicted by society on those that trouble its repose, but a separate punishment should be added for the

breach of all the honourable ties imposed upon a gentleman—for the stigma they cast upon high birth—and from the certainty in their case that they fall into error with their eyes open—'

De L'Orme soon clears himself of all participation, and is freed from his temporary restraint by an attack on the city, which is most spiritedly defended by the viceroy; and the chapter thus concludes:—

"I beheld the viceroy sitting on one of the steps, evidently totally exhausted; while Scipio the negro, kneeling on a lower step, offered him a cup of wine, and seemed pressing him to drink. At the sound of my steps the slave started up and laid his hand upon his dagger, but seeing me he gave a melancholy glance towards his lord, and again begged him to take some refreshment. Unused to all exertion, and enormously weighty, the excessive toil to which the viceroy had subjected himself had left him no powers of any kind, and he sat, as I have described, with his eyes shut, his hand leaning on the step, and his head fallen heavily forward on his chest, without seeming to notice any thing that was passing around him. It was in vain that I made the proposal to parley with Garcia; he replied nothing; and I was again repeating it, hoping by reiteration to make him attend to what I said, when one of his officers came running down from above. 'My lord,' cried he, 'the galleys answer the signal, and from the observatory I see the boats putting off. If your excellence makes haste, you will get to the shore as they do, and will be safe.' The viceroy raised his head, 'At all events I will try,' said he; 'they cannot say that I have abandoned my post while it was tenable. Let the soldiers take torches.'

The immense iron door was trembling and shivering under the continual and incessant blows of axes and crow's with which it was plied by the people, in spite of a fire of musketry that a party of the most determined of the soldiery was keeping up through the loopholes of the ground story and from the windows above. A great number of the soldiers, whose valour was secondary to their discretion, had already fled down a winding staircase, the mouth of which stood open at the farther end of the hall, with an immense stone trap-door thrown back, which, when down, doubtless concealed all traces of the passage below. When we approached it, only two or three troopers remained at the mouth holding torches to light the viceroy as he descended. 'Don José,' said the viceroy, in a faint voice, addressing the officer who commanded the company which still kept up the firing from the windows; 'call your men together, let them follow me to the galleys—but take care, when you descend, to shut down the stone door over the mouth of the stairs—lock it and bar it as you know how; and make haste.' 'I will but roll these barrels of powder to the door, my lord,' replied the officer, 'lay a train between them, and place a minute match by way of a

spigot, and then will join your excellence with my trusty iron hearts, who are picking out the fattest rebels from the windows. Should need be, we will cover your retreat, and as we have often tasted your bounty, will die in your defence.' In dangerous circumstances there is much magic in a fearless tone; and Don José spoke of death in so careless a manner, that I could not help thinking some of the soldiers who had been most eager to light the viceroy, were somewhat ashamed of their cowardly civility. About forty of the bravest soldiers in the garrison, who remained with the officer who had spoken, would indeed have rendered the viceroy's escape to the boats secure, but Don José was prevented from fulfilling his design. We descended the stairs as fast as the viceroy could go; and, at the end of about a hundred steps, entered a long excavated passage leading from the arsenal to the sea-shore, cut through the earth and rock for nearly half a mile, and lined throughout with masonry. At the farther extremity of this were just disappearing, as we descended, the torches of the other soldiers who had taken the first mention of flight as an order to put themselves in security, and had consequently led the way with great expedition. In a moment or two after—by what accident it happened I know not—an explosion took place that shook the earth on which we stood, and roared through the cavern as if the world were riven with the shock. 'God of heaven! they have blown themselves up!' cried the viceroy pausing; but the negro hurried him on, and we soon reached the sands under the cliffs to the left of the city. To the cold chilliness of the vault through which we had hitherto proceeded, now succeeded the burning heat of a cloudless sun in Spain. It was but spring, but no one knows what some spring days are at Barcelona, except those who have experienced them; and by the pale cheek, haggard eye, and staggering pace of the viceroy, I evidently saw that if the boats were far off, he would never be able to reach them. We saw them, however, pulling towards the shore about three-quarters of a mile farther up, and the very sight was gladdening. Four or five soldiers remained, as I have said, with their commander, and lighted us along the gallery; but the moment they were in the open air, the view of the boats, towards which their companions who had gone on before were now crowding, was too much for the constancy of most of them, and without leave or orders, all but two ran forward to join the rest. The tide was out; and stretching along the margin of the sea, a smooth dry sand offered a firm and pleasant footing, but a multitude of large black rocks, strewed irregularly about upon the shore, obliged us to make a variety of turns and circuits, doubling the actual distance we were from the boats. The cries and shouts from the place of the late combat burst upon our ears the moment we had issued from the passage, and sped on us with greater rapidity. Seeing that he could hardly proceed, I took the left arm of the viceroy, while his faithful negro supported him on the right, and hurried him towards the boats; but the moment after, another shout burst upon our ear. It was nearer, far nearer, than the rest; and turning my head, I beheld a body of the peasantry pursuing us, and arrived at about the same distance from us that we were from the boats. The viceroy heard it also, and easily interpreted its meaning. 'I can go no farther,' said he; 'but I can die here as well as a few paces or a few years beyond;' and he made a faint effort to draw his sword. 'Yet a little

farther, my lord, yet a little farther,' cried the African; 'they are a long way off still—we are nearing the boats—see, the head boat is steering towards us! Yet a little farther, for the love of Heaven!' The unfortunate viceroy staggered on for a few paces more, when his weariness again overcame him, his lips turned livid, his eyes closed, and he fell fainting upon the sand. Running down as fast as I could to the sea, I filled two of the large shells that I found with water, and carrying them back, dashed the contents on his face; but it was in vain; and I went back again for more, when on turning round, I saw a fresh party of the insurgents coming down a sloping piece of ground that broke the height close by. It would have been base to have abandoned him at such a moment, and I returned to his side with all speed. The first of the peasantry were already within a few paces, and their brows were still knit and their eyes still flashing with the ferocious excitement of all the deeds they had done during the course of that terrible morning. As they rushed on, I saw Garcias a step or two behind, and called to him loudly in French to come forward and protect the viceroy, assuring him that he had wished the people well, and even had been the means of saving my life. The smuggler made no reply, but starting forward, knocked aside the point of a gun that one of the peasants had levelled at my head, and catching me firmly by the arm, held me with his gigantic strength, while the people rushed on upon their victim. The negro strode across his master, and drew his dagger—one of the insurgents instantly rushed upon him, and fell dead at his feet. Another succeeded, when the dagger broke upon his ribs—the noble slave cast it from him, and throwing himself prostrate on the body of his master, died with him, under a hundred wounds."

Though the interview with Richelieu is somewhat long for our pages, it is too well painted to be omitted.

"He led me into a small hall, and thence into a cabinet beyond, hung with fine tapestry, and lighted by a single silver lamp. Here he bade me sit down and left me. In a few minutes a door on the other side of the room opened, and a cavalier entered, dressed in a rich suit of black velvet, with a hat and plume. He was tall, thin, and pale, with a clear bright eye, and fine decided features. His beard was small and pointed, and his face oval, and somewhat sharp; and though there was a slight stoop of his neck and shoulders, as if time or disease had somewhat enfeebled his frame, yet it took nothing from the dignity of his demeanour. He started, and seemed surprised at seeing any one there, but then immediately advanced, and looking at me for a moment, with a glance which read deeply whatever lines it fell upon—'Who are you?' demanded he: 'what do you want? what paper is that in your hand?' 'My name,' replied I, 'is Louis Count de L'Orme; my business is with the Cardinal de Richelieu, and this paper is one which I am charged to deliver into his hand.' 'Give it to me,' said the stranger, holding out his hand. My eye glanced over his unclerical habiliments, and I replied, 'You must excuse me. This paper, and the farther news I bring, can only be given to the cardinal himself.' 'It shall go safe,' he answered in a stern tone. 'Give it to me, young sir.' There was an authority in his tone that almost induced me to comply; but reflecting that I might be called to a severe account by the unrelenting minister, even for a mere error in judgment, I per-

sisted in my original determination. 'I must repeat,' answered I, 'that I can give this to no one but his eminence himself, without an express order from his own hand to do so.' 'Pshaw!' cried he, with something of a smile, and taking up a pen, which lay with some sheets of paper on the table, he dipped it in the ink, and scrawled in a large, bold hand—'Deliver your packet to the bearer,

'RICHIEU.'

I made him a low bow and placed the letter in his hands. He read it, with the quick and intelligent glance of one enabled by long habit to collect and arrange the ideas conveyed to him with that clear rapidity possessed alone by men of genius. In the mean time, I watched his countenance, seeking to detect amongst all the lines with which years and thought had channelled it, any expression of the stern, vindictive, despotic passions, which the world charged him withal, and which his own actions sufficiently evinced. It was not there, however—all was calm. Suddenly raising his eyes, his look fell full upon me, as I was thus busily scanning his countenance, and I know not why, but my glance sunk in the collision. 'Ha!' said he, rather mildly than otherwise, 'you were gazing at me very strictly, sir. Are you a reader of countenances?' 'Not in the least, monseigneur,' replied I; 'I was but learning a lesson—to know a great man when I see one another time.' 'That answer, sir, would make many a courtier's fortune,' said the minister; 'nor shall it mar yours, though I understand it. Remember, flattery is never lost at a court! 'Tis the same there as with a woman—if it be too thick, she may wipe some of it away, as she does her rouge; but she will take care not to brush off all! To be detected in flattery has something in it so degrading, that the blood rushed up into my cheek, with the burning glow of shame. A slight smile curled the minister's lip. 'Come, sir,' he continued, 'I am going forth for half an hour, but I may have some questions to ask you; therefore, I will beg you to wait my return. Do not stir from this spot. There, you will find food for the mind,' he proceeded, pointing out a small case of books; 'in other respects, you shall be taken care of. I need not warn you to discretion. You have proved that you possess that quality, and I do not forget it.' Thus speaking he left me, and for a few minutes I remained struggling with the flood of turbulent thoughts which such an interview pours upon the mind. This, then, was the great and extraordinary minister, who at that moment held in his hands the fate of half Europe—the powers of whose mind, like Ni-order, the tempest-god of the ancient Gauls, raised, guided, and enjoyed the winds and the storms, triumphing in the thunders of continual war, and the whirlwinds of political intrigue! In a short time two servants brought in a small table of lapis lazuli, on which they proceeded to spread various sorts of rare fruits and wines; putting on also a china cup and a vase, which I supposed to contain coffee—a beverage that I had often heard mentioned by my good preceptor Father Francis, who had tasted it in the East, but which I had never before met with. All this was done with the most profound silence, and with a gliding, ghost-like step, which must certainly have been learned in the prisons of the Inquisition. At length one of these stealthy attendants desired me, in the name of his lord, to take some refreshment, and then, with a low reverence, quitted the cabinet, as if afraid that I should make him any answer. I could not help thinking, as

they left me, what a system of terror that must be, which could drill any two Frenchmen into silence like this! However, I approached the table, and indulged myself with a cup of most exquisite coffee, after which I examined the book-case, and glancing my eye over histories and tragedies, and essays and treatises, I fixed at length upon Ovid, from a sort of instinctive feeling, that the mind, when it wishes to fly from itself, and the too sad realities of human existence, assimilates much more easily with any thing imaginative than with any thing true. I was still reading, and though sometimes falling into long lapses of thought, I was nevertheless highly enjoying the beautiful fictions of the poet, when the door was again opened, and the minister re-appeared. I instantly laid down the book and rose, but pointing to a chair, he bade me be seated, and taking up my book, turned over the pages for a few moments, while a servant brought him a cup of fresh coffee and a biscuit. 'Are you fond of Ovid?' demanded he, at length; and then, without allowing me time to reply, he added, 'he is my favourite author; I read him more than any other book.' The tone which he took was that of easy, common conversation, which two persons perfectly equal in every respect might be supposed to hold upon any indifferent subject: and I, of course, answered in the same. 'Ovid,' I said, 'is certainly one of my favourite poets, but I am afraid of reading him so often as I should wish; for there is an enervating tendency in all his writings, which I should fear would greatly relax the mind.' 'It is for that very reason that I read him,' replied the minister. 'It is alone when I wish for relaxation, that I read, and then—after every thought having been in activity for a whole long day—Ovid is like a bed of roses to the mind, where it can repose itself, and recruit its powers of action for the business of another.' This was certainly not the conversation which I expected, and I paused without making any reply, thinking that the minister would soon enter upon those important subjects on which I could give the best and latest information; but on the contrary, he proceeded with Ovid. 'There is a constant struggle,' continued he, 'between feeling and reason in the human breast. In youth, it is wisely ordained, that feeling should have the ascendancy; and she rules like a monarch, with Imagination for her minister—though, by the way,' he added with a passing smile, so slight that it scarcely curled his lip, 'though, by the way, the minister is often much more active than the monarch. In after years, when feeling has done for man all that feeling was intended to do, and carried him into a thousand follies, eventually very beneficial to himself, and to the human race, Reason succeeds to the throne, to finish what feeling left undone, and to remedy what she did wrong. Now you are in the age of feeling, and I am in the age of reason; and the consequence is, that even in reading such a book as Ovid, what we call is as different as the wax and the honey which a bee gathers from the same flower. What touches you, is the wit and brilliancy of the thought, the sweetness of the poetry, the bright and luxurious pictures which are presented to your imagination; while all that affects me little; and shadowed through a thousand splendid allegories, I see great and sublime truths, robed, as it were, by the verse and the poetry in a radiant garment of light. What can be a truer picture of an ambitious and daring minister than Ixion embracing a cloud?' and he looked me full in the face, with a smile

of melancholy meaning, to which I did not well know how to reply. 'I have certainly never considered Ovid in that light,' replied I, 'and I have to thank your eminence for the pleasure I shall doubtless enjoy in tracing the allegories throughout.' 'The thanks are not my due,' replied the minister; 'an English statesman, near a century ago, wrote a book upon the subject, and shewed his own wisdom, while he pointed out that of the ancients. In England the reign of reason is much stronger than it is with us in France, though they may be considered as a younger people.' 'Then does your eminence consider,' demanded I, 'that the change from feeling to reason proceeds apace with the age of nations, as well as with men?' 'In general, I think it does,' replied he; 'nations set out, bold, generous, hasty, carried away by impulse rather than by thought; easily led, but not easily governed. Gradually, however, they grow politic, careful, anxious to increase their wealth, somewhat indolent, till at length they creep into their dotage even like men.—But,' he added, after a pause, 'the world is too young for us to talk about the history of nations. All we know is, that they have their different characters like different men, and of course some will preserve their vigour longer than others, some will die violent deaths, some end by sudden diseases, some by slow decay. A hundred thousand years hence, men may know what nations are, and judge what they will be. It suffices, at present, to know our contemporaries, and to rule them by that knowledge—and now, Monsieur le Comte de L'Orme, I thank you for a pleasant hour, and I wish you good night. Of course, you are still at an inn; when you have fixed your lodging, leave your address here, and you shall hear from me. In the mean while, farewell!'

We shall finish with one of many brief observations, which shew the mind of an author as much as those in conversation do that of the speaker.

"Yet, although not knowing it, my mother, I am sure, did not escape without feeling some small share of maternal pride at her son's first achievement. I saw it in her face, I heard it in her tone; and often since I have had occasion to remark, how like the passions, the feelings, and the prejudices, which swarm in our bosoms, are to a large mixed society, wherein the news that is painful to one is pleasing to another, and joy and sorrow are the results of the same cause, at the same moment. Man's heart is a microcosm, the actors in which are the passions, as varied as opposed, as shaded one into the other, as we see the characters of men, in the great scene of the world."

As an historical novel, these pages have the great and rare merit of marking the spirit as well as the manners of their time; the real personages introduced are drawn with equal animation and accuracy, while in the story itself the interest is well sustained to the last, and a tone of imaginative reflection, and touches of picturesque description, are the lights and shades which fill up the picture. Public opinion has amply confirmed our praise of *Richelieu* and *Darnley*; but we must say we think *De L'Orme* much superior to his predecessors.

Orlando Innamorato di Bojardo, Orlando Furioso di Ariosto; with an Essay on the Romantic Narrative Poetry of the Italians: Memoirs and Notes by Antonio Panizzi. Vol. II. London, 1830. W. Pickering.

PERHAPS by quoting the exact words of the indefatigable editor, the second portion of whose labours now calls for our notice and praise, we

shall give our readers the most just idea of the industry and research requisite for such a task:—

"I have already mentioned five editions of the *Innamorato*, which I have collated in order to render my own correct; and I have now to add, that I have also collated every line of the poem with two other editions in the library of the British Museum. I cannot say that any one of these is good, although each of them offers some correct readings peculiar to itself. I had at first chosen for my text that of Zoppino, 4to. 1532 or 33, with which the two editions of Niccolini dated 1539 and 1544 generally agree. These are, however, too modern, and are often capriciously altered by the editors. Whenever the pronoun *lui* occurs instead of *egli*, in these editions *quel* has been substituted. In like manner, whenever the poet has taken too great a license, some alteration has been made to avoid it. I could not, therefore, always follow the text adopted in these three editions; but I have selected that reading which seemed to me most likely to have been that of the author, whatever was the edition which suggested it, although it might sound strange to modern Italians; and I have inserted such various readings, as I thought deserving notice on account of their peculiarity. I have sometimes given the reasons for my preference; but the work would have extended to double the number of volumes, had I pretended to do so in every instance. This will be easily believed when it is remembered that there is scarcely a stanza which does not offer several various readings, and which would admit of long discussion, were I to indulge the humour of a commentator. I have never made the slightest change without giving to it the best attention, and the most mature consideration. However inelegant the construction, or inharmonious the versification might seem, I never yielded to the temptation of making any amendment, with the rash idea of improving the poem. Although none of the seven editions which I have collated offers one single stanza, probably, as I have printed it, yet my text is wholly derived from them. I have not departed from the rule of never altering without an authority, except in very few instances, when all the editions which I have consulted were so evidently wrong as to make nonsense; and even then I have had the pleasure of finding the alterations which I resolved upon making, supported by the old editions of Domenichi; the first of which I have constantly had under my eyes."

The volume begins with a life of Bojardo, which at once embraces a panoramic view of his own poem and its historical bearings; and for ingenious inference and historical accuracy, research to find and great taste to select, is a model for poetical essays. The materials for Bojardo's life are few, and of slight interest; and Mr. Panizzi has most judiciously turned his attention to the history of the poem, rather than of the poet. We select the following anecdote for its rarity; few bards having been in such good plight.

"The poet in his younger days was fond of conversing with the old inhabitants of his castle respecting past events, and was very generous to those from whom he sought such information; so that, when one wished good luck to another, it was usual to say—'Heaven send Bojardo to your house.'"

It is much to be regretted that we have no remains of the music which formerly accompanied poetry: on this subject our author remarks:—

"His poetry was not written to be read, but to be sung, and was submitted to those musical, as well as metrical laws, by which that of Petrarca had been governed. In his days, music was still subject to poetry; and the inanimate instruments were designed to support, not to drown the human voice. Hence it is, that lyrical compositions, written since that period, and not intended to be accompanied by such music, are no longer possessed of the same melodious harmony. The lines of Petrarca, with those of Dante, Guido Cavalcanti, and a few others of the same stamp, as well as those of Bojardo, breathe a strain of sweet, majestic, rich, and glowing melody, which has seldom, if ever, been seized by even the happiest imitators of Petrarca. These imitators put forth their skill, and succeeded to a wonderful degree, in substituting a metrical harmony for melody. The distribution of accents, or pauses in the lines of the old bards, was determined by the musical time; and when the sister art ceased to be the inseparable companion of poetry, a spurious and artificial jingle was affected, whilst pure melody was no longer one of the principal elements of poetry. Hence, it is as difficult to understand by what means the lyrical effusions of those ancient poets read so peculiarly, and at the same time so simply musical, as it is impossible to emulate their exquisite beauty in this respect."

Among our own poets, Moore possesses this melody in its highest perfection. May not this then be ascribed to his writing to music, and his own musical recitation?—his own performance of his songs rather resembling harmonious and measured reciting, than what is now termed singing; for in our modern style of singing, the voice almost resigns its faculty of speech, to become certainly the sweetest of instruments.

"Bojardo received the traditions respecting Charlemagne as a foundation for his poem, but introduced at the same time a very important novelty by enlivening them with love, which is constantly banished from them in their primitive state. He went farther; he took for his principal hero, Orlando; and for the subject of his poem, the love of that hero, whilst the romancers agree in saying, that Orlando was never so foolish (or so noble-hearted) as to fall in love. The boldness of this innovation cannot now be fully appreciated, when the romantic traditions are matter of curious inquiry for the learned, instead of being the subject of popular belief, as they were in Bojardo's time. His daring to alter the stories generally received, is a sufficient proof of the self-confidence, as well as sound taste of the poet. He had perceived the charms, which love spread over the romantic traditions respecting Arthur and his court; and it was from the romances of the Round Table, as we shall see by Bojardo's own words, that he borrowed the idea of embellishing his poetical effusions with love and the ladies. He had the merit of being the first of the romanesque poets, who, faithful to the title which he gave to the work, wrote on the subject, as he had promised his readers he would do.

"Considering the succession of events, all tending to shew the love of Orlando for Angelica, and the mischief done by her beauty among the Christians, we cannot doubt this love to be the main action of the poem. The love of Orlando is the chief subject of the *Innamorato*, as the anger of Achilles is that of the *Iliad*. The events proceed and grow out of one another without interruption. Had not Orlando been in love with Angelica, he would

not have followed her to India; and thus he would have defended his king and his country from the invaders. Every event is attached to the first coming of Angelica into France, not only indirectly, but, in some cases, in the most direct manner. The Christians are beaten by the Saracens on account of Orlando's absence, just as the Greeks are by the Trojans, on account of the absence of Achilles; the absence in both cases is produced by the passions, which are sung by the poets; in Bojardo, love; in Homer, anger. The loss of the Christians, as well as that of the Greeks, is *indirectly* the effect of this love, and of this anger."

The analysis of many romantic traditions is given in a most animated style: witness the following.

"Agolante succeeded to the African throne. He was the father of Trojano, Almonte, and Galaciella, a heroine. The father of Agolante, who was called Bramante or Brabante, had been formerly killed by Charlemagne; and one of his sons, Guernieri, fell by the hand of Milone, the father of Orlando, and one of Charlemagne's bravest knights. Agolante, and his sons and daughters, determined upon invading Christendom, with the intention of revenging the death of Brabante and Guernieri; and, as the first step towards the accomplishment of this object, they attacked Italy. Being satisfied that the most terrible warrior they would have to engage with was Ruggero di Risa, or Reggio, in Calabria, they resolved to besiege that city, where the gallant knight, who was called after it Ruggero di Risa, lived with his father Rampallo or Rampaldo. Milone, a natural brother of Ruggero, and very brave, together with Beltrame, the eldest brother, a thorough villain, dwelt also in that place. In single combat Ruggero thrice smote down Galaciella in the most graceful manner possible. He was very loath to do so, but as the lady insisted upon fighting, he could not help knocking her down as often as she wished; when she was tired, he told her she was his prisoner. Never did knight gain a fairer prize. As he was one of the handsomest cavaliers that ever wielded a sword, some malicious persons suspected at the time that the battle was not fairly fought, but that the lady did her best to be taken prisoner. There are circumstances which would almost induce a belief that such was the case. For, it so happened, that as soon as he advised her to become a Christian, she yielded to his request, which was not supported by weighty theological arguments; nor is there any reason for believing that she was influenced by supernatural agency. Her conversion was followed by her marriage with Ruggero, to the great disappointment of Beltrame, who aspired to her hand. But Galaciella said, that she would marry no one except her conqueror. The traitor Beltrame, availing himself of the opportunity of being alone with the lady, had the assurance to claim a share in her affection; a proposal which she received and answered, as was becoming a young bride and a heroine. She disdainfully told him that his request was insulting; and as he would not cease to annoy her, she gave him a sound drubbing to teach him good manners. The villain then betrayed the city, Risa, into the hands of Almonte, who was besieging it; on that occasion Rampallo, Milone, and Ruggero, were murdered, and Galaciella was taken prisoner. It was then discovered that Beltrame, to induce Almonte to agree to the treachery, gave him to understand that Rampallo was unjustly partial to Ruggero, and would have left to him the dominions, to the prejudice of

Beltrame, who, as the eldest brother, had a better right to them. As this, however, proved to be a falsehood, Almonte, who regretted having been ensnared into an unworthy action, gave Galaciella leave to pass a sentence on the traitor, proportionate to his enormities, and he was therefore put to death. Almonte next strongly urged Galaciella to return to Africa, and apostatise, which she did not intend to do. But thinking this to be the only means of escaping from his hands, she pretended to consent, and was shipped off. On the high seas this brave heroine made a sudden assault on the sailors, part of whom she threw overboard, and did not cease till she had got rid of every one of them, by some means or other. Thus remaining the only person alive in the ship, she was driven by the wind to a solitary place, where Ruggero and Marfisa were born, and where also she died."

The *Orlando Innamorato* begins in this volume, and the notes affixed are most excellent: we quote one, as a specimen of the lively manner in which the writer seems himself touched with the spirit and sarcasm of his author.

"Galerana, or Galeana, was daughter of Galafro, King of Spain, and sister of Marsiglio, Balugante, and Falsirone. She fell in love with Charlemagne, who was five years older than herself, when he lived *incognito* as page at the Spanish court, his throne having been usurped by Oldrigi and Lanfroi. Seeing that the boy was rather shy, she told him that she was in love with him, and in due time they eloped. I wish the reader should not be scandalised at this. The ladies in romances are in general the first to make advances, because a hero must be irresistible in all respects. Hence, the eldest son usually wants to be legitimated *per subsequens matrimonium*. Galerana was a very fine creature, and one Bramante of Africa, who was forty-five years of age, having gone into Arragon with thirty thousand men, to ask her in marriage, Galafro saw no objection; but Marsiglio, who 'was a very learned man, and fond of necromancers,' said 'that it was not reasonable that a lady only fifteen years old should marry a man who was forty-five,' and the others agreed with him. These stories are told in the *Reali di Francia*, which I believe to have been written by a young blue-stocking, married to an old man; and this I judge, from seeing the great aversion which the writer invariably expresses at any such marriage."

Every library, aspiring to add the treasures of other languages to our own, will be deficient without this requisite and excellent work; and we cannot but think such a production will awaken, and turn much attention to the fair field of Italian literature. Mr. Panizzi has done credit to his own country, and service to ours: we wish his undertaking all the success it merits, and we can scarcely say more.

Lyell's Principles of Geology.

(Second Notice.)

IN resuming the notice, begun in our last Number, of Mr. Lyell's "Principles of Geology," we confess ourselves unable to do full justice to the work, without going more at length into the subject than is compatible with our miscellaneous columns. We shall, however, bring together a few of the points in which the author differs in opinion from former geologists, accompanied by some extracts, shewing to what extent he has succeeded in rendering the subject attractive for the general reader.

Mr. Lyell is of opinion, that the very commonly received notion among geologists, that the organic remains found in the several strata, from the lower red sand-stone to the tertiary series, had a progressive development in the order of creation, is erroneous; and this opinion he supports, by citing an instance of the remains of fish being found in Perthshire in quarries of the old red sand-stone, which is lower in the series than the coal or mountain limestone. The vertebræ of a reptile has also been found in the mountain limestone of Northumberland, which the author deems conclusive as to the fact of the higher class of animals, as well as testacea and vegetable remains, having existed at the very remote era when the oldest of the secondary class of strata were deposited. Some farther researches, however, are necessary to determine this point satisfactorily.

The comparatively recent origin of the human race, Mr. Lyell also considers as affording no argument in favour of that progressive order of animal creation which is contended for by some geological writers; and which is supported by a mass of very strong inductive evidence against the few isolated facts advanced in the present work. But we must allow the author the benefit of his own evidence. "Assuming, then, that man is, comparatively speaking, of modern origin, can his introduction be considered as one step in a progressive system, by which, as some suppose, the organic world advanced slowly from a more simple to a more perfect state? To this question we may reply, that the superiority of man depends not on those faculties and attributes which he shares in common with the inferior animals, but on his reason, by which he is distinguished from them. If the organisation of man were such as would confer a decided pre-eminence on him even if he were deprived of his reasoning powers, and provided only with such instincts as are possessed by the lower animals, he might then be supposed to be a link in a progressive chain, especially if it could be shewn that the successive development of the animal creation had always proceeded from the more simple to the more compound, from species most remote from the human type to those most nearly approaching to it. But this is an hypothesis which is wholly unsupported by geological evidence. On the other hand we may admit, that man is of higher dignity than were any pre-existing beings on the earth, and yet question whether his coming was a step in the gradual advancement of the organic world; for the most highly civilised people may sometimes degenerate in strength and stature, and become inferior in their physical attributes to the stock of rude hunters from whom they descended."

Leaving this difficult problem for the determination of our metaphysical readers, we shall proceed to give an extract which will be far more generally interesting, as illustrating in a remarkable degree the influence of running water in excavating deep valleys and depositing the débris of rocks in the bottoms of lakes and the mouths of rivers. After shewing the powerful agency of mountain torrents in excavating valleys through the soft, calcareous, and volcanic deposits of Italy and other parts of Europe, the author observes:

"The falls of Niagara afford a magnificent example of the progressive excavation of a deep valley in solid rock. That river flows from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, the former being 330 feet above the latter, and the distance between them being thirty-two miles. On flowing out of the upper lake, the river is almost on

a level with its banks; so that if it should rise perpendicularly eight or ten feet, it would lay under water the adjacent flat country of Upper Canada on the west, and the state of New York on the east. The river where it issues is about three quarters of a mile in width. Before reaching the falls it is propelled with great rapidity, being a mile broad, about twenty-five feet deep, and having a descent of fifty feet in half a mile." After this immense body of water has been precipitated over a precipice of 160 feet, "the bed of the river below the falls is strewn over with huge fragments which have been hurled down into the abyss. By the continual destruction of the rocks, the falls have within the last forty years receded nearly fifty yards, or, in other words, the ravine has been prolonged to that extent. Through this deep chasm the Niagara flows for about seven miles, and then the table-land, which is almost on a level with Lake Erie, suddenly sinks down at a place called Queenstown, and the river emerges from the ravine into a plain which continues to the shores of Lake Ontario. There seems good reason for the general opinion, that the falls were once at Queenstown, and that they have gradually retrograded from that place to their present position, about seven miles distant. If the ratio of recession had never exceeded fifty yards in forty years, it must have required nearly 10,000 years for the excavation of the whole ravine; but no probable conjecture can be offered as to the probable period of time consumed in such an operation, because the retrograde movement may have been much more rapid when the whole current was confined within a space not exceeding a fourth or a fifth of that which the falls now occupy. Should the erosive action not be accelerated in future, it will require upwards of 30,000 years for the falls to reach Lake Erie (twenty-five miles distant), to which they seem destined to arrive in the course of time, unless some earthquake changes the relative levels of the district. Should Lake Erie remain in its present state until the period when the ravine recedes to its shores, the sudden escape of that great body of water would cause a tremendous deluge; for the ravine would be much more than sufficient to drain the whole lake, of which the average depth was found, during the late survey, to be only ten or twelve fathoms. But in consequence of its shallowness, Lake Erie is fast filling up with sediment; and the annual growth of the deltas of many rivers and torrents which flow into it is remarkable."

We do not remember any preceding geological writer giving a satisfactory theory of the production of those enormous masses of rock salt which contribute so materially to the mineral riches of this country, and certain portions of the European continent. Alluding to the constant current which flows from the Atlantic into the basin of the Mediterranean, and the fresh water carried off by evaporation, being the only outlet for this vast mass of water, flowing in on all sides, from the Black Sea in the east, to Gibraltar in the west, of Europe. Mr. Lyell pertinently asks:—

"What then becomes of the excess of salt?—for this is an inquiry of the highest geological interest. The Rhone, the Po, and many hundred minor streams, pour annually into the Mediterranean large quantities of carbonate of lime, together with iron, magnesia, silica, alumina, sulphur, and other ingredients, in solution. To explain why the influx of this matter does not alter the composition of this sea, has never been thought to present a great

difficulty; for it is known that calcareous rocks are forming in the delta of the Rhone, the Adriatic, and other localities. Precipitation is acknowledged to be the means whereby the surplus mineral matter is disposed of, after the consumption of a certain portion in the secretion of testacea and zoophytes. But some have imagined, that before muriate of soda can in like manner be precipitated, the whole Mediterranean ought to become saturated with salt, as the brine springs of Cheshire, or Lake Aral, or the Dead Sea. There is, however, an essential difference between these cases; for the Mediterranean is not only incomparably greater than these two basins, but its depth is enormous. In the narrowest parts of the straits of Gibraltar, where they are about nine miles broad, between the isle of Tariffa and Alcanzar point, the depth varies from one hundred and sixty to five hundred fathoms; but between Gibraltar and Ceuta, Captain Smyth sounded to the extraordinary depth of nine hundred and fifty fathoms! where he found a gravelly bottom, with fragments of shells. Saussure sounded to the depth of two thousand feet, within a few yards of the shore at Nice. What profundity may we not, then, expect some of the recesses of this sea to reach? The evaporation being very rapid, the surface water becomes impregnated with a slight excess of salt; and its specific gravity being thus increased, it falls to the bottom, while lighter water supplies its place at top from the current of the Atlantic and the great rivers. But the heavier fluid does not merely fall to the bottom, but flows on till it reaches the lowest part of one of those submarine basins into which we must suppose the bottom of this inland sea to be divided. By the continuance of this process, additional supplies of brine are annually carried to deep repositories, until the lower strata of water are fully saturated, and precipitation takes place—not in thin films, such as are said to cover the alluvial marshes along the western shores of the Euxine, nor in minute layers, like those of the salt 'estangs' of the Rhone—but on the grandest scale,—continuous masses of pure rock salt, extending perhaps for hundreds of miles in length, like those of the mountains of Poland, Hungary, Transylvania, and Spain."

It is a question of vast geographical interest to future generations, and scarcely less to the present proprietors and occupiers of land on our eastern and southern coast, to investigate the destructive agency that is continually going on by the water of the ocean. We therefore think the following remarks of Mr. Lyell worthy of much attention.

"The current which flows from the north-east, and bears against our eastern coast (of England) transports materials of various kinds. It undermines and sweeps away the granite, gneis, trap-rock, and sand-stone of Shetland, and removes the gravel and loam of Holderness, Norfolk, and Suffolk, which are between fifty and two hundred and fifty feet in height, and which wastes at the rate of from one to six yards annually. It bears away the strata of London clay on the coast of Essex and Sheppy, consumes the chalk with its flints for many miles continuously on the shores of Kent and Sussex, commits annual ravages on the fresh-water beds covered by chalk, and continually saps the foundation of the Portland limestone. It receives, besides, during the rainy months, large supplies of pebbles, sand, and mud, which the Grampians, Cheviots, and other chains, send down to the sea. To what regions then is all this matter consigned? It is not retained in

mechanical suspension by the waters of the sea, nor does it mix with them in a state of chemical solution. It is deposited *somewhere*, yet certainly not in the immediate neighbourhood of our shores; for in that case there would soon be a cessation of the encroachments of the sea, and large tracts of low land, like Romney Marsh, would every where encircle our island. As there is now a depth of water exceeding thirty feet in some spots where cities flourished but a few centuries ago, it is clear that the current not only carries far away the materials of the wasted cliffs, but tears up, besides, many of the regular strata at the bottom of the sea. The German Ocean is deepest on the Norwegian side, where the soundings give one hundred and ninety fathoms; but the mean depth of the whole basin may be stated at only thirty-one fathoms. The bed of this sea is encumbered in an extraordinary degree with accumulations of débris, especially in the middle. One of the great central banks trends from the Firth of Forth north-east to a distance of one hundred and ten miles; others run from Denmark and Gutland upwards of one hundred miles to the north-west; while the great Dogger bank extends to three hundred and fifty-four miles from north to south."

Could we look into the womb of futurity a few thousand years, we should, in all probability, witness the whole of these sand-banks united into one mass, and become the habitation of man and the inferior animal creation!

Mr. Lyell pursues the same course in the investigation of volcanic phenomena as he adopts in examining the effects of diluvial action on the earth's surface. Instead of labouring to establish some favourite hypothesis regarding the origin of volcanoes, as many preceding geologists had done, the author proceeds at once to the registry of facts and observations derived either from the most unquestionable authorities, or in many cases from his own examination. The practical tone which characterises this portion of his volume may be judged of by the following remark connected with the production and decomposition of volcanic lavas.

"They who have visited the Phlegrean fields, and the volcanic region of Italy, and are aware of the many problematical appearances which igneous rocks of the most modern origin assume during their decomposition, cannot but be astonished at the confidence with which the contending Neptunists and Vulcanists in the last century dogmatised on the igneous or aqueous origin of certain rocks of the remotest antiquity. Instead of having laboured to acquire an accurate acquaintance with the aspect of known volcanic rocks, and the transmutations which they undergo subsequently to their first consolidation, the adherents of both parties seem either to consider themselves born with an intuitive knowledge of the effects of volcanic operations, or to have assumed, that they required no other analogies than those which a laboratory and furnace might supply."

These remarks appear to be as much levelled at the empirical system of geology taught in our northern universities, as at the wild hypotheses of Messrs. De Luc, Saussure, and other geologists of the last century.

Mr. Lyell is so disinclined to speculation, that it is difficult to trace any thing like a theory throughout his volume, explanatory of the origin of volcanic agency. In this respect we think the author has shewn his good judgment; for the subject may be said to have been previously exhausted by the very able researches

of Messrs. Daubeny and Scrope. But in spite of the great interest which attaches to the subject, our limits warn us to give only another extract from Mr. Lyell's present volume, and we select one descriptive of a phenomenon of the most extraordinary kind, to which the author himself bore witness within the last two years:—

"A remarkable discovery has lately been made on Etna, of a mass of ice, preserved for many ages, perhaps for centuries, from melting, by the singular event of a current of red hot lava having flowed over it. The following are the facts in attestation of a phenomenon which must at first sight appear of so paradoxical a character. The extraordinary heat experienced in the south of Europe during the summer and autumn of 1828, caused the supplies of snow and ice, which had been preserved in the spring of that year, for the use of Catania and the adjoining parts of Sicily and the neighbouring island of Malta, to fail entirely. Considerable distress was felt for the want of a commodity regarded in these countries as one of the necessities of life rather than an article of luxury, and on the abundance of which, in some large cities, the salubrity of the water and the general health of the people may be said to depend. The magistrates of Catania applied to Signor M. Gemmelaro, in the hope that his local knowledge of Etna might enable him to point out some crevice or grotto in the mountain where drift snow was still preserved. Nor were they disappointed: for he had long suspected that a small mass of perennial ice at the foot of the highest cone was part of a larger and continuous glacier covered by a lava current. Having procured a large body of workmen, he quarried into this ice, and proved the super-position of the lava for several hundred yards, so as completely to satisfy himself that nothing but the subsequent flowing of the lava over the ice could account for the position of the glacier. Unfortunately for the geologist, the ice was so extremely hard, and the excavation so expensive, that there is no probability of the operation being renewed. On the 1st of December, 1828, I visited this spot, which is on the south-east side of the cone, and not far from the Casa Inglese; but the fresh snow had already nearly filled up the new opening, so that it had only the appearance of the mouth of a grotto. I do not, however, question the accuracy of the conclusion of Signor Gemmelaro, who being well acquainted with all the appearances of drift-snow in the fissures and cavities of Etna, had recognised, even before the late excavations, the peculiar position of the ice in this locality. We may suppose, that at the commencement of the eruption a deep mass of drift snow had been covered by volcanic sand, showered down upon it before the descent of the lava. A dense stratum of this fine dust mixed with scorïæ is well known to be an excellent non-conductor of heat, and may thus have preserved the snow from complete fusion when the burning flood poured over it. The shepherds in the higher regions of Etna are accustomed to provide an annual store of snow to supply their flocks with water in the summer months, by simply strewing over the snow in the spring a layer of volcanic sand a few inches thick, which effectually prevents the sun from penetrating. When lava had once consolidated over a glacier at the height of ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, we may readily conceive that the ice would endure as long as the snows of Mont Blanc, unless melted by volcanic heat from below. When I visited the great crater in the beginning of

winter (1828), I found the crevices in the interior encrusted with thick ice, and in some cases hot vapours were streaming out between masses of ice and the rugged and steep walls of the crater. After the discovery of Signor Gemmelaro, it would not be surprising to find in the cones of the Icelandic volcanoes repeated alternations of lava streams and glaciers."

This fact affords a decisive proof of the slow conducting power of the igneous class of rocks, whether in the mass, or broken into scorïa by volcanic action; while it serves to confirm the commonly received opinion among geologists of the present day, that the surface of the earth, including the basin of the ocean, is nothing more than a crust or shell enclosing vast masses of mineral matter in a state of incandescence or partial fusion. Yet to what limits these fiery vaults may extend, it is impossible to form any estimate. Volcanic eruptions and earthquakes may be distinctly traced throughout three-fourths of the continents and nine-tenths of the islands which constitute the habitable globe. But we have no data whereon to form any adequate conception of the amount of volcanic agency constantly going on in the sub-marine regions of the Atlantic and Pacific!

We cannot dismiss the work before us without thanking the author for the vast mass of evidence he has condensed into a small compass, on one of the most interesting inquiries which can occupy the attention of mankind. We observe a few repetitions, and some other minor blemishes in style and classification; but we have no hesitation in stating, that Mr. Lyell's labours must have the effect of dispelling many of the mists which have hitherto concealed, and removing much of the delta which has obstructed, the current of geological knowledge.

Col. Welsh's Reminiscences of the East Indies.

(Third notice.)

WHILE at the post up the country where our last quotation left Col. Welsh, he paid two visits to Coorg, a place and government so remarkable, that we must afford as much space as we can to his striking accounts of both.

"The kingdom of Coorg, situated to the westward of Mysore, is of small extent, being comprised within the twelfth degree of north latitude, and the seventy-fifth and seventy-sixth degrees of east longitude. It is about fifty miles in length, and thirty-five only in the broadest part. Surrounded by lofty mountains, for the most part inaccessible, it contains many others, scattered over the interior surface, forming a succession of wild rugged hills and highly cultivated valleys; and, as if this were not sufficient to confirm its title to the appellation of a 'strong country,' they have divided the whole interior into squares. Those where no streams or marshes are contained, being generally about a mile in width, with an enormous ditch and high mound or bank, formed by the original contents of the ditch, and covered, inside and out, with deep jungle, in which are included many enormous forest trees. Some of these enclosures have four apertures for ingress and regress, one in each face, particularly those through which the principal roads pass, and which consequently present so many strong barriers against an approaching enemy. Every hill and mountain is also covered with jungle; the finest teak, jack, mango, and other large trees, growing spontaneously in a country watered by numerous streams, and continual fogs and misty clouds, which, from its

great height, even above the Mysore, are attracted by the hills, and cover them during the night. In such a country, no town or village meets the eye until you are close upon it; but though I have traversed nearly the whole, at different times, I do not remember to have seen above six or eight villages throughout; and I am, indeed, inclined to pronounce the majority of its inhabitants to be wild elephants, tigers, bears, bisons, buffalos, hyenas, civets, elks, deer, antelopes, and minor game. With such resources, it is easy to ensure a day's sport, by opening the barriers of one or more enclosures for some time previous, and, when required, to secure them simultaneously. In the days of Hyder's successful usurpation of the Musnud of Mysore, the reigning Rajah of Coorg was defeated and taken prisoner by this Mussulman prince, and carried to Mysore, where he was kindly treated from policy, and persuaded the usurper, that if he would send him back to his own country, he would prevail on all his subjects to submit to the Mussulman yoke, they having previously betaken themselves to their hills and fastnesses, from whence he could neither drive nor recall them. This man's name was Vêrâjunder: it is said that he took an oath of fidelity to Hyder before he was released, and that, in after times, he boasted of this breach of faith. Be that as it may, he proved himself an able statesman, if such a term be applicable to a mountain chief; since he improved the natural fortifications of his kingdom, built towns, formed an armed militia, and successfully defied his former conqueror. After the death of Tippoo, this extraordinary man went suddenly mad, and in one day destroyed one thousand two hundred of his relations and principal nobles, leaving, under an erroneous idea of his imbecility, only one younger brother alive, of all the males of his family. Vêrâjunder did not long survive this act, and most likely such a man was assisted out of this world by some of the trembling slaves by whom he was attended. I had, however, nearly omitted to mention the act of all others which stamped his conduct with the most indelible character of insanity. There was an old woman who had confidentially attended him for years, cooked his victuals, and frequented the interior of his palace, and a child, only a few years old, who was born there, a relation of this woman. After completing the work of destruction, in which he had played a conspicuous part, assisted by several elephants and soldiers in the court-yard, he retired into his study; the old woman came in to offer her services, followed by the child, when he immediately stabbed the woman, and, seizing the child, laid it upon his table, and deliberately dissected it with a penknife. He was succeeded by the boy whom his blindness had spared, and left him immense wealth, as well as most absolute power over all his subjects, and every kind of property in his little kingdom; indeed, I blush to write it, the absolute deity of his ignorant and misguided people. Such, in March 1811, was Lingrajunder Wadeer, to whom I carried an introduction from the Honourable Arthur Cole, resident in Mysore, who was also nominal resident in Coorg."

The reception was most magnificent, and every kind of sport was liberally provided. After shooting, hunting, &c. the author says:

"On entering his palace, we were amused by a set of dancing girls, keeping time to reels and country dances played on two fiddles; and the Mahâ Swâmee shewed us various portraits of himself, the King, the Prince of Wales, General Wellesley, &c. He then took us into ano-

ther apartment, and shewed us a dozen of highly finished single and double rifles, by Manton and Jover; fowling-pieces, pistols, &c. then an air-gun, which he desired us to try. It was now seven p.m. and torch-light had succeeded the day-light in his court-yard; we took aim out of the window at various things, and hit them, and I even knocked down a lime, a species of small lemon, off the top of a cocconut; so uncommonly true did it carry. His son and several relations were next introduced to us, all fine-looking boys; and the heir apparent, being about seven or eight years old, dressed in a general's uniform, with a sword by his side, put me in mind of some old French prints, in which the girls are dressed in hoops and farthingales, and the boys with bag-wigs and small swords. Ram-fights, &c. were going on all this time in the yard, as it were to amuse the attendants; and two of the rams had four horns each. Then a lion made his appearance, led by a dozen men, with a strong rope. He appeared very tame, played with his leaders, and suffered me to go up to him and pat him on the back. I acknowledge this was a bit of bravado on my part, and I was by no means sure how it would be received. Thank God! it turned out well; though there was more folly than judgment in the attempt. Next came a large royal tiger and two panthers, the former having his claws pared, but very savage, trying every instant to break loose. We took leave at half-past seven, quite pleased with the kind and affable treatment of this prince, who, I am inclined to believe, is adored by his people."

He was, as it appeared in the sequel, grievously mistaken: but we proceed with these characteristic extracts.

"After all our exertions of this day, it may readily be supposed we slept soundly; and on the morning of the 23d rose betimes as usual, a custom which I most strenuously recommend to all young men doomed to spend any time in the East, and went to visit the rajah's stud and elephants, and amongst the latter found a young white one, about two years old, most perfectly formed, with flaxen hair, light eyes, and fair skin. Of these animals, as his country abounds in them, he has great abundance. After breakfast, we were astonished by a visit from the Mahâ Swâmee, in state. No longer disguised in a European dress, he appeared in his native robes, richly decorated with jewels, and certes, in my eyes, he appeared a much handsomer man. He sat a few minutes, and then told us that he had received intelligence of a wild elephant, and would, if we pleased, accompany us to go and shoot him. To us this was the most acceptable offer he could have made. We retired to prepare ourselves and our shooting apparatus, and, on our return from our own rooms, found his highness ready, with elephants and attendants. Away we set, the rajah himself driving the one I rode, sitting across its neck, with a hook in the right hand and a knife in the other, to cut down any small branches of trees likely to incommode me in the excursion. 'Such a man,' thought I, 'at the head of his followers, must be invincible,'—so perfectly different from the effeminate grandeur of most eastern potentates. Arrived at the spot, which was only about a mile off, we dismounted; and while the people were preparing seats on trees for our reception, amused ourselves by shooting arrows at a mark, in which, as usual, the rajah beat us hollow. When all was ready, each climbed his own tree, the rajah between us, and sat in a snug little wicker-box with three guns of the rajah's each, and two of his eunuuchs

to load our pieces. The rajah had a single rifle carrying a twelve-ounce ball, and two double ones, of one ounce each. Williamson had a single rifle of two ounces, a double Manton of one ounce, and his own double fowling-piece. I had a single Jover of four ounces, a double Manton of one ounce, and my own double Beckwith; and before we ascended, the rajah explained to us where to take aim, &c. which, in an elephant, is a projecting spot immediately over each eye. This space, in the smallest, will be about four inches, and in the largest nearly eight inches in diameter; and the eunuuchs were to advise us when the game was near enough to fire. After four hours' watching, while tomtoms were beating, colliery horns blowing, and English drums sounding the general, the monster made his appearance, strutting in all the pride and wantonness of his enormous strength, and laying down every obstacle that opposed his passage. He came close under Williamson's gun, who fired and killed him on the spot. The creature rolled over instantaneously, carrying away several small trees as he extended his enormous bulk upon the ground. For a minute afterwards, the successful sportsman, unused to such game, sat with his mouth open, gazing in utter amazement at the mighty proof of his own prowess; while the rajah and myself, more used to such scenes, descending by our wicker ladders, were on the top of the carcass in a moment. It stood ten feet high, and was in excellent condition; the tusks were two feet outside, and nearly three feet long when extracted; and the length of the body was very nearly the same as its height. He had been very violent all the morning, being what the natives call *must*, and had demolished the huts and plantations of several of the ryotts or farmers, in his way to meet his *quietus*. At such seasons the elephant is very dangerous, and blindly rushes on every thing that opposes him; at other times, though very furious when wounded, he is rather timid, and will not be the aggressor in a fray."

In 1812, the year following his first, our countryman paid his second visit to Coorg, and we select the following particulars relative to it:—

"The little white elephant had grown considerably, but his skin was getting darker, and he appeared to be in bad health."

On the first day's sport, in a jungle beset by several thousand natives:—"After three hours' beating, we collected our game within shot of our post, and marched home with eight elks, a monkey, squirrel, and jungle fowl. Of the former I killed three, Lieutenant Pridham two, and Lieutenants Meredith and Davies, one each; the peons killed one, besides lesser game. Our eunuuchs and rajah's people would not permit any of us to quit our places of safety ere the whole was over, and told us it would cost them their lives if any accident happened to us. We were, therefore, literally state prisoners, *pro tempore*. Not one of the elks could be carried by fewer than six men, and they generally took twelve and fourteen, after being tied to bamboos for that purpose. We therefore cut no small figure, with our game following, on our return to Cuggore, where we found a capital English tiffin waiting for us. The horns of one of the elks being nearly a yard long, with several branches, and extremely heavy, we naturally concluded that the beast who could carry them without inconvenience, must have been very thick-headed.

"I killed a jungle buckrah, or wood-goat, with a single ball, while running like the wind: it was a very curious animal, with a body the

same colour and size of a deer, having exceedingly short legs, and therefore its swiftness must proceed from the length and strength of its body; it had short branching antlers, and was so extraordinary an animal altogether, that I preserved the head and antlers on it, till Lady Hood, passing through Bangalore, collecting curiosities, I gave it to her. It was the only animal of the kind I ever saw in my life.

"A panther was started, but he escaped, from the density of the jungle. We got into our palanquins at sunset, and having moved in great state, with every one of our three thousand attendants carrying a lighted fire-stick, arrived at our pavilion at half-past eight P.M., actually illuminating all the country through which we passed.

"I have observed, that every square league, or mile, occasionally, is marked out into a kind of fortification; having a high bank, deep ditch, hedge, and barrier. This renders the country extremely strong in a military point of view, every man being a good marksman, and famous for sporting: because two thousand men can do more, in such enclosures, than ten, or even twenty thousand, in equally thick jungle, without these advantages. I remarked, also, this evening, from my bed-room window, an immense concourse of people, seemingly labourers, winding through a distant road; and mentioning the circumstance at dinner, I observed it threw a damp on the countenances of the attendants, amongst whom, in spite of all my entreaties to the contrary, I saw the native officer of our honorary guard. No one would satisfy my curiosity. I therefore changed the subject, and speaking to my old friend the butler, asked him how he came to be so sickly since I last saw him, and what had become of four fat Bengalees, who amused me with their civilities when I was last there? A part of their duty being to run after us, if we only went into the garden for a moment; one carrying a chair, another a juglet of water, a third a bottle and tumbler; as if an European could not exist a minute without such accompaniments. He turned pale, and trembled; told me he had had a fever, but was now better, and that the other men were gone away. I rallied him on his grave appearance, and inquired if he was not happy. He immediately replied, 'Happy! he must be happy in such a service; that every one, under the Máhá Swámeé, enjoyed happiness.' I immediately launched forth in his praise, and I observed this gave Mahomed pleasure: little did I dream, that every word he or I uttered, would be instantly repeated to the rajah; yet, fortunately, every thing I then had to say was favourable. On retiring to rest, and sitting down to bring up my journal, the occurrences of the day passing in review, I began to ruminate particularly on the workmen I had seen, and all the repairs I had witnessed in the fort and barriers. It immediately struck me that the rajah, mistaking a late prohibition of Europeans passing through his country, issued in consequence of the gross misconduct of two officers, both since dismissed from the King's and Company's service, had imagined the British were going to declare war against him, and was consequently fortifying his country; and I supposed the work-people were employed on some strong place in the neighbourhood. Having obtained special permission for myself and companions, I therefore determined that I would immediately undeceive him, as an act of kindness to both parties. Rising very early on the 25th, we took a quiet walk in the garden, and

returning up stairs, were followed by Mahomed Sahib, the butler, who entreated to speak with me in private, and to request Lieutenant Meredith to remain in the veranda, to prevent any one from listening. This we acquiesced in; and no sooner were we alone in the bed-chamber, than he threw himself at my feet, and entreated me, by the memory of his old master, to save his life. I was perfectly thunderstruck; raised him up, and desired him to explain himself; when he told me a tale which harrowed my soul. The four Bengalees, whom I had left fat and happy, had become dissatisfied with promises, and wages protracted and never paid; they had demanded their dismissal, and had, in consequence, been inhumanly murdered. He himself had applied for leave, and was immediately mulcted of all he had, and his thumbs squeezed in screws, made on purpose, and used in native courts; his body flagellated, and a threat held out, that the next offence would be punished with death. That the rajah being acknowledged as the god of the country, exercised the supposed right without remorse and without control. That, for instance, if a poor fellow, standing in his presence, with both hands joined in adoration, as of the Supreme, incessantly calling out Máhá Swámeé! or Great God! should be suddenly bit by a musquito, and loosen his hands to scratch; a sign, too well known, would instantly be made by this *soi-disant* deity, and the poor wretch be a head shorter in a twinkling. This, he told me, had been the fate of the fine-looking Parsee interpreter, whom I had seen at my last visit, who, having built a house, and amassed some wealth, was beheaded, and his property seized for the state; and this, he also assured me, was the fate of every man who entered the country, if he ever attempted to quit it again: and the rajah, admitting his troops to a share in the plunder, bound them to his interests by chains of adamant. He entreated me to take him with me out of the country, which, he said, could be easily accomplished, because he must accompany me to the barrier; but I could not listen to such a proposal, and at once told him so. To connive at the escape of one of the rajah's servants, while I was his guest, would have been a direct breach of hospitality, which I could not consent to practise. But learning, on some further conversation, that the native officer, under the appearance of an honorary guard, was placed there as a spy over every word and action of every gentleman who lived in that palace; I proposed to enter into such conversation with him, in Hindoostanee, as being reported, might induce the rajah to grant him leave."

We need not give the details, how this was managed; but conclude with the finale.

"With all his kindness, I could not help remarking, that his highness had lost some of his affability, so easily are we led by circumstances, or by previous opinion, to fancy what, perhaps, has no existence. His conduct to us throughout had been kind and condescending, beyond that of any native prince I ever knew, and was never equalled, in after times, but by the Rajah of Népaunee. He was particularly fond of the flower of the Calderah, called in Hindoostanee Kewrah, the odour of which is generally too strong for English organs, but sweet beyond any flower in the East. No man in his dominions dare use it, all being the property of the Máhá Swámeé; as the finest flowers of their gardens are appropriated solely to the decoration of their temples, by all the other natives of India. The sequel may as

well be anticipated here, to connect the whole in one. A few months after, when in my own house at Bangalore, I was surprised by the sudden appearance of Mahomed Sahib, extremely emaciated, ill-dressed, and with a picture in his hand. He threw himself at my feet, and told me I had saved his life; that the rajah had given him four months' leave, and desired him to carry his picture to me in proof thereof. I refused it, however, when he told me he had returned a beggar, being stripped of every thing at the last barrier; but that he never would return. I saw him in a good place, shortly afterwards, well and happy. The rajah, Lingrajunder Wadeer, died in the year 1820, and was succeeded on the Musnud by his son, whom I had seen an infant in 1810. I have heard of no cruelties committed by the present Máhá Swámeé, who is described as a mild, inoffensive young man. The English have had, however, little or no intercourse with that country, since 1811, a road being opened through Wynaud to the Malabar coast, and a capital ghaut made by our own pioneers. I have omitted to mention, that as this country abounds with royal tigers, it is absolutely necessary that they should be hunted every season, and the former rajah seldom killed fewer than there were days in the year; and invariably gave a gold bangle to the first man who should touch the tiger after he had fired, which must make brave soldiers."

The Northern Tourist; or, Stranger's Guide to the North and North-West of Ireland. By Philip Dixon Hardy, Esq., M.R.I.A. Dublin, 1830. Curry and Co.

A GUIDE-BOOK, exceedingly creditable "in the getting up" to the Irish press, and, as far as we can judge, the literary portion executed with great care, and a strict adherence to truth. From the many amusing anecdotes interspersed through this volume, we select the following.

"Some writers have stated the number of islands in Strangford Lough to be upwards of two hundred, but it has been ascertained that there are not more than fifty-four. Some are inhabited; on others cattle of various kinds are kept by the proprietors of the grounds on the opposite shore. Upon one of them there is a very extensive rabbit-warren. The individual who resides on this island had for many years derived a considerable income from the sale of the rabbit-skins, and although he had erected a very good house, he never once dreamed of paying any thing in the shape of excise or taxes. At length, however, a tax-gatherer, who had paid a visit to the houses on the neighbouring shore, beheld with anxious gaze the goody edifice which presented itself upon the island, and determined upon visiting it in the name of his majesty. The proprietor of the place, having been in the habit of receiving visits from persons who came to purchase his skins, and supposing the taxman to be one of them, sent off a boat to fetch him to the island. On reaching the place, the man of taxes began to make various inquiries as to the time the house had been erected, the number of windows, hearths, &c. it contained; and, having gained the desired information, he immediately demanded, on behalf of his majesty, a considerable sum, as the amount of taxes and arrears due upon the place. In vain the poor man protested against the proceeding, as an imposition—in vain he contended, that the demand never having been made before, he had no right to pay it then. The stranger was inexorable, and nothing would satisfy him but

the payment of the money down, or, in default thereof, he threatened to return direct, with a party of the army, and lead, drive, and carry away all that he could find upon the island. At length, fearing such a catastrophe, and finding every effort to soften the hard heart of the exciseman completely fruitless, the poor man paid down the amount demanded, and got a regular acknowledgment for the same; and the officer, having put the money in his pocket, haughtily desired that he might be put ashore. 'No, no,' said the old man; 'although his majesty may compel me to pay taxes, he cannot compel me to keep a boat to row you, and the likes of you, back and forward.' After many threats and entreaties, the islander at last consented, as he had brought his visitor over, to give him 'a bit of a row' back again; and both getting into the boat, along with a young lad, son to the proprietor, they pulled for some time in the direction of the shore. When about midway, however, the islander, quietly laying down his oar, informed the officer, that although he had promised to give him 'a bit of a row,' he had never any intention of taking him the entire way, and that he must now do the best he could, as he was himself obliged to return to the island, or that they would land him on Phaddy Lhug, (a large rock, which was visible at low water, but was many feet beneath the surface at full tide)—from which, if he shouted loud enough, perhaps some of his friends on the shore might hear him, and send a boat to convey him the remainder of the distance. On the other protesting against such conduct, and insisting that they should continue their labour, and take him ashore—the old man, pulling his oar into the boat, and desiring his son to do the same, very drily observed, that if the gentleman did not wish to quit the boat, they would not insist upon his doing so, as they 'could swim like two water-dogs,' and thus easily regain the island; but that if he chose to pay him for it, they would willingly land him at any place he wished. Finding himself outwitted by the islanders, the officer deemed it the more advisable way to accede to the terms proposed—when, to his astonishment, he found that the demand was nothing less than the entire amount he had received for the taxes, together with a receipt for those of the following year, and a special engagement, that he would never again return to that island to demand taxes or excise. Hard as the terms were, he was at length compelled to accede to them, rather than take the alternative of being left to drift out to sea in an open boat, on a tide which, at the time, was running at the rate of nine miles an hour, with scarcely a hope of relief from any quarter. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that having paid back the money, and given the required receipt, the crest-fallen tax-man was put safely ashore, and never again visited the island, or trusted himself in company with so tricky a customer as the old dealer in rabbit-skins."

Mr. Hardy, in some of his notes, is pleasantly enough severe upon the blunders of former writers: take for example the observation which he makes, after noticing the village of Crumlin.

"The following extraordinary description of this small place appears in the *Topographical Dictionary of the United Kingdom*, published in London, in the year 1826! 'Antrim, eighty-four miles from Dublin, is the capital of the county of the same name. There is a good road and pier here; but the custom-house, which was formerly established, has, in conse-

quence of its increased trade, been transferred to Belfast!!' Of the accuracy of the foregoing, the reader will be able to form a correct idea, when informed that the said capital of Antrim is a small inland town, not less than twelve miles distant from any part of the coast. As, however, Mr. Wright also mentions that there was at one time a custom-house here, we suppose such to have been the case, but are inclined to suspect it must have been for some time 'before the flood,' when, as has been suggested by a learned writer, Lough Neagh formed a part of the Irish Sea, or Northern Channel!"

And again, speaking of a monument of the Chichester family at Carrickfergus, near the base of which an old author (M'Skimin) mentions "tablets of black marble, with a very long inscription in English." Mr. Hardy remarks:—

"The inscriptions on these tablets must have certainly undergone some very extraordinary metamorphose since the period at which they were viewed by Mr. Wright, in the year 1823, as he informs us they were at that time in Latin—they are at present all in English!!"

Brighton; a Comic Sketch. Seven Wood Engravings by R. Cruikshank. Pp. 36. Kidd.

A HUMOROUS little poem, with a number of commendable puns, after the manner, but not up to the merit, of Hood's Hunts, &c. The cuts do not strike us as being peculiarly applicable to Brighton: though clever enough, they might as well apply to London or York; and of one of them, the drunken party, we cannot express our approbation.

The Midsummer Medley for 1830. A Series of Comic Tales, Sketches, &c., in Prose and Verse. By the Author of "Brambletye House." 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

Two amusing little volumes, from which the previous popularity of many of their component parts, alone prevents our quoting. Without calling for any thing like strict criticism, they will pass away half an hour, or more, pleasantly enough, as the reader chances to be of slow or rapid habits of perusal. We cannot characterise them better than by quoting the motto in the title-page. "It is a good thing to laugh, at any rate; and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness." There is not, however, much of that broad wit or humour that excites laughter, in these volumes; which are rather agreeable and pleasing.

Norrington; or, the Memoirs of a Peer. 2 vols. London, 1830. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

APPARENTLY a reprint of some novel of "sixty years' since," being on a par with the humblest of a now exploded school.

Protestant Truths, and Roman Catholic Errors. By the Rev. Plumpton Wilson, LL.D. 12mo. pp. 235. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

An interesting and prettily told story, but very unfair in its premises, and illiberal in its conclusions. An author, it is true, is like an absolute monarch, and does what he pleases with his subjects. It is, however, neither very good reasoning, nor very strict justice, to make certain imaginary individuals commit certain imaginary acts, and then hold them as pro-

totypes and examples of a numerous and existing body.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

[The history of this interesting fragment is as follows; and we leave our readers to form their own judgment as to its authenticity. It appeared in a work which was immediately suppressed in France; and since that period no trace of it has been discoverable; so that this MS., copied from it at the time, has very nearly the value of an original. It purports to be part of a letter written by Buonaparte at the period of the execution of Louis XVI., and must be perused with peculiar feelings at this eventful moment.]

"I LEARNT the next day that the advocate Target had refused his professional aid to his sovereign. This was, in the strongest acceptance of the term, to erase his name from the records of immortality! What were the arguments of his cowardly prudence? 'I shall not save his life, whilst I may risk my own.' Maiesherbes, Tronchet, Desèze, faithful and devoted subjects (whom I could not imitate, but whom, if I were a monarch, I would place at my right hand), united to defend by their zealous exertions the descendant of St. Louis. Should they survive this courageous act of fidelity, I will never pass them without baring my head. Detained by business at Versailles, I only returned to Paris on the 16th of January; I had consequently lost three or four scenes of this ambitious tragedy, but on the 18th I attended the National Convention. Ah! my friend! whatever these revolutionary maniacs may say, a monarch is not merely a man: his head will fall, it is true, with that of the shepherd, but he who commands the murder will shudder at his own temerity; and were he not compelled by the force of his *secret* motives, the sentence would expire on his lips ere its utterance. I gazed eagerly on the intrepid mortals who were about to dare pronounce on the fate of their virtuous sovereign. I studied their looks—scrutinised their very hearts. It was by the excess, the importance of their trespass, they were supported, whilst inwardly awed by the rank of their victim: could they have ventured to retract, the prince had been saved! But unfortunately they had said, if his head does not fall to-day, *ours* must soon submit to the stroke of the executioner. This was the predominant idea that dictated their votes. No pen could with justice describe the situation of the people in the galleries. Silent, gloomy, breathless, their looks were alternately directed towards the accused, his advocates, and his judge. Circumstance as strange as horrible, *D'Orleans' vote was—Death!* The shock of electricity would have been less visibly felt: the assembly rose with one spontaneous start of horror, and the hall reverberated the murmur of similar and responsive feeling: one man alone, immovable as a rock, kept his seat—*it was I!* I ventured to inquire of myself the cause of this indifference; I found it in ambition—only such a sentiment could reconcile the conduct of the Duke of Orleans; to me, therefore, it was natural: he sought a throne to which he had no title, and such acquisitions are not to be made without forfeiting the right to virtuous and general estimation.

"I shall now, my friend, become concise: I do not like the unfolding of funereal crape. The king was condemned to death! and if the 21st of January did not for ever affix an odium on the French character, at least it added a glorious name to the list of martyrs! What a town was Paris on this awful day! The populace appeared in a state of stupefaction: it seemed that the people assembled only to exchange gloomy looks, and to fly from each

other without speaking. The streets were deserted, and houses and palaces wore the appearance of tombs. *The air even seemed to smell of the executioner.* To be brief, the descendant of St. Louis was led to death, through files of mournful automata, but lately his subjects.

"If any one be near you, my friend, when you read this despatch (even were it your father), conceal from him what follows—it is a stain on the stuff of which my character is made. That Napoleon Buonaparte should be sensibly affected at the destruction of a human being, and constrained to keep his bed from the consequences of this impression, is a fact scarcely to be believed, though true, and one which I cannot avow without blushing with contempt for myself. Yes, I experienced a feeling, which, however admirable in another, was disgraceful to one who had disavowed all the weaknesses of the human heart. The night preceding the 21st of January I had not closed my eyes; yet I was unable to account to myself for the cause of my unusual agitation. I rose early, and eagerly ran wherever the crowd was assembling. I wondered at, or rather I despised, the passive imbecility of forty thousand national guards, of whom nine-tenths were only mechanically the agents of the executioner. At the Porte St. Denis I met Santerre: he was followed by a numerous staff. I should have liked to have cut off his ears: I spit at him, not being able to do more. In my opinion, his post had been better filled by the Duke d'Orleans: his object was a crown; and we all know that such a motive overbalances many considerations. Proceeding along the Boulevards, I reached the Place de la Révolution. I was ignorant of the invention of the guillotine: a cold perspiration crept over me. A stranger, who stood near me, attributed my agitation and paleness to a peculiar interest in the King of France. 'Be of better cheer,' said he, 'he will not perish: the Convention is only desirous of proving its power, and he will meet his pardon at the foot of the scaffold.' 'If that be so,' replied I, 'the gentlemen convention-alists are not themselves far from their fall, and never would culprits more richly deserve their fate. He who attacks a lion, and would avoid being destroyed by him, should not wound, but throw him dead upon the spot.' A low and confused noise was heard—it was the royal victim! I hurried forward, elbowing and elbowed. I approached as far as I could—all my efforts to get near were vain: the scaffold was hid from me by an armed force. The rolling of drums suddenly interrupted the mournful silence of the assembled multitude. 'It is the signal of his release,' said the stranger. 'And it will rebound on his murderers,' I replied: 'in such a case, half a crime is a weakness.' A momentary silence ensued. Suddenly something fell heavily on the scaffold: the noise struck at my heart. I inquired the cause of a grandarme. 'It is the falling of the axe,' he replied. 'The king is not then saved!—he is dead!—he is dead!' I pronounced at least ten times these words—'he is dead!' I became insensible for some minutes, and, without knowing by whom, I had been taken from the crowd, I found myself on the Quai des Théatins: there I recovered some degree of recollection, but I could utter no word except 'he is dead!' In a state of distraction I reached home, but at least an hour elapsed before I had perfectly regained my senses."

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—I observed in your last number of the *Literary Gazette* a mention made of a person

at Berlin having presented to the arts and sciences there, an *article* for silk shirts.

I am not aware of the said *article* being a new discovery, I am now manufacturing and have been for sometime an *article* of silk Mixt with other *articles* which produce an *article* of the appearance of silk, possessing all the qualities of silk and for which I have obtained his Majesty's Royal Patent, this *article* is not only used for shirts, but for sheets to Sleep in, and for various other uses, as a substitute for Flannel next the skin, and strongly recommended by the most Eminent Physicians as being very conducive to Health and very particularly so, for weak and sickly constitutions, It is also made in colors in stripes and checks for Shirts, that may be used for summer, without waistcoats and well calculated for all warm or cold climates.

If you will please to Insert this or with any alteration you may deem proper in your next Number you will much oblige, Sir your most obedient

No. 37 Basinghall St.
5 Aug. 1830.

NAISH and Co.

I shall be Glad to shew you or any of your Friends the various *articles*, and if you will please to call a pair of Gloves of the same *article* will be at your Service.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ASTRONOMY.

A valued correspondent, referring to Mr. Bucke's letter, which appeared in our No. 703, while fully subscribing to the utility and convenience of the proposed Nomenclature of the Satellites, differs from the conclusions on one or two other points adverted to in that essay.

"You infer," he says to the writer, 'that it must be a necessary consequence (of attraction), since Jupiter disturbs the motions of Saturn on one side, that there must be one large primary planet, or several smaller ones (like Ceres, Juno, Pallas, and Vesta), between his orbit and that of Uranus.' But how does such a theory agree with the law of the excesses of the planetary distances discovered by Professor Bode? A law, which has been extended to the satellites in the last volume of the Cambridge Philosophical Transactions, and seems as thoroughly established as the celebrated one of Kepler. According to this law, the excesses of the planetary distances above Mercury form a geometrical series, of which the common ratio is 2; each orbit in ascent being double the distance of the next inferior one from that of Mercury. Its soundness was demonstrated by the subsequent discovery of the Asteroids moving in the assigned path, at nearly the same mean distances from the sun, being about half the distance of Jupiter, and twice that of Mars from Mercury. Saturn revolves at twice the distance of Jupiter, and Uranus at twice that of Saturn. Is it not therefore necessary to the harmony of the system, that Uranus must be the next primary planet to Saturn?

"You infer from the retrograde motions of the satellites of Uranus, that he is 'the last primary planet of our system,' and that these motions 'indicate the approach, and indeed the actual beginning, of another system, of which they are at once the heralds and the connecting links.' But, as according to the established recession of the planetary orbits, the next above Uranus (if any such there be) would be

at double that planet's distance from Mercury, how inconceivably greater must be that of the nearest planet of the next system to ours? And how can Uranus or his satellites be imagined, any more than our other planets, or indeed at all, within the sphere of that system's attraction? And all this without reference to the immeasurable distances of the fixed stars, the admitted centres of other systems.

"I would further remark, in reference to your opinion of the received account of 'the origin of Ceres, Pallas, Juno, and Vesta, being (to say the least) extremely unsatisfactory,' &c.—that the theory of their origin, from an exploded planet formerly moving between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, which I take to be that you allude to, seems directly to result from Bode's law; because this law, and the harmony of the whole system, requires one original primary planet within that zone, and not four. Does it not therefore immediately follow, that the four asteroids must of necessity be fragments either of that original planet or of a dismembered secondary system like Jupiter's? And this, independent of the arguments to be derived from the proximity and intersections of their orbits, which have conducted astronomers to the same conclusion. Indeed, with the above-mentioned law, and its proofs before us, any longer to suppose the asteroids original independent members of the solar system, would, I apprehend, be to suppose an anomaly in the all-perfect and harmonious works of creation. The existence of many, perhaps hundreds, of analogous fragments of the exploded planet or system, the majority of which are probably far too minute for the highest telescopic vision, may also doubtless be inferred."

"Kennington.

J. CULLMORE."

Upon the whole of this correspondence, the subject being one of the highest scientific importance, we would shortly remark, that Mr. Bucke is correct respecting the satellites of Saturn; they are not numbered according to their order of distance but discovery; thus the sixth and seventh are, in fact, the first and second.

It does not seem necessary that there should be a large planet revolving between Saturn and Uranus, to complete the equilibrium of the system; for though Jupiter does disturb the motions of Saturn, he is himself disturbed by Saturn; but those mutual perturbations become compensated after a lapse of ages.

The arrangement of the system of Uranus is very singular and amazing—the satellites retrograde, and moving nearly at right angles to the ecliptic: but there does not seem sufficient reason for supposing that it is the exterior planet.

Respecting *undiscovered planets*, Mr. B. is, perhaps, nearer the mark than he is aware: several small planets are suspected; the splendid catalogues of stars by Bessel and Struve, and the list of the Astronomical Society, will tend very considerably to set this question at rest; when these catalogues come to be revised, by going over the stars again, some may be missed, others may be found, proving that some which have been classed as fixed stars are, in fact, planets. There is ground for the suspicion, which, if confirmed, will completely upset the "explosion system."

The comet of 1770, one of great bulk, passed through the system of Jupiter, and was retained four months near his orb, without having any perceptible effect on the motions or places of the satellites; a sufficient proof that comets possess very little matter in proportion to their magnitude. We can expect but little satisfac-

* Having received a letter of this kind, our sense of justice induces us to publish it, and our sense of literature not to alter it. We say nothing about the *article*; but we think we have won our gloves.—Ed. L. G.

tion from such a visit to the system of Uranus.*

EXPEDITIONS.

A GERMAN periodical of recent date contains a letter addressed to a literary friend in Germany by Dr. Mertens, secretary to the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, and Naturalist to the Russian expedition to Behring's Straits, and thence to Manilla, and farther to some imperfectly known islands in the eastern ocean. It describes the volcanoes of Kamschatka, &c.; and is dated from the harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul, in October 1828, at which period the Siniavin, having completed her survey of the Straits of Behring, &c. was within a week of her departure for Manilla.

It appears highly probable from the frequency of Russian voyages of discovery in the Pacific, that the Russians will, ere long, take possession of and colonise some of the most productive islands. In Dobell's travels through Kamschatka, China, &c. (published April 1830), after enumerating the many local and other advantages of Kamschatka, he particularly mentions its vicinity to the most fertile and populous countries on the globe, and states that the passage thence to any part of the Japanese islands, is only ten or twelve days; to the Sandwich isles, to Macao, the Philippines, or any of the Indo-Chinese islands, only thirty or forty days; to the N. W. coast of America, California, or the islands of the Great Pacific, sixty days.

A chain of island-groups extends from New Holland to Kamschatka, namely, the Moluccas; the large islands of Borneo and New Guinea; the Carolinas, the Philippines, the Ladrões, the Loo-Choo isles, the Japanese isles, the Zezo isles, the Kourile isles, and others of less importance. In this immeasurable Archipelago, the Philippines alone consist of not fewer than 1200 islands, of which the Spaniards occupy only Luzou (Manilla), Mindanao, Samar, Leyte, Mindoro, Panay, Negros, Zebu, and the Calamianes; and on this insignificant number they possess merely portions of territory near the sea, while the interiors are very little known. Most of the islands above named are of volcanic origin, presenting great variety of surface, and valleys of singular fertility. The island of New Guinea alone is well worthy of a national expedition, with a view to present traffic and ultimate colonisation. This immense island, which is immediately north of New Holland, and not farther from England than the Swan River, is preferable to Borneo, being farther from the equinoctial line, and possessing, from its varied and mountainous surface, a climate better suited to European constitutions.

In its fertile groves and valleys the spices of the Moluccas grow wild; and of the following list of valuable produce, the growth of the Moluccas and Philippines, many grow in New Guinea, and all might easily be cultivated to any extent.

Sugar of the finest quality, coffee, cocoa, pepper, ginger, nutmegs, cloves, almonds, coconuts, rice, tobacco of superlative excellence,

* Our ingenious and scientific correspondent, Mr. Bucke, does not seem to be aware, that the satellites of Jupiter when first discovered by Galileo, were named by him *Sidera Medicea*. The first satellite, *Cæmon minor*; the second, *Cæmon major*; the third, *Mæia Medicea*; and the fourth, *Katherina Medicea*. Simon Marius gave the first satellite the name of *Jovial Mercury*; the second, that of *Jovial Venus*, &c. Johannes Baptistæ Hodierna (who was the first that published Ephemerides of the motions of these satellites), names the first *Principiarius*; the second, *Victriarius*; the third, *Comitiarius*; and the fourth, *Fernandipharis*; each of which names were intended as a compliment to the reigning family in Tuscany.

oranges, dates, tamarinds, pine-apples, paradise figs and other delicious fruits, hemp-trees, cotton of superfine staple, precious dyewoods, ebony and many other finely-grained and beautiful woods for cabinet-makers, also camphor trees, areka, and betel.

Such are the capabilities of New Guinea, an island discovered early in the sixteenth century, but hitherto overlooked by all the colonising nations of Europe; containing a surface exceeding that of Borneo, over which a population of half a million is thinly scattered. Here also the wild bees produce immense quantities of honey and wax; here are birds of paradise and other birds innumerable, and most of them suitable for the table: also cattle and pigs, buffaloes, stags, goats, horses, and various kinds of monkeys. The seas are stored with shell and other fish, also pearls and ambergris; while there is good reason to believe, that the mountains are rich in minerals, especially gold and iron, and that the river-sands contain gold-dust. The produce of New Holland and Van Diemen's Land is meagre and contemptible when compared with the boundless variety and opulence of New Guinea; and we throw out these hints from having seen that Mr. Buckingham again explained the nature of his projected voyage at a public meeting on Thursday last. Let him survey this island and make its advantages known—he would find numerous settlers from New Holland, Hindostan, and Great Britain, to recompense all the toils and dangers of his expedition.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL PATRONAGE OF GREAT PUBLIC AND NATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

IN our last we recorded his Majesty's gracious declaration of patronage to the King's College now erecting, and to form the left wing of Somerset House; and in a preceding *Literary Gazette* we also stated that his Majesty had in the same gracious manner placed himself at the head of the Royal Asiatic Society—a Society already conducted with a degree of energy and judgment which scarcely needed an addition to its strength and spirit, however grateful such an addition must be.

But his Majesty has not stopped here with his encouragement of those things which contribute most to the power and refinement of a nation, and to the lasting splendour and glory of a crown. It has been mentioned that the King's pleasure was communicated to the Royal Academy, founded by his venerated father, and a request made to the Council which manages its affairs, that it should point out the best means of promoting the cultivation of the Fine Arts. In like manner has William IV. notified (through Sir Robert Peel) to the Royal Society of Literature, the spontaneous and munificent foundation of his late lamented brother, that he consents to be the patron of this noble Institution. The Royal Society, too, has been honoured by the King's attention, and we believe we may consequently anticipate some considerable changes in the government of that learned and scientific body:—we have reason to expect that the excellent president, Mr. Davies Gilbert, will retire from that high station, and that H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex will be elected in his stead. With every feeling of regard and esteem for Mr. Gilbert—and he has eminently deserved them by his personal conduct and great attainments—it may be allowed us to congratulate the Society on the probability of having a prince of the blood at its head, and one likely to quash all the

cabals and disagreements which have for some time unfortunately interrupted the purer pursuits of scientific objects.* This arrangement, we understand, will be agreeable to his Majesty's wishes.

We are not among the cavillers who think finding fault with every thing the best road to improvement; but neither can we be blind to the fact, that long-established systems have a tendency to degenerate (were it only into inactivity), and that an occasional infusion of judicious change and reform does a great deal of public good. With regard to the Royal Academy, we are not aware that it has yet found time to reply to his Majesty's patriotic inquiry; but we are sure that its constitution is susceptible of very beneficial alterations. An exclusive party of artists managing all the concerns of art is in itself objectionable—since every individual must have personal and private interests opposed to those of the whole profession. There ought unquestionably to be a fair proportion of eligible persons unconnected with the practice of any of the arts (sculpture, architecture, painting, engraving,) upon the council of the Academy, where their mere presence would lead to justice being done to the numerous, and often most accomplished, aspirants who were not academicians. In the annual exhibitions it is too much to expect that an artist who has the power of choosing favourable places for his own productions will voluntarily yield them up to some other claimant who is out of the pale, and throw himself into the back ground. Thus there is no season in which we are not inundated with complaints on this subject. And another part of the existing mode is perhaps still more objectionable;—we allude to the members of the Academy being allowed to paint on their pictures after they are hung up. Every one at all acquainted with the art knows that the consequence of this is the making of our exhibition rooms mere patch-work, where pictures of intrinsic excellence are completely destroyed by the whelming glare of their neighbours, wrought up to the requisite pitch of gilding and colour. Nothing can be more unfair than this; and we have often been astonished when we saw pictures after the show was over, and found on examination that its brilliant ornaments were daubs, and some of its obscured and unnoticed performances honours to the English school. Another effect of the opposition of individual to general benefits is the use, or rather the abuse, of the invitations to private views, the Academy dinners, and other little complimentary opportunities. We firmly believe that not one in five hundred of these is addressed to the advancement of the national arts: on the contrary, they are invariably disposed of to

* As a proof of the necessary result of such circumstances, and the deterioration of the country in the eyes of the world when compared with the advance of the eyes of other nations in the highest walks of science, the following statement has been made to us. The *Nautical Almanac* was (as is well known) commenced many years ago by the celebrated Dr. Maskelyne, and was found to be of so great importance, that scarcely a vessel left England without having a copy on board. Since that period, however, many deficiencies and errors, especially the former, have been discovered in Dr. Maskelyne's work. To ascertain the best mode of remedying these, Lord Melville applied the other day to ———. The plan suggested by this gentleman to his lordship was, to translate the *Ephemeris* of Professor Encke, the astronomer royal at Berlin, which is published every year in that city, and to reduce the meridian of Berlin, and adapt it to that of Greenwich!!!—Whilst England possesses native philosophers equal to the task, we are glad to find that Lord Melville did not act upon this suggestion; for he soon after transferred his inquiry to the Astronomical Society of London—a council of which was immediately called, for the purpose of giving that attention to his lordship's application which its interest required.

procure patronage for the artist who is the possessor of the power of offering them. In this light, and we are sorry to say in most others, the fine arts are as much a trade as chandling or shoemaking. Instead of those ennobling sentiments, and the thirst for fame, which in former days and in foreign countries made painters the companions of the greatest and the wisest men of the age, the profession has become a mere commercial pursuit; and the greedy and unjustifiable huckstering about copyrights to be hired out to engravers and printsellers, is only one of the disgraceful indications of this debasing practice.

How the Academy disposes of its rich funds is unknown out of the body. We have been assured by members, men *per se* of character and integrity, that they are faithfully and liberally administered, and therefore we can only doubt this, in so far as our opinion of what is liberal may differ from the opinions of our informants: we must add, that there are few external evidences of the fact apparent. The last remark we shall offer to the Academy is upon the wretched way in which its honours are attained,—by cringing, fawning, and intriguing, and not by superior merits and genius. We have frequently met with foreigners who were utterly confounded on going over the names of our foremost artists, and discovering that some whom they properly ranked as the very first in order, were not members of the R. A.; while others, of very middling talents, and of no note whatever, were graced by that title. When asked why this was, we never could answer the question; for we did not like to repeat what we had been told, that an artist must grovel and supplicate, or he is not eligible for admission. It is no wonder then that this institution should have done nothing, and worse than nothing, for our National Arts. Its school is the school for the encouragement of portrait painting, in preference to every other style, and money-making as its reward. To such persons as the late Lord de Tabley, and to the British Institution and its supporters, the country owes all its debt of gratitude for any advance in the higher walks.

Many intelligent men have been so struck by the insufficiency of the results from associations, when compared with the hopes held out by their originators and friends, as to deny their utility in any case whatever; and to maintain, that, in this country at least, it was infinitely better to leave every thing to individual exertion. But the premises do not seem to us to warrant this conclusion; for societies, if they do not do all that their sanguine promoters predicate, always contribute something to the general stock: and besides, their existence not only does not interfere with individual enterprise, but in innumerable instances calls it forth, stimulates, and cherishes it. On these grounds we trust the Geographical Society, which we noticed at large in our last Number, will also find the Sovereign inclined to become its patron. So intimately connected with our navy, it has a natural claim to this distinction; and we are convinced his Majesty would not hesitate an instant in bestowing his countenance upon it.

That most meritorious and truly benevolent charity, the Literary Fund, which pours balm into the wounds of the helpless children of literature, is also worthy of the royal protection which has been bestowed upon it; and sure we are, that the consciousness of fostering so estimable and well-regulated an Institution, must be delightful even to the widely extended philanthropy of the royal breast.

While on these topics, there is one idea more which we desire to broach, but without being able to discuss its bearings on one side or the other. We are persuaded that it would be a permanent glory to the present reign, and a great encouragement to exalted endeavours, were the King to found an Order of Honour, to be bestowed upon the eminent and deserving in the various departments of learning, the sciences, and the fine arts. There is no argument against this which might not with equal force be urged against every kind of public distinction, for success in arms, in adventure, in politics, or in any other line of life. When we are told, therefore, of probable jealousies, and envy, and disappointments, and repinings, it is equally strong against the Garter, the Thistle, and the Bath. Nor have evils resulted from a similar course in other nations where it has been adopted; on the contrary, the court has not been the less adorned, nor the people less improved, where the former witnessed crosses and ribands for civic services, mingled with the proudest of other orders; and the latter saw the labours of the instructed and God-gifted stimulated by the grant of public honours. We can imagine no brighter circle round the throne of William IV. than one of Literary Stars.

PINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Lodge's Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain, with Memoirs of their Lives and Actions. Folio. Part XXXIV. Second Edition, 8vo. and 4to. Part XL. Third (monthly) Edition, 8vo. and 4to. No. 20. Fourth (monthly) Edition, 8vo. and 4to. No. 16. Harding and Lepard.

WE have here to record the appearance of new parts of four distinct editions of this popular publication in various stages of progress at the same time,—an example of literary success altogether without parallel, and powerfully denoting the increasing avidity with which works of merit are now sought by the mass of society, when published upon a scale that enables the middling classes to purchase them. The eminent persons, whose portraits and lives are commemorated in this new part of the folio edition of Mr. Lodge's work, are, the Earl of Burlington; the first Duke of Devonshire; the second Duke of Ormond; Thomas Holles Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, who directed the affairs of state for nearly half a century; the first Duke of Leeds; and the hero of Abonkir, Sir Ralph Abercromby. It is from the passage in the last-named memoir, descriptive of our gallant countryman receiving his death-wound, that we shall select our quotation. Mr. Lodge observes: "It was in this charge of the cavalry that the gallant Sir Ralph Abercromby, always anxious to be most forward in danger, received his mortal wound. On the first alarm he had mounted his horse, and finding that the right wing was seriously engaged, proceeded thither. When he came near, he despatched his aides-de-camp with orders to different brigades; and whilst thus alone, some dragoons of the French cavalry penetrated to the spot, and he was thrown from his horse. One of them, supposed from the tassel of his sword to have been an officer, then rode at him, and attempted to cut him down; but just as the point of his sword was falling, his natural heroism, and the energy of the moment, so invigorated the veteran general, that he seized the sword, wrested it from the Frenchman's hand, and at that instant the officer was bayoneted by a soldier of the forty-second." Sir

Sydney Smith was the first officer who came to him, and who by accident having broken his own sword, which Sir Ralph observing, instantly presented to him the one he had so gloriously acquired."

The portraits are executed with their usual merit, from authentic pictures in the mansions of the noble descendants of the persons represented, the present Dukes of Devonshire, Newcastle, Leeds, and of the Hon. James Abercromby; and if Mr. Lodge's work thus continues to gather strength and increase in interest as it approaches our own times, there is no saying to what circulation it may attain, or how many editions we may witness in simultaneous progress, addressed, as it is, to the best feelings of every one who thinks as he ought of the venerated names by whom his country has been exalted to her present pre-eminence;—of those warriors and sages, whose memory is associated with all that is dearest and most glorious to Englishmen.

The Black Knight and the Clerk of Copmanhurst revelling, from Ivanhoe. Painted by H. Fradelle; engraved by W. Say.

Rebecca and Ivanhoe. Same Painter; engraved by T. Lupton.

THESE are companion prints, of a large size, and, as far as contrast goes, are well imagined; the revels of the jovial companions in the friar's humble cell being well opposed to the characters engaged in the humane office of tending the wounded knight in the splendid chamber of the wealthy Jew. In both, however, we think there is too much of the artificial; and, for effect, the lights are certainly too much scattered. As specimens of mezzotinto they are truly admirable, and may well take their stand among the highest productions of that pleasing branch of art. In painting such scenes, it must be confessed, the painter has great difficulties to contend against; and not the least that which arises out of the graphic vigour and spirit of the original author, who has so described them as to create images already formed in the mind of every reader. Instead, therefore, of being viewed as new conceptions, they are referred to a standard existing in our fancy; and the picture is prized or disapproved of, as it agrees with, or departs from, our preconceived notions. Thus we confess, that, with the exception of the lovely Rebecca, and, perhaps, the Jew leech, we are not disposed to recognise Scott's *dramatis personæ* either in the figures or expression of Mr. Fradelle's representations. Ivanhoe and the Black Knight both smack of the theatre; nor does the attitude of the friar escape from this imputation. The dogs in the latter, and the accessories in the former, are carefully and excellently done; so that withal we must repeat our general praise and recommendation of these works, as brilliant ornaments of the portfolio.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. Part IV. London, C. Tilt; J. Andrews: Edinburgh, T. Ireland, jun.

IN this part the first view is Durham, after Robson, and one of the most beautiful gems we ever saw. For grandeur, the buildings in the back-ground; for rural simplicity, the objects and landscape in the fore-ground; for effect, the management of the sky and the lights throughout; and for execution, the burin of Finden; have combined to produce nothing preferable in this style of art. The Tolbooth (the second engraving) is equally picturesque and interesting. Nasmyth has here preserved what

time has caused to disappear. Caerlaverock Castle, by D. Roberts; and London from Highgate, by J. Barret; are worthy companions of the preceding two.

Great Britain Illustrated. No. 28. C. Tilt. FROM Westall's drawings, with Moule's descriptions, this moderately priced work goes on favourably. Calne, Newport in Monmouthshire, Pelham Crescent Hastings, and Bradford, all engraved by E. Francis, are the various and well-chosen subjects in this No.

Eve. (From Milton). Painted and engraved by J. Mills. J. Brooker.

THIS is a very sweet piece of mezzotinto, in which our first mother is seen when "adorned the most," and just listening to the serpent in Eden. The landscape part is rich and well managed; and the figure well studied, without being either very graceful, or rounded into the usual voluptuousness in which the brethren of the brush are so fond of indulging.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ALL IS NOT DARK BELOW.

COLD and ungrateful must the bosoms be
Of those who look upon the sunlit earth,
And trace the finger of the Deity,
Yet own no cheerfulness and feel no mirth;
Who deem all dark the lot of man below,
One changeless gloom, one all-pervading woe.
Hath God then made for nought each lovely thing,
That sheds its beauty o'er this world of ours;
The feathered warblers, that so sweetly sing,
The ever-waving wood, the scented flowers?
I cannot think of these, and yet believe
That man was only formed to mourn and grieve.
But who can look upon the azure sky,
And mark the glorious orbs revolving there,
Or turn his glance towards earth's verdant dye,
And deem, where all is formed so bright and fair,
That man was made to wander on in gloom,
Then sink in sorrow to the silent tomb?
'Tis true earth's joys are ever mixed with care,
And men are fated to one common curse;
But should we therefore cherish dark despair,
And make our too imperfect being worse?
Though "weep with them that weep" is God's own voice,
He bids us, too, "with those who joy rejoice."

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

[Under this head, to-day, we insert some very curious matter, for which we are indebted to a high continental source: the anecdote of Prince Polignac is very striking, and we have no doubt of its veracity.]

Prince Jules of Polignac.—The father of this prince emigrated, like many other French noblemen, at the beginning of the Revolution, and resided for some time at Radstadt (Grand Duchy of Baden). On the birth-day of his son Jules (the present too famous ex-minister of France), when he had attained his tenth year, he invited all his companions in misfortune, and some other friends, and shewed them into a room, where, upon a table, a crucifix and two lighted candles had been placed. He then ordered young Jules to approach the table, and, in imitation of Amilcar (Hannibal's father), bound him by an oath, that he would always oppose the French Revolution and the principles to which it had given birth. This solemn act seems to have powerfully worked upon the mind of the young nobleman, and may explain in some measure his detestation of

liberal ideas. With right, one can apply to him, what the poet says:

"Children, like tender osiers, take the bow,
And as they first are fashioned always grow."*

Walhalla.—In the northern mythology, a palace called Walhalla was appropriated for the heroes who met death in battle. The present king of Bavaria, when hereditary prince, was so ravished by this illustrious idea, that he decided on carrying it into execution in good time. John Müller, the renowned historian, whom he made acquainted with his resolution, wrote to him in the following terms, twenty years ago, at the very time Germany was suffering under the French thralldom: "It does your highness great honour, that you do not abandon the elevated idea of the Walhalla, this ornament of our country. Never was the German nation more in need of not forgetting herself, in order to shew her character in this new era with dignity. Fathers and their offspring, if in shadows the mind is still alive, and if, as we hope, the German trunk shall still flourish for future times,—fathers, I repeat, and their offspring, will thank you, noblest of the Wittelsbachs, that you, in a time which threatens to deprive us of ourselves, have been mindful of the German father-land." This magnanimous idea, of which the juvenile mind of the prince was so fond, the king now puts into execution. Last May, the preparations were begun for building the Walhalla on a hill close to Donaustauf (a country town not far from Ratisbon), and on the 18th of next October, the anniversary of the battle of Leipzig, the solemnity of laying the first stone will take place in the king's presence. This temple, supported by a number of marble pillars, and adorned with the busts of great men, will become one of the noblest monuments of the age. The place where the Walhalla will stand is exceedingly well selected, as a ravishing landscape surrounds the hill, from whose top this majestic building is to look down. Many travellers will, in future, visit a place which contains all the predominant characters of Germany's warlike history.

The late Grand Duke of Darmstadt.—It is a curious circumstance, that this prince foretold his death. "I shall die," he used to say at different times, "on the very day my father breathed his last;" viz. the 6th of April; and his prophecy has been fulfilled. It is also a curious coincidence in high life, that this prince, as well as two of his sisters, celebrated their golden wedding-feasts (*i. e.* a celebration on the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage).

Love of Music in Bohemia and Germany.—A miller in the hamlet Beraun, in Bohemia, bequeathed, some years ago, his whole fortune, amounting to seventeen thousand florins, for the foundation of a conservatory of music. On the day of installation, eighty country musicians executed Mozart's *Requiem* and Palestrino's *Miserere* in a masterly style. Last year, Haydn's oratorio *The Creation* was performed by dilettanti, at Heppenheim, a small country town in the Grand Duchy of Darmstadt. The 6th of last June, the annual musical festival took place at Spire, where four hundred and forty artists executed Schneider's *Last Judgment* with great precision and applause.

DRAMA.

THOUGH we cannot help grudging our room to personal matters, yet as Mr. Barnett felt

* This anecdote is from an eye-witness, and play-fellow of the prince, who still lives at Radstadt.

himself compromised by a notice of an impropriety in our dramatic criticism, we are induced to insert the following elucidatory and exculpatory letter; adding only the expression of our own satisfaction, that a composer to whose talents we have been indebted for so much grateful enjoyment should have rectified a mistake that must have been so painful to himself and others.

T. R. Adelphi, 5th Aug., 1830.

Dear Sir,—The appearance of your name in the *Literary Gazette* of the 31st ult. was certainly caused by your application of the paragraph of the former Saturday's paper to yourself.

I have already explained to you, personally, on the testimony of Mr. Parry, that he entirely exonerated you from the charge made against you; and I am very glad to receive the assurance of so respectable a person, and that such an accusation should be refuted. As I am certain that the parties who communicated the disagreeable affair to me in strict confidence, were not actuated by any bad motive, but were labouring under an erroneous idea, and were misled by the sounds of the opposition about the box which you occupied, and also in the box where Mr. Parry was seated,—I cannot, of course, in honour or justice, give up their names. It must surely be enough for you to know, that the inquiry into the truth of the report has ended in your acquittal in my mind, and in that of others to whom I had communicated the circumstance.

You are at liberty to make any use you please of this letter. I am, dear sir, yours truly,
To John Barnett, Esq. R. B. PEARE.

VARIETIES.

Paris Academy of Sciences.—The annual sitting of this Society was held a few days ago, when most of the prizes were distributed. It was announced, however, that the Academy, in the absence of sufficient claims, had postponed the grand prizes for mathematics and natural sciences. Several new prizes were announced for different branches of science—surgery, chemistry, mathematics, &c.

Asiatic and African Population.—The extent of the Ottoman empire, comprehending Turkey in Europe (of which Moldavia, Wallachia, Bulgaria, Servia, and Bosnia, form a part), Asia Minor, the Islands of Candia and Cyprus, a large portion of Armenia, Kurdistan, Irack-Arabia, Mesopotamia, Assyria, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, and a great part of Nubia, with the exception of the new Greek state—is estimated at about 1,064,000 square miles; the population at about 25,000,000 souls. The population of the vassals of the Ottoman empire is estimated—Tripoli at 2,000,000; Tunis at 2,800,000; and Algiers at 2,500,000 souls. The extent of the empire of Morocco is estimated at 130,000 square miles; its population at 4,500,000 souls. The extent of the kingdom of Abyssinia is about 130,000 square miles; its population, 1,500,000 souls. The territory of the Iman of Muscat extends about 500 miles along the coast; the number of inhabitants probably does not exceed 1,000,000. The extent of Persia is about 350,000 square miles; its population about 9,000,000 souls. The extent of Afghanistan (between Persia and India) is 172,000 square miles; its population, 6,500,000 souls. Belouchistana (to the south of the country of the Afghans) has about 3,000,000 of inhabitants. The extent of Bokhara is 173,000 square miles; its population, 2,500,000 souls.

Russia.—Manufactories of every description have increased rapidly in number in Russia during the last five years. Twelve months ago there were in Archangel 42 of different descriptions; in the government of Witehek, 4 cloth manufactories, 31 tanneries, and 7 others; in the government of Kalouga, 27 cotton-factories, 15 paper-manufactories, and 100 others, employing altogether 12,000 hands. This was an increase of double within twenty years. The

culture of tobacco in parts of the Russian empire is followed with success; and the breed of Merino sheep in other parts is very lucrative: the wool is said to be of the best possible quality.

Egypt.—M. de Prokesch, of the Austrian navy, has just published at Vienna a work on Egypt and Asia Minor, in which he states, that Egypt is divided into 24 *nazirats*; this division having been made by the viceroy in 1826, in preference to that of provinces, then 14 in number. Lower Egypt consists of the following *nazirats*:—1. Kelioubieh; 2. Belbys; 3. Chybeh; 4. Mit-Kammer; 5. Mansoura; 6. Damietta; 7. Tantah; 8. Mck-halleh; 9. Foua; 10. Melik; 11. Menouff; 12. Negyleh; 13. Damanhour; and Upper Egypt, of 14. Djizeh; 15. Atfyeh; 16. Bouch; 17. Benisouet; 18. Favioum; 19. Minich; 20. Monfalout; 21. Chiout; 22. Djirdjeh; 23. Kané; 24. Esné. The term Middle Egypt, which comprises the country between Cairo and Monfalout, is, he says, unknown to the natives. Cairo, with Boulack and Fostad, or Old Cairo, are divided into separate districts. At the head of each of the *nazirats* is a *nazir*, who is commonly called "bey of the people." He is charged with the government of the district, the distribution of the lands, and the collection of the taxes. The city of Alexandria and its dependencies have a particular governor, Moharem Bey, the son-in-law of the viceroy. The latter resides chiefly at Cairo, but goes for some months in the year to Alexandria, where he is the guest of his son-in-law. In 1827, there were in Egypt 1,958,550 feddens of cultivated land, which produced to the viceroy in *miri* 73,937,925 piastres. Besides this tax there is one on houses, of from 10 to 100 piastres each. The number of houses is 618,600, producing 24,000,000 of piastres per annum. Every date-tree also pays on an average 65 piastres of tax per annum. They are in number five millions, and yield 3,750,000 piastres. In addition, there are enormous duties on imports and exports, fees for permission to carry on certain branches of manufacture and agriculture, &c. altogether yielding to the viceroy an enormous revenue.

A fruitful Mother.—In a village in the neighbourhood of Venice, a woman was lately delivered of six living boys. Four of them died at the end of a fortnight, but the two others survive, and are likely to do well.

Tobacco.—The cultivation of every description of American tobacco has been lately carried on in Russia with great success.

Salt.—The use of salt in the food of horses is becoming very general in the Netherlands. One of the first agriculturists in the neighbourhood of Brussels says, in a letter to a friend here, "I give salt to all my horses with the best effect; my own cabriolet horse has had from an ounce to an ounce and a half of salt in his corn every night for the last three years; and during that time he has had excellent health, and taken no physic."

Lithotripsy.—Baron Heurteloup has within the last few days operated with complete success, with the brize coque, upon a stone composed of uric acid, and weighing one hundred and forty grains. The patient, who was nearly fifty years of age, suffered very little inconvenience from the operation.

Preservation of Wood.—Put 12 ounces of resin in an iron pot, and when it is melted, add 8 ounces of stick sulphur. When these are liquefied, add to them 10 quarts of sperm-ceti oil. Heat the whole moderately, and add by degrees about 2 ounces of yellow wax, cut

into small pieces. Keep this mixture stirred frequently; and when it is well melted, add carefully any colour that is required, the powder being first mixed with a little oil. Two or three coats of this varnish or paint will preserve wood for twenty years.—*French Paper.*

Paganini.—This extraordinary musician is now at Frankfort; but it is said that he will speedily arrive in England.

An accommodating Parson.—A Paris paper of the 9th says: "It is related that on Sunday last, a *curé* performing service at a church in the environs of Paris, began, as usual, to chant the prayer for the king—'Domine, salvum fac regem;' but, as soon as he arrived at *fac*, he stopped short. After a pause he began again, in a loud voice, and pronounced, 'Domine, salvum fac le Gouvernement Provisoire,' to the great amusement of the congregation."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXXIII. Aug. 17.]

The Sonnets of Shakespeare and Milton are in the press.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Guide to Watering Places, new edition, 18mo. 15s. bd.—Mansart's Lyceæ, &c. 12mo. 5s. bds.—Fearn on Cerebral Vision, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Midsummer Medley for 1830, 2 vols. fcp. 8vo. 14s. bds.—Read's Revolt of the Angels, demy 8vo. 9s. bds.—Burn's Penmanship, oblong 4to. 12s. sewed.—Whiting's Description and Use of the Globes, 12mo. 4s. sheep.—Wilson's Questions on St. Mark, 12mo. 3s. 6d. sewed; St. John, 12mo. 3s. 6d. sewed.—Taylor's Little Library, Vol. II. the Ship, 16 plates, square 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—Sugden's Acts, by Jemmett, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Burns's Address to the Dell, 11 engravings on wood, post 8vo. 3s. 6d. sewed.—Brighton, a Comic Sketch, 7 illustrations, 18mo. 1s. sewed.—Soame's Bampton Lectures, 1830, 8vo. 13s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 5	From 59. to 75.	29.83 — 29.86
Friday... 6	— 46. — 72.	29.95 Stationary
Saturday... 7	— 50. — 69.	29.91 to 29.78
Sunday... 8	— 51. — 72.	29.71 — 29.73
Monday... 9	— 45. — 71.	29.76 — 29.74
Tuesday... 10	— 52. — 66.	29.64 — 29.62
Wednesday 11		

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing. Generally fine weather; a shower of rain on the 9th at 4 P.M., accompanied by a little thunder in the N.W. Some rain fell during the morning of the 10th and night of the 11th.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude..... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. July 1830.

Thermometer—Highest.....	82.50°	29th.
Lowest.....	40.75	16th.
Mean.....	59.51613	
Barometer—Highest.....	30.18	
Lowest.....	29.18	
Mean.....	29.68031	

Number of days of rain, 10.
Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 2.45475.
Winds—1 East—7 West—0 North—4 South—3 North-east—5 South-east—10 South-west—1 North-west.

General Observations.—The commencement of the month was extremely wet, and the greater part of the rain fell in the first eleven days; but the whole quantity was little more than one half of what fell in July last year: the latter end of the month very fine, and the thermometer rose higher than since 1826; the barometer was also above the maximum and means of the last two years. Thunder heard on the 3d, 7th, and 30th, and lightning seen on the 29th, to the northward. An indistinct rainbow appeared on the 9th, in the evening. The evaporation 0.68775 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If Mr. Fortunato la Moile publishes his work, we shall attend to it in due course; previously, we can do nothing. Maria is pretty and pathetic; but we must be ungalant. A Storm is also ineligible.

Referring to this No. of our *Gazette*, we are induced to point the attention of our readers to the Review of Lyell's Geology, and to the article headed Astronomy, as comprising some very striking and popular information respecting the past and (probable) future state of the world which we inhabit, and the system of which it forms a part. In the *Buonaparte MS.*, the story of Prince Polignac, and other miscellanies, they will find matter of immediate interest, which would relieve them from scientific subjects, even if dry, while these are not.

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Applications for Admission of Students may be addressed to the Rev. C. Wellbeloved, Principal of the College; to the Treasurer, George William Wood, Esq. Manchester; or to either of the Secretaries, the Rev. J. J. Taylor, and S. D. Darbishire, Esq. Manchester.

Manchester, July 1830.

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THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

Address to the Public.
The most illiberal attacks having of late been repeatedly made upon me as a Poet, by certain Reviewers, who, in their desire to destroy the popularity and with a view to account for the extensive sale, of Mr. R. Montgomery's Poems, charge me with having unduly raised that author into public favour by a system of Puffing, which, they thus define—1st. By the Publisher having his own Review—2dly. By his exchanging favours with other Reviews—3dly. By his influencing the public opinion through the literary coteries—and 4thly. By his bribing the periodical press. I feel myself called upon to declare (and I defy any man living to disprove the assertion), that this is a deliberate and malicious calumny. 1st. I have no Review whatever—2dly. I have not the power of exchanging favours with other Reviews, and should disdain so to use it if I had—3dly. I am not connected, either directly or indirectly, with any of the coteries—and 4thly. I never bribed, or paid, or offered to pay, any individual connected with the periodical press, to praise the works of Mr. Montgomery, or any other works in which I have an interest. I shall make no comment on the motives which influence these gentlemen, nor point to the corrupted sources whence the venom flows; but I appeal to the public, whether it is not a gross abuse of critical power, and a flagrant instance of critical injustice, thus to invade my property and impugn my conduct, on grounds which, I repeat, are at once malicious, scandalous, and false?
SAMUEL MAUNDER.

TO THE TRADE.—Mr. E. DONOVAN,

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Albemarle Street, July 1st, 1830.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1830.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of a Journey overland from England, by the Continent of Europe, Egypt, and the Red Sea, to India; including a Residence there, and Voyage home; in the years 1825, 26, 27, and 28. By Mrs. Colonel Elwood. 8vo. 2 vols. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

Mrs. COLONEL ELWOOD, being the first English lady who has performed the overland journey to India, or, as it is expressed in this Narrative, the "outward bound," and having kept a journal of her impressions and adventures—the wishes of several friends have, as is not uncommon, induced her to publish. We have, accordingly, two pleasant, chatting volumes, just such as an intelligent and "inquiring" lady (see our review of Shakespeare's *Fifth of November*) might be expected to produce. Many matters, to be sure, appeared to be of consequence to her, which a male traveller would have galloped over unnoticed; but then, we are not bored with pedantry and philosophy, nor is a touch of nursing science intruded upon us throughout the whole peregrination. For this relief we are inclined to say, "much thanks;" and be the more placable with the little unimportant affairs which occasionally occupy our fair countrywoman's pen and our precious time, remembering that during so long a transit she had more leisure to write than we have to read.

By a dedication, we observe that Mrs. Elwood is the daughter of Mr. Curteis, D.P. for Sussex, and sister of Mrs. Elphinstone, to whom her letters were originally addressed; and we farther gather, that she travelled with her husband, who is called by the familiar name, we beg pardon, the familiar letter C—, in his good lady's despatches. So much being premised, behold us start from Windmill Hill, Sussex, for Bombay, by Paris, Fontainebleau, and Dijon—by Mount Cenis—by Turin—by Genoa, Lucca, and Pisa—by Florence, Rome, Naples, Sicily, and Malta; and lo! we arrive at Alexandria, having met with nothing all the way that has not been met with by our precursors. At Alexandria, the party were hospitably entertained by Mr. Salt; and Mrs. Elwood states that his collection of Egyptian curiosities, having been rejected by our economical government, have passed into the hands of the French, at the price of ten thousand pounds. We hope we may yet say this news wants confirmation, and that neither the refusal, on the one hand, nor the foreign disposition, on the other, has been final. We know that at Mr. Salt's death the business was still under consideration.

As we have gone so rapidly through Europe, we are not anxious to tarry long on the African shores; and shall, therefore, refrain from threading Cleopatra's needle, partaking of a pic-nic, or a climb at the Pyramids, or even sailing on the Nile to Thebes, and re-examining the remains of curious and magnificent antiquity there. Here Mrs. E. met Mr. Gal-

loway, the engineer, who was lighting the pasha's palace at Soubra, near Cairo, with gas.

"He was (she informs us) much interested in, and exceedingly sanguine about, the overland passage to India, which he demonstrated to be perfectly feasible. The plans laid down were, to have steam-packets from Alexandria to Cairo, which were to communicate with those at Suez by means of the ancient canal, which might be easily re-opened, or the seventy intervening miles be passed in a few hours by camels, relays of which might be stationed in the desert; and to prevent all danger of infection in case of plague, an albergo, or caravan-sera, was to be built outside the city walls, which was to have no communication with the interior."

Of the Turks, Mrs. E. speaks very favourably. Thus, riding through the streets of Cairo, she relates:—

"Our procession was most curious. First of all rode two janissaries, heavily armed; then followed in file, it being scarcely possible for two to ride abreast, the general and his aide-de-camp, C—, Mr. Maltass, Osman Effendi, and myself—all upon donkeys, which went scuffling through the streets at a prodigious rate. Each of the party was attended by a dirty, half-naked Arab driver, besides other attendants. The Turks laid down their pipes as we passed, and I distinctly heard the cry of 'Frankistan' as we trotted by. We rode through streets so narrow, that a person in the centre might easily have touched the opposite houses at the same moment; and we passed long files of loaded camels tied together, guided by one man. We saw Turks on donkeys, and Mamelukes on horseback, 'pride in their port, defiance in their eye,' riding down every one before them, purposely and offensively sticking out their tremendous shovel-shaped stirrups: one chieftain, in particular, seemed to wish to evince in what utter contempt he held the Franks; but when he saw a female among the party, it is impossible to describe the change that instantaneously took place in his whole demeanour: the proud and contemptuous air with which he surveyed the gentlemen, was to me altered to one of the most perfect courtesy and civility; and the most polished Frenchman could not have reined in his steed with more grace, or have expressed more gentlemanly regret at my being annoyed and alarmed by my donkey accidentally running against his horse. Though it was evident he held the Christians in abhorrence, he saw that I was a woman, and he treated me with deference and respect. Indeed, I must say for the Turks, in general, whatever their other faults may be, that their manners towards our sex as far exceed those of our countrymen in courtesy as their graceful costume surpasses that of the Franks in magnificence and grandeur. Then we saw women mounted on camels, riding on immense saddles, towering aloft in the air, and shrouded in their black cloaks, looking really very tremendous and awful. In a narrow, a very narrow, street, a vicious camel, at the head of a long

file, had chosen to lie down, and completely filled up the narrow way, roaring and bellowing most tremendously. In vain did the driver beat it, and the janissaries goad it with their silver sticks; it only redoubled its cries, and stretched out its long neck, and opened its ugly mouth, and seemed to threaten death and destruction all around. The gentlemen, being mostly military men, were brave by profession, and were, consequently, not to be daunted by an angry camel; but alas! for me, who was a woman and a coward!—I do not think I ever felt more thoroughly frightened in my life, than whilst in the vicinity of this frightful creature, which, however, I eventually passed in safety.

"I am inclined to think, that all that we are told of the imprisonment of the seraglio is a great mistake. I suspect the Turkish ladies are under no greater restraint than princesses and ladies of rank in our country; and the homage that is paid them seems infinitely greater. The seclusion of the haram appears to be no more than the natural wish of an adoring husband to guard his beloved from even the knowledge of the ills and woes that mortal man betide. Whilst he himself dares danger in every form, he wishes to protect 'his lady-bird'—'the light of his haram,' from all trouble and anxiety. He would fain make her life 'a fairy tale;' he would not even let 'the winds of Heaven visit her face too roughly;' and as we carefully enshrine a valuable gem, or protect a sacred relic from the profane gaze of the multitude, so does he, on the same principle, hide from vulgar ken his best, his choicest treasure—'his ain kind dearia.' The Turks, in their gallantry, consider the person of a woman sacred; and the place of her retreat, her haram, is always respected. Nay, there have even been instances where persons have fled for protection to their enemy's seraglio, and been thereby saved; so that I found, that in Egypt I was likely to be the guardian of the party, and that in my utter helplessness I might possibly be a panoply from danger to my protectors themselves. In fact, Mr. Salt seriously recommended that I should always carry all our most valuable papers and money about me for safety."

It would be a droll change, upon any invasion of Turkey, to have a female army, or at least a commander-in-chief, a beautiful staff, and a few regiments. Instead of a bloody war,

"'T would be merry in the hall,
And beards wag all!"

and, as Mr. Murray of our good Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh, sings so admirably,

"They would never see the like again."

Dress, however, in Turkish, as in European impressions, is of considerable importance, as Mrs. E. had occasion to witness in their transmutations afterwards, when, sailing with a cargo of pilgrims towards Mecca, she came to anchor in the bay of Arabok or Rabogh.

"Upon this spot the first rites of the Mahometan hadje commence. All the passengers,

and we among the rest, hurried instantly on shore; and as there could not have been fewer than two thousand persons assembled, the scene of confusion that ensued is almost inconceivable, and quite indescribable. Some fell to pitching tents and temporary awnings, others to kindling fires in small holes upon the sand, whilst a band of Bedouin Arabs came down with provisions from the neighbouring village of Arabok or Rabogh, which appeared to be about four or five miles distant, and where some date-trees were visible. They offered for sale, mutton cut up in small pieces of a quarter of a pound each, wood, water, &c. all tied up in sheep-skins. The evening was damp and chilly, when in about half an hour after their landing, the pilgrims began to perform the first rite of the hadje, termed *jaharmo*. Stripping off their warm and gay-coloured robes and turbans, which were carefully tied up in bundles by their attendants, they plunged into the sea, where, after bathing and praying, or rather reciting certain forms of prayer, they invested themselves in the *ihram*, which is a long piece of cloth loosely wrapt round their waists, such as is worn by the commonest Arabs. Some few threw an additional and similar piece over their shoulders, like a lady's lace-scarf. This rite is said to have been instituted by Mahomet to inculcate humility in his followers; but the sudden transition from the warm woollen garments of the Turk to the thin cotton *ihram* must be very trying to the constitution; and the more we saw of the privations undergone by the pilgrims, the more were we convinced that the hadje is no light affair, and that considerable enthusiasm and resolution must be necessary to enable them to support the hardships incident to the undertaking.

"The metamorphosis which took place in the appearance of the passengers, in consequence of the assumption of the *ihram*, was most amusing, and even ridiculous. He who left the ship a well-dressed, majestic, and handsome-looking man, came back the bald, shivering, shaking hadje; and, stripped of his Turkish trappings, which certainly are most imposing and becoming, many a dignified and magnificent-looking personage was transformed, as by a magic spell, into a common-place, mean, insignificant-looking figure, seeming as if half ashamed of his appearance, and not knowing what to make of himself when divested of his flowing robes. After bathing, the hadjes fell piously to scratching up the sand like so many dogs, and forming it into little heaps, sometimes to the number of a hundred. To judge from the disturbed state of the surface of the sand in consequence, the pilgrims must have been either great sinners or great saints. Little do our English children think, when they are making what they term 'dirt pies,' that they are literally only performing one of the initiatory rites of the Mahometan hadje. The women, retiring to some little distance, apparently went through the same ceremonies, as we saw them plunging into the sea, whilst their friends kept guard over them, and waved to intruders to keep at a distance."

But we must turn back to Kenné, whence our fair traveller set out in the country litter, called a *takhtroman*, and borne by two camels, one in front and one in the rear, like Irish chairmen, to cross the desert of the Thebaid to Cosseir, a passage of about a hundred and twenty miles; and which she accomplished in six nightly marches, resting during the heat of day, and going at the rate of from 2½ to 3 miles an hour. Mrs. E. seems to have enjoyed

her novel situation exceedingly; and at the end says:—

"We found ourselves upon a barren and extensive plain, covered with tents and caravans, outside the walls of Cosseir, at which place we had safely arrived, having completed our journey from Kenné to the Red Sea in six days and nights. We had performed it with the utmost ease, and with much gratification to ourselves. We had fortunately met with neither the robber nor the Samiel of the desert; but in their stead with courteous Arabs and delightful north winds, which had pleasantly attempered the heat of the atmosphere. The trifling disasters and *contretemps* we had encountered, had been but so many adventures, attended with a little temporary annoyance and inconvenience it is true, but likewise affording a great deal of amusement; indeed I have often looked back with pleasure to my campaign in the desert; and, when tired of the unfeelingness, selfishness, and barbarity of pseudo-civilised society, frequently have I felt disposed to exclaim—

'Fly to the desert, oh, fly with me!'

At Cosseir a remarkable natural phenomenon is described. The residence was a stone's throw from the sea, and she remarks—

"Conceive my astonishment and surprise, upon repairing thither, on first entering, to gaze upon the exquisite beauty of the waves, and to watch the sun which was just emerging from the bosom of the water, to see the latter, instead of rising in its usual circular form, assume that of a pillar of fire! I positively doubted the evidence of my senses, and I should scarcely hope to be believed, but that I find the ancients, and Agatharchides in particular, have mentioned the same phenomenon upon these coasts, where they observed 'the sun rose like a pillar of fire.' Lord Valentia also noticed a similar appearance at Mocha, where he saw it set in like manner. We subsequently frequently saw it assume an elongated, but never again so completely columnar a figure. We could but think of the pillar of fire, which for forty years gave light to the Israelites in the wilderness. The colour of the Red Sea here was of the most exquisite blue imaginable, far exceeding in beauty the boasted hue of the Mediterranean. The breakers had a peculiarly vivid and lively whiteness, which by contrast added greatly to the brilliancy of the azure main; but though I could have gazed for hours, it was too dazzling to permit me to do so with impunity."

When we add to this description and reference to "Agatharchides in particular" that the house was of the form of a "trapezium," we are afraid we must qualify our exordium a trifle, and allow that there is a smack of learning and blue-ism here and there. At Yazbo Mrs. E. alludes to similar phenomena.

"The effects of refraction upon the sun's appearance upon this coast were really very surprising and amusing. This evening it assumed the shape of a *mushroom* as it sank in the west! In fact, we scarcely ever saw it set in a regularly circular form."

The voyage on the Red Sea seems altogether to have been the most interesting portion of the "outward bound," and must indeed have presented many strange exhibitions for an English lady to see—very different from the pastoral and simple scenes of Windmill Hill, Sussex. For example, in the Arab dow, from Cosseir for Djidda—

"Considering (she relates) the immense number of persons in our crazy-looking vessel, the silence was astonishing, though the deck

was so crowded that there literally was not room for the hadjes to lie down at full length. There were complexions of every hue, and features of every description on board:—the handsome turbaned Turk—the finely featured Greek renegade—the wild and intelligent-looking Bedouin of the desert—the swarthy Arab—the coal black, woolly-headed, flat-countenanced Negro—the savage-looking Moor—the slightly-formed, dusky-complexioned Hindoo—and our European selves. There were also several Nubian women and girls, who having been taken prisoners by Mahomet Ali's soldiers, were now sent for sale to the Djidda slave-market: their price was about two dollars a-head. Naked from the waist upwards, they were much ornamented with glass beads; their figures were finely formed; their head-dress and features much resembled those in the kings' tombs at Thebes; they were more than ordinarily good-looking, and their whole appearance was pleasing and agreeable. They seemed perfectly happy, and amused themselves with playing with their infants and—if, *poor hasard*, our cabin-door were left open—with watching my movements, apparently with much curiosity and interest. Their fare consisted entirely of dry biscuit, which, indeed, appeared to be the only food used on board; but we frequently sent them things from our stores, for which they always seemed most grateful. Among them, C— one day observed an African copying a manuscript, in a small neat hand, which he wrote from right to left with great quickness and facility, apparently undisturbed by the confusion and Babel of languages with which he was surrounded. Some of the hadjes put up a little temporary awning upon deck to protect themselves from the sun; others lay down upon their luggage; but the privations and hardships necessarily undergone in the pilgrimage to Mecca are really surprising. In a cabin in front of ours was a Turk, who, to judge from the respect paid to him, and the number of his attendants, must have been a man of considerable consequence in his own country. His manners were polished and dignified: he passed his time in reposing on his carpet and smoking his pipe; and though his suite occasionally betrayed their curiosity by furtively taking a peep at me, he never looked into our cabin, but behaved with the utmost politeness. Indeed, I think the manners of the superior Turks I have occasionally met with, are more truly gentlemanly, and frequently preferable to those of the generality of Europeans. There is a grandeur and almost majesty about them, that induces one to think they are of a high caste; and, at the same time, they always behave with the utmost civility and courtesy."

Having landed at the port of Hodeida,* our countrywoman had an opportunity of visiting an Arab haram; and as her account of the ladies is the most amusing thing in the book (Vol. I.), we shall conclude with extracting it.

"In C—'s absence I always remained in my own room; but one evening, as I went upon my terrace to enjoy the fresh sea-breeze which was just setting in, a casement which I had never before observed slowly opened, and a black hand appeared waving significantly at me. Impressed with some degree of fear, I

* At this place we are told—"We had very good meat, which we fancied was beef, till one day, on casual inquiry, we discovered it was *camel's* flesh which we were at the moment very compositely eating! Immediately afterwards a boy brought in some young hyenas for sale, which we took up into our arms as if they were kittens, and very pretty little animals they were. Thus, at Hodeida, we can safely say we had camels for dinner, and hyenas for desert."

immediately retreated, but on looking again, the waving was repeated; and several women peeping out, beckoned me to them, making signs that the men were all out of the way. Whilst I was hesitating, a negro woman and a boy came out upon another terrace, and vehemently importuned me by signs to go to them. I had just been reading Lady Mary Wortley Montague's description of a Turkish haram—an opportunity might never again occur of visiting an Arab one. After some conflict between my fears and my curiosity, the latter conquered, and down I went, the boy meeting me at the foot of the stairs, and lifting up a heavy curtain, he introduced me into a small interior court, at the door of which were a number of women's slippers, and inside were about a dozen females clothed in silk trousers, vests closely fitting the figure, and fastening in front, and turbans very tastefully put on. They received me with the utmost cordiality and delight, the principal lady, Zaccara, as I found she was called, making me sit down by her side, caressingly taking my hand, presenting me with a nosegay, and, after previously tasting it, offering me coffee, which was brought on a silver tray, in the usual beautiful little china cups. It was, however, so perfumed that I could scarcely drink it. She did the honours, and appeared as superior to the others in manners and address, as an English lady would be to her maid-servants. Her figure was light and slender, her features pretty and delicate, her countenance lively and intelligent, whilst her manners, which were peculiarly soft and pleasing, were at the same time both affectionate and sprightly. The other women crowded round me with great *empressement*; by signs we kept up a very animated conversation, and when we could not quite comprehend each other's meaning, we all laughed heartily. They asked me where I came from, whether I had many ornaments, any children, &c. exhibiting theirs with great glee. They were amazingly struck with my costume, which they examined so minutely, that I began to think I should have had to undress to satisfy their curiosity: but what most amused them, was the circumstance of my gown fastening behind, which mystery they examined over and over again; and some broad French tucks at the bottom seemed much to astonish them, as they could not discover their use. They asked me the names of every thing I had on, and when, to please them, I took off my cap, and let down my long hair, Zaccara, following my example, immediately took off her turban, and shewed me hers; the negro woman, who seemed the wit of the party, in the mean time holding up the lace cap upon her broad, fat hand, and exhibiting it to all around, apparently with great admiration, exclaiming 'eaap, caap,' and also endeavouring, much to their detriment, to put on my gloves, with which they were particularly amused. I sat with them some time, and it was with difficulty they consented to allow me to leave them at last—indeed, not till I had made them understand my 'cowasjee' wanted me. Cowasjee's claims they seemed to understand completely, and, on my rejoicing the gentlemen, if I were amused with their description of the tournament, you may conceive how astonished they were to learn that I had been actually visiting the haram! On the following morning I received an invitation, in form, to repeat my visit, and I was conducted up a very handsome collegiate-looking staircase, near which was stationed the master of the house, apparently at his devotions, but evidently intending to have a furtive peep at me, without my being

aware of his so doing. I was now received *in state* in the interior apartments, and all the ladies were much more splendidly dressed than on the preceding evening. Zaccara had on handsome striped silk drawers, and a silk vest descending to her feet, richly trimmed with silver lace. All their hands and feet were dyed with henna, and they were much surprised to see mine of their natural colour. The furniture consisted principally of couches ranged round the room, upon which they invited me to sit cross-legged, after their own mode, and seemed astonished at my preferring our European style. On the walls was a sentence of the Koran framed and glazed, and in a recess was an illuminated Koran, which they shewed me. An interesting-looking young woman, seated in a low chair, was employed in making silver lace, the process of which she explained to me, as also its use to trim vests and turbans. My costume underwent the same minute investigation as on the yesterday, and as at this time I had on no cap, they were much struck with the manner in which my hair was dressed, and my shoes and stockings created universal astonishment. Refreshments were brought, but every thing was carefully tasted before it was offered to me—I suppose to shew no treachery was intended,—and I was again interrogated as to my ornaments, children, &c. They told me all their names, and endeavoured, but in vain, to accomplish mine. Suddenly there was a shriek of joy, laughing and clapping of hands. They drew me quickly to the window, from whence I saw C— walking in the streets, with one of his servants holding an umbrella over his head, surrounded by an immense concourse of people; and very foreign he certainly did look in the streets of Hodeida, with his English dress and hat. The delight of my fair, or rather of my dusky friends, was beyond description; but it was redoubled when they found it was *my* cowasjee. The master of the house then came in: he treated me with the greatest deference and respect, and, bringing me a little baby with gold rings in its nose and ears, with all a father's pride he informed me it was his, and that Zaccara was its mother. He also asked me about my children and my ornaments, the two things always apparently foremost in an oriental imagination. My wedding-ring catching the eyes of the women, I made them partly understand its signification, but they evidently seemed to consider it as a *charm*. Zaccara then taking my hand with a very caressing air, invited me to accompany her, and she shewed me all over the house. It was completely 'upstairs, downstairs, in my lady's chamber,' and I saw a number of small rooms, with loopholes and windows in every direction, where they could see without being seen. They pointed out to me our ship, the bazar, the mosque, from whence the dowlah was just returning in grand procession; and they then exhibited to me all their ornaments and trinkets. In return, I shewed them such as I had about me. My friend the negro woman, poor black Zaccina, as she was called, was the only one who ventured to smell to my salts, and this she did with so much eagerness, that the tears were forced into her eyes in consequence, to the great amusement of her companions. We parted with mutual expressions of regard; and though I had met with neither the beauty of Fatima, nor the luxury of a Turkish haram, yet I was well pleased with the simplicity, mirth, and happiness, that apparently reigned in the Arab one; and I should have been churlish indeed had I not been gra-

tified with their friendly and artless attempts to please me. Indeed, I flatter myself I made a conquest, for a great boy of twelve or fourteen took such a fancy to me, that he volunteered to accompany me to 'Hindy' in the 'mercab,' or ship, and he really appeared anxious for me to accept of his services. What should you have thought of my Arab page? The women in Arabia are, apparently, allowed more liberty than in Egypt, for they seemed to be permitted to walk out together whenever they pleased; and once, as we were setting out for, and they were returning from, a promenade, we met in the court. They were so carefully veiled, that I had some difficulty to recognise my friends of the haram again; but they affectionately seized my hand, and caressingly invited me to return with them to their apartments. All the gentlemen were with me; and I cannot help thinking that the Arab ladies prolonged their interview purposely, in order to have a better view of the Fringee cowasjees, my companions."

We have now gone over as much of the outward bound as the occasion seems to require; and we have only to notice that Sir Hudson Lowe was frequently the companion of our travellers, being also travelling overland to India; and that they reached Bombay to a miracle of accuracy, through the perils, real or imaginary, of a navigation so scientific, that when at a loss, the skipper used to put two compasses together to help one another!

The Fifth of November; or, the Gunpowder Plot. An Historical Play, supposed to be written by William Shakespeare. 8vo. pp. 114. London, 1830, Baldwin and Cradock; Carpenter.

"SUPPOSED" only, to be written by Shakespeare—as if there could be a doubt of it! The advertisement after the title-page most truly states that it is "supposed to have been written between his retirement into the country and his death in 1616, and about ten years after the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot;" adding, "the reasons of it not being published in his life-time are sufficiently obvious." Nothing can be more feasible. The Plot (an excellent plot) was in 1605, and the author died in 1616; and he therefore must have written the play within ten years after the discovery of the treason, and also, without question, before his own death. Thus time and place adhering, and their fitness fitting, we have only to look to the drama itself for that complete internal evidence which must carry conviction home to every understanding.

Not only every line, but every word, syllable, and letter, will be found to breathe of Shakespeare; if not exactly as he is handed down to us by his other immortal works, at any rate in a perfectly new and original manner. We had better turn over the pages; there is not one without its beauties.

p. 1. "Methinks the paths of glory are unclogg'd," says Percy, the conspirator;—

"Avenging hate
Our prostrate altars, persecuted faith,
Firm my fierce purposings."—p. 2.

It ought to be remarked, that our friend Shakespeare in his retirement and towards the close of his life, was not very particular about grammar; but by the force of genius makes the same word serve as verb, or noun, or any other part of speech, just as he pleases. So "to firm," though a verb in the above quotation (and frequently afterwards), does duty as an adjective twelve lines below:

" Shall honour firm, and meek humanity,
Propel him to his doom?"—p. 2.

That doom is to be blown up with the king, the council,

" Th' imperial crown, the sceptre, and the dove,
The cross, and orb, and mitre; *star of merit*,
Garter of honour, cushion'd coronal,
The velvet ermin'd; lawn pontifical;
Th' emblazoned pomp of antique heraldry;
All the enrolled records of the realm;
The seal of sovereignty, the stamp of law."

Upon which inventory Catesby exclaims—

" Even let them mount and claim their *kindred stars*."

Why kindred, we cannot tell: the "star of merit" might claim a relationship; not so garters and lawn!! But the sun is worse *be-epitheted* than the stars (though they are said to be "*misted*"); for in the course of the play he is "*suffused*" under "*tenfold mufflings*," "*unfettered*," "*burnished*," "*dancing*," "*pageant*," and "*purpled*," together with other feats and aspects altogether unknown to our darker era. We must acknowledge, however, that he is not "*paled*," that favourite phrase being applied to every thing else, animate or inanimate, to woman, to flower, to purpose, to plumes, &c. &c. &c.—all are "*pal'd*!"

The entry of the nurse is finely prefaced by a line from Julia (the Juliet of the *Fifth of November*)—

" Discovery sits affrighted on her brow!"

and well it may; for she screams—

" Here's a combustion! take it, lady, take it!"

and gives her mistress a trifling mem. of the worthy Catesby's, descriptive of the pleasure anticipated from the explosion, as before described. Our next quotation consists of the speech of Lady Habington, who is also in the secret, and whom her husband accuses of being, like all her sex, "*inquiring and trustless*." This taunt is too much for the Roman (Catholic) matron to bear, and she replies (*sola*)—

" Women are fond, and are confiding too.
Whilst we possess the ears of youthful priests,
And we confess to them, and they to us
Their secret souls, without a husband's aid
I might have ravel'd all this mighty clew.
Women, prevent us as ye can, may still
Know what we wish, and practise what we will."

which we take to be a little libellous both upon the priests, the practice of confession, and the fair sex.

But

Pray remember
The Fifth of November,

when

Guy Fawkes with his companions did conspire
To blow up the Parliament with *gun-pow-der*;

and what would the sport be without Guy in *propria persona*? Our Shakespeare represents him as admirably tutored in his task by previous practice: the following is part of a *tête-à-tête* between his worship and Winter:—

" Winter. You seem rather squeamish and nervous.
Fawkes. Very: I was obliged to take a double dose when I blew up my wife and a bastion together.

Winter. By mistake?

Fawkes. Yes, a puritanical one—on purpose. She had an assignation with a Spanish don: I knew the place of appointment, and blew up her and her spark together: it passed off as a chance medley.

Winter. That, to be sure, was only a countermine, Master Guy. So you peppered your gay young spark?

Fawkes. No; I powdered him.

Winter. And your wife?

Fawkes. It was the last blow up we ever had."

The sparkling wit and brilliant humour which dazzles us in these coruscations are never to be sufficiently panegyrised; but we cannot stop to point out the exquisite passages: they must strike every reader. In the next scene, where all the conspirators meet, they with infinite propriety get a song, or something of the sort, from the Jesuit Garnet, and a company of priests join in the chorus, thus:—

" Thunder of primeval hell!
Burst thy deep imprison'd spell,
And roll a tyrant's funeral knell."

What a fine instrumental accompaniment might be given to this lovely burst of feeling! so lovely that we are astonished at its interruption by Catesby, who steps in, saying,

" Cease these *unmeaning strains*, and let our hate
Be silent as the brooding time of vengeance!"

The party breaks up, and Fawkes and Littleton (a sort of fop) thus conclude the scene—

" Littleton. Adieu! molecular man; when wilt thou worm thy way to the infernal regions?"

Fawkes. When thou fliest on those moth wings to heaven.

Lit. That's a flight above thee, son of Erebus; thou augur and bore of iniquity, the devil surely taught thee the art of sinking.

Fawkes. By which I make others rise, most ineffable!

Lit. Adieu! Want, earth-worm, subterranean man, adieu! diving iniquity, adieu!

Fawkes. Mounting vanity, civet-cat, moth, essence-box, fan-tail popinjay, last feather of a moulted magpie.

Lit. Glimet, most penetrative mud-lark, disturber of worms' dinners, infernal machine, farewell! battering-ram, Tartarean man, adieu!

[Exit Littleton—*manet* Fawkes.]

Which "*manet* Fawkes" is a piece of waggery, as the scene immediately changes to Whitehall; and if he remained there then, he must have stayed there till now.

At Whitehall we have two royal scenes, in which King James (the "*Scottish Solomon*," who was no fool, though called by that name) gives deputations of the Puritans and Catholics very dictatorial receptions. To the former he declaims—

" Yet grieve I more
That ye would strain our free prerogative,
Curtail our privilege, and fain *disbranch*
The sacred honours of our sovereignty;
And make us but a log and scaffold king,
Upon whose backs yourselves may climb to power.

Ye have my answer, gentlemen. Now go,
Lard your lean ruffs with drops of discontent;
Or come again some seven years hence, and then,
Should I be purg'd, *fa, fantastical*,
I chance may grant to ye a Presbytery;
"Twill physic me, and wear me to the bone.

[*Exeunt the Deputation of Puritans, bowing, and placing their hands on their breasts. Archie Armstrong mimics them, by transforming his cap into a Genera hat, &c. &c.*]

By the by, Archie, or the other favourite, Carr, jokes the king about his "*Counterblast*," which did not appear (we opine) till after our friend Shakespeare died; so that, in this single instance, the poet must have been a prophet too. And the jests of the said Archie and Carr are altogether perfect of their kind: for instance, the king "*weeps*" at the idea of being blown up, and asks if it could be possible; when Carr answers:—

" Yes, dad; and the Lord Chancellor riding on his woolpack; and Garter King at Arms, emblazoned; and all the bishops and malds of honour, topsy-turvy, high-gledy-piggledy, head over heels, all in the air at once!

[Archie Armstrong *runs about, imitating the action of flying.*
K. James. What's the fool about?
Arch. Arm. Learning to fly, Nuncky; it is now a necessary accomplishment for us courtiers.]

In our days kings fly, and courtiers are wise enough to stay in their snuggeries!

It might be tedious to go over the minute splendours of this so happily recovered production; yet we cannot tear ourselves from a few more treats. The principal spouter in the *Ercles' vein* is Catesby; but the lady heroines can roar, if need be, like sucking doves—witness one Olivia:—

" Chivalry,
Thy flower is fallen! for there was a time
When truth and *continence* were blazon'd high
Upon the knightly scutcheon; woman's honour
Seem'd its own safeguard, and to be the test,
The *guiding band*, and sacramental head
Of the glaved champion. Yes, there was a time
When swords would *lightly leave their continents*
To 'venge a maiden's wrongs; but virgin in shame
Is now the *brilliant plume*."

This denunciation is more awful, being more

obscure, than Burke's; for, "the age of chivalry is gone," is a poor conceit, when compared with the curiously-wrought imagery of the supposed Bard of Stratford. When continence was blazoned high, woman's honour seem'd its own safeguard, and the guiding (no mistake, for our author employs the ancient word over again) band of the champion, and swords left their *continents* (somewhere?), things were sublimely managed; but, alas! the change—knights' plumes were made of a *material* (virgin shame) which would defy the best art of the best plumassier in our later times.

We think we have noticed—for our imagination is so carried off with this piece, that our memory is uncertain—we have, we think, noticed that Catesby was a rig'lar-built Ercles in his conversation. We should like to illustrate.

—*Soliloquy*—

" Hark! ruin's knell has toll'd—it is the signal—
Now fire the train. 'Tis done—I see the flash!
And now I hear the thunder! Ha! ha! ha!
They gambol in the chambers of the sky,
Death, and the grim combustion, dainty fiends.
I see the royal diadem aloft,
Glancing meteorous through the murky air;
Sceptres and mitres through the lurid heav'n;
See how they puppet, and jostle one another,
Toys and state-poppets, dignities and thrones,
Nobles and priests, and coronals and kings;
Columns and towers, and massy tablatures!
And now they fall! Red ruin's smould'ring shower
Shakes the firm earth, and breaks the crystal bosom
Of the still Thames, whose upheaved billowings
Dash wide their fretted foam! Exulting Death
Rides on the night; and contemplative vengeance
Drinks deep the groans which murmur in the blast."

Poetry can afford no superior passage: none but himself can be his parallel. Some fellows escape to his adversaries, and he raps out:—

" Arm, arm, my friends! the ebbing glass of time
Pours drops of price: these flying grooms may strew
The seeds of *deep battalion'd* rucks around.
Pursue—*setse*—alay. Quick, force some ready outlet;
Pierce through the roof; or instant batter down
These feeble barriers. Bid our muster'd troops
Surround the ruins of the monastery.
Black fute hangs hovering on the march of morn."

* * * * *
" Comrades form
A close compact fronting of retreat."

Oh, splendid Shakespeare! "Supposed?"—Granted! Yet, only fancy the precient bard, in 1616, putting into the mouth of one of his characters to say—"Master Percy, we shall be in the minority: let us resign before we are kicked out."

Yet, lest this, and some pointed allusions to the Catholic claims of last session of parliament, might induce our readers to suspect the authenticity of this play, we shall abstain from farther quotation, and leave them in the certainty we have endeavoured to inspire. They may depend upon it, that

The Gunpowder Plot
Will not be forgot,
So long as Edinborough Castle
Stands on a rock;

and that this immortality is entirely owing to the unequalled picture of it drawn in this superlative drama. Old Sheridan, we have been told, used to read all the d—d plays and

* Elsewhere, he talks of
" The man who stands in danger's giant grasp,
And treads the coming earthquake";
and of "*the embattled sons of Peace*"—(query?); and of "Despair," who

" Waves his red pennons in the face of doom;
And wings of prey are flick'ring round about,
Scouting the coming carnage."

This last flourish follows a still finer flourish of the king himself, who says:—

" On, my friends:
Bring up your rank'd artillery; let it burst;
And pile me of these stones a monument,
To shame the *metaphors of ancient Nile*."

Whereupon a courtier, Lord Suffolk, strangely enough mishearing Egypt for England, exclaims:—

" There spoke the spirit of an *English king*!"

rejected MSS.; on the ground that the worst of them had always something worthy of notice. Had this Shakspearian effusion been resuscitated in his time, how he must have gloated over every sentence! Let us congratulate ourselves that the happiness has been ours; and consign a like enjoyment to the public, by referring them or it (for the plural public is also singular) to *The Fifth of November!*

Essays on interesting and useful Subjects; with a few introductory Remarks on English Composition: designed to assist Youth in the Style and Arrangement of Themes. By E. Johnson. 12mo. pp. 247. London, 1830. Rivingtons.

WERE not the name of Essays unpopular in our day, as predicating something dry—and were not the terms “interesting” and “useful” rather repulsive to the vast mass of readers, who are all agog for the light and entertaining,—we would venture to speak very highly of this excellent and unassuming volume. And even as it is, we must, in justice, say a few words in its favour; for we have been much pleased by its perusal. There are above thirty short papers upon various subjects, and not one of them which does not possess interest and utility. The author *thinks*,—a quality rare in modern writers; and placing his thoughts before us in a neat, concise, and familiar way, we are made to feel that they are well calculated to impress themselves upon the understanding, and particularly upon the minds of the young and intelligent. To this numerous body, therefore, we cordially recommend Mr. Johnson’s production; and, to shew that it deserves our eulogy, beg leave to quote a few of its miscellaneous passages. In an essay on Immoderate Grief we find these just remarks:—

“Some people have been weak enough to harbour their griefs, or, at the least, to keep up an appearance of sorrow, in order to impress others with a belief that they are distinguished by unusual tenderness of heart: but, in the first place, it may be observed, that they are entirely mistaken who suppose selfish sorrow to be an indication of fine feeling; and, secondly, they deceive themselves greatly as to the importance attached to any of their proceedings by the rest of the world. All are too much occupied by their own pursuits of pleasure or of business to pay continued attention to sorrows which do not come home to them. For a certain time *the world*—that is to say, as much of it as composes the society in which an individual happens to move—will sympathise with great good-nature in his afflictions; but if the sufferer do not soon make an effort to emerge from his griefs, and shake off his depression, he is much more likely to be entirely overlooked and forgotten, than to be celebrated for his acute sensibility. Such ostentatious sorrow is one of the many species of affectation, all of which punish themselves, by rendering those who adopt them contemptible and ridiculous; few minds, it is to be hoped, are capable of stooping to such folly. Yet such as encourage grief are not less to blame than those who assume it, and bring even heavier punishment on themselves. To renounce cheerfulness is a voluntary dereliction of duty, which will inevitably be visited by decline of the mental and bodily powers, and, if too long persisted in, will end in their total decay. A sincere participation in the joys and griefs of our fellow-creatures, of those in particular with whom we are most intimately connected, will be found to be the best antidote to intemperate extremes either of depression or of levity. Amongst

these we shall always find subjects of serious meditation to keep mirth within bounds, and motives for cheerfulness sufficient to counteract the influence of melancholy, and check immoderate grief.”

And on Affectation, the following displays an equal knowledge of life and of human character:—

“Among the many vices and follies to which human nature is prone, there is not one that shews its imperfection and inconsistency in so glaring a light as that of affectation. If men only affected such qualities as they might reasonably be desirous of possessing, this failing might not be without its use: the habit of assuming an appearance of virtue and good sense, would, perhaps, lead to the possession of them, or at least engender a certain degree of respect for all that is worthy and estimable; and many people would doubtless discover this very useful fact, that the attainment of excellence is easier than the affectation of it, which can seldom be practised with complete success. But, unfortunately, few take the pains to affect those endowments which, if really possessed, would do them credit. It is to the most childish, the most contemptible habits, that affectation commonly leads; and many a person assumes imperfections and weaknesses that are far from belonging to his character, and which, if he thought seriously on the subject, he would hasten to disclaim. To be free from all pretence, and to maintain, as it is usually termed, a *natural character*, is considered with approval in either sex; and one would therefore suppose, that a commendation so easily deserved would be very generally laid claim to, and that perfect simplicity, that is, the absence of all affectation, must become too universal for remark. Yet we do not find it so: we see people make a great effort to appear easy and natural; but effort only leads them farther from nature, and even simplicity must be the effect of habit. We often hear a man of good education say coarse, blunt things; or a woman who *can* speak rationally, chatter the most puerile nonsense, in order to pass for a *natural character*; forgetting that the propensities natural to one mind are foreign to another; and debasing the nobler nature, to affect that which is mean and insipid. It should be remembered that, by long habit, that which was at first assumed becomes natural; that the drawl, the swagger, the foolish lisp, or the vulgar idiom, adopted at the age of twenty, will be unconquerable at twenty-five; that common sense, however deeply implanted, will not thrive without cultivation; and that he who neglects to use his reason in youth, may be pretty sure of becoming a mere driveller before his hairs are gray. At the first view it appears totally unaccountable how such a vice as affectation can exist, since we see no inducement that any one can have for rendering himself, in any respect, more imperfect than nature has already made him. But a moment’s reflection will shew us, that the main-spring of this, as well as of many other errors, is self-love, which, if not carefully checked, engenders a constant desire to attract notice, no matter by what means; an effort to shine, without ceasing; and a total forgetfulness of a rule admitting of very few exceptions—that the most beautiful objects lose a part of their attraction by being placed in too strong a light. A person with only just sense enough to be *quiet*, will always make a better figure than he who, in his anxiety to obtain applause, suffers his efforts to degenerate into affectation, and, intolerant of neglect, cannot fail to incur ridicule.”

An essay on Generosity and Extravagance takes perhaps too severe a view of the case of debtors, not distinguishing between those made by misfortune or unavoidable circumstances, and those degraded by profligacy and dishonest principles; but there can be no question of the golden and invaluable rule and advice with which it concludes.

“Let every young man (says the writer, in words which ought to be engraven on every young heart, whether of man or woman)—let every young man, who wishes to preserve his conscience pure and his principles untainted, avoid debt as he would a pestilence; it is as difficult to shake off, as fatal in its effects, as widely devastating in its mischief. Let him remember, that every evil is small in its beginning; and let him be careful not to encourage the seeds of mischief, lest to root out the full-grown plant be beyond his strength.”

We differ from Mr. Johnson in some of his opinions on the Pleasures and Dangers of Imagination; but still his deductions are good, and worthy of the consideration of the female world. To them we leave this essay, for the sake of quoting a clever allegory on Patriotism.

“Genuine patriotism is one of the noblest, because it is the most disinterested of affections. The love of our kindred is implanted by nature in our bosoms, and kept alive there by the influence of duty and of habit; and from it spring such a reciprocity of pleasures and advantages, that a man will usually cultivate it for its own sake. But the love of our country, though it be also a natural and habitual affection, less closely involves our selfish comforts and gratifications: the interest of each individual and that of the public are no doubt intimately connected; yet men, in general, may go quietly and carelessly through the world, quite indifferent to every thing beyond their own little circle of cares and interests, perfectly exempt from national partiality, or overweening anxiety for the public good. Even in the most turbulent times, the majority have little else to do than to be quiet; but how many virtues, how many duties (and those not always the easiest of performance), are often comprised in that little phrase, *to be quiet!* Let it not be supposed that those who are loaded with the cares of government, who toil in the senate, command fleets or armies, or otherwise figure on the stage of public life, are the only true patriots: these, indeed, deserve the thanks of their country, in proportion as their efforts in her service are constant and disinterested; but the most obscure individual has also his part to perform; the poorest has his mite to contribute to the general stock of internal peace, probity, and industry, which form the main support of every government, and are the basis of all national happiness and prosperity. Some must be called to the arduous task of conducting the great machine which the mass of the people compose; but every atom does its part to forward or retard the movement. Submission, content, and activity, in the smaller parts, or lower orders, give facility to all its operations, and each may do his part to impede them, by contempt of the laws, or neglect of his own particular function or calling. We seldom make sufficient allowance for the heavy and vexatious responsibility which rests on the higher powers of a state; who are not only answerable for their own, and often for the people’s errors, but are liable to all the animadversions of an ignorant, misjudging populace, incapable of appreciating or even comprehending the motives which actuate their rulers, yet ever ready to condemn piecemeal the measures which they have no means

of judging in the aggregate, and to add murmurs and turbulence to the labours and difficulties of government. Let us imagine the situation of a skillful mechanic, regulating the movements of some complicated piece of machinery (a clock for instance), every part of which we will suppose to be endowed with the power of seeing and reflecting, and a right to speak and act, according to its limited observations on the state of the whole clock. 'Why should I swing to all eternity,' says the pendulum, 'while above us all stands that lazy, sleek dial-plate, that never contributes a finger to the movements of the clock, or so much as looks down on me, who am toiling so far below him?' 'On you!' says the main-spring, 'you are in your proper place, born to drudge, and fit for nothing else; what have you to expect, when the importance of my function is overlooked? I, who have been fashioned with the utmost delicacy, and polished with all the art of man; yet, while all the world gaze upwards on the dial, they forget even the existence of a main-spring.' 'You have, indeed, both reason to complain, neighbours,' says the chain; 'yet your situations are sinecures compared with mine, and I am never thought of, except to be screwed up, almost beyond what I have strength to bear: and look at those idle gilt hands, while we toil to support their elevation, we have nothing better to expect; let us pull them down, or make them work harder, while we take our turn to rest.' 'Lose no time in proclaiming our wrongs,' interposes the bell; 'for my part, I desire no rest until affairs go on better: I will strike no more at their bidding, but use my voice to a better purpose; every pin and screw shall know its grievance, and every wheel be incited to turn its own way.' It must be allowed, that the task of the workman becomes rather arduous. While he tries to regulate the pendulum, out fly pins; while he adjusts the wheel, the chain snaps, and the clapper of the bell rings out an incessant din concerning abuse, liberty, and reform; and all this time the clock stands, or goes wrong. Thus we need not doubt that those who neglect their own calling, or murmur at the burden of their particular station, or stir up the same discontent in others, are not patriots, but, on the contrary, the worst enemies a state can have to contend with."

Here we close our review of a very agreeable little volume, which no one can read without information and improvement.

The Separation: a Novel. By the Author of "Flirtation." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

AN interesting story, told with much liveliness of detail, and not much regard to style. It is not one of those novels which demand minute and extraordinary attention; but yet, in point of amusement, rather above its crowd of competitors. We quote a curious anecdote from one of the conversations.

"Mesdames permettez (wrongly spelt for *permettez*), I will recount to you a most extraordinary story, which is related by Rousseau, a Jesuit, who lived in the time of Louis XIV., and who is made mention of in Madame de Sévigné's Letters. He says, that a Dutchman of the name of Vanhelmont placed a toad under a glass, and fixing his eyes on the animal intently, it fell dead. What is this but the spiritual power of the man over the toad?—and in respect of this attractive power, which passed through the eyes, I could say much.' (The ladies smiled, and exchanged glances, for he was a remarkably ugly man.) 'But of this

hereafter; I wish only to make known to you how dangerous it is for any one to mock at this, or any sort of spiritual agency. I was impelled, by a curiosity I cannot account for, to make this experiment myself; and four different times I proved the truth of M. Vanhelmont's assertion. It was in Egypt that I effected this; and a Turk who happened to be present, exclaimed, that I must be a saint, for it was saints only who could have such power over evil spirits. Such is the opinion of the Manicheans, who believe that the evil one alone generates noxious animals. It was in vain that I assured the man I had not the power which he ascribed to me; he persisted in his belief: but had he seen me afterwards, at Lyons, when for the last time I made the dangerous experiment, he would not so have thought. I had a toad procured, and a large company were assembled, to see me perform the feat, in which I had been four times eminently successful; but so far from having power over the reptile, he had this time the power over me. No sooner was this toad put under a very large glass vessel than he turned towards me, and fixing his venomous eyes upon mine, he rose upon his fore feet, standing up, as it were, and swelling himself to a prodigious size, without moving from one spot: he spat and whistled, and I could see sparkles of fire emitted from his eyes, which darted with electric force through my whole frame: then I was seized with giddiness and sickness, and a general debility, that prevented my stirring or speaking; so that I was deemed a dead man. A friend of mine, however, who was versed in extraordinary cases, gave me some *theriaque* (I know not its name in English) and powder of vipers, a foreign remedy, too much overlooked in all, except the Italian, pharmacopœias; and by pouring this down my throat at frequent intervals, I gradually came to life again. The animal itself who committed this mischief, by some means or other, in the hurry and terror occasioned by my extreme danger, contrived to escape; and you may believe that I never repeated an attempt which had nearly proved fatal to me. Let those account for this transaction who can."

We observe in these pages a fault too much seen in works of this kind—careless printing, especially where foreign words are introduced. Surely if it be worth while to write, it is worth while to do it correctly.

Colonel Welsh's Military Reminiscences.

[Fourth and concluding Notice.]

HAVING this week introduced a new Orientalist to our readers, in Mrs. Elwood, and having already devoted three papers to Col. Welsh, we are the more inclined to part with his agreeable Reminiscences with a brief good-bye. His second volume contains much topographical and general information, particularly respecting Cochin, the Malabar coast, the Doab and Marhatta territories; and is also made interesting by the number of military, hunting, and historical incidents, which diversify its pages. We shall simply extract a few brief examples of these, wherewith to conclude our review. Near a place called Wallaat, Col. Welsh saw a curious weapon, of which he gives the following account:—

"In a deep jungle, about two hundred yards to the northward of this house, is a sacred pagoda, the repository of a sword, said to be two thousand years old, which is annually carried in procession, by a Brahmin, down the ghaut, to a pagoda called Tricheracoonah

Chuttrum, where many thousands of pilgrims assemble to behold it. We visited the spot, and examined this ancient weapon, always exposed to the weather in an open building, in a country where fogs, dew, and rain, are continual. It certainly has a most antique appearance, the hilt being of brass, extremely rudely formed, and the blade a mere mishapen mass of old iron, which has been broken and rudely mended near the point; or what should be the point, for it has none at present. In such veneration is this relique held by the natives of Wynaud, that it is left in this open spot in the jungle, without guard, or any security but the superstition of the people; and they attribute such miracles to it, that the ark of the Israelites was not held more holy. Its touch is instant annihilation; and even its appearance, at certain times, is mortal. The Brahmin who carries it down annually must not have even seen man or woman for five days; and any unfortunate wretch who happens to come across him in his holy pilgrimage drops down dead on the spot! Such is the tale which cunning has worked out of ignorance and superstition; and such the veneration paid by these weak wretches to a dirty bit of old rusty iron. Not so our Sepoys; one of whom, a rajahpoot, volunteered to bring the sacred sword out of the sanctuary, for us to look at. He did so; and, I need scarcely add, was none the worse for his temerity."

Another Hindoo superstition, at Bangalore, is thus related:—

"Being invited by the Hindoos of our corps to see the ceremony of walking through the fire, I mounted my horse, accompanied by Captain Pepper, and rode to the spot, in rear of the native lines, where an oblong pit was prepared, eighteen feet by twelve. I am not aware of its depth, because, on our arrival, it was full of live coals perfectly red-hot. A procession then arrived on the opposite side, and every one of them either walked or danced deliberately through the fire lengthways, having only two landing-places in the centre of each of the smallest faces. This fire was actually so intense that we could not approach its margin, but sat on our horses at a few yards distance, watching every motion. I had seen a little, and heard much more, of this strange feat, but never had such an opportunity of positive proof before. It was in the middle of the Hooly feast, and, I understood, the particular ceremony was in honour of the small-pox deity, Mariamah, to whom they sacrifice a cock, before they venture into the furnace. Then, besmeared all over with some yellow stuff, they go back and forward, both quick and slow, without any apparent suffering; and one man carried an infant on his shoulders, which did not even cry. The puppets of this extraordinary show were of all ages; and I saw a very fine boy slip down at the landing-place, and the others pulled him up uninjured immediately. I have now stated the fact from ocular demonstration; it remains for chemists to explore the nature of the stuff with which they are besmeared; for every Christian will at once attribute this apparent miracle to the true cause, and give them due credit for a very subtle trick. I never could get any native to explain this; and I suspect that the Mussulmans, who can have no interest in keeping up the deception, are quite as ignorant of the means used as we are."

A dozen or two of these salamanders would make their fortunes in London as fire kings, à la Chabert: we wish the colonel had sent a sample of them over to us. Our next quota-

tion affords specimens of more natural dexterity :—

“Setting out (says our author) early the next morning, we reached a river at Chewhaut, seven miles on, and crossed a ferry, where I had the pleasure to see a boy, fourteen or fifteen years old, row a boat across the river with one of his feet, while sitting on the stern, and actually make it move, with several people in it, as fast as the one on which I was standing. Here was a resource of unsophisticated nature displayed to advantage; and it recalls to my mind a feat, somewhat similar, which I once witnessed when out snipe shooting, at Pallacottah. A nullah was full from bank to bank, and I observed a naked native child, five or six years old, go up to a buffalo, and, with a small switch, drive it into the stream; and no sooner had the tractable animal taken to the water than the infant driver, laying hold of his tail, kept himself above water till they reached the opposite bank, when they parted company. I have even my doubts whether they were not perfect strangers before this sociable *rencontre*.”

At an entertainment at Canton, we have an extraordinary account of the feats of Chinese actors or tumblers. After a loose sort of pansomime, Col. W. tells us : “The whole performers came forward, tumbling and jumping about with surprising agility; some of them far beyond any I had ever seen exhibit in my life. One man, in particular, thrust out both arms and caught two common-sized tumblers in the midst of a summerset in the air, from opposite sides of the stage: they fell over his extended arms, and remained hanging like towels upon them, whilst he commenced dancing, and twisted himself round and round, as if he were unconscious of any encumbrance. This feat in

itself would have satisfied us; but the next was of such a nature, that I conceived it necessary to obtain the signatures of the other gentlemen who sat at the same table with me, to the sketch, and then requested them to sign my journal. Not being able to obtain the same vouchers to every printed copy, I must even venture a recital, trusting to my character for veracity to bear me out with those to whom I am known; which I trust is pretty generally the case all over India. Four men placed themselves in a solid square, two others then got up and stood upon their shoulders, and one man again upon theirs. The performer I have already mentioned then mounted a ladder, and got on his shoulders, which elevated him as high as the top of the scenes, from whence another man was handed to him, whom he took in his right hand, by the waistband, and held up over his head a considerable time; when, raising one leg, to our utter astonishment, he fairly balanced himself, burden and all, on the other; after which he threw his live lumber, with a sudden jerk, head over heels, among the crowd of actors, who now entirely surrounded the human pedestal, and caught him in their arms; whilst at the same time he made a summerset on the other side, and, descending, disappeared among the crowd. Whether the puppet he held up was a man, or only an image, I had no means of ascertaining; but it certainly appeared a full grown-man, alive and in perfect health; and even the act of balancing themselves, in the two upper persons, was surprising. Our landlord being questioned on the subject, declared there was no kind of deception, and the stage was as distinct as at mid-day.” For the satisfaction of our readers, we quote the sketch as an elucidation of the description.



As we are on eastern exhibitions, we may also mention fireworks in Malabar: among these grand contrivances were “some rockets, which ran on a horizontal line, guided by ropes attached to strong poles, and some of them fast-

ened to figures, which they impelled with surprising velocity; and also some batteries, which, after imitating the roar of cannon and musketry, suddenly exploded, like mines, throwing up a profusion of fire-balls.”

What would Vauxhall do with such attractions?

Col. W. notices a remarkable anomaly in the vegetable world, to which we would direct the attention of our botanical friends.

“There is (he states) a creeping plant here, winding itself round several of the largest trees, and in all sorts of fantastic forms; but how it has contrived to throw itself from tree to tree, I cannot possibly conceive. It is generally the thickness of a stout man’s arm, and at the base measured fifty inches in circumference. The natives call it *sheekat*, or *cheekoy*; the leaves are small and delicate, and the small branches, only, covered with thorns, like fish-hooks. Strange to say, we also found some tall trees of the same species, whilst this one was entirely a creeper.”

Is there no mistake, of an umbrageous parasite for an actual tree? In the following, also very singular story, there is none. At Trichoor “the rajah’s palace is very large, and well built, and has an excellent garden within the fort, which is now in ruins; but the gate and draw-bridge are entire, and by them is the only road to the palace. On one of the bastions stands a teak flag-staff, thirty years’ old, with a banian tree, of twenty years’ growth, half way up it, the roots of which are dangling in the air. This I considered such a curiosity as to make a sketch of it on the spot. I pretend not to account for such a phenomenon, but the fact is as I have stated it; and the staff to which the tree is attached is so solid that I could hardly make any impression on it with a knife.” As this is also very curious, we give the representation of it.



The following medical fact is worthy of attention :—

“I have (the Colonel relates) several times in my life cured the bites of snakes, with various doses of eau de luze, never exceeding half a bottle; and once, in particular, at Ceylon, when an enor-

mous cobra capella bit a sentinel. The man was all but dead, having even a locked jaw; yet half a small wine glassful, in two or three doses, restored him to convalescence; though he spat blood for some time afterwards, from the strength of the medicine. On one occasion, in the field, when nothing stronger could be procured, I administered brandy; and on another, a large quantity of Madeira: but in these cases I forced the patient into action, as a material part of the cure."

With this we take our leave of these volumes; and thank their author for the pleasure they have afforded us.

Beverlac; or, the Antiquities and History of the Town of Beverley, in the County of York, &c. &c. By George Poulson, Esq. Vol. I. 4to. pp. circ. 900. London, 1829, Longman and Co.: Parker, Oxford: Deighton, Cambridge.

WE allow that this book has lain some time upon our table, and been occasionally looked at with a sort of critical affright; for it is a huge and solid antiquarian and topographical tome, and, like all other works of its class, contains so much of what is chiefly interesting to local readers, that we almost always repent of the labour it costs us to wade through that matter for the sake of the quantum which possesses general interest. Having now performed the task, we are bound to bestow great praise on the indefatigable zeal and industry of the compiler, who seems really to have gathered together every particular respecting Beverley; a town of such ancient note and importance as well to merit every research and illustration. It is true there are parts which we think might have been omitted without injury; for example, copies of the oaths commonly taken by the mayor, jurors, coroners, burgesses, constables, &c., which, as they present no peculiarity, only swell the volume, without conveying information worth having. But still there are a multitude of curious matters rescued from oblivion or obscurity by the diligence of Mr. Poulson and the patriotic feeling of Mr. Scaum, for whom the work is published; and it not only throws light upon the early history of Beverley, but upon the habits and manners of the inhabitants of our first rich manufacturing towns,—in which respect it is most valuable to literature. We have also to notice about thirty well-executed and appropriate embellishments, such as the Minster, arms, seals, public buildings, tombs, coins, figures, &c. &c., which reflect credit upon the artists, and shew that *Beverlac* is yet a place of spirit, taste, and enterprise.

The contents are divided into various periods of the town's history, prefaced by notices of the British, Romans, Saxons, and Normans; then follow its civil and political history as a borough; accounts of its churches and of its corporation; and other miscellanea. Beverley, according to our author, dates its origin from about A.D. 700; and he rejects all former traditions as fabulous. It was founded on a mere, or lake, abounding with beavers; and hence its name Βεβρη-λεχ, subsequently *Beverlac*, or the Lake of Beavers; and in the Domesday Book it is stated to have afforded a fishery of 7000 eels. The church having been converted into a Benedictine monastery, we have the records of that religious seat, and afterwards of a charter granted to the town by King Athelstan, about the middle of the tenth century. Beverley is stated to have escaped by a kind of miracle from the desolation with which the Norman conqueror visited this por-

tion of the island, burning, slaughtering, and laying waste a district of sixty miles in extent, only excepting the demesne lands of St. John, and the fugitives who had sought refuge there. Thence the place had risen into some importance in the reign of Henry I., under whom it continued to improve in freedom and wealth. But as we do not intend to follow out the thread of this long narrative, we shall merely notice two or three passages which have occurred to us as worthy of remark, and leave the work to that class which we trust is numerous enough to reward the labours and expense bestowed upon it. So early as the time of Henry II. the burgh of Beverley was distinguished by its trade in dyed cloths; and it is evident that the manufactory of woollens was widely extended over the country. Even beyond this the author quotes a precept to the sheriff relative to the plunder of a vessel bound for Spain with scarlet and other cloth of Beverley, Stamford, and York; which is a strong proof that at this early period England exported her woollens to the nations on the continent!

This novel fact is very remarkable: we had no idea, before, that the staple of England was exported by foreign merchants, and in foreign ships, so early as in the last quarter of the 12th century. And the growth of this traffic at Beverley (and, of course, elsewhere), is shewn by proceedings about seventy years afterwards, in the reign of Henry III. In 1254 a toll granted by the king to the burgesses, gives them, among other articles, a right to levy on wine, ashes, *bags of wool*, cattle of all kinds, *woad*, herrings by the thousand, lutes or pike, and other fish both salt and fresh, skins, carts, bords, millstones, and corn. The wool and woad here enumerated prove the manufactory of cloth; the other articles being for domestic use and consumption.

Eward I. visited Beverley several times, and the details of his measures and entertainment furnish good pictures of the age: how kings, in travelling, were received and fed; what gifts were bestowed on the courtiers, and how the fund was raised to meet these necessary expenses. But as our notice (for it would be impertinent to call it a review), must be limited to a mere indication of the character of this large work, we are obliged to abstain from farther antiquarian records, and to finish with one quotation, which places an etymological as well as mercantile point in an original view. By an act, 37th Edward III., A.D. 1364, the parliament, after setting forth that many merchants, by undue arts, by combinations, fraternities, and guilds, had engrossed all kinds of goods, till they brought enormous prices, ordained that every merchant should make his election before Candlemas, of one particular kind of goods, and should deal in no other. Artificers were in like manner tied down to one occupation, with an exception of *female* brewers, bakers, weavers, spinsters, and other women employed upon works in wool, linen, or silk embroidery, &c. "If this act," observes the author, "had been in the language of the country, the same terms would have been used, as will frequently appear in these pages, namely, *brevester*, *baxter*, *webster*, &c. the termination *ster* signifying a woman (not a man) who brews, bakes, weaves, &c. When men began to invade those departments of industry by which women used to earn an honest livelihood, they retained the feminine appellations for some time, as men-midwives

* This seems to confirm Blackstone's observation, that "women were great favourites of the laws of England."

and men-milliners do now: but afterwards masculine words drove the feminine ones out of the language, as men had driven the women out of the employments. *Spinster* still retains its genuine termination; and the language of the law seems to presume, that every unmarried woman is industriously employed in spinning."* The progress of the language does not appear to us to bear out this inference.

But we must close the book. The notes are replete with information; though, in referring to other authors, Mr. Poulson has not even questioned their errors, but cited them just as he found them. A more learned antiquary would have corrected their mistakes: *ex. gr.* page 5, note 2: the instruments found together with Celts at Skirlaugh, near the Humber, of which the precise use is said to be unknown, are known to have been weapons of offence, and the ring to attach them to the leathern belt of the combatant. Again, page 91, the halbergellum or haubergeon, said (from Grose) to be either of plate or chain mail, without sleeves, was, we believe, the hauber, always of mail and with sleeves. Such matters, however, do not impeach the integrity and research of the text; and we conclude with our cordial approbation of the diligent manner in which this volume has been compiled, and the judicious style in which it has been produced, with its plates, *fac-simile* charters, and other embellishments.

The Boscobel Tracts, relating to the Escape of Charles the Second, after the Battle of Worcester, and his Subsequent Adventures, &c. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 347. Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

AT the time when a fugitive king sets his foot upon our shore, we read with a strange degree of associated interest this correct and ample record of an event similar in its common results, though so different in all its details. Charles X. has quitted his kingdom without a struggle, surrounded by his family, and allowed free egress by the government which superseded him, and the people. Charles II. fought bravely for his crown; and, after it was lost, escaped, through a series of adventures of the most romantic kind. Never were courage, secrecy, fidelity, and devotedness, exhibited in finer lights than by those who concealed the royal wanderer, and finally effected his retreat; and our author, by collating and reprinting all the best accounts of this memorable event, has rendered a delightful service to our national history and literature. It is the production of a scholar and an able writer; of one who is most competent to adorn any subject he may undertake, and who in the present instance has chosen a theme of undying interest. There is a clever Introduction, followed by a Diary of the king's movements, drawn up from the best sources; then come Extracts from Clarendon's history, with his numerous errors pointed out; a copy of the Letter from a Prisoner at Chester, from the Oxford edition of Clarendon's State Papers; Charles's own account, dictated to Mr. Pepys at Newmarket, 1680;

* Was it to keep up this delusion, that when music became so fashionable with our fair, as to put an end to housewifery, they called their principal instrument the *Spinet*?—Ed. L. G.

† This notice reminds us of a tribute which we owe to a recent publication by Lord Ashburnham, (2 vols. 8vo. Payne and Foss; Baldwin and Cradock), in which the noble author vindicates his ancestor "Jack Ashburnham" from an imputation thrown upon him by Clarendon, that he betrayed his master, Charles I., by persuading him to seek refuge in the Isle of Wight. His lordship's arguments appear to us to be conclusive on this question; and he impeaches Clarendon's History with so much effect, as considerably to lessen our belief in its accuracy.

Boscobel; Whitgreave's Narrative; and other papers. Upon these, we need only say, that they exhaust the history of the extraordinary event, and are given in the very ablest manner.

Divines of the Church of England, Vols. I. II. and III. By the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B.D., &c. London, 1830. A. J. Valpy.

THESE are the first volumes of a series intended to make a complete collection of the best English divines: a clerical library in a very convenient form, and at a very moderate price. The design is excellent, and as far as the execution has gone, we have every reason to anticipate a valuable work. Scattered, and sometimes scarce, publications will here be brought together, and constitute a whole of intrinsic worth, such as must greatly enrich our school of divinity: lives of the authors, summaries, notes, and other editorial adjuncts, complete the plan. These volumes are devoted to the justly celebrated Bishop Sherlock, and merit our entire approbation.

Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Complete in one Volume! Double columns, stereotyped pages, 1303. London, 1830, J. O. Robinson; Liverpool, Baynes.

WHAT shall we have next in the art of contriving, printing, and publishing? Here are twelve volumes in one, of good-sized, readable type; a clever portrait of the author, after Reynolds; and a well-written biography by A. Chalmers,—and all for four and twenty shillings. The book indeed is so respectable, that we cannot apply the *multum in parvo* to it; but it is really an extraordinary production of the press, and furnishes the admired and splendid work of Gibbon (and a truly great work it is, with all its imperfections) in a style which must recommend it to an innumerable class of readers.

An Introduction to the Study of Ancient Geography; with copious Indexes. By Peter Edmund Laurent, of the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth, &c. 8vo. pp. 455. Oxford, H. Slatter: London, Whittaker and Co.

WE have not met with a work of more value to the classical reader than this laborious and very useful volume. The *indexes* alone are worth half a historical series, as guides to references in esteemed authors, and on every point connected with ancient geography that can interest the scholar or general reader. Brief sketches illustrate these subjects, and, being well arranged, are capable of giving more information in an hour than even intelligent research would be likely to supply in several days. Upon these grounds we hesitate not to declare (in spite of a few foreign idioms which are distinguishable in the author's language), that a companion to the library more useful (and we do not except Moss) than Mr. Laurent's *Introduction* can no where be found. A word of farther praise is not necessary when we add that upwards of *nine thousand* places are designated or described in this single volume!

Having this author before us, we owe it in justice to him to mention his trustworthy Translation of Herodotus,* and his Odes of Pindar rendered into English prose, with explanatory notes; † both sterling performances,

* 2 vols. 8vo. 1827. Oxford, Slatter: London, Longman and Co.

† 2 vols. 8vo. 1824. Oxford, Munday and Slatter: London, Whittaker.

though, we must again say, with inaccuracies of style. Taylor, indeed, in his Herodotus seems to have had Mr. Laurent's version in his eye, and to have avoided the quaintnesses which the latter appears to have considered the most accurate and characteristic mode of transcribing the ancient Grecian into another tongue: *non nostrum, &c.*, nor in the matter of a reprint of the same author, either, which a *graduate of Oxford* has, we rather suspect, palmed upon that University as a new translation, though it has only a few verbal alterations from the not very celebrated version of our old friend, old Isaac Littlebury (Lond. 1709), and some valuable selections of notes principally from Beloe and Larcher.

We are, however, so accustomed to the apothecary-literary work of pouring out of one bottle into another, and colouring it a little, that we hardly ever think it worth while to trace the process; and, like the world, are content to fancy the last best! Pretty critical guides! we hear it whispered. Alas! we wish it were the least of our imperfections.

A Dissertation on the Geography of Herodotus, with a Map. 8vo. pp. 86. Oxford, 1830. Talboys.

A TRANSLATION from two tracts of Niebuhr, and also contributing to the illustration of Herodotus; particularly with regard to the history of the Scythians, Getæ, and Sarmatians.

POETRY.

THE constant publication of poetical works, many of them presenting beauties of no ordinary cast, and almost all of them displaying abilities and talents which at a former period would have entitled them to more public applause, compels us to resort to a shorter method of noticing them (in order to bring up our arrears) than we should have adopted had their numbers been fewer, or, perhaps, their characteristics more original and striking.

The Poetical Melange, in three vols. and published by G. A. Douglas of Edinburgh, has reached a second edition; and sustains its claim to be an agreeable and various parlour-window compilation, though it must be owned that it is rather of the gravest for that office.

*Lyra Dramatica** is another small selection from popular writers of our day, and a very pleasing melange.

The Pilgrim of the Hebrides, † by the author of "Three Days at Killarney," "a Lay of the North Country," is a descriptive composition, which in a flowing and natural style gives us a tour to the Hebrides, very unlike Dr. Johnson's. The author touches the scenery, the legend, the travelling adventure, with poetical feeling; and his book will be read with pleasure by the admirers of gentle thoughts in smooth versification.

A New Metrical Version of the Psalms, ‡ by W. Wrangham. Very fair, but not superior to versions already in use; and the *Spirit of the Psalms* § is a more successful attempt to adapt select portions of these ancient Hebrew hymns, in a more poetical manner, to Christian worship. The author has made many alterations, and in some cases rather paraphrases than translates: the volume is deserving of farther attention, both from its plan and execution.

* 18mo. pp. 232. By the Rev. J. W. Thomas. London, J. Stephens.

† 12mo. pp. 300. London, Longman and Co.

‡ 18mo. London, Simpkin and Marshall.

§ 12mo. pp. 160. London, Cadell and Rivingtons.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOLAR AND LUNAR ECLIPSES.

[The ensuing Eclipse of the Moon, on Thursday, Sept. 2, will, we trust, add to the interest with which our readers would receive this paper.]

High on her speculative tower
Stands Science, waiting for the hour
The moon is destined to endure
That darkening of her silvery face,
Which superstition strove to chase
Erewhile with rites impure.

IN the ensuing month there will be two eclipses, one of the moon on the 2d day, the other of the sun on the 17th day, the latter invisible to us; that of the moon will be visible from its commencement to its termination, and the greatest eclipse that has occurred, or will occur for some years: its duration will be 3^h 36^m, of which time the moon will be 1^h 40^m 30^s wholly plunged in the earth's shadow, and either invisible, or only emitting a feeble light.

These celestial phenomena have in all ages of the world, and classes of society, had a powerful effect on the mind; and though eclipses are now dismantled of those terrors with which the bewildered imaginations of ignorance and superstition formerly clothed them, still they will always be regarded with intense curiosity, mingled with an indescribable feeling of awe. In the present lunar eclipse, it cannot be devoid of interest to trace the moon from its conjunction with the sun to its opposition,—from the time it is first observed escaping from the solar effulgence, bending its delicate crescent towards the horizon in the autumnal twilight,—approaching to, and receding from, the brightly beaming stars, Mercury, Spica Virginis, Antares, and Jupiter,—night by night expanding, till it attains its full-orbed glory, then, at the moment of its utmost illumination, to observe a mysterious veil gradually obscuring its brightness, till the queen of night either blends with the dark blue sky, or is dimly seen struggling on her way, red and dreary, like a desolated world. No wonder that the designing, or the self-deceived, traced in such awful changes the ruin of empires, and the overthrow of the mighty: the fame and faith of astrology would have been wonderfully strengthened, had the eclipses of next month occurred a few weeks earlier; these signs in the heavens would have been doubtless considered infallible portents of the death of the British and Neapolitan kings, the downfall of Charles the Tenth, and the recent French Revolution.

The following miscellaneous notes on eclipses are introduced, before giving in due course the scientific details of the two in September; it is hoped they will prove both amusing and instructive.

Miscellaneous Notes on Eclipses.

Under the reign of Chou-Kang, Emperor of China, 2,169 years before Christ, happened an eclipse, the most ancient of which we have any records. Hi and Ho, two astronomers charged with composing a calendar for the regulation of husbandry, were put to death because they had neglected, through intoxication, to foretell it.

In China there is a tribunal of astronomy, the business of which is to calculate eclipses, and to present their types to the emperor and mandarins some months before they occur, with an account of the part of the heavens where they will happen, and how many digits the luminary will be eclipsed. When an eclipse is announced, preparation is made at court for the observance of it; as soon as it begins, a *blind man* beats a drum, upon which

the mandarins and great officers mount their horses, and assemble in the great square of the palace.

An eclipse happened during Lord Macartney's embassy to China, which kept the emperor and his mandarins the whole day devoutly praying the gods that the moon might not be eaten up by the great dragon which was hovering about her: the next day a pantomime was performed, exhibiting the battle of the dragon and the moon, and in which two or three hundred priests, bearing lanterns at the end of long sticks, dancing and capering about, sometimes over the plain, and then over chairs and tables, bore no mean part.

The dramatic representation of the eclipse of the moon is thus described by De Guignes:—"A number of Chinese placed at the distance of six feet from one another, now entered, bearing two long dragons of silk or paper, painted blue, with white scales, and stuffed with lighted lamps. These two dragons, after saluting the emperor with due respect, moved up and down with great composure; when the moon suddenly made her appearance, upon which they began to run after her; the moon, however, fearlessly placed herself between them, and the two dragons, after surveying her for some time, and concluding, apparently, that she was too large a morsel for them to swallow, judged it prudent to retire, which they did with the same ceremony as they entered. The moon, elated with her triumph, then withdrew with prodigious gravity, a little flushed, however, with the chase which she had sustained."

Du Halde assures us, that the circumstances of no fewer than thirty-six eclipses of the sun are recorded by Confucius, out of which there are but two that are false and doubtful.

Eclipses, especially of the sun, have been always considered as events of the most portentous kind. Isaiah, and others of the sacred writers, speak of them as indicative of the wrath of the Almighty. Homer, Pindar, Pliny, and many others of the ancients, also make mention of them in a similar way; and it used to be noticed, more particularly by the superstitious, that an eclipse was often accompanied by a national calamity, or an occurrence of a striking nature, the malevolent effects of which were to continue, for the sun, as many years as the eclipse lasted hours, and for the moon as many months. Dionysius of Halicarnassus remarks, that both at the birth and death of Romulus there was a total eclipse of the sun, during which the darkness was as great as at midnight. It is also said that there was a solar eclipse on the day the foundation of Rome was laid, 5th July, 754, B.C.

An eclipse of the moon is mentioned by Ptolemy to have been observed by the Chaldeans at Babylon 720 years before the birth of our Saviour; the middle of the eclipse reducing the time to the meridian of Paris, was 6^h 48^m, March 19th. From this eclipse it is determined that the mean revolution of the moon is 27^d 7^h 43' 5". This is considered the first eclipse of the moon on record.

Thales rendered himself famous by foretelling an eclipse of the sun; he, however, only predicted the year in which it would happen, and this he was probably enabled to do by the Chaldean Saros, a period of 223 lunations. This eclipse is rendered remarkable by its happening just as the armies under Alyattes, king of Lydia, and Cyaxeres the Mede, were engaged; and being regarded by each party as an evil omen, inclined both to make peace: it has been clearly proved that this eclipse oc-

curred 610 years before Christ, September 30th.—Xenophon observes, that the King of the Persians laid siege to the city of Larissa at the time the empire was taken from the Medes, but was not able by any means to make himself master of it; finally, a cloud coming over the sun made it disappear, so that the hearts of the inhabitants failed, and the city was taken. This cloud was, no doubt, the moon eclipsing the sun; for it appears that Cyrus finished the reduction of the Median empire, B.C. 547, in which year there was a great solar eclipse, the centre of which crossed the Tigris, not far from the place where Larissa was situated.

Anaxagoras, who lived about 530 B.C., is said to have predicted an eclipse of the sun, which, according to Thucydides, happened in the first year of the Peloponnesian war.

When the fleet of Pericles was about to proceed to the attack of Peloponnesus, and Pericles himself was on board the galley, there happened an eclipse of the sun, which was considered by the Athenians as a most unfavourable omen; and they were all thrown into the greatest consternation. The result of this would have very probably been a refusal to proceed on the expedition, had not Pericles, who was aware of the cause of the eclipse, explained it by holding up his mantle before the eyes of the pilot, and observing, that the deprivation was occasioned by the interposition of a much larger body in a similar way.

523 B.C., July 16th.—An eclipse of the moon, which was followed by the death of Cambyses.

502 B.C., November 19th.—An eclipse of the moon, succeeded by the slaughter of the Sabines, and the death of Valerius Publicola.

478 B.C.—When Xerxes undertook his expedition against Greece, in marching from Sardis, an eclipse of the sun took place, which so terrified the army, from its being considered an ill omen of their success, that Pytheas, who had a son in the army, entreated of Xerxes that he might be dismissed; which Xerxes not only refused, but ordered the young man to be cut asunder, the two parts of his body to be fixed up, and the army to march between them.

463 B.C., April 30th.—An eclipse of the sun. The Persian war, and the falling off of the Persians from the Egyptians.

431 B.C., April 25th.—An eclipse of the moon. A great famine at Rome. A plague over all the known world.

413 B.C., August 27th.—When Nicias, the Athenian general, had resolved to quit Sicily with his army, and every thing was ready for embarkation, there happened an eclipse of the moon, at which he was so alarmed, that he delayed his departure until it was too late; the consequence of which was, the loss of his army and the death of himself.

394 B.C., August 14th.—An eclipse of the sun. The Persians beaten by Conon in a sea-engagement.

168 B.C., June 21st.—A total eclipse of the moon. The next day, Perseus, king of Macedonia, was conquered by Paulus Emilius. This eclipse was also observed at Rome, and predicted by Q. Sulpitius Gallus.

Seneca, who was born about the commencement of the Christian era, relates from Posidonius, that during an eclipse of the sun a comet was seen, which had before been invisible by being near that luminary.

It is by a lunar eclipse that a mistake has been found in the Christian era; for it is well known that Christ was born when Herod was king of Judea; and Josephus affirms, that

just before the death of this Herod there was an eclipse of the moon on the night between the 12th and 13th of March: but it has been clearly proved that this eclipse happened on the fourth year before what is considered the Christian era; wherefore this era ought to be carried back three years at least.

The darkness that occurred at our Saviour's crucifixion, and which continued three hours, cannot be attributed to an eclipse of the sun, the passover being kept at the time of full moon: had even the two luminaries been in conjunction, the darkness could only have lasted four or five minutes, owing to their apparent diameters being so nearly equal. Dionysius, a judge of Areopagus, being at Heliopolis, and observing this preternatural phenomenon, cried out, that "Nature was either dissolving, or the God of nature suffering." He afterwards embraced the Christian faith, and suffered martyrdom for the truth of it.

A.D. 14.—A total eclipse of the moon, which terrified the Roman troops, and prevented a revolt.

A.D. 59, April 30th.—An eclipse of the sun. This is reckoned among the prodigies, on account of the murder of Agrippinus by Nero.

A.D. 237, April 12th.—A total eclipse of the sun. This was considered to be a sign that the reign of the Gordiani would not continue long. A sixth persecution of the Christians.

A.D. 306.—An eclipse of the sun. The stars were seen, and the Emperor Constantius died.

A.D. 340, May 4th.—A dreadful eclipse of the sun. Lewis the Pious died within six months after it.

A.D. 1009.—An eclipse of the sun. Jerusalem taken by the Saracens.

A.D. 1133, August 2d.—A terrible eclipse of the sun. The stars were visible. A schism in the church, occasioned by there being three popes at one time.

A.D. 1140, March 20th.—A total eclipse of the sun visible at London. Dr. Halley remarks, that though there are necessarily twenty-eight central eclipses of the sun at some part or other of the globe in eighteen years, and that no fewer than eight of these pass over the parallel of London, three of which are total with continuance,—yet from the great variety of elements whereof the calculus of eclipses consists, it has so happened that since March 20th, 1140, there had not been a total eclipse of the sun visible at London, although the shadow of the moon has often passed over other parts of Great Britain.

A.D. 1191, June 22d.—A very large solar eclipse in England. The true sun was seen dimly, with an *apparent one*, but very much obscured.

A.D. 1493.—Christopher Columbus was driven on the island of Jamaica, where he was in the greatest distress for want of provisions, and refused any assistance from the inhabitants; on which he threatened them with a plague, and told them that in token of it there should be an eclipse; which accordingly fell on the day he had foretold, and so terrified the barbarians, that they strove who should be the first in bringing him all sorts of provisions, throwing them at his feet and imploring his forgiveness.

One of the strongest proofs against the veracity of Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, was connected with a lunar eclipse. In recording his observations of it, he describes the shadow as having advanced some way upon the disc of the moon, at a time when, by calculation, the luminary was several degrees below the hori-

zon, and did not rise till the middle of the eclipse. Bruce's general truth has, however, been confirmed by all later travellers.

The Marchioness of Hastings, when in India, observed that one of her female attendants absented herself during an eclipse of the moon. On inquiry whither she had been, the woman answered, that "she had been paying the cobbler, for that it was quite dark." Not perceiving what connexion the darkness had with the payment, her ladyship naturally required a solution of the mystery. "Oh!" said the simple creature, "it is an old story: a long while ago, they borrowed nails and a piece of leather of a cobbler, to nail over the moon. The cobbler never was repaid; so I have been with the rest to pay our share of money to the priest."

Dean Swift, happening to tell his parishioners, that, on a certain day and hour, an eclipse would be visible, found, to his great amazement, that at the appointed time his house was besieged by the country people, who had imagined that the sight to be seen could only be exhibited by the dean, and exclusively visible from his dwelling. To rid himself of his troublesome visitors, he told them to go home, as the eclipse was put off for a day or two.

The celebrated Bode, author of the *Celestial Atlas*, and other excellent works, was conversing with Professor Encke, on the 23d of Nov., 1826, relative to the eclipse of the sun, of the 29th of that month, when he was surprised by death.

The eclipses which happened about the time of the creation are little more than half way of their ethereal circuit: it will be 4,000 years before they enter the earth any more.

A catalogue of eclipses was calculated, to gratify the curiosity of the French king, who was anxious to know if a total or annular eclipse would soon happen, visible at Paris. From this calculation it appeared, that only one annular eclipse would occur in the nineteenth century, and that it would take place on the 9th October, 1847. The distance of the centres of the two luminaries will be only 10"; the distance of the south limbs, 1' 24"; distance of the north limbs, 1' 4".

Clavius observes, that at the total eclipse of 1560, the darkness at Coimbra was greater, or at least more striking, than that of night; and the birds fell to the earth through terror.

At the solar eclipse of 1699, there was only $\frac{1}{15}$ th of the sun visible at Gripswald in Pomerania; and the obscurity was so great, that the inhabitants could neither see to read nor write. Two of the planets, and two or three of the fixed stars also made their appearance.

In 1706, at Paris, the sun was eclipsed nearly eleven digits; yet, although only one-twelfth of the diameter was visible, every thing could be distinguished as clearly as in the fullest sunshine.

The sky an azure field displayed—
T'was sun-light sheathed, and gently charm'd,
Of all its sparkling rays disarm'd,
And as in slumber laid:
Or something night and day between,
Like moon-shine—but the hue was green.

The grand eclipse of 22d of April, 1715, presented most interesting phenomena; it was observed, and minutely detailed, by Dr. Halley: his description of it is said to be the best that astronomical history affords of this species of phenomenon. During the greatest obscuration, the planets Jupiter, Mercury, and Venus, and not fewer than twenty of the fixed stars, were visible; so that the sky appeared as starry as during the night of a full moon. An observer at Zurich says, "that the birds went to roost, the bats came out of their holes, and

the fishes swam about; a sensation of cold was experienced, and the dew fell on the grass."

The next lunar eclipse (after the ensuing one in September) visible in Britain, will take place Feb. 26th, 1831. Digits eclipsed 8° 18'; the moon will rise eclipsed.

A very small solar eclipse will occur July 27th, 1832. 12' 30", only, of the sun's southern limb will be concealed.

A great solar eclipse, visible in England, will take place 15th May, 1836, when 11° 18' will be covered.

Another considerable eclipse of the sun will occur 15th March, 1858, when 11° 30' will be hidden.

A still more remarkable eclipse of the sun will take place 19th August, 1887, when the whole of the disc will be covered excepting 2'.

A total eclipse, without continuance, will occur 3d Feb. 1916. The apparent diameters will coincide, and, for an instant, there will be a total concealment of the sun's light. This eclipse will be the greatest that will be visible in England till after the year of our Lord 2,000.

Deptford.

J. T. B.

ANATOMY.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Kilkenney, Aug. 9th, 1830.

SIR,—Having seen in the number of your Journal for the 26th of June, an article headed "Human Horns," I beg leave to submit the following analogous description of a preparation at present in the Museum, Park Street, Dublin.

Curious Case of Ramified Bone.—In the month of December 1828, a preparation was presented to the above museum, by a gentleman whose name has escaped my memory. This preparation was considered a great curiosity, on account of the semi-ramified appearance the bones presented at the elbows, where the *decrana* had entirely disappeared: whether they had existed previous to the patient's death I was not able to ascertain satisfactorily. Some weeks after this, my family having gone to reside at Brussels, I accompanied them, where I remained until the 3d of April of the present year. On my return to Ireland, delaying a few days in Dublin, I strolled into Park Street dissecting school to see some of my fellow-students and associates. In the museum I saw a preparation which I thought I had seen somewhere previously; and on examination, discovered it to be the identical preparation which had attracted so much attention in Dec. 1828; but it was now *toute autre chose*: for, although the preparation had been preserved in common whisky, yet ramification had taken place at the elbows, knees, ancles, and the junction between the clavicle and humerus on the left side, and the fibula of the right leg had begun to throw out ramifications also. This is a fact, for the truth of which many creditable witnesses will vouch—need I mention the names of Doctors Colles, Macartney, Barker, Montgomery, &c. &c.?

G. B.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ORIENTAL RESEARCHES.

M. SENKOVSKY, whose *Supplement to the General History of the Huns, Turks, and Moguls*, was severely criticised by M. Hammer, in the *Annals of Literature*, published at Vienna, has taken his revenge, by exposing a number of blunders, which, according to him, M. Hammer has committed in his work on *Les Origines Russes*. It is evident, if M. Senkovsky is

right, that, with a celebrated name, a writer may easily abuse the confidence of his readers, and communicate to them, as knowledge, the results of inquiries by no means conscientious, or at least little enlightened: or, on the other hand, if M. Senkovsky's criticisms are unfounded, that petty jealousies and rivalries may too often stifle all regard to justice and truth among those by whom justice and truth ought to be especially regarded. M. Senkovsky positively asserts, that "almost every line of M. Hammer's translations from the Arabic, the Persian, and the Turkish, is full of inaccuracies, errors, and mistakes, so important, and frequently so ludicrous, as to be altogether beyond the *errata* for which an author may claim, and obtain, the indulgence of his benevolent readers." Among the errors cited, are the Arabic word *ikhtiar*, which signifies, according to M. Senkovsky, *free-will*, of which M. Hammer has made a proper name; and the word *mounfeshian*, which means *voidening*, of which he has made the name of a nation,—the *Mounfeshas*. "It is thus," adds the critic, "that we see figuring away in M. Hammer's work, the *Tamlessans*, the *Andjars*, the *Schefnans*, the *Bourghars*, the *Esroussiyes*, the *Ssafjars*, the *Ssakars*, the *Ashans*, the *Gharaus*, the *Kholeks*, the *Mouharikas*, the *Birkets*, &c., all people of grammatical origin, and born of M. Hammer's pen." A little further, M. Senkovsky says, "the celebrated orientalist of Vienna writes, 'that the Turks are a numerous people, and that their tribes are innumerable; some living in the deserts and plains, and others riding on camels.' The Persian text is, *der djebal nischinend*, that is to say, they are seated, or live in the mountains. The learned orientalist, perplexed with the word *djebal*, which signifies *mountains*, has substituted for it the word *djimat*, which signifies *camels!*" M. Senkovsky adduces many other instances of alleged ignorance and absurdity on the part of M. Hammer.

FINE ARTS.

ENCAUSTIC PAINTING.

IN a recent number of the *Literary Gazette* we mentioned the Portrait of Cleopatra, by Timomachus, which forms one of the principal attractions in Mr. Reinagle's interesting exhibition at the Royal Bazar, in Oxford Street. We strongly recommend the lovers of art to pay their early court to the Egyptian queen, as it may be long before they will have the opportunity of examining a similar production. This remarkable picture was found at Florence, in the year 1822, in clearing out a vast wine-cellar, belonging to the Marquis del Monte, San Maria; and was, at that time, so obscured by dirt, and the effects of time, that the features were scarcely visible. It is certainly one of the greatest curiosities in Europe; because all other discovered works of the same age, with the exception of the Aldobrandini Marriage at Rome, and the paintings in the Royal Museum at Portici, are the decorations of walls, and therefore cannot reasonably be supposed to be the performances of eminent Greek artists. When Timomachus lived, which Pliny tells us was in the reign of Augustus Caesar, the art had been on the decline for considerably more than a century: nevertheless, there is great refinement in the whole contour, the form of the mouth, and the general expression, (evidently that of acute pain and approaching death,) as well as in the action, as far as the limited space has allowed. This picture has been submitted, both in France and in Italy, to a very strict scrutiny, and has

been the subject of no fewer than three treatises in Italian. The Cavaliere Ridolfi, and Signor Tangione, both skilful chemists, (the latter being the Imperial Professor to the Royal Lyceum in Florence,) after removing the varnish with which it had been anciently covered, detached and analysed portions of the colour, and established, beyond all further controversy, that the painting was executed in encaustic; an art disused and lost after the death of Timomachus.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Drawing made Easy.—Engelmann and Co. THE various theories of light-and-shade, form, and perspective, are laid down in this little work with brevity and clearness; and are illustrated by plates, which, as far as they go, conduct the learner in the right path. The author states in his preface, that he "has endeavoured to condense a mass of information on the subject of chiaroscuro."—There is not a word, however, on the subject in the whole treatise. We are afraid that he is not aware of the practical distinction between light-and-shade and chiaroscuro; and that he thinks they are convertible terms. The former (as artists well know) has reference to single objects; the latter, to general effect. The light-and-shade in a picture may be unexceptionable, and yet the chiaroscuro be poor and miserable. A knowledge of the one is little more than a mechanical acquisition; the other requires taste, and a painter's feeling. The difference is as great as that between orthography and style, in written composition.

The Landscape Alphabet. Engelmann and Co. A CHILDISH idea, very poorly executed.

A Series of Four Views, to illustrate the Naval Action fought on the First of June, 1813, between the English Frigate Shannon and the American Frigate Chesapeake. Lithographed by W. L. Haghe, from Paintings by J. C. Schelky, Esq., under the inspection of Capt. R. H. King, R.N. 1830. Smith, Elder, and Co.

ONE of the most brilliant, and, for many reasons, one of the most satisfactory, frigate actions that ever distinguished the British flag, is here represented with all a seaman's skill and accuracy, and with every advantage which lithographic art can supply. The four views will afford to sailors a history of this short but decisive battle; and the whole cannot but be gratifying to the public at large. The particulars of the fight are given in a concise but interesting manner; and the publication is dedicated to the hero of the day, Sir P. B. Vere Broke.

The Countess of Verulam. Engraved by Dean, from a Miniature by Hawkins.

THIS portrait of a very lovely woman, and naturally calling forth the best efforts of art, is the 69th of the beautiful series which adorns *La Belle Assemblée*, (and a fine assembly they make). The proof before us is charmingly executed.

The Group of Statues from Tam o'Shanter. J. Dickinson.

THE four figures of the Landlord, Landlady, Souter, and Tam, which form the popular exhibition in Bond Street, are here represented with characteristic truth. The ingenious sculptor, Mr. Auld, has reason to be pleased with the drawing of Miss L. Adams, which so faithfully copies his happy personations, and with W. Sharp's lithographic execution of them.

Earl Grey. Martin Colnaghi. COUSIN'S exquisite mezzotint of Lord Grey, from Lawrence, is one of the most striking likenesses and admirably finished portraits which even the high state of the arts in England has produced. Thus, while the character of the individual will recommend the work to a multitude of admirers, its excellence must make it valued by all.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOLLOW ME!^{*}

A summer morning, with its calm, glad light,
Was on the fallen castle: other days
Were here remembered vividly; the past
Was even as the present, nay, perhaps more—
For that we do not pause to think upon.
First, o'er the arching gateway was a shield,
The sculptured arms defaced, but visible
Was the bold motto, "Follow me!" again
I saw it scrolled around the lofty crest
Which, mouldering, decked the ruined banquet-room:
A third time did I trace these characters—
On the worn pavement of an ancient grave
Was written "Follow me!"

FOLLOW me!—'tis to the battle-field—
No eye must turn, and no step must yield;
In the thick of the battle look ye to be:
On!—'tis my banner ye follow, and me.

Follow me!—'tis to the festal ring,
Where the maidens smile and the minstrels
sing;

Hark! to our name is the bright wine potred:
Follow me on to the banquet-board!

Follow me!—'tis where the yew-tree bends,
When the strength and the pride of the victor
ends;

Pale in the thick grass the wild flowers bloom:
Follow me on to the silent tomb!

L. E. L.

THE LEGACY OF THE ROSES.†

OH! plant them above me, the soft, the bright,
The touched with the sunset's crimson light,
The warm with the earliest breath of spring,
The sweet with the sweep of the west wind's
wing;

Let the green bough and the red leaf wave—
Plant the glad rose-tree upon my grave.

Why should the mournful willow weep
O'er the quiet rest of a dreamless sleep?—
Weep for life, with its toil and care,
Its crime to shun, and its sorrow to bear;
Let tears and the sign of tears be shed
Over the living, not over the dead!

Plant not the cypress nor yet the yew;
Too heavy their shadow, too gloomy their hue,
For one who is sleeping in faith and in love,
With a hope that is treasured in heaven above;
In a holy trust are my ashes laid—
Cast ye no darkness, throw ye no shade.

Plant the green sod with the crimson rose,
Let my friends rejoice o'er my calm repose;
Let my memory be like the odours they shed,
My hope like their promise of early red;
Let strangers, too, share in their breath and
their bloom—
Plant ye the bright roses over my tomb!

L. E. L.

THE ASPEN TREE.

THE quiet of the evening hour
Was laid on every summer leaf;
That purple shade was on each flower,
At once so beautiful, so brief.

* "Follow me!" is the motto of the noble race of Bredalbane, and was seen in the way described at their feudal castle in the Highlands.

† A person who died at Barnes left an annual sum to be laid out in roses planted on his grave: authority, Mr. Crofton Croker.

Only the aspen knew not rest,
But still, with an unquiet song,
Kept murmuring to the gentle west,
And cast a changeful shade along.

Not for its beauty—other trees
Had greener boughs, and statelier stem;
And those had fruit, and blossoms these—
Yet still I chose this tree from them.

'Tis a strange thing, this depth of love
Which dwells within the human heart;
From earth below to heaven above,
In each, in all, it fain has part.

It must find sympathy, or make;
And hence beliefs, the fond, the vain,
The thousand shapes that fancies take,
To bind the fine connecting chain.

We plant pale flowers beside the tomb,
And love to see them droop and fade;
For every leaf that sheds its bloom
Seems like a natural tribute paid.

Thus Nature soothes the grief she shares:
What are the flowers we hold most dear?
The one whose haunted beauty wears
The sign of human thought or tear.

Why hold the violet and rose
A place within the heart, denied
To fairer foreign flowers, to those
To earlier memories allied?

Like those frail leaves, each restless thought
Fluctuates in my weary mind;
Uncertain tree! my fate was wrought
In the same loom where thine was twined.

And thus from other trees around,
Did I still watch the aspen tree,
Because in its unrest I found
Somewhat of sympathy with me.

L. E. L.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

[We continue our entertaining and curious miscellaneous extracts from the correspondence of an esteemed friend in Germany.]

Leeches.—During many years a particular honour has been bestowed on these inhabitants of marshes, as they are carried away with all speed, day and night, over a distance of many hundred miles to their destination of blood-sucking. This modern kind of traffic was at first undertaken by some enterprising Frenchmen, in order to provide Paris and a part of France with leeches, which come from the interior of Hungary, and, in particular, from the large estates of Prince Esterhazy. The waggons in which this new merchandise is transported are of a peculiar construction, and contain from 500,000 to 600,000 leeches; and trade is carried on in spring and autumn, when the weather is fresh and wet; and many a week, more than five or six of these waggons hurry through this town (Carlsruhe) on their way to France. To shew how fond the French doctors are of this remedy, the best proof may be, that no less than 8,000 have been sent over to Africa for the Algerine expedition. A great number of these now so fashionable little animals are also exported from France to England, and even to North America; and this explains, in some way, why that country (viz. France) re-exports so many of them, as has been remarked in the *Literary Gazette*, Number 683. There are now in Paris ten leech-mongers, who each sell weekly no less than 10,000 of them; which shews that in that town alone between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 are annually consumed. They are sold by weight; viz. at two kilograms, and the prices vary from twenty-two or twenty-five to forty or forty-five francs.

Since this article has become so much in request, some inhabitants of this country, and of the kingdom of Wurtemberg, have tried to rear them in large quantities, in which they succeeded very well. They sell them by quintals, each containing 50,000 leeches. In the marshes of Scotland and Ireland, this new branch of industry might, perhaps, also be undertaken with profit.*

Snails.—Not a less important article of trade than the leeches are the eatable snails (*Helix pomatia L.*). In some valleys of the Alps (kingdom of Wurtemberg), and in particular in that called Lautenthal, the rearing of these animals has been carried to a large scale. Towards the end of June they are gathered on fields and in forests by children and the poor people, and sold by the hundred to the snail-mongers for from four to five cruzers (five to seven farthings). They are then put in large grass-gardens, and fed, in rainy weather, with cabbage leaves and other vegetables. When they shut themselves in the month of September, they are sent down the Danube to Vienna and Hungary. Many of the snail-mongers carry more than 80,000 with them. They are sold in the winter for two or three florins the hundred. This new branch of trade might also be tried in Ireland, as there are so many Catholics, who would be glad to eat snails in Lent.

G. Canning.—A German periodical† gives an anecdote of G. Canning, which, I think, is not yet known in England. A treaty having been signed between Great Britain and Sweden, both the ministers of Foreign affairs, viz. Mr. Canning and Baron Ehrenheim, at Stockholm, had to receive, by usage, snuff-boxes set in diamonds, of the value of 1000*l.* sterling. Baron Ehrenheim, however, desired the Swedish envoy in London to give the English minister a hint, that he should prefer receiving the value of the snuff-box in ready money. In case the English government should be surprised at this uncommon demand, he empowered him to divulge his secret motive to Mr. Canning, in confidence, viz. that, as the Swedish province Bohuslaen was labouring under a great want of corn, he intended to alleviate it in some way with this sum. Canning was indeed much surprised at this unusual proposal; but having learnt the reason of it, he said: "Probably Baron Ehrenheim is a very rich man, to be able to make such a present." "Not at all," replied the Swedish envoy; "he has nothing but his salary." "The nobler the action," exclaimed Canning; "I give you my word his wish shall be fulfilled. But I, too, have a favour to ask,—allow me to share in his good action. I entreat you therefore to add the amount of the snuff-box which I have to receive from your government to the sum Baron Ehrenheim has destined for the relief of the province Bohuslaen." It is well known, that Canning was not wealthy.

The Age.—The present time may well be compared to an army in full march. All have decamped, and are on the road. Some, however, cry, Halt! and appoint bounds where they

shall stop. But though a part halts for a moment, and looks back to see what there may be, the bulk still goes on; and, anon, those who stopt at the bounds find themselves deserted, and their words of command vanishing away; for there is no one who understands them any more,—and miserable is their plight. Awhile they may beguile themselves in the company of stragglers; at last, however, they will find themselves left alone, as the Age has passed by, and they are living in a world altogether foreign to them. So it has happened in manufactures, in trade, and also in politics. How often did those who were behind the spirit of the age call out, That manufactures and commerce would be ruined; and, nevertheless, both still subsist, and perhaps to a larger extent than before, although in other channels and in different branches! What fine plans have not our politicians excogitated to silence the spirit of the day, and how often have their designs been frustrated!

Railways.—Within five years three railways have been made in Austria by private companies. The largest of them will be that between the Moldau (a river) and the Danube. Its length already extends to 13,400 cords (a measure equal to six German feet). There can be no better proof how much industry and trade are improving in that country. In no other part of Germany have such roads yet been constructed.

The present Grand Duke of Baden.—It is a curious circumstance, that this prince succeeded his father, Charles Frederick, who came to the throne 1738, ninety-two years after; and before this could happen, three elder brothers, his nephew, and his two sons, died! What a mortality in one family!

Lancasterian Schools.—In no country have these useful schools increased so much as in the kingdom of Denmark. In 1820 there were but 244, and now 2,700. Each school is provided with a lodging for the master, and also with a locality for gymnastic exercises.

DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

A TRANSLATION of *Le Mariage Impossible* was produced yesterday week, and met with a favourable reception. It is rather coarsely rendered from the French, but lively enough, and, altogether, a much more Hay-marketable commodity than any thing produced this season, with the exception of *Separation and Reparation*. Mrs. Humby played, with great humour and naivete, the part of a little peasant girl, who is compelled to take "a husband at sight"—that husband turning out to be a female. Vining was pleasant as the rakish young nobleman, to prevent whose *mesalliance* this stratagem is resorted to; and Miss Mordaunt and Webster, as the female husband and the major domo intrusted with the conduct of the plot, enacted with spirit and discretion. *A Husband at Sight* was announced for repetition amidst unmingled applause. Mr. Buckstone is, we hear, the adapter.

VARIETIES.

A new German Literary Gazette.—A Dr. C. F. Wurm, at Hamburg, has begun publishing a new German periodical, in imitation of the *London Literary Gazette*, but limiting himself to German literature and manners. The first Numbers are very well done, and worthy of their prototype. The title of this new Gazette is, *Kritische Blaetter der Boersen Halle* (Critical Papers of the Exchange)—as

this periodical is connected with a literary institute established at the Hamburg exchange.

Machinery.—We regret to state, that during the late disturbances in Paris a great deal of machinery was destroyed by the workmen, whose rage appeared to be particularly directed against the machines used for printing. In the printing-office of M. Taillard several were destroyed; and at M. Selligie's the mob broke to pieces a steam-printing machine which cost 30,000 francs. They went next to the office of the *Constitutionnel*, for the purpose of destroying the printing machines; but it being represented to them, that the journal, which was their best friend and advocate, could not appear if thus injured, they desisted.

Charles X.—The French papers state, that on the 27th of July, whilst the troops and the populace were fighting in the streets of Paris, an artist, who had an appointment on that day at the palace, for the purpose of painting a miniature of Charles X., arrived at St. Cloud, almost covered with the brains of a soldier who had been shot near him as he was leaving Paris. The Duchess de Berri, to whom he related what was passing in the capital, urged him to repeat it to the king. He did so; but the latter is stated to have heard the recital unmoved, and to have replied, "*Ce n'est rien—commencez!*" It is added, however, that the painter was too much affected to be able to hold his pencil; and that he left the palace almost immediately.

Algiers.—One of the naturalists who was sent out to Algiers with the French expedition, writes word to Paris, that he has found the country much less interesting to the botanist and horticulturist than could have been imagined. At present, he has not twenty new specimens.

William IV. Landgrave of Hesse, distinguished himself greatly by promoting the study of astronomy. He applied himself closely to this science, and erected an observatory on the top of his palace at Cassel, which he furnished with quadrants, sectants, and various other instruments, and with these he made a great number of observations. He determined the latitude and longitude of 400 stars, which he inserted in a catalogue, rectifying their places to the year 1693. He died in the year 1692. Our William IV., by his munificent patronage, promises to be a like encourager of this noble science.

Prophecy!—Francis Moore, physician, in his astrological predictions for the summer quarter of the present year, has made a happy hit. "We may expect to hear of some eminent mutations, state meetings, conventions, and changes in the municipal laws of some neighbouring nations, which will be effected with much heat and vigour; and some crowned heads will be greatly distressed."

The Press in Spain.—Ferdinand has issued a new decree against the press in Spain, by which imprisonment for two years is declared against minor offences, and the punishment of death awarded to authors and printers who shall publish books containing treasonable or sacrilegious expressions.

The Arts.—Four large paintings, representing scenes of the revolution in 1830, have been ordered by the city of Paris. The painters are to be Messrs. Delaroche, Scheffer, Schnetz, and Stuben.

Lizards.—A friend of mine once assured me, that having struck at a lizard with his whip, he cut a portion of its tail off; the lizard instantly turned round, and seeing the tail wriggling, immediately swallowed it; no doubt mistaking

* It has been tried on a limited scale in garden ponds in this country, and the experiment succeeded very well. Perhaps it has not been persevered in on so extensive a plan as could be wished, on account of the cheap rate at which these creatures are now imported, so as to be bought by medical practitioners at 6*s.* or 7*s.* per hundred. During the latter part of the late war, as much as 3*s.* and 5*s.* 6*d.* for single leeches has been paid in Covent Garden Market. We wonder, on the whole, that some enterprising persons do not turn their attention to the rearing of the genuine brown leech in England.

† Bibliothek der neutenen Weidkunde, 1828. vol. xli. (Library of the newest Osmology).

it for some vivacious insect. From what I know of the habits of these animals, I think it is exactly what a lizard would do.—*From a Correspondent.*

Newfoundland Dog.—Some time ago, I went with a friend to see the garden belonging to a gentleman residing at Monkstown, near Dublin. After walking over the grounds, we found some difficulty in opening a door by which we had entered; as it opened towards us, the difficulty was the greater. A fine Newfoundland dog, that was looking on, seemed impatient, and started off; presently the door was forced in against us, and the dog appeared. It is probable he had often opened the door before for his own convenience.—*Idem.*

Honesty in Switzerland.—It is customary in the canton Wallis, for those who have found any thing lost, even money, to affix it to a large crucifix in the churchyard; and there is not an example on record, of any object being taken away except by the rightful owner.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXXIV. Aug. 21.]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Hawker's Instructions to Sportsmen, 6th edition, 8vo. 18s. bds.—Loudon's Hortus Britannicus, 8vo. 11. 1s. bds.—Woodward's British Organic Remains, 8vo. 5s. bds.—Morning Walks, Steps to the Study of Mineralogy, 12mo. 6s. hf.-bd.—Wakefield's Variety, 12mo. 5s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Life of Major-General Sir Thomas Munro, Vol. III. 8vo. 16s. bds.—Separation, by Lady Charlotte Bury, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 7s. bds.—Mrs. Colonel Edwood's Narrative of a Journey over-land to India, 2 vols. demy 8vo. 11. 10s. bds.—De L'Orme, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Robinson's Designs for Farm Buildings, royal 4to. 2l. 2s. bds.; Villa Architecture, royal 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Wetten's Designs for Villas in the Italian Style, royal 4to. 1l. 16s. bds.—Williams' Parent's Catechism, 18mo. 2s. 6d. sheep.—Alexander's Travels to the Seat of War in the East, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s. bds.—Bernard's Retrospections of the Stage, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s. bds.—Drawing made Easy, 18mo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Jamieson's Elements of Algebra, 8vo. 7s. bds.—Herodotus, from the Text of Schweighaeuser, Vol. 1. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—The Friend of Australia, 8vo. 16s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 12	From 53. to 70.	29.70 — 29.73
Friday... 13	53. — 59.	29.60 — 29.74
Saturday... 14	47. — 61.	29.43 — 29.53
Sunday... 15	47. — 63.	29.69 — 29.81
Monday... 16	41. — 65.	29.86 Stationary
Tuesday... 17	38. — 64.	29.90 to 29.94
Wednesday 18	41. — 62.	30.05 — 30.14

Wind S.W. and N.W., the former prevailing. Weather variable, frequent and heavy rain; the late cold nights have checked vegetation. Rain fallen, 1 inch and $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch, of which 1 inch and $\frac{1}{2}$ fell on the 13th and 14th; being $\frac{2}{5}$ of an inch more than fell during the whole of the month of July last.

Kilmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Nalsh and Co.'s article (of gloves, see last L. G., p. 530) has not, we are sorry to say, come to hands. We do not advise Mem to reprint his book. Addendum: the fee enclosed for this advice, a pound note, has been sent in the name of Mem to that excellent charity the Literary Fund, where it will help to comfort some destitute author.

The letter from Windsor is illegible, the seal covering part of it.

Our Andover correspondent must excuse our departing from our usual practice in the matter referred. We are ready and willing to oblige; but such calls upon our time would increase the business of a journal like this beyond a twenty-editor's steam power.

We owe it to Mr. Fortunato La Moile to remove any unfavourable impression that might be made by the misconstruction of our Notice to Correspondents in last Gazette. We meant simply to intimate our usual course of criticism; and have now much pleasure in saying, that if he publishes his tour as a Troubadour, we shall regard it with great complacency; and that we anticipate much amusement from its perusal. It is curious that two individuals should have undertaken the same sort of minstrel wandering; and we hope his account will be very different from that of Senor de Vega, with whom we must not confound him.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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Royal Mews, Charing Cross—Patron, the KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY. The Third Exhibition of this Institution now Open, Daily.
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T. S. TULL, Sec.

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Patrons.
The Right Hon. the EARL of LONSDALE, K.G.
The Right Hon. the EARL of CARLISLE.
&c. &c. &c.
Artists are respectfully informed, that the Opening of the Exhibition is postponed until the 15th of September, 1830. Those intending to exhibit are requested to communicate with the Secretary, as early as possible, the size, number, and price, of their productions.

Carrriage by Pickford's Canal Boats.
By Order of the Committee, M. NUTTER, Sec.
Academy Place, Carlisle, Aug. 1, 1830.

MANCHESTER COLLEGE, YORK,
under the superintendance of the Rev. C. WELLBLOVED, Theological Tutor and Principal—the Rev. J. KENRICK, M. A. Tutor in Ancient Languages and History—the Rev. W. HINCKS, F.L.S. Tutor in Mathematics and Philosophy, and Resident Tutor.

The Committee of this Institution are of opinion that the present is a suitable time for calling the attention of parents and of the public at large, to the advantages which it offers for completing a course of liberal education, both on account of the increasing demand for such advantages,—which they believe the spirit of the present times must occasion,—and of their conviction that the successful endeavours lately made to improve the discipline of the College, entitle them to recommend it without hesitation to public confidence.

The plan of instruction embraces a constant attention to the study of the Greek and Latin Classics; an extensive course of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; Latin and English Composition; Ancient and Modern History; Intellectual, Moral, and Political Philosophy, and Political Economy; and the Evidence of Natural and Revealed Religion. Instruction in the French, Italian, and Spanish Languages, may be obtained from able masters; and German is taught by the Rev. J. Kenrick.

The Students breakfast, dine, and sup at the Table of the Resident Tutor, and have their apartments in buildings immediately adjoining his house, and enclosed in a common gate. The expenses to which they are subjected, independently of the charge for board and lectures, are very small; and the Committee challenge inquiry, both as to the economy of the plan, and the character of the instruction afforded.

The Terms for Lay Students are One Hundred Guineaes per Annum.

The importance of education is now so much felt amongst all classes, that parents must naturally be desirous of affording to their sons opportunities of improvement more extensive than can be enjoyed even at the best schools; and it will be acknowledged to be highly desirable that young men should be prepared for taking their places in the world, by passing a certain time in a situation where, while they are controlled in all essential points by a system of strict discipline, they are no longer treated as children, but learn to act for themselves, and take upon themselves in some degree the management of their own affairs.

To these views the plan of Manchester College has been adapted. It offers the advantages of a college education unfettered by religious tests, and free from the danger of moral corruption; and the Committee feel assured, from an intimate acquaintance with its present state, that it will not disappoint those who approve of its general principles.

The College Session will commence on Friday, the 24th of September.

Applications for Admission of Students may be addressed to the Rev. C. Wellblove, Principal of the College; to the Treasurer, George Wither Wood, Esq. Manchester; or to either of the Secretaries, the Rev. J. Taylor, and S. D. Darbshire, Esq. Manchester.
Manchester, July 1830.

Grindlay's Views in India, completed.
Just published, in atlas 4to. price 2l. 2s. Part VI. of

SCENERY, COSTUMES, AND ARCHITECTURE, chiefly on the Western Side of India.
By Capt. ROBERT MELVILLE GRINDLAY, Of the East India Company's Army, M.R.A.S. &c.

This splendid Part, which completes the Work, contains, with the usual Number of Plates and descriptive Letterpress, a beautifully Illustrated Title-page for the Second Volume, and the Contents, &c. for the whole.
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Magna Charter on board will avail her,
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The Words by Captain MITFORD, R.N.
Dedicated to Her Majesty Queen Adelaide. 2s.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life of Lord Byron. By John Galt. 12mo. pp. 372. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

A MORE original, profound, or correct view of a character as interesting as it was intricate,—one whose seeming contradictions were at once such materials for theories, and such temptations to erect them,—was never taken than in the volume before us. Mr. Galt's plan is a history of Lord Byron's mind rather than of himself; a condensation of events and effects according as they bore upon works whose attraction was at once derived from, and afterwards reflected on their author. Few persons have been more unfortunate in those circumstances over which they have no control, such as birth, fortune, education, &c. than Byron. No distinctions take a stronger hold on the mind than hereditary ones. We have not time to discuss the justice of the pride of birth; but it is a pride so sanctified by time, as to seem rather innate than acquired,—one administered to by the legends told for the amusement, and the annals read for the information, of youth; one to which the respect conceded seems of a higher order than that given to riches, inasmuch as it is more disinterested. Pride of birth is one of the most influential of those feelings which go towards forming a character. It was one of the keys to Byron. Secondly, poverty: it is easy to declaim philosophically on the folly of luxury, the needlessness of many wants and certain appliances; but while wealth commands the consideration no one can deny it does in our present state of society, the absence of that wealth will be keenly felt, not for its luxury, but for its power: the privations of poverty are nothing to its mortifications. There can be no doubt, that the loss of what his family pride held to be necessary to its dignity, was another great source of that bitterness, and that affectation of reserve, which, under the name of dignity, was some wounded feeling shrinking into its own shadow: we deceive no one so much as we deceive ourselves. Thirdly, temper: and every page of Mr. Galt's work bears us out in our long-established belief of the great influence Lord Byron's bad temper exercised upon his life. Now, we must own, good temper is one of those qualities we like rather than either respect or admire,—a compound usually the result of cowardice and indolence, or, at best, of animal spirits: it is very difficult for a person of warm affections and vivid imagination, which so exaggerates the impressions it receives, to be a good temper, whose grand secret is, after all, indifference. But we draw a wide distinction between one of those worrying, peevish, dissatisfied dispositions, whose miseries are as petty as the mind which makes them, and indulgence in which is a positive enjoyment to the proprietor; and one whose sensibility is too keenly awakened, and whose feverish anxiety for the opinion it covets, keeps up that state of morbid excitement which must have a re-action of gloom. We

had better expressed our meaning by calling Byron's an over-susceptible temper. But these three, pride of birth, poverty, and a sensitive temper, were the great influences which made his character. Of the judgments formed of that character, we shall only observe, people are desirous of seeing a man of genius; they are disappointed if he is like themselves, and discontented if he is not. The faults we indulge in ourselves we least easily excuse in others, and vanity is one of those faults too general to be generally pardoned. Personally acquainted with Lord Byron, a man of genius himself, Galt, like Moore, brings much of previous qualification to the task; and it is curious to observe how little they have trenched on each other's ground.* Galt's is a literary and philosophic view: no one can possess this volume without having a just idea of the man and the poet, an analysis of character as accurate as it is original, and a condensation of all the events of a very varied life. It is valuable as in itself a compendium of his history; but it is invaluable as a commentary on all that have gone before—it is a finished cabinet picture. We would not, however, lose one preceding fragment relating to an individual whose history affords such great insight into human nature, and whose intrinsic interest will survive all the little gossipings and small disputes of the hour. The subject is too exciting not to lead to the expression of some sentiments of our own; but we do both the public and Mr. Galt injustice, in delaying to enter on pages so replete with charm and information. The following admirable delineation of genius shews the true feeling with which the author enters on his work.

“Genius of every kind belongs to some innate temperament; it does not necessarily imply a particular bent, because that may possibly be the effect of circumstances; but without question, the peculiar quality is inborn, and particular to the individual. All hear and see much alike; but there is an undefinable though wide difference between the ear of the musician, or the eye of the painter, compared with the hearing and seeing organs of ordinary men; and it is in something like that difference in which genius consists. Genius is, however, an ingredient of mind more easily described by its effects than by its qualities. It is as the fragrance, independent of the freshness and complexion of the rose; as the light on the cloud; as the bloom on the cheek of beauty, of which the possessor is unconscious until the charm has been seen by its influence on others; it is the internal golden flame of the opal; a something which may be abstracted from the thing in which it appears, without changing the quality of its substance, its form, or its affinities.”

How just, again, are the remarks on the influence of scenery!—

“He was, undoubtedly, delicately suscep-

* We reserve the preface, in which Mr. Galt delivers his opinion of Mr. Moore's Memoirs, for future discussion; that preface contains also other matter well worthy of our consideration.—Ed. L. G.

tible of impressions from the beauties of nature, for he retained recollections of the scenes which interested his childish wonder, fresh and glowing, to his latest days; nor have there been wanting plausible theories to ascribe the formation of his poetical character to the contemplation of those romantic scenes. But, whoever has attended to the influential causes of character, will reject such theories as shallow, and betraying great ignorance of human nature.

“The views of the Malvern hills recalled to his memory his enjoyments amidst the wilder scenery of Aberdeenshire. The recollections were reimpresed on his heart and interwoven with his strengthened feelings. But a boy gazing with emotion on the hills at sunset, because they remind him of the mountains where he passed his childhood, is no proof that he is already in heart and imagination a poet. To suppose so, is to mistake the materials for the building. The delight of Byron in contemplating the Malvern hills was not because they resembled the scenery of Lochynagar, but because they awoke trains of thought and fancy, associated with recollections of that scenery. The poesy of the feeling lay not in the beauty of the objects, but in the moral effect of the traditions, to which these objects served as talismans of the memory. The scene at sunset reminded him of the Highlands; but it was those reminiscences which similar scenes recalled that constituted the impulse, which gave life and elevation to his reflections. There is not more poesy in the sight of mountains than of plains; it is the local associations that throw enchantment over all scenes, and resemblance that awakens them, binding them to new connexions: nor does this admit of much controversy; for mountainous regions, however favourable to musical feeling, are but little to poetical. The Welsh have no eminent bard; the Swiss have no renown as poets; nor are the mountainous regions of Greece, or of the Appennines, celebrated for poetry. The Highlands of Scotland, save the equivocal bastardy of Ossian, have produced no poet of any fame, and yet mountainous countries abound in local legends, which would seem to be at variance with this opinion, were it not certain, though I cannot explain the cause, that local poetry, like local language, or local melody, is, in proportion to the interest it awakens among the local inhabitants, weak and ineffectual in its influence on the sentiments of the general world. The ‘Rans de Vaches,’ the most celebrated of all local airs, is tame and commonplace,—unmelodious, to all ears but those of the Swiss ‘forlorn in a foreign land.’”

The following observations on Byron's feeling of love are as just as they are original.

“It is singular, and I am not aware it has been before noticed, that, with all his tender and impassioned apostrophes to beauty and love, Byron has in no instance, not even in the freest passages of *Don Juan*, associated either the one or the other with sensual images. The extravagance of Shakspeare's Juliet, when

she speaks of Rome being cut after death into stars, that all the world may be in love with night, is flame and ecstasy compared to the icy metaphysical glitter of Byron's amorous allusions. The verses beginning with

* She walks in beauty like the light
Of eastern climes and starry skies,

is a perfect example of what I have conceived of his bodiless admiration of beauty and objectless enthusiasm of love. The sentiment itself is unquestionably in the highest mood of the intellectual sense of beauty; the simile is, however, any thing but such an image as the beauty of woman would suggest. It is only the remembrance of some impression or imagination of the loveliness of a twilight applied to an object that awakened the same abstract general idea of beauty. The fancy which could conceive in its passion the charms of a female to be like the glow of the evening, or the general effect of the midnight stars, must have been enamoured of some beautiful abstraction, rather than aught of flesh and blood. Poets and lovers have compared the complexion of their mistresses to the hues of the morning or of the evening, and their eyes to the dew-drops and the stars; but it has no place in the feelings of man to think of female charms in the sense of admiration which the beauties of the morning or the evening awaken. It is to make the simile the principal. Perhaps, however, it may be as well to defer the criticism to which this peculiar characteristic of Byron's amatory effusions give rise, until we shall come to estimate his general powers as a poet. There is upon the subject of love, no doubt, much beautiful composition throughout his works, but not one line in all the thousands which shews a sexual feeling of female attraction—all is vague and passionless, save in the delicious rhythm of the verse."

We much like the ensuing.

"The supposition that poets must be dreamers, because there is often much dreaminess in poesy, is a mere hypothesis. Of all the professors of metaphysical discernment, poets require the finest tact; and contemplation is with them a sign of inward abstract reflection, more than of any process of mind by which resemblance is traced, and associations wakened. There is no account of any great poet whose genius was of that dreamy cartilaginous kind which hath its being in haze, and draws its nourishment from lights and shadows; which ponders over the mysteries of trees, and interprets the oracles of babbling waters. They have all been men—worldly men, different only from others in reasoning more by feeling than induction. Directed by impulse, in a greater degree than other men, poets are apt to be betrayed into actions which make them singular, as compared by those who are less imaginative; but the effects of earnestness should never be confounded with the qualities of talent."

We have chosen these more abstract remarks to shew the style and spirit of Mr. Galt's biography. We shall now turn to such incidents as are either new in themselves, or possess some new inference drawn by the writer.

His Childhood.—"His schoolfellows, many of whom are alive, still recollect him as a lively, warm-hearted, and high-spirited boy, passionate and resentful, but withal affectionate and companionable: this, however, is an opinion given of him after he had become celebrated; for a very different impression has unquestionably remained among some, who carry their recollections back to his childhood.

By them he has been described as a malignant imp; was often spoken of for his pranks by the worthy housewives of the neighbourhood as "Mrs. Byron's crookit deevil;" and generally disliked for the deep vindictive anger he retained against those with whom he happened to quarrel."

It is remarkable that, though the faults of our childhood are comparatively slight and unimportant, yet they are always those most deeply remembered and brought against us in after life. The next anecdote we select as one to redeem many darker specks.

"Towards his nurse he evinced uncommon affection, which he cherished as long as she lived. He presented her with his watch, the first he possessed, and also a full-length miniature of himself, when he was only between seven and eight years old, representing him with a profusion of curling locks, and in his hands a bow and arrow. The sister of this woman had been his first nurse; and after he had left Scotland he wrote to her, in a spirit which betokened a gentle and sincere heart, informing her with much joy of a circumstance highly important to himself. It was to tell her that at last he had got his foot so far restored as to be able to put on a common boot, an event which he was sure would give her great pleasure: to himself it is difficult to imagine any incident which could have been more gratifying."

Much has been said of the weakness of thus dwelling on a personal deformity; but we do think only those who suffer under such a misfortune can tell its bitterness. The wrong and falsehood of such a style of poetical criticism as the *Edinburgh Review* indulged in, is most justly reprobated. We cannot but observe how completely almost all its predictions of poetical fame have been falsified, and how all our great English poets have made their way in defiance of criticism as flippant as unjust. Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Montgomery, alike had in their onset to contend with the same bitter and frivolous attacks. These are now standard names in our literature: but where there is no feeling, there can be no appreciation.

"He was then just come of age, or about to be so; and one of his objects in this visit to the metropolis was, to take his seat in the House of Lords before going abroad; but, in advancing to this proud distinction, so soothing to the self-importance of youth, he was destined to suffer a mortification which probably wounded him as deeply as the sarcasms of the *Edinburgh Review*. Before the meeting of parliament he wrote to his relation and guardian, the Earl of Carlisle, to remind him that he should be of age at the commencement of the session, in the natural hope that his lordship would make an offer to introduce him to the house; but he was disappointed. He only received a formal reply, acquainting him with the technical mode of proceeding, and the etiquette to be observed on such occasions. It is therefore not wonderful that he should have resented such treatment; and he avenged it by those lines in his satire, for which he afterwards expressed his regret in the third canto of *Childe Harold*. Deserted by his guardian at a crisis so interesting, he was prevented for some time from taking his seat in parliament, being obliged to procure affidavits in proof of his grandfather's marriage with Miss Trevannion, which having taken place in a private chapel at Carhais, no regular certificate of the ceremony could be produced. At length, all the necessary evidence having been obtained, on

the 13th of March, 1809, he presented himself in the House of Lords alone,—a proceeding consonant to his character, for he was not so friendless nor unknown, but that he might have procured some peer to have gone with him. It however served to make his introduction remarkable. On entering the house, he is described to have appeared abashed and pale. He passed the woolack without looking round, and advanced to the table where the proper officer was attending to administer the oaths. When he had gone through them, the chancellor quitted his seat, and went towards him with a smile, putting out his hand in a friendly manner to welcome him; but he made a stiff bow, and only touched with the tip of his fingers the chancellor's hand, who immediately returned to his seat. Such is the account given of this important incident by Mr. Dallas, who went with him to the bar; but a characteristic circumstance is wanting. When Lord Eldon advanced with the cordiality described, he expressed with becoming courtesy his regret that the rules of the house had obliged him to call for the evidence of his grandfather's marriage. 'Your lordship has done your duty, and no more,' was the cold reply, in the words of Tom Thumb, and which probably was the cause of the marked manner of the chancellor's cool return to his seat.

"Among other remarkable characters pointed out to us, was a nobleman in the pit, actually under the ban of outlawry for murder. I have often wondered if the incident had any effect on the creation of *Lara*; for we know not in what small germs the conceptions of genius originate."

The following is an example (and there are many others) of the great care with which Mr. Galt observed minute facts with reference to their poetical influence on Lord Byron's mind.

"But the most important occurrence of that evening arose from a delicate observance of etiquette on the part of the ambassador. After carrying us to his box, which was close to that of the royal family, in order that we might see the members of it properly, he retired with Lord Byron to another box, an inflection of manners to propriety in the best possible taste—for the ambassador was doubtless aware that his lordship's rank would be known to the audience, and I conceive that this little arrangement was adopted to make his person also known, by shewing him with distinction apart from the other strangers. When the performance was over, Mr. Hill came down with Lord Byron to the gate of the upper town, where his lordship, as we were taking leave, thanked him with more elocution than was precisely requisite. The style and formality of the speech amused Mr. Hobhouse, as well as others; and, when the minister retired, he began to rally his lordship on the subject. But Byron really fancied that he had acquitted himself with grace and dignity, and took the jocularly of his friend amiss—a little banter ensued—the poet became petulant, and Mr. Hobhouse walked on; while Byron, on account of his lameness, and the roughness of the pavement, took hold of my arm, appealing to me, if he could have said less, after the kind and hospitable treatment we had all received. Of course, though I thought pretty much as Mr. Hobhouse did, I could not do otherwise than civilly assent, especially as his lordship's comfort, at the moment, seemed in some degree dependent on being confirmed in the good opinion he was desirous to entertain of his own courtesy. From that night I evidently rose in

his good graces; and, as he was always most agreeable and interesting when familiar, it was worth my while to advance, but by cautious circumvallations, into his intimacy; for his uncertain temper made his favour precarious. The next morning, either owing to the relaxation of his abstinence, which he could not probably well avoid amidst the good things of the ambassadorial table; or, what was, perhaps, less questionable, some regret for his petulance towards his friend, he was indisposed, and did not make his appearance till late in the evening. I rather suspect, though there was no evidence of the fact, that Hobhouse received any concession which he may have made with indulgence; for he remarked to me, in a tone that implied both forbearance and generosity of regard, that it was necessary to humour him like a child. But, in whatever manner the reconciliation was accomplished, the passengers partook of the blessings of the peace. Byron, during the following day, as we were sailing along the picturesque shores of Sicily, was in the highest spirits; overflowing with glee, and sparkling with quaint sentences. The champagne was uncorked and in the finest condition. Having landed the mail at Girgenti, we stretched over to Malta, where we arrived about noon next day—all the passengers, except Orestes and Pyllades, being eager to land, went on shore with the captain. They remained behind for a reason—which an accidental expression of Byron let out—much to my secret amusement; for I was aware they would be disappointed, and the anticipation was relishing. They expected—at least he did—a salute from the batteries, and sent ashore notice to Sir Alexander Ball, the governor, of his arrival; but the guns were sulky, and evinced no respect of persons; so that late in the afternoon, about the heel of the evening, the two magnates were obliged to come on shore, and slip into the city unnoticed and unknown. At this time Malta was in great prosperity. Her commerce was flourishing; and the goodly clusters of its profits hung ripe and rich at every door. The merchants were truly hospitable, and few more so than Mr. Chabot. As I had letters to him, he invited me to dinner, along with several other friends previously engaged. In the cool of the evening, as we were sitting at our wine, Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse were announced. His lordship was in better spirits than I had ever seen him. His appearance shewed, as he entered the room, that they had met with some adventure, and he chuckled with an inward sense of enjoyment, not altogether without spleen—a kind of malicious satisfaction—as his companion recounted, with all becoming gravity, their woes and sufferings, as an apology for begging a bed and morsel for the night. God forgive me! but I partook of Byron's levity at the idea of personages so consequential wandering destitute in the streets, seeking for lodgings as it were from door to door, and rejected at all. Next day, however, they were accommodated by the governor with an agreeable house in the upper part of Valetta; and his lordship, as soon as they were domiciled, began to take lessons in Arabic from a monk—I believe one of the librarians of the public library. His whole time was not, however, devoted to study; for he formed an acquaintance with Mrs. Spencer Smith, the lady of the gentleman of that name, who had been our resident minister at Constantinople: he affected a passion for her; but it was only Platonic. She, however, beguiled him of his valuable yellow diamond-ring. She is the Florence of Childe Harold, and merited the poeti-

cal embalment, or rather the amber immortalization she possesses there—being herself a heroine. There was no exaggeration in saying that many incidents of her life would appear improbable in fiction. Her adventures with the Marquess de Salvo form one of the prettiest romances in the Italian language; every thing in her destiny was touched with adventure: nor was it the least of her claims to sympathy that she had incurred the special enmity of Napoleon."

There is much probability in the assertion, that Ali Pasha was the model which suggested many of the most remarkable features in his heroes.

Of all Lord Byron's works, Mr. Galt gives the preference to those which treat of Greece: this we think admits of more than a query; but as it is a mere point of taste, taste is too debatable ground for us now to enter on. The whole history of these travels, however, quite supports Mr. Galt's assertion, that the scenes through which Byron past, and the various incidents and individuals he encountered, are the canvass he afterwards coloured, and the figures he introduced, and that his poetry was never so great as when founded on actual occurrence, reality being at once his material and his inspiration. This is true, for it is the part of genius to apply more than to invent, to exhaust this world rather than to imagine new. Our belief of how much he felt the straitness of circumstances is confirmed by the following:—

"I thought he was in that short space something changed, and not with improvement. Towards Mr. Hobhouse he seemed less cordial, and was altogether, I should say, having no better phrase to express what I would describe, more of a captain grand than improved his manners, and more disposed to hold his own opinion than I had ever before observed in him. I was particularly struck with this at dinner, on the day after my arrival. We dined together with a large party at the consul's; and he seemed inclined to exact a deference to his dogmas, that was more lordly than philosophical. One of the naval officers present, I think the captain of the Salsette, felt, as well as others, this overweening, and announced a contrary opinion on some question connected with the politics of the late Mr. Pitt with so much firm good sense, that Lord Byron was perceptibly rebuked by it, and became reserved, as if he deemed that sullenness enhanced dignity. I never in the whole course of my acquaintance saw him kith so unfavourably as he did on that occasion. In the course of the evening, however, he condescended to thaw, and before the party broke up, his austerity began to leaf, and hide its thorns under the influence of a relenting temperament. It was, however, too evident—at least it was so to me—that without intending wrong, or any offence, the unchecked humour of his temper was, by its caprices, calculated to prevent him from ever gaining that regard to which his talents and freer moods, independently of his rank, ought to have entitled him. Such men become objects of solicitude, but never of esteem. I was also on this occasion struck with another new phase in his character; he seemed to be actuated by no purpose—he spoke no more of passing 'beyond Aurora and the Ganges,' but seemed disposed to let the current of chances carry him as it might. If he had any specific object in view, it was something that made him hesitate between going home and returning to Athens when he should have reached Constantinople,

now become the ultimate goal of his intended travels. To what cause this sudden and singular change, both in demeanour and design, was owing, I was on the point of saying, it would be fruitless to conjecture; but a letter to his mother, written a few days before my arrival at Smyrna, throws some light on the sources of his unsatisfied state. He appears by it to have been disappointed of letters and remittances from his agent, and says: 'When I arrive at Constantinople, I shall determine whether to proceed into Persia or return—which latter I do not wish if I can avoid it. But I have no intelligence from Mr. H., and but one letter from yourself. I shall stand in need of remittances, whether I proceed or return. I have written to him repeatedly, that he may not plead ignorance of my situation for neglect.' Here is sufficient evidence that the cause of the undetermined state of his mind, which struck me so forcibly, was owing to the incertitude of his affairs at home; and it is easy to conceive that the false dignity he assumed, and which seemed so like arrogance, was the natural effect of the anxiety and embarrassment he suffered, and of the apprehension of a person of his rank being, on account of his remittances, exposed to require assistance among strangers."

We suspect the word *kith* will puzzle some of Mr. Galt's southern readers. Another anecdote confirms, if confirmation were needed, how much his genius was struck by a passing circumstance:—

"While the Salsette lay off the Dardanelles, Lord Byron saw the body of a man who had been executed by being cast into the sea, floating on the stream, moving to and fro with the tumbling of the water, which gave to his arms the effect of scaring away several sea-fowl that were hovering to devour. This incident he has strikingly depicted in 'The Bride of Abydos.'"

Again:—"Both the Fare-thee-well, and the Anathema on Mrs. Charlemont, are splendid corroborations of the metaphysical fact which it is the main object of this work to illustrate, namely, that Byron was only original and truly great when he wrote from the dictates of his own breast, and described from the suggestions of things he had seen. When his imagination found not in his subject uses for the materials of his experience, and opportunities to embody them, it seemed to be no longer the same high and mysterious faculty that so ruled the tides of the feelings of others. He then appeared a more ordinary poet—a skilful verse-maker. The necromancy which held the reader spell-bound became ineffectual; and the charm and the glory which interested so intensely, and shone so radiantly on his configurations from realities, all failed and faded; for his genius dealt not with airy fancies, but had its power and dominion amidst the living and the local of the actual world."

The inference that in *Manfred* there was no intention of implying that the hero had a guilty passion for his sister is too ingeniously drawn to be omitted.

"There has always been, from the first publication of *Manfred*, a strange misapprehension with respect to it in the public mind. The whole poem has been misunderstood, and the odious supposition that ascribes the fearful mystery and remorse of the hero to a foul passion for his sister, is probably one of those coarse imaginations which have grown out of the calumnies and accusations heaped upon the author. How can it have happened that none of the critics have noticed that the story is

derived from the human sacrifices supposed to have been in use among the students of the black art?"

Here is quoted a beautiful fragment, of which we subjoin only the last lines, for connexion:—

"I loved her and—destroy'd her—
Witch. With thy hand?"

Manfred.
Not with my hand, but heart, which broke her heart.
It gazed on mine, and wither'd. I have shed
Blood, but not hers, and yet her blood was shed;—
I saw, and could not stanch it."

There is in this little scene, perhaps, the deepest pathos ever expressed; but it is not of its beauty that I am treating; my object in noticing it here is, that it may be considered in connexion with that where *Manfred* appears with his insatiate thirst of knowledge, and manacled with guilt. It indicates that his sister, *Astarte*, had been self-sacrificed in the pursuit of their magical knowledge. Human sacrifices were supposed to be among the initiate propitiations of the demons that have their purposes in magic—as well as compacts signed with the blood of the self-sold. There was also a dark Egyptian art, of which the knowledge and the efficacy could only be obtained by the novitius procuring a voluntary victim—the dearest object to himself, and to whom he also was the dearest; and the primary spring of *Byron's* tragedy lies, I conceive, in a sacrifice of that kind having been performed, without obtaining that happiness which the votary expected would be found in the knowledge and power purchased at such a price. His sister was sacrificed in vain."

But surely these arguments are overthrown by one line in *Manfred's* own speech—

"Though it were
The deadliest sin to love as we have loved."

We must confess, that the Italian confederacy for the *Liberal* places *Mr. Hunt* in a meaner point of view, to our judgment, than *Mr. Galt* seems to consider him—in three pithy sentences the whole is well characterised.

"Vanity was mingled with their golden dreams. *Lord Byron* mistook *Hunt's* political notoriety for literary reputation, and *Mr. Hunt* thought it was a fine thing to be chum and partner with so renowned a lord. After all, however, the worst which can be said of it is, that, formed in weakness it could produce only vexation."

If any one doubts the justice of the following, they have only to read the pages whose author states such conviction.

"I have never been able to understand why it has been so often supposed that *Lord Byron* was actuated in the composition of his different works by any other motive than enjoyment: perhaps no poet had ever less of an ulterior purpose in his mind during the fits of inspiration (for the epithet may be applied correctly to him and to the moods in which he was accustomed to write), than this singular and impassioned man. Those who imagine that he had any intention to impair the reverence due to religion, or to weaken the hinges of moral action, give him credit for far more design and prospective purpose than he possessed. They could have known nothing of the man; the main defect of whose character, in relation to every thing, was in having too little of the element or principle of purpose. He was a thing of impulses; and to judge of what he either said or did, as the results of predetermination, was not only to do the harshest injustice, but to shew a total ignorance of his character. His whole fault, the darkest course of those flights and deviations from propriety which have drawn upon him the severest an-

madversion, lay in the unbridled state of his impulses. He felt, but never reasoned. * * *

"One day, as a friend of mine was conversing with his lordship at the Casa Saluzzi, on the moral impressions of magnificent scenery, he happened to remark, that he thought the view of the Alps in the evening, from Turin, the sublimest scene he had ever beheld. 'It is impossible,' said he, 'at such a time, when all the west is golden and glowing behind them, to contemplate such vast masses of the Deity without being awed into rest, and forgetting such things as man and his follies.' 'Hunt,' said his lordship, smiling, 'has no perception of the sublimity of alpine scenery; he calls a mountain a great impostor.'"

Mr. Galt enters into less detail of opinion respecting *Don Juan* than any other work. We think a curious and interesting parallel might be drawn between that and the *Pilgrimage*: *Don Juan* is *Childe Harold* undeidealised; he goes over the same ground, but in how different a spirit! What once excited enthusiasm now gives scope for ridicule—sarcasms take the place of illusions; and if ever man felt that "a glory was departed from the earth," *Lord Byron* was the man.

We now bid farewell to *Mr. Galt*, though with the intention of again recurring to his pages; but we cannot defer to another week the expression of our most cordial approbation. Good sense, good feeling, and good taste, go far towards making a good biographer: he possesses them all. We have read his work with great delight—we close it with mingled regret and admiration. It is now only necessary to speak of its mechanical parts: it is handsomely printed, has two beautifully engraved portraits of *Byron* and the *Countess Guiccioli*, and is most moderate in price. It forms the first volume of the *National Library*; and is a foundation on which the highest expectations may be formed of that undertaking.

Retrospections of the Stage. By the late *John Bernard*, Manager of the American Theatres, and formerly Secretary to the Beef-Steak Club. 12mo. 2 vols. Colburn and Bentley. A PUBLICATION of this kind needs little introduction: like the theatrical hero whose memoirs it contains, it walks upon the stage in character, and introduces itself. If we dislike it, we hiss; and if we approve of it, we applaud.

To continue our comparison,—the present *début* is a hit. It revives a host of pleasant recollections of by-gone times; it re-opens some of the stores of wit which have been forgotten; and it renews the life of many a gay companion, whom death has long since snatched from the scene of jest, conviviality, and humour. In reading, our enjoyment is often chastened into a deeper tone of feeling, and our laughter at the joke or *bon-mot* checked by a recollection of the fate of him who uttered it. They do not come like shadows, so depart; but, on the contrary, with all the amusement of a book of drollery, biographical anecdote, and the exhibition of society half a century old, these *Retrospections* possess a higher claim to public regard. In all that respects the drama they are admirable chronicles; and they place vividly before us many of those favourites of the stage in whom our fathers delighted, in their habits as they lived. When an estimate of dramatic talents is offered, or when opinions are given upon subjects connected with the stage, there is a degree of judgment displayed which we consider to be of the highest order. A few of the stories, it is true, have slipped into pub-

licity before; but they are not very numerous, and the compensation of original matter is abundant. On the whole, we have been infinitely more entertained by these volumes than by any of the works of the same class (no matter how attractive the names of their authors) that have appeared within the last half dozen years.

We wish to illustrate this; and we cannot go wrong. There is little occasion for selection; fall in where we may, the critic, like a cat, is sure to fall upon his feet. For the reviewer at the dull season; for the loungee at a watering-place, or in snug country quarters; for the reader and the idler every where, (and we say it not in disparagement of its better qualities,) this is *the* book. But we will open its hitherto poor, poor dumb mouth, and bid it speak for itself.

Mr. Bernard was born, in 1756, at Portsmouth (whence, perhaps, he always manifested a good deal of Point); and very soon evinced an invincible predilection for the science of acting. His parentage was respectable, and of course averse to this spirit of vagabondising; but no art could stop the course of nature, and he ran from schools and clerkships the most instructive and promising, to indulge in phantasies the most visionary and unprofitable. Yet *Mr. Bernard* was not exposed to the protracted continuation of strolling, shifting, and starving: some supplies from home, the display of early talent, and a marriage with a clever actress, enabled him soon to surmount the initiatory difficulties of his profession, and to advance into comparative popularity and comfort. Such being the case, we need not enter upon his first theatrical efforts, when the only difference between him and a fowl was, that he was killed within the barn, and the fowl at the door, and that the latter was the better fed of the two. Incidents of strolling, though amusing, have acquired a sameness, from repetition, which hardly admits of a novelty, and we pass over those of our author:—let us see! may not the following be exceptions?

"The same day (says our young *Roscus*) I was given *Romeo* to study to *Mrs. Osborne's Juliet*. This lady had that kind of originality in her style, which not merely disclaimed a resemblance to any other person's, but was altogether unlike any thing else in human nature. In the performance of the play, owing to the limited number of our corps, we were reduced to many shifts—the most humorous of which was, *Romeo's* having to toll the bell, and *Juliet* the dead to sing her own dirge."

At a loss for a play, when the absence of some actor had rendered it impracticable to perform that which had been announced (at *Stow Market*, it was):—

"After canvassing the merits and peculiarities of twenty pieces, 'The Orphan' appeared to be the least difficult, and we fixed upon it. Two other queries were now to be considered; whether, and how, we should acquaint the public with a change. *Mr. Osborne* remarked, that as we expected a full house to the comedy,—(the title, as well as that of a 'Bold Stroke for a Husband,' being very attractive in small country towns, where there are a great many unmarried young people)—he feared that the announcement of a tragedy would turn money from the doors; and as that event was less desirable to the company than the public enlightenment, it was decided on *nem. con.* that 'The Orphan' should be represented instead of the 'Bold Stroke,' but without any promulgation; thus leaving it to

the critical acumen of our audience to distinguish between Thalia and Melpomene! The night came—the house filled—the curtain went up—the play went on—moreover, it went down: not a whisper was breathed—not a fan agitated—not a hand struck its fellow: one would have thought not a heart beat—all was observation and quiescence as usual—‘dead and deep,’—the spectators gazing upon us as though we were certain unearthly appearances, or more exactly like the people of a city in the ‘Arabian Nights,’ who were suddenly converted into stone: the same raising of the brow, dropping of the jaw, propping of the chin, and settling of the eye, continuing from the commencement to the close of the act. On this occasion, however, we were not inclined to murmur at their silence, fearing, on the contrary, that the first exclamation would be to our detection, and, consequently, the rousing of the sleeping lion to our disgrace. But fate willed it otherwise. The play proceeded—the actors went on and off—and nothing occurred to disturb either the looks or positions of the audience, till in the midst of the fourth act, when I, (as Castalio,) addressing Monimia’s maid, exclaimed, in reply to her refusal to admit me—

‘By heaven! I’ll scale the window, and get in by force,
Let the glad consequence be what it may!’

at which an old maiden lady, in a high-crowned critical cap, with spectacles on her nose, and her peaked chin propped on an ivory-headed cane (who had sat as mute and motionless all the evening as the rest) suddenly relaxed her fixidity, and exclaimed, giving three emphatic taps with her staff—‘Bravo, young man—bravo—that’s a bold stroke for a wife,’ indeed!’—Whether it was the example of so respectable a person, or a general concurrence in the justice of her criticism, I know not—but the impulse was electrical—the train was fired; tongues, hands, and heels, were loosened to their welcome office, and a universal explosion of approbation took place.

“Thornton (a manager) was the person who originated the joke of a man going a journey and putting on six shirts; so that when he wanted a clean one he took one off. He had a favourite Scotch dress given to him by Lee Digges, which he was in the habit of wearing on all occasions, and once introduced in Stedfast in the ‘Heir at Law,’ compelling Henry Moreland to say that they had been wrecked on the coast of Scotland, instead of America, where his old friend lost his own, and was forced to assume the national habiliments. His system of acting was not founded upon the principle of suiting the word to the action, but the action to the word. In Macheath (which he invariably played for his benefit), he accordingly gave the lines—‘Some men are killed by rope,’ (mimicking the Newgate ceremony), ‘or gun’ (levelling his aim like a musket), ‘and others by the doctor’s pill’ (rolling the little ball in the palm of his hand, and pretending to swallow it).

“Glastonbury was our next destination, where we were patronised by a great eccentric, of the name of Shroud. The business becoming very bad, we were driven to all kinds of expedients to recruit it; and this gentleman hit upon one that proved successful. As a mere frolic, he proposed to myself and some others of the company who were supping with him, to fly a kite some dark and windy night from the Torr-hill, when the wind set in the direction of the town. This kite was to be of extraordinary dimensions, and to have a large tom-cat and a stable-lantern appended to its

tail. As we could contemplate no evil results from such a joke, we agreed. The kite was accordingly constructed. A suitable evening came, windy and tenebrous; and being an ‘off-night,’ we repaired to the hill with the captain, and our materials in a cart. Arrived at a convenient spot, the cat and lantern were securely swathed to the tail, and the kite was raised. It was six feet in height, and required nearly six men to hold it. Sweeping over the town, it performed various curious evolutions, owing to the gusty, unsteady nature of the wind (very favourable, by the by, to our design); and the feline aeronaut, beginning to exert his lungs, surpassed the finest strains of a modern professor. As the body of the kite was painted black, the light only was visible, and a very supernatural aspect it had, resembling nothing so much as the gambols of some aerial demon. The first effect that we noticed was the rushing up of all the cats of Glastonbury to the house-tops, who, sympathising with their friend, lifted up their tails and voices, and yelled together loud enough to have scared all the devils in Milton’s Pandemonium. Next came out all the old women and young children, who, grouped at the corners of the street, silently contemplated, like so many statues, the inexplicable phenomenon above them. When we had amused ourselves in this way about two hours, the kite was taken in; and confiding it to the care of the captain’s servant, we descended to the town to enjoy (though rather wickedly) the alarm we had given rise to. It would have filled a pretty thick volume (and not unamusingly) could I have penned down the explanations we received of the ‘apparition in the air,’ each of which varying with the grade and intellect of the object, was equally distant from a suspicion of the truth. The panic lasted throughout the night, and on the morrow communicated to the surrounding villages. People flocked in from all quarters, and the town was quite full. The captain’s sagacious head had foreseen this result, and perceived in it an opportunity of retrieving our affairs. He accordingly proposed to write a play on the subject, to be called ‘The Fiend in the Air, or the Glastonbury Apparition!’ which we should get a house-painter in the town to illustrate with a view of the Torr-hill, &c. This was agreed to; and an imaginary likeness of the ‘fiend’ was constructed by the company, to be worked by wires, composed of pasteboard and red flannel, with an illumined head, and a cracker at his tail. The piece was written, rehearsed, and acted; each one had a part. Two gentlemen of the town gave imitations at the wings of the congregated cats; whilst the captain, positioned above, manoeuvred and yelled for the fiend individually. This experiment succeeded so well with the country-people, who had not witnessed the phenomenon, but came to the theatre (as people always should) to be instructed, that we performed it four nights, and the receipts were sufficient to take us out of town with respectability.”

At Norwich, the green-room (1774) “contained three or four individuals it may be worth while to notice. Mrs. Ross (afterwards Mrs. Brown), a comedian whose merit will be sufficiently attested by the fact, that she was the acknowledged prototype of Mrs. Jordan; the latter lady having imbibed the idea that she could play comedy from seeing the former perform a hoyden.

“When she appeared at Covent Garden (in Miss Prue, I believe), the audience were delighted; but the critics in the pit exclaimed, ‘It’s a pity she imitates Mrs. Jordan!’ which

reminds me of the story of a silk-mercier, who had associated with Shuter till he caught, not only all his best jokes and ditties, but the very manner in which they were given. The latter, hearing this, determined to visit a club one evening, which this gentleman frequented, and see what would be the effect of his good things at first hand, which had told so well at second. He did so; but soon lost both humour and temper, at hearing the worthy cits, whenever he attempted to be funny, respond with mingled wonder and delight, ‘How like Tom Bennet!’

“Mrs. Ibbot used to relate to me many whimsical illustrations of dramatic life; and among others, once said, that about the period of her entering the profession (1740), she was present at the performance of an old Roman play, in a gentleman’s barn in Norfolk, when the principal actor came forward to deliver the prologue (which then in the country used generally to be an epitome of the plot), and having to say, ‘When Hannibal and Scipio first waged war, they took a circumference to Africa,’ he enunciated—‘When Han-ni-bawl and Ski-pi-o first wag-ged war, they took a kirk-kum-ferrence round to Afri-ca.’”

At Norwich:—“The character of the good people who reside in this part of the world, whilst laying claim to as great a portion of integrity and generosity as any others in Christendom, is (or was) nevertheless distinguished for a peculiar simplicity. It was quite common for a servant who would come to the box-office to learn what was the play, and being informed ‘the Beaux Stratagen’ and ‘the Virgin Unmasked,’ to go home and say we intended to do ‘the Boar Strangled’ and ‘the Virgin Mary!’ A grazier who had got into the theatre and seen Griffiths play Richard, on one occasion waited upon the manager the next morning, to say, that if the gentleman who wanted a horse on the previous evening held his mind, he had got an abundance of cattle in his meadows, and should be happy to deal with him. Bowles took me to a club one evening, where the subject of public speaking being debated, a gentleman asked his friend what he thought of Mr. Hopkins’ style; who replied, that he considered it to be very troublesome, and wished it was broken down—as he had to get over it every morning in going to his farm, at the hazard of dislocating his hip. I believe the joke is pretty well known of the Norwich alderman, who being called on at a public dinner, when the cloth was removed, to give a toast, said he would propose one which he had had the honour of hearing Sir Edward Aflick deliver at the breaking up of a party—‘Here’s bon repos, gentlemen!’ But one infinitely more whimsical than this occurred during my stay at a dinner given by the ‘body corporate’ to Sir Thomas Jerningham, the member. One of that illustrious number being asked (at a late hour in the evening) to name as a toast the finest demirep in Norwich! filled his glass, and, rising with formal politeness, replied—‘Here’s Sir Thomas Jerningham, gentlemen!’”

At Plymouth:—“Mrs. Bernard on her benefit-night received an unexpected compliment. We were playing ‘the Chances,’ in which my wife enacted the ‘second Constantia;’ and when repeating the soliloquy upon her escape from Antonio, she exclaimed—‘Well! I’m glad I’ve got rid of that old fellow, however; and now, if any handsome young man would take a fancy to me, and make me an honest woman, I’d make him the best wife in the universe!’ A middy in the slips, who

had never seen a play before, and took a deep interest in the scene, immediately started up, and leaning over the box in a manner which made him conspicuous to the whole house, clapped his hands, and cried out—'I'll have you, ma'am; I'll have you; d—n my eyes, if I don't. I have three years' pay to receive, besides prize-money!'"

These tales we shall close with one of Jemmy Whitely, an eccentric manager of a travelling corps.

"Jemmy was not particular, in poor communities, as to whether he received the public support in money or in 'kind.' He would take meat, fowl, vegetables, &c., value them by scales, &c., and pass in the owner and friends for as many admissions as they amounted to. Thus his treasury very often, on a Saturday, resembled a butcher's warehouse rather than a banker's. At a village on the coast the inhabitants brought him nothing but fish; but as the company could not subsist without its concomitants of bread, potatoes, and spirits, a general appeal was made to his stomach and sympathies, and some alteration in the terms of admission required. Jemmy accordingly, after admitting nineteen persons one evening for a shad a-piece, stopped the twentieth, and said—'I beg your pardon, my darling—I am extremely sorry to refuse you; but if we ate any more fish, by the powers! we shall all be turned into mermaids!'"

But as our hero got onward, and became acquainted with better-known folks than the Jemmy Whitelys of the barns and fish-money, he picked up and has preserved some anecdotes which are still more interesting and amusing. The following, of the celebrated Quin, have not excited our spleen—but *rice versa*.

"Quin and Foote associated with the best company; and Quin, like Foote, was distinguished for a certain contempt for a portion of the society he courted, namely, the more noble but less intelligent. Dining one day at a party in Bath, Quin uttered something which caused a general murmur of delight. A nobleman present, who was not illustrious for the brilliancy of his ideas, exclaimed—'What a pity 'tis, Quin, my boy, that a clever fellow like you should be a player!' Quin fixed and flashed his eye upon the person, with this reply—'What would your lordship have me be?—a lord!' Quin was also distinguished for his attachment to the society of females; though the accounts which have been handed down of his rugged habits and propensities may have led my reader to the contrary supposition. Where ladies were present one evening, the subject of conversation was the doctrine of Pythagoras. Quin remained silent. One of the party (remarkable for the whiteness of her neck) asked Quin his opinion—'Do you believe in the transmigration of souls, Mr. Quin?' 'Oh, yes, madam!' 'And pray may I inquire, what creature's form you would prefer hereafter to inhabit?' 'A fly's, madam.' 'A fly!' 'Yes, that I might have the pleasure, at some future day, of resting on your ladyship's neck.' There was infinite delicacy in the following:—Being asked by a lady why it was reported that there were more women in the world than men, he replied—'It is in conformity with the arrangements of nature, madam: we always see more of heaven than earth!' The measure of his devotion to the fair could only be equalled by his detestation for those creatures of his own sex who mimicked the former's accent and daintiness. Taking his soup one day at a coffee-house in Bath, two gentlemen came in and blocked

the fire-place, one of whom appeared to be a walking compound of wig, lace ruffles, rose-water, and the Bath Directory. The room was rather full, and for this reason the latter person commenced a detail of his fashionable connexions and advantages. Quin immediately desisted from eating, looked up, and made wry faces. The sprig of jessmine was pleased, however, with the notice he excited, and continued in an effeminate tone sufficiently audible to disturb and disgust all around him, whose expressions he construed as the tokens of wonder or envy. Quin rose up and walked about the room; the lady-like creature paid no attention to this, but entered into a list of his weekly engagements, and numbered the peers who would be of the parties. Quin could contain himself no longer, and rang the bell furiously. 'Waiter,' said he, 'bring me a basin.' 'A basin, sir!' 'A basin—I'm going to be sick.' Away flew the waiter; and Quin, stepping up to the obnoxious person, begged he would delay his conversation a few minutes. The object stared as though thunderstruck, but was silent. The eyes of the company were now directed to Quin in inquisitive surprise: the waiter returned; Quin took the basin and placed it on the table near his soup; he then unbuttoned his coat, loosened his cravat, and, leaning his head over the utensil, exclaimed—'Now, sir, proceed when you like—I'm ready!' His design and action convulsed the room in an instantaneous roar of laughter, which answered the desired end; for the 'young gentleman,' becoming incensed, uttered a loud 'demme,' and made a speedy retreat.

"Quin played Cato very well, which I attribute to some constitutional resemblance between the two. He was generally 'as cool (to use a vulgarism) as a cucumber.' Some person whom he had offended, met him one day in the street, and stopped him. 'Mr. Quin,' said he, 'I—I understand, sir, you have been taking away my name!' 'What have I said, sir?' 'You—you—you called me a scoundrel, sir!' 'Keep your name,' replied Quin, and walked on. Quin in his old age, every one knows, became a great gourmand, and, among other things, invented a composition, which he called his 'Siamese soup,' pretending that its ingredients were principally from the 'East.' The peculiarity of its flavour became the topic of the day. The 'rage' at Bath was Mr. Quin's soup; but as he would not part with the recipe, this state of notice was highly inconvenient; every person of taste was endeavouring to dine with him; every dinner he was at, an apology was made for the absence of the 'Siamese soup.' His female friends Quin was forced to put off with promises; the males received a respectful but manly denial. A conspiracy was accordingly projected by a dozen *bons vivans* of Bath, against his peace and comfort. At home he was flooded with anonymous letters; abroad, beset with applications under every form. The possession of this secret was made a canker to all his enjoyments. At length he discovered the design, and determined on revenge. Collecting the names of the principal confederates, he invited them to dinner, promising to give them the recipe before they departed—an invitation, as my reader will suppose, which was joyfully accepted. Quin then gave a pair of his old boots to the housemaid to scour and soak, and when sufficiently seasoned, to chop up into fine particles, like minced meat. On the appointed day, he took these particles, and pouring them into a copper pot, with sage, onions, spice, ham, wine, water,

and other ingredients, composed a mixture of about two gallons, which was served up at his table as his 'Siamese soup.' The company were in transports at its flavour; but Quin, pleading a cold, did not taste it. A pleasant evening was spent, and when the hour of departure arrived, each person pulled out his tablets to write down the recipe. Quin now pretended that he had forgot making the promise; but his guests were not to be put off; and closing the door, they told him in plain terms, that neither he nor they should quit the room till his pledge had been redeemed. Quin stammered and evaded, and kept them from the point as long as possible; but when their patience was bearing down all bounds, his reluctance gave way. 'Well, then, gentlemen,' said he, 'in the first place, take an old pair of boots!' 'What! an old pair of boots!' 'The older the better;—(they stared at each other)—'cut off their tops and soles, and soak them in a tub of water'—(they hesitated)—'chop them into fine particles, and pour them into a pot with two gallons and a half of water.' 'Why, d—n it, Quin,' they simultaneously exclaimed, 'you don't mean to say that the soup we've been drinking was made of old boots!' 'I do, gentlemen,' he replied, 'by G—d! my cook will assure you she chopped them up.' They required no such attestation; his cool, inflexible expression was sufficient: in an instant, horror and despair were depicted on each countenance, in the full conviction they were individually poisoned. Quin, observing this, begged them not to be alarmed, since he could contemplate no dangerous results from their dinner; but if they thought it would sit uneasy on their stomachs, there was an apothecary's shop in the next street. The hint was taken: an idea of personal safety subdued the rising throbs of indignation. Seizing their hats, away flew the whole bevy down the stairs, and along the street to the place advised, where ipecacuanha and other provocatives were speedily procured, and the 'Siamese soup' (and all its concomitants) was speedily disgorged."

From these diverting volumes we shall continue our extracts next week.

Instructions to Young Sportsmen in all that relates to Guns and Shooting. By Lieut.-Col. Hawker. Sixth edition, corrected, enlarged, and improved. 8vo. pp. 460. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

TWICE already have we reviewed this work (No. 397, August 28, 1824, and No. 448, August 20, 1825); and now comes the sixth edition, so much enlarged and improved as to deserve the name of a new publication; at least, we can say, the additions comprise more pith of information than is contained in many entire original volumes which come under our inspection. It is dedicated, by his royal permission, to the King.

In our last Number we celebrated the *Fifth of November*; but for explosions, we presume to think the *First of September* must, upon the long run, take a higher interest in national feeling. It is this which gratifies us so much with Colonel Hawker: the subject and occasion are the most generally important within the whole circle of the yearly revolution; and here is the Nimrod of the age, the Mentor and guardian angel of sportsmen, blazing forth upon it with such a quantum of the useful as would set up an Oracle, and in such a style as would amuse a Heracitus. Indeed, as we have declared and almost sworn, this is a book of books for country quarters, and for townsmen

who have the felicity to be invited into rural enjoyments.

Next Wednesday, should the birds not be previously frightened to death by anticipating the eclipse of the moon on Thursday—next Wednesday, the harvest being pretty forward, and the season auspicious, there will be much powder burnt, much shot wasted, a great number of birds, and, probably, a few shooters, killed, by the guns which will be out that day. Even to the last-mentioned we would recommend an early reading of Col. Hawker: it will do them good! Let us run over its new matter, and the whole world will perceive how.

After a flourish respecting the crack gun-makers in the trade, the author confesses a far more favourable opinion of detonators than he formerly maintained. From improvements in the method of boring, which causes them to detain the shot longer, till the powder is more effectually ignited—and of new waddings, which clean the gun from the leading deposited when there is much firing—he is now inclined to think they are superior, in some respects, and nearly equal in all, to the olden flint-gun. Copper caps, which have crept into pretty general use, are also mentioned as valuable innovations; but care should be taken in their selection.*

On the question of elevation there are some udicious remarks; the result of which is, that "the longer the gun, the higher must be the elevation." The colonel prefers the fine cylinder powder, with the copper-cap percussion guns, and tells us, in his own quaint manner, "the gunmakers are by far the best deputy powder-merchants, and take great pains in the management of their powder; because on that the killing of their guns must depend; and therefore we must readily forgive any innocent little bit of 'lam' as putting their own names to it, &c. This is all fair; and it is really a charity to let them earn a trifle, now that they have been half-ruined by getting caught in their own trap—the detonating guns; and then sadly troubled with the 'shorts,' from gentlemen finding it impossible to 'cash up,' owing to the failure of their farming tenants."

With regard to wadding, a novelty is spoken of as forthcoming; but, in the interim, "anoined wadding" is pronounced to be best upon the powder; and thin pasteboard, cut by a dented punch, upon the shot. Cartridges in wire are not found to answer in common sporting, though, in particular cases, they make very long shots.

In the art of shooting it appears a grand *requisite* to be good tempered, and not to fume and fret about missing.

"When a good shot (observes the author) misses, from being nervous, it generally occurs through his left hand dropping as he pulls the trigger; and if it happens that his gun should miss fire, he will immediately detect this, by seeing that the muzzle has fallen below the line of aim. The best way to remedy this is to make a firm resolution to fire full high, and firmly grasp the stock for a few shots; and, as soon as a few birds have fallen handsomely, he will, most likely, recover his nerves and his

* "I need hardly add (says the colonel), that having the caps of bad quality has perhaps doubled the number of accidents. For instance, French caps, being now to be had for about two francs a thousand, are frequently imported to England, and sold at an immense profit; and, although these may do very well with *weak French powder*, yet they are so unfit to be trusted with *our powder*, that the loss of many sportsmen's eyes has been the consequence. I know one gunmaker who recommended them for no other purpose than to ruin the copper-cap guns, and thereby improve trade." A pretty rascal, to wish to improve trade by knocking people's eyes out. He must have been worse than an oculist.—*Ed.*

shooting. I have luckily felt just enough of this annoyance to enable me to prescribe a little remedy for it; as I well know the unpleasant feelings of a shooting sportsman when deprived of his usual skill:—he becomes, like one with gout, *love*, or sea-sickness,—cruelly tormented, and laughed at into the bargain."

The song says, "just like love is yonder rose;" and now we learn that shooting badly is also "just like love." It puts one in a tremble, we suppose, and he can no more pop the question than he can pop off a partridge! There is, however, a way of getting at the game, like to which we know nothing (except it may be to fly a passionate letter) in affairs of the heart: it is, "to fly a paper kite, regularly painted like a bird of prey, at about thirty yards above the ground, and with a very long string, so as for the man who flies and walks on with it, to be at a distance; while the shooter and his dog approach behind the kite."

In the usual mode of sporting, the following new observations in Col. Hawker's volume will be found of service to our friends next week and throughout the season:—

"In walking up to your dogs, in turnips or high stubble, when birds are wild, lift your legs high; and by thus making less noise, you will get twice as near to your game. In an open country, where the stubble is thin, advance as quick as possible, tread light, and crouch your body as low as you can. Why does a pointer sometimes get within ten yards, when the birds fly up from the shooter at above 100? Because a dog is so low the birds cannot see him, and rapidly advances on them without making a noise. The sceptic may fancy this an 'old woman's story'—but, for all that, he'll get beat by the man who attends to it. * * * In beating a narrow strip of turnips, with two shooters, when birds are wild and run, let one of them enter the croft about eighty yards in front of the other, and walk on in *echelon*, as the man in advance will then have the wild ones coming to him, and his partner the tame ones, if some of the birds happen to lie well. * * * Much game as I have seen killed in a September day, I do not recollect one solitary instance of any thing extraordinary being done very early in the morning. Many people tell me about killing ten and even twenty brace before breakfast; but I never yet had the fortune to see the chance for such a performance; because the dew is seldom off before eight or nine o'clock. It would be bad manners to doubt their word; so I will conclude that they mean before some *déjeuné à la fourchette* at 12; or perhaps before their breakfast on the following day. * * *

After a storm, as soon as the ground is dry, or the next day, birds will lie in a calm; and after a calm they will lie in windy weather. Birds are frequently as much on the listen as on the watch; and this is why, towards the end of the season, we sometimes do best in boisterous weather. * * * If an obstinate dog will not come out of cover when repeatedly called, be silent; then he will begin to listen for you, and through fear of being left behind, will most likely come sneaking out, so as to be caught for a timely flagellation. * * *

If you owe a greedy shooter a grudge, give his dog, in hot weather, a *carte blanche* at a large tub of buttermilk, just before he takes the field. He will then have many points—but few birds. * * * If you have reason to expect a gang of poachers that may be too strong for your keepers, let some one go through your covers, and thrash away at all the trees till he has driven the pheasants from

their roost. Having then spoiled the night's sport, you may go home and sleep in peace. This was the plan of my friend, the late Mr. Ponton, who, with only one regular keeper, had plenty of pheasants in the midst of poachers."

At pages 292-3, the reader will be taught several methods of dissolving Indian rubber, for making shoes, trousers, or any thing else, waterproof; and the annexed gives ample information on a still more tender and touching point—*corns*.

"To walk with corns, and without torture, get a piece of chamois leather, spread with diachylon plaster. Cut, with your wadding-punch, as many rounds as will form a sufficient thickness to prevent the boot or shoe from pressing your stocking on the corn; for the reception of which you must punch a small hole through the centre. By this simple contrivance, I have known many a dot-and-go-one gentleman start off as bold as a dog just uncoupled."

The following is also a secret worth knowing:—

"To preserve Gunning-clothes from the Moth.—To keep your gunning-dresses, and indeed all other cloths, furs, &c. free from the moth, let them be sewed up in a bag of brown holland, or other linen, which, if sewn tight, and kept dry, will rarely ever fail to preserve them. But, if you wish to be doubly sure, you may put in the bag with them, equal quantities of camphor and carbonate of ammonia. A bladder filled with turpentine is another good remedy."

Upon the subject of dog-stealing we have some most curious intelligence: so curious, that it may stand for a sketch of a particular class of society which does not court much public notice in our strange metropolis; and we quote the whole.

"Penalty for Stealing Dogs.†

"By 7 and 8 Geo. IV. c. 29, the offender, on conviction before a justice of peace, to forfeit, for the first offence (over and above the value of the dog), a sum not exceeding 20*l*. For the second offence, to be imprisoned (with hard labour) not exceeding twelve calendar months, and whipped, at the discretion of the justice. Sect. 31. Persons found in possession of a stolen dog, or the skin thereof (knowing them to be stolen), are liable to the same penalties. Sect. 32."

"Such is here the inefficiency of the law, that dog-stealing in London has now become the regular trade of men calling themselves 'the Fancy;' and of whom there are, at least, fifty leading characters, besides their spies and outposts. These fellows, by way of a blind to avoid suspicion, either assume the character of plasterers, carpenters, &c. &c., and carry the very tools in their hands, or hawk about oranges, hardwares, and other little articles for sale. They have dens in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel, Shoreditch, Tottenham-court Road, and Westminster; outposts about Greenwich, Ball's Pond (a noted place on the right of the North Road), Lisson Grove, and Paddington; and a rendezvous in Long Acre for drinking and business. I have been told that

* Of one of these recipes, the colonel, in his characteristic language, states: "It has, after six years' trial, proved to answer so well, that I have no doubt if it had been disguised, and 'set a going' by some gentleman who was a 'dab' at preaching, pulling, and wall-chalking, he might soon have made a little fortune by it, and set up for an E-s-q.; with his 'cad,' and his 'cab,' and his—, &c."

† "N.B. This law holds good also for (as the act says) 'any beast or bird ordinarily kept in a state of confinement,' &c.; and in sect. 32 it says—'That if any such dog, or any such beast, or the skin thereof, or any such bird, or any of the plumage thereof, shall be found in the possession, or on the premises, of any person, and the person shall know the same to have been stolen,' &c. &c.—'liable to the same penalties.'"

their chief consul is an old stager of forty years' standing, who is nearly blind and worn out; but of this I cannot answer for the truth. Their system is brought to such perfection, that if your dog only turns round a corner, out of your sight, he is liable to be instantly enticed away, at a rapid pace, by the never-failing means of ———. Their plan is to take the dog off to one of the most distant of the dens from where the robbery is committed, and there keep him, in safe and close confinement, till the 'customer,' as they term it, shall advertise a reward amounting to what they think rather more than half the value; or, to use their own words, 'chanted' at a price that will 'fetch' him. On this being offered, you will generally recover your dog; because their agent of the district, who is always on the look-out for 'chants,' will either go or send to you with the joyful tidings of your favourite; pretending, at the same time, with an oily tongue and pious face, that he gets nothing by it, 'except *not* your honour will be pleased to give' him 'for' his 'trouble,' in addition to the advertised reward. But the man who actually steals the dog never appears in the business; by which he avoids all risk of being 'had up.' The club find that this plan answers much better, and is less liable to detection, than offering the dogs for sale; particularly as they frequently get possession of the same dog several times. There have been instances of their being paid fifteen guineas, in successive rewards, for one lady's lap-dog that was perhaps not worth ten shillings. If a dog is not 'chanted' before he becomes all but starved, they kill him and sell the skin; unless it should so happen that they have orders from 'gentlemen'!! for dogs—an opportunity of starting him for Scotland, Ireland, &c.—or can find an immediate purchaser, who will give a few shillings more than the skin would produce. If 'hard up' for 'blunt,' however, some of them will go and sell the dogs in the streets as soon as possible after they have caught them; but, of course, in a diametrically opposite part of the town from where they found them. Here they sometimes cheat their own society: but of this they think nothing, and will even rob one another. 'Dog rob dog' is their slang, and standing motto. All thieves have the knack of instantly quieting even the fiercest watch-dogs by throwing them a kind of narcotic ball—this they call 'puddening' them—by means of which recipe some of the 'Fancy' go journeys to execute particular orders at a long distance from London. Be very cautious, therefore, before whom you boast about the goodness of your dogs; or what you feel a pride in, may be the very means of your losing them; because when 'fancy men,' in any line of 'business,' have orders to execute, they will assume all trades and disguises, and thus ingratiate themselves with the very servants of your household, in order to 'suck' them for information. The following circumstance is a specimen of their town manoeuvres:—In the month of May last, Mr. Lang, of the celebrated shooting gallery and excellent gun repository in the Haymarket, lost a favourite setter. He posted handbills, offering two guineas reward; on hearing of which, a man came and told him the reward was not enough; but that if he would make it four guineas, he could find his dog; and the amount must be deposited in the hands of a landlord, who would procure him a ticket-card. He should then be met, to his appointment, in some private field, where he would receive his dog—on condition that no questions

should be asked. Mr. Lang sent his shopman, about half-past ten at night, to White Conduit Fields to meet the parties, who, on receiving the ticket, delivered up the dog. But there was great hesitation in transacting this affair, in consequence of the dog having on a lock to a steel chain collar with Mr. Lang's name; and which therefore induced them to proceed with extreme caution, through fear, as they supposed, of detection for felony. The whole amount paid for recovering this setter was 4*l.* 17*s.*;—2*l.* 10*s.* of which went to the man who had him. The rest was divided among others of the 'Fancy.' The same person who gave Mr. Lang the information said, that if ever he lost a dog and applied to him, he could undertake to get him back again within thirty-six hours, provided he would make it worth his while to do so; because all dogs taken by the 'Fancy' are brought to their office and regularly booked by the secretary. But if a word is said about law, the dog is immediately put to death, and either buried skin and all, or sent to the bottom of a pond. As an instance of this, a gentleman who had lost a dog offered twenty guineas to recover him, and twenty guineas more for the apprehension of the thief, or even the name of any one concerned in the robbery. In consequence of the latter part of the advertisement, the dog was instantly destroyed. Whereas, had nothing but the first clause been placarded, the dog would have been restored without loss of time. On destroying this dog, one of the 'Fancy' observed to his associates—'Vot's the wally of twenty pound compared to a man's life?' (under an idea, it is presumed, that the theft was aggravated by some very strong case.) If any one of the society was known to be untrue to his comrades, or, as they call it, not 'blue' to his trade, he would be marked; and, if he was discovered in getting any of them apprehended, they would, sooner or later, 'settle his hash.' It is somewhat extraordinary, among so many opulent people who have been thus robbed, that no one should have ever set a trap for some of these worthies:—because nothing could be more easily done, by risking a few useless dogs and expending a little money, without which, of course, no business can be executed in a workmanlike manner. A quarto volume might be filled with anecdotes, specimens of the 'march of intellect'—the fruits of 'a little learning'—under this head. But having now relieved our attention from the dry subject of the *law* by a momentary glance at the manoeuvres of the *lawless* (and I trust a sufficient one to make young sportsmen look sharp after their dogs, now that the season is approaching), I will proceed with my other gleanings from the chaos of technical jargon."

There are also some remarks well worthy of attention on hydrophobia and mad dogs. The canine madness so frequent in London is ascribed to the want of a supply of water for the animals; thus, though Lisbon and Paris, in warmer climates, escape the malady, it prevails every season more or less in the British capital. We have no desire, however, to dilate on this topic in the Review of a sporting book; and the less so, as we perceive that the occurrence of any public event of sufficient interest to attract the newspapers and the people, always puts an end to the raging of hydrophobia and all the horrible cases by which it is consummated. For example, there never was a more dreadful season for the disease than the present; and the journals teemed with hospital deaths, men, women, and children, bitten in every corner,—and, in short, we all seemed

to be becoming rapidly rabid, when it so happened that our gracious monarch died, there was a succession, a royal funeral, levees, reviews, entertainments, and a revolution in France, which events have acted as a complete specific for hydrophobia—not a single case has occurred since. Perhaps the faculty will take this into their sapient consideration, and when the disorder appears again, prescribe another revolution in France, a coronation, or some such remedy, to put an end to it. It will certainly be more efficacious than cutting out the part, cauterising, causticising, water-deluging, or any other prescription yet submitted.—Q. E. D.

Travels to the Seat of War in the East, through Russia and the Crimea, in 1829: with Sketches of the Imperial Fleet and Army, Personal Adventures, and Characteristic Anecdotes. By Captain J. E. Alexander, (late 16th Lancers), K.L.S., M.R.A.S., Cor. Mem. S.A.E. and M.G.S., Author of "Travels in Ava, Persia, and Turkey." 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

WHEN Lieutenant Alexander, now Captain with a regiment of letters after his name, published his travels in 1827, we (*L. G.* 343, *et seq.*) spoke of them as slight in substance, but a "plain and interesting account" of the cursory observations he could make on such a Mæzappa-like journey. We added, "where there was nothing to be told, he has told nothing; where preceding travellers had exhausted the *lions*, he has not been tedious; and where there really was any thing to observe and record, he has communicated his views in a pleasant and gentlemanlike manner."

On the present occasion we may repeat our words; for these new volumes resemble the old one in every respect. In May, 1829, the author sailed for Hamburg; and in little more than nine months he was back in London with his two octavos, having traversed, as he tells us, "through fire, frost, and plague," part of Germany, the Baltic, a considerable portion of Russia, the south coast of Crimea, the seat of the war then waging between Russia and Turkey, Russia (again as a prisoner), Finland, Sweden, Denmark, Hanover, the Netherlands, and the north of France. He is a very human Puck, and his travels circle round the earth in (say) eight days. Well might Dr. Busby write,

"When enervising objects men pursue,
What are the wonders that they can do!"

Per ardua experti, indeed;—if Captain Alexander does not become the greatest of travellers that ever travelled, it will be because he quotes the proverb, that practice makes perfect.

But it was impossible for any ordinary servant, and intelligent individual, to be a countryman, to visit many of the scenes he describes, without acquiring a good deal of curious information; and accordingly we find in those pages of his book which relate to the least known places, and particularly to the state during the sanguinary contest, that he was a partial witness, a fund of valuable reading. To the second volume, where, after his long route, he is upon the ground than throughout his first, he is once, and open at Sevastopol, which he ordered to proceed and join the Russian army for the Russians shewed themselves jealous of every foreign presence.

"There was (says Capt. A.) a large force engaged in the war, a large force engaged

heights behind Sevastopol. Some of the Turkish prisoners were employed in constructing new batteries towards Quarantine Bay. I saw them dragging materials on low waggons through the streets, and they naturally looked 'unutterable things' as they shuffled along in their petticoat trousers and slippers."

From Sevastopol Capt. A. navigated the Black Sea in a brigantine with some Russian troops on board; and on the voyage gathers some facts concerning the fall of Varna, which he asserts did not fall through treachery, as is believed. Having established himself in the admiral's ship (the distinguished and justly-esteemed Greig, commander-in-chief in the Black Sea) the author enumerates the fleet,—2 of 110, 4 of 84, 6 of 74, 3 of 60, 5 of 44 guns, besides smaller vessels,—and gives the following notice of the sailors and service.

"It is quite astonishing to think of the docility of the Russian.* It frequently happens that not till the age of five-and-twenty is he taken, a rough peasant with a bushy red beard, from his village, and put on board ship, to which and the sea he has hitherto been an entire stranger. He is immediately made to go aloft, and in six months is as good a sailor as needs be. The messes consist of five and twenty men each; and, after a glass of grog, they stand round a wooden vessel hung by cords from the beams, and sup with their wooden spoons *casha* (millet) and butter, on alternate days with soup and meat. This food, so superior to what the soldiers get, and which the admiral by his exertions obtained for his sailors, shewed itself in their appearance, and also made them more forward in action. Every evening a party of the men used to assemble at the gangway to sing their national airs; and two excellent bands played by turns at the admiral's table. Sundays were distinguished by the lamps being lighted before a silver screen, on which were paintings of the virgin and saints. The priests and their congregation were as devout as their brethren on shore: still it was singular to see hundreds of sailors between decks, kneeling behind one another, and amongst the engines of death, and crossing themselves, and praying before their iconas."

After detailing some striking naval actions in the Black Sea, Capt. A. mentions the taking of Silistria.

"Success in every quarter was now beginning to crown the arms of Russia. Silistria fell after a vigorous resistance, and Diebitch obliterated the recollections of the disasters of last campaign; there was none greater than that sustained after the Russians were obliged to raise the siege of this important place in the end of 1828. Thirty thousand men, on the retreat, died from the severity of the weather, and the destruction of their provisions. I formerly mentioned that the bread of the soldiers is packed in mat sacks, which cannot resist rain; consequently when the winter set in, with continued wet weather, the consequences were dreadful: the general in command of the above forces, and a few of his officers, alone escaped; but he afterwards committed suicide."

* "Docility" is not perhaps the best word to describe the adroitness and rapidity with which the Russians improve in their naval tactics and discipline. An able British naval officer assured us, that the Russian fleet at Navarino, from being the most awkward and unseamanlike in every respect, within three months of their junction with the English and French, whose conduct they saw and imitated, became so expert in every manœuvre, so clever in handling their sails, so clean and orderly, and, in short, so excellent both in the interior of their ships, and in their general management, that he was quite astonished at the change.

The Russian fleet, in co-operating with the land forces, sailed along the coast, bombarding and taking many places, such as Misenvria, Ahielo, &c. These operations were somewhat different from European warfare; and we read the accounts with curiosity. For example:—

"In the Gulf of Burgas there is a very picturesque monastery on the rocky island of Anastasia: this was defended by a battery; and from the precipitous character of the shore, it might have held out for many days; however, after a few rounds from the fleet, the Turks displayed the signal of surrender, and the commandant came on board the *Paris*. The admiral immediately recognised him as an old Varna acquaintance, and asked him why he had not held out longer, and made a better defence?—He answered: 'You remember you gave me my liberty after Varna fell into your hands. I immediately went to the south, and got another command; but again driven from that by the rapid advance of your troops, I became the *binbashee* (colonel) of the troops in Anastasia. It is true that we could have held out many days, for we had guns, ammunition, and provisions in abundance; but of what use would it have been, and of what advantage is it for us to contend against our destiny? You have got to the south of the Balkan. We are driven from place to place: our holy prophet (with whom be peace!) is offended at us for the change of dress and the drill introduced by the sultan. He will not intercede for us with the great Ullah. But our punishment will not last for ever; and Ullah kerim! (God is merciful!) we may some day find rest for the soles of our feet; but now, if you send me away, I will, ere long, again become your prisoner; if in the mean time Azrael, the angel of death, does not summon me to my final account.'"

With the following d—c picture of war we conclude (at least this week, when works of more mind demand our attention) this slight notice of Captain Alexander's book. We read it, and we ask ourselves whether are mankind mad-men or fiends?!

"One night I happened to sleep in a Turkish house, in the next apartment to a very intelligent young officer, Baron Schilling de Courland, of the regiment of Azoff: we soon became intimate, and he related to me many anecdotes of his service during the campaign. He said, 'It is generally supposed, that after *Schooumla* was left in a state of blockade, and the Balkan turned by the pass of the *Kempchek*, that the Turks gave up the contest and fled on every occasion, after a mere show of resistance: this, however, was not the case. Certainly they did not generally fight with the determined valour which they evinced at *Brailow*, *Silistria*, *Varna*, &c.; yet, on many occasions, their fanaticism and confirmed hatred of the *Gioiirs* induced them still to oppose manfully the progress of the invaders; and to prefer joining their blessed prophet sooner than remain on earth, defiled as it was by the triumphs of the infidel over the sons of the faithful. I shall now relate an instance of this spirit of resistance in a small body of Turks. The division of the army to which I belonged was advancing over a broken country at the foot of the Balkan. The Cossacks sent in advance to reconnoitre reported that a village of a few hundred houses was occupied by the enemy; and shortly afterwards, on ascending an eminence, we observed the village below us, in a narrow valley, and completely surrounded by hills. There were enclosures and gardens about it; and the dark green of graceful poplars set off the dazzling

whiteness of a tapering minaret. But no smoke or signs of life appeared in the secluded village, until, looking more attentively through my glass, I descried two or three white turbans watching our movements from a detached house near us. As the village had not the defence of walls, and as two or three roads led into it through the hedges of the gardens, it was imagined that the Turks would immediately surrender on being summoned. To make sure of them, a strong party made a detour to the other side, and thus they were completely hemmed in. A flag of truce was then sent down to those we had seen: they allowed the flag, with the escort, to approach and parley. Their reply to the summons was, 'We spit on the beards of the *Gioiirs*, and set them at defiance. We have sent away our old men, wives, and children, to a place of safety; and there are three hundred of us here who have sworn on the *Koran* i sherry never to leave the place alive. Carry this our answer to your chief, and tell him to choose another road; for his lies not through this village, except over our bodies!' This insulting answer, to such an overpowering force, was immediately followed by the simultaneous advance of several parties of Russian infantry by the different roads which led into the village; but the moment that the head of each of the columns was sufficiently exposed, a sharp volley was sent from the houses on each side, which caused many of the Russians to bite the dust, and the rest to fall back. Again they rallied, and endeavoured to penetrate into the village, under the fire of covering parties posted in the gardens; but every man who exposed himself was shot dead; and the troops were compelled to keep out of the fatal aim of the Turkish *tophaicks*. The general, enraged that his men should be thus repulsed by so small a number, gave orders to fire the village at all risks: a few Cossacks accordingly crept with their usual cunning towards the wall of a house, and succeeded in setting fire to the roof of it: the wind aided their efforts; the flames rapidly spread over the village, and the black smoke curled over the trees. Every one was prepared to intercept the Turks, when they should attempt to make their escape from their burning habitations. The fire continued to rage: one by one the roofs fell, and sent up clouds of sparks into the air; but still no Turks appeared. The avenues were strictly guarded, but in vain; the whole village was now a smoking heap of ruins, and every man looked at his neighbour, and inquired what could have become of the defenders of it. A few blackened corpses attested the fact that this gallant band of three hundred preferred a horrible death on their own hearths, to gratifying the Russians by suffering themselves to be bayoneted as they fled."

O Marathon! what are thy glories? O victors! what are your victories?

Italy; a Poem. By Samuel Rogers. 8vo. pp. 284. London, 1830. Jennings and Chaplin; Cadell; Moxon.

WHEN *Italy* made its original appearance, which was in duodecimo, in the year 1822, it became the subject of a critical notice in the *Literary Gazette*, concluding with the declaration, "that its excellence so far outweighed its defects, that we must commend it as one of the sweetest and most pleasing little volumes published for a long period." Again, June 7, 1828, when Part II. made its appearance, we did our duty towards that publication, though we considered it far inferior to its precedent. It has now assumed a more important shape—has

been augmented by a number of new pieces—has been printed with singular elegance—and has received every splendid decoration which the united efforts of the pencil and the graver could impart. Of that portion of the volume which has been already before the public, we shall merely say that it appears to have been carefully revised and considerably enriched. On comparing it with the first edition, the *lima labor* is evident throughout. The versification is in many places rendered much more correct and harmonious; and several of those colloquial expressions to which we objected, have been divested of their ultra-familiarity, without injuring their simplicity; although we own that we think some phrases still remain which would advantageously admit of a little ennobling.

From the poem entitled *Rome*, we make a quotation in addition to the notice in our No. 594.

Thou art in Rome! the city that so long
Reigned absolute, the mistress of the world;
The mighty vision that the prophets saw,
And trembled; that from nothing, from the least,
The lowliest village (what but here and there
A reed-roofed cabin by a river side?),
Grew into every thing; and, year by year,
Patiently, fearlessly, working her way
O'er brook and field, o'er continent and sea,
Not like the merchant with his merchandise,
Or traveller with staff and scrip exploring,
But hand to hand, and foot to foot, through hosts,
Through nations numberless in battle array,
Each behind each, each, when the other fell,
Up and in arms, at length subdued them all.

Thou art in Rome! the city where the Gauls,
Entering at sun-rise through her open gates,
And, through her streets silent and desolate,
Marching to slay, thought they saw gods, not men;
The city, that, by temperance, fortitude,
And love of glory, towered above the clouds,
Then fell—but, falling, kept the highest seat,
And in her loneliness, her pomp of woe,
Where now she dwells, withdrawn into the wild,
Still o'er the mind maintains, from age to age,
Her empire undiminished."

We have seldom met with so delightfully interesting a picture as that comprehended in the closing lines of "The Fountain."

"It was a well
Of whitest marble, white as from the quarry;
And richly wrought with many a high relief,
Greek sculpture—in some earlier day perhaps
A tomb, and honoured with a hero's ashes.
The water from the rock filled, overflowed it;
Then dashed away, playing the prodigal,
And soon was lost, no longer unseen, unheard,
Through the long grass, and round the twisted roots
Of aged trees; *discovering where it ran*
By the fresh verdure. Overcome with heat,
I threw me down; admiring, as I lay,
That shady nook, a singing-place for birds,
That grove so intricate, so full of flowers,
More than enough to please a child a-Maying.
The sun had set, a distant convent-bell
Ringing the *Angelus*; and now approached
The hour for stir and village-gossip there.

Soon I heard
Footsteps; and lo, descending by a path
Trodden for ages, many a nymph appeared,
Appeared and vanished, bearing on her head
Her earthen picher.

At length there came the loveliest of them all,
Her little brother dancing down before her;
And ever as he spoke, which he did ever,
Turning and looking up in warmth of heart
And brotherly affection. Stopping there,
She joined her rosy hands, and filling them
With the pure clement, gave him to drink;
And, while he quenched his thirst, standing on tiptoe,
Looked down upon him with a sister's smile,
Nor stirred till he had done,—fixed as a statue."

The graphic truth of the first, and the beautiful iteration in the second, of the passages which we have marked with *italics*, must be evident to every reader.

There are great satirical force, and much sound philosophy, in "A Character:"

"One of two things Montrioli may have,
My envy or compassion. Both he cannot;
Yet on he goes, numbering as miseries
What that least of all he would consent to lose,
What most indeed he prides himself upon,
And, for not having, most despises me.
At morn the minister exacts an hour;

At noon the king. Then comes the council board;
And then the chase, the supper. When, ah when,
The leisure and the liberty I sigh for?
Not when at home; at home a miscreant crew,
That now no longer serve me; mine the service.
And then that old hereditary bore
The steward, his stories longer than his rent-roll,
Who enters, quill in ear, and, one by one,
As though I lived to write, and write to live,
Unrolls his leases for my signature."

He clanks his fetters to disturb my peace.
Yet who would wear them, and become the slave
Of wealth and power, renouncing willingly
His freedom, and the hours that fly so fast,
A burden or a curse when misemployed,
But to the wise how precious—every day
A little life, a blank to be inscribed
With gentle deeds, such as in after-time
Console, rejoice, whenever we turn the leaf
To read them? All, wherever in the scale,
Have, be they high or low, or rich or poor,
Inherit they a sheep-hook or a sceptre.
Much to be grateful for; but most has he,
Born in that middle sphere, that temperate zone,
Where Knowledge lights his lamp, there most secure,
And Wisdom comes, if ever, she who dwells
Above the clouds, above the firmament,
That Seraph sitting in the heaven of heavens.

What men most covet, wealth, distinction, power,
Are baubles nothing worth, that only serve
To rouse us up, as children in the schools
Are roused up to exertion. The reward
Is in the race we run, not in the prize;
And they, the few, that have it ere they earn it,
Having, by favour or inheritance,
These dangerous gifts placed in their idle hands,
And all that should await on worth well tried,
All in the glorious days of old reserved
For manhood most mature or reverend age,
Know not, nor ever can, the generous pride
That glows in him who on himself relies,
Entering the lists of life."

Having thus quoted some of the poetical ornaments of this volume, we shall proceed to transcribe some of the prose; confining ourselves, however, to two compositions, strongly contrasted to each other. The first is distinguished by its pathos and elegance.

"Caius Cestius.

"When I am inclined to be serious, I love to wander up and down before the tomb of Caius Cestius. The Protestant burial-ground is there; and most of the little monuments are erected to the young men of promise, cut off when on their travels, full of enthusiasm, full of enjoyment; brides, in the bloom of their beauty, on their first journey; or children borne from home in search of health. This stone was placed by his fellow-travellers, young as himself, who will return to the house of his parents without him; that, by a husband or a father, now in his native country. His heart is buried in that grave. It is a quiet and sheltered nook, covered in the winter with violets; and the pyramid that overshadows it, gives it a classical and singularly solemn air. You feel an interest there, a sympathy you were not prepared for. You are yourself in a foreign land; and they are for the most part your countrymen. They call upon you in your mother-tongue—in English—in words unknown to a native, known only to yourselves: and the tomb of Cestius, that old majestic pile, has this also in common with them. It is itself a stranger among strangers. It has stood there till the language spoken round about it has changed; and the shepherd, born at the foot, can read its inscription no longer."

Our last extract shall be an amusing tale told by an old cardinal, and entitled "The Bag of Gold;" the point of which will bear a comparison with any of the admirable instances of sagacity exhibited by Sancho Panza, in his government of Barataria.

"There lived in the fourteenth century, near Bologna, a widow-lady of the Lambertini family, called Madonna Lucrezia, who, in a revolution of the state, had known the bitterness of poverty, and had even begged her bread; kneeling day after day like a statue at

the gate of the cathedral; her rosary in her left hand, and her right held out for charity; her long black veil concealing a face that had once adorned a court, and had received the homage of as many sonnets as Petrarch has written on Laura. But fortune had at last relented; a legacy from a distant relation had come to her relief; and she was now the mistress of a small inn at the foot of the Appennines, where she entertained as well as she could, and where those only stopped who were contented with a little. The house was still standing when in my youth I passed that way, though the sign of the White Cross,* the cross of the Hospitaliers, was no longer to be seen over the door; a sign which she had taken, if we may believe the tradition there, in honour of a maternal uncle, a grand-master of that order, whose achievements in Palestine she would sometimes relate. A mountain-stream ran through the garden; and at no great distance, where the road turned on its way to Bologna, stood a little chapel, in which a lamp was always burning before a picture of the Virgin, a picture of great antiquity, the work of some Greek artist. Here she was dwelling, respected by all who knew her, when an event took place which threw her into the deepest affliction. It was at noon-day in September that three foot-travellers arrived, and, seating themselves on a bench under her vine-trellis, were supplied with a flagon of Aleatico by a lovely girl, her only child, the image of her former self. The eldest spoke like a Venetian, and his beard was short and pointed after the fashion of Venice. In his demeanour he affected great courtesy, but his look inspired little confidence: for when he smiled, which he did continually, it was with his lips only, not with his eyes, and they were always turned from yours. His companions were bluff and frank in their manner, and on their tongues had many a soldier's oath. In their hats they wore a medal, such as in that age was often distributed in war; and they were evidently subalterns in one of those free bands which were always ready to serve in any quarrel, if a service it could be called, where a battle was little more than a mockery; and the slain, as on an opera-stage, were up and fighting tomorrow. Overcome with the heat, they taw aside their cloaks, and, with their gloves under their belts, continued for some earnest conversation. At length the Venetian thus address his hostess. 'Excellent lady, may we let your roof, for a day or two, this bag 'You may,' she replied gaily, 'but we fasten only with a latch. Bars we have none in our village, and where would be your security?' word, lady.' 'But what if I died where would it be then?' said she. 'The money would go to the church could claim it.' Perhaps you will with an acknowledgment.' 'If you it.' An acknowledgment was wringing, and she signed it before Mr. the village-physician, who had just chance to learn the news of the delivered (those were the words) no to two—but to the three; words viced by those to whom it belonged, they knew of each other. The just released from a miser's che and they were now on a scent more. They and their shadows departed, than the Venetian re

* La Croce Bianca.

'give me leave to set my seal on the bag, as the others have done;' and she placed it on a table before him. But in that moment she was called away to receive a cavalier, who had just dismounted from his horse; and, when she came back, it was gone. The temptation had proved irresistible; and the man and the money had vanished together. 'Wretched woman that I am!' she cried, as in an agony of grief she fell on her daughter's neck, 'what will become of us? Are we again to be cast out into the wide world? Unhappy child, would that thou hadst never been born!' And all day long she lamented; but her tears availed her little. The others were not slow in returning to claim their due; and there were no tidings of the thief; he had fled far away with his plunder. A process against her was instantly begun in Bologna; and what defence could she make—how release herself from the obligation of the bond? Wilfully or in negligence she had parted with the gold; she had parted with it to one, when she should have kept it for all; and inevitable ruin awaited her. 'Go, Gianetta,' said she to her daughter, 'take this veil which your mother has worn and wept under so often, and implore the Counsellor Calderino to plead for us on the day of trial. He is generous, and will listen to the unfortunate. But, if he will not, go from door to door. Monaldi cannot refuse us. Make haste, my child; but remember the chapel as you pass by it. Nothing prospers without a prayer.' Alas! she went, but in vain. These were retained against them; those demanded more than they had to give; and all bade them despair. What was to be done? No advocate, and the cause to come on to-morrow! Now Gianetta had a lover, and he was a student of the law, a young man of great promise, Lorenzo Martelli. He had studied long and diligently under that learned lawyer, Giovanni Andreas, who, though little of stature, was great in renown, and by his contemporaries was called the Arch-doctor, the Rabbie of Doctors, the Light of the World. Under him he had studied, sitting on the same bench with Petrarch; and also under his daughter Novella, who would often lecture to the scholars when her father was otherwise engaged, placing herself behind a small curtain, lest her beauty should divert their thoughts; a precaution in this instance at least unnecessary, Lorenzo having lost his heart to another. To him she flies in her necessity; but of what assistance can he be? He has just taken his place at the bar, but he has never spoken; and how stand up alone, unpractised and unprepared as he is, against an array that would alarm the most experienced? 'Were I as mighty as I am weak,' said he, 'my fears for you would make me as nothing. But I will be there, Gianetta; and as the Friend of the friendless give me strength in that hour! Even now my heart fails me; but, come what will, while I have a loaf to share, you and your mother shall never want. I will beg through the world for you.' The day arrives, and the court assembles. The claim is stated, and the evidence given. And now the defence is called for—but none is made; not a syllable is uttered; and, after a pause and a consultation of some minutes, the judges are proceeding to give judgment, silence having been proclaimed in the court, when Lorenzo rises and thus addresses them: 'Reverend Signors, young as I am, may I venture to speak before you? I would speak in behalf of one who has none else to help her; and I will not keep you long. Much has been said; much on the sacred nature of the obli-

gation—and we acknowledge it in its full force. Let it be fulfilled, and to the last letter. It is what we solicit, what we require. But to whom is the bag of gold to be delivered? What says the bond? Not to one—not to two—but to the three. Let the three stand forth and claim it.' From that day (for who can doubt the issue?) none were sought, none employed, but the subtle, the eloquent Lorenzo. Wealth followed fame; nor need I say how soon he sat at his marriage-feast, or who sat beside him."

We believe that Mr. Rogers first came before the public as an author so long ago as the year 1786. We rejoice thus to see him still amusing himself at his leisure with literary recreations. In truth, they are the only pleasures which never satiate; and which, while life endures, continue to afford the purest and most delightful gratification to those who by nature, education, and habits, are qualified to enjoy them.

A notice of the fifty-six exquisite vignettes with which the volume is ornamented, will be found in another part of our number. Justly, indeed, has the author observed in his preface: "With regard to the embellishments of this volume, they require no praise of his. The two artists,* who have contributed so much to give it a value, would have done honour to any age or country."

The Devil's Progress; a Poem. By the Editor of the "Court Journal." The Illustrations designed by R. Seymour, and engraved by Evans and Welch. 12mo. pp. 67. London, 1830. Lupton Relfe.

THIS is not written by the Editor of the *Court Journal*. The author is a clever man, though we think his production altogether too grave and saturnine for a *jeu d'esprit*. There are, indeed, a few flashes of humour; but the general tenor of the poem, and the notes, display more ability than playfulness. The dedication is "To His Majesty's Attorney General, to testify the author's approbation of his judicious and persevering efforts in the cause of its hero;" and some prefatory matter jokes away upon Mr. Colburn and his publications. Even in jest, we must say that we were startled, and certainly not gratified, by the earlier parts of the poem, where the Devil's outfit is described: the introduction of characters whom we have known in life, as is here done, is calculated to shock the feelings, rather than inspire drollery. As a specimen, however, we quote a passage the least liable to cavil.

"One sent a suit that in the Court
Of Chancery had been worn;
But the suit was very much too long,
And the pockets were stripped and torn;
The coat was out at the elbows, and seemed
As if bill-hooks had slashed the sleeves;
And the trousers looked as the wearer
Had fallen among thieves!
A courier sent a full court dress,
Which fitted the Devil with ease;
But Satan is proud, and the breeches
Were threadbare about the knees!
Machiavel politely lent
A coat of many colours;
But the Devil is far too wise to ape
The habits of earth's rulers!
A letter for Prince Metternich
Was in the waistcoat-pocket,
And, 'per favour the Devil,' to 'his grace the duke,
A new-planned C**g**ve rocket;—
(In his ancient calling, that worthy knight
Had laboured long and well,
And perfected his instrument
In the crucibles of Hell!)
Of these packets the Devil took charge with a grin,
As also of another,
From Dagon, the Regent-duke of Hell,
To the regent-duke his brother!

* Stothard and Turner!

A letter from Cardinal Belial
To his holiness the Pope;
And Governor *** sent back to his son
The old ancestral rope!
Prince Moloch to N***e's duke
Sent overtures to sell
Two snug close boroughs of his own,
Near to the fire, in Hell;
He said, too, that as earth was crammed
With over-population,
There were pleasant tracts, amongst the damned,
Most fit for emigration;
The soil, he said, had long been drained
To any heart's desire,
And each man might sit down at once
Beside his own warm fire;
For the surplus vagabonds of earth
No fitter vent could be;
And the duke and Michael Sadler
Were asked to come and see!"

But, as we have noticed, the writer's talent is far more clearly discernible in the higher walk of composition than in the satirical or humorous. Witness the mock-heroic of the Devil's flight after alighting from his own domains at the foot of Etna.

"Away, away, on rushing wings,
His northward flight takes he—
A shadow in the air, that flings
No shadow on the sea!
The deep ægean all that night
Saw neither star nor moon;
The scents fell, *withered*,* back to earth,
And the birds sang out of tune;
The watchmen-owls, in their hollow trees,
Were afraid to call the hour;
And all the becr in the Cycloades
In a single night grew sour!
As he paused above those ancient isles
Where the Devil and the Turk
Had played so many pleasant tricks,
And done each other's work,
In every isle, on every height,
Fell down a nameless fear,
As the 'evil days' were come again,
And the Mussulmen were near!
But peace and hope about them hung,
In a glorious rainbow blent,
One arm was over Arta flung,
And one on Volo leant; †
And the Devil knew it was a spell
Too strong for Istamboul—or fiell!

"Away—across the broad blue moat
That girdles England's strand,
Till he landed where no enemy
But himself had dared to land!
Awhile he hovered high to gaze
On Ocean's fairest daughter;
But the Devil was tired of his airy flight,
And quoth he, 'I'll go by water!
So he put his bundle in his hat,
And spread one wing for a sail,
And steered himself, like a water-rat,
With his disencumbered tail!
He passed by many a shepherd's plain,
And many a ploughman's ridge,
By the shallows of the 'Isle of dogs,
And the rapids of London Bridge;—
Till he saw a huge mist-mantled dome,
Like a mighty mystery, wrapped in gloom;
And on his ear came a holy chant;
So he planged with a sudden souse
And rose beside his ancient haunt,
Where holy sounds were rather scant—
The site of C***'s House!"

The writer is here gradually gliding into the comic; and to enable our readers to judge of his performance, we pursue the extract.

"And much he saw to feed his pride,
And much to move his mirth:—
How the manners of his ancient court
Were copied upon earth.
Prince Mammon, his ambassador,
Had pleasant things to tell;
How he found himself as much at home
As if he were in Hell;
How his levees was attended
By commoners and peers;
And how all subscribed to keep the ways
Of Satan in repairs;
How he had got his private friends
Into most of the public places,
And a little devil to attend
As page to each of the 'Graces';

* A bad epithet, and inapplicable to scents.—*Ed. L. G.*
† "The boundary line from Arta to Volo—including Acarnania and a part of Ætolia, together with Candia and some other islands, all of which lie without the line marked by the course of the Aspro-Potamos—(though not that intended for the new Greek state by the guaranteeing powers)—is actually in the full and peaceable possession of the Greeks, and has been purchased for them by the blood of some of their noblest martyrs."

In every government-office a clerk,
 And a porter in most of the halls,
 And scribes to chalk his puffs in the dark
 Along the public walls:
 How he played *carte* with the duke,
 And taught the duke 'a thing
 Or two—till the duke, like a shuffler good,
 Could always *turn the king!*
 The Devil saw sycophants in power,
 And honesty in rags;
 And bishops' consciences—in their sleeves,
 And lawyers—in their bags;
 Old usurers, licking up all around,
 Like a dying flame in a socket;
 And pensioners keeping their fingers warm
 In the heat of the public pocket:
 And demireps who rode and railed
 Over women of the town;
 And slanderers darkening others' names
 In honour of their own:
 And judges, known from the thieves they hanged
 By virtue of the gown;
 And lowly courage bending down
 Beneath some lordly bully;
 And a deal of gambling going on
 'Twixt the king and Mr. Gully!
 The Devil only feared that earth
 So proud in its vice had grown,
 It would soon be a hell itself, and choose
 A devil of its own!

"The Devil went to the Opera House
 At eight on Saturday night,
 And many things there he both saw and heard,
 That tickled his ear and sight!
 The manager's clock struck the hour of twelve
 Just as the ballet was done;
 So the Devil's watch must have been too fast—
 For it pointed nearly one!
 Oh! sweetest, in the Devil's eye
 Is the sin that is covered with a lie;
 And dearest those who take his road,
 Like monks of old, in the name of God!"

We have in these quotations copied what appeared to us to be the best passages, and the least open to objection; and we have only again to say, that we wish the author's talents had been employed on a more suitable topic. The quiet humour, the *raciness*, and the brevity, of the original *Devil's Walk*, gave it popularity; which none of its imitators have derived from the same qualities. The woodcuts which adorn the present little book are extremely well done.

The Waverley Novels. New Edition. Vol. XVI. Ivanhoe. Edinburgh, Cadell.

We have received this volume so late that we can only say it has a very interesting preface, explaining the author's reasons for altering his series, from the Scottish novels to a new class, commencing with *Ivanhoe*; and some excellent remarks on authorship and publishing in general. The frontispiece is a splendid one, from Martin, by Portbury; and the vignette full of character (Garrath and Wamba), from J. Cawse, by J. Taylor.

The Family Library, No. XV. History of British India (3 vols.), Vol. I. Pp. 365. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A., M.R.S.L., &c. London. J. Murray.

INFINITE pains have been taken with this small but striking volume, both by its popular author and by its spirited publisher. In literary matter it is excellent, and in embellishments beautiful. Such a work is well calculated to render the history and actual condition of our eastern empire more generally familiar to the people of this country than they have hitherto been (for a strange apathy has prevailed concerning this unparalleled colony); and that, too, at a time when the discussion of the most essential questions relative to its future commerce and legislation are coming thickly forward. The first volume sets out with the early history of the Hindoos, goes over the Mahomedan wars and conquests; and traces the intercourse with Europe, the Portuguese, Dutch, and English settlements, till the latter obtained

their charter, in a plain and perspicuous manner. But the work, from its character, is so unfavourable to extracts, that we can offer none within our limits which could give the least idea of its merits, and must therefore be satisfied with heartily commending it to the public. A neat map, a portrait of Lord Clive, and five Indian subjects of temples and scenery, are its becoming ornaments.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR SEPTEMBER.

16^d 14^h 28^m—The Sun eclipsed, invisible to the British isles; the disc will be partially concealed to Nova Zembla, the northern regions of Asia, the sea of Anadir and Kamschatka. The greatest obscuration will be 4½ digits.
 23^d 1^h 51^m—The autumnal equinox.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

☉ Full Moon in Aquarius	D. H. M.
☾ Last Quarter in Taurus	9 1 58
● New Moon in Leo	16 14 28
☽ First Quarter in Sagittarius ..	24 18 62

The Moon will be in conjunction with

Mars in Cetus	D. H. M.
Saturn in Leo	8 20 0
Venus in Leo	14 8 0
Venus in Leo	14 11 45
Mercury in Virgo	18 23 40
Jupiter in Sagittarius	25 8 15
Mars in Aquarius	30 30 0

Lunar Eclipse, 2^d (next Thursday).—The following are the particulars (see also the *Literary Gazette* of last week)—

Beginning of the eclipse	H. M. S.
Beginning of total darkness	8 50 0
Ecliptic opposition	9 47 45
Middle of the eclipse	10 37 30
End of total darkness	10 38 0
End of the eclipse	11 28 15
Digits eclipsed 21° 40' 30" from the northern side of the earth's shadow.	12 26 0

This eclipse will occur in the River of Aquarius, and commence when the Moon is south-east, at an altitude of 18° above the horizon. It will pursue its course through an arc of about 25° of its apparent revolution, totally eclipsed: it will begin to emerge from its gloom half an hour before it arrives at the meridian; and at twenty minutes after will have entirely escaped from the earth's shadow.

The eclipse will be wholly visible to Europe and Africa, and nearly so to Asia and America—comprehending the greatest portion of the habitable world.

In observing the eclipse, the following are some of the interesting phenomena to which the attention may be directed. The first appearance of the penumbra on the Moon's eastern limb—the entrance of the Moon into the umbra, or true shadow of the earth—the progress of the lunar spots into the shadow—whether, when the Moon is wholly plunged in the shadow, it is totally concealed, or only dimly seen—if visible, the degree and colour of the light emitted.

The most eligible spots by which to trace the progress of the eclipse, are the following:—Kepler, Copernicus Mare* Humorum, Tycho and Mare Crisium. The first of these spots (Kepler) is not far from the eastern limb of the moon; it is an annular elevation, on the summit of which is a circular range of small rocks, having a mountain in its centre. Copernicus is to the west of Kepler; this spot is very luminous, and has numerous rocks and

* A singular taste seems to have governed some astronomers who have given names to the lunar spots: thus we find the Lake of Sleep, the Lake of Dreams, the Lake of Death, Bay of Epidemics, Land of Putrefaction, &c. Schreuter excels in this vitiated nomenclature:—a long irregular spot in the southern hemisphere of the Moon, is by him called Hell!

mountains scattered on the north-east of it. Mare Humorum is south of the former two; it is a dark, well-defined spot, and bounded with rocks and ridges on its north-east extremity. Tycho is in the southern hemisphere, and the most conspicuous spot on the Moon's surface; from it proceeds, in every direction, elevated ranges of mountains, which appear like brilliant radiations: in the centre of this circular bright spot is an insulated mountain. Mare Crisium is a dark spot, of an oval form, near the western edge of the moon; its central parts seem elevated; it has a ridge of rocks at its north-east boundary.

About half an hour after the commencement of the eclipse, the Moon will be in conjunction with λ Aquarii. This conjunction will prove an occultation to the southern parts of the kingdom. To London, the star will appear about 10' to the north of the Moon. This circumstance adds considerably to the interest of the eclipse.

17^d—Mercury at his greatest elongation (26° 30'), and visible as an evening star.
 18^d 12^h—In conjunction with Spica Virginis.
 30^d—Stationary. Venus, the morning star, is approaching the Sun. 12^d 18^h—In conjunction with Saturn: difference of latitude 14'.
 14^d 9^h—In conjunction with Regulus; difference of latitude, 32'. 26^d—In conjunction with χ Leonis; difference of latitude, 1'.

19^d 3^h 15^m—Mars in opposition, and the most conspicuous object in the heavens, being at his nearest to the earth, and appearing under his greatest angle. The situation of this planet is near 30 and 33 Piscium.

The Asteroids. 4^d—Vesta 2° west of 58 Ceti; Juno 3° north-west of Ancha in Aquarius; Pallas 1½ east of 7 Serpentis; Ceres 1½ north of 26 Libræ.

4^d—Jupiter stationary. The following are the visible eclipses of the satellites:—

	D. H. M. S.
First Satellite, emersion	1 8 30 64
Second Satellite	24 8 46 13
Third Satellite immersion ..	27 8 22 26
Fourth Satellite emersion ..	6 9 34 50

29^d 1^h—Saturn in conjunction with Regulus.
 Uranus continues visible in Capricornus.
 Deaford. J. T. B.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Fifty-Six Engravings, illustrative of Italy; a Poem by Samuel Rogers, Esq. Jennings and Chaplin.

IN a former part of our Number we have noticed the literary portion of the work of which these engravings form the splendid embellishments. We are really unacquainted with any volume of a similar size and character, on which so much expense has been liberally and tastefully bestowed in the way of illustration. The very manner in which the prints have been introduced into the text must have been attended with considerable technical difficulty and labour.

The publication, the title of which stands at the head of the present article, consists of proof impressions, on large paper, of these beautiful plates; and a more charming collection of gems has never come under our observation. Of the fifty-six designs from which the plates have been executed, no fewer than forty-four are from the pencils of Turner and Stothard; and, without meaning to derogate from the merits of the remaining plates, it is certainly to those forty-four that the collection is in-

debted for its chief attractions. The subjects which have been chosen by Mr. Turner are,—The Lake of Geneva, William Tell's Chapel, St. Maurice, Hospice of the Great St. Bernard (two views), Marengo, Aosta, Martigny, Hannibal passing the Alps, the Lake of Como (two views), Venice, Florence, Galileo's Villa, Villa Madama by moonlight, Rome, The Forum, The Campagna of Rome, Tivoli, Banditti, Naples, Pastum, Amalfi, A Villa on the Night of a Festa di Ballo, and Perugia. Mr. Stothard's subjects are,—Jorasse, Travelling Musicians, Cristina, The Brides of Venice, A Tomb, A Tournament in St. Mark's Place, Ginevra, A Rural Entertainment, Buondelmonte, The Pilgrim, The Pilgrim's Return, An Arrival, The Death of Raphael, Taking the Veil, The Fountain, The Travelling Monks, The Tarantella, Children on the Sea-shore, and The Blind Harper.—Of course it will be impossible for us, in such a constellation, to do more than point out a very few of the stars which appear to shine the most brightly. And first, with regard to Mr. Turner's productions. *A Villa on the Night of a Festa di Ballo.* Engraved by E. Goodall.—Rich and glowing in its effect; and finely embodying the description in the text :—

" 'Twas where o'er the sea
Delicious gardens hung; green galleries,
And marble terraces in many a flight,
And fairy-arches flung from cliff to cliff,
Wildering, enchanting; and, above them all,
A palace, such as somewhere in the east,
In Zenistan, or Araby the blest,
Among its golden groves and fruits of gold,
And fountains scattering rainbows in the sky,
Rose, when Aladdin rubbed the wondrous lamp;
Such, if not fairer; and when we shot by,
A scene of revelry, in long array:
As with the radiance of a setting sun,
The windows blazing."

The Hospice of the Great St. Bernard, Plate I. Engraved by W. R. Smith.—A complete contrast to the last. Alpine peaks, the house "the highest in the ancient world," all clad in the garb of eternal winter, while

" Just beneath it, in that dreary dale,
If dale it may be called, so near to heaven,
A little lake, where never fish leaped up,
Lies like a spot of ink amid the snow."

The Lake of Como, Plate I. Engraved by E. Goodall.—Certainly one of the most fascinating and miraculously executed realisations that imagination can conceive of the poet's beautiful lines :—

" The morning air
Plays on my cheek how gently, flinging round
A silvery gleam; and now the purple mists
Rise like a curtain; now the sun looks out,
Filling, o'erflowing with his glorious light
This noble amphitheatre of hills;
And now appear, as on a phosphor-sea,
Numberless barks, from Milan, from Pavia;
Some sailing up, some down, and some at rest,
Lading, unlading at that small port town
Under the promontory—its tall tower
And long flat roofs, just such as Gaspar drew,
Caught by a sunbeam slanting through a cloud;
A quay-like scene, glittering, and full of life,
And doubled by reflection."

Pastum. Engraved by J. Pye.—A suitably-treated representation of those ancient temples which

" Stand between the mountains and the sea;
Awful memorials! but of whom we know not."

Galileo's Villa. Engraved by E. Goodall.—As tranquil as the last was full of elemental strife :—

" Sacred be
His villa (justly was it called the gem!),
Sacred the lawn, where many a cypress threw
Its length of shadow, while he watched the stars."

But we must now attend to Mr. Stothard. *The Brides of Venice.* Engraved by C. Rolls.—Replete with grace and elegance :—

" through the city, in a stately barge
Of gold, were borne with songs and symphonies
Twelve ladies young and noble. Clad they were

In bridal white, with bridal ornaments,
Each in her glittering veil; and on the deck,
As on a burnished throne, they glided by."

Children on the Sea-shore. Engraved by G. H. Robinson.—The grace and elegance of the Brides of Venice were courtly; the grace and elegance of this charming group are rustic. It is a delightful specimen of Mr. Stothard's taste and feeling.

The Tarantella. Engraved by G. H. Robinson. *Buondelmonte.* Engraved by D. Allen. Grace and elegance still; though exhibited in different shapes. The former

" displays
The gentle arts and witcheries of love;

The latter is indeed a

" pearl of heavenly light."

Travelling Monks. Engraved by D. Allen.—Here we have an amusing exhibition of Mr. Stothard's humour :—

" Their bridle-bells
Ring merrily; and many a loud, long laugh
Re-echoes."

A Tournament in St. Mark's Place. Engraved by E. Goodall.—A gorgeous, spirited, and well-imagined scene.

The Death of Raphael. Engraved by H. Robinson.—We want words to express our admiration of this splendid and affecting composition, in which all the highest and finest qualities of art are displayed. Small as it is, it would of itself be sufficient to establish the lasting fame of any artist. The lines of the poet, though sufficiently descriptive for their purpose, have gone but a little way to furnish the mind of the painter with the images which he has here so beautifully developed :—

When all beheld
Him, where he lay, how changed from yesterday!
Him, in that hour cut off, and at his head
His last great work; when, entering in, they looked
Now on the dead, then on that master-piece,
Now on his face, lifeless and colourless,
Then on those forms divine that lived, and breathed,
And would live on for ages—all were moved;
And sighs burst forth, and loudest lamentations."

If we might venture to regret any thing in so fine a performance, it is that the "Transfiguration" has not been kept somewhat more in the back-ground. At present it enters into competition with the living figures. But we are compelled to restrain ourselves, to pass without remark much that is worthy of high praise; and to conclude, by repeating our unqualified approbation of this delightful assemblage of art.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SICILIAN GIRL TO THE MADONNA.

MADONNA, I have gathered flowers,
And wreathed them round thy shrine;
And every rose I offer thee
Is wet with tears of mine.

Madonna, I am kneeling here;
Yet will they not depart,
The earthly hopes and earthly fears
That war within my heart.

I strive to only pray for peace,
To only think of thee;
Alas! my wild and wandering thoughts
Ill with my words agree.

Madonna, 'tis in vain to strive;
My lips may move in prayer,
But thou canst read my inmost soul,
And other thoughts are there.

Thou knowest all my wretchedness,
Thou knowest all my love;
Oh! mother dear, look down on me,
I dare not look above,

Mother, though not on that pure brow
One earthly shade appears,
That radiant head has been bowed down,
Those eyes been filled with tears.

Thou knowest the bitterness of grief,
The mortal pang and strife
Of hopes that look beyond the grave,
Of ties that bind to life.

I feel the damp upon my brow,
The flush upon my cheek;
My languid pulse, my failing breath,
More weary and more weak.

Ah! little should she think of love
Whose steps are on the grave;
Of love, the almighty to destroy,
The powerless to save.

It is in vain; I cannot pray,
And yet not think his name;
It may be silent on my lips,
'Tis in my heart the same.

The love of happy childhood's years,
The love of youth's first vow;
The same through sickness, grief, and wrong,
May not be banished now.

I know no more my evening song
Will rise at twilight dim;
I know this is my latest prayer,—
Well, let it breathe for him.

His sails are spread; Madonna, keep
The tempest from the sky;
Bless thou the bridal which he seeks—
And let me go and die! L. E. L.

VARIETIES.

Silos.—The invention of the subterranean preservation of corn has been reclaimed by the French, as made by them; others contended that it was formerly known to the Romans. But the following quotation from Tacitus shews that this mode of preserving corn was first practised by the Teutonians :—"Solent et subterraneos specus aperire, eosque multo insuper firmo onerant, suffugium hiemi et receptaculum frugum, quia rigorum frigorem ejusmodi loca molliunt, et si quando hostis advenit, aperta populatur; abdita autem et defossa aut ignorantur aut eo ipso fallunt, quod quaerenda sunt."

Public Entertainments.—Even at this dull season, when London ought to be empty, but that Royalty still keeps a decent sprinkling in town and the vicinity, we have occasional novelties in the way of sight-seeing. Among these we have this week visited with gratification a very pleasing exhibition in Leicester Square, called the Udorama, and representing some of the most striking and romantic scenery of Switzerland, with the effects of sunrise, night, &c. upon the mountains and glaciers. It is well worth a call, and especially to our more juvenile friends.

We also anticipate a grand display of archery, and other olden-fashioned sports, at the manor grounds, Chelsea, on Thursday, where Mr. Harrison gets up a pageant and amusements after the model of the May-day games of the time of good Queen Bess.

Formation of Stone.—Near to Kingston Harbour, in Ireland, large masses of the high gravelly bank fall on the beach, and are gradually turned into a hard solid substance, called pudding stone. The formation may clearly be observed in its different stages. The cement that binds the stones together appears to be of the same nature and matter that shells are composed of.

Sagacity of the Indian Hornet.—While engaged in reading in my bungalow, at Bellary, in India, a large wasp, or hornet, of very beautiful form and colour, flew into the room where I was seated, bearing a small green caterpillar in his claws. He immediately commenced burrowing in the dry clay floor; but in proportion as he threw up the fine sand behind him, it formed a sort of hill or cone, and fell into the hole again, giving him fresh trouble to throw it out. The hornet did not like or understand this; and he repeatedly flew towards me in an angry and menacing manner, much too near my face to be agreeable. At last, after repeatedly running round the little sand-hill, he found out the cause of all his trouble, and throwing himself on his side in rear of it, he struck away with his forepaws at the base, until he cleared it all away. He then set to mining afresh, without further impediment, and deposited his game.—*Correspondent.*

Potato Cheese.—In many parts of Saxony cheese is made in the following manner from potatoes:—Take the best potatoes and boil them; when cold, beat them in a mortar into a pulp, adding a pint of sour milk to 5lbs. of potatoes. Keep the mass covered for three or four days, and then beat it again. Make it into small cheeses, which are to be placed in baskets, to let the superfluous moisture escape. Dry them in the shade, and then pile them on each other for 15 days; after which they may be put away in any manner in a dry place. They have a very pleasant flavour, and will keep good for years, improving with age.

The French Academy of Sciences sat on the 2d of August (we have received a considerable arrears of literary and scientific periodicals from Paris during the last ten days): but nothing of any literary or scientific interest has occurred.

Virtuosi.—The Musical Society of classical composition in Paris intends publishing, this year, a biographical lexicon of the most renowned virtuosi, from the time of Handel down to Rossini. Amongst them will be 709 Bohemians, 701 Italians, 517 Germans, 308 Russians, 134 Hungarians, 134 Frenchmen, 128 Englishmen, 78 Greeks, 18 Spaniards, 18 Danes, 16 Swedes, 9 Portuguese, and 3 Turks.

Artists in Rome.—The number of German artists living at Rome last spring amounted to 85; viz. from Prussia 37, from Austria 13, from Saxony 11, from Bavaria 6, from Wurtemberg 6, from Mecklenburg 3, from Hesse-Cassel and Darmstadt 3, from Baden 2, and from the Hanseatic towns and some other little states 4. From other parts of Europe there are 133; viz. French artists 45, English 19, Russians and Poles 16, Danes 14, Swiss 13, Spaniards 10, Dutch 9, Portuguese 4, Swedes 3. Besides, there are from the different parts of Italy 491. The total number of artists living at Rome, in the beginning of this year, therefore, amounted to 709.

Bulls, &c.—All the bulls in the world are not made in Ireland. A clever little weekly contemporary of ours, published under the name of *Spirit of Literature*, in its No. of Saturday, August 14, tells us of a "remarkable coincidence," which is no less than that "on the twenty-seventh of August 1789, the Duke of Brunswick issued a supplement to his celebrated manifesto," &c.; and "on the same day of the same month of 1830, Charles X. issued the ordinance annulling" the charter, &c. This was a droll coincidence to discover a fortnight before the last date arrived!—Penny play-bills are sold about our theatres, which, besides the bills of the evening, contain notices, such as they are, of the performances and other

amusements. One of these, of last Monday, advises its readers to drop in at the Western Exchange, to see a correct representation of his late majesty's remains lying in state, and all his favourite places of resort, including Windsor, Virginia Water, and "the Royal Vault:" a favourite place of resort! quere?—The *Court Journal*, a prodigious authority in its own gabble, enlightens the fashionable world with an essay on titles, &c., by which it appears that "the highest title of nobility amongst us, that of duke, was the last introduced into England, in 1335;" in spite of which, however, the first marquess created in England was Robert de Vere, in 1385! Fine chronologists!

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXXV. Aug. 28.]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Sir Everard Home on Tumours, 8vo. 5s. bds.—Campbell's Dictionary of Military Science, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, Vol. XXIII. Royal 8vo. 1l. 10s. bds.; 1l. 13s. 6d. hf. bd.—Sillery's Essay on the Creation of the Universe, 8vo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Bishop Sandford's Remains, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Newham's Views of Antiquities in Ireland, 2 vols. 4to. 7l. 7s. bds.—Short Narratives, by the Author of "Last Day of the Week," 18mo. 2s. 6d. hf. bd.—Payson's Memoir, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Dalrymple's Memoir of the Commencement of the Peninsular War, 8vo. 9s. bds.—Anthologie Française, with Notes, for Schools, fcp. 6s. 6d. bds.—Jewel on Leucorrhœa, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Minute Anatomy of the Bones, 18mo. 2s. sewed.—Hinton's History and Topography of the United States, Part I. 4to. 3s. sewed; India proofs, 5s.—Frescati's, or Scenes in Paris, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 7s. bds.—Northcote's Conversations, by Hazlitt, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Clarence, by the Author of "Hope Leslie," 3 vols. 12mo. 18s. 6d. bds.—St. James's, a Novel, by E. Best, 2 vols. crown 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Bombastes Furioso, with Cruikshank's designs, 18mo. 1s. 6d. sewed.—De la Claverie's Models of French Conversations, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Brown's Anecdotes of Horses, 12mo. 9s. bds.—The Alexandrians, an Egyptian Tale, 2 vols. 12mo. 15s. bds.—Baker's History of Northamptonshire, Part III. completing Vol. I. large paper, 6l. 6s.; small paper, 3l. 3s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 19	From 31. to 62.	30.11 — 30.03
Friday... 20	42. — 61.	29.92 Stationary
Saturday... 21	45. — 63.	29.93 — 29.96
Sunday... 22	33. — 67.	29.96 Stationary
Monday... 23	53. — 68.	29.96 — 29.84
Tuesday... 24	52. — 70.	29.84 Stationary
Wednesday 25		

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing.
Generally clear, and free from rain till the evening of the 21st, since which variable and showery.
Rain fallen, 4/5 of an Inch.
Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude... 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude... 0 31 6 W. of Greenwich.

To the Editor of the London Literary Gazette.
SIR,—At ten o'clock this night, during a remarkably clear star-light, while scanning a cloud could be seen, except a low one of the stratus kind, stretching along the horizon from the north to the west, my attention was suddenly drawn to the N.W. by the appearance of numerous pillars, or columns, of white light, reaching from behind the cloud I have mentioned, through the clear sky, up to various altitudes—some half-way towards the zenith. There were continual variations in the intensity of the lights; but those variations (unlike the usual coruscations of the Aurora Borealis) occurred so slowly, that to the eye the lights appeared perfectly steady, and shewed very like the beams which on a showery day we often behold extending from the partially clouded sun—except that the latter proceed all from one point, while the former stood in a line. This beautiful phenomenon lasted about a quarter of an hour, and the pillars of light then gradually melted away into one uniform cloud-like mass of white light. Such is the appearance which I witnessed at ten o'clock. A nearly similar phenomenon was observed here at half-past nine this evening.—I am, sir, &c.
Redruth, August 29th, 1830. R. E.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ The pressure of new and interesting books published, or on the eve of publication, this week, has induced us to enlarge our reviewing department, at the expense of our miscellaneous heads. We trust the matter will sufficiently excuse the encroachment; and we promise the articles necessarily postponed with all speed. We are sorry to disappoint H.'s ambition. We regret to be obliged to reject D. E. L.'s fine lines; but we have a disinclination to insert personal tributes, however justly due: it would lead us into a wide field.

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Manchester, July 1830.

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The Publisher has returned his thanks to the Public for the patronage which it has bestowed on his "Town and Country Magazine." When this publication was first started by him, the general opinion amongst his brother publishers, and even amongst some of his ground men, was, that the undertaking could never succeed, as the ground men, who he had secured in advance, which would be vain to enter into competition. The Publisher, however, considered this opinion as the result of prejudice; he had too high an estimate of the understanding of the British Public to suppose that it would continue to support any publication, however widely it might be circulated, and however acknowledged its merits, to the total exclusion of any similar work, which might also boast of its share of undoubted originality, talent, and vigorous composition. He was, therefore, induced to commence the "Town and Country Magazine;" and he is proud of the reflection that his confidence in British undertakings was neither miscalculated nor misplaced. This work has succeeded to his wishes, and his efforts will continue to be directed towards increasing the high tone of its criticisms, and the independence and force of its political articles. The assistance, from the first literary and political characters of which this country can boast, which he has already received, and which every month continues to receive, is of the most flattering and encouraging description.

Seven Numbers of his Magazine have been published already. Contents of No. VII. to be published on Wednesday the 1st of September: Hebert—The Bishop Hebert—Stanzas—Elegram; the Beggar, the Cook, and the Idiot—Idem Latin Redutum—On the March of Intellect, and Universal Education—Church Bells, heard at Evening—The Uncertainty Witness, by the Etirick Shepherd—Cut Bono—Fables I., 2, 3, 4—Hon. Miss Norton's "Undying Objects of the Ministry—Savage Life in America—Disasters of Jan Nadeltrier—The Shepherd's Lament, from the German of Goethe—East India Question, No. IV.—Mr. Buckingham's Last Humbug—The Fate of the Colonies—Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters; Samuel Rogers, Esq., being a full Portrait, with Literary Illustrations—The French Revolution of 1830—Our own Election Dinner!!!

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1830.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Cabinet Cyclopædia. Vol. X. History of the Netherlands. By Thomas Colley Grattan. Longman and Co.; John Taylor. London, 1830.

NEVER did work appear at a more fortunate period: a History of the Netherlands, at all times a desideratum, is peculiarly so now that public attention is fixed on the revolutionising spirit which is at this moment disturbing the country. The volume before us is a compressed but clear and impartial narrative; it has neither the dramatic power which gives such life-like reality to Sir Walter Scott's pages, nor the philosophic spirit of enlightened deduction which characterises those of Sir James Macintosh; but it is marked with much industry: Vander-vynct and Schiller* are its principal *matériel*; but sufficient attention has been paid to other authorities. The latter part of the work affords the chief novelty of quotation.

“*The Restoration of the House of Orange.*—

The population of Amsterdam was reduced from 220,000 souls to 190,000, of which a fourth part derived their whole subsistence from charitable institutions, whilst another fourth part received partial succour from the same sources. At Haerlem, where the population had been chiefly employed in bleaching and preparing linen made in Brabant, whole streets were levelled with the ground, and more than 500 houses destroyed. At the Hague, at Delft, and in other towns, many inhabitants had been induced to pull down their houses, from inability to keep them in repair or pay the taxes. The preservation of the dykes, requiring an annual expense of 600,000*l.* sterling, was every where neglected. The sea inundated the country, and threatened to resume its ancient dominion. No object of ambition, no source of professional wealth or distinction, remained to which a Hollander could aspire. None could voluntarily enter the army or navy to fight for the worst enemy of Holland. The clergy were not provided with a decent competency. The ancient laws of the country, so dear to its pride and its prejudices, were replaced by the Code Napoleon; so that old practitioners had to recommence their studies, and young men were disgusted with the drudgery of learning a system which was universally pronounced unfit for a commercial country.

“A people inured to revolutions for upwards of two centuries, filled with proud recollections, and urged on by well-digested hopes, were the most likely to understand the best period and the surest means for success. An attempt that might have appeared to other nations rash, was proved to be wise both by the reasonings of its authors and its own results. The intolerable tyranny of France had made the population not only ripe but eager for revolt. This disposition was acted on by a few enterprising men, at once partisans of the house of Orange and patriots in the truest

* We instance these as embracing the most interesting part of the history.

sense of the word. It would be unjust to omit the mention of some of their names, in even this sketch of the events which sprang from their courage and sagacity. Count Styrum, Messieurs Repelaer d'Jonge, Van Hogen-dorp, Vander Duyn van Maasdam, and Changuion, were the chiefs of the intrepid junta which planned and executed the bold measures of enfranchisement, and drew up the outlines of the constitution which was afterwards enlarged and ratified. Their first movements at the Hague were totally unsupported by foreign aid. Their early checks from the exasperated French and their over-cautious countrymen would have deterred most men embarked in so perilous a venture; but they never swerved nor shrank back. At the head of a force, which courtesy and policy called an army, of 300 national guards badly armed, 50 citizens carrying fowling-pieces, 50 soldiers of the old Dutch guard, 400 auxiliary citizens armed with pikes, and a cavalry force of 20 young men, the confederates boldly proclaimed the prince of Orange, on the 17th of November, 1813, in their open village of the Hague, and in the teeth of a French force of full 10,000 men, occupying every fortress in the country.

“In this crisis it was most fortunate that the French prefect at the Hague, M. de Stassart, had stolen away on the earliest alarm; and the French garrison, of 400 chasseurs, aided by 100 well-armed custom-house officers, under the command of General Bouvier des Eclats, caught the contagious fears of the civil functionary. This force had retired to the old palace, a building in the centre of the town, the dépôt of all the arms and ammunition then at the Hague, and, from its position, capable of some defence. But the general and his garrison soon felt a complete panic from the bold attitude of Count Styrum, who made the most of his little means, and kept up, during the night, a prodigious clatter by his twenty horsemen; sentinels challenging, amidst incessant singing and shouting, cries of ‘*Oranje boven!*’ ‘*Vivant Oranje!*’ and clamorous patrols of the excited citizens. At an early hour on the 18th, the French general demanded terms, and obtained permission to retire on Gorcum, his garrison being escorted as far as the village of Ryswyk by the twenty cavaliers who composed the whole mounted force of the patriots.”

“Still the wind continued adverse to arrivals from the English coast; the Cossacks, so often announced, had not yet reached the Hague, and the small unsupported parties in the neighbourhood of Amsterdam were in daily danger of being cut off. In this crisis the confederates were placed in a most critical position. On the eve of failure, and with the certainty, in such a result, of being branded as rebels and zealots, whose rashness had drawn down ruin on themselves, their families, and their country, it required no common share of fortitude to bear up against the danger that threatened them. Aware of its extent, they calmly and resolutely opposed it; and each seemed to vie with the others in energy and

firmness. The anxiety of the public had reached the utmost possible height. Every shifting of the wind was watched with nervous agitation. The road from the Hague to the sea was constantly covered with a crowd of every age and sex. Each sail that came in sight was watched and examined with intense interest; and at length, on the 26th of November, a small boat was seen to approach the shore, and the inquiring glances of the observers soon discovered that it contained an Englishman. This individual, who had come over on a mercantile adventure, landed amidst the loudest acclamation, and was conducted by the populace in triumph to the governor's. Dressed in an English volunteer uniform, he shewed himself in every part of the town, to the great delight of the people, who hailed him as the precursor and type of an army of deliverers. The French soon retreated before the marvellous exaggerations which the coming of this single Englishman gave rise to. The Dutch displayed great ability in the transmission of false intelligence to the enemy. On the 27th, Mr. Fagel arrived from England with a letter from the prince of Orange, announcing his immediate coming; and, finally, the disembarkation of 200 English marines on the 29th, was followed the next day by the landing of the prince, whose impatience to throw himself into the open arms of his country, made him spurn every notion of risk, and every reproach for rashness. He was received with indescribable enthusiasm. The generous flame rushed through the whole country. No bounds were set to the affectionate confidence of the nation; and no prince ever gave a nobler example of gratitude. As the people every where proclaimed William I. sovereign prince, it was proposed that he should every where assume that title. It was, however, after some consideration, decided that no step of this nature should be taken till his most serene highness had visited the capital. On the 1st of December the prince issued a proclamation to his countrymen, in which he states his hopes of becoming, by the blessing of Providence, the means of restoring them to their former state of independence and prosperity. ‘This,’ continued he, ‘is my only object; and I have the satisfaction of assuring you, that it is also the object of the combined powers. This is particularly the wish of the prince regent and the British nation; and it will be proved to you by the succour which that powerful people will immediately afford you, and which will, I hope, restore those ancient bonds of alliance and friendship which were a source of prosperity and happiness to both countries.’ This address being distributed at Amsterdam, a proclamation, signed by the commissioners of the confederate patriots, was published there the same day: it contained the following passages, remarkable as being the first authentic declaration of the sovereignty subsequently conferred on the prince of Orange:—‘The uncertainty which formerly existed as to the executive

power will no longer paralyse your efforts. It is not William the sixth stadtholder whom the nation recalls, without knowing what to hope or expect from him; but William I., who offers himself as sovereign prince of this free country.' The following day, the 2d of December, the prince made his entry into Amsterdam. He did not, like some other sovereigns, enter by a breach through the constitutional liberties of his country, in imitation of the conquerors from the Olympic games, who returned to the city by a breach in its walls: he went forward borne on the enthusiastic greetings of his fellow-countrymen, and meeting their confidence by a full measure of magnanimity. On the 3d of December he published an address, from which we shall quote one paragraph.—'You desire, Netherlanders! that I should be entrusted with a greater share of power than I should have possessed but for my absence. Your confidence, your affection, offer me the sovereignty; and I am called upon to accept it, since the state of my country and the situation of Europe require it. I accede to your wishes. I overlook the difficulties which may attend such a measure; I accept the offer which you have made me; but I accept it only on one condition,—that it shall be accompanied by a wise constitution, which shall guarantee your liberties, and secure them against every attack. My ancestors sowed the seeds of your independence: the preservation of that independence shall be the constant object of the efforts of myself and those around me.'

We select one or two anecdotes. "It does not appear that Friesland possessed any large towns, with the exception of Staveren. In this respect the Frisons resembled those ancient Germans who had a horror of shutting themselves up within walls. They lived in a way completely patriarchal; dwelling in isolated cabins, and with habits of the utmost frugality. We read in one of their old histories, that a whole convent of Benedictines was terrified at the voracity of a German sculptor who was repairing their chapel. They implored him to look elsewhere for his food; for that he and his sons consumed enough to exhaust the whole stock of the monastery.

"The spirit of constitutional liberty and legal equality which now animated the various provinces, is strongly marked in the history of the time by two striking and characteristic incidents. At the death of Philip the Bold, his widow deposited on his tomb her purse, and the keys which she carried at her girdle in token of marriage; and by this humiliating ceremony she renounced her rights to a succession overloaded with her husband's debts. In the same year (1404) the widow of Albert count of Holland and Hainault, finding herself in similar circumstances, required of the bailiff of Holland and the judges of his court permission to make a like renunciation. The claim was granted; and to fulfil the requisite ceremony, she walked at the head of the funeral procession, carrying in her hand a blade of straw, which she placed on the coffin. We thus find that in such cases the reigning families were held liable to follow the common usages of the country. From such instances there required but little progress in the principle of equality to reach the republican contempt for rank, which made the citizens of Bruges in the following century arrest their count for his private debts."

Curious Party Titles.—"We must not omit to notice the existence of two factions, which, for near two centuries, divided and agitated the whole population of Holland and Zealand.

One bore the title of *Hoeks* (fishing-hooks); the other was called *Kaabeljauws* (cod fish.) The origin of these burlesque denominations was a dispute between two parties at a feast, as to whether the cod-fish took the hook, or the hook the cod-fish? This apparently frivolous dispute was made the pretext for a serious quarrel; and the partisans of the nobles and those of the towns ranged themselves at either side, and assumed different badges of distinction. The Hoeks, partisans of the towns, wore red caps: the Kaabeljauws wore grey ones. In Jacqueline's quarrel with Philip of Burgundy, she was supported by the former; and it was not till the year 1492 that the extinction of that popular and turbulent faction struck a final blow to the dissensions of both."

Splendour of the Ancient Flemings.—"At a repast given by one of the counts of Flanders to the Flemish magistrates, the seats they occupied were unfurnished with cushions. Those proud burghers folded their sumptuous cloaks and sat on them. After the feast they were retiring without retaining these important and costly articles of dress; and on a courtier reminding them of their apparent neglect, the burgomaster of Bruges replied, 'We Flemings are not in the habit of carrying away the cushions after dinner!'

A similar story is told of Robert duke of Normandy.

"The meetings of the different towns for the sports of archery were signalised by the most splendid display of dress and decoration. The archers were habited in silk, damask, and the finest linen, and carried chains of gold of great weight and value. Luxury was at its height among women. The queen of Philip the Fair of France, on a visit to Bruges, exclaimed, with astonishment not unmixed with envy, 'I thought myself the only queen here; but I see six hundred others who appear more so than I.'"

After commemorating the escape of Grotius by the heroic efforts of his wife, Mr. Grattan says, it "only found a parallel in European history after a lapse of two centuries. We allude to the escape of Lavalette from the prison of the Conciergerie, in Paris, in 1815, which so painfully excited the interest of all Europe for the intended victim's wife, whose reason was the forfeit of her exertion." Our author owed it to his countrywomen to have remembered a similar act of affectionate devotion performed by Lady Nithsdale, who effected her husband's escape, and remained in his place, when the Scotch lords suffered for their attachment to the ill-fated Stuart cause.

Excerpta Historica; or, Illustrations of English History. Part II. pp. circ. 100. S. Bentley.

THIS Number has followed its predecessor after a longer interval than was intended by the editors, according to their first announcement. A perusal of its pages, however, will perhaps account for the delay, since they bear internal evidence of the care and research with which the subjects of the several papers have been investigated, as well as of the ability with which they are edited. In a work intended to be entirely illustrative of English history, despatch is not so much an object as accuracy. The promise held out by Part I. is realised in the present; for if the articles are not so numerous or various, they are of equal merit, and will amply gratify the curious and learned. It commences with the conclusion of the last article in the former, entitled "Privy-purse expenses

of Henry VII." Many of the extracts relating to the royal expenses and disbursements are remarkable as well as interesting; and we hope to see the publication of such papers encouraged, which are not only valuable in confuting or confirming points of history, but in bringing us acquainted with the manners and habits of the times. The notes and illustrations are also laudable additions, and furnish the result of much reading.

The next article is the "Will of Sir William Walworth," well known as a distinguished citizen of the fourteenth century, and twice Lord Mayor of London. The particulars relating to Sir William, prefixed, and the bequests of the will, are curious and numerous—those relating to his books are particularly so; and the extent of his collections shew that the good citizens of those days were not altogether indifferent to learning, though some portion of their time may have been devoted to banqueting. Next follows some state papers and original letters in the reign of Richard II. and Henry VI., with introductory notices. The fourth article is attractive, and relates to the issue of Catherine Roelt, wife of John of Gaunt, by her first husband. Some doubts were entertained as to the legitimacy of her son, Sir Thomas Swynford; and we have here the letters patent of King Henry IV. certifying his legitimacy. This article contains an account of the children of Catherine Roelt by John of Gaunt, who were legitimated by King Richard II., in 1397, and in confirmation of which, letters of legitimation were granted by Henry IV.; and upon this subject we have some facts entirely new, respecting the exception which these patents have been generally said to contain against the accession to the throne of the children of John of Gaunt by Catherine Roelt.

"It has been generally considered, that the instrument by which the Beauforts were legitimated contains a special exception with respect to the royal dignity; but a very remarkable fact has been recently discovered on the subject. The patent, as originally granted, contains no such reservation, nor was it introduced into the copy which was entered on the rolls of parliament when it received the sanction of the legislature; but when Henry IV. exemplified and confirmed the grant of Richard to the Earl of Somerset in 1407, the words, '*excepta dignitate regali*,' appear to have been added to the enrolment of the grant on the patent rolls; for those words occur on it as an interlineation, and from the difference in the colour of the ink, are presumed to have been inserted at a subsequent period, though the hand is very nearly the same. In the exemplification by Henry IV. in 1407, the words are inserted; and the following explanation of the circumstance is probably not far from the truth. Henry IV. was the son of John of Gaunt, and finding that the grant to his father's issue by Katherine Swynford might authorise them to assert a claim to the throne, on the failure of his own issue, as representatives of the line of Lancaster, probably thought it prudent to prevent such an occurrence by assuming a power which would now be held illegal, of adding a reservation to the grant of his predecessor, and obliging one of the grantees to receive a confirmation of that grant with the exception introduced into it, as if it had formed part of the original document. It escaped Henry, however, that the grant had become an act of parliament, and that even if he had the right, of his own authority, to qualify a former grant, he could not interpolate a statute; so that in a

legal view the addition to the patent of the 20 Rich. II. on the patent rolls is of no effect. From this singular fact it may be concluded, that as the issue of John of Gaunt were recognised by parliament as being legitimate, and as being capable of possessing all honours, dignities, pre-eminences, &c. without any reservation whatever, Henry VII. was, as he described himself, the lineal heir of John of Gaunt, and the representative of the house of Lancaster. If however, as is not impossible, though the dates render it improbable, John Beaufort, the eldest son of John of Gaunt by Katherine Swynford, was born before Henry IV., the king's motive for introducing this exception into the patent is still more obvious, because without such a reservation a question might have arisen whether Beaufort, as the eldest son, had not, by that instrument, a prior right to the crown to Henry himself, supposing any legal claim to the throne could have been derived from John of Gaunt, whilst descendants remained of his elder brothers."

To this paper follow some verses alluding to political parties about the year 1449: they are singular, from the circumstance of each individual referred to being designated by his badge, or heraldic device, which has led to the identity of the persons intended. The article in the former Number on "Standards" is then continued; and the Part concludes with "an account of the celebrated tournament between Lord Scales and the Bastard of Burgundy;" an article of high historical interest, and affording abundant proof of the research and care with which, as we have already stated, this publication appears to us to be conducted. Independently of the interest which the subject itself will excite with many persons, the fact, that historians have assigned wrong causes and dates to this memorable combat, will be sufficient to render the present narrative not only an acceptable but valuable addition to our historical collections.

The assertion of most historians, that this combat occurred in honour of the marriage of Margaret, the king's sister, is shewn to be unfounded; and the cause is related in the following extract:—

"It was a short time before his [Lord Scales's] sister's coronation that the singular adventure happened, with which the ancient narrative of this tournament begins. On Wednesday in Easter week, being the 17th of April, 1465, in the fifth year of Edw. IV., Anthony Lord Scales was at high mass, probably in the chapel of the palace at Richmond, then called Shene; on his return from which, he was surrounded by the ladies of the court, who placed a gold collar on his thigh, with a flower of souvenance, made of jewellery, which he immediately understood was to be the prize of some chivalrous exploit. He was then about twenty-four years of age, and in high esteem as a most accomplished nobleman. Delighted with the idea of this enterprise, on the next day he wrote a long letter from the palace to the Count de la Roche, commonly called the Bastard of Burgundy, challenging or requesting him to perform a feat of arms in October following. On Friday, in the presence-chamber, the king gave permission to Lord Scales to accomplish the enterprise, and to send Chester Herald with the message to the Bastard; which was attested by the high constable, under his seal, at London, on the following Monday. Chester began his voyage without delay, and entered Brussels on the 30th of April, where he executed his commission; and after having been entertained in the most honourable man-

ner, took his leave on the 10th of May, bearing with him a letter to Lord Scales."

The Bastard of Burgundy accepted, as is known, the challenge; and the detail of the proceedings, from its origin to the close of the tournament, will be found in this article, which is very minute, and consequently of considerable length. The sources whence the memorials of this transaction have been derived are stated, together with many particulars relating to Lord Scales and the Duke of Burgundy. To the narrative itself, we recommend our readers' attention, assuring the learned and the curious in the early periods of our history, that they will be fully repaid for the time they bestow upon it.

The Alexandrians; an Egyptian Tale of the Fourth Century. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co.

AN interesting tale, and which has the advantage of being placed at a period which embraces historic ground as yet but little trodden, though rich in varied events and picturesque accessories. Perhaps the following chariot-race is as fair a specimen as we can select without breaking in upon the narrative.

"Menodorus was awakened one morning at early dawn by so considerable a clamour, that he feared another revolution was taking place in the city; but found the streets covered with men dressed in the gayest colours and holding banners, while every one seemed shouting The red! the white! or the green! with a vociferation that seemed to threaten destruction upon any one who did not join in their own cry. The election of a consul at Rome could hardly have given more animation to the countenances of men, who seemed ready to devote their lives for the glorious object they had in view; but Menodorus knew that the racing factions were heating up for partisans for the grand exhibition, which was to take place that day in the circus, and that the supplies of coloured strips of linen or silk were presented to the mob according as each declared himself a favourer of a certain colour. The wealthy were canvassed in a different manner. The charioteers themselves, generally belonging to the middle or lower classes, who often acquired great wealth, and were as often ruined, had previously insinuated themselves by personal address, or by the influence of their particular supporters, into the favour of the principal people. By personal address they were able often to prevail, for these men were frequently admitted into the society of the dissipated nobles, who were especially absorbed with the pursuits of horse-racing, and consequently more peculiarly at home in the conversations of their charioteers. These nobles often possessed chariots, and employed party-men as drivers; but not unfrequently they would take the reins themselves. They would also act as canvassers among the rest of the town, and thus not only spent considerable sums themselves, but induced even their tradespeople to contribute to the prize of the party colour; for the rewards were sums of money or presents, entirely dependent on the subscription of the day. The party of the civil and military rulers advanced to the opposite side of the circus, where they descended from their horses, and took their seats in the gallery under a splendid canopy, immediately over the dens or starting places of the chariots. No one else had the privilege of entering through the arena, but ascended to their seats from the exterior, the lower rows being the most distinguished; and at the top of

all, the common people stood *en masse*. Awnings to the south sheltered the company from the burning sun, and a fine prospect to the north took in the sea, the palace, and the groves extending towards the Canopian shore. The crowded circus was now agitated with impatience for a trial of the three factions, for which greater expectations had been raised than for any that had already occupied the attention of the day. The chariots for the match were already ranged along according to lot. Syrianus patronised the green, and had made great exertion towards reviving his popularity, by considerable donations among this powerful faction,—which might almost be considered as an Arian party, so much were doctrinal disputes intermixed with their amusements,—and the equipage about to start for the present match was his own. The garment of his charioteer, of the characteristic colour, was nearly covered with gold leaves; his legs were bare, and on his golden sandals blazed the richest jewels. The carriage itself was of the same costume as the man, and the whole trappings of the horses adorned with gold. Next stood a chariot exquisitely elegant in form, so thickly studded, that it seemed to be made of ivory and silver. The beautiful gray horses, less fiery than their neighbours, appeared of that noble disposition which prompts them to sacrifice themselves to their master's ambition, who held them at the most complete command. He, a figure of delicate proportion, whose silvery tunic was like the dress of Gany-mede, owned not the slavish birth of his rivals, while his pointed cap was more than ordinarily covered with jewels. It was Oresander, the rich, the gay, the man of taste, who hoped for more than glory at this day's conquest; for Euphemia at last had been brought to give her applause to the white, and had promised, after a long series of playful scorn and provocations, to reward him as he deserved, if he risked his neck at this competition. Though Euphemia never meant to give him more than the most complete contempt, she by no means chose to consider her words as insincere, for by them she intended as her good sense made her judge. Indolent by nature, and surrounded by a host of admirers, she seemed roused to exertion only by the spirit of sarcasm, levelled principally at the disconsolate victims in the shape of twisted compliments or double-meaning assurances, who, as often as they complained, were certain of having from her a complete justification and proof of what she termed her sincerity, and of their blind credulity or vanity. There was in Euphemia something better than this ridicule and flirting mania, and sometimes she surprised others, and even herself, by proofs of good sense from a girl who generally talked in the most trifling manner, and whose idleness seemed to favour the greatest ignorance. The red faction, peculiarly hostile to Syrianus, had its equipage on the other side of the white, and, rivalling its competitors in magnificence, excelled both in the force and fire of its horses, whose eager eyes anticipated the space before them. The arbiter who stood before the goal, on the spina, or raised place running down the centre of the oblong arena, adorned with three ancient obelisks, now dropped a handkerchief: at the signal the ropes across the horses were let fall, and the chariots flew. As if no restraint had ever bound them, the young horses of the red chariot dashed along, devouring the ground; the others kept behind in equal pace, and seemed to be reserving their powers. On passing the place where Euphemia sat, Oresander

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elevated his reins, as if dedicating them to her. And now the applause for the red redoubled, and the conductor of the green urged forward his noble steeds: still Oresander kept by his side without provoking on his horses; it seemed as if the generous creatures wanted not even to be reminded of their duty, so lightly did their master hold the reins, such confidence did he place in the faithful animals. Three pillars had already been taken down at the extremity of the spina out of the seven which marked the number of courses; when the horses of the red, fired with the tumult and appearance of the multitudes, flew with increasing rapidity: with over-arching necks, with starting and fixed eyes, they no longer saw the scene which had alarmed them, but giving up themselves to ungovernable fury, the friends of the party feared their victory would be paid for at a terrible price. Another goal was cleared, and the space of half the circus left behind the rivals—the horses ran nearer and nearer to the spina—in vain did the charioteer exert his utmost energies to make them take a wider circle: arrived at the extremity, they dashed with violence against the wall, and horses, man, and chariot, were strewn upon the dust. But little pity was heard among the deafening shouts for the two remaining competitors. The champion of the green now urged on his horses to the utmost speed, and Syrianus already congratulated himself on the victory, and the consequent approbation of the mob. Oresander for the first time condescended to lash his noble steeds, but gently, as if he were in play, while with careless grace he stood, holding the reins so slightly in his hand as would Apollo in his car, when the celestial horses know the circles of their master. No continued urging is required, at the touch they fly; with no violence, with no excess of exertion, they outstrip the straining speed of their rivals. The difficulty was to avoid the scattered fragments and kicking animals of the unfortunate conductor of the red. Syrianus's chariot had cleared well the obstructed point; but by the time he approached the approving patron, Oresander had gained his side, who, cutting off the succeeding goal from his antagonist's horse, so closely passed his chariot in front of their heads, that his rival involuntarily checked them for an instant. Again, however, he drives on with more rapidity than ever, but is left far behind, and the acclamations of the circus proclaim the patrician conqueror. Borne upon a golden shield of triumph, he was carried round the arena, flowers were showered on his head, and even Euphemia exerted herself to throw a garland, which he caught, and flung over his white neck. The duke placed a golden crown on his head, which he had brought for the victorious charioteer, and complimented him in flattering strains. The money was then placed in Oresander's hand; he immediately threw it on the arena.

A very beautiful character of St. Athanasius is introduced: Euphemia is an exceedingly lively sketch, and well contrasted with Hermione. The note in the preface about St. Athanasius' Creed might as well have been omitted: it conveys an erroneous impression of the contents of the future pages, as giving an opening to religious controversy, for which a novel seems to us a most unfitting vehicle.

The National Library, No. I. Galt's Life of Byron.

THE complaints made of Moore's *Life of Byron*, as they are referred to in the preface of the volume before us, may be summed up

in two objections; first, that it was too private; and secondly, too favourable. The phrase, "intrusion into private life," appears to us mere cant, as applied to a public character. Those who come openly forward to place the great stake of their lives on opinion, must expect its exercise; and the interior of a great man's life is almost as much general property as his external, inasmuch as the one influences the other; and it is unfair to repine, that the curiosity he himself has excited, he himself must gratify. A poet speaks of feelings, sorrows, and experience; and in exact proportion to his popularity will be the desire to learn how much of these were truly his own. Those are the very Canutes of fame, who would say to the tide of popular interest, Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther. As matter for deep reflection, as means of solving the great problem of human nature, both as warning and as encouragement, all relating to a man like Byron is public property. Praise has its penalty; and neither he nor those connected with him have a right to claim that domestic privacy, from which themselves first and voluntarily stepped forth. To drag those from retirement, which they have in no instance voluntarily quitted, is as reprehensible as it is indelicate; but a man who courts fame, which is built on opinion, must expect to be canvassed by the tribunal to which he appeals. Secondly, as to Moore's likeness being too favourable: we must say, that the conclusions we draw from Galt's account, taken by a stricter hand, and in darker colours, have yet left on our minds an impression decidedly in Byron's favour. His childhood was peculiarly unfortunate—unfortunate in wanting that wholesome restraint which is the great principle both in laws and education. At this period, too, was doubtless received the impression of shame and horror at his personal deformity. Mr. Galt mentions that the neighbours used to call him "Mrs. Byron's crookit devil." He himself records the agony he felt on hearing his mother tauntingly allude to it. Now whether we blame, regret, or regard it as of no consequence, we all must admit, that the notice given to children, and in which they all delight, is universally attracted by their beauty: "bless your pretty face!" is as common a phrase in the lower, as "what a little angel!" is in the upper ranks. We have often thought, that a most pathetic essay might be written on the sorrows of ugly children. A child has quick perception, but no discrimination,—a faculty only to be acquired by the comparisons made by experience; and the idea of his defect being repulsive, once suggested, this idea would naturally be seized on by his susceptible temper, to account for whatever he might encounter of neglect or mortification; and on the importance and indelibility of childish impressions no one need enlarge. Of his school days we shall quote one anecdote, and the heroism of the conduct it records may speak for itself.

"While Lord Byron and Mr. Peel were at Harrow together, a tyrant a few years older, whose name was * * * * * claimed a right to fag little Peel, which claim (whether rightly or wrongly, I know not) Peel resisted. His resistance, however, was in vain: * * * * * not only subdued him, but determined to punish the refractory slave; and proceeded forthwith to put this determination in practice by inflicting a kind of bastinado on the inner fleshy side of the boy's arm, which during the operation was twisted round with some degree of technical skill, to render the pain more acute. While the stripes were succeeding each other, and poor Peel writhing under them, Byron saw

and felt for the misery of his friend, and although he knew that he was not strong enough to fight * * * * * with any hope of success, and that it was dangerous even to approach him, he advanced to the scene of action, and with a blush of rage, tears in his eyes, and a voice trembling between terror and indignation, asked very humbly if * * * * * 'would be pleased to tell him how many stripes he meant to inflict?' 'Why,' returned the executioner, 'you little rascal, what is that to you?' 'Because, if you please,' said Byron, holding out his arm, 'I would take half.'"

His marriage was the rock on which his whole after-life wrecked: to use Lockhart's expressive words,— "If there be one curse which comes to earth direct as the crow flies, with all the steam of hell hot about it, it is an ill-assorted marriage." It seems to us a most affected delicacy, which in such a case would abstain from seeking grounds whereon to form an opinion, or expressing it when formed. Lord Byron was all his life before the public eye; and those who shared his celebrity, must share it whether as matter of vanity or annoyance. We think there is no sort of reproach to be thrown on Lady Byron's actual conduct; but the explanation of the whole is, that she had no love for her husband,—none of that kindly and feminine affection which makes all the excellence it finds, and softens away the very faults it discovers. The very fact that, on such slight grounds as those of late, she has not hesitated to throw the most odious imputations on the dead, shews at least how little of attachment or forgiveness enters into a temper whose seeming at least is cold and unforgiving. Mutual indulgence is the only safety of domestic content: such a wife might be perfectly irreproachable; but there are few men who would not be tempted to exclaim, Thank Heaven she is not mine! Beyond the chilling vanity of conquest, she seems to have neither appreciated nor admired his genius, and certainly had no love for himself: but the last summing up of conclusions is in the words of his servant Fletcher, "that her ladyship was the only woman who could not manage him."

The time of Lord Byron's departure from England is one, we hold, of extreme hardship: his separation from his wife was a sufficiently sore point, without all the blame being laid upon himself; and now that much of party cant and clamour has died away, few will deny the bitterness which the extreme injustice of the sentence endeavoured to be passed on his literary fame must have excited. He could not but know, he had erected a noble and lasting monument in the literature of that very country he was being accused of endeavouring to destroy and corrupt; and whatever may be said of the immorality of his writings after he left England,* it must be bigotry, not criticism, that would apply that reproach to his previous works. This leads us to the warfare between him and Southey, which Mr. Galt slightly dismisses, by saying his lordship was the first aggressor. True; but the revenge seems very disproportioned to the offence. The very worst that can be said of the lines in the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, is, that they were the hasty and ill-judged effusion of an angry

* We cannot but consider the tone and spirit of much of Lord Byron's later writings as calculated to do injury, when we reflect on the multitude of readers, who, having no opinions of their own, are content to take so many on trust: an influential writer should, we think, rather err on the side of overcaution. That irreverent style in speaking of religion, and of greatness as respects morals, may be palliated, but surely not defended.

and young writer, himself smarting under injustice; and the violence of Mr. Southey's own youth ought to have taught him indulgence towards another: but really the evil and unrelenting spirit in which this early offence was resented, was equally malignant, rancorous, and ill-judged. We admire Mr. Southey's talents—we respect his private character; unfortunately, his public course is peculiarly open to censure, and attractive to the satirist. As George III. said of another accommodating gentleman, "You may change opinions, but not principles:" and true; for our opinions depend on circumstances, which may alter; but our principles, on that immutable sense of right and wrong, which can never vary. And when youth, generally speaking the season of our best impulses and truest feelings, acknowledges that its whole course has been evil and unjust, this seems but a bad foundation for future character: like the Turks, we are inclined to think that he who has made a bad Christian will make but an indifferent Mussulman. This is the rule to which, however, we admit Mr. Southey has been the exception: we wish all changes were as much for the better as his have been: he is among the great and useful ornaments of our literature; and all in this dispute we could have wished him was, a better memory and a little more moderation.*

The whole affair of the *Liberal* was one of Byron's greatest faults and greatest mistakes: a production equally levelled against the government and religion of his country, was as bad in design as it was wretched in execution. With regard to his connexion with Hunt, we blame Lord Byron for the folly which led to it: whose toucheth pitch must be defiled. Even allowing that he looked forward to profit, we see no cause for reprehension: a man's talents are as much his property as his estate; and his disgust towards Leigh Hunt strongly manifested itself before it could have resulted either from their journal's loss or gain. And when we consider the mingled meanness and insolence, the vulgarity, the ingratitude, the ludicrous vanity of the groundling, we cannot wonder at the existence of such a feeling.

On his Greek expedition we have only to say, there were plenty to make jobs out of loans, silly speeches about the press and ancient glories, which had nothing to do with present necessities, without Lord Byron. It was a forlorn hope, led on against notoriety; and he wilfully allowed his imagination to blind him, both to the extent of the services he could render, and to their concomitant advantages. With one brief regret we close this summary: the great misfortune of Lord Byron's life was its want of serious and well-grounded religious faith: great and good men too have doubted; and all we say is, that he who wants that religious principle which will support in life and soothe in death, we will not take upon ourselves to blame, but we most sincerely pity.

We have reserved for this number a series of miscellaneous extracts, to which we now proceed.

* We cannot refrain from observing the difference between the line of conduct pursued by Mr. Southey and Mr. Moore. Under a much more aggravated offence, what frankness, good humour, and kindly feeling, did the latter evince. The one pursued the weak and violent conduct of the recluse, exaggerating the importance of a literary quarrel, and expecting all the world to take up his cause: the other, aware of how little society cares, beyond the gossiping of the moment, for what interferes not with itself, treating the matter as it deserved, asking redress openly, receiving apology generously, and throwing into the whole a portion of his own playful spirit.

"The wetness of the weather obliged them to remain several days at Keratéea, during which they took the opportunity of a few hours of sunshine, to ascend the mountain of Parné in quest of a cave, of which many wonderful things were reported in the country. Having found the entrance, kindled their pine torches, and taken a supply of strips of the same wood, they let themselves down through a narrow aperture; creeping still farther down, they came into what seemed a large subterranean hall, arched as it were with high cupolas of crystal, and divided into long aisles by columns of glittering spar, in some parts spread into wide horizontal chambers, in others terminated by the dark mouths of deep and steep abysses receding into the interior of the mountain. The travellers wandered from one grotto to another until they came to a fountain of pure water, by the side of which they lingered some time, till observing that their torches were wasting, they resolved to return; but after exploring the labyrinth for a few minutes, they found themselves again close beside this mysterious spring. It was not without reason they then became alarmed, for the guide confessed with trepidation that he had forgotten the intricacies of the cave, and knew not how to recover the outlet. Byron often described this adventure with spirit and humour. Magnifying both his own and his friends' terrors; and though of course there was caricature in both, yet the distinction was characteristic. Mr. Hobhouse being of a more solid disposition naturally, could discern nothing but a grave cause for dread in being thus lost in the bowels of the earth; Byron, however, described his own anxiety as a species of excitement and titillation which moved him to laughter. Their escape from starvation and being buried alive was truly providential. While roaming in a state of despair from cave to cell; climbing up narrow apertures; their last pine-torch fast consuming; totally ignorant of their position, and all around darkness, they discovered, as it were by accident, a ray of light gleaming towards them; they hastened towards it, and arrived at the mouth of the cave." * * *

His Mother's Death.—"Notwithstanding her violent temper and other unseemly conduct, her affection for him had been so fond and dear, that he undoubtedly returned it with unaffected sincerity; and from many casual and incidental expressions which I have heard him employ concerning her, I am persuaded that his filial love was not at any time even of an ordinary kind. During her life he might feel uneasy respecting her, apprehensive on account of her ungovernable passions and indiscretions; but the manner in which he lamented her death clearly proves that the integrity of his affection had never been impaired. On the night after his arrival at the Abbey, the waiting-woman of Mrs. Byron in passing the door of the room where the corpse lay, heard the sound of some one sighing heavily within, and on entering found his lordship sitting in the dark beside the bed. She remonstrated with him for so giving way to grief; when he burst into tears, and exclaimed, 'I had but one friend in the world, and she is gone.' Of the fervency of his sorrow I do therefore think there can be no doubt; the very endeavour which he made to conceal it by indifference, was a proof of its depth and anguish, though he hazarded the strictures of the world by the indecorum of his conduct on the occasion of the funeral. Having declined to follow the remains himself, he stood looking from the hall-door at the procession,

till the whole had moved away; and then, turning to one of the servants, the only person left, he desired him to fetch the sparring-gloves, and proceeded with him to his usual exercise. But the scene was impressive, and spoke eloquently of a grieved heart;—he sparring in silence all the time, and the servant thought that he hit harder than was his habit: at last he suddenly flung away the gloves, and retired to his own room."

Speaking of his peculiar temperament, Mr. Galt observes:

"Lord Byron possessed these sort of irrepresible predilections—was so much the agent of impulses, that he could not keep long in unison with the world, or in harmony with his friends. Without malice, or the instigation of any ill spirit, he was continually provoking malignity and revenge. His verses on the Princess Charlotte weeping, and his other merciless satire on her father, begot him no friends, and armed the hatred of his enemies. There was, indeed, something like ingratitude in the attack on the regent—for his royal highness had been particularly civil; had intimated a wish to have him introduced to him; and Byron, fond of the distinction, spoke of it with a sense of gratification. These instances, as well as others, of gratuitous spleen, only justified the misrepresentations which had been insinuated against himself; and what was humour in his nature, was ascribed to vice in his principles. Before the year was at end, his popularity was evidently beginning to wane: of this he was conscious himself, and braved the frequent attacks on his character and genius with an affectation of indifference, under which those who had at all observed the singular associations of his recollections and ideas, must have discerned the symptoms of a strange disease. He was tainted with an Herodian malady of the mind; his thoughts were often hateful to himself; but there was an ecstasy in the conception, as if delight could be mingled with horror. I think, however, he struggled to master the fatality, and that his resolution to marry was dictated by an honourable desire to give hostages to society against the wild wilfulness of his imagination."

His Grecian expedition.—

"Had Lord Byron never been in Greece, he was undoubtedly one of those men whom the resurrection of her spirit was likeliest to interest; but he was not also one fitted to do her cause much service. His innate indolence, his sedentary habits, and that all-engrossing consideration for himself, which in every situation marred his best impulses, were shackles upon the practice of the stern bravery in himself which he has so well expressed in his works. It was expected when he sailed for Greece—nor was the expectation unreasonable with those who believe imagination and passion to be of the same element—that the enthusiasm which flamed so highly in his verse was the spirit of action, and would prompt him to undertake some great enterprise. But he was only an artist; he could describe bold adventures and represent high feeling, as other gifted individuals give eloquence to canvass, and activity to marble; but he did not possess the wisdom necessary for the instruction of councils. I do, therefore, venture to say, that in embarking for Greece he was not entirely influenced by such exoterical motives as the love of glory or the aspirations of heroism. His laurels had for some time ceased to flourish, the sear and yellow, the mildew and decay, had fallen upon them; and he was aware that the bright round of his fame was ovalling from

the full, and shewing the dim rough edge of waning."

On his religion:—

"Lord Byron had but loose feelings in religion—scarcely any. His sensibility and a slight constitutional leaning towards superstition and omens, shewed that the sense of devotion was, however, alive and awake within him; but with him religion was a sentiment, and the convictions of the understanding had nothing whatever to do with his creed. That he was deeply imbued with the essence of natural piety—that he often felt the power and being of a God thrilling in all his frame and glowing in his bosom—I declare my thorough persuasion; and that he believed in some of the tenets and in the philosophy of Christianity, as they influence the spirit and conduct of men, I am as little disposed to doubt; especially if those portions of his works which only trend towards the subject, and which bear the impression of fervour and earnestness, may be admitted as evidence. But he was not a member of any particular church, and, without a re-construction of his mind and temperament, I venture to say he could not have become such; not in consequence, as too many have represented, of any predilection, either of feeling or principle, against Christianity; but entirely owing to an organic peculiarity of mind. He reasoned on every topic by instinct, rather than by induction or any progress of logic; and could never be so convinced of the truth or falsehood of an abstract proposition, as to feel it affect the current of his actions. He may have assented to arguments, without being sensible of their truth; merely because they were not objectionable to his feelings at the time. And, in the same manner, he may have disputed even fair inferences, from admitted premises, if the state of his feelings happened to be indisposed to the subject. I am persuaded, nevertheless, that to class him among absolute infidels were to do injustice to his memory, and that he has suffered uncharitably in the opinion of 'the rigidly righteous,' who, because he had not attached himself to any particular sect or congregation, assumed that he was an adversary to religion. To claim for him any credit as a pious man would be absurd; but to suppose he had not as deep an interest as other men 'in his soul's health' and welfare, was to impute to him a nature which cannot exist. Being altogether a creature of impulses, he certainly could not be ever employed in dogologies, or engaged in the logomachy of churchmen; but he had the sentiment which at a tamer age might have made him more ecclesiastical. There was as much truth as joke in the expression, when he wrote,

"I am myself a moderate Presbyterian."

A curious fact is stated in the preface. "I cannot conclude without offering my best acknowledgments to the learned and ingenious Mr. Nicolas, for the curious genealogical fact of a baton sinister being in the escutcheon of the Byrons of Newstead. Lord Byron, in his pride of birth, does not appear to have been aware of this stain."

The ensuing note, too, is worth quotation:

"Gibbon says that St. George was no other than the Bishop of Cappadocia, a personage of very unecclesiastical habits, and expresses some degree of surprise that such a person should ever have been sanctified in the calendar. But the whole story of this deliverer of the Princess of Egypt is an allegory of the sufferings of the church, which is typified as the daughter of Egypt, driven into the wilderness, and exposed to destruction by the dragon, the ancient em-

blem, over all the East, of imperial power. The Bishop of Cappadocia manfully withstood the attempts of the emperor, and ultimately succeeded in procuring an imperial recognition of the church in Egypt. We have adverted to this merely to shew the devices in which the legends of the church were sometimes embodied; and the illuminated missals,—even the mass-books, in the early stages of printing,—abundantly prove and illustrate the opinions expressed."

We should do scant justice to Mr. Galt were we not to quote a few passages more especially his own. Each of the ensuing little extracts has struck us as possessing either some original thought or some beauty of expression.

"A few traces of terraces may yet be discovered—here and there the chump of a column, and niches for receiving votive offerings, are numerous among the cliffs; but it is a lone and dismal place; Desolation sits with Silence, and Ruin there is so decayed as to be almost Oblivion."

"The genii that preside over famous places have less influence on the imagination than on the memory. The pleasures enjoyed on the spot spring from the reminiscences of reading; and the subsequent enjoyment derived from having visited celebrated scenes, comes again from the remembrance of objects seen there, and the associations connected with them."

"I passed through the ruins of a considerable Turkish town, containing four or five mosques, one of them a handsome building still entire: about twenty houses or so might be described as tenable, but only a place of sepulchres could be more awful: it had been depopulated by the plague—all was silent, and the streets were matted with thick grass. In passing through an open space, which reminded me of a market-place, I heard the cuckoo with an indescribable sensation of pleasure mingled with solemnity. The sudden presence of a raven at a bridal banquet could scarcely have been a greater phantasma."

"What a strange thing is glory! Three hundred years ago, all Christendom rang with the battle of Lepanto, and yet it is already probable that it will only be interesting to posterity as an incident in the life of one of the private soldiers engaged in it. This is certainly no very mournful reflection to one who is of opinion that there is no permanent fame, but that which is obtained by adding to the comforts and pleasures of mankind. Military transactions, after their immediate effects cease to be felt, are little productive of such a result. Not that I value military virtues the less by being of this opinion; on the contrary, I am the more convinced of their excellence. Burke has unguardedly said, that vice loses half its malignity by losing its grossness; but public virtue ceases to be useful when it sickens at the calamities of necessary war. The moment that nations become confident of security, they give way to corruption. The evils and dangers of war seem as requisite for the preservation of public morals as the laws themselves; at least it is the melancholy moral of history, that when nations resolve to be peaceful with respect to their neighbours, they begin to be vicious with respect to themselves."

We are rather curious to know how the fair sex come to rank so low in Mr. Galt's estimation; he rarely mentions them without some little sneer. We quote the two or three ensuing examples for their especial benefit.

Wives.—Ali Pasha asked, among other questions, "if I had a wife; and being answered in the negative, he replied to me himself in Ita-

lian, That I was a happy man; for he found his very troublesome."

Evils of Matrimony.—"My visits became few and far between, owing to nothing but that change in a man's pursuits and associates which are among some of the evils of matrimony."

"The house of a shoemaker, near his lordship's residence in St. Samuel, was burnt to the ground, with all it contained; by which the proprietor was reduced to indigence. Byron not only caused a new but a superior house to be erected, and also presented the sufferer with a sum of money equal in value to the whole of his stock in trade and furniture. I should endanger my reputation for impartiality if I did not, as a fair set-off to this, also mention that it is said he bought, for five hundred crowns, a baker's wife. There might be charity in this, too."

We shall conclude with a chance note or two of some circumstances observed in their travels:—

"After supper, the officer washed his hands with soap, inviting the travellers to do the same, for they had eaten a little with him; he did not, however, give the soap, but put it on the floor with an air so remarkable, as to induce Mr. Hobhouse to inquire the meaning of it; and he was informed that there is a superstition in Turkey against giving soap: it is thought it will wash away love."

"After dinner, as there happened to be a contract of marriage performing in the neighbourhood, we went to see the ceremony. Between the contract and espousal two years are generally permitted to elapse among the Greeks; in the course of which the bride, according to the circumstances of her relations, prepares domestic chattels for her future family. The affections are rarely consulted on either side, for the mother of the bridegroom commonly arranges the match for her son. In this case, the choice had been evidently made according to the principle on which Mrs. Primrose chose her wedding gown; viz. for the qualities that would wear well. For the bride was a stout household quean; her face painted with vermilion, and her person arrayed in uncouth embroidered garments. Unfortunately we were disappointed of seeing the ceremony, as it was over before we arrived. This incident led me to inquire particularly into the existing usages and customs of the Athenians; and I find in the notes of my journal of the evening of that day's adventures, a memorandum of a curious practice among the Athenian maidens when they become anxious to get husbands. On the first evening of the new moon, they put a little honey, a little salt, and a piece of bread, on a plate, which they leave at a particular spot on the east bank of the Ilissus, near the Stadium, and muttering some ancient words, to the effect that Fate may send them a handsome young man, return home, and long for the fulfilment of the charm. On mentioning this circumstance to the travellers, one of them informed me, that above the spot where these offerings are made, a statue of Venus, according to Pausanias, formerly stood. It is, therefore, highly probable that what is now a superstitious, was anciently a religious rite."

"The rites which succeed the baptism of a child are still more recondite. Four or five days after the christening, the midwife prepares, with her own mystical hands, certain savoury messes, spreads a table, and places them on it. She then departs, and all the family, leaving the door open, in silence retire to sleep. This table is covered for the

Miri of the child, an occult being, that is supposed to have the care of its destiny. In the course of the night, if the child is to be fortunate, the Miri comes and partakes of the feast, generally in the shape of a cat; but if the Miri does not come, nor taste of the food, the child is considered to have been doomed to misfortune and misery; and no doubt the treatment it afterwards receives is consonant to its evil predestination."

We now close this very delightful volume, cordially recommending it to all readers,—to those who desire information, equally to those who require amusement. It appears to us as impartial a judgment as it is possible for one man to form of another; and as a composition, must elevate the already high literary character of Mr. Galt.

Bernard's Retrospections of the Stage.
(Second Notice.)

IN continuing our extracts from these entertaining volumes, we copy the next paragraph, both on account of its noticing the progenitor of a distinguished actor of our own day, and of its exhibiting the most striking grammatical use of the parenthesis which we remember to have seen.

"Another member of our corps at Richmond was a Mr. Fawcett (father of the present comedian),* an understrapper at Drury Lane, who went on for such characters as a conspirator in *Venice Preserved*; worthy old servants, who look intelligent but say nothing; or dignified dukes, whose nobility consists in wearing ermine robes and sitting at the top of a table. Fawcett, though a wretched actor, was a very pleasant fellow in company; he was another of that numerous class of persons on the stage, who are capital comedians in private life. Fawcett and Bowles were our green-room battledores, keeping the laugh up between them with equal adroitness; but of all the things Fawcett repeated (and his head was the repository of not a few), those told the best which told against himself."

The Bowles mentioned was a great piscator, and used to send a doctor, at Richmond, who kindly attended his sick wife, a dish of his catchings now and then, by way of acknowledgment. "At the end of the season, Bowles, not having a sufficiency of coppers to carry him out of the town, addressed a very lachrymose letter to the physician, entreating his patience till enabled, at some future day, to answer his demand. The humane man returned him a note to this effect: 'Dear Sir—With my sincere sympathy in your present situation, and best wishes for your future good fortune, I beg to enclose you the sum of one guinea, being the balance due to you as per bill annexed.' The bill was as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Bowles to Doctor	6	1	0
By perch at sundry times	7	2	0
Balance due to Mr. Bowles	1	1	0"

We should have stated in right order, that Mr. Bernard prepared the MS. whence these volumes are printed under the able editorship of his son,† on his return from America in 1820, and that they present the remembrances of forty-six years. This will prepare our readers for some distant dates; and we transcribe a few, rendered interesting by the future celebrity of the parties named.

* It means that Mr. Fawcett, the father, was an understrapper, &c., not Mr. Fawcett, the son, who took his leave last season: instead of a parenthesis, therefore, it might be called a *parenthetical*.—*Printer's Dialect*.

† We can but off as good a parenthesis as any author.—*Critic L. G.*

1772. "During my stay in the metropolis, I went frequently to the theatres. At Drury Lane I remember seeing 'Jane Shore,' on the evening that a Mrs. Canning, the widow of an eminent counsellor, made her *début* in the heroine. She was patronised by numerous persons of distinction, and the house was very favourable towards her. But, independently of the personal interest which attended her attempt, Mrs. Canning put forth claims upon the approbation of the critical. One thing, however, must be admitted; she was wonderfully well supported: Garrick was the Hastings, and Reddish (her future husband) the Dumont. I little thought, as I sat in the pit that night, an ardent boy of sixteen, that I then beheld the lady who was destined, at some fifteen years' distance, to become the leading feature in a company of my own; nor that, in the *Gloster* of the night (admirably acted by Jefferson), I beheld my partner in that management—Plymouth. I should puzzle myself to little purpose if I were to attempt, in this place, to say any thing that was new or amusing upon Mr. Garrick's merits; for since their character became the property of history, every writer seems to have made his memory a kind of 'intellectual tumuli,' and thrown his own 'stone' on it to enlarge its dimensions; but I should wish to be permitted a word in regard to Reddish (upon whose first wife, being a very masculine woman, Foote made the ungallant pun of 'horse-radish'), for the reason that he was one among many of Garrick's contemporaries, who foundering in the stream of time, instead of going down with it, deserves to be 'lightered' up to the surface.

1774. "Amongst other communications at the post-office, he (a country manager, going to play in Essex) received one from Holcroft, the author, who applied for an engagement, embracing every good part in the cast-book, from Alexander the Great down to Scrub. Strange as it may appear, this letter was so deficient in orthography and etymology, that the manager sent back the brief reply, that 'he would treat with no person to become a member of his company who could neither read nor write!' As Mr. Holcroft has left behind him works which attest his powers not only as a man of genius, but a critic, it is by no means an absurd conjecture to attribute to the very letter in question some portion of the stimulus which was necessary to have drawn those powers forth. Scorn or ridicule has, in more than one instance, driven a man of proud spirit into the discovery of a hidden talent, when seeking either for the means of retaliation, or to obtain an armour against its shafts.

"At Needham, our next remove, I became acquainted with Miss Macklin, the actress, who had retreated to this little haven from the troubled element of public life, to live upon the income she had accrued by her professional labours. She was an admirable reader (with a true Shakspearian attachment), and her voice and figure led me to perceive some of the grounds upon which she had founded her popularity. She was not at this time upon good terms with her father, which was owing to a domestic occurrence; but their original disagreement, as she informed me, grew out of a reading in *Portia*—she always said that 'mercy was mightiest in the mightiest,' but, he maintaining it 'was mightiest in the mightiest,' shewed her no mercy, but instantly renounced her."

At York—"Whilst here, Stephen Kemble came to rehearsal one morning without his coat. Mr. Hughes, who was rather particular,

inquired the cause. 'Sir,' said he, 'the landlord of the house where I was reading the London paper, charged me double for my ale. I told him he had cheated me, and would not pay him. He seized me, and pulled off my coat; so, rather than submit to his extortion, I came away without it.' 'But, Mr. Kemble,' said the manager, 'walk through the streets without your coat!' 'But, Mr. Hughes,' said Stephen, 'pay sixpence for my ale!' 'But your coat, Mr. Kemble!' 'Curse my coat, sir; think of my feelings!' Hughes sent and released his coat; but Stephen was quizzed a good deal for this independency; his last words, indeed, became a saying in the West of England, where, whenever a man determined to set appearances at naught, he would invariably exclaim, 'Oh, curse my coat, think of my feelings!' The reader will smile at this; but I hope he may also be induced to give some credit to Stephen's character, since the above affords one of the strongest indications of that manly and independent spirit which pervaded him from childhood."

Mr. Bernard rose to favour on the Bath boards, then the grand criterion of theatrical talent; and he tells a curious story of the "School for Scandal."

1777-8. "The first and greatest novelty of the season was the production of the 'School for Scandal'; to superintend the rehearsals of which, the author came down in person. This was no slight compliment to the judgment of the Bath audience, who were to confirm or cavil at the verdict passed upon the merits of his composition in London. We were certainly not a body of clumsy or ignorant people in the Bath theatre; but such was Sheridan's particularity, that he took a fortnight to get up the play, and drilled all the servants and underlings himself: nothing, however, could be more pleasant or polite than his manner of doing so. In his sensitiveness as an author, he never lost sight of his propriety as a gentleman. The person that gave him the most trouble was Edwin, who was continually forgetting his business, making wrong exits, entrances, and crossings. Sheridan, with the utmost good humour, put him right every morning. On the play-day, it was expected every gentleman would be *au fait* to the mechanism of his character as the words;—every one was but John, who had been out to supper the previous evening, and spunged away, with the punch he had drunk, nearly all the remarks upon the 'book and volume of his brain' Sheridan had made. The latter could not now restrain his feelings, but, at the first lapsus shouted out, 'Good God! Mr. Edwin, there you go again!—you've lost your situation, sir!' Mr. Palmer was on the stage, and Edwin, cocking his eye on him, replied, 'I hope I'm not discharged!' The success of this comedy's production amply compensated for the trouble thus bestowed."

The following is also a remarkable account of the way in which at least one spurious copy of this play was produced; and gives a singular, and to us a new, reason for the author's conduct with regard to the sale of its copyright, and consequent publication.

1778-9. Exeter: "The School for Scandal' was then the general theme of conversation: it was the one topic in dramatic circles, and its appearance formed a sort of epoch in dramatic history. Its success at Bath had dispersed its fame about the West of England; and it was highly probable, that if the play were produced at Exeter, it would run a number of nights to full houses. But the comedy

was not yet published, and the managers who had copies of it had obtained them on condition that they did not permit the same to become the parents of others. This was a precaution of Sheridan's, not with any view of emolument, but in order to preserve his language from mutilation, and prevent the play being produced at any theatre where the proper attention could not be paid to its 'getting up.' Under these circumstances, I offered to attempt a compilation of the comedy, if Mr. Hughes would give me his word that the manuscript should be destroyed at the end of the season. This was agreed to, and I set about my task in the following manner. I had played Sir Benjamin at Bath, and Charles at Richmond, and went on for Sir Peter one or two evenings when Edwin was indisposed—thus I had three parts in my possession. Dimond and Blisset (Joseph and Sir Oliver) transmitted their's by post, on conveying the assurance to them which Mr. Hughes had to me. Old Rowley was in the company; and my wife had played both Lady Teazle and Mrs. Candour. With these materials for a groundwork, my general knowledge of the play, collected in rehearsing and performing in it above forty times, enabled me in a week to construct a comedy in five acts, called, in imitation of the original, the 'School for Scandal.' This comedy Mr. Hughes introduced to the public (without any explanation of the above), and it drew us crowded houses twice a-week, to the end of the season.

"I now (continues Mr. Bernard) became acquainted with the celebrated Doctor Jackson, and commenced an early and lasting intimacy with that 'son of song,' Charles Inledon; an intimacy continued in England twenty, and renewed in America forty years afterwards. Inledon was at this time a thin, lanky youth, giving some promise of his future powers, but more noted for a disposition like that of a Newfoundland dog—compounded of courage, gratefulness, and love of the water. All the stories in circulation respecting him were illustrative of one or the other of these qualities. The most well-known features of his early life, I believe, are his rumpus at school, and departure to sea; over which I willingly pass, to record a circumstance more in honour of his character, and neither well known nor insignificant. Some aquatic sportsman of Exeter had offered a considerable sum to any man who would swim down the river a certain distance, to a boat moored, with a rope round his middle, and bring back to his starting-point another. Several had attempted this feat, and failed. Young Inledon accomplished it; but this was not his ground of glory—he took the entire amount of his reward to a poor widow in the city, who had occasionally been kind to him, and was now fallen into distress. When Doctor Jackson heard of the circumstance, he was naturally alarmed lest his pupil should have contracted a cold which might injure his voice; but when Inledon explained the manner in which he had appropriated the money, the benevolent man was immediately subdued, and dismissed him with these words:—'Well, Charles, I'm not angry at what you've done; for if your lungs should be affected, your heart's in good order.' The companion of Inledon, as all the world knows, was Davy the composer. Doctor Jackson, who communicated the above, gave me also the history of the latter person's origin and musical precocity, which as I do not think is generally known, I may as well introduce here, to conclude my chapter. Davy, it appears, was an orphan

child, left to the care of a poor relative, a weaver, at Crediton. This man was a humble musician, teaching the science of psalmody to the village, and playing the bas-viol at church. He had an old spinet in his house, (the gift of a wealthier relative,) upon which he used to practise his tunes. Young Davy was always by his side on such occasions, and whenever he went away would mount his stool, and strike the instrument, in the endeavour to distinguish the notes. This amusement, however, not benefiting the spinet, it was locked up; and the young musician, thus thrown upon his own resources, invented an instrument. He was at this time about six or seven. Next door to the weaver's was a blacksmith's shop, into which young Davy was continually running to watch the operations of the modern Cyclopes. He was thus enabled, unperceived and unsuspected, to convey away at different periods a number of horse-shoes, which he secreted in the unoccupied garret of the weaver's dwelling. Then procuring a piece of wire (from the same magazine), he attached it to two cross-beams, and on this suspended the shoes, assigning each its place in succession, and graduating a correct scale by the strength of his ear. He then obtained two sticks to strike them with, in imitation of the handbells which he had no doubt seen, as they were very prevalent in that part of England. So engrossed did he become in this new employment, that he not only gave up all his customary sports, but neglected his lessons and the family errands. He had sagacity enough, however, to keep the cause a secret, and fortune assisted him, till one day the weaver's wife going up-stairs to search among the lumber that the upper room contained, heard musical sounds, and stopping to listen, distinguished the outline of a psalm tune. However extraordinary the diversion, she could only attribute it to the presence of the devil, and her fright had nearly the effect of precipitating her to the bottom of the stairs. Her husband was at home, and to him she descended and made known this mysterious circumstance. He had less superstition than herself, and ascended the stairs more boldly. The same sounds were audible, and peeping up, he perceived the young musician perched on a rickety, broken-backed chair, with his legs tucked under him, and his tiny hands thumping the horse-shoes, in the endeavour to form the same tunes he had heard his relative play. The weaver was too pleased and astonished at this discovery either to chide or disturb him, but retired with his wife, and after some cogitation, determined to go over to Exeter and tell Doctor Jackson his boy's story, presuming that if he had abilities for music, that would be a better business for him than weaving, and knowing the doctor's character to be as eminent for generosity as musical science. The following day was accordingly devoted to the walk. The doctor heard his narrative with mingled pleasure and surprise, and agreed to ride over to Crediton and witness the phenomenon. He did so, and was introduced by the weaver to his house and staircase, where the same sight presented itself as on a former occasion. The youngster was seated on his chair, thumping his horse-shoes, and distinguishing their sounds. The doctor could not control his transports, but sprang up into the garret, seized little Davy in his arms, and exclaimed—'This boy is mine!' My reader can imagine the scene that ensued: this was good fortune, far above the poor people's expectations. Young Davy was then taken home to Exeter, and regularly apprenticed to

his patron: his subsequent career is well known."

The latter portion of the first volume is dedicated to a dramatic trip to Ireland, and is full of characteristic traits; but we have far exceeded our just boundaries, and can only promise our readers at least another entertainment from the miscellaneous contents of these truly amusing volumes. In the meantime we may introduce one or two of the Hibernian characteristics.

At Mallow: "On returning to the inn, we were struck for the first time with the sign, which was a red, round-faced Hibernian, grasping a punchbowl, and saying these words—'Pay to-day, and trust to ———.' As this seemed to involve rather an important contradiction to us who were travellers, we required an explanation of the landlord, (a bald-headed, bandy-legged little fellow, with a mouth which, when unclosed, explained the clown's idea of an open countenance), and were informed, that when his old sign of the 'Man and Punchbowl' was worn out, Mr. Mic M'Cormick, a friend of his, had agreed to paint him a new one; but he being desirous that the latter should contain some motto or general rule of his establishment, as a guide to the traveller who gazed on it, he agreed with Mr. Mic M'Cormick that the words 'Pay to-day and trust to-morrow' should be inserted; the artist to be paid at the rate of twopence a word. When the sign was completed, Mr. M'Cormick had brought it home, but with the deficiency of the word 'morrow,' as above, which was owing to a want of room. The worthy host was not then, it appeared, so much concerned at this alteration, or rather destruction of his meaning, as about the settlement of the question, whether 'to-morrow' was to be considered one or two words—upon that fact depending the number of twopences he was to pay. After some argument between themselves, an umpire was called in, who deciding that 'to-morrow' was but one word, the painter was deducted twopence, and the sign was put up."

Irish Travelling.—"The first day of our journey passed over without much event; but we derived sufficient amusement from the peculiarities of the carman, a mop-headed, lark-limbed beauty, whose clothes were so ragged, that as he strode along, with his coat, shirt, and breeches fluttering behind him, he put us in mind of a persevering ship making its way against a head-wind. This gentleman never whipped his horses when they were low-spirited and lazy, but reasoned with them, as though they had been a pair of the Houynhms, mentioned by Gulliver, or intelligent Christian beings. 'Arrah, Barney,' he'd say to the leader, 'arn't you a pretty spalpeen to suffer your own brother Teddy to lug the car up the hill by himself? Haven't I set you before him as an example? Have you any heart to forgit a friend bekase you don't see him? Oh! bad luck to your faalings! Arrah, Teddy (to the other), don't you see, my darling, what Barney is at? he wants to rin away from you, and get to the little shebeen-house half a mile off, and ate up all your corn before you come. Hurry, hurry, my darling, or divil the mouthful will he lave you!' Strange as it may seem, these addresses produced the desired effect; and Barney and Teddy, as shaggy as a pair of lions, would pluck up courage, and pull along like a couple of camels. Observing that one of them was lame, we noticed this to their owner, as an infringement of our contract. 'Lame, your honour!' he replied; 'no sich thing—the boy's quite perfect; only, you see, it's a way

he has of resting one leg till the other three are tired.'

"Isaac, or Iky Sparks as he was commonly termed, lodged on one occasion in a house with a Scotch doctor, who amused his leisure hours by learning to play the fiddle. These gentlemen, it must be remarked, were not upon the most amicable terms; the Scotchman turning up his nose at Sparks as a 'vogabond pleactor;' and the latter retorting by calling him a 'legal vampire,' since he lived by the death of other people. The doctor made it an invariable rule to rise at daylight to practise, about which time the convivial Mr. Sparks was getting into his first nap. As their rooms were adjoining, it was a necessary result that Sparks lost his sleep; and it soon became another, that he should lie awake to meditate revenge. He did not like to leave the house (perhaps he could not); but he resolved, if possible, to expel this fiddling Macbeth 'who murdered sleep,' and was instrumental to his annoyance. One morning, he heard Mr. M'Intosh the doctor desire Judy the servant, who waited on both of them, to go out and buy him a pennyworth of rosin for his 'feedle;' and as she passed his door, he called her in, and inquired her errand. 'Sure I'm going to get some ros'n, Mr. Sparks, for Mr. M'Intosh's fiddle. 'Ros'n, ros'n, you crachur!' said Sparks; 'and isn't ros'n you are going to ax for, Judy, arrant nonsense?' 'Arrah, Mr. Sparks!' 'Ros'n's Latin, my jewel: the shopkeeper won't understand you!' 'Latin! och sure, Mr. Sparks, I know naughting of Latin; will your honour tell me what am I to ax for?' 'Say you want a piece of stick-brimstone, darling; that's English to spake, and good Irish in the bargain.' The girl complied with his direction, procured the brimstone, and returning to Mr. M'Intosh, presented it to him. 'You dom b——h!' exclaimed the Scotchman, 'what ha' ye broot me?—what do ye ca' this?' 'Brimstone, sirr!' 'Broomstun! did I na send ye for roosin?' 'Plase your honor, and so you did; but Mr. Sparks tould me that brimstone was the raal thing to ax for.' Foaming with rage, away flew the doctor into Isaac's room (who was listening to the result), and demanded of him how he dared to interfere with another person's affairs, and alter his commands to the servant? 'Why, Mr. M'Intosh,' said Isaac, very coolly, 'what did you send for?' 'Roosin, sirr—roosin for my feedle, and be domm'd to ye.' 'Well,' replied Sparks, 'I always thought brimstone was rosin for a Scotch fiddle!'

"At the Castle Inn in Sligo we put up; and the landlord, having been formerly an actor, paid us great attention. His house contained the Sligo assembly-room, the wainscot of which I observed to be perforated in numerous places with bullet-holes, under which were written different names. I naturally requested an explanation; and my host informed me, that this room being the 'largest and natest in the town,' whenever its gentlemen fell out, here they took occasion to fall in, and settle their differences in a gentlemanly way. I need not point out the advantages of such a place for such a purpose over the open field, both as respected its retirement and security, and the means it afforded the parties of recording their claims to honour. I would merely assure my reader hereby, that the old joke of 'pistols and coffee for two' originated in a very serious truth."

MRS. ELWOOD'S JOURNEY, &c.

HAVING, in a former *Gazette*, gone at rather considerable length into the principal points which our fair countrywoman's journey to the East presented for critical notice, we do not find much in her residence in India and return home by the usual sea course, to demand our particular attention. As before, the narrative is easy, feminine in character, and pleasing. There are no novelties of much value to interest us; and at the end of our task we can lay down the volumes without a sigh, having been amused by their agreeable contents, though not much better informed than previous writers had left us. We shall therefore insert only two or three brief miscellaneous quotations farther from the second volume, to complete our review.

Mazagong House, near Bombay, was the residence of "Mrs. Draper, the Eliza and the fair correspondent of the whimsical and sentimental Sterne. She was born at Anjengo, and was the wife of Mr. Daniel Draper, who was a counsellor at Bombay, and in 1775 chief of the factory at Surat. She was in England for the recovery of her health, when she became acquainted with Sterne, probably not the best friend and adviser that a young and romantic woman could have chosen. His letters were addressed to her shortly before she sailed for India, April 3d, 1767, where, fortunate it would have been for her, had she attended to the admonition of her *soi-disant* Brahmin,—'Be cautious only, my dear, of intimacies.' After her return to Bombay she had the weakness, of which Sterne seems almost to have had a presentiment, to listen to the persuasions of a base seducer, and to leave an affectionate husband, sacrificing her fair fame and station in society, to elope with a man who but poorly repaid her, as she soon afterwards died, somewhere on the coast, a victim to his prodigate arts."

In travelling Mrs. E. "came to Veerole Puttan, famed for pirates, and to Mhadapore, in the Poorbunder territories, where the ancient Dwaraca is said to have originally stood, till swallowed up by a *cataclysm*, or bursting forth of the ocean. It is here that a singular web-footed bird, something resembling a sea-gull in appearance, but totally dissimilar to any of the indigenous tribes, annually rises from the foam of the ocean, at the beginning of the monsoon. Its appearance is anxiously expected, it is hailed with great joy, and its arrival announced with due ceremony to the Brahmans, who go down to meet it on the sea-shore, and bring it in triumph to their deity, before whom it pecks grain, dances, plays, and dies, precisely as it did in the time of Alexander, whose historians mention the circumstance. From its colour, and other circumstances, the Brahmans are enabled to predict the nature of the coming monsoon; and the first kind of grain of the numerous sorts offered, which it voluntarily eats, it is supposed will be peculiarly plentiful during the ensuing year."

From a bird that rises like the May-fly, we go to another (in Cutch), which resembles the harpies of the ancient classics.

"The whirring, leather-winged bat used to pay us nightly visits; and the vultures, so common in tropical climates, seemed to know by instinct at what time we dined, and were ever punctual to the hour. They are bold and impudent birds, and they not unfrequently attack servants in their way from the cooking room, which is always in India quite distinct from the bungalow, and carry off the provisions

in triumph ere they reach their place of destination."

With these short morsels we conclude; only adding, that Mrs. E. visited and describes some parts of India not very generally known, and that an Appendix affords useful hints to all who may contemplate a journey overland.

The Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Vol. 7. Part 1., The Menageries—Quadrupeds; Vol. 2. Part XIII. London, 1830. Knight. THIS new Part has just reached us; and for a week we can hardly say better of it than that it is as pleasantly illustrative of the popular subject, the natural history of animals, as the preceding volume.

The Patriot Father: an Historical Play. Adapted from the German of Kotzebue, by Frederic Shoberl. 12mo. pp. 60. London, 1830. R. S. Kirby.

WE agree with Mr. Shoberl, that Kotzebue has not been well treated: it is somewhat hard to be robbed and then abused. The subject of this little drama is the siege of Naumburg, which the Hussites were on the point of destroying, when their anger was turned aside, and their compassion excited, by a procession of the children, who went in a body to supplicate, and obtained, the mercy of the conquerors. It is a cheap, neat little volume; and the following short passage is a fair specimen of the general style.

"Yes, I do love the sounds of artless joy,
Pour'd for the ample treasures Nature yields,
When all the wide campaign a golden sea
Of undulating ears, full-grain'd and low
Depending toward the teeming earth, displays;
And to the grateful songs of busy reapers
The glist'ning sickles are in concert plied.
I love, too, this deep silence and repose,
This solemn stillness, which pervades the town,
When nought is heard but the shrill cricket's chirp,
Or the dull distant step; when nought is seen
Save here and there the furrow'd face of Age
With spectacles on nose, from door or window
Advanced with aspect wise to note the weather;
No playful children gambol in the street,
They too are gone to glean the straggling ears.
But, when the welcome tones of vesper-bell
Summon at eve the sunburnt reaper home
From fields his toil hath bared—ah! then 'tis sweet
To hear the jocund train with hearts elate
Strike up the harvest-song; the brimming bowl
They raise alternate to their thirsty lips,
And sportive mirth and glee reign uncontroll'd."

The preface says: "It is a singular fact, that the appearance of this play produced a warm discussion among the literati of Germany, on the question whether Naumburg had ever been really threatened by the Hussites, and delivered by the expedient here described, according to the received tradition, apparently confirmed by the customs practised at the festival called *Kirschfest* (Cherry-feast) still held there annually; or whether the whole story was to be considered as a fiction."

Traditions of Palestine. Edited by Harriet Martineau. Pp. 148. Longman and Co. THIS is a very beautiful volume, founded on Scripture, and supposed to be a sketch of scenes at Jerusalem, during the early progress of our religion. We recommend it to our young readers.

Bombastes Furioso; a Burlesque Tragic Opera. By W. Barnes Rhodes; with Eight Designs by G. Cruikshank. Pp. 34. T. Rodd; T. Griffiths.

G. CRUIKSHANK'S eight designs have embodied the real spirit of this burlesque, which has caused so much hearty laughter on the stage, in the hands of Mathews, Mr. and Mrs. Liston, Taylor, and other popular performers. It

is a merry *jeu d'esprit*, written by a man of talent; and, got up in this appropriate style, is likely to be very generally sought, both for its literary whim and its humorous illustrations. We like it so much, that we are glad to see *Tom Thumb*, the *Mayor of Garratt*, and some other dramas, announced for publication in the same manner. If as well done, as we doubt not they will be, they will form a nice volume or set altogether.

ARTS AND SCIENCES. KENSINGTON OBSERVATORY.

IN one of our recent Nos. we noticed the distinction conferred by his Majesty on Sir James South, and the appropriation of 300*l.* per ann. to that gentleman for the encouragement of astronomical science in this country. Sir James South is too enthusiastic a lover of astronomy to suffer such a grant to be received as a mere mark of royal favour. He immediately abandoned every project that had been engendered by the patronising offers of foreign states, and the apparent indifference of our own government; and not only resolved that his unequalled glasses and apparatus should remain in England, but that he would erect a new Observatory, fit for their reception and application to the observance of the most interesting celestial phenomena, either for verifying dubious problems, or for discovering new objects. Agreeably to this intention, a distinguished party of his friends, and the friends of science, were invited to Kensington on Saturday to witness the laying of the foundation-stone of the new Observatory. It is a circular building, (as we see by the foundation traced out), and situated on the west of that building in which Sir James has already done so much to promote our knowledge of the heavenly bodies. After waiting some time for the Duke of Wellington, who was expected, (but was, we believe, at Walmer), the ceremony of placing the stone was performed by Lord Ashley; and three cheers were given to the prosperity of this liberal and patriotic undertaking; which certainly reflects great honour on the individual to whose zeal and public spirit it is due. The company then retired to a handsome collation, and spent several hours in an agreeable manner;—toasting, at the close, the health of the King, as the patron of science and literature; and of the ministers, who had shewn themselves to be actuated by similar feelings upon this occasion. The health of Lord Ashley was also drank, not only as an earnest promoter of the measures which had led to this meeting, but as an enlightened friend to scientific pursuits in general. His lordship returned thanks, and gave the health of Sir James South, who briefly and appropriately acknowledged the compliment. Other toasts were cheerfully proposed and accepted; but as the refection, though late for a *fouchette* breakfast, was too early for a dinner, and there were ladies around the table, it may be imagined that they partook less of reality than is usual with convivial associates when set down for the evening. They were very gratifying, notwithstanding, to the company; and the thanks expressed by Mr. Struve, the celebrated Russian astronomer from Dorpat, and of Mr. Troughton, the venerable dean of the science in England, (both of whom were present), contributed much to enhance the good humour and interest of the scene. Besides the noble and eminent persons already mentioned, we observed Lady Guildford, Lady Glenall, Lord Dudley and Lady Dudley Stuart (the daughter of Lucien Buo-

naparte), General Sir Rufane Donkin, Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy, Sir John Franklin, Mr. Pond, the astronomer royal, Capt. Beaufort, Capt. Shireff, Mr. Babbage, Mr. Baily, Mr. Gordon,* and others well known to the world for their skill and enterprise in various scientific pursuits.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

SENKOVSKY V. VON HAMMER.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—In the *Literary Gazette* of the 21st ult. I observe that some correspondent has furnished you with an extract from the *Revue Encyclopédique*, in which a M. Senkovsky makes merry at the expense of my friend, Von Hammer. It is not the first time that certain *savans* of Paris have eagerly evinced the little respect which they entertain for their own literary credit, and the utter destitution of really liberal principles under which they labour, by venting their jealousy against the scholars of other countries. It is quite enough for them that M. von Hammer should possess equal claims to esteem as an Orientalist with a De Sacy and a Rémusat; he must be dragged down, *à tout prix*, from his lofty eminence; and the single-hearted devotion of forty years of toilsome investigations to the maturing of his acquaintance and our own with the treasures of eastern philology and science must be represented as a long dream of floundering idiocy. To those who have the means of appreciating M. von Hammer's inestimable labours, any appeal against the misrepresentations of party spirit must appear a work of supererogation. But the general reader has no such safeguard against the ensnaring of his opinions; and I am bound, therefore, in justice to him, as well as to my esteemed and enlightened friend, to mention, that M. von Hammer has answered his assailant, first by candidly avowing his inadvertencies where they occur in the work assailed, and then by convicting M. Senkovsky of ascribing blunders to him which are wholly the creatures of his own imagination, and of dealing with Oriental texts in a manner for which there is no apology but ignorance and presumption, and which can sway with those only who are utterly unacquainted with them.

Such is the adversary who has ventured to "fasten his idle blows" upon a scholar whose attainments are derived, not from the mere meditations of the closet, but from the consecration of a whole life to studies, prosecuted under eastern skies, or to official avocations exclusively connected with eastern courts and nations. I have the honour to be, sir, &c.,

Sept. 2, 1830.

A CONSTANT READER.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century. With Memoirs, by William Jerdan, Esq. No. XVII. Fisher, Son, and Co.

TASTE and the social virtues, piety and learning, patriotism and bravery, have all their

* The gentleman alluded to in our pages several months ago for the extraordinary invention of a light for light-houses, so intense as almost to exceed credibility. It has since been adopted by the Trinity House; and if it can penetrate fogs so as to be seen where the existing lights fail, it will be of very great value in the saving of lives and shipping. The effect is produced by dropping a small bit of chalk lime at the jet, or conjunction of two flames obtained from different gases, and impelled towards each other. The brilliancy is so prodigious, that it casts shadows at the distance of ten miles and more!!

appropriate and honourable representatives in the present Number, which contains portraits and memoirs of Sir Abraham Hume, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the late Sir Thomas Picton. With reference to the first it is observed: "While we highly approve that praiseworthy ambition which prompts men to seek power for the purpose of exerting it for the welfare of the state and the benefit of the community—while we admire the valour and heroism which secure the independence and lead to the glory of our country,—let us not overlook those milder virtues, which, by the diffusion of kindness and benevolence, smooth many of the rugged paths of life, and at the same time fulfil those holy injunctions which were given to us as the guide of our conduct towards each other." Of the second it is said: "Mild and temperate in his Christian career, he has also mingled inflexible integrity and steadiness of purpose with his candid allowances towards those who differed from him: neither zealot nor bigot, he has been both ardent and unalterable in his support of religion, and in his attachment to that church in whose tenets he was brought up: and among all the venerable names upon the bench, there is not one which has acquired greater lustre in these days of change and trouble than that of Dr. Howley, whose calm and dignified adherence to what his conscience dictated, exacted the applause even of those whose views were most opposite and hostile." "The life and death of this gallant soldier," it is remarked, in speaking of the lamented Picton, "possess an uncommon degree of interest; for the one was filled with strange adventure, and the other was most glorious to himself and to his country. If he sought for a brilliant ending to his career, he assuredly found it where all the noble deeds of a long and splendid war were consummated, and he fell in the achievement of a triumph that fitly crowned the series of immortal victories to which his talent and bravery had so prominently contributed." The portraits are all finely engraved; that of Sir Abraham Hume from a picture by Edridge, that of the Archbishop from a picture by Owen, and that of Sir Thomas Picton from a picture by Beechey. The last is rendered peculiarly interesting by the circumstance of its having been executed only a fortnight before his death. To the present Number is prefixed a dedication to His Most Gracious Majesty William IV., expressive of grateful acknowledgment for "the frank and condescending manner with which the royal patronage has been conferred upon the publication."

Views in the East; comprising India, Canton, and the Shores of the Red Sea. Drawn by S. Prout, C. Stanfield, T. Boys, G. Cattermole, J. S. Cotman, D. Cox, F. Finch, W. Purser, &c. from original Sketches by Captain Robert Elliot, R.N. With Historical and Descriptive Illustrations. Part I. Fisher, Son, and Co.

ALTHOUGH, with a due recollection of the beautiful representations of Asiatic scenery which have proceeded from the pencil of Mr. Daniell, it cannot be said that this is an entirely new mine of the picturesque, yet it is evidently one which is so far from being exhausted, that taste and talent may long be advantageously employed upon it for the gratification of the European public. The specimens which this, the first Part of Captain Elliot's projected publication contains, are all of them admirable. They consist of the "Tomb of Humaioun," who was "the son of Baber,

the founder of what is called the Mogul dynasty, the last remnant of which is still lingering in the ancient and famous capital of the Mahomedan empire of Hindoostan; the "Taj Mahal," which "is justly celebrated as the finest piece of oriental architecture that remains to exhibit the power and magnificence of the Mahomedan rulers, and to display the skill and industry of the people of Hindoostan;" and "Tiger Island," a bold rock, at the mouth of the Bocca Tigris, the passage of which was so undauntedly forced in the year 1816, by Captain Maxwell, in the Alceste. The draughtsmen, Messrs. Purser, Prout, and Stanfield, and the engravers, Messrs. Miller, Wallis, and Goodall, have done Captain Elliot's sketches great justice. "Tiger Island," especially, is a singularly spirited little plate. We look forward with much expectation of pleasure to the succeeding portions of this clever work.

A Series of Views, illustrative of Pugin's Examples of Gothic Architecture. Sketched from nature, and drawn on stone by Joseph Nash, Pupil to Augustus Pugin; with Letter-press Descriptions, by W. H. Leeda. Part II.

ON the appearance of the first Part of this pleasing publication (the interest of which is far from being confined to the architect or the antiquary), we spoke of it with the praise which it appeared to us to deserve. The second Part is well worthy of its predecessor; and it is still richer in the introduction of figures belonging to the "days of auld lang syne." For instance, the Banqueting Hall of Eltham Palace is peopled with the gay court of Harry the Eighth; and dames and cavaliers, with the air and in the costume of the fifteenth century, are promenading before the principal front of Thorpland Hall. Some of these figures remind us of Retsch; others of Bonington. The effect is admirable. To get rid of the "formal cut" of modern habiliments would of itself be an excellent thing; even if the change were not so happily appropriate and picturesque as it is.

Illustrations of Natural History; embracing a Series of Engravings, and descriptive Accounts of the most interesting and popular Genera and Species of the Animal World. Conducted by J. Le Keux: the Engravings by Le Keux and R. Sands. Parts IV., V., VI., VII., and VIII. Longman and Co.

THESE Parts complete the first volume of a publication, which in point of cheapness and neatness of execution ranks with any of the numerous works of the present day, the laudable object of which is to diffuse useful knowledge. The volume contains all the different quadrupeds which are comprehended in the two great classes of hoofed, and simply digitated. The plates, which are forty-two in number, each embracing several subjects, although not in a laboured style of art, are very sweetly engraved, and are full of character; the descriptions are ample, perspicuous, and entertaining. To young persons, especially, we cannot conceive a more delightful and acceptable present.

THE OCTORAMA.

THE family of the Ramas is already large, but it will soon increase to an extent which no verbal Malthus will be able either to limit or to predict, if its members are to be distinguished, like the streets of Washington, by numeral prefixes. The ingenious authors of

that entertaining production, the *Rejected Addresses*, gravely tell their readers that

"The Albion, as its name imports, is white."

In imitation of their example, we beg to inform ours, that the exhibition of the Octorama, "as its name imports," consists of eight pictures. They comprehend representations of all the prominent occurrences of the French expedition to Algiers, from the equipment of the fleet in the harbour of Toulou, to the triumphal entry of the army into the African capital; and have been executed from drawings made by artists who were appointed by the French government to accompany the expedition. As subjects of curiosity, they are well worth seeing; but we cannot speak highly of them as works of art.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE EARTH.

Πόρνα Χθόν,
Μελαππιτυγών ματέρ' ὄνυρον.

EUR.

MY mother! from whose fostering breast

This weak and fleeting substance came,
And where these limbs are doomed to rest

When thou reclaim'st the dying frame;
Within thy regions lone and deep

What wild and sullen horror dwells,
And how doth shapeless Mystery keep
His watch beside those viewless cells!

There slumber they, the sons of might—
Titanic forms—thine earliest mould,
Who dared the vollied thunder's flight,
And cleft the towering hills of old;
And chiefs who marked the battle bleed
When Time his infant course began;
And they, the Assyrian Hunter's seed,
The shielded kings, whose prey was man.

There in its tideless fury shed
For ever on those steadfast shores,
Bituminous and darkly spread,
The eye enduring ocean roars;
And mutters, bound and fettered fast,
The earthquake in its sullen ire;
And lurks the power whose sulph'rous blast
Enrobes the rending mount with fire.

Thou hast thy treasures—jewelled caves,
With sanguine rubies richly dight,
And emeralds green as ocean's waves,
And diamond rocks like veins of light,
And sapphires whose unshaded blue
Seems drank from summer's cloudless skies,
And opals, as the iris hue,
Where morn's deep-tinctured glances rise.

Thou hast thy beauties—realms unknown,
Where murmuring music soft and low,
O'er onyx, and the sardine stone,
The cold petrific waters flow;
And sparry chambers dimly lit,
And shining groves and fretted bowers,
Where dreamy Silence loves to sit,
And Fancy proves her myriad powers.

Thou hast thine habitants—the horde
Of swarthy gnomes in vesture bright,
And elves who forge the mystic sword
And ebon panoply of night;
And black-winged dreams whose legions sweep
Embattled through the realm of rest;
And Phantasy, dim child of Sleep,
The Proteus of the slumbering breast.

Yet not for these thy sacred name
I breathe, and on thy presence call,
For thou dost boast a higher claim,
Time hallowed aid and home of all!

Thou pourest forth thy golden birth,
As Heaven's own quickening influence free,
And blesset, in thy bounteous mirth,
The meanest hand that waits on thee.

The shades which mark this fleeting lot,
Man's trust or pride, with thee are vain;
The weak, the low, thou scornest not,
The feeble limb and captive's chain:
Thou callest, and our feverish woes,
Scared at thy parent-voice, depart,
And hushest in thy deep repose
The weary and the worn in heart.

And who shall view thee, even as now,
While fraught with life thy features lie,
With verdure on that sunny brow,
And gladness as a veil on high,
Nor think of what must briefly be,
In that stern hour of good or ill,
When Thou shalt urge the dread decree,
And whisper to the breast—Be still!

J. F. HOLLINGS.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

ENGLAND—ITALY.

NATIONS, like individuals, ought to listen to admonition. It is not from the flattery of friends, it is from the strictures of the hostile, or at least of the indifferent, that we must expect to derive that greatest of all benefits,—hints for correcting the errors of our character. Even where the censor is imperfectly informed, and is perhaps prejudiced, he may still say something justly to diminish our self-love, and to lead us to form a truer estimate of the value of others. In this point of view, and as a lesson, we extract the following comparison of England with Italy,—the English with the Italians,—which appeared in a recent notice in *Le Globe* of M. de Custines' "Mémoires et Voyages."

"England passes for being very picturesque, and is tolerably so in fact; but, with few exceptions, it is an insignificant and poor picturesqueness. Whatever route you pursue, and in whatever county you be, every where fine green turf, pretty clumps of trees, pleasant houses, and, in the midst of all this, a good road, winding like a gravel walk in a garden. But the sky is cloudy; but the undulations of the ground are monstrous; but there rarely appears one of those grand accidents of nature, one of those splendid spectacles which affect the mind and rouse the imagination. In a word, the landscape is more fresh than magnificent, more pretty than beautiful. In Italy, on the contrary, every thing is magnificent, every thing is beautiful. Do you behold, extending itself under a grand sky, between two noble seas, that land, which, from one extremity to the other, is furrowed by a long chain of mountains? What dazzling spectacles! What varied and sublime prospects! Here, broad valleys, embellished with all the luxury of a southern vegetation; there, gloomy passes, confined between a double range of gigantic and grotesque rocks; then, admirable views of the sea, with their deep and sinuous gulfs, with their islands, carved out like the scene of a theatre;* and always (thanks to the sun) transparent air, outlines clearly defined, warm and brilliant colours. Really, if in countries so dissimilar the people were to resemble, it would be a miracle.

"As for towns, that is another affair. Towns are built by men, and ought to reveal a portion of their character and manners. Now, in England the towns have an air of regularity

* Is not this a genuine French simile?—Translator.

and tameness, of insipidity and convenience. Whatever effort the memory may make, it finds it impossible to distinguish Worcester from Gloucester, Coventry from Shrewsbury. No where the deep shadows of architecture, except perhaps in some old cathedrals. It might almost be said that there is but one town in the country, and but one house in the town. In Italy there are no two towns which do not differ; there is not one in which, either with or without success, art has not attempted original efforts. Public monuments, private habitations, every thing has a character; every thing shews a people who love and seek the beautiful.

"This is the first difference between the Englishman and the Italian; a difference which the commonest observer cannot fail to remark. The beautiful is the passion of the one; the useful of the other. But if we examine them more closely, many other differences will strike us. In the language of the physiologists, we would say that the Englishman is a compound of the athletic and the phlegmatic; the Italian, of the bilious and the sanguine. Thus the Englishman is cold and constrained, the Italian ardent and volatile. Look at them walking, if only for a moment, hear them talking, if only for a minute, and you will know them immediately. Have you ever seen two horses; the one long-shanked, hard-mouthed, with out-stretched neck, trotting fast and roughly, difficult to put in motion, but, once off, difficult to check,—the other, rather short and thick, sensible of the slightest touch, leaping more than he runs, and prancing on the same spot until completely exhausted? Behold the Englishman and the Italian!

"People frequently laugh in Italy at the English, and at the accounts which they give of Italy on their return to England. Those accounts are what they must be. To judge, it is necessary to comprehend; now how can two individuals, whose organisations are so opposite, that they have not an idea alike, a common sentiment, comprehend each other? They might live for a century, side by side, without piercing the folds which conceal the one from the other. The Italian leaves himself in general to be guided by his impressions; the Englishman moves by certain rigoros, and, in some respects, established rules. In the one country, as M. de Castines has very well remarked, every body imposes upon himself the obligation of being in all respects like his neighbour; in the other, every body is what nature has made him, and follows his own fancies. Thus an Englishman is incessantly apprehensive of the criticism of all who surround him; which renders him timid and grave, stiff and silent. In the most numerous assembly, an Italian thinks himself alone, which renders him bold and simple, supple and noisy. Hence, in England, uniformity in the smallest things; in Italy, diversity even in the greatest: excessive, perhaps, and inconvenient, on both parts.

"Let us now pass in review every thing which can characterise the two countries; institutions, morals, habits, tastes; and every where we shall find analogous differences. Whatever is to be obtained by choice, an Englishman possesses: no one, for example, has more improved and developed industry; no one has more speedily established political liberty. On the contrary, whatever a happy and excitable organisation can confer, is enjoyed by the Italian: no one feels more strongly the value of the arts; no one devotes himself to them with greater success. But, as a balance,

the Englishman is troubled with *ennui*; and the Italian is a slave. We will say nothing of religion; that is too grave a subject to be treated in a cursory manner. However, in Italy still, religion shews itself to us as a pageant, in England as a propriety. Take away external worship, and few Italians will remain devotees: dissolve the alliance of church and state, and a great many English will become free-thinkers. In a single word, religion pleases the one because it is beautiful, the other because it is useful; and here the double character of the two nations is stamped, as it is elsewhere. As for morals, there can be no doubt that when submitted to regulation, they must be better than when abandoned to personal impressions: nevertheless, the Italians do not appear to us to be so corrupt, nor the English so virtuous, as they are said to be; and this we will one day endeavour to prove.

"To sum up. There is no man whose life is more arranged and enchain'd beforehand than the Englishman's; there is no man whose life is more independent and unpremeditated than the Italian's. It is, therefore, with very different sentiments that the two nations are visited. What strikes you in England is an order, perhaps factitious, but grand; it is the spectacle of numerous efforts voluntarily concurring to the same end; it is a prodigious development of human power: it is, in a word, a fertile and energetic social principle, which penetrates every where, animates all. What offends you is the coldness and symmetry of every thing; the convention every where substituted for impulse; the despotic and inevitable empire of fashion,—not that light and frivolous queen whose throne is in France; but a sad and inflexible sovereign, with severe countenance and leaden sceptre;—in fine, that boundless devotion to the useful, which excludes almost every other thought, every other sentiment. On the contrary, what pleases in Italy is the universal feeling of the beautiful, which mingles itself as it were with the air; the originality of characters and the frankness of impressions; the total absence of affectation and formality; the life entirely abandoned to emotions, under a serene sky and in a smiling land. What displeases is the deplorable relaxation of all social and family ties. However, we know by experience, that a journey to Italy leaves behind it a much more lively desire to repeat the undertaking than a voyage to England. It is, no doubt, curious to look at machines; but all machines are similar, and we soon become tired of them. It is interesting to study a vast and powerful political organisation; but this study soon becomes a labour rather than a pleasure. And besides, without seeing England, one may form a notion of it in one's mind; but who can adequately conceive the enjoyments which Italy, with its climate and its arts, is capable of conferring? They are of a kind which never weary."

DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

At this theatre the *First of April* was produced on the 31st of August: it is from the pen of Miss Boaden, and a broad bit of practical farce. The jokes seemed to be fully as effective upon the stage as they ever are when played off upon the credulous in actual life; the audience laughed,—and as nothing more is wanted at the Little Theatre, the piece was completely successful. The scene is laid in Dover Castle; and the chief character, a Sir

Bumpkin Pedigree, is played by Farren with infinite discrimination and humour. His servant and imitator, *Roughhead*, is also admirably performed by Mr. Webster; and the other parts well supported by Mrs. Humby, Mr. Vining, &c.

ENGLISH OPERA, ADELPHI.

NOVELTY and activity are here the order of the night: witness two new dramas in one week. The first, the *Deuce is in her*, by Mr. Raymond, is a pleasant trifle, which provokes no criticism; and the second, the *Foster Brothers*, a vaudeville, is yet a slighter production, and with less to recommend it to praise.

PARISIAN THEATRICALS.

At almost all the minor theatres of Paris pieces have been brought out, having for their subjects the late memorable events in that capital. One of the most successful is a little vaudeville at the Théâtre des Variétés. Thanks to their physician, the Marquess and Marchioness de la Jobardière have slept during the three days of conflict. On awaking, the husband and wife recount to one another their dreams—delicious dreams, full of images of the revival of the ancient régime. But, lo! the patriotic journals arrive—the servants of the house are in arms—the physician appears in the uniform of the National Guard—the marquess's daughter wears a tricoloured scarf—her lover is one of Fayette's aides-de-camp! The poor people are in utter amazement. "What!" exclaims the marquess, "have we been asleep for a hundred years?" "Only for three days," is the reply. Eventually, he obtains a place, and is as happy as every body else.

VARIETIES.

Chemistry.—An Italian, named Baffi, has discovered that the lakes of natron in Egypt contain a considerable quantity of saltpetre, which may be prepared without fire, the rays of the sun causing a sufficient evaporation.

Royal Hunting.—A Paris paper states, that the hunting expenses of the ex-King of France, including the salaries of the master of the hounds and the other huntsmen, groom, &c., were 695,957 francs per annum. Thus, during the reign of Charles X., which lasted five years, the country paid 3,500,000 francs, merely for his pleasures of the chase.

Greece.—The following curious statistical details relative to the Peloponnesus are taken from a French paper:—The Morea is separated into four provinces—Romania, Achaia, Messenia, and Lavonia. Romania includes the territories of Napoli, Argos, Corinth, Tripolizza, and the eight townships of Zaonia. Achaia comprehends the territories of Patras, Vostizza, Calavrita, and Gastuni. Messenia comprises the territories of Navarino, Modon, Coron, Andruasa, Calamata, Leonardari, Caritania, Janar, and Arcadia. Laconia is composed of the territories of Malvoisia, Mistra, Bordugna, Chielefa, Passava, and Zarnata. The following is the number of the inhabited towns:—Romania 255, Achaia 419, Messenia 564, Lavonia 260, total 1,498. The number of the villages which have been destroyed is in Romania 80, 100 in Achaia, 72 in Messenia, and in Lavonia 50; total, 302. Of monasteries there are 41 in Romania, 30 in Achaia, 23 in Messenia, and 33 in Lavonia; total, 135. In Romania there are 9,557 families, Achaia 11,445, Messenia 13,488, and Laconia 11,717, making a total of 46,207. The total of the

population of Romania is 40,829 souls, Achaia 49,491 souls, Messenia 54,073, Lavonia 46,260; total, 190,653.

Literature.—The recent events in France appear to have had a material effect upon the book trade. The number of works on scientific and general subjects published in Paris during the last month is stated not to have been half what it was in the corresponding month of the last year. People in Paris seem to have no time for any other reading than politics.

Respect for the Arts.—Several instances of respect for the arts among the lower orders of Paris, during the late troubles, have been related: the feeling seems to have extended itself even to the ignorant boors of the Netherlands. An English baker at Brussels had his house attacked by the mob, because he was biscuit-baker to the king, and "therefore a royalist." A painting of the royal arms over his door, which was the performance of an artist of considerable talent, was torn down, and on the point of being destroyed, when one of the mob, observing that it was well executed, called out, "*Respectez les arts*;" and the painting was restored uninjured.

Tartar of Wine.—M. Berzelius has lately discovered in the tartar of wine an acid which differs sensibly from tartaric acid in the form of its crystallisation, while in other respects it resembles the latter in all its combinations. This instance of two acids having identical chemical properties and a different crystallisation, is not unique in the science. Among others, the phosphoric and the stanic acids present the same peculiarity.

Public Works in Paris.—It has been stated in the Paris papers that large sums of the public money are to be appropriated to the employment of the workmen in Paris, who might otherwise disturb its tranquillity. A private letter says, that with this view several of the streets in Paris are to be widened, the Chamber of Deputies is to be much improved, new vaults are to be constructed in the church of St. Denis, and the triumphal arch of the Barrière de l'Etoile is to be proceeded with in great style. The sum to be immediately applied to this purpose is 1,225,000 fr. thus divided:—

Chamber of Deputies.....	500,000
Triumphal Arch of the Barrière de l'Etoile.....	150,000
Royal Library.....	75,000
Ecole des Beaux Arts.....	100,000
Church of La Madeleine.....	200,000
Establishment for Deaf and Dumb.....	50,000
Garden of Plants.....	50,000
Church of St. Denis.....	100,000
	1,225,000

Venice.—The *Ausland*, a Munich journal, announces that Venice will soon cease to be an island, as the town is to be united to the continent by a wooden bridge, two miles and a half long. A company has contracted for its construction, on condition of receiving a toll for thirty years. Independent of the immense advantages the town will derive from this enterprise, it will be of great service to the government, who have hitherto been obliged to expend a considerable sum of money to keep up the communication between Mestre and Venice by means of vessels. Last winter alone it cost 24,000 florins.

Elixir de Garus.—The following recipe for making Elixir de Garus, which has such reputation in France for the cure of coughs and colds, is given in the *Journal des Connaissances Usuelles*. Saffron 8 drachms, cinnamon 6, cloves 3, nutmegs 1, aloes 1, myrrh 1, alcohol at 32 deg. 10 pints. Let these be well

steeped for four days, and then distilled in a vessel placed in boiling water, and the liquid rectified, adding a quart of water. Then take 4 ounces of Canadian capillaire and 8 pounds of water, and let them infuse for four and twenty hours; strain, and add 12 pounds of white sugar, and 1 of orange-flower water. Let the sugar melt in cold water, put in the alcohol, with 2 drachms of saffron; and after remaining ten days, filter it, when it will be fit for use.

New Metallic Mirror.—M. Dobeiriner, while making experiments upon platina and its combinations, discovered that when the chloruret of this metal is heated gently with alcohol, a brown substance is obtained, which is easily blackened at a higher temperature, and may be dissolved without difficulty in alcohol. This substance is excellent for rubbing glass in order to make mirrors of platina: to effect which, the glass is to be dipped into the alcoholic solution, care being taken that it is spread uniformly on its surface, and is afterwards made red hot with the flame of a lamp of spirits of wine. The coat of platina thus deposited on the glass in its metallic state, adheres so strongly to it that it will be impossible to detach it. If, however, a mirror so made be plunged in hydrochloric acid, spread with water, and if at the same time a layer of zinc is placed in it, the whole layer of platina will dissolve instantly. A burnishing stick may be used to polish the platina.

The *Journal des Connaissances Usuelles*, in the course of an article on the employment of chlorurets of lime to prevent infection, says it may also be advantageously used to destroy the unpleasant smell of fresh paint. In a newly painted apartment, boards three feet long by two broad should be laid, and a quantity of hay, slightly damped, spread over them, upon which the chloruret should be sprinkled. If the room is carefully closed, it will be found that the decomposing action of the carbonic acid of the air will neutralise the smell of the paint. The chloruret of lime may also be employed to disinfect any nauseous receptacle.

Algiers.—The climate of this place is said to be very destructive to Europeans: the French troops have suffered to an extent which would be hardly credited. Bilious complaints, diarrhoeas, and dysenteries, chiefly caused by the fruit, which disagrees with strangers, and by the confined air of the place, the streets being only four feet wide at the bottom of the houses, and the tops touching,—are very prevalent; and leprosy are also common.

Tunnels.—These constructions were also known in former times. Strabo reports that a tunnel had been made at Babylon, under the Euphrates, from the royal palace to the Temple of Belos, fifteen feet long and twelve feet high. The breadth of this river was, at the described spot, a stadium (655 feet). But Herodotus mentions that the Euphrates was turned in its course at the time the tunnel was made.

Csar Peter.—There has been published lately at Petersburg a very curious work in four volumes, containing autograph and unpublished letters of Peter the Great. They have been preserved in the archives of the admiralty, and throw great light on the plans of this most extraordinary man to raise the Russian navy.

Different Tastes!—A French journal, in noticing the method of making English ginger-beer, says: "As French palates are more delicate than those of their neighbours on the other side of the water, perhaps it will be better to leave out the ginger!"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXXVI. Sept. 4.]

The Churchyard Lyrist, consisting of Five Hundred original Inscriptions for Tombs,—is preparing for the press.

The Monthly Libraries and similar publications, &c. such as are produced periodically and contain much matter at a cheap rate, are becoming, even with all their numbers, more popular than ever. Since the new Waverley Novel series commenced, about fifteen months ago, above 300,000 copies have been sold, and nearly 100,000 were paid for them by the public!!!

Sir Walter Scott is engaged on a continuation of Tales of a Grandfather: the new volumes are to be taken from French history, and are looked for at Christmas, or soon after. France has already furnished Vol. II. of the Cyclopaedia a complete subject; and the Cabinet Cyclopaedia also announces the same history. In several volumes.

The Author of "Marriage" is busy with a novel for next season, entitled *Destiny*: she is a good writer, and cannot fail, we think, to produce a good book.

Mr. Atherton, the author of "the Fall of Nineveh" (a production of great ability, though we fear not sufficiently accordant with the taste of the day to have been encouraged as it ought), is also turning his attention to prose, and promises us the *Sea Kings in England*, a romance of the time of Alfred.

We hail with great satisfaction an announcement just put into our hands of an Egyptian Lexicon of the Coptic, Sahidic, and Bashmuric Dialects; containing all the Words preserved in all the accessible Manuscripts and Published Works in the Dialects of Ancient Egypt; with their Signification in Greek, Latin, and English, by the Rev. Henry Tattam, and William Esburn, jun. It is to be published in a cheap form, and by subscription.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. X. History of the Netherlands, by T. C. Grattan, fcp. 6s. bds.—National Library, No. I. Galt's Life of Byron, with Portrait, 18mo. 5s. bds.—Lawrence on the Venereal Diseases of the Eye, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Gaulon on Chlorine in Consumption, by Potter, 8vo. 4s. bds.—Kearsley's Tax Tables, 1830-1, 18mo. 1s. sewed.—Child's own Book, square 18mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Monsieur Nongtongpaw, Engravings by Cruikshank, 18mo. 1s. sewed.—Gunter's Confectioner's Oracle, with Plates, 18mo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Family Classical Library, No. IX. Virgil, Vol. II. 18mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Parker's Musical Memoirs, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s. bds.—Fuselli's Lectures on Painting, 2d series, 4to. 1l. 1s. bds.—Valpy's Divines, No. IV. Bishop Sherlock, Vol. IV. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—The Friends, &c. 18mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Infant's own Book, 12mo. 8s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Aldine Poets, Vol. V. Collins, fcp. 5s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 26	From 49. to 66.	29.76 Stationary
Friday 27	— 51. — 65.	29.76 to 29.50
Saturday .. 28	— 50. — 61.	29.36 — 29.51
Sunday 29	— 46. — 64.	29.83 — 29.99
Monday ... 30	— 38. — 65.	30.11 Stationary
Tuesday .. 31	— 36. — 67.	30.16 Stationary
September.		
Wednesday 1	— 46. — 69.	30.23 Stationary

Prevailing wind, S.W. Cloudy, and at times heavily raining, till the evening of the 28th, since which generally clear. Rain fallen, 45 of an inch.

By some oversight the register for the 25th ult. was omitted in our last.

Wednesday.. 25 From 53. to 66. From 29.76 to 29.72
--

Friday Morning.—I have detained the Meteorological Report one post, in hopes of being able to give an account of the lunar eclipse of last night; but regret that the unfavourable state of the weather prevented a satisfactory observation. The moon was first dimly seen at seven minutes after ten; when the star λ Aquarii was about 8' north of the lunar disc, about two digits then remained unobscured; nor was the moon totally eclipsed at twenty minutes after ten, being more than half an hour after the time set down in the Nautical Almanac for the commencement of total darkness: at this time the whole of the lunar disc was visible, the part covered by the earth's shadow appearing, as usual, of a colour inclining to copper. The clouds prevented further observation, except from forty to fifty minutes after midnight, during which time the penumbral shadow was distinctly visible.

The spots at present on the sun are worthy of a telescopic observation.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. B.'s feelings are for the closet, not for publication. An Old Subscriber is informed that we are as certain as one can be of such a matter, that Mr. T. C. Grattan, the writer of the History of the Netherlands in the Cabinet Cyclopaedia, is also the Author of "Highways and Byways."

If the publication mentioned by Mr. Singley is sent to us, it will be noticed in the usual course.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

The Medical Classes will Open on Friday the 1st of October. The Council have sanctioned a new division of the instruction in Anatomy.

Mr. Bell will teach Physiology, illustrating that Science by continual reference to the pieces of Anatomy; and thus combining the knowledge of Structure with that of the Properties of Life. At the suggestion of Mr. Pattison, Mr. Bennett has been associated with him in the Chair of Anatomy.

The following are the Medical Classes. Anatomy—Mr. G. S. Pattison and Mr. J. K. Bennett. Fee 7l.; or for the First Division, 4l.; and for the Second, 3l.

Physiology—Mr. Charles Bell. Fee 3l. Anatomical Demonstrations—Mr. J. R. Bennett and Mr. R. Quain. Fee 6l.; or 3l. for each division.

Nature and Treatment of Diseases—Dr. Conolly. Fee 6l.; or 3l. for each division.

Surgery and Clinical Surgery—Mr. Charles Bell. Fee 6l.; or for each division 2l.

Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children—Dr. D. D. Davis. Fee 5l.; first division 3l.; second division 2l.

Clinical Medicine—Dr. Watson. Fee for the whole Course 4l.; and for half the Course 2l.

Materia Medica and Therapeutics—Dr. A. T. Thomson. Fee 6l.; or for each division 2l.

Chemistry—Dr. E. Turner. Fee 7l.; first division 4l.; second division 3l.

Comparative Anatomy—Dr. R. E. Grant, terminating at the end of January. Fee 2l.

Medical Jurisprudence—Dr. J. Gordon Smith. Fee 4l.; or for each division 2l.

Hospital attendance daily from Half-past Twelve to Half-past One. Dispensary—ditto ditto. Fee for the Session 5l.

On Friday the 1st of October, at Three o'clock precisely, Dr. Conolly will deliver a General Introductory Lecture, for which Tickets of admission may be obtained at this Office.

A Medical Library has been formed for the use of the Students. The other Classes of the University open on Monday the 1st of November. Particulars of these and of the Medical Courses will be given at this Office.

By order of the Council, THOMAS COATES, Clerk. September 2, 1830.

VALUABLE LIBRARY, MAPS and CHARTS, PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS, COLLECTION of SHELLS, &c.

To be Sold by Auction, by WINSTANLEY and SONS, on the Premises, on Wednesday, September 8th, and following days, at Eleven o'clock, by order of the Executors, the valuable and extensive Library of the late H. N. Jarratt, Esq., Great Bromley Lodge, near Colchester, embracing the standard editions of the best English Authors, chiefly in handsome bindings, including Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Pope, Rollin, Hume and Smollett, Gibbon, Robison, Goldsmith, Johnson, Swift, Fielding, Sterne, Locke, Blair, Sir Wm. Jones, Sir W. Scott, Lord Byron, Koscoe, and others. Among them, also, will be found—the Encyclopaedia Britannica, Bell's British Poets, Cook's Voyages, &c. the Annual Register, the Voyages and Travels of Holcroft, North, Clarke, Denon, Lyon, Perry, Cox, and others, and Belzoni's Travels in Egypt, Grose's Antiquities, D'Oyley and Mant's Bible, Hamilton's Antiquities, the Harleian Miscellany, the Works of Handel complete, Shaw's Zoology, Statutes at large, 45 vols., &c.

Several valuable Maps and Charts, a Collection of Mathematical and Philosophical Instruments, Cabinet of Shells, &c. To be viewed, and Catalogue had (1s. each) of Winstanley and Sons, Paternoster Row.

Captain Robert Elliot's Views in India, &c. &c.

This day is published, Part I. of

VIEWS IN INDIA, CANTON, and the RED SEA. Drawn by S. Prout, C. Stanfield, T. Boys, G. Catermole, Cotman, D. Cox, P. Finch, W. Purser, &c. &c. from original Sketches, by Captain ROBERT ELLIOT, R.N. With Historical and Descriptive Illustrations.

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Dedicated, by permission, to His Majesty. This day is published, Part V. price 4s. India Proof, 7s. LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS of the WAVERLEY NOVELS. From Drawings by

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AN EMINENT PROFESSOR OF MUSIC, who devotes a portion of his time to the instruction of professional Pupils, will have Two Days in the Week disengaged after this Month, and he will then be happy to receive any young Person with a decided Talent for Music, on moderate Terms. Every requisite Information may be obtained by addressing a Letter (post paid, and enclosing Name and Address) to E. T., at Mr. Chappell's, No. 50, New Bond Street.

Just published,

MARK FROM MY CELL!

This Song alludes to an officer of rank, whose lamentable end must be still fresh in the memory of most military men. Closely connected in strict and sincere friendship with an officer of his own regiment, he was so unfortunate enough to quarrel with him at the mess-table, heated with wine, and in a state of temporary madness, he insisted on immediately settling the dispute with pistols—his friend in vain attempted to dissuade him. When the officers had retired, the weapons were produced—they fought in an ante-room, and Captain fell, mortally wounded. Major was tried, convicted, and sentenced to death. In the evening which preceded his execution, he composed the beautiful air which forms the subject of this song. Craner, Addison, and Beale, 201, Regent Street.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

In demy 8vo. with Sixteen Copper-plates, price 8s. boards,

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explained on Mechanical Principles, and the Laws which govern the Distances, the Orbital and Diurnal Motions, and the Inclinations of the Planets clearly demonstrated, with the Law of Light, and a New Theory of Tides, Comets, &c. &c. By RICHARD BANKS.

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"This is the greatest gem displayed in the formation of this hypothesis. Deriving from simplicity a powerful recommendation, to an impartial investigation it has an undoubted claim. If the leading principle be found genuine, it will soon force its way into public notice, and take an honourable stand among the discoveries of science."—Imperial Magazine, Dec. 1829.

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THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

For September contains, among various other interesting Papers, a most important and highly interesting Narrative of the late R. H. Burton in the Mountains of the Caucasus—Origin of Lord Byron's Misanthropy—Remarks on Mr. Hughes's Travels in Greece, by Thomas Campbell, Esq.—Confessions of an Irish Gentleman—Birmingham and Representation—Sketches from the Ganges, No. 1.—Fashionable Eclogues, No. 3.—German Students' Drinking-Boots—Lines by Parvina, Queen of Siam, &c.—Recollections of Sweden—the French Clergy—Memoirs and Correspondence of Thomas Jefferson.

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 No. I. was published on the 1st of June, commencing with the Works of Bishop Sherlock, of which no complete edition has hitherto appeared, and will be completed on the 1st of October, making five volumes. After which will follow the Works of Dr. Barrow, in which will be introduced several hitherto unpublished Discourses; to be succeeded by the most popular Works of all; Jeremy Taylor, Aitkenburg, Jewel, Jortin, Hurd, Beveridge, Ogden, Waterland, &c. &c.
 Any Author may be had separate.
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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

France in 1829-30. By Lady Morgan, author of "France in 1816," &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1086. London, 1830. Saunders and Otley.

We opened this work more with the wish than the expectation that we should find it such as would warrant a great alteration in our general opinion of the writings of Lady Morgan. But, in truth, she has not improved by twenty years of authorship: her faults only become the more fatiguing from repetition. The mystery of the superior tiresomeness of the present performance is also perhaps to be ascribed to the craft of book-making: one volume might have been tolerable, but two are really more than can be undergone with any thing like patience. "France in 1829-30" implies a picture of the country in these pregnant and recently splendid years; but after yawning over almost every page of Lady Morgan's flighty ebullitions, we close the last chapter with no more idea of actual France than when we began the first. We have read indeed a great deal about her ladyship; what she said in indifferent French, how she argued and criticised, how she referred to her former publications as if they had electrified entire Europe, her witticisms and *bon-mots*, and all that the most egotising and vanity could lug into print; but of the real state of society even in Paris, we learn nothing that might not have been communicated in a quarter of one of the volumes.

But besides the book-manufacturing origin of this failure, another principal cause of it is in either the natural temperament or the affected vivacity of the author. She writes as if she were a romping girl just let loose upon the world for the first time; and not like a sensible matronly observer, who has had some experience, and should be able to tell us a little soberly what she sees. It is almost pitiable to look upon a mature person exhibiting such fantastic tricks; and even in a miss of seventeen the long continuation of the hoyden would be apt to create ennui, if not disgust.

It is, we assure our readers, painful to us to speak thus of the production of a female pen; and we have several strong reasons for desiring that we might with justice have delivered a very different judgment. But we are bound to the public tribunal by truth, and by a sense of what we owe to its unexampled favour; and, however nibbled and scribbled at, we will in all fairness discharge our duty.

A sweetly-engraved portrait of Lady Morgan (sketched by J. P. Davis, and engraved by T. Wright), ushers us among, and prepares us for the numberless personal traits with which her volumes abound: it is in profile, and shews a beautiful countenance, full of character and expression; but whether it is like her ladyship we have not the pleasure to know. We presume she must be mistress of intellectual and spirited, if not of regular and handsome features; for we have in "*France in 1829*"

the details of its transcript not only into picture, but into bust and medal by the most admiring and vaunted artists of Paris.

Having got over the pretty portrait, we dash at once into (for such are these two volumes) the auto-biographical sketch of Lady Morgan for the fragment of a year, during which she left Ireland, a persecuted female in darkness and despair; enjoyed a few months of the French capital, in the way our extracts will illustrate; and returned home ready for the press to her *maison bijou*, as she calls it, near Dublin.

"Oh! the delicious burst of agreeable sensations," she commences on landing at Calais, a lady driven from her native land for having "devoted to its interests all her sympathies, to its cause all her talents; and drawn upon herself the persecution of one party, without securing the protection of another."—Alas, poor lady! but her spirits were good, and she wonderfully withstood the shock, though in the early parts of the narrative we have a little more of the sentimental than when the gaieties of Paris induce to jumping, laughing, tumbling about, and other small feminine eccentricities. Thus we hear much of the "impetuosity of her (ladyship's) feelings;" of her "bursts of sensation;" of her "newly-kindled excitements;" of her "spirits too exuberant;" and of sundry other indications of extreme sensibility. These little clouds, however, gradually disperse, and then comes the sunshine of the heart, the frolic, the fun of the Wild Irish Girl of fifteen. Hop, skip, and away; I by myself I; Lady Morgan, the celebrated author denounced by the *Quarterly*, proscribed by the Emperor of Austria, idolised by France and the rest of Europe. Here I go, all life, and giving birth to a book as full of nothing else, as an empty nut is full of emptiness; but a few scraps of brown husk which are to pass for what should have been kernel. From this source spring the lively errors which usurp the place of truth, and misrepresent every thing which the author describes, except herself. By aiming at eternal playfulness and smartness, she exaggerates to such a pitch, that we receive no definite or exact idea whatever from her sketches. In contrasting London with Boulogne, for example—she exclaims, "Is there nothing French, then, out of London, where every shop is a *magasin*, and every article labelled by the vocabulary of the *Rue Vivienne*?"—Reading this, one would suppose that in London every shop was a *magasin*, and all the goods labelled in French, as asserted by the writer: and what a preposterous notion of our metropolis would such a belief afford! We do not think there are fifty such shops in all the vast circumference of our trading capital; and we dwell on the passage, not so much for its importance, but to prove that no dependance can be placed on Lady Morgan's fanciful distortions; and that if she can so absurdly caricature her own country, it would be too much to expect accuracy in what refers to a foreign people.

With this salutary proviso established, we

shall now proceed to such farther specimens as we deem it proper to adduce in support of the opinions we have stated, and in illustration of the work before us. We may also premise, however, that Lady Morgan does not pretend to write in English: her style is a conventional jargon, so spotted with French, (and occasionally Italian,) that no plain scholar (including in his acquirements a tolerable acquaintance with the French tongue) can understand it. Every page is alike: take, at hazard, a receipt for perfuming a handkerchief:—

"Take a dozen embroidered cobwebs, such as some '*araignée du voisinage*' might weave for the reticule of Queen Mab, and place them in the pocket of an elegant *porte-mouchoir*, which must not be of any of the old-fashioned prismatic colours; but, (as '*La Mode*' phrases it), *du couleur le plus nouveau*." Into the cover of this elegant and indispensable superfluity, the delicate odours are to be quitted, which communicate a just-perceptible atmosphere; (that is to say, an atmosphere perceptible to the practised olfactories of enlightened nerves;) and which mingling with the freshness of the last spring-water rince of the laundry, renders the application of the handkerchief to the face a 'perfect pleasure.' This receipt I give almost in the very words of the *merveilleux* from whom I had it."

In some remarks on the modern literature we find the next:—

"Napoleon was a romanticist, *sans s'en douter*. On the restoration of the Bourbons, the classic muses of the *ail de bœuf*, who made their entry on the baggage-wagons of the allies, were busily employed in giving subjects for impromptu royalty to the candidates for poetical pensions. The echoes of the theatre were called forth by laudatory strains *mille fois répétés*, in praise of the '*envoyé d'en haut*.' Apollo once more resumed his place in the Tuileries, and '*les Graces*' re-occupied the niches vacated by the genius of victory. The modern classics beheld the restoration of this portion of the ancient *régime* with triumph; and many of the elders of the liberal party (who denied in literature that liberty of conscience which they had adopted in politics) held up the code of Aristotle in one hand, and the *charte* in the other."

Morning society is the last specimen we shall quote of this silly style;—a passage or two also affording a tolerable sample of the way in which Lady M.'s egotism is paraded.

"Mérimee, with his usual *espèglerie*, helped out the argument against me with Clarence's dream; and so, as usual, we all left off as we began. But we all agreed that the prose of P. Courier, and the poetry of Beranger, were each in perfection in their several ways: while some observed, that the French and English are making an exchange of words and of things, and quoted a translated idiom of my Anglo-French, which, though it now shocks the ears of the purists, might be naturalised some of these days. 'Shock us!' said Beyle—'yes,

but not in your English sense of the word. It does give us an agreeable shock. Are you English aware that there is an almost primitive simplicity in the errors you commit in our language of phrases, that carries with it an infinite charm. We modern French, for instance, prefer the French letters of Horace Walpole to those of his correspondent Mad. du Defand: there is a force, a *naïveté*, in his translated idioms, a thousand times more expressive than the purisms of the French lady, the muse of the literati of her time. His style is as little the French of *les Quarante* as his wit; but it is something better. His words have the force of ideas, and his phrases are so free from the monotony of our rhythm, that they keep us *tout éveillé*.[†] M—— observed, that the French bore a great resemblance to the Athenians in their sensibility to purity of style; and this brought us to the Greeks and their cause. We naturally made a reference to Col. Tolstoy's pamphlet, written in excellent French, which lay upon the table. He, of course, went with the Russian policy; the French were all for the plains of Marathon and Greek liberty, and the English were more or less in the doctrines which produced the massacres of Parga, and Mr. Sheridan's pamphlet against the Greeks; and so we were all drawn up in battle array. David led the charge, as Praxiteles himself might have done; and if there is any fire in the medal that represents my stupid Irish face, it is due to that which kindled his spirit, as he worked and defended the land of the arts and the compatriots of Apelles. Meantime several visitors, bored, perhaps, with a subject in which they took little interest, bowed themselves out. Among these, were one or two gentlemen who had taken no further part in the conversation than to ask the names of my other guests, who, after their departure, asked theirs. I said I did not know, or at least must refer to my visiting-book to ascertain them. 'Not know the names of your guests?' said Madame D.; '*qu'elle est drôle*.' 'Que voulez vous, madame? We are presented at some crowded assembly, or public place, to a number of all nations. We don't catch half their foreign names. These *présentés* present others; they call, and are let in. Their names are announced by my servant, who gives them all a certain Irish *tournaire*, that makes confusion worse confounded; and so there they are. Some turn out delightful, high-bred, and agreeable, like that young Wallachian Boiardo who has just left us; and others prove prozers, like—but I won't exemplify, where all are courteous and kind, and well informed and well disposed.' 'And one of them,' said Monsieur de —, 'whom I saw here the other day, is an ex-Jesuit.' '*Madonna mia!* you make me start! I am denounced, then, to the holy office, or to the police at least.' 'Oh! don't be alarmed,' said Beyle; 'you have nothing to fear from the police now.' 'You don't mean to say that there is no longer a police in France?' '*A peu près*. Upon great occasions, a few civil gentlemen come forth, enter your room, *chapeau bas*, politely inquire into the disorder, or relate the event that occasions their intrusion, and have the air of paying a visit of ceremony, instead of a domiciliary visit. As for your Jesuit, whoever he may be—and these things are easier said than proved—the worst you have to expect is an attack in some of the ultra papers, or in those intelligent organs of public opinion, which treat upon hats, caps, '*des grands ourlets et du petit manteau*.' 'Or de lui *luis et du beau temps—que voilà!*' I exclaimed.

'So let us enjoy it in the gardens.' '*Levero l'incommodo*,' said David——'!!

It is a happy thing for the ignorant, that translations of this slip-slop and patch-work are generally given at the foot of the page; by which even the few country gentlemen who may read this book will be enabled to comprehend the commonest French words and phrases. There is a kindness in this which almost excuses the offence of so unnecessarily introducing them. But the pure English is sometimes on a par with the pure French: for instance (p. 186), where her ladyship confesseth, "I am either too old or too young, too *blasé* or too vivacious, to set down to such sentimental vapours of vanity or indigestion;" and, p. 352, "the attraction of the Abelard, in my eyes, is that it is as like Talma as if he had set for it:"—for which her ladyship deserves a good *setting down*.

Come we now to other points. On politics, it seems, that the use of omnibuses by the lower orders in Paris has had prodigious influence. "The poorest Parisian workman and his family ride more luxuriantly now, than that great king—*roi, le plus roi qui onques fut*—ever rode in his day; and the *soubrette*, carrying the modes of the Faubourg St. Honoré to that of les Invalides, drives more rapidly in her elegant zoe, or gondola, with its cushion of down or of iron, than the ambulatory seraglio of Versailles, when royal mothers, mistresses, wives, favourites, and children legitimate and illegitimate, followed the camp of the *grand monarque*, all stuffed pell-mell in the *carrosse du roi*. These physical comforts will not easily be given up; for they inspire the possessors with a sense of the personal dignity of man, and of his value (so to speak) in the market, which gives despotism an infinity of trouble. It is naked, unaccommodated, ignorant man, that constitutes the especial raw material of unlimited sway." This teaches us to prefer the dignity of man, as elevated by riding in omnibuses, to the naked man, who, according to Lady Morgan's judgment in such matters, is the raw material of despotism!! Philosophy is next on stilts as high as politics. "There are certain positions, and, above all, certain celebrities in society, to which the mind necessarily attaches certain ideas—ideas which are not to be shaken off, however often refuted by individual experience;"—which, being translated, is meant to import, that we feel some awe on going into the company of an eminent personage, such as the Count de Tracy, whom Lady Morgan was about to visit, and whose assemblies (she informs us) "are among the most select and remarkable in Paris. Inaccessible to common-place mediocrity and pushing pretension, their visitor must be ticketed in some way or other to obtain a presentation." Her ladyship must, therefore, to use the slang word, have been "*ticketed*" above the common-place mediocrity and pushing pretension on which she looks down. Indeed, she is full of her aristocratic associations: and few persons below dukes, marquesses, barons, and counts (except distinguished geniuses), figure on her tapestry. The grand is pleasant:—a French romanticist has told her a pathetic tale (an invention, by the by) of a poor poet, who dies swan-like; and the following is the finale:— "At last he retired to a poor little village near Meudon, where he gave himself up to the composition of works which dissolve the soul in tears, or burn it with passion. Poor, neglected, worn-out, he died last October of a broken heart, and a complicated pulmonary consump-

tion. You weep, *chère miladi!*" 'Tis very foolish,' I said; 'but the fact is, that the life and death of this unfortunate and very foolish young man recalls those of one who, when in infancy, was the adopted of my father's house, the unfortunate Thomas Dermody, the poet; but you know as little, I suppose, of our modern poets as I do of yours.' '*Que vous êtes bonne!*' said my good-natured friend, mingling his tears with mine."

What a melting scene—*chère Miladi* and Monsieur weeping together! *affettuoso!* Their picture in the act would have made a more interesting frontispiece than even her ladyship's lovely portrait. Then "*my father's house*" must have impressed the blubbering Frenchman with the idea that her crying and sentimental ladyship's paternal mansion was at least a chateau; yet the only wings the worthy Mr. Owenson, her papa, ever owned were not those of a house, but of the stage. But where all is vanity, without vexation of spirit, why should we give only one taste?—there are plenty more precious bits.

"We meet, scattered over the surface of remote and variegated society, so many we wish to know, and who wish to know us, not merely, perhaps, for the respective merits of the parties, but for that magic bond, the '*vous me convenez—je vous conviens*.' I knew the author of the statue of Condé must be in my way (be the confession an epigram or an *éloge*); and in the many pleasant hours we afterwards spent in his study in the faubourg, while sitting for my bust,—in the Rue de Rivoli, at our hotel,—and in the various rencontres of Parisian society, this first impression was fully justified, as first impressions, indeed, very generally are. Although David is the sculptor of romanticism *par excellence*, he has a strong vocation to moulding the heads of those who have amused the public or himself, without much reference to sect, and still less with a view either to pecuniary profit, or (in my instance) to permanent fame.†

"Nothing can be more delightful, more instructive, more amusing, than our mornings at Paris. One goes through a course of literature, science, arts, politics, philosophy, and fashion, *toute en courant*; laughing, arguing, gossiping, lounging on sofas, or jumping into carriages, running in and out of public and private edifices and collections.

"I happened one night to mention at General Lafayette's that I should remain at home on the following morning, to sit for a medal to David; and the information brought us a numerous circle of morning visitors; others dropped in by chance, and some by appointment. From twelve till four, my little salon was a congress composed of the representatives of every vocation of arts, letters, science, *bon ton*, and philosophy, in which, as in the Italian opera-boxes of Milan and Naples, the comers and goers succeeded each other, as the narrow limits of the space required that the earliest visitor should make room for the last arrival. There was Pigault le Brun, the father of the revolutionary novelists, whose wit and humour can never be out of fashion, however it may fare with the forms in which he has embodied them. There was Mignet, the historian of his age, and belonging to his age—honest, fearless, and giving to his narrative the demonstration of mathematics and the brevity of epigram, in a style which is in itself philosophy. There was Mérimée, like his own original and de-

† Amongst his sitters, her ladyship, with her customary fidelity and knowledge, mentions Mademoiselle Tatu, mistaking Madame for a Miss!

lightful dramas, simple, natural, and animated. The brilliant Beyle, whose travels made me long to know the author, and whose conversation is still more lively and original than his books; Dumas, the author of Henry the Third, one of the most successful adventurers in the rich and new mine of romanticism; and the spiritual and interesting Robert Lefèvre, and De Montrol, who says more clever things even than he writes, who has composed a life of Clement Marot, in an episode, that is in prose what its subject was in poetry; and the Commandeur Gazzera, of the order of Malta, the author of many ingenious works,—one among the oldest of our continental friends, and the most hospitable of hosts; and there was an accomplished young diplomatist from the United States, Mr. B——, and Monsieur Miguel de la Barra, the secretary of legation from Chili; and Don Louis d'Arandada, an *attaché* of the Portuguese embassy; and Colonel Tolstoy from Russia; and the Prince and Princess of Salines, from their feudal castle on the Rhine; and the Count and Countess de Rochefoucauld Liancourt—(the principles of the one, and the graces of the other, like their illustrious name, beyond all change of circumstance or touch of time);* and the honest and gifted Italian brothers Ugioni; and ‘*son obligance*,’ Monsieur Julien de Paris; and the two first amateurs of the musical world, even of *that* musical world from whence they came, Signor Barberi and Signor Dottore Benati, with many others, who came in and went out successively,—each leaving behind them the votive offering of an agreeable impression.

“I have been sitting for my picture to Robert Lefèvre, a most agreeable and well-informed person. His agreeability is that of a *laissez aller* temperament, and his information that of a man who has lived in the midst of great events, and with notable and extraordinary persons. • • • All busy people, I believe, hate to sit for pictures, however strong the propensity of their *amour propre* to multiply their likeness. • • • At a ball in the Rue de Bourbon, at my excellent friend, Madame I——’s, I took shelter from the heat and crowd in a pretty boudoir, and threw myself upon the first ottoman that presented itself, very nearly tumbling over an old gentleman who occupied a place on its corner, near the door.”

With this hoydenish trait we shall conclude our extracts illustrative of the appearance Lady M. cuts in these volumes; and more, we trust, to the satisfaction of our readers, select a few of the few passages which can interest or amuse the public. The subjoined is a neat *mot* of the famous Lafayette (of whom, now 73 years old, her ladyship gives a pleasant sketch).

“General Sebastiani, talking to him of the old and new nobility, asked, ‘Do you not think, general, as I do, that a fusion between them would be very desirable?’ ‘*Oui, mon cher Sebastiani*,’ replied Lafayette; ‘*je le désire;—mais complete, jusqu’à l’évaporation.*’”†

The following is a sportive and clever exposition of the romantic sect in Paris, and of her ladyship’s vanity:—

“Lady Morgan, if you wanted to drown yourself, how would you set about it? ‘How would I drown myself? throw myself into the water, I suppose.’ ‘Throw yourself into the water! that’s the *point aux ânes*; any one could

* The meaning of this parenthesis is far above our comprehension.

† It is an odd sign of her ladyship’s *riens* French, that whenever she attempts to speak it, the parties answer in English as well as they can; the whole seems a sort of humorous *lingua-franca*.

do that: *mais écoutez*, ’tis from *Le Creux de la Vallée*.”

‘Pour qu’il veut se noyer, la place est bien choisie, On n’aurait qu’à venir, un jour de fantasia, A cacher ses habits au pied de ce bouleau, Et, comme pour un bain, à descendre dans l’eau. Non pas en furieux, la tête la première; Mais s’asseoir; regarder; d’un rayon de lumière, Dans le feuillage et l’eau suivre le long reflet, Puis, quand on sentirait ses esprits au complet, Qu’on aurait froid, alors, sans plus trainer la fête, Pour ne plus la lever, plonger, avant la tête.’

Is this not beautiful, original, sublime? A writer of the old school would have plunged his hero head foremost, like a vulgar suicide of the Pont Neuf. If Rousseau, your Kirk White, or our Millevoye, were to drown themselves, would not they thus have died? It makes one quite long to follow the example. An irrepressible fit of laughter seized me; and my young *estallé*, somewhat disconcerted by a merriment which, if it had not been inevitable, would certainly have been very rude, took his hat, saying, after a moment’s silence, ‘I see, Lady Morgan, that I have been mistaken. You have long been deemed in France a champion of romanticism. I was a boy when your work on this country came out; and I took my first colour of literary opinion from your *France*. Whatever popularity you enjoy as a writer here, you owe it to this belief. To what circumstance I may attribute your change, I know not; but I cannot compliment you on the retrogradation: I have the honour to offer you my respects.”

Apologues: we have far too much of the disputes between the Romanticists and the Classicists, and of other crude essays, which might just as well have been written in Dublin as in Paris; and, besides, her ladyship possesses very insufficient knowledge to justify her giving opinions upon French literature or art. Her criticisms are, indeed, quite ludicrous. “In this beautiful statue” (Condé, on the Pont Louis XVI.) she says, “there was not the sublime calm, the *momental immobility*, the infectious solemnity, which makes one tread lightly and breathe low in passing along the galleries of the Vatican, as if the godlike creatures there represented were themselves present in their silent divinity, to impose awe, and to command adoration. But in its place was to be found a quality of an opposite and perhaps equal merit—living, moving, exciting, passionate humanity. The very pedestal trembles under the violent pressure of the indignant and animated form it supports.” Oh!!

“The eye does not dwell on them (the statues) sufficiently long to lose their moral, in their physical effect. But in the arts, and especially in sculpture, where form is not mingled with colour, the angular awkwardness of passionate gesticulation being permanent, has a tendency to excite in the beholder a sympathetic pain, such as the actor would himself sustain in the long maintenance of so constrained an attitude. From this difficulty (which is only to be vanquished by great art) the ancients have shrunk; and I was half afraid to express the admiration I felt for this fine statue, lest I might be wrong, according to rule, though right according to impression.”

• • • Should you wish in the waters a cold bed to find, The place where we stand is just made to your mind. Choose your day and set off. Ere you sink in the billow, Pack your clothes in a bundle snug under yon willow. Souse not head over ears, as if conquered by wrath. But go, step by step, as you’d enter a bath: Sit down—look about you—examine the ray Which pours in, through the trees, in a long line of day: And when you’re in order, prime up to the mark, (That is, half killed with cold), take ‘the leap in the dark.’

Don’t keep yourself waiting, but down with your head, And be sure you don’t lift it again till you’re dead.”

How gloriously unintelligible these big words are, and, where intelligible, how absurd! The ancient sculptors shrunk from passion and gesticulation!! O, Laocoons, Gladiators, Apollos, be burnt into lime and forgotten!

Of Rossini we like the notice, though, as usual, only brought in to hitch her ladyship, her publications, and her justly portrayed manner of chattering upon

“‘Inspiration! If you were to talk to him of inspiration, he would laugh at you. He laughs at the very idea; but then he laughs at every thing, himself included. He is a thorough Mephistophiles! To see Rossini in all the glory of his genius, and his natural and unobtrusive wit, you must see him at midnight, composing at his little desk, in his black cap, surrounded by his *habitués*, yet undisturbed by their fun and frolic; in which, from time to time, he bears his part, particularly if his clever friend Caraffa be present: then, indeed, he is in his own sphere; there is nothing like him.’ I hazarded an opinion on music and Rossini, which I have printed in the *Book of the Boudoir*; and so we got upon the revolution he has effected in his art, and upon that genius which gets the start of its age. ‘No,’ said Mignet, ‘genius goes with its age; and it is by so doing that it wins its success.’ I still persisted in my Mrs. Malaprop style of arguing, ‘clever men go with their age, and prosper; genius goes one step beyond it, and is persecuted.’ Mérimée and David were of my opinion.”

Of Helen Maria Williams, too, the mention is interesting to the English reader.

“We talked much and long of our celebrated friend Miss Williams; and it was painful to learn, that she had fallen into absolute indigence some time before her death; a circumstance which, in her independent spirit, she endeavoured to conceal till all further concealment was impossible. Her excellent nephew, Mr. C——, a respected member of the Dutch church, and one of the most celebrated preachers of Amsterdam, having at last learned the state of her affairs, came for her to Paris, and took her home to Amsterdam; but the translation from her own delightful circle in the French capital, and the different order of society in Holland, were too much for her spirits, and she fell into such melancholy and ill-health, that her constitution sunk under the change. Her devoted relation, solicitous even for her pleasures, placed an annuity on her head, out of his own limited means, and brought her back to Paris. He brought her back, however, only to convey her to her modest tomb, amidst the cypresses of the Cimetière de la Chaise. Thus terminated the life of Johnson’s ‘elegant muse, in sadness and poverty.’ Her faults were attributable to the singular times in which her ardent feelings and brilliant talents developed themselves. Born and bred in another era, she would have directed her original talents to other purposes, and in all probability with a happier result.”

Pius VII. called a M. Marron “the Protestant Pope”—Marron had presented a little poem to his holiness; and “the following couplet was sent to M. Marron by the pope, and may serve as a specimen of his playful wit—

‘Vertueux Protestant, que je souffre à vous voir; Tirer Marron du feu, n’est pas en mon pouvoir.’”

The point, Lady M. declares, is untranslatable;—that is a pity; but the epigram is neat, and a good sign of tolerant joking in the head of the church.

In all that we have said of, or done with, Lady Morgan’s publication, we have confined

ourselves to the first volume; and (at present at least) we shall abstain from its worthy parallel, the second, except to observe, that it contains a Postscript of 38 pages relative to the late revolution—all that belongs to 1830 in the work. If we might credit her ladyship's rose-coloured description of France in the preceding year, we should hold this glorious event to have been very unnecessary; for she assures us in her last chapter, on bidding adieu to the country:

"If ever there was a moment in which, beyond all others, France is to be visited with pleasure, and quitted with regret, it is now, when every thing conspires to evince that she has discovered the great secret of all human science, its object and its end—the secret of good government, in the interest, and for the happiness, of the greatest number. To attain to this glorious knowledge, and to its practical application, she has laboured long, and suffered much; and her efforts, like her sufferings, have been without parallel or example."

But Prince Polignac assumed the reins, and overthrew all this blessedness; and the dynasty was changed, the constitution renovated, France delivered from the thraldom which was preparing for her. Assuredly, if the revolution stops where it appears to have stopped, it does deserve the admiration of the world; for Lady M. truly says in fact, though perhaps with too much of her flummery of language:

"The brief unity of its epic action was unstained by one crime, unblemished by one fault. All that was great, all that was good, all that was sublime in humanity, came forth in deeds, that leave the poetry of virtue far behind, and the fictions of genius far below, what history will now record. Rome produced no such men, Sparta no such boys, as the citizens of Paris, and the pupils of her scientific schools. The stoical heroism of antiquity, and the sturdy resistance of the modern revolutionary times of England and America, have been more than equalled, more than surpassed, by the self-devotion, the valour, the unity of purpose and of feeling, of the luxurious inhabitants of the most polished, refined, and luxurious capital of the world. It is not thus that slaves regain their liberty; it is thus that freemen protect it. ***** An uncontrollable patriotism, an incorruptible honesty, and a total abnegation of self, in the great cause, governed all classes."

The measures, associations, &c. by which "all classes" were thus prepared to resist tyrannical and unconstitutional innovation, are for history to develop; that they were so prepared is evident, and that the explosion was simultaneously and effectively produced, by a well-understood compact and arranged course of action, is not to be doubted by men of penetration. And we say not this in disparagement; on the contrary, we maintain that the end would have justified almost any means; unless mankind are willing to be made dumb beasts (as by silencing the press), and then treated as such by a parcel of masters, rioting in the fulness of usurped dominion, disproportioned wealth, and selfish luxury.* The discharging and letting loose some 25 or 30,000 of the mechanics of Paris, with a fortnight's wages in their pockets to save them from want, as was done by their masters on the morning

* It will be well for these orders, wheresoever they exist, to observe the signs of the times. It is not only in France—it is throughout the enlightening world, demanded whether the earth and its enjoyments have been made for mankind, or for a very small and not the most deserving class of men?

after the Ordonnances were issued, and turning them thus idle and flushed into the wine-houses, was one of the most prominent and immediate causes of the successful resistance of the capital. This is not noticed by Lady M., who merely repeats:

"Workmen, trades-people, the pupils of the *Lycée*, boys, and children, congregated and scoured the streets. The shops closed. Arts, science, commerce, trade, were all suspended. The Change shut its doors, the National Bank refused to discount; and thousands of citizens, deprived of employment, with want staring them in the face, were left loose to swell the great tide of discontent."*

Her ladyship goes on to paint the scene in very bombastic colours, making quite a theatrical picture of families and children, and groups and women, all heroism and tenderness, &c. &c.; but as this can neither inform nor entertain any body, we shall quote a letter from Lafayette, who has done his gray hairs so much honour in this momentous struggle, (and not more by any one act than by his fine declaration against inflicting the punishment of death for political offences; thus endeavouring to spare the ministers he had overthrowing, now that they are in his power,—a desire in which every good and wise man, who loves justice tempered with mercy, and who reads the re-action of all bloody deeds, must cordially sympathise):—this letter is dated 21st August, and addressed to Sir C. and Lady Morgan; and we give it both in the original and the indifferent translation.

"Au milieu du tourbillon où je vis, mes chers amis, je vous demande la permission de dicter ma réponse à vos deux bonnes lettres, en reconnaissant l'envoi de dix livres sterling. Nous avons fait une belle et rapide révolution. Toute la gloire en est au peuple de Paris; c'est-à-dire à la portion la moins aisée de ce peuple, aux élèves des écoles de droit et de médecine, &c. mêlés à la population et particulièrement à l'admirable Ecole Polytechnique, dont l'uniforme étoit partout un signal de confiance. Le peuple s'est montré aussi grand par sa générosité après la victoire, qu'il a été terrible et habile dans les combats. Je vois avec plaisir que vous approuvez la résolution prise par nous autres républicains, de concourir à l'érection d'un trône populaire, en l'amalgamant à des institutions républicaines. Le choix du prince et de la famille est excellent. Vous me demandez des nouvelles personnelles de votre vieux ami. J'étais à la Grange à déjeuner le Mardi lorsque nous avons reçu le *Moniteur* et les ordonnances: huit heures après j'étais à Paris. On s'est battu le Mardi soir, la journée du Mercredi, et du Jeudi. Le Jeudi matin, l'Hôtel de Ville, pris et repris, étoit devenu mon quartier général; et le drapeau tricolore, que j'y avais planté, il y a quarante un ans y flottait de nouveau. Le Vendredi on se battait encore dans les faubourgs; mais la plus grande partie de l'armée royale couvrait St. Cloud. La cour a fait mine de résistance à Rambouillet. Elle avoit encore dix mille hommes des meilleures troupes réglées. J'ai fait marcher vingt mille citoyens, ce qui a déterminé le mouvement de retraite. La famille royale a ensuite traversé la France sous l'escort de nos commissaires à écharpe tricolore. Elle a partout trouvé la silence, sans la moindre insulte. La France s'organise en garde nationale, dont on a voulu que je restasse provisoirement le commandant-en-chef. Toute la famille en est en

* The first tri-coloured flag is said to have been improvised of the shirt and habiliments of a dead soldier.

bonne santé, et vous dit mille amitiés. Nous sommes profondément touchés des témoignages d'approbation et de sympathie que nous ont été donnés par le peuple de la Grande Bretagne et de l'Irlande. Il faut espérer que cette révolution, sans tache, amènera la liberté de l'Europe. Recevez, mes chers amis, tous mes remerciemens et amitiés. LAFAYETTE."

"I must send you our new national song, by Casimir la Vigne, although mingled with other kindnesses to me; but I have not time to copy it."

Translation.—"Living as I am, in a vortex of affairs, I beg your permission, my dear friends, to dictate my answer to your kind letters, with an acknowledgment of the receipt of ten pounds, enclosed. We have made a noble and rapid revolution. The glory belongs to the people of Paris; that is, to the portion the least affluent of its population; to the pupils of the schools of medicine and of law, &c., mingled with the populace, and, more particularly, with the pupils of the admirable Polytechnic School, whose uniform was every where the signal of confidence. The people shewed themselves as great, by their generosity after the victory, as they were terrible and expert in the hour of combat. I observe, with pleasure, that you approve of the resolution which we republicans have taken, of concurring in the erection of a popular throne, by amalgamating it with republican institutions. The choice made of the prince and family are excellent. You ask for some personal news of your old friend. I was at La Grange at breakfast on the Tuesday, when I received the *Moniteur* and ordinances. Eight hours afterwards, I was at Paris. The fighting began on the Tuesday evening, and was continued through Wednesday and Thursday. On Thursday morning, the Hôtel de Ville, after having been taken and retaken, became my head-quarters; and the tri-coloured flag, which I had planted there forty-one years ago, again floated from its roof. On Friday there was still some skirmishing in the faubourgs; but the greater part of the royal army had retreated to cover St. Cloud. The court made a show of resistance at Rambouillet: it had still ten thousand of the best-disciplined troops; but I ordered twenty thousand citizens to march against them, which determined a retreat. The royal family have since traversed France under the protection of our commissioners with the tri-coloured scarf. A profound silence, undisturbed by a single insult, reigned wherever they passed. France is now organising itself into a national guard, of which it is desired that I should remain provisionally the commander-in-chief. All my family are in good health, and express towards you a thousand friendly sentiments. We are all deeply sensible of the testimonies of approbation and sympathy which have been offered us by the people of Great Britain and Ireland. Be it hoped that this revolution, without a stain, may effect the liberty of Europe. Accept, my dear friends, the expression of my thanks and friendship.

(Signed) "LAFAYETTE"†

We have to add, that Sir C. Morgan has furnished four essays or papers to these volumes, on Philosophy, the Public Journals, Primogeniture, and Public Opinion:—he seems to have had allotted to him all the subjects (ex-

* Written in English.

† A Paris paper states, that General Lafayette has received more than 5000 private letters, and upwards of 20,000 letters on public business, most of them from officers and soldiers en retraite, which remain unanswered. To answer the letters as they arrive daily, would, it is said, require ten or twelve secretaries.

cept the Postscript) beginning with P, and he has acquitted himself so very satisfactorily, that we should not have been sorry if his lady had allowed him a few other letters. We should then have had some intelligence, instead of long passages that lead to nothing; and a compilation which, taken altogether, would have been too much for the nerves of private friends in private correspondence, and too unimportant for a few columns of newspaper communications. On the flighty statements we can repose no dependence; the style is abominable, being no more English than a brindled cow or a Danish dog are white: all is overcharged; and we have to regret the foolish exposure of a naturally clever woman, eaten to the core with the most excessive vanity.

The Animal Kingdom described and arranged in conformity with its Organisation. By the Baron Cuvier. Translated, with large additional Descriptions, by E. Griffith, F.L.S., and others. Part XXV. *Reptilia*. Whitaker and Co.

We have more than once noticed this work in its progress towards completion, and bestowed our meed of praise on its conductors, for the judicious manner in which they have blended interesting illustrations of the habits and nature of animals with the scientific system of Cuvier. Like all other sciences, zoology has its own peculiar phraseology; which to the general reader presents nothing but a dry catalogue of hard names, while to the student of the science it furnishes the only means for systematising knowledge and classifying observations. The great advance which has been made in the study of natural history within the last few years has been owing rather to the accuracy than to the extent of the information acquired by modern travellers: when once the distinctive marks of the different classes and orders have been determined, the chances of mistake are infinitely diminished; we no longer meet with statements of anomalies and exceptions, but find that amid all variations and diversities there is a beautiful harmony in nature; that there are invariable laws for the animate as well as the inanimate creation; and that though within certain limits, there is room for many diversities, yet that those limits are never overpassed. The study of animated nature, always delightful, has thus acquired a new charm; for, in addition to its inherent interest, it has obtained at once the certainty and simplicity which constitute so great a portion of the pleasure derived from the study of the physical sciences. In man, nature has displayed the powers of the brain and the nervous system; to beasts she has given muscular energy; to the winged tribes of air she has presented a powerful pulmonary apparatus; and to the reptile kingdom she has assigned superior muscular contractility—whose results are ever the source of wonder and surprise. Each portion of zoological science has thus attractions peculiarly its own: in the mammalia we admire the display of strength and muscular exertion, while we trace the grades of docility and intelligence which find their consummation in man: the varied plumage and the rich harmony of the birds irresistibly arrest our attention; but in the reptiles we have to wonder at the amazing diversity of their forms, their wondrous tenacity of life, and, above all, their power of reproducing parts whose loss in other animals would be the certain termination of existence. It may well excite our astonishment, that there should be a common law of life to the alligator, the

great terror of Southern America, and the harmless earthworm that we turn up in our fields; but it is no less true; and different as they are in outward form, it will be found that this general law produces a multitude of particular conformations. The structure and frame of the different classes of animals ever determine the laws of their existence; and when the anatomist has discovered the relative power and deficiency of the several organs, the history of the animal's life is known. The organic conformation which distinguishes the reptile tribes, is thus clearly shewn in the work before us:—

“Vertebrated animals, with cold blood, may, in fact, be considered as almost forming another world. They preserve some analogy, it is true, with the superior classes, in the bony skeleton, in the general arrangement of the brain, of the senses, and of the principal viscera; but the heart, both in reptiles and fishes, has but one ventricle or cavity. The vesicular lungs of the reptiles, instead of receiving, as in mammifera and birds, the entire blood to be impregnated with the vital air, receives but a small streamlet of the venous blood, which is even oxygenated but feebly, for these animals breathe but very slowly through this pulmonary viscus, the tissue of which is so very lax. From this it results, that the blood, scarcely warmed and vivified by combination with the vital air, excites but languidly the entire organisation; accordingly, we find the reptiles nearly cold to the touch, like inanimate bodies: for this reason they are observed to seek and court atmospheric heat, or the warm sunshine; and the cold of winter reduces them to a state of torpidity. They seem, for the most part, to vegetate rather than live, to be insensible of a wound, and even scarcely to discover any considerable degree of anguish when cut in pieces. Their organisation very speedily renews many parts, such as the tail or toes, when they have been removed. As these animals have but very little cerebellum in proportion to their size, and a brain composed of but six small tubercles, their existence is not so absolutely concentrated in their head as ours. It seems rather to be attached to their spinal marrow, and to be more generally disseminated throughout their body. A tortoise has been known to live for eighteen days after the brain was removed, still walking about, but groping its way, for its eyes were closed, and the power of vision lost in consequence of the cutting of the optic nerves. A salamander has lived several months although decapitated by means of a ligature fastened tightly round the neck. The heart of a viper, when plucked out, will beat and contract on being pricked for the space of forty hours. From all this appears, that these animals have not such a centralised life as that of a quadruped or a bird, which would instantly perish from similar amputations. This pertinacious irritability in frogs and serpents renders them very proper subjects of galvanic and electrical experiments. Electricity is found to exercise a most powerful influence on them. Reptiles are exceedingly sensible to storms, and to an electric state of the atmosphere, of which they appear to foresee all the changes, as appears by the croaking of frogs, &c. This want of concentration of vitality in the brain has, in the reptiles, as its natural accompaniment, a marked diminution of intelligence; and though some of them can be tamed, it is next to impossible to teach them any thing.

“These animals all respire the air, because they have lungs. But this organ is vesicular, and the blood-vessels which arrive at it are only

branches of the vena cava and the aorta; so that those vessels form no considerable system, and transport but a small quantity of blood to the lungs, instead of a mass of this fluid almost equal to that of the rest of the body, as in warm-blooded animals. For this same reason the heart of reptiles possesses but a single ventricle, which suffices to make their blood circulate, independently of respiration. The latter may remain suspended for some time without interrupting the course of life and the circulation of the fluids. This is witnessed in frogs, salamanders, and marine tortoises, which dive under water, or bury themselves in mud for entire days. The colder the atmosphere is, the longer these animals can subsist under water, without having occasion to respire the air, and without perishing, for they are then in a state of semi-torpor.”

The sources of the great diversity between the powers and acuteness (if such a word be applicable) of reptiles is stated with equal simplicity; so that the extreme limits of variation may be easily ascertained.

“The quantity of respiration in reptiles is not fixed, like that of mammifera and birds, but varies with the proportion which the diameter of the pulmonary artery bears to that of the aorta. Thus tortoises and lizards respire considerably more than frogs, &c. From this proceed differences of energy and sensibility, much greater than can exist between one mammiferous animal and another, or one bird and another.”

The present Number contains the order *Chelonina* (tortoises), and part of the *Sauria* (lizards and crocodiles). The former division is enlivened by a very interesting account of the establishments for breeding turtle, in the West Indies; but we cannot understand why the writer should suppose that such depôts will lead to the destruction of these animals. Though civic banquets may at present consume more than can be reared in the turtle-ground, and consequently cause these establishments to be rather feeding-stores than breeding-places, the opportunities they afford of closely observing the animal's habits and economy, must eventually lead to the formation of a good system for their regular production, and thus ensure the continued glory of civic dinners, and the luxurious gratification of *gourmands*.

The Revolt of the Angels; and the Fall from Paradise, an Epic Drama. By Edmund Reade. 8vo. pp. 204. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

ON the appearance of Mr. Reade's *Cain*, we expressed the opinion we still hold, that, whether we considered the creative imagination it displayed, or the originality of thought it evinced, *Cain* was the work of no ordinary mind, and of no ordinary promise. Mr. Reade is a writer whom we would so much sooner encourage than depress, that we feel both reluctance and regret to say that the production now before us does not realise our anticipation. In plan it is extravagant—an extravagance which shocks the more from opposition to all our old beliefs. We acquit Mr. Reade of intentional irreligion; but the pages before us shew to what lengths a favourite theory and unbridled fancy are apt to betray a writer. We are willing to allow all possible license to poetry, but it is carrying this license a little too far when, making Scripture its foundation, it takes upon itself to give an entirely new version of all we have been accustomed to hold true and sacred. Lucifer is here represented as creating Adam in defiance of the

Almighty; while Eve, the work of God himself, is the sinned against, not the sinning. The author calls this originality: we are more tempted to consider it impiety. If an author says this is but a fable, treat it as such—we would not wish to judge him by other than his own rules; but when a poem, professing to take a serious and religious stand, and intending to “justify the ways of God to man” (the motto in the title-page), begins by altering the history of God’s own written word, we must beg leave to object to this new edition of Genesis altered and corrected.

Vague, unsatisfactory, and deficient in human interest, we do not think the *Revolt of the Angels* either merits or is calculated for popularity; and it is nonsense for a poet to talk of the “chosen few:” his appeal is to the many, to the general and extended sympathies of the human race. It appears to us that Mr. Reade’s studies are not of a nature to make a great or an English poet; his mind seems imbued with that wild, German school of mystical metaphysics whose aim is the impossible, and which, while endeavouring to raise the great curtain of mystery, utterly neglects the beauty and the truth which lie before it—accessible, and therefore delightful to all. Mr. Reade has great imagination, let him give it more wholesome food than these vague and vain reveries; let him leave the origin of good and evil to its own impenetrable obscurity, and content himself with painting their human developments. Though, as a whole, we cannot either admire or approve of this *Revolt of the Angels*, it has many favourite passages, which lead us to hope much still from their author. We extract the following chorus after the creation of Eve:

“It is done, the work is done:
Lo, thou hast created one
That on yon new world shall prove
How vain is knowledge, poised against love.
And the opposer there shall own,
Baffled, in his wiles o’erthrown,
How strong the weakest thing can be
With one spark of faith from Thee.
In her thou to man hast given
A ray to lead him to thy heaven!
To purify from human clay
Dust us and selfishness away!
A resting-place for his warm heart
To lean on, when all else depart.
When the hopes he trusted in,
Man’s brief breath of praise to win,
By deed or thought that, good or ill,
Owes to its pride its impulse still,
Are all blighted, crush’d, and fled,
Then those hopes once cherished,
He brings back broken to her breast,
To be renewed or still’d to rest!
Yes, though he doth kneel to her,
He is not idolater:
For her heart is the pure shrine
That will lead him back to thine.
As the flame that points above,
Earthly leads to heavenly loves;
For ’tis but an overflowing
Of the soul’s deep joy, bestowing
Its fond transports on the thing
Of its hope’s imagining,
Till that hope doth higher tend,
Centering to its deathless end!
She his parent, guide shall be
Through his helpless infancy;
And still watch him when she is
Forgot, and he in restlessness,
Tolling through the world to find
That bliss which dwells but in the mind!
But upon his dying bed
She shall bend her patient head,
Forgive her wrongs, and close his eyeballs dim:
Sole earthly minister ’twixt God and him!”

A speech of Eve’s, too, is full of poetical feeling, though strange in rhythmical construction.

“Oh yes! there are longings in our human nature
Which not even human love can satisfy!
I know it, I have dwelt on them in secret,
Unknown to thee; for how can love breathe aught
To sadden what it loves? I have watched the stars,
The setting sun, that looks like the abode
Of glorious spirits, the earth crowned with flowers
Happy and young, the woods and voiceful streams,

And the blue sky enfolding, hallowing all!
And when my heart yearned towards them lovingly,
A voice hath come, a warning to me,
Not thus to set my heart upon them, knowing
That I must leave them, and they flourish on.
And then I wept, and blessed them; for though I
Died, yet I felt they would live on immortal.
And bloom thus after, making others happy!
So was my joy still touched by a shade of sorrow!
And oh, pang deeper yet! when I have heard
Thy voice, thy gentlest voice breathe in my ear
Sounds of deep tenderness—when I have seen
Thy full eyes speaking back their love to mine,
Even in those blessed moments, I have felt
Inly, and oh, how deeply! I have felt
That we must part! that the dread day must come
When thou and I shall see each other no more!
When our two hearts, that now swell on with rapture,
As if they should live thus entwined for ever,
And ask no heaven beyond their human love,
Shall coldly wither to dusty nothingness!”

The minor poems are very inferior: we cannot agree in the estimate our author has formed of his friend’s accompanying productions.

The Book of Scotland. By William Chambers. 8vo. pp. 532. Edinburgh, Buchanan; Hunter: London, Longman and Co. 1830.

By great industry and research Mr. Chambers has here produced what may be truly esteemed as *The Book of Scotland*; for it contains very clear and satisfactory accounts of the past and present state of that ancient kingdom—its political institutions, its municipal regulations, its church, its law establishments, its universities and other sources of education, its burghs, its public charities, its arts, its banks, and many of its customs. Some topics are, perhaps, more slightly touched upon than we could wish, and some of considerable interest are altogether omitted; but the volume is already one of thick and massive form, and to have “diluted” upon other subjects must have swollen it into at least a second of equal bulk. Therefore must we be contented with the quantity of excellent information which we have got; and signify our hope that by meeting with the encouragement his meritorious labours deserve, the author will be induced to enlighten us more at large, hereafter, respecting the general literature, the scientific bodies, the periodical press, the manufactures, and other matters which concern and characterise the country. The *Picture of Scotland*, indeed, may be considered as effecting this purpose in a great measure; and Mr. C. tells us, in his preface: “While that publication adheres principally to a description of things of a tangible nature, the present may be best depicted as an attempt to expose the mechanism regulating society in its public relations. In other words, while the one presents a luminous picture of the *body* of the country, the other aspires to exhibit the *soul* with which it has been endowed.”

Chamberlayne’s *Magna Britannia Notitia*, published above seventy years ago, is referred to as the only preceding work similar to that now before us; and the author justly claims our award of praise for the diligence with which he has endeavoured to fulfil his thus almost original, and certainly very extensive, task. Of the way in which he has acquitted himself, the following extracts will afford a fair criterion; and at the same time illustrate a few of the features which, like their high cheek-bones, distinguish our northern neighbours.

In olden days there was a custom which might be revived with much effect, of course with such alterations as modern manners might suggest—we allude to the formal opening of parliaments; and we are sure all London would delight to see such a sight on the 26th of October next.

“At the opening of the regularly constituted parliaments, there was practised a public cere-

monial of a very imposing character, which was the delight of the lower and middling ranks of society; and the want of which after the union, was a matter of serious regret to many of the trades in the city. This ceremony was called ‘the riding of the parliament,’ a pageant which still forms the subject of legendary reminiscence. It was enacted, in a style of extraordinary splendour in the reign of Charles the First, when that unfortunate monarch was on a visit to the Scottish metropolis. The procession took place in this manner:—the whole of the members belonging to each of the estates, according to prescribed usage, met at the palace of Holyroodhouse, in order to wait on the king, and afterwards convey him in honourable procession to the parliament house. Each was dressed in his appropriate official robes, and mounted on horseback, with a serving man on foot, leading the richly caparisoned animal by the bridle-reins. After being drawn up in the palace yard, according to the etiquette of the period, by the Lord Lyon, King at Arms, and his subalterns or marischal’s men, they proceeded, in a slow and solemn cavalcade, accompanied with the clanging music of kettle-drums and trumpets, along the ascending narrow line of street, towards the place of meeting. A distinguished military officer and a party of soldiers led the van, who were succeeded by the commissioners of burghs and shires, two and two. Next came the barons, after whom the peerage in the same manner, according to priority of rank and title. The Lord Lyon, with his pursuivants, heralds, and trumpeters, preceded the crown, sceptre, and sword of state, carried by the proper officers.

“On prancing steeds they forward press’d,
With scarlet mantle, azure vest,
Each at his trump banner wore,
Which Scotland’s royal scutcheon bore:
Heralds and pursuivants, by name,
Bute, Islay, Marchmont, Rothessay, came,
In painted tabards, proudly shewing,
Gules, argent, or, and azure glowing,
Attendant on a king at arms;
Whose hand the armorial truncheon held,
That feudal strife had often quell’d,
When wildest its alarms.”

After these came the king, supported by several young pages of noble family, and his guards. The procession closed with the chamberlain, master of the horse, and other officers of state. On arriving at the parliament square, or close, as it was called up to a recent period, the party dismounted, and, in a particular order, entered the house. After the king was duly placed in the throne, prayer was said, and the roll called by the lord clerk register, after which the estates proceeded to some preliminary business. A speech from the chancellor closed the proceedings that took place; and after a sermon was delivered by some favourite preacher, the house rose, and the members again remounting their steeds, which were carefully ranked up in the square, the procession returned in much the same manner to Holyroodhouse.

The Scottish parliament, when thus met, set about the national affairs, somewhat in a fashion which was proposed as a novel reform in our House of Commons last session, when, oppressed with talk, it could not get through business, and it was suggested that committees should be appointed to relieve the weight of real parliamentary pressure, while the rest of the members debated the questions.* In Scotland—

“Under the pretence or belief, that the unwieldiness of a body composed of three hundred members, was inimical to the furtherance of

* It was an improvement upon this, and a still newer plan of reform—that there should be two houses, one to talk, and the other to do the business.

public business, or the quick progress of petty bills, it was the business of the estates, on the first or second day of their meeting, to choose a committee composed of delegates from the different ranks in the house, designated the Lords of the Articles. This body of members, which formed the real acting parliament, amounted generally in number to twenty-seven members, which number was divided into three distinct committees of nine. Each committee of nine was again composed of three peers, three bishops or lesser barons, and three commoners. The authority which was conferred upon these lords of the articles, was of the most important character; but each division of the triune body had assigned to it particular duties. The first was invested with the most unlimited authority regarding the admission of public or private bills into the house, which it could either permit to enter or totally reject. The second committee had deputed to it the powers of the estates, with respect to the trial of criminals. The third committee acted as a court in civil cases.

"As most of the lords either secretly owed their elevation to the court, or had held out to them the prospect of preferment on furthering the views of the privy council, the committee acted as a barrier to all free discussion or liberal policy. This form of process in regard to the passing of bills through the Scottish estates, was possibly one of the most effectual systems ever established by a government pretending to be formed upon the representative system, for smothering the voice of the nation, and reducing the parliament to a mere cabinet council. Immediately after the Revolution in 1690, the Lords of the Articles and their mischievous powers were abrogated. It may be mentioned, that, during the civil wars, there was always a standing committee of parliament, which, like the staff of a regiment, remained on duty during the recesses, and on emergencies had the power of calling up the members."

We manage things better now! but truly there was not so huge a fund to plunder from, after all, in those times; and it may be allowed, that for the nibblings of such candle-ends and cheese-parings, the machinery was sufficient; for previous to the Union, the revenue of Scotland was only 110,694*l.*; a sum, too, at least "a third higher than that which half a century before that period had been raised by the state: but the revenue, great as it appeared to the Scotch, was considered by the English as far too mean to entitle it to rank with their highly taxed country; an additional impost of 49,306*l.* was thereupon imposed—thus causing the total revenue to be exactly 160,000*l.*" The wonderful increase of the revenue since that period is a luminous indication of the benefits which have flowed from the measure. In the year 1813 "it had risen to 4,843,229*l.* 12*s.* 11*d.*; from which, if we deduct the expense of management and the moneys paid as drawbacks, jointly amounting to 639,132*l.* 5*s.* 2*d.*, the net revenue contributed to the treasury will be 4,204,097*l.* 7*s.* 9*d.*, being an increase of 4,044,097*l.* 7*s.* 9*d.* since the Union. It is impossible to mention the actual revenue in the present or recent years; as by some new arrangements a great proportion of the taxes are now sent direct from the collectors to the treasury, instead of passing, as formerly, through the Scottish Exchequer. The expense of management in Scotland, as it is now constituted, must be on an extremely moderate scale, and can only consist in the payment of collectors and other civil officers. Since the proclamation of peace in 1815, ex-

cept during the riotous proceedings in the west in 1819, there has not occurred the slightest necessity for the interference of military of any kind in preserving the peace of the country. On an average, since the first-mentioned period, there have been maintained in Scotland 1500 troops; but they are literally of no use whatever—for the civil power is sufficiently competent to quell all disturbances; and therefore they can only be esteemed serviceable in so far as they preserve the forts and barracks from falling into an unprofitable state of decay."

Of the very important point, of the liberty enjoyed by the people, Mr. Chambers takes a striking view.

"At present (he observes), notwithstanding of their strong love of nationality, they scarcely observe that it has evidently for many years been the intention of the government to impair their separate institutions, and reduce the country to the character of an English province. It hardly requires to be noticed, that owing to the complete want of sympathy between the Scottish members of parliament and the people, to whom they ought to be protectors, they do not feel inclined, in opposition to the will of ministers, to retard voluntarily this march of Anglicism. Although many improvements have been effected, it can admit of no question, that the civil liberties of Scotland are still of a much lower tone than those of England. We are aware that this will hardly be allowed by our countrymen; but a studious examination of the representative system, and some of those institutions immediately to be described, is only required to place it beyond the possibility of a doubt. The Scotch, it may be said without partiality, in the same ratio enjoy fully less freedom of action in religious matters than the English; a circumstance which will not have escaped the notice of all who are any way intimate with the manners of the two countries. Although the Kirk of Scotland has long since dropped all interference in the general affairs of the country, still it has left among the people a species of terror of its authority, which has not been meliorated by subsequent events. In some parts of the country its ministers still subject the inhabitants to a personal scrutiny of an inquisitorial nature, which is neither experienced, nor would be permitted by the English. Free religious discussion is likewise at a far lower ebb in Scotland than in England; and it is very seldom that writers can be found so daring as to attack boldly either the governmental or doctrinal positions taken up by the kirk, or scrutinise severely the practices of its clergy. Not but that such might be done with perfect impunity; but the singular national idiosyncrasy above commented on, hangs about the people in religious as well as civil matters, whereby very fallacious propositions have been suffered to remain unchallenged ever since the turbulence of Melville introduced the system of religion into Scotland which at present exists. While the Church of England in no case interferes with the domestic privacy of the people, and may be characterised as the most liberal communion in the great Christian family, it has for centuries been subjected to the most merciless and malicious criticisms, without bestirring itself either to notice or punish those who were discontented with its government, or who endeavoured so openly to bring its canons into contempt. The calm, dignified bearing of the Church of England in the midst of a thousand daily attacks, and the extreme *touchiness* of the Kirk of Scotland and its adherents, present a wide field for discus-

sion, in comparing and judging of the degree of liberty of thought and action separately enjoyed in the nineteenth century by the English and the Scotch.

"There are sixty-six royal burghs in Scotland returning members to parliament; but it must be comprehended that these by no means form the bulk of the Scottish towns; for upon an average there are precisely two for every county, which besides contain many thriving populous towns and villages, possessing no elective franchise, or any privilege whatever. The royal burghs of Scotland are, in many instances, those towns which, having existed longest, and outlived the moving causes of their creation, stand as monuments to the passing traveller of the old and feeble constitution of the nation. Being placed under the control of a cramping and searing authority, unchanging in its features, they remain to this hour—except where some great energetic and neutral [query?] principle has been brought into active operation—in nearly the same stagnating and unimproved condition which distinguished them fifty, an hundred, or five hundred years since. Situated in immediate contiguity with other prosperous towns, divested of the same peculiarities of internal government, they have been left far behind in the race of common improvement, and have apparently settled themselves down in a hopeless state of decay. In travelling athwart this northern kingdom, the stranger will hardly fail to be amused in marking the distinctive peculiarities of many of those antequely fashioned country towns. They are easily to be distinguished by their long, and almost empty single street; their total absence of trade and commercial bustle; the stealthy and demure pace of their few inhabitants; their starting silence; the continual presence on the causeway of two or three of the *conscripti patres* of the place in close confidential discussion upon 'town matters;' by a fragile and impure gaol; and, if the place be maritime, by the choked-up harbour, full of sludge and decayed boats, and altogether oblivious of 'shipping' since about the period of the Darien expedition; by the dilapidated pier, patched, mended, and half washed away, yet forming a prolific source of employment to a 'trades' counsellor;' and, above all, by the agonising proximity of some vulgarly wealthy 'port,' blessed by the absence of all civic government, cruelly thriving on the other's ruins, by its foolish unconstitutional admission of vessels at the natural and proper rates. Such the stranger will find to be the prevailing insignia of a great proportion of the Scottish royal burghs.

"The original cause of the institution of corporated bodies of tradesmen, was the creation of warlike bands for the defence of the royal prerogative; a remuneration for burgh services, such as watching and warding; the encouragement of manufactures; and the protection of the public from articles made by ill-educated artisans. But the first of these objects is now entirely forgotten, and the latter, in consequence of the public being sufficient judges of all kinds of work, has ceased to be of any import. As their members have the chartered right of supplying the citizens with certain articles, this monopoly injures the spirit of improvement, and is otherwise mischievous in its effect. It is nevertheless to be remarked, that in cities which have increased in magnitude, these immunities are now of little avail, inasmuch as the corporations are almost completely circumvented by tradesmen without the liberties. The central parts of these towns are

abandoned principally to the lower classes, and they are left in the possession of privileges scarcely worthy of being exercised.”*

In noticing the Consistory Court, the author quotes the following oath, as a remaining fragment of Catholicism.

“While kneeling, the witness must lay his left hand on an open Bible, and hold up his right. The words he is made to repeat, we believe, are as follow: ‘I hereby renounce all the blessings contained in this Holy Book, and may all the curses therein contained be my portion for ever, if I do not tell the truth; and I swear by Almighty God, as I shall answer to God at the great day of judgment, that I will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so far as I shall know or be asked at me.’”

We purpose, in another paper, to give a few further extracts from this useful and laborious work.

Bernard's Retrospections of the Stage.

(Third notice.)

ONE cheer more, and we relegate these amusing vagabonds (two volumes) into the wide world, where we have no doubt they will make themselves very generally agreeable.

1786-7. At some amateur theatricals young Lawrence is introduced to us in the following manner:—

“One of the minor characters of this performance was supported by young Lawrence the painter, then about seventeen, who was receiving professional instructions, I believe, from a Mr. Hoare, of Bath. On my first visit to Bath, I became acquainted with his father, who had formerly been an actor, and was then an innkeeper at Devizes. The stage, though a relinquished, was his favourite pursuit, and he came to Bath regularly once a-week to pass an evening in the green-room. Here he recounted his early adventures, in connexion with some member of the company, and criticised actors metropolitan and provincial. I could not learn the measure of his own talents, but he certainly deserved the fame he enjoyed of being a most excellent reader. He had a clear, full voice, and gave to Milton and to Shakspeare all their dignity and tenderness. Ability of any kind is seldom unaccompanied with vanity; it is the shadow which is sure to be produced by the sunshine of public favour. Lawrence not only used to entertain his friends at home (round a snug parlour fire) with his ‘readings,’ but, whenever a new play was announced, would come over to Bath, and proffer his services to the actors, to ‘read their parts;’ a kindness which some who intended to sponge at his house would accept, but others of more dignity declined. The wag of the Bath green-room (as indeed he continued to be) was Jonathan Payne, an actor of the true

Joe Miller order—more famous for the good things he said off the stage than on. Payne, however, was of that particular species of humorist who is fond of a practical joke; and the worthy innkeeper presented a notable means for the exercise of his genius. ‘Rosina’ was to be performed, in which Payne was cast one of the rustics. Meeting Lawrence behind the scenes, he told him that he had to play a new part the next night, and should feel extremely obliged if Mr. Lawrence would read it to him. Lawrence bustled up-stairs to his dressing-room (which was that of a dozen others) with the greatest alacrity, and Payne very gravely handed him the part. Lawrence put on his spectacles, and began to con it over. ‘Act I. Scene I. Enter Rustic, O. P.; at end of the song, exit P. S., with group. Scene II. Enter Rustic, P. S., with haymakers. Exit Rustic, with ditto.—Act II. Enter Rustic, O. P. with rustics.—on till the end.’ Lawrence, reading the above aloud with great deliberation and emphasis, involved himself in a mist of surprise, and his hearers in a roar of laughter. Looking up, he then exclaimed, ‘Read your part, Mr. Payne; I don’t perceive you have a word to say.’ ‘No, sir,’ said Payne; ‘for, if I had, I should not have asked you.’ But Lawrence at this time owed all his notoriety to his son ‘Tom,’ a boy of about nine years of age, who exhibited a wonderful precocity of talent in taking likenesses. His father, however, had taught him to read Shakspeare and Milton with considerable effect, and considered his ability in this respect (since it proceeded from himself) of a much higher order than the former, which was natural. Nevertheless, the distinction between the two was, that as a reader ‘little Tom’ was but little Tom—a very clever child, nine years of age, and, as a sketcher of likenesses, he disclosed the rudiments of the future powers of the President. There was something about little Lawrence, however, which excited the surprise of the most casual observer. He was a perfect man in miniature; his confidence and self-possession smacked of one-and-twenty. Lawrence frequently brought his boy to the green-room, and we would set him on a table, and make him recite ‘Hamlet’s directions to the Players.’ On one of these occasions Henderson was present, and expressed much gratification. The little fellow, in return for our civilities and flatteries, was desirous to take our likenesses the first time we came to Devizes; and Edwin and myself afforded him an opportunity soon after, on one of our non-play-day excursions. After dinner, Lawrence proposed giving us a ‘reading,’ as usual; but Tom reminding him of our promise, we preferred a specimen of his talents, as being the most novel. The young artist collected his materials very quickly, and essayed my visage the first. In about ten minutes, he produced a faithful delineation in crayon, which for many years I kept as a curiosity. He next attempted Edwin’s, who, startled at the boy’s ability, resolved (in his usual way) to perplex him. No man had a more flexible countenance than Edwin; it was not only well featured, but well muscled, if I may be allowed the expression, which enabled him to throw over its surface, as on a moral prism, all the colours of expression, minutely blending, or powerfully contrasting. He accordingly commenced his sitting, by settling his face into a sober and rather serious aspect; and when the young artist had taken its outline and come to the eyes, he began gradually but imperceptibly to extend and change it, raising his brows, compressing his lips, and

widening his mouth, till his face wore the expression of brightness and gaiety. Tom no sooner perceived the change than he started in supreme wonder, attributing it to a defect in his own vision. The first outline was accordingly abandoned, and a second commenced. Tom was now more particular, and watched him narrowly; but Edwin, feature by feature, and muscle by muscle, so completely ran what might have been called the gamut of his countenance, (as the various components of its harmony,) that the boy drew, and rubbed out, till his hand fell by his side, and he stood silently looking in Edwin’s face, to discover, if possible, its true expression. Edwin could not long maintain his composure at this scrutiny, and revealed the hoax with a burst of merriment that mimicked thunder.—Little Tom could not take up Shakspeare or Milton and read at random: he had been instructed in particular speeches, and to those he referred. There was one in Milton (‘Satan’s Address to the Sun’) he had been long wishing to learn; but his father, from an apprehension that his mind was yet unequal to its grasp, had passed it over. Tom had listened, nevertheless, whenever the former read it to a friend, and surprised his father not slightly with the news, that he could imitate him. A family in Devizes, who were well known to Lawrence, giving a party one evening, requested the favour of his son’s company for his readings. Lawrence consented; but on condition that Tom was not requested to select other than his own passages. He then cautioned his boy against attempting any thing in which he was not perfect, and particularly this Address of Satan. In the evening, Tom walked to the house, with Milton and Shakspeare under his arms, and was shewn into the company with the utmost attention. When the complimenting, &c. was over, he was asked what recitation he preferred in Milton. He replied, ‘Satan’s Address to the Sun;’ but that his father would not permit him to give it. For that reason, they were particularly eager to hear it, as they wished to discover whether Tom was a mere parrot or a prodigy. His dutiful scruples, however, were not to be overcome till they had promised to obtain his father’s forgiveness. He then turned to the forbidden page, and a written slip of paper dropped from it. A gentleman picked it up, and read it aloud—‘Tom! mind you don’t touch Satan!’ My reader must conceive the effect which the wording of this caution produced on the hearers. Tom, however, did have dealings with Satan, and handled him, as I was informed, with great discretion. As young Lawrence grew up, his Shaksperian readings, and his frequent visits to the theatre, imbued him with a strong dramatic propensity, and about his sixteenth year* he had serious intentions of making the stage his profession. I was now in Bath once more, but with a wonderful improvement in my fame and fortunes. No man could be more favourably situated than myself, (combining private with public advantages,) to give advice or assistance to an aspirant; and the young artist needed no introduction in coming to me for both. I heard him recite Jaffier; and though private recitation, I will admit, is at all times an imperfect criterion, I did not perceive, on this occasion, any evidences of talent he could balance against that which was acknowledged in his present pursuit. I desired him, however, to call on me again, and said that, in the interim, I would speak to Mr. Palmer. In the

* The winter, 1786.

* “The metropolitan incorporations are still excessively strict. They have been left the inheritance of that part of the city, now shunned as a residence by all but the lowest and a few of the middle classes; and on this account they are anxious to make the most of their chartered rights. No carpenter or other tradesman is permitted to be called into the ancient city to do even the smallest piece of work, without paying a fine in proportion to the extent of ‘the job.’ Shoes are allowed to be introduced for sale on market and fair days, generally after a certain hour. In some places the hour is one o’clock, which is marked by the ringing of what is called ‘the shoemakers’ bell.’ At one time the corporation of shoemakers of Edinburgh strictly prohibited the introduction of shoes into the town, except on market days, from the little burgh or barony of Portsburgh, unless the unfree artisans of that place conveyed them in to their customers *hid beneath their aprons.* Prior to the Reformation, each of the incorporations had an altar in the church of St. Giles, dedicated to the service of their patron saint, for the expense of which the members were taxed.”

interim I met his father, and felt myself bound to disclose what had passed. Lawrence had failed in his business at Devizes, and was looking forward to his son's efforts for support. Knowing from experience the precarious fortunes of an actor, and, by this time, the value of his son's talents, he was necessarily alarmed at my intelligence, and begged I would use all my influence in dissuading him from his design. I knew young Lawrence's filial attachment, (which, among his acquaintance, was indeed proverbial,) and I suggested that the best plan would be, to achieve the desired object by a surprise. I appointed Lawrence, therefore, to come to my house the next morning, about twelve, with some friends, and sent word to his son to meet me there half an hour after. I then went to Mr. Palmer, told him the circumstance, and requested his co-operation. He promised it most freely, and agreed to attend the rendezvous at the time appointed. By half-past twelve, the next day, all the parties were assembled: old Lawrence and his friends, in the back-parlour; young Lawrence, Mr. Palmer, and myself, in the front. The manager was no sooner introduced than, with great adroitness, he desired a specimen of young Lawrence's abilities, and took his seat at one end of the room. I proposed the opening speech between Priuli and Jaffier, and one between Jaffier and Belvidera. We accordingly commenced: (I, Priuli; he, Jaffier;) and he proceeded very perfectly, till, in the well-known speech of 'To me you owe her,' he came to the line,

'I brought her—gave her to your despairing arms;
Indeed, you thanked me; but—'

but here Jaffier stammered, and became stationary. I held the book, but would not assist him; and he recommenced and stopped, reiterated and hemmed, till his father, who had heard him with growing impatience, could contain his vexation no longer, but, pushing open the door, thrust in his head, and prompted him to the sentence,

— 'a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul, for from that hour she loved me,
Till for her life she paid me with herself;'

then added, 'You play Jaffier, Tom! D—m me if they'd suffer you to murder a conspirator!' The whole party now made their appearance, and began to remonstrate; when Mr. Palmer, taking young Lawrence by the hand, assured him, in the most friendly manner, that he would do any thing to serve him; but that it was his conviction the latter did not possess those advantages which would render the stage a safe undertaking. This address did not produce an instantaneous effect. It was obvious that the young artist entertained the reverse opinion: a conversation now ensued, in which I, abusing the life of an actor, and other friends painting the prospects of a painter, young Lawrence at length became convinced; but remarked with a sigh, 'that if he could have gone on the stage, he might have assisted his family much sooner than by his present employments.' My reader can appreciate the affection of this sentiment; but I am unable to describe its delivery, or the effect it took upon every person present. Passing over, therefore, the scene which ensued, I will only add, that young Lawrence went away, renouncing his intentions and retaining his friends. It is certainly one of my pleasantest recollections, that, by thus lending my aid to check this early propensity, (which, if encouraged, must have led to a renouncement of the pencil,) I was an agent, however humble

or indirect, in the furtherance of my worthy friend's ultimate prosperity."

Of Mrs. Hunn, the sketch is no less original and interesting.

1791. "The lady that led our tragic business this summer at Plymouth was my old friend Mrs. Reddish, formerly Mrs. Canning, and now Mrs. Hunn. On the decease of her second husband (the tragedian of Drury Lane), she had married a respectable merchant of Plymouth, and retired from the stage; but the latter gentleman's misfortunes in business threw her again on the profession as her only resource. As an actress, the efforts of Mrs. Hunn were more characterised by judgment than genius; but Nature had gifted her in several respects to sustain the matrons. As a friend and a companion, she possessed all the intelligence, with the accomplishment to be desired in a woman, surrounding her talents with the halo of her becoming principles. It was at all times in her domestic, rather than her public character, that Mrs. Hunn secured the public admiration, and met with a patronage which talent might not have obtained. I had peculiar opportunities of seeing this, as well as of noting her great affection for her children. She had two little girls with her (the Miss Hunns) and a son, George Canning, then at Lincoln's-inn, I believe, preparing for the bar. Upon the latter all her hopes rested for the ultimate recompense of her struggles and disappointments—hopes that were singularly realised. I had the pleasure of reading many of his letters to his mother, in which, describing the progress of his studies and his prospects, the enthusiasm of genius was lost in the glow of filial tenderness: his acquirements and his connexions he valued only as the means of enabling him to provide for a mother who, in his person, had made so many sacrifices to revive the character of his father. These letters were Mrs. Hunn's greatest treasures. She read them going to bed, and carried them in her bosom as amulets against the poison of care or despondency. But Mrs. Hunn was not more distinguished by this maternal affection, than a moral courage and a self-possession which are the usual concomitants of sterner and colder dispositions. Upon this point I can give my reader a remarkable proof. Mrs. H., on reaching Plymouth, applied to me to aid her in procuring lodgings, which she required to be on a respectable but economic scale. The only ones I knew of belonged to Symmonds, our carpenter, which were near the theatre, and possessed many conveniences; but some person having reported that the house contained a lodger already, a perturbed and perambulating spirit, other occupants it had latterly wanted. Symmonds, therefore, offered them to Mrs. Hunn for a nominal rent, if she would be the means of putting to silence this unfounded and ruinous rumour. The latter was happy to take them on such easy terms, and said with a smile, that 'it was not the first time she had been concerned in the 'Haunted* House.' On the first evening of her entering these lodgings, after her children were in bed, and the servant was dismissed, she resolved to sit up a few hours, to ascertain whether any sounds or noises were to be heard. What she anticipated in this attempt I cannot say; but it would have been excusable in the wisest of either sex, if in the stillness of that time, and the loneliness of her situation (a book and a pair of candles her only companions), the powers of the imagination received a stimulus to overthrow those of the reason. The carpenter's shop, on the

ground-floor, comprehended the width of the house, and was barred and bolted on the inside. As the workmen made their exit at night through a door which opened into the private passage leading to Mrs. Hunn's apartments, this door was usually left on the latch. About half an hour after Mrs. H. sat down to her book (between eleven and twelve), she actually heard a low but quick noise in the room beneath, as if some one had taken up an extra-sized plane and chipped off the entire side of the carpenter's bench. This was the sounding note to the diabolical chorus to follow: the noise ceased, but soon re-commenced, and rose up with an accompaniment of all the tools in the shop,—a loud and vigorous concert of machinery, from the violoncello-movement of the saw, to the fife-squeaking rasp of the file, kept in tune by the time-beating thump of a heavy axe. It seemed as if all the deceased artificers of the district had assumed their places at the bench, and were executing a piece of carpentry for his infernal majesty. Mrs. Hunn no sooner received this aricular than she determined to have ocular evidence of the fact. Few women in such a situation would have been troubled with their sex's common feeling (or failing)—curiosity; and fewer would have possessed the courage, equally uncommon, to have attempted its satisfaction. Laying down her book, and taking up a candle, she opened the staircase-door and listened; the sounds were still audible, and proceeding from the same quarter. Taking off her shoes, to prevent the slightest alarm, she lightly and cautiously descended the stairs, and placed her hand upon the latch of the shop-door. She assured me that at this moment she heard the sounds as distinctly as in her own apartment, and felt convinced they were produced by human agency. In a second the latch was lifted, the door thrust open, and her head and candle thrust in;—when, lo! all was still and stationary; not a tool was out of its place, and not a carpenter to be seen, spiritual or material. To be assured of the truth, she even entered the shop, walked round the benches, and examined the fastenings of the doors and windows; every thing appeared in order and security. She then returned to her room, doubting the reality of her recollections, when the sounds re-commenced, and continued for about half an hour, till they ceased altogether: she then retired to rest. The next morning, her impressions of the above were seemingly so monstrous, that she resolved to say nothing till the events of another night either set aside or confirmed them. Between eleven and twelve the same noises occurred, and she repeated her experiment, which resulted in the same manner. The next day the landlord and myself were fully acquainted with the matter, and invited to partake in her conviction. I was willing to take her word, but the carpenter was not—he sat up with her the ensuing evening—heard the sounds, and when Mrs. H. prevailed on him to descend the stairs with her, he was so frightened, that, instead of entering the shop, he ran out of the front-door. Mrs. H. was now given the apartments rent-free, and continued to reside in them throughout the summer; the noises occurred every night for about half an hour, till at length they grew so familiar, that she heard them with indifference. 'Habit,' she said to me, 'is second nature, Mr. Bernard: if I didn't hear the carpenters at work every night, I should begin to fear they were coming up stairs!' These are the facts of this truly singular circumstance; they occurred in the knowledge of a hundred persons besides myself: my reader, upon this

* Addison's.

assurance, may account for them as he pleases; all I wish or care to establish is the courageous character of Mrs. Canning."

We find, on looking at our notes, that we must yet give Mr. Bernard *another* cheer more.

Constable's Miscellany, Vol. LVIII. Memoirs of Napoleon. Edinburgh, 1830, Constable and Co.; London, Hurst and Co.

A CONTINUATION (the second volume) of Dr. Memes' valuable translation of Bourrienne: it brings down the history to the date of the coronation at Milan. There is a striking paper in the Appendix—a comparison of Cæsar, Cromwell, Monk, and Buonaparte—in which, anticipating the death of the last, the writer exclaims: "The adherents of a degenerate race will uplift their voices against these warnings; will say that they wish neither assemblies nor emperors; that the lawful king is upon our frontiers. The lawful king! Unfortunate France! scarcely escaped from one revolution, do thy sons invoke a new one? Look at England on the return of Charles II. On all sides blood flowing in streams over her land; men of no note—men of reputation—the philosopher and the warrior—fall beneath the sword of vengeance. Look at Naples; hear the sounds of carnage re-echo through her streets, in her palaces, in her public squares; follow in their flight those exiles whom misery and grief bear beyond sea. Such is your lot, if ever the Bourbons re-ascend that throne whence their own vileness hath driven them. You will have a revolution of other ten years—of twenty years perhaps; and to your children will be transmitted civil war as an inheritance. Frenchmen! such are the perils of the country; each day you are in danger of falling again under the domination of assemblies, under the yoke of the S—, or under that of the Bourbons. Each moment may your tranquillity be snatched away. You sleep upon an abyss! and your sleep is undisturbed! Insensibles!—"

Antediluvian Sketches, and other Poems. By R. Howitt. 12mo. pp. 148. London, 1830. Seeley and Sons.

THERE is a great deal of poetical, and also of good kindly feeling, in this little volume,—one whose pages waken almost poetry in ourselves, and of whose merits we feel inclined to speak in similes; and thus we compare the poet now before us to one of those sweet singing birds which pour forth simple and natural music, redolent of the green leaves and the fresh air. We must own we like the "Antediluvian Sketches" the least in the book: we doubt the advantage of filling up pictures which, though brief, are finished; and it is very difficult to put fitting words into the mouth of Eve, Cain, &c. Let us turn to the pleasant selection of two or three favourites.

I awake, and am alone,

"In youth I know a rich old man,
With riches undefiled;
In heart as noble as a king,
In manners like a child.
Awhile I staid beneath his roof,
And loved it as my own;
But from the dream of such a man
I woke—and was alone.

I fondly thought that worth like his
Should long and late survive,
And in the sleep which grief allowed,
Still deemed he was alive:
I dreamt he came back from the dead,
To friends in triumph shewn;
But from that dream of happiness
I woke—and was alone.

There was a lady in his hall,
Not young, nor fair, but kind,
And I, but one of many, loved
Her loveliness of mind:

Then dwelt she in a distant place

For years, and died unknown:
Even when I dreamt of her return
I woke—and was alone.

Few, very few, I know and prize,
Of thousands whom I see:
Yet these, if these might here remain,
Sufficient were for me.
Death—death is busied with the few,
Who are familiar grown:
That still from life's delightful dreams
I wake—and am alone."

To a Group of Children.

"How glad, how beautiful! you steal
Our hearts into your play,
And with a sweet delusion chase
Life's weariness away.
We gaze, until we fondly deem
You thus will ever be,
A little race, distinct from us,
From man's disquiet free.

We are not light as playful winds,
Nor graceful as the flowers;
And gladness flashes from your eyes,
Whilst sorrow is in ours.

Boys! can you ever grow to men,
War's horrid game to learn?
Girls! must you lonely women be,
Their distant doom to mourn?

A blessed life, a blessed lot,
Should your's be evermore;
The light which gathers round you now,
You send far on before.
Coloured from this your future life
In fancy is as fair:
Alas, alas! ye know it not—
Glad pilgrims unto care."

It is a rare thing to see a whole family so gifted as the family of Howitt; truly their union must be a "musical meeting."

Aldine Edition of the British Poets.—The Poetical Works of William Collins. London, 1830. W. Pickering.

OF the technical part of this volume we have only to repeat the praise we have already most cordially given to the preceding volumes of the Aldine edition: the perfection of printing, beautiful paper, a neat engraving whose subject alone would give it interest, works the most valuable in our literature, and every possible information carefully collected respecting the writers: add to all this, a price infinitely lower than what is affixed to the thousand volumes of poetry which every day appear, and are every day forgotten—are we not justified in saying that Mr. Pickering deserves all the patronage public favour can bestow, and in recommending the immediate purchase of these volumes not only to every library, but to every little bookcase, where a few pretty and favourite volumes are a treasury of great enjoyment, amid more active and worldly avocations? Much novelty cannot be expected from a life with whose outline most of our readers are acquainted; but evident industry has been bestowed in collecting every fragment of information. Not very many remarks of his own are introduced by the author of the prefixed biographical sketch, and the few we do find are neither very original nor very true: for example, in a somewhat common-place complaint of the neglect of genius, he asks, "what would be the fate, if they lived in our own times, of Johnson, Pope, Dryden, Addison?" We do not agree with him in supposing it would be neglect; we cannot but think literary merit never was more thoroughly appreciated, or more entirely rewarded, than in the present day. An author whose works do not succeed in attracting attention, may lay the flattering unction to his soul, that it is the want of public taste, and not his want of merit; but we must say, the unction would indeed be a flattering one. We must not forget to mention, that a very elegant essay, by Sir Egerton Brydges, is also affixed to these poems.

The New Wonderful Magazine and Miscellany of Extraordinary Productions, Events, and Occurrences, in Providence, Nature, and Art. Parts I. II. and III. pp. 144. G. Smeeton. London, 1830. G. Purkiss.

A VERY small publication indeed, published in penny Nos., three making a Part: ye: is the selection of curious matters, consistent with the title, good; and the original notices worthy of even more commendation. We should mention that there are prints with every No.; and the Canadian Giant, who has just left Bond Street, and Boai the Chin-chopper (for our name has been generally adopted), are very clever specimens for a work of this class.

The Child's own Book, illustrated with nearly 300 Engravings by eminent Artists. pp. 630. London, 1830. Alfred Miller; Edinburgh, Constable; Dublin, Milliken.

Is the solid tread of the march of intellect to be heard in vain? Is the reign of utility over; and are fancy, imagination, and fable, again to be admitted into the nursery, that we should be startled with the name of the *Child's own Book*, applied to a selection of fairy tales, and all the olden ornaments of the play-ground? Such is the case before us: we have here, in the form of a pocket-dictionary, some fifty of the productions which delighted the early days of our papas and mammas (not to speak of our own), before mankind became so wise as to think every trifling a serious fault, and to hold every indulgence in abhorrence. It is not ours to decide the quarrel between the *utile* and the *dulce*; we have, certes, no objection to the former; but we do wish that, instead of being proscribed, the world would allow itself a little more of the latter. Of this volume, *all that* need be stated is, that the embellishments are very characteristic and well executed,—a perfect treasure for little folks;—and that the letter-press which they illustrate are the familiar stories of Aladdin, the Forty Thieves, Beauty and the Beast, the Children in the Wood, Cinderella, Goody Two-shoes, Fortunatus, Hop o' my Thumb, Gulliver's Lilliput, King Pippin, Puss in Boots, Philip Quarrel, Robin Hood, Seven Champions, Yellow Dwarf, Valentine and Orson, Whittington and his Cat, and many more of a similar kind. Some juvenile poetry is also to be found; and the whole, done under a female eye, is carefully freed from aught that could offend the delicacy so desirable in childhood. Taken altogether, the *Child's own Book* is the best and most captivating collection of infant mythology and light reading which we have seen.

The Cabinet Album; a Collection of Original and Selected Literature. Pp. 376. London, 1830. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

A DISHONEST appropriation of the labours of others; a species of literary piracy, which presses heavily on an author, who sees another person benefit by his industry and celebrity; whose only title is that of impudent robbery. The preface to this volume is a happy mixture of folly and arrogance. The "collector" takes works, poems, tales, &c. already stamped with public approbation, bearing the first-rate names in our literature, and then "hopes if there is not much to praise, little may be found to censure." Truly the authors whose efforts this modest editor has so unceremoniously appropriated, are much indebted for "his hopes!"

THE FRIENDS' EPISTLE, 1830.

THE yearly meeting of the Society of Friends in London, whence a short address is issued to the body in general, has lately (see notice in *L. G.* of last year) led to these epistles being printed by Howlett and Brimmer in a variety of beautiful forms, such as gold letters on purple and white, or silver letters on crimson. We have not before seen so fine a specimen of the art as that of the gold printing on the white paper. With regard to the subject-matter, it is calm and Christian-like; mentions a separation from the Society in America; and states the charges of the year at above £14,000. The principal moral exhortations are for the mitigation of the criminal code, the abolition of slavery, and the more moderate use of ardent spirits.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ASTRONOMY.

Lunar Eclipse of the 2d of September last.—

The unfavourable state of the atmosphere during the late lunar eclipse furnishes another mortifying instance of our fickle climate. Eclipses of the moon have of late years been particularly baffling, at least this has been the case in the neighbourhood of the metropolis;—the lunar eclipse of the 14th November, 1826, was hidden by dark heavy clouds, which did not allow a momentary glance; the one that occurred Nov. 3, 1827, was concealed by an impenetrable mist, excepting for a very short time before its termination; the eclipse on the morning of the 13th of Sept. of last year, was also unseen, though the bright luminary had travelled through an unclouded sky, from its rising to its passage of the meridian, and thence down the steep of heaven, till the moment of its entering the earth's shadow, when, at the very commencement, the moon was received into a dense bank of clouds which hung over the western horizon. The evening preceding the recent eclipse, the heavens were remarkably clear; the moon appeared as if shining from the pure skies of Italy, and afforded the fairest prospect of the succeeding night being as propitious as the most sanguine astronomer could desire. At the anticipated time (at Deptford) the moon was, from the commencement of the eclipse till its conclusion, either entirely invisible, or seen only at intervals: "like angel-visits, few and far between," even these glimpses were very imperfect, as not for a moment did the moon appear on the dark blue sky. The only observation made was at 10^h 15^m; at which time a portion of the western limb of the moon was distinctly seen to be illuminated—27¹/₄^m after the time predicted for the beginning of total darkness.

It might perhaps be wished by some, that a darker curtain than the fleecy screen that veiled the phenomenon had been drawn over the whole scene, and hidden from view that orb which is emphatically called "the faithful witness in heaven," and which on this occasion bore ample testimony to the variation between astronomical prediction and its fulfilment: it is, however, due to the Nautical Almanac, and other British astronomical works of a similar nature, to state that the times of the phenomena of this eclipse as given by them, agree nearly with those in the *Connaissance des Temps* and *Encke's Berlin Ephemeris*, both of which are deservedly held in the highest estimation. The following will shew the slight variation which exists between each; the difference of longitude in time between Greenwich and the Royal Observatory at Paris having been taken

as 9^h 21^m (9^m 22^s), and that of Greenwich and Berlin 53^h 51^m (53^m 31^s):—

	Nautical Almanac.	Connaissance des Temps.	Encke's Berl. Ephem.
	Reduced to Greenwich time.	Reduced to Greenwich time.	Reduced to Greenwich time.
	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
Beginning of the eclipse	8 50	8 49 ¹ / ₂	8 49 ¹ / ₂
Begin. of total darkness	9 47 ¹ / ₂	9 44 ¹ / ₂	9 47 ¹ / ₂
Middle of total darkness	10 38	10 38	10 37 ¹ / ₂
End of total darkness	11 28 ¹ / ₂	11 26 ¹ / ₂	11 28 ¹ / ₂
End of the eclipse	12 26	12 26 ¹ / ₂	12 25 ¹ / ₂

Deptford.

J. T. B.

MOLECULES.

DR. SCHULTZE, of Carlsruhe, has published a pamphlet containing a detail of observations made by the microscope in investigating the accuracy of Mr. Robert Brown's statement—"that all bodies, organised or unorganised, contain animated particles, having a motion peculiar to themselves; which particles in all bodies are of the same form and size, and have the same motion." Dr. Schultze has arrived at results quite opposite to those of Mr. Brown. He maintains—first, that the motion of the molecules is by no means spontaneous, but is owing to the evaporation of the liquid, and to the imbibition, or to the dissolution of the particles. If they are placed in a liquid which evaporates with difficulty—in oil, for instance—the motion ceases; while it is greatly accelerated in alcohol and ether. By attentively studying these motions, Dr. Schultze has been enabled to distinguish three kinds, arising from three different causes—the first, ascent or descent, produced by the evaporation of the liquid; the second, oscillation, (similar to the supination and pronation of the hand), produced by the successive imbibition of the particles; the third, rotation, produced by the dissolution of the particles in the liquid. 2dly, that, Mr. Brown having advanced that the same particles which he has perceived in the pollen of plants also appear as elementary molecules in all the organs of animals and vegetables, and are the same as those described by Buffon, Needham, Wisberg, Müller, and Edwards,—Dr. Schultze denies the truth of the proposition as it respects organic particles. They differ in form and size, according to the animals, and according to the organs. And the reasoning upon this accords with the facts. For what explanation of the different vital phenomena could we hope to obtain, if these opinions of a complete similarity among all the elementary parts of organised bodies were confirmed by observation? As for the texture of inorganic bodies, in which Mr. Brown professes to have found these molecules as elementary parts, it appears to Dr. Schultze that they are the product of art, and that any degree of size that one chooses may be given them by pulverisation.

There certainly seems reason to believe that, whatever may be the power of our magnifying glasses, we are far from having yet reached the limits at which nature commences her operations.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

WE understand that Sir William Ouseley is preparing for private circulation a catalogue of his manuscripts, in the Persian, Arabic, and other Eastern languages; the number of articles amounting nearly to six hundred: among which are several splendidly illuminated and adorned with paintings; other works of considerable antiquity, and many of the utmost rarity, and on the most interesting subjects. For some of the volumes, singly, the price paid

by former proprietors was equal to fifty, sixty, and even ninety guineas. The importance of this magnificent collection has been known for some years, in consequence of the quotations from various manuscripts given by Sir William Ouseley in the account of his travels; and overtures for the purchase of it have been made by the agents of a continental sovereign; and, more lately, by an English gentleman, desirous of adding these Eastern treasures to his library, which is already one of the most valuable and curious in this country. We trust, however, that, in the first instance, Sir William may offer his collection to some of our great national or academic institutions. We have suffered too many treasures of this description to escape from England, the richest country in the world, but unfortunately destitute of any distinct and sufficient public organ to supply what individual spirit may leave unperformed in regard to such national objects.

THE BYZANTINE HISTORIANS.

THE edition of the Byzantine Historians, publishing at Rome, under the superintendence of M. Niebuhr, goes on rapidly. A new volume has just appeared; containing Dexippus, Eunapius, Petrus Patricius, Priscus, Malchus, Menander, Olympiodorus, Nonnosus, Candid, and Theophanus; and concluding with the panegyrics of Procopius and Priscian. In the preface are some notices of the different historians above-mentioned. Dexippus was equally distinguished as an orator and a historian, and the Athenians erected a statue to him. Military glory also ornamented his career; for he defeated the Heruli, who attacked Athens, and killed three thousand of them. He lived until the reign of Probus. The fragments which remain of him relate to the Scythian war, and to the affairs of Macedonia. Photius speaks highly of his style. Eunapius was born at Sardes in 347, and continued Dexippus's history. It appears by Photius, that he carried it to 404, the year of St. Jerome's banishment. To these historians, as also to Menander, have been united some fragments, discovered in the Vatican by the Abbé Mai. Petrus, born in Thessalonica, distinguished himself at Constantinople in the art of speaking. Justinian entrusted to him several important missions; in the execution of one of which he fell into the power of the King of the Goths, at Ravenna, and remained a prisoner for three years. After having concluded several treaties with the Persians, he finished his long and brilliant career; leaving a son, who followed his steps. Petrus wrote history, but it would be difficult to say where he began. It is presumed that he stopped where Eunapius commenced. Priscus of Thrace wrote eight books on Attila. Neither is it known of him what was the commencement of his history; all that has been remarked is, that he is not cited for any event anterior to 433; and there is reason to believe that he finished at 474, the year at which the history of Malchus commences. The later, born at Philadelphia, in Palestine, carried on at Constantinople the profession of a sophist. He continued Priscus until the year 480, the epoch of the death of the Emperor Leo. His work contains seven books, and comprehends seven years. As for Menander, he continued the history of Agathios, from the invasion of the Huns, repelled by Belisarius in 558, to the end of Tiberius in 582. Of Olympiodorus, Candid, Nonnosus, and Theophanus, all that is known is the little communicated to us by Photius.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities. Illustrated by a Series of Engravings of Ancient Buildings, Street Scenery, &c. with Historical and Descriptive Accounts of each Subject. By John Britton, F.S.A., M.R.S.L., &c. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

WE have repeatedly mentioned this valuable and beautiful publication during its progress. It is now completed, and assumes the appearance of an exceedingly handsome volume; of which it has, with perfect justice, been said, that, "executed at an expense of nearly three thousand pounds, and containing, as it does, such a Series of Illustrations of the Architectural Antiquities of English Cities, drawn and engraved in a style surpassing all preceding specimens, it claims the especial attention of the antiquary, topographer, and artist; and challenges comparison with the very finest works of continental embellishment and literature." As a specimen of Mr. Britton's extent and variety of research, and of the perspicuous and happy manner in which he treats his subject, we will transcribe the commencement of his description of the Picturesque Antiquities of Salisbury.

"The city of New Sarum, or Salisbury, unlike most other English towns, has its origin well defined, and its prominent historic annals duly recorded. Though not honoured with a local historian, there are many scattered evidences of its foundation, rise, and general characteristics. It has nothing Roman, Saxon, or even Nórman, in its early annals; and is therefore contra-distinguished from every other city of the kingdom. Of truly English origin, of unprecedented uniformity in plan and arrangement of parts, with a provision for cleanliness and healthfulness, Salisbury may be considered as peculiarly indigenous, unique, and admirable. While every other city of England has, or had its castle, and claims either a Roman or Saxon origin, we know that New Sarum was commenced under the auspices of a bishop, that it grew up under ecclesiastical, not baronial, power and protection, and that though it was surrounded by fortified walls, it never had a monarchical or baronial fortress. The prefix, *New*, shews that there was an anterior Sarum, which obtained the name of old, when a younger, and a new town was established. Old Sarum, about one mile north of the modern city, was probably at first a British town, and evidently a Roman station and fortress. It subsequently became a seat of Saxon monarchs, and of national councils—a place of sieges and conflicts by the Danes—the see of a bishop, with his chapter; and lastly, at this city, William the Conqueror 'summoned all the estates of England and Normandy to swear allegiance to him, and to introduce one of the most remarkable changes that ever happened' in the English constitution—the establishment of the feudal system. In consequence of disputes, 'of brawles, and sadde blowes,' as Holinshed states, between the clergy and the castillans, or men of war, the bishop and his associates removed their residences to a fertile valley, at the junction of two rivers. There they built houses, and commenced the present magnificent cathedral in the year 1220. A very interesting account of this ceremony, as well as of previous transactions at the old, and others at the new city, were recorded by William de Wanda, the first dean of the church, who lived at the time. From a passage in this record, it is evident

that Salisbury was advanced in buildings and population at that time; for Henry de Bishopston is mentioned as 'governor of the schools in the city of Salisbury.' In October, 1225, an immense concourse of people assembled at the new city, to dedicate three altars in the cathedral, and the bishop entertained several archbishops, bishops, barons, &c. at his palace. At this time the king had a palace at Clarendon, in the vicinity of Salisbury. A fair of eight days' continuance was granted to the church, with a weekly market, and other privileges, by a charter from King Henry the Third, in the eleventh year of his reign, who therein states that he laid the first stone of the cathedral. 'At this period an arrangement was made relative to the disposition of the buildings in the new city. The ground was divided into spaces, or portions, each containing seven perches in length, and three in breadth; and these were again subdivided for the advantage of settlers.' Such was the origin and first establishment of Salisbury; and that it was systematically laid out, and regularly built, may be inferred from the present arrangement of its streets. Differences and contentions, however, arose between the citizens and the prelate; the latter having paramount authority, and the former fancying that they could live and prosper better without ecclesiastical protection or influence. A year's trial convinced them of their error, and they again sought the aid, and became subject to the bishop. In the time of Edward the Second, about 1315, they obtained a license to fortify their city with a rampart and ditch; and from remains of walls, &c. which were standing about half a century back, it is evident that Salisbury was nearly of the same extent at the commencement of the fourteenth century as at the end of the eighteenth."

Of the plates in the earlier portion of the publication we have already spoken. Those in the sixth and closing number are equal, if not superior to their predecessors. Among the most striking are, "The New Inn, Gloucester;" "The Market-Cross, Chichester;" "The Market-Place, with Old Conduit, Wells;" "Apartment in the Palace, Wells;" "The Chapel, &c. in the Vicar's Close, Wells;" "The Ruins in the Bishop's Garden, Norwich;" "The View in Redcliffe Street, Bristol;" and "The Blackfriar's Pulpit, Hereford."

It is deeply to be regretted that Mr. Britton has not been induced to proceed further with so interesting a work, and to apply the same taste and talent to the "ancient castles, monastic edifices, churches, chapels, and mansions, of almost endless diversity, beauty, and grandeur," which still remain unillustrated. The following passage, however, in the "Introduction" to the volume, accounts sufficiently, but painfully, for the discontinuance of his undertaking:

"With the present work, and '*the Cathedral Antiquities*,' now in progress, I propose to terminate my topographical labours; but hope to see the subject taken up by some other person equally zealous in the cause, and better qualified to do it justice. It will further augment my pleasure, to find the public come forward liberally and promptly to patronise such works. If the government of the country, and some of the public institutions which were founded for the encouragement of learning and talent, were to appropriate only a very small portion of their respective funds to reward authors and artists for their labours and expenditure, in bringing forward publications of

sterling worth and merit, it would soon be found that there would neither be a lack of talent, nor of industry. Unfortunately for the literary character, and even for booksellers, the sources now referred to, instead of fostering and encouraging fine and expensive books, levy a tax upon them by the imperious impost of eleven copies. The author of the present volume has been compelled to give—to offer up at the shrine of injustice and extortion—no less than *twelve hundred pounds* worth of his own publications, in the execution of which above FORTY THOUSAND POUNDS have been expended in paying artists, stationers, printers, binders, &c.; and nearly *two thousand pounds more in government duties and taxes!!!*—When will 'literary emancipation' be proclaimed by the English legislature?"

With reference to the last remark, we do most earnestly hope that in the approaching session of Parliament something may be done to diminish this very serious evil. We know that it was one of the liberal and enlightened objects which Mr. Canning had in view, if his valuable life had been prolonged, to attempt to relieve the literature and arts of the country from the heavy burdens by which they are now oppressed.

In the sentiments and wishes with which Mr. Britton concludes his "Introduction," we also cordially concur. They are expressed with a feeling and a force which do him infinite credit.

"After more than thirty years' devotion to the study and illustration of the *Architectural Antiquities of England*, and with an assurance that the subject is replete with amusement on all occasions, and intense interest on many, I will venture to entreat my countrymen, whenever and wherever they have power, to protect the remaining antiquities from further demolition or defacement. Every castle, abbey, cathedral, fine church, and old mansion, is a monument and memento of a former age, and of former persons. They are so many indexes to memorable events, to heroes, statesmen, patriots, and philosophers. Architectural antiquities are objects and evidences of incalculable value and interest; whilst standing—however mutilated—they are indications of the vicissitudes and fluctuations of civilised society: they shew man in his domestic economy, and in his historical relations. The person, therefore, who protects one fine work of antiquity is entitled to the applause of his contemporaries and of posterity; he who destroys, or heedlessly neglects it, deserves the reprobation of the civilised world. As Dr. Stukeley indignantly hung, in graphic effigy, the man who wantonly broke up the vast and wondrous Celtic Temple of Avebury, so every other similar delinquent should be condemned to the literary gibbet. The miserable fanatic who fired York Cathedral is properly incarcerated for life, and thus prevented from doing further public mischief; but there are other fanatics still roaming at large, and permitted to commit devastations on cathedrals and other churches, on castles, old mansions, &c. 'Such men should not be trusted.'"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE MONKS OF OLD.

By the Author of *Richelieu, De l'Orme, &c.*

I ENVY them—those monks of old,—
Their book they read, and their beads they told;
To human softness dead and cold,
And all life's vanity.

They dwelt like shadows on the earth,
Free from the penalties of birth,
Nor let one feeling venture forth
But charity.

I envy them: their cloistered hearts
Knew not the bitter pang that parts
Beings that all Affection's arts
Had linked in unity.

The tomb to them was not a place
To drown the best-loved of their race,
And blot out each sweet memory's trace
In dull obscurity:

To them it was the calmest bed
That rests the aching human head:
They looked with envy on the dead,
And not with agony.

No bonds they felt, no ties they broke,
No music of the heart they woke,
When one brief moment it had spoke,
To lose it suddenly.

Peaceful they lived—peaceful they died;
And those that did their fate abide
Saw Brothers wither by their side
In all tranquillity.

They loved not, dreamed not,—for their sphere
Held not joy's visions; but the tear
Of broken hope, of anxious fear,
Was not their misery.

I envy them—those monks of old;
And when their statues I behold,
Carved in the marble, calm and cold,
How true an effigy!

I wish my heart as calm and still
To beams that fleet, and blasts that chill,
And pangs that pay joy's spendthrift thrill
With bitter usury.*

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

ORIENTAL USAGES AND OPINIONS.

MUSSULMANS prefer fine stones to metal for their seals. Gold, in their opinion, announces the luxury proscribed by Mahomet; and iron is considered by them (but why, nobody knows) a source of impurity and stain. All this, however, does not prevent them from liking to have a great deal of gold coin, or from employing iron in weapons, and in utensils of every description. As for fine stones, they attribute strange virtues to some of them. The ruby, for instance, strengthens the heart, and preserves from the plague and from lightning; the emerald passes for an excellent specific against the bite of vipers; the diamond cures the colic, &c. &c. These ridiculous opinions and prejudices are diffused among all the nations of the East, and form one of a thousand proofs of their profound ignorance. Human figures, or even the figures of animals, are scarcely ever seen on these engraved stones. Mahomet, in imitation of the Jewish legislator, proscribed the representation of all that breathed, of all that had soul. But the Mussulman-artists find means of exhibiting their talent in the ornaments with which they surround the inscriptions in the sometimes rather whimsical embellishments which they adapt to the Arabic letters. They also succeed remarkably well in the representation of plants and flowers, of which the people of the East, as is well known, frame a language as expressive as it is agreeable. The use of seals, rings, and ear-rings, is of the greatest antiquity in the East. The most ancient book in

the Bible proves that, from the time of the patriarchs, the ring was the sign of sovereign power. When Pharaoh delegated to the son of Jacob a large portion of his authority, he placed his ring upon his finger.* Even at the present day, Mussulmans by no means attach their signatures to the most important instruments so frequently as we do: the impress of their seal is equivalent. Instead of figures of animated beings, or heraldic bearings, seals, and in general all engraved stones in the East, bear inscriptions, principally derived from the Koran, but occasionally from some favourite poet.

Mussulmans not being able, without an infraction of the law, to gratify the inclination so natural to the man who indulges in it, of tracing on some solid and durable material the fugitive scenes of life, and even the dreams which fill the imagination;—not being able to express by emblematic figures the thoughts which occupy them most vividly;—it has become necessary that, in order to manifest their ideas, their sentiments, their passions, they should have recourse to writing; however cold and imperfect this mode of communicating with their fellow-creatures must have appeared to men naturally of an ardent and poetical temperament. Inscriptions cover the walls of their mosques; on the outside as well as on the inside. They cover the walls of all the public buildings, of the palaces. Those are particularly celebrated which are found in the magnificent halls, in the baths, or the fountains of the ancient and superb Alhambra; an inimitable structure, the eternal testimony to the genius of the Moors. In the midst of garlands of flowers, and of a multitude of other ornaments, executed with the most refined taste, appear graceful and moral expressions; the most frequent of which is that which a good Mussulman ought to have unceasingly on his lips—"God is great; there is no god but God." The Koran also furnishes the inscriptions which the Mussulmans engrave on their arms, their vases, and their furniture of every kind. These inscriptions announce a lively and constant faith; and such is that of all the followers of Islamism.

Superstition is the inseparable companion of excessive piety. The Mussulmans firmly believe in magic, astrology, and the art of divination by various mysterious processes. The East has always been the cradle of the most absurd creeds. It is thence that they have sallied to invade the world; and, therefore, it is not surprising it is there that still prosper, without opposition, without obstacle, all the fables, all the superstitions, which have so long contributed to the stultification of Europe, and from which we are only just beginning to free ourselves.

The Mussulmans have added many stories to the lives of the personages mentioned in the Bible. They have done more. They have placed among them personages whom the Bible never mentions; and to whom they have attributed adventures, sometimes very singular, and entirely unknown to Jews and Christians. But it would appear that those adventures were universally known in the time of Mahomet, because he alludes to them in the Koran. The Talmud and the books of the Rabbis, the Gospels, false as well as true, which were then circulating in the East, were, no doubt, the sources of all the singular opinions which the people adopted with respect to the Hebrew patriarchs, Jesus Christ, the Vir-

gin Mary, and the Apostles. Mahomet had no interest in destroying those opinions. On the contrary, he supported them as respectable, whenever they were calculated to strengthen the new religious system which he wished to impose upon his country. The result of all this has been a mass of legends, one more silly than another, which remind us of the "Thousand and One Nights." We will quote a few from the number:—

Adam is with Mussulmans, as with Jews and Christians, the first man, the father of the human race. But they do not believe that after he was driven out of Paradise he had Eve to console him a little under so heavy an affliction. The angel of the Lord threw Adam into the island of Ceylon, while Eve was banished to the shores of the Red Sea. It was not until two hundred years afterwards that God, affected by their tears, consented to reunite them in the neighbourhood of Mecca. Adam was also a prophet. He had on his forehead the luminous beam, which afterwards sparkled on the forehead of Moses.

After Noah, whose history they have not much disfigured, the Mussulmans speak of two prophets not mentioned in the Bible;—Houd and Saleh. The one went to preach the faith to some Arabs; giants, if ever there were any; for the least of them measured sixty cubits. But they refused to believe in the one God whom he came to announce to them. Saleh went into a valley of Arabia to preach to a tribe of wicked Arabs, who mocked him. In vain, to convince them by a miracle, did he cause a camel, ready to foal, to come out of a mountain. They killed the camel and its young.

But the patriarch whose life they seem to have taken most pleasure in loading with fables was Abraham, whom they call Ibrahim, and who is held by them in great veneration. According to the Koran and its commentators, at the age of fifteen months, Abraham was as stout as a youth of fifteen years; and he could maintain himself at a small expense, for he had nothing to do but to suck his fingers. From one he drew exquisite milk; from another the most delicious honey. Subsequently, he went to preach to the inhabitants of Babylon; but Nimrod, their king, threw him on a funeral pile, which was immediately changed into a parterre of roses.

As for another patriarch, not less celebrated, Joseph, or as the Mussulmans pronounce it, Joussof, they have also embellished his history, already so interesting in the Bible, with various romantic occurrences. According to them, Joseph was so handsome, that no woman could see him without falling in love with him; which is some excuse for the extreme passion conceived for him by Potiphar's wife, whose name is not given in the Bible, but whom the Mussulmans call Zoleikha. As they talked scandal about her in Egypt, and as the ladies of the country disapproved especially of her having given her heart to a slave, she invited a party of them to come and eat pomegranates with her. The ladies were all at table when Joseph made his appearance; and were so dazzled and agitated by his beauty, that, not knowing what they were about, they cut their fingers, instead of the pomegranates!—*Monumens Arabes, Persans, et Turcs, du Cabinet de M. le Duc de Blacas.*

DRAMA.

ENGLISH OPERA, ADELPHI.

ON Thursday night, the *Irish Girl*, written by Mr. Ryan, was produced at this theatre; and,

* This pathetic poem was written on a melancholy occasion; the author having visited an old monastic church on the Continent to bury a beloved infant.—*Ed. L. G.*

* "And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand."—*Genesis*, xli. 42.

thanks to the exquisite acting of Miss Kelly, was not only received with great delight, but gave assurance of a popular run to the end of the season. It ought to be performed every night, were it for no other reason but to allow the public to witness (as many as can at one time in so small a theatre) this beautiful piece of histrionic art; of which, to say it is equal to the highest preceding effort of this matchless actress, is merely to render a just tribute to perfect excellence. In itself the piece has no claims to eulogy: it is made by Miss Kelly, who is, however, well supported by Miss H. Cawse, and the rest of the dramatic corps.

Mr. Arnold will, we believe, certainly be enabled to open on the 1st of July next year, in his own *new* theatre, on the improved site, the corner of the new street crossing the Strand from Wellington Bridge. What lover of music or the drama is there who does not wish him every success?

VARIETIES.

Pharos.—The first light-house was constructed by Ptolemy in Egypt on the Isle of Pharos, from which they derive also their name in modern languages. It is said that this building cost 800 talents.

Bicephalous Calf.—At the last sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire read a report relative to a bicephalous calf, which was born in the Cantal, and which resembled precisely, as to the mode of junction, &c. the double girl, Ritta-Christina, who died in Paris.

Aerostation.—In America, M. Genet and his coadjutors, and in France three rivals, Messrs. Dupuis-Delcourt, Chabrier, and Vallot, are all busily engaged in the construction of machines for travelling in the air; and are all equally sanguine as to the result! Of course, the nature of their respective inventions has not transpired.

Medal.—A beautiful bronze medal has been struck at Paris, bearing on one side, "The French People to the English Nation. Paris, 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, 1830;" and on the other, emblems of liberty, with the words, "Peace and Liberty—all mankind are brothers." It is admirably executed; and large numbers have been purchased in France for presents to the English residents.

Bon-Mot.—Sir George Smart was much startled and alarmed by the sudden flash of lightning which broke through our storm on Monday afternoon; which Bartley happening to mention in the green-room of the Adelphi in the evening, Peake, with his ever-ready wit, rejoined, that he was not surprised at Sir George's fright, as he was aware he was a conductor.

The "New York American" paper records the death of Mr. Oliver, a medical student, who was drowned at Trenton Falls, while shewing them to "several young female friends," the party consisting of his sister, his *uncle*, and two cousins.

Light.—M. Morel, a French naturalist, has presented the Paris Academy of Sciences a work on the influence of light, in which he shews that the animalculæ common to water in which vegetable or animal matter is in maceration, would not be developed in the absence of light, which is absolutely essential to their existence.

Paris.—At the last sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Larrey, the principal surgeon of the military hospital of Gros Caillone, read an interesting report of the wounded in the affairs of the 27th, 28th, and 29th July, who

had come under his treatment. Among other facts, the report stated that the fragments of marble, and the small pebbles with which the people had, for want of balls, loaded their guns, had caused more serious wounds than leaden balls would have inflicted: and that many of the wounds in the extremities had produced lock jaw, which proved fatal.

At the last sitting of the Institute of France, it was announced that the adjudication of the prize for the best essay on the political state of the Greek cities of Europe, and the islands of Asia Minor, from the commencement of the second century before our era, to the establishment of the empire of Constantinople, was postponed till 1831, none of the essays on the subject having been thought worthy of reward. —At the same sitting it was announced that a gold medal worth 1,500 francs will be given for the best critical essay on the passages relative to the person and doctrines of Pythagoras, which are to be found in the writers of antiquity, for the purpose of distinguishing, as much as possible, what belongs to the history and mode of teaching of that philosopher. Two other gold medals, of similar value, are promised for next year; one for an essay on the changes which have taken place during the middle ages in ancient geography, and the other on the history of the decline and fall of Paganism in the provinces of the Empire of the West, from the time of Constantine. The precise form of the announcements may be seen in the *Moniteur* of the 6th of September.

Literature, &c.—The King of the French, Louis Philip, has given instructions to a distinguished *littérateur* to obtain for him a correct list of all the literary and scientific bodies in Europe, with a precise account of their charitable institutions, in order that he may subscribe to those which he considers the most deserving of support. It is stated, that at present the king bestows nearly one million of francs per annum, directly or indirectly, in the encouragement of literature and science; and that he insists upon each of his children patronising works of art to an extent justified by the pecuniary means which he has placed at their disposal.

Gas.—There is no doubt that the late Mr. F. A. Winsor was the first who applied gas to the lighting of streets and cities; but to J. J. Becher, a native of Germany (born at Spire 1635, and who died in London 1685), belongs the discovery of extracting gas from coals. He was at that time a very clever chemist, and occupied himself a great deal with the theory of combustion.

Method of destroying Locusts.—The *Journal des Connaissances Usuelles* gives a method of catching locusts, by means of a sort of drag-net, formed of two sheets, from which they may be shaken into boiling water, and destroyed. It also states that they then become red, and will afford excellent food for pigs or chickens.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXXVII. Sept. 11.*]

In addition to our literary news of last week, we may mention, that besides the new *Tales of a Grandfather*, Sir Walter Scott is engaged upon a romance, the name of which is to be Robert of Paris.

Captain Basil Hall has on the anvil *Fragments of Voyages and Travels in various Parts of the World*: a work in three small volumes, intended for young persons.

The Edinburgh Encyclopædia is at last completed; and we regret to hear from that good city, that the Editor and Proprietors have gone to loggerheads about the Preface.

M. Virginius Soncini (the author of a History of Sweden) has lately published at Milan a translation into Italian of Othello and Macbeth, with explanatory notes.

He intends bringing out a version of four more tragedies from Shakespeare.

The *Philosophy of Sleep*, by Mr. Macnish, is nearly ready.—A Gaelic Song Book, by Mr. Munroe of Cardell; and the Practical Baker and Confectioner's Assistant, by John Turcan, Operative Baker, are announced.—Sixteen Nos. of a Gaelic Journal, conducted by Dr. M'Leod, with the assistance of other Celtic scholars, have been published in the Highlands; and Gaelic Sermons, under the superintendence of Dr. Dewar, are also published monthly along with the Journal.—The Book of Private Prayer, compiled for the use of Members of the United Church of England and Ireland.—A little poem on the French Revolution of 1830, by Thomas Haynes Bayly, Esq.; illustrated by woodcuts from designs by George Cruikshank.—The British Herald, or Cabinet of Armorial Bearings of the Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain and Ireland, from the Earliest Period; with a History of Heraldry, by Thomas Rolson.—A Manual of Prayers, in easy language, for every Day in the Week, by the Rev. J. Topham.—The Poetical Works of the late Dr. F. Sayers, and a Life, by W. Taylor, of Norwich.—A novel called Basil Barrington and his Friends, will very shortly make its appearance.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Fenn's Sermons, 8vo. 9s. bds.—Chatfield's *Measurer*, royal 8vo. 8s. bds.—*Economy of the Mouth and Teeth*, 18mo. 4s. bds.—*Walks about Town*, 18mo. 1s. sewed.—*Whole Art of Dress*, 18mo. 5s. bds.—*Topham's Manual of Prayers*, 18mo. 1s. sheep; 1s. 6d. roan.—*Easy and Familiar Sermons for Children*, by a Lady, 18mo. 3s. bds.—*M'Bean's Poems*, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—*Rev. J. Hordern's Sermons*, 8vo. 5s. bds.—*Rev. John Miller's Sermons*, 8vo. 12s. bds.—*Twelve Designs for the Costume of Shakespeare's Richard III.* 4to. coloured, 12s.—*Pinell's Carnival of Rome*, 1830, 4to. 10s. 6d.—*Sir J. Reynolds's Works*, containing 312 engravings, 4 vols. folio, prints, 42s.; proofs, 63s.—*Rumsey's Wycombe Corporation Case*, 8vo. 12s. bds.—*Greenwood's New Forgery Act Statutes*, 12mo. 1s. bds.—*France in 1829-30*, by Lady Morgan, 2 vols. 8vo. 12. 11s. 6d. bds.—*Byron's Cain*, with Notes by Harding Grant, crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—*Hermann on Greek Metres*, Abridged and Translated by Seager, 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.. 2	From 41. to 69.	30.14 to 29.94
Friday... 3	— 50. — 65.	29.79 — 29.78
Saturday.. 4	— 51. — 68.	29.83 Stationary
Sunday... 5	— 48. — 64.	29.66 to 29.65
Monday... 6	— 50. — 59.	29.58 — 29.46
Tuesday.. 7	— 50. — 62.	29.64 — 29.74
Wednesday 8	— 50. — 62.	29.38 — 29.35

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing. Alternately clear and cloudy; frequent and, at times, heavy showers of rain; at half-past four, on the afternoon of the 6th, a vivid flash of lightning, followed immediately by a clap of thunder of considerable sound.

Rain fallen, $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch.
Meteor.—On the evening of Sunday, the 5th instant, the northern part of our hemisphere was visited by an uncommonly brilliant meteor, differing from the ordinary appearance of these phenomena;—very much resembling the memorable one of November 13th, 1803, noticed by Dr. Fiminger in the *Philosophical Transactions* for December. It first appeared at about ten minutes before eight, near the head of Perseus, passing from thence through the southern part of Camelopardalis to rather more than one degree beyond α Capella; where it became invisible, from the intervention of a dense nimbus: the extent of the track through which it remained visible was about 20°, which was described by the meteor in the space of four seconds: the diameter of the larger ball was about one-tenth of that of the moon, and of a brilliancy equal to that of Venus at her greatest elongation; it appeared round, and well defined in every part, except that opposite to the direction in which the meteor was moving, where it was mingled with three smaller balls of a beautiful dark green and blue colour; it had also a train the whole length of its path, viz. 20°, equal in brilliancy to that of a very fine rocket, for which it was at first taken by several who were so fortunate as to observe it.
 Edimonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
 Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
 Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To T. P.: certainly not: the thing is too contemptible. We have no means of answering H. D. F. exactly: by the statement made to us, we would say, from fifteen to twenty thousand.

W.'s Maria is consigned to oblivion: the subject has been too often repeated.

We thank W. E. T., and think well of his talents; but we must decline the series of Sketches so obligingly offered.

We are not aware of any publication which would, perhaps, exactly suit A. Z. An abridgment of *Burdwell's* well-known treatise may be had at Laurie's, in Fleet Street. It is, we believe, entitled, the *Art of Painting in Oil Colours*, and contains much useful information. A. Z. may also consult with advantage *Pinnock's Catechism on Art*.

ERRATUM.—In our last No., page 579, column 3, line 49, for "monstrous," read "monotonous."

ADVERTISEMENTS, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

The Medical Classes will Open on Friday the 1st of October. The Council have sanctioned a new division of the Mr. Hill will still teach Physiology, illustrating that Science by continual reference to the pieces of Anatomy, and thus combining the knowledge of Structure with that of the Properties of Life.

- Anatomy—Mr. G. S. Pattison and Mr. J. R. Bennett. Fee 7l.; or for the First Division, 4l.; and for the Second, 2l. Physiology—Mr. Charles Bell. Fee 3l. Anatomical Demonstrations—Mr. J. R. Bennett and Mr. R. Quain. Fee 6s.; or 3l. for each division. Nature and Treatment of Diseases—Dr. Conolly. Fee 4l.; or 3l. for each division. Surgery and Clinical Surgery—Mr. Charles Bell. Fee 4l.; or for each division 2l. Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children—Dr. D. D. Davis. Fee 5s.; first division 3s.; second division 2s. Medical Jurisprudence—Dr. J. Gordon Smith. Fee 4l.; or for each division 2s.

On Friday the 1st of October, at Three o'clock precisely, Dr. Conolly will deliver a General Introductory Lecture, for which Tickets of admission may be obtained at this Office.

By order of the Council, THOMAS COATES, Clerk.

September 2, 1830.

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The extended and improved Course of Chemical Lectures and Demonstrations for Medical and General Students, delivered in the Laboratory of this Institution, by Mr. Brande and Mr. Faraday, will commence this season on Tuesday, the 5th of October, at Nine in the Morning, and be continued on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at the same hour.

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Contents.—I. Life of Richard Bentley, D.D. By J. H. Monk, D.D.—II. The Silent Member, No. 6.—Six Weeks of a New Reign—III. The Shepherd Post of the Alps. By Mrs. Hemans.—IV. Passages from the Poetry of a late Physician. Chap. 2. Cancer, the Dentist and the Comedian, a Notar's Deathbed, preparing for the House, Duelling.—V. Narrative of the Proceedings of the Russian Mission to Persia, from 20th December, 1829, to 11th Feb. 1830.—VI. Jocke Taittis Expedition till Hell. Compitit brece Master Houge.—VII. The Hour of Thought. By Delta.—VIII. A Day at Winterton.—IX. A New Reign.—X. French Revolution.—XI. Promotions, Births, Marriages, &c.

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No. 713.—AMERICAN EDITION.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1830.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Demonology and Witchcraft. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. *The Family Library, No. XVI.* 12mo. pp. 402. London, J. Murray.

WE are very angry with you, friend Murray, for publishing (next Tuesday) this delightful volume in September. Why not about Christmas and the fire-side months, when it would indeed most charmingly entertain the family groups now scattered about at watering-places, in country quarters, and on tours of pleasure? But you reply to us, "Winter will soon be here, with all its evening socialities; and, Mr. Reviewer, such a book, from such a pen, will last, not only through the approaching season, but through many a long year, and be the familiar of the domestic circle, both for amusement and information, while such agreeable reading is acceptable to the world." We must confess the truth of this; and though it is a bookseller's puff, we cheerfully give it a place in our columns, and heartily join in the sentiment.

The subject was one, from the treatment of which by Sir Walter Scott we certainly anticipated matter of much interest: nor have our expectations been disappointed. The tinge of superstition which has been supposed to colour some of his admirable fictions, is indeed lowered in tone, if not altogether obliterated, in this graver view; but what the imagination loses is amply compensated by what the understanding gains. Well-accredited stories of witch, and ghost, and fairy, vanish before the light of reason; but still this is not a dry, march-of-intellect refutation of olden beliefs—on the contrary, it is as responsive and dear to the fancy, as if every tale it tells had confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ. It is, truly, the easy production of a mind so richly stored that it pours out treasures on every theme; and, in short, is just such a volume as ought to have come from such a source, to add popularity to the series of such a publication.

The form assumed is that of Ten Letters, addressed to the author's able and accomplished friend and son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart; and the first letter says:—

"As my information is only miscellaneous, and I make no pretensions, either to combat the systems of those by whom I am anticipated in consideration of the subject, or to erect any new one of my own, my purpose is, after a general account of Demonology and Witchcraft, to confine myself to narratives of remarkable cases, and to the observations which naturally and easily arise out of them; in the confidence that such a plan is, at the present time of day, more likely to suit the pages of a popular miscellany, than an attempt to reduce the contents of many hundred tomes, from the largest to the smallest size, into an abridgement, which, however compressed, must remain greatly too large for the reader's powers of patience. A few general remarks on the nature of demonology, and the original cause of the almost universal belief in communication

betwixt mortals and beings of a power superior to themselves, and of a nature not to be comprehended by human organs, are a necessary introduction to the subject. The general, or, it may be termed, the universal, belief of the inhabitants of the earth in the existence of spirits separated from the encumbrance and incapacities of the body, is grounded on the consciousness of the Divinity that speaks in our bosoms, and demonstrates to all men, except the few who are hardened to the celestial voice, that there is within us a portion of the divine substance, which is not subject to the law of death and dissolution, but which, when the body is no longer fit for its abode, shall seek its own place, as a sentinel dismissed from his post. Unaided by revelation, it cannot be hoped that mere earthly reason should be able to form any rational or precise conjecture concerning the destination of the soul when parted from the body; but the conviction that such an indestructible essence exists, the belief expressed by the poet in a different sense, *Non omnis moriar*, must infer the existence of many millions of spirits, who have not been annihilated, though they have become invisible to mortals, who still see, hear, and perceive, only by means of the imperfect organs of humanity. Probability may lead some of the most reflecting to anticipate a state of future rewards and punishments; as those experienced in the education of the deaf and dumb find that their pupils, even while cut off from all instruction by ordinary means, have been able to form, out of their own unassisted conjectures, some ideas of the existence of a Deity, and of the distinction between the soul and body—a circumstance which proves how naturally these truths arise in the human mind. The principle that they do so arise, being taught or communicated, leads to further conclusions. *These spirits, in a state of separate existence, being admitted to exist, are not, it may be supposed, indifferent to the affairs of mortality, perhaps not incapable of influencing them.* It is true, that, in a more advanced state of society, the philosopher may challenge the possibility of a separate appearance of a disembodied spirit, unless in the case of a direct miracle, to which, being a suspension of the laws of nature, directly wrought by the Maker of these laws, for some express purpose, no bound or restraint can possibly be assigned. But under this necessary limitation and exception, philosophers might plausibly argue, that, when the soul is divorced from the body, it loses all those qualities which made it, when clothed with a mortal shape, obvious to the organs of its fellow men. The abstract idea of a spirit certainly implies, that it has neither substance, form, shape, voice, or any thing which can render its presence visible or sensible to human faculties. But these sceptic doubts of philosophers on the possibility of the appearance of such separated spirits, do not arise till a certain degree of information has dawned upon a country, and even then only reach a very small proportion of reflecting and better-informed members of

society. To the multitude, the indubitable fact, that so many millions of spirits exist around and even amongst us, seems sufficient to support the belief that they are, in certain instances at least, by some means or other, able to communicate with the world of humanity. The more numerous part of mankind cannot form in their mind the idea of the spirit of the deceased existing, without possessing or having the power to assume the appearance which their acquaintance bore during his life, and do not push their researches beyond this point."

On these broad data (including the remarkable opinion we have pointed out by italics), the author proceeds with the task thus sketched out; but previous to entering upon details, we beg leave to quote another curious passage, at the close of the same letter (I.):—

"I have now (says Sir Walter) arrived, by a devious path, at the conclusion of this letter, the object of which is to shew, from what attributes of our nature, whether mental or corporeal, arises that predisposition to believe in supernatural occurrences. It is, I think, conclusive, that mankind, from a very early period, have their minds prepared for such events by the consciousness of the existence of a spiritual world, inferring in the general proposition the undeniable truth, that each man, from the monarch to the beggar, who has once acted his part on the stage, continues to exist, and may again, even in a disembodied state, if such is the pleasure of Heaven, for aught that we know to the contrary, be permitted or ordained to mingle amongst those who yet remain in the body. The abstract possibility of apparitions must be admitted by every one who believes in a Deity, and his superintending omnipotence. But imagination is apt to intrude its explanations and inferences founded on inadequate evidence. Sometimes our violent and inordinate passions, originating in sorrow for our friends, remorse for our crimes, our eagerness of patriotism, or our deep sense of devotion—these or other violent excitements of a moral character, in the visions of night, or the rapt ecstasy of the day, persuade us that we witness, with our eyes and ears, an actual instance of that supernatural communication, the possibility of which cannot be denied. At other times, the corporeal organs impose upon the mind, while the eye, and the ear, diseased, deranged, or misled, convey false impressions to the patient. Very often both the mental delusion and the physical deception exist at the same time; and men's belief of the phenomena presented to them, however erroneously, by the senses, is the firmer and more readily granted, that the physical impression corresponded with the mental excitement."

The following strange story of a fatal delusion illustrates one of the cases shewn to be favourable to superstition:—

"Of the friend (says Sir Walter) by whom the facts were attested, I can only say, that if I found myself at liberty to name him, the rank which he holds in his profession, as well as his attainments in science and philosophy, form an

undisputed claim to the most implicit credit. It was the fortune of this gentleman to be called in to attend the illness of a person now long deceased, who in his life-time stood, as I understand, high in a particular department of the law, which often placed the property of others at his discretion and control, and whose conduct, therefore, being open to public observation, he had for many years borne the character of a man of unusual steadiness, good sense, and integrity. He was, at the time of my friend's visits, confined principally to his sick-room, sometimes to bed, yet occasionally attending to business, and exerting his mind, apparently with all its usual strength and energy, to the conduct of important affairs intrusted to him; nor did there, to a superficial observer, appear any thing in his conduct, while so engaged, that could argue vacillation of intellect, or depression of mind. His outward symptoms of malady argued no acute or alarming disease. But slowness of pulse, absence of appetite, difficulty of digestion, and constant depression of spirits, seemed to draw their origin from some hidden cause, which the patient was determined to conceal. The deep gloom of the unfortunate gentleman—the embarrassment, which he could not conceal from his friendly physician—the briefness and obvious constraint with which he answered the interrogations of his medical adviser, induced my friend to take other methods for prosecuting his inquiries. He applied to the sufferer's family, to learn, if possible, the source of that secret grief which was gnawing the heart and sucking the life-blood of his unfortunate patient. The persons applied to, after conversing together previously, denied all knowledge of any cause for the burden which obviously affected their relative. So far as they knew—and they thought they could hardly be deceived—his worldly affairs were prosperous; no family loss had occurred which could be followed with such persevering distress; no entanglements of affection could be supposed to apply to his age, and no sensation of severe remorse could be consistent with his character. The medical gentleman had finally recourse to serious argument with the invalid himself, and urged to him the folly of devoting himself to a lingering and melancholy death, rather than tell the subject of affliction which was thus wasting him. He specially pressed upon him the injury which he was doing to his own character, by suffering it to be inferred that the secret cause of his dejection and its consequences, was something too scandalous or flagitious to be made known, bequeathing in this manner to his family a suspected and dishonoured name, and leaving a memory with which might be associated the idea of guilt, which the criminal had died without confessing. The patient, more moved by this species of appeal than by any which had yet been urged, expressed his desire to speak out frankly to Dr. ——. Every one else was removed, and the door of the sick-room made secure, when he began his confession in the following manner:—'You cannot, my dear friend, be more conscious than I, that I am in the course of dying under the oppression of the fatal disease which consumes my vital powers; but neither can you understand the nature of my complaint, and manner in which it acts upon me, nor, if you did, I fear, could your zeal and skill avail to rid me of it.' 'It is possible,' said the physician, 'that my skill may not equal my wish of serving you; yet medical science has many resources, of which those unacquainted with its powers never can form an

estimate. But until you plainly tell me your symptoms of complaint, it is impossible for either of us to say what may or may not be in my power, or within that of medicine.' 'I may answer you,' replied the patient, 'that my case is not a singular one, since we read of it in the famous novel of *Le Sage*. You remember, doubtless, the disease of which the Duke d'Olivarez is there stated to have died?' 'Of the idea,' answered the medical gentleman, 'that he was haunted by an apparition, to the actual existence of which he gave no credit, but died, nevertheless, because he was overcome and heart-broken by its imaginary presence.' 'I, my dearest doctor,' said the sick man, 'am in that very case; and so painful and abhorrent is the presence of the persecuting vision, that my reason is totally inadequate to combat the effects of my morbid imagination, and I am sensible I am dying, a wasted victim to an imaginary disease.' The medical gentleman listened with anxiety to his patient's statement, and for the present judiciously avoiding any contradiction of the sick man's preconceived fancy, contented himself with more minute inquiry into the nature of the apparition with which he conceived himself haunted, and into the history of the mode by which so singular a disease had made itself master of his imagination, secured, as it seemed, by strong powers of the understanding, against an attack so irregular. The sick person replied by stating that its advances were gradual, and at first not of a terrible or even disagreeable character. To illustrate this, he gave the following account of the progress of his disease. 'My visions,' he said, 'commenced two or three years since, when I found myself from time to time embarrassed by the presence of a large cat, which came and disappeared I could not exactly tell how, till the truth was finally forced upon me, and I was compelled to regard it as no domestic household cat, but as a bubble of the elements, which had no existence, save in my deranged visual organs, or depraved imagination. Still I had not that positive objection to the animal entertained by a late gallant Highland chieftain, who has been seen to change to all the colours of his own plaid, if a cat by accident happened to be in the room with him, even though he did not see it. On the contrary, I am rather a friend to cats, and endured with so much equanimity the presence of my imaginary attendant, that it had become almost indifferent to me; when within the course of a few months it gave place to, or was succeeded by, a spectre of a more important sort, or which at least had a more imposing appearance. This was no other than the apparition of a gentleman-usher, dressed as if to wait upon a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a Lord High Commissioner of the Kirk, or any other who bears on his brow the rank and stamp of delegated sovereignty. This personage, arrayed in a court dress, with bag and sword, tamboured waistcoat, and chapeau-bras, glided beside me like the ghost of Beau Nash; and whether in my own house or in another, ascended the stairs before me, as if to announce me in the drawing-room; and at some times appeared to mingle with the company, though it was sufficiently evident that they were not aware of his presence, and that I alone was sensible of the visionary honours which this imaginary being seemed desirous to render me. This freak of the fancy did not produce much impression on me, though it led me to entertain doubts on the nature of my disorder, and alarm for the effect it might produce upon my intellects.

But that modification of my disease also had its appointed duration. After a few months, the phantom of the gentleman-usher was seen no more, but was succeeded by one horrible to the sight, and distressing to the imagination, being no other than the image of death itself—the apparition of a *skeleton*. Alone, or in company,' said the unfortunate invalid, 'the presence of this last phantom never quits me. I in vain tell myself a hundred times over that it is no reality, but merely an image summoned up by the morbid acuteness of my own excited imagination, and deranged organs of sight. But what avail such reflections, while the emblem at once and presage of mortality is before my eyes, and while I feel myself, though in fancy only, the companion of a phantom representing a ghastly inhabitant of the grave, even while I yet breathe on the earth? Science, philosophy, even religion, has no cure for such a disorder; and I feel too surely that I shall die the victim to so melancholy a disease, although I have no belief whatever in the reality of the phantom which it places before me.' The physician was distressed to perceive, from these details, how strongly this visionary apparition was fixed in the imagination of his patient. He ingeniously urged the sick man, who was then in bed, with questions concerning the circumstances of the phantom's appearance, trusting he might lead him, as a sensible man, into such contradictions and inconsistencies as might bring his common sense, which seemed to be unimpaired, so strongly into the field, as might combat successfully the fantastic disorder which produced such fatal effects. 'This skeleton, then,' said the doctor, 'seems to you to be always present to your eyes?' 'It is my fate, unhappily,' answered the invalid, 'always to see it.' 'Then I understand,' continued the physician, 'it is now present to your imagination?' 'To my imagination it certainly is so,' replied the sick man. 'And in what part of the chamber do you now conceive the apparition to appear?' the physician inquired. 'Immediately at the foot of my bed; when the curtains are left a little open,' answered the invalid, 'the skeleton, to my thinking, is placed between them, and fills the vacant space.' 'You say you are sensible of the delusion,' said his friend; 'have you firmness to convince yourself of the truth of this? Can you take courage enough to rise and place yourself in the spot so seeming to be occupied, and convince yourself of the illusion?' The poor man sighed, and shook his head negatively. 'Well,' said the doctor, 'we will try the experiment otherwise.' Accordingly, he rose from his chair by the bedside, and placing himself between the two half-drawn curtains at the foot of the bed, indicated as the place occupied by the apparition, asked if the spectre was still visible? 'Not entirely so,' replied the patient, 'because your person is betwixt him and me; but I observe his skull peering above your shoulder.' It is alleged, the man of science started on the instant, despite philosophy, on receiving an answer ascertaining, with such minuteness, that the ideal spectre was close to his own person. He resorted to other means of investigation and cure, but with equally indifferent success. The patient sunk into deeper and deeper dejection, and died in the same distress of mind in which he had spent the latter months of his life; and his case remains a melancholy instance of the power of imagination to kill the body, even when its fantastic terrors cannot overcome the intellect of the unfortunate persons who suffer under them. The patient, in the present case,

sunk under his malady; and the circumstances of his singular disorder remaining concealed, he did not, by his death and last illness, lose any of the well-merited reputation for prudence and sagacity which had attended him during the whole course of his life."

While we are in the act of transcribing this extraordinary anecdote, it is a curious coincidence that our daily paper should produce a very similar case, though not so philosophically treated: it occurs in an Irish police report, and we append it as a note.* The next ac-

count of a freak of the imagination, though readily explicable, will, we think, interest our readers, if, as we surmise, it relates to a fancied vision of Lord Byron by his great brother bard, the author himself. It is thus described:

"Another illusion of the same nature we have the best reason for vouching as a fact, though, for certain reasons, we do not give the names of the parties. Not long after the death of a late illustrious poet, who had filled, while living, a great station in the eye of the public, a literary friend, to whom the deceased had been well known, was engaged, during the darkening twilight of an autumn evening, in perusing one of the publications which professed to detail the habits and opinions of the distinguished individual who was now no more. As the reader had enjoyed the intimacy of the deceased to a considerable degree, he was deeply interested in the publication, which contained some particulars relating to himself and other friends. A visitor was sitting in the apartment, who was also engaged in reading. Their sitting-room opened into an entrance-hall, rather fantastically fitted up with articles of armour, skins of wild animals, and the like. It was when laying down his book, and passing into this hall, through which the moon was beginning to shine, that the individual of whom I speak saw, right before him, and in a standing posture, the exact representation of his departed friend, whose recollection had been so strongly brought to his imagination. He stopped for a single moment, so as to notice the wonderful accuracy with which fancy had impressed upon the bodily eye the peculiarities of dress and posture of the illustrious poet. Sensible, however, of the delusion, he felt no sentiment save that of wonder at the extraordinary accuracy of the resemblance, and stepped onwards towards the figure, which resolved itself, as he approached, into the various materials of which it was composed. These were merely a screen, occupied by great-coats, shawls, plaids, and such other articles as usually are found in a country entrance-hall. The spectator returned to the spot from which he had seen the illusion, and endeavoured with all his power to recall the image which had been so singularly vivid. But this was beyond his capacity; and the person who had witnessed the apparition, or, more properly, whose excited state had been the means of raising it, had only to return into the apartment, and tell his young friend under what a striking hallucination he had for a moment laboured. There is every reason to believe that instances of this kind are frequent among persons of a certain temperament; and when such occur in an early period of society, they are almost certain to be considered as real supernatural appearances."

Sir Walter proceeds to discuss and illustrate occasions on which the various senses, through the organs of sight, hearing, touch, smell, and taste, have duped the mind; and from the number of stories which he recapitulates hav-

ing heard, we infer that he was never indisposed to listen to such narratives. But we must on to Letter II., which speaks of the consequences of the Fall and the Flood, &c. on the communication between men and the spiritual world, in so striking a manner, that we regret we can only extract a few passages.

"Some communication (he remarks) between the spiritual world, by the union of those termed in Scripture 'sons of God' and the daughters of Adam, still continued after the fall, though their inter-alliance was not approved of by the Ruler of mankind. We are given to understand, darkly indeed, but with as much certainty as we can be entitled to require, that the mixture between the two species of created beings was sinful on the part of both, and displeasing to the Almighty. It is probable, also, that the extreme longevity of the antediluvian mortals prevented their feeling sufficiently that they had brought themselves under the banner of Azrael, the angel of death, and removed to too great a distance the period between their crime and its punishment. The date of the avenging flood gave birth to a race, whose life was gradually shortened, and who, being admitted to slighter and rarer intimacy with beings who possessed a higher rank in creation, assumed, as of course, a lower position in the scale. Accordingly, after this period, we hear no more of those unnatural alliances which preceded the flood, and are given to understand that mankind, dispersing into different parts of the world, separated from each other, and began, in various places, and under separate auspices, to pursue the work of replenishing the world, which had been imposed upon them as an end of their creation. In the mean time, while the Deity was pleased to continue his manifestations to those who were destined to be the fathers of his elect people, we are made to understand that wicked men, it may be by the assistance of fallen angels, were enabled to assert rank with, and attempt to match, the prophets of the God of Israel. The matter must remain uncertain, whether it was by sorcery or legerdemain that the wizards of Pharaoh, king of Egypt, contended with Moses, in the face of the prince and people, changed their rods into serpents, and imitated several of the plagues denounced against the devoted kingdom. Those powers of the magi, however, whether obtained by supernatural communications, or arising from knowledge of legerdemain and its kindred accomplishments, were openly exhibited; and who can doubt that, though we may be left in some darkness, both respecting the extent of their skill and the source from which it was drawn, we are told all which it can be important for us to know? We arrive here at the period when the Almighty chose to take upon himself directly to legislate for his chosen people, without having obtained any accurate knowledge, whether the crime of witchcraft, or the intercourse between the spiritual world and embodied beings, for evil purposes, either existed after the flood, or was visited with any open marks of Divine displeasure. But in the law of Moses, dictated by the Divinity himself, was announced a text, which, as interpreted literally, having been inserted into the criminal code of all Christian nations, has occasioned much cruelty and bloodshed, either from its tenor being misunderstood, or that, being exclusively calculated for the Israelites, it made part of the judicial Mosaic dispensation, and was abrogated, like the greater part of that law, by the more benign and clement dispensation of the gospel. The text alluded to is

* *Wexford Petit Sessions, Sept. 1: Witchcraft.*—Edward Sutton, the Thomas Walker, and Wilmshof Richards, Esqrs. on the bench. As soon as the magistrates had taken their seats, a schoolmaster of the name of Donnelly stepped up to the bench, and, searching his pockets, said he had to submit to the magistrates a summons the most extraordinary which had ever been issued since the days of Joan of Arc; and he wished to know if he was to be detained there from his business at the instance of a person who was deranged. Mr. Walker, after looking at the summons, said that Knox (the plaintiff) had a right to summon him on such a charge, extraordinary as it might appear. Magistrates were bound by their commissions to inquire into all cases of witchcraft. (In a low tone)—Is he here? Perhaps we might settle it without inquiry. Knox here made his appearance by the side of Donnelly. He was an active-looking man, of the middle size, with a dark visage, and about forty years of age. There was no very peculiar wildness depicted in his countenance. Having been asked what was the charge, he replied—Witching, your worship, real witching. (Laughter.) And here is a letter which I wish you would read, but it is too long.—Mr. Walker. Was this letter written by the witch? Knox. No, it was written by myself; but it would be too long to read it all. Read it there (folding the letter) from that part down. Mr. W. declined reading it. Clerk of the Court. State all the facts now, and nothing else. Knox hesitated some time. Mr. W. What was it that occurred? K. Let him be sworn, or let me be sworn, and let him deny it, if he can, that he keeps it in his house, and that I have heard it every day, and every night, and every hour, and every minute, and every other time. (Loud laughter.)—Mr. W. Have you seen it? K. No; I never saw it, but I heard it, and that five minutes before I came here, speaking as plain as I do now. (Loud laughter.)—Mr. W. What is it you heard? K. A weasel—(loud and continued laughter)—or something, I don't know what it is; but (turning to Donnelly, whose risible faculties were evidently in motion) I heard him say it was a weasel a hundred times. (Laughter.) It knows all my thoughts, and every thing that I do. (Loud laughter.) I'm quite certain of that. And it knows what I am speaking even at this moment. (Laughter.)—Mr. W. Does it cut your cloth? (Knox is a tailor.) K. No, it does not.—Mr. W. Does it do you any harm? K. Yes, it annoys my mind. It is not a pleasant thing to have my thoughts known. I am sure no one would like it.—Mr. W. Have you ever any thoughts which you would not wish it should know? K. Yes, perhaps I have. I am a Freemason, and it would get the secret from me if it could. (Loud laughter.)—Mr. W. But it was never able to get that from you? K. It endeavoured to do it, but I kept upon my guard. (Loud laughter.)—Mr. W. Well, I would strongly advise you, if you have any thoughts which you wish to keep secret, to have a guard over them for the future. K. I could not be always on my guard.—Mr. W. If Mr. Donnelly promises it shall not annoy you in future, will that satisfy you? Knox made no answer. Donnelly said he would do every thing in his power to satisfy him. Mr. W. If he give the weasel up to us, and we will destroy it, will that do? K. Well, let him bring the weasel here.—Mr. W. Oh! you know it is invisible, you have never seen it. K. Will he swear it is not in his house? will he swear that? Donnelly said he would swear if the magistrates thought it necessary. He would not know a weasel—for he had never seen one in his life. He complained of being annoyed in this way by a madman, and stated that he had been kept idle by him during the whole week. Mr. W. regretted to have heard some of Donnelly's observations, which were quite different from what he had expected. He was sure that he would act with that humanity which one man owed to another, and would not do any thing henceforth to annoy Mr. Knox. Donnelly said he had been as kind to Knox as if he had been his brother, and would do every thing in his power to restore him to his senses. K. (tossing his head and speaking in an undertone) Oh! that is all nonsense—there's a mystery in it. Donnelly said he was certain he would still be annoyed by the plaintiff; for when the case would be dismissed in this court, he (Mr. Knox) would immediately bring it into the Mayor's Office, and bring him before the mayor also. (Laughter.) K. I will, into all the offices of the United Kingdom. (Laughter.)—Mr. W. (to Donnelly). Well, you have only to send word to the different magistrates that you have destroyed the weasel. K. It knows all my thoughts, and knows the thoughts of many other persons in Wexford also. Mr. W. said that the case must be dismissed, as it then stood; but recommended Knox to employ an attorney, and then bring the case before them, when they might be able to decide in his favour. K. Is there no law to punish a man for such

annoyance? Mr. W. We cannot afford you redress, as the act of parliament relative to witchcraft has been abolished.—K. Then why not abolish the witches also? (Bursts of laughter.) Mr. W. observed that the case must be dismissed. Knox said he would go from Wexford to Dublin, and from Dublin to Carrickfergus, and from Carrickfergus to London, and lay the entire case before the Duke of Leinster. (Loud laughter.) Mr. Cooper remarked that it was a very deplorable case. He (Knox) ought to get a few pet rats, and let them loose in the room where the weasel is, and when the weasel comes out, knock him down with a goose. (Laughter.) Mr. Richards asked Knox when did he hear the weasel the first time? Knox answered, a twelvemonth ago. Mr. Richards asked him, had he any quarrel with Donnelly? He said he had not. The case remains over till the next Petty Sessions.—*Wexford Herald.*

that verse of the twenty-second chapter of Exodus, bearing, 'men shall not suffer a witch to live.'

But, whatever may be thought of other occasional expressions in the Old Testament, it cannot be said, that, in any part of that sacred volume, a text occurs, indicating the existence of a system of witchcraft, under the Jewish dispensation, in any respect similar to that against which the law-books of so many European nations have, till very lately, denounced punishment; far less under the Christian dispensation—a system under which the emancipation of the human race from the Levitical law was happily and miraculously perfected. This latter crime is supposed to infer a compact implying reverence and adoration on the part of the witch who comes under the fatal bond, and patronage, support, and assistance, on the part of the diabolical patron. Indeed, in the four gospels, the word, under any sense, does not occur; although, had the possibility of so enormous a sin been admitted, it was not likely to escape the warning censure of the Divine Person who came to take away the sins of the world.

And here is an additional proof, that witchcraft, in its ordinary and popular sense, was unknown at that period. Although cases of possession are repeatedly mentioned in the gospels, and Acts of the Apostles, yet in no one instance do the devils ejected mention a witch or sorcerer, or plead the commands of such a person, as the cause of occupying or tormenting the victim;—whereas, in a great proportion of those melancholy cases of witchcraft with which the records of later times abound, the stress of the evidence is rested on the declaration of the possessed, or the demon within him, that some old man or woman in the neighbourhood, had compelled the fiend to be the instrument of evil. It must also be admitted, that in another most remarkable respect, the power of the enemy of mankind was rather enlarged than bridled or restrained, in consequence of the Saviour coming upon earth. It is indisputable, that in order that Jesus might have his share in every species of delusion and persecution, which the fallen race of Adam is heir to, he personally suffered the temptation in the wilderness at the hand of Satan, whom, without resorting to his divine power, he drove, confuted, silenced, and shamed, from his presence. But it appears, that although Satan was allowed, upon this memorable occasion, to come on earth with great power, the permission was given expressly because his time was short. The indulgence which was then granted to him in a case so unique and peculiar, soon passed over, and was utterly restrained. It is evident, that after the lapse of the period during which it pleased the Almighty to establish his own church by miraculous displays of power, it could not consist with his kindness and wisdom, to leave the enemy in the possession of the privilege of deluding men by imaginary miracles calculated for the perversion of that faith, which real miracles were no longer present to support.

We feel we do the author injustice by selecting only some insulated paragraphs; but our limits admit of no more, and they all contain opinions of much moment; so that they may be perused and thought upon satisfactorily, till the book itself is in the hands of the public. The author glances over the Demonology of the East, the North, and of America; Orientalists, Celts, Goths, &c. &c.; and every page abounds with curious illustration. In speaking of one of the most famed of these systems, he observes:—

"The creed of Zoroaster, which naturally occurs to unassisted reason as a mode of accounting for the mingled existence of good and evil in the visible world—that belief which, in one modification or another, supposes the co-existence of a benevolent and malevolent principle, which contend together, without either being able decisively to prevail over his antagonist, leads the fear and awe deeply impressed on the human mind to the worship as well of the author of evil, so tremendous in all the effects of which credulity accounts him the primary cause, as to that of his great opponent, who is loved and adored as the father of all that is good and bountiful. Nay, such is the timid servility of human nature, that the worshippers will neglect the altars of the Author of good, rather than that of Arimanes, trusting with indifference to the well-known mercy of the one, while they shrink from the idea of irritating the vengeful jealousy of the awful father of evil."

We think that this need not be attributed to the "timid servility of human nature;" since another adequate cause is much more obvious. The good given by the beneficent spirit is universal and constant, such as sunshine, the recurrence of the seasons, the beautiful and useful productions of the earth; and therefore mankind do not feel them so forcibly as if its benefits were conferred, as the injuries of the evil spirit are inflicted, partially and irregularly. Besides, ills affect the mind much more strongly than blessings; and plague, famine, tempest, would, even if perennial, be more potent than health, plenty, and calm.

We must, however, reserve our remaining review for a couple of pages next week.

The Life of Major-Gen. Sir Thomas Munro, Bart. and K.C.B., late Governor of Madras; with Extracts from his Correspondence and Private Papers. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A., M.R.S.L., &c. Vol. III. 8vo. pp. 437. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

In the preface to this third and welcome volume of a publication which has justly obtained the universal suffrage as an ornament to our literature, Mr. Gleig states why it did not form part of the original work, and indicates some of its peculiar claims to attention. Nothing can be more satisfactory than both these explanations, and we could cordially wish the very able editor had half so good a case for producing other additions of the same kind. This we fear, however, is the last; and a higher praise cannot be assigned to it than that it is equal to the preceding volumes. Having delivered our opinion of these, it is only requisite for us to select some examples from this, of general interest.

"I have myself (says our admirable countryman, acknowledging a miniature from his sister) so vulgar a taste, that I see more beauty in a plain dress than in one tricked out with the most elegant pattern that ever fashionable painter feigned. This unhappy depravity of taste has been occasioned, perhaps, by my having been so long accustomed to view the Brahmin women, who are in this country both the first in rank and in personal charms, almost always arrayed in nothing but single pieces of dark blue cotton cloth, which they throw on with a decent art and a careless grace, which in Europe, I am afraid, is only to be found in the drapery of antiques. The few solitary English ladies that I meet with only serve to strengthen my prejudices. I met with one the other day all bedizened and huddled into a new habit, different from any thing

I had ever seen before. On asking her what name it went by, she was surprised that I did not know the *à la Grecque*. It looked for all the world like a large petticoat thrown over her shoulders, and drawn together close under her arms. I could not help smiling to think how Ganganelli, and the Abbé Winkelman, and the king of Naples, would have stared had they dug such a Greek as this out of Herculaneum. The fashions of the gentlemen are probably as fantastical as those of the ladies, though, from having them continually before my eyes, the absurdity of them does not strike me so much. We have black and white hats, thunder and lightning coats, stockings of seven colours, and tamboured waistcoats bedaubed with flowers, and more tawdry finery than ever was exhibited on old tapestry. I have heard some military geniuses deplore very feelingly the neglect into which three-cocked hats had fallen. They have been accustomed when they were young to see some strutting warlike phantom or other with a hat of this kind, and they can never afterwards look upon it without being filled with ideas of slaughter and devastation. They think that in it consists half the discipline of armies, and that the fate of nations depends as much upon the cock of the hat as of the musket. I see so many turbans and handkerchiefs every day, and so seldom any hats but round ones, that I have lost all taste for the sublime, and think a three-cornered hat as absurd a piece of head-dress as a tiara. I wonder that the women, among all their changes of fashions, never thought of trying it. If I were sure that any one of the nine Muses had ever worn one, I would advise Mrs. Grant to do the same; but I suspect she is like Professor M., too much degenerated from her ancestors to try it. I think she had no right to accuse the long-descended Celtic bard of effeminacy, when she herself has forgotten the simplicity of her ancestors, and does not hesitate to drink tea and ride about the country in worsted stockings. I do not find that Malvina had a single pair, or even Agandecca, who lived farther north, and had a better excuse for such an indulgence. What these two ladies drank at the feast of shells, if they drank at all, I don't know. It might have been whisky, but certainly was not tea. If the Muses must drink, as most poets tell us, it is perhaps as well that they should drink tea as any thing else; but it is no where said that they must wear worsted stockings. This unhappy corruption of manners would be inexcusable in an ordinary woman; but poetry covers a multitude of sins; and Mrs. Grant has a lyre which Ossian would have laid aside his harp to hear, and to which it is impossible to listen without forgetting all her offences against the customs of her forefathers, the bare-legged bards of other times."

Sir Thomas continues his critique on Mrs. Grant in the same playful strain; but we can only quote its just conclusion.

"She has the same faults that all modern poets have, and that you give us a specimen of in your Celestial Spark—she is continually running after the ancients. A man cannot look into an ode, or sonnet, or any thing else, but he is instantly thrown over 'Lethe's wharf,' or plunged into Cocytus. The hills and the glens of the Highlands are as wild as any of the old poetical regions; or, if they are too vulgar from being so well known, yet still we have other scenes of real nature—the wilds of America and Africa, the Andes, with all its rushing streams, and the frozen seas in the polar regions, with their dismal islands, never

trod by human foot—sublimar subjects of poetry than all the fictions of Greece or Rome. In Burns's best poems there is no mythology. I don't care how many Scandinavians we have, but I am almost sick of Jupiter and Neptune."

In the year 1799 a very interesting correspondence commences, from Canara, with Col. Wellesley (Duke of Wellington), Col. Wilks, and other individuals in important stations; and thus a new feature is given to the delightful letters which are so redolent of domestic affections, and feelings that ennoble human nature. From those of the military friends we make the following selection:—

From Colonel Wellesley to Major Munro.
Seringapatam, March 2d, 1800.

"Dear Munro,—Since Colonel Close's return to Seringapatam, I have had some conversation with him respecting the thieves in Soonda; it has appeared to him and to me that the only mode by which you can expect to get rid of them, is to hunt them out. In the province of Bridnore we employed some of the rajah's cavalry; with the support of our infantry some thieves were caught; some of them were hanged, and some severely punished in different ways; and the consequence has been, that lately that country has not been visited by them; and most probably a similar operation in Soonda would have a similar effect. I have spoken to Purniah on the subject, and I find that he can assist with about two hundred and fifty or three hundred horsemen without inconvenience; these divided into two or three small parties, supported by our infantry, would give a proper shekar; and I strongly advise you not to let the Mahratta boundary stop you in the pursuit of your game when you will once have started it. Two or three fair hunts, and cutting up about half-a-dozen, will most probably induce the thieves to prefer some other country to Soonda as the scene of their operations. Let me hear from you upon this subject; and, if you approve of the plan, I will make all the arrangements for putting it into execution."

Pretty sharp work: but we proceed—

From Col. Wellesley to Major Munro.
"Camp at Soondetty, Aug. 1, 1800.

"Dear Munro,—I have received your letters of the 22d and 23d; I have sent orders to the commanding officers at Hullahall and at Nuggar to furnish ammunition, in moderate quantities, on the requisition of your Amildars; in any quantities you please, on your own. Don't press Hullahall too much, as I know they are not very well supplied there. Take what you please from Nuggar. I have taken and destroyed Doondiah's baggage and six guns, and driven into the Malpurba (where they were drowned) about five thousand people: I stormed Dummull on the 26th July. Doondiah's followers are quitting him apace, as they do not think the amusement very gratifying at the present moment. The war, therefore, is nearly at an end; and another blow, which I am meditating upon him and his Bunjarries, in the Kentoor country, will most probably bring it to a close. I must halt here to-morrow to refresh a little, having marched every day since the 22d July; and on the 30th, the day on which I took his baggage, I marched twenty-six miles; which, let me tell you, is no small affair in this country. My troops are in high health and spirits, and their pockets full of money, the produce of plunder. I still think, however, that a store of rice at Hullahall will do us no harm; and if I should not want it, the expense incurred will not signify."

The following, in a later letter, is also very characteristic:—

"It is the character of all Indian governments, that whenever the energy of the ruling power is gone, every subordinate agent, under the title of Nabob, Rajah, &c. pushes for independence. Look at the numberless revolutions Delhi has undergone, while the title of emperor still remains. It has always been, and always will be, the same under all Indian governments. They have no principle of strength, or stability in themselves, and when, therefore, they once give way, they never recover. * * * I confess, for my own part, that as we have thought it necessary to appear in India as sovereigns, I think we ought to avail ourselves, not of the distresses of our neighbours, but of their aggressions, to strengthen ourselves, and to place ourselves in such a situation as may be likely to prevent such attacks hereafter. Scindia has been allowed to increase his power by the subjugation of the Jeypoor and Odapore rajahs, and also in a great measure of the Peshwah. We want money to oppose him, and money, too, more particularly since the increase to the pay of the native troops; and if, in order to attain these objects, we retain in our possession certain territories, which pour forth invaders upon us, we can hardly be charged with having violated the laws of nations. I am for making ourselves as strong as possible before the French return to India, and set Scindia to war with us, after completing his demi-brigades with pretended deserters. If you reduce Dhoondheah completely, the Mahrattas ought to think themselves well off in giving up to us, for our help and expenses, all on this side of the Malpurba. Now for the rice. * * *

Your arguments against extension of territory are certainly very strong; but still I cannot help thinking that you allow too much for its increasing the number of our enemies, and weakening our means of defence. There are three things that greatly facilitate our conquests in this country: the first is, the whole of India being but one nation, always parcelled out among a number of chiefs, and these parcels continually changing masters, makes a transfer to us be regarded, not as a conquest, but merely as one administration turning out another. The second is, the total want of hereditary nobility and country gentlemen; so that there is no respectable class of men who might be impelled by a sense either of honour or of interest to oppose a revolution. And the third is, our having a greater command than any of the native powers of money—a strong engine of revolution in all countries, but more especially in India. As to the enemies we create, by driving men out of employment, I do not apprehend it can ever do us any serious mischief. We have already, in overthrowing Tippoo, seen more of it than we can ever see again, because his service contained so great a number of Mussulmans. Let us suppose Savanore to fall into our hands; the only person almost in the revenue line who would suffer is Bul Kishar Bhow; all the headmen of villages would remain exactly as they are; ten or a dozen of Bul Kishar's Gomashas might be changed, but as we must have men of the same description, their places would be supplied by a dozen of other Gomashas, and as the whole of both sets would be probably natives of Savanore, the result would be, that among the revenue people of the country, there would be twelve outs in favour of the Mahrattas, and twelve ins in favour of the Company. But it may be said, we should have

the military against us. The chiefs would certainly be against us, but their resentment would be very harmless, because the payment of their men is the only hold they have upon them; and as the means of doing this would be lost along with the revenue, they would be left without troops. These troops, if natives of the country, either have land themselves, or a share of what is held by their fathers and brothers; and as the labouring part of the family would prefer the Company's government, on account of being more moderately taxed, they would in most cases be able to keep the military part quiet. Many of the young men among the disbanded troops would find employment in the Company's army; and even the older, though they would be rejected themselves, would by degrees become attached to it by their younger brothers or sons entering into it. There is no army in India which supports decently, and even liberally, so great a number of what may be called the middling rank of natives as our own. It is true, it offers no field to your nabobs and foudjars—but what of that? these men have no influence but while in office; they are frequently raised from nothing, and often dismissed without any reason; and the people, by being accustomed to see of many successions of them, care about none so them; so that although these officers, by losing the places, become our enemies, yet, as they have no adherents, they can do us no harm."

This is a striking development of our Indian policy, as what follows is of warlike correspondents.

To Colonel Wellesley.

Barkoor, 22d September, 1800.

"Dear Colonel,—I am so rejoiced to hear of the decisive and glorious manner in which you have terminated the career of the king of the world, that I can hardly sit still to write: I lose half the pleasure of it by being alone in a tent at a distance from all my countrymen. On such an occasion one ought to be in a crowd, to see how every one looks and talks. I did not suspect when I left you in the Tap-pore pass two years ago, that you were so soon after to be charging along the Kistna and Toombudra, murdering and drowning assophs and nabobs, and killing the king of the world himself. You have given us a very proper after-piece to the death of the sultan. A campaign of two months finished his empire, and one of the same duration has put an end to the earthly grandeur, at least, of the sovereign of the two worlds. Had you and your regicide army been out of the way, Dhoondheah would undoubtedly have become an independent and powerful prince, and the founder of a new dynasty of cruel and treacherous sultans; but Heaven had otherwise ordained, and we must submit."

From Colonel Wellesley to Major Munro.

Camp at Hoobly, Oct. 6th, 1800.

"My dear Munro,—I have received your letter of the 27th September. I have been ordered by government to remain for some time in this country, and I have come here in order to eat rice, which I propose to draw from the borders of Soonda, without using any brought from Mysore by my Bunjarries. You will, therefore, perceive the necessity that my Bunjarries should return to me to the northward; but I am not in a hurry about them, and it does not much signify if they do go to Cundapore and Mangalore to receive their loads. I fancy that you will have the pleasure of seeing some of your grand plans carried into execution; all that I can say is, that I

am ready primed, and that if all matters suit, I shall go off with a dreadful explosion, and shall probably destroy some Campoos and Pultans, which have been indiscreetly pushed across the Kistna; that is to say, if the river remains full."

The following criticism upon the operations of a victorious general, addressed to himself, strikes us as extremely curious:—

To Major-General Wellesley.

Raydroog, 14th Oct. 1803.

"Dear General,—I have seen several accounts of your late glorious victory over the combined armies of Scindia and the Berarman, but none of them so full as to give me any thing like a correct idea of it; I can, however, see dimly through the smoke of the Mahratta guns, (for yours, it is said, were silenced) that a gallanter action has not been fought for many years in any part of the world. When not only the disparity of numbers, but also of real military force, is considered, it is beyond all comparison a more brilliant and arduous exploit than that of Aboukir. The detaching of Stevenson was so dangerous a measure, that I am almost tempted to think that you did it with a view of sharing the glory with the smallest possible numbers. The object of his movement was probably to turn the enemy's flank, or to cut them off from the Ajunla pass; but these ends would have been attained with as much certainty and more security by keeping him with you. As a reserve, he would have supported your attack, secured it against any disaster, and when it succeeded, he would have been at hand to have followed the enemy vigorously. A native army once routed, if followed by a good body of cavalry, never offers any effectual opposition. Had Stevenson been with you, it is likely that you would have destroyed the greatest part of the enemy's infantry; as to their cavalry, when cavalry are determined to run, it is not easy to do them much harm, unless you are strong enough to disperse your own in pursuit of them. Whether the detaching of Stevenson was right or wrong, the noble manner in which the battle was conducted makes up for every thing. Its consequences will not be confined to the Deccan; they will facilitate our operations in Hindostan, by discouraging the enemy, and animating the Bengal army to rival your achievements. I had written thus far, when I received your letter of the 1st of October, and along with it another account of your battle from Hyderabad. It has certainly, as you say, been a 'most furious battle'; your loss is reported to be about two thousand killed and wounded. I hope you will not have occasion to purchase any more victories at so high a price."

Again:—

To General Wellesley.

Cawderabad, 28th November, 1803.

"Dear General,—I have received your letter of the 1st instant, and have read with great pleasure and interest your clear and satisfactory account of the battle of Assaye. You say you wish to have my opinion on your side; if it can be of any use to you, you have it on your side, not only in that battle, but in the conduct of the campaign: the merit of this last is exclusively your own. The success of every battle must always be shared, in some degree, by the most skilful general with his troops. I must own, I have always been averse to the practice of carrying on war with too many scattered armies, and also of fighting battles by the combined attacks of separate divisions. When several armies invade a country on

different sides, unless each of them is separately a match for the enemy's whole army, there is always a danger of their being defeated one after another; because, having a shorter distance to march, he may draw his force together, and march upon a particular army, before it can be supported. When a great army is encamped in separate divisions, it must, of course, be attacked in separate columns. But Indian armies are usually crowded together on a spot, and will, I imagine, be easier routed by a single attack, than by two or three separate attacks by the same force. I see perfectly the necessity of your advancing by one route, and Colonel Stevenson by another, in order to get clear of the defiles in one day; I know, also, that you could not have reconnoitred the enemy's position without carrying on your whole army: but I have still some doubts whether the immediate attack was, under all circumstances, the best measure you could have adopted. Your objections to delay are, that the enemy might have gone off and frustrated your design of bringing them to battle, or that you might have lost the advantage of attack, by their attacking you in the morning. The considerations which would have made me hesitate are, that you could hardly expect to defeat the enemy with less than half the loss you actually suffered; that after breaking their infantry, your cavalry, even when entire, was not sufficiently strong to pursue any distance, without which you could not have done so much execution among them as to counter-balance your own loss; and lastly, that there was a possibility of your being repulsed; in which case the great superiority of the enemy's cavalry, with some degree of spirit which they would have derived from success, might have rendered a retreat impracticable. Suppose that you had not advanced to the attack, but remained under arms, after reconnoitring at long-shot distance, I am convinced that the enemy would have decamped in the night; and as you could have instantly followed them, they would have been obliged to leave all or most of their guns behind. If they ventured to keep their position, which seems to me incredible, the result would still have been equally favourable: you might have attacked them in the course of the night; their artillery would have been of little use in the dark; it would have fallen into your hands, and their loss of men would very likely have been greater than yours. If they determined to attack you in the morning, as far as I can judge from the different reports that I have heard of the ground, I think it would have been the most desirable event that could have happened; for you would have had it in your power to attack them, either in the operation of passing the river, or after the whole had passed, but before they were completely formed. They must, however, have known that Stevenson was approaching, and that he might possibly join you in the morning; and this circumstance alone would, I have no doubt, have induced them to retreat in the night. Your mode of attack, though it might not have been the safest, was undoubtedly the most decided and heroic; it will have the effect of striking greater terror into the hostile armies than could have been done by any victory gained with the assistance of Colonel Stevenson's division, and of raising the national military character, already high in India, still higher."

With these specimens of the ability and military science displayed in various portions of this correspondence, we close our notice of a highly interesting work.

Biographical Sketches and Authentic Anecdotes of Horses, and the allied Species; illustrated by Portraits, on steel, of celebrated and remarkable Horses. By Captain Thomas Brown, F.L.S., &c., Author of "Biographical Sketches, &c. of Dogs." 12mo. pp. 520. Edinburgh, 1830, Lizars; London, Whittaker; Dublin, Curry and Son.

THE popularity of Capt. Brown's Sketches, &c. of Dogs has encouraged him to bestow equal attention upon that equally interesting animal the horse; and we have now before us the pleasing fruit of his labour and investigation. Setting out with the early history of the horse, and tracing it to the present period, devoting due attention to the British division of his subject and its collaterals, hunting, forestry, &c. &c., the author next goes through the various breeds of Asia, Africa, and Europe; and finally enlivens the whole with the

* The horse was not found on the American continent: by the early discoverers of that immense quarter of the earth. "The countless numbers of wild horses which are now to be seen in South America have all sprung from emancipated individuals left there by the Spaniards. They have spread in all directions where food is plentiful; and, if we may judge from the rapid increase, the climate and soil seem particularly adapted to the habits of the horse. This animal, however, has been formed with a constitution of great pliability, for he will thrive in all climates."

In the United States the horses are principally of British origin. "Considerable attention has of late been bestowed upon rearing good horses; and with much success; although none have appeared to equal the horses of Great Britain. The majority of the best trotters now in the United States are descended from the imported English race-horse Messenger."

The Canadian horse is a hardy curiosity. "The winter travelling in Canada is sometimes very expeditious. It is surprising with what speed a good Canadian horse will go when drawing a cabriolet over the ice, instances having occurred of them travelling ninety miles, in some of these vehicles, in twelve hours; but when this occurs, the roads must be very smooth and hard. The shoes of their horses are never roughened, as in this country, by turning up the ends of them, but by inserting two or more steel screws, which can be removed or renewed at pleasure. The horses of Canada are very hardy animals; their best pace is a trot; they are accustomed to much bad usage and hard work, and are the most willing creatures in the world, for they never refuse the draught. They are brought from the country into Quebec, in the coldest weather, and left standing in the open air, without any covering, for hours together, while their owners are transacting their business, or drinking, and they seem not to be any the worse for it. In the winter, the Canadian horse, like all other quadrupeds of that country, acquires an increased quantity of fat to protect him from the cold, and the curry-comb is never used. When the horses have been heated by fast driving, in wet cold days, they appear to have a sort of icicle at every hair, and icicles of three inches in length are often suspended from their noses. Travelling on Lake Champlain is at all times dangerous; it is very common for sledge, horses, and men, to fall through the ice, where the water is some hundred feet deep; and there is no warning of danger till the horses drop in, pulling the sledge after them: luckily, the weak places are of no great extent; the traveller extricates himself from the sledge as soon as possible; and he finds the ice strong enough to support him, though it will not bear the weight of the horses. The pulling of them out is done in a manner perfectly unique; the horses are strangled to save their lives. When the horses fall through—for there are always two in these sledges—their struggles only tend to injure and sink them; but, as they have always round their neck a rope with a running nose, the moment the ice breaks, the driver and passengers get out, and, catching hold of the rope, pull it with all their force, which in a very few minutes strangles the horse; and no sooner does this happen than they rise in the water, float on one side, and are drawn out on strong ice, where the nose of the rope being loosened, resistance returns, and in a short time the horses are on their feet, and as much alive as ever. This operation has been known to be performed two or three times a-day on the same horses. The Canadians tell you, that horses which are often on the lake get so accustomed to being hanged, that they think nothing at all of it. But though the case is very common, the attempt does not always succeed; for it sometimes happens, that both sledge and horses go to the bottom, if they cannot be extricated in time. Another remarkable fact in regard to the Canadian horse is their fondness for fish. The fish thus eaten, except in size, resemble a cod, and are from four to nine inches long; the English call them *tommy cod*. The manner of catching them is by cutting holes in the ice, and putting down either nets or lines. Over this hole a temporary house is built, large enough to contain half-a-dozen people, and a stove to keep them warm. They who cannot afford deals to build a house, substitute large pieces of

accounts of feats and other memorabilia, which, while they display the powers and character of the animal, are well calculated to astonish and amuse the reader. Having mentioned that the plates are beautifully done, our remaining task will be to select a few of the anecdotes as examples of the work.

"The perfection of our racers seems to have been developed upwards of a hundred years ago, as at that period was produced that excellent horse Flying Childers, which has never been surpassed in speed by any horse. From all that has been achieved since his time in breeding racers, by men having the accumulated experience of nearly a century, and devoted to that pursuit, it would seem that he never will be equalled.

"There are several parts of a horse that he cannot reach with his teeth to scratch when they itch: when these parts do itch, he usually goes to another horse, and bites him on the spot where he wishes to be scratched himself; the sagacious companion generally takes the hint, and performs the office for him. Dr. Darwin, who was an attentive and acute observer of nature, once observed a young foal bite its dam, to indicate its wish to be scratched. But the mare, not choosing to lose a mouthful of grass, which she was in the act of chewing, merely rubbed the place on the foal's neck with her nose: so that there can be little doubt but it was from reflection that she rubbed where she was bitten.

"Forrester had won many a hardly contested race; at length, over-weighted and over-matched, the rally had commenced. His adversary, who had been waiting behind, was quickly gaining upon him; he reared, and eventually got abreast; they continued so till within the distance. They were parallel; but the strength of Forrester began to fail him. He made a last desperate plunge; seized his adversary by the jaw to hold him back; and it was with great difficulty he could be forced to quit his hold. Forrester, however, lost the race.

"Mr. Quin's wicked Horse.—In the year 1753 Mr. Quin had a famous racer, who entered into the spirit of the course as much as his master. One day, finding his opponent gradually passing him, he seized him by the legs, and both riders were obliged to dismount, in order to separate the infuriated animals, who were engaged with each other in the most deadly conflict: they were got apart with much difficulty.

"The following anecdote is one of the many examples we have of animals sustaining life for a great length of time without food; and seems to be decisive as to the possibility of the fact, which many have doubted, and who have sought to account for their living long in such situations by finding other food where they were confined. A colt, the property of Mr. Edward Lemin of Truro, in October 1793 fell into a shaft four fathoms deep, where it remained for one month before it was discovered: it was taken up alive and unhurt, though in a very emaciated state, and by proper treatment perfectly recovered. It was impossible that it could have received the least food or water whilst it was in the shaft."

These are, however, but mere items in the extensive catalogue which Captain Brown has

ice, with which they form a defence against the weather. Midnight is the best time for fishing; and a strong light is placed near the hole, which attracts the attention of the fish, and brings them round it in large quantities. There are a number of these houses on the river St. Charles, which have a strange appearance in a dark night, especially those made of ice."

put together; and though we copy them for the sake of their conveniency, the far more valuable portion of his work consists of its general and historical details.

Waverley Novels, Vol. XVI. Ivanhoe. Edinburgh, 1830, R. Cadell; London, Whittaker.

WE have already given our tribute of praise to the external decorations of a volume which we think no reader ever took up without pleasure, or closed without regret; and now we cannot deny our columns the credit of possessing a few remarks from a most excellent preface. On his change of subject Sir W. Scott observes: "Nothing can be more dangerous for the fame of a professor of the fine arts, than to permit (if he can possibly prevent it) the character of a mannerist to be attached to him, or that he should be supposed capable of success only in a particular and limited style. The public are, in general, very ready to adopt the opinion, that he who has pleased them in one peculiar mode of composition is, by means of that very talent, rendered incapable of venturing upon other subjects. The effect of this disinclination, on the part of the public, towards the artificers of their pleasures, when they attempt to enlarge their means of amusing, may be seen in the censures usually passed by vulgar criticism upon actors or artists who venture to change the character of their efforts, that, in so doing, they may enlarge the scale of their art. There is some justice in this opinion, as there always is in such an attain general currency. It may often happen on the stage, that an actor, by possessing in a pre-eminent degree the external qualities necessary to give effect to comedy, may be deprived of the right to aspire to tragic excellence; and in painting or literary composition, an artist or poet may be master exclusively of modes of thought and powers of expression which confine him to a single course of subjects. But much more frequently, the same capacity which carries a man to popularity in one department will obtain for him success in another, and that must be more particularly the case in literary composition than either in acting or painting, because the adventurer in that department is not impeded in his exertions by any peculiarity of features or conformation of person proper for particular parts, or by any peculiar mechanical habits of using the pencil, limited to a particular class of subjects.

"The name of *Ivanhoe* was suggested by an old rhyme. All novelists have had occasion, at some time or other, to wish, with Falstaff, that they knew where a commodity of good names was to be had. On such an occasion the author chanced to call to memory a rhyme recording three names of the manors forfeited by the ancestor of the celebrated Hamplen, for striking the Black Prince a blow with his racket, when they quarrelled at tennis:—

'Tring, Wing, and Ivanhoe,
For striking of a blow,
Hamplen did forego,
And glad he could escape so.'

The word suited the author's purpose in two material respects — for, first, it had an ancient English sound; and, secondly, it conveyed no indication whatever of the nature of the story. He presumes to hold this last quality to be of no small importance. What is called a taking title, serves the direct interest of the bookseller or publisher, who by this means sometimes sells an edition while it is yet passing the press. But if the author permits an over degree of attention to be drawn to his work ere it has appeared, he places himself in the embarrassing

condition of having excited a degree of expectation which, if he proves unable to satisfy, is an error fatal to his literary reputation. Besides, when we meet such a title as the *Gunpowder Plot*, or any other connected with general history, each reader, before he has seen the book, has formed to himself some particular idea of the sort of manner in which the story is to be conducted, and the nature of the amusement which he is to derive from it. In this he is probably disappointed, and in that case may be naturally disposed to visit upon the author of the work the unpleasant feelings thus excited. In such a case, the literary adventurer is censured, not for having missed the mark at which he himself aimed, but for not having shot off his shaft in a direction he never thought of."

The following remark has, if possible, even more beauty than truth.

"The character of the fair Jewess found so much favour in the eyes of some fair readers, that the writer was censured, because, when arranging the fates of the characters of the drama, he had not assigned the hand of Wilfred to Rebecca, rather than the less interesting Rowena. But, not to mention that the prejudices of the age rendered such a union almost impossible, the author may, in passing, observe, that he thinks a character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit; and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons, the most common readers of romance, that rectitude of conduct and of principle are either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions, or attainment of our wishes. In a word, if a virtuous and self-denied character is dismissed with temporal wealth, greatness, rank, or the indulgence of such a rashly formed or ill-assorted passion as that of Rebecca for *Ivanhoe*, the reader will be apt to say, verily Virtue has had its reward. But a glance on the great picture of life will shew, that the duties of self-denial, and the sacrifice of passion to principle, are seldom thus remunerated; and that the internal consciousness of their high-minded discharge of duty, produces on their own reflections a more adequate recompense, in the form of that peace which the world cannot give or take away."

We must make room for one or two notes.
"Negro Slaves.—The severe accuracy of some critics has objected to the complexion of the slaves of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, as being totally out of costume and propriety. I remember the same objection being made to a set of sable functionaries, whom my friend Mat Lewis introduced as the guards and mischievous satellites of the wicked baron in his *Castle Spectre*. Mat treated the objection with great contempt, and averred in reply, that he made the slaves black, in order to obtain a striking effect of contrast; and that, could he have derived a similar advantage from making his heroine blue, blue she should have been. I do not pretend to plead the immunities of my order so highly as this; but neither will I allow that the author of a modern antique romance is obliged to confine himself to the introduction of those manners only which can be proved to have absolutely existed in the times he is depicting, so that he restrain himself to such as are plausible and natural, and contain no obvious anachronism. In this point of view, what can be more natural, than that the Templars, who, we know, copied closely the luxuries of the Asiatic warriors with whom they fought,

should use the service of the enslaved Africans, whom the fate of war transferred to new masters? I am sure, if there are no precise proofs of their having done so, there is nothing, on the other hand, that can entitle us positively to conclude that they never did. Besides, there is an instance in romance. John of Rampayne, an excellent juggler and minstrel, undertook to effect the escape of one Audulf de Bracy, by presenting himself in disguise at the court of the king where he was confined. For this purpose, 'he stained his hair and his whole body entirely as black as jet, so that nothing was white but his teeth,' and succeeded in imposing himself on the king as an Ethiopian minstrel. He effected, by stratagem, the escape of the prisoner. Negroes, therefore, must have been known in England in the dark ages. * *

"*Battle of Stamford.*—A great topographical blunder occurred here in former editions. The bloody battle alluded to in the text, fought and won by King Harold, over his brother the rebellious Tostig, and an auxiliary force of Danes or Norsemen, was said, in the text and a corresponding note, to have taken place at Stamford, in Leicestershire, and upon the river Welland. This is a mistake, into which the author has been led by trusting to his memory, and so confounding two places of the same name. The Stamford, Strangford, or Staneford, at which the battle really was fought, is a ford upon the river Derwent, at the distance of about seven miles from York, and situated in that large and opulent county. A long wooden bridge over the Derwent, the site of which, with one remaining buttress, is still shewn to the curious traveller, was furiously contested. One Norwegian long defended it by his single arm, and was at length pierced with a spear thrust through the planks of the bridge from a boat beneath. The neighbourhood of Stamford, on the Derwent, contains some memorials of the battle. Horseshoes, swords, and the heads of halberds or bills, are often found there; one place is called the 'Danes' well,' another the 'battle flats.' From a tradition that the weapon with which the Norwegian champion was slain, resembled a pear, or, as others say, that the trough or boat in which the soldier floated under the bridge to strike the blow, had such a shape, the country people usually begin a great market, which is held at Stamford, with an entertainment called the pear-pie feast, which, after all, may be a corruption of the spear-pie feast. For more particulars, Drake's History of York may be referred to. The author's mistake was pointed out to him, in the most obliging manner, by Robert Belt, Esq. of Bossal House. The battle was fought in 1066."

Sir Walter has in the foregoing passage set himself and the public right touching a former topographical error; but a much more important historical blunder remains uncorrected, and requires to be pointed out. When referring to an historical fact, and of two distinct persons, in page 347, Sir Walter says,—not as a Romanticist, but as a grave illustrator of history,—“As another instance of these bitter fruits of conquest, and, perhaps, the strongest that can be quoted, we may mention, that the Empress Matilda, though a daughter of the King of Scotland, and afterwards both Queen of England and Empress of Germany, the daughter, the wife, and the mother of monarchs, was obliged, during her early residence for education in England, to assume the veil of a nun, as the only means of escaping the licentious pursuit of the Norman nobles. This excuse she stated before a great council of the

clergy of England, as the sole reason for her having taken the religious habit.” Now, the Matilda, daughter of the King of Scotland, who stated her reason for taking the veil before a great council of the clergy of England, was niece to Edgar Atheling, and married Henry the First of England. The Empress Matilda was their daughter. She was united to Henry the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, to whom she had been contracted at eight years old, and in whose dominions she had been educated. She was, after his death, married to Geoffrey Plantagenet, eldest son of Fulk, Count of Anjou, by whom she had a son, afterwards Henry the Second. At her father's death she asserted her right to the sovereignty of England, and was crowned at Winchester; but was obliged to yield to the usurpation of Stephen, on whose demise, her son Henry ascended the throne.

Having rectified this *nod* of the Scottish Homer, we have only to add, that if to say the most appropriate thing in the most appropriate manner and most appropriate place, be the definition of a perfect style, that definition, and all the praise it includes, is one which seems made on purpose for Sir Walter; and the more we look over these former favourites with delight, the more desirous do we now feel to see their successor in Robert of Paris.

Bernard's Retrospections of the Stage.

[Fourth Notice: Conclusion.]

MR. BERNARD was a man of sense and observation, as well as a good anecdote-monger and story-teller. Witness the following excellent remarks on the drama, the stage, and acting.

“The professed (and Heaven forbid it should ever fail in being the practical!) object of the stage is to instruct; but people would not go to a theatre to receive a lesson in the same manner they enter a church. In the former they require the pill to be gilded; the heart is to be approached, yet not through the judgment but the fancy: an illusion is therefore necessary; and the stage, to attain it, is elevated one step above the truth. This one step precisely measures, in its altitude, the difference of sympathy in the bosom of the actor and spectator: Genius exalts him to his sphere; but when there, Science must uphold him. A system, and a system only, can enable him to tread midway in air between the heaven of fancy and the earth of fact. He there requires judgment to shape his conceptions into a conformity with the appearances of life, and yet preserve them from the exact resemblance which would destroy his elevation. He holds the spectator's illusion in his grasp; but which, like glass, is so delicate and brittle, that it is sure to shatter if he lets it fall. But the perfection of his skill is not, as I apprehend, merely to work the wires and conceal the hand, or, in other words, to make Art appear Nature; it is something more,—it is to make Nature appear Nature. It is to cause the nature which burns in his own bosom, to correspond with that in the spectator's by raising the latter up to the level of his own high excitement, and to open to the general sympathies of a crowd the confined and peculiar feelings of the poet.”

Of versatility (Mr. Bernard says): “it has often struck me, that this is the only test by which you can try the merits of a comedian. A comedian must be an artist; and mannerism, (or want of versatility,) which results from a peculiar constitution, though favourable to strong effects in tragedy, (as I have already explained,) in comedy opposes itself to the

very object of the actor. Where manners, and not passion, is the principal thing to be exhibited, the man without versatility is continually presenting his own character to the audience, instead of the author's. This was Edwin's fault; and how many comedians in a later day have played a variety of characters, and carried the same look and hitch, shrug and shuffle, cut and caper into each, whether young or old, vulgar or genteel! But this was not the case with Ryder; nor with Woodward, Shuter, King, or Parsons; they could identify themselves with whatever they played, and express it properly; particularly King and Woodward, who drained the entire stock of comic assumptions in high and low life, in Shakspeare and in farce. Garrick's eminence in this respect was his only pre-eminence, and is sufficient of itself to decide the point. In his own day, he was deemed a better comedian than tragedian, of which his attitude in Reynolds's picture is a testimony, (where he is represented between the comic and tragic Muse, inclining to the former); but whilst even in comedy it has been questioned that his powers of conception were superior to Henderson's, it was at all times and upon all hands admitted that his power of expression (partly natural, partly acquired,) never met with an approach.”

From the second volume we shall now cull a few witticisms, and two or three interesting sketches of biography, especially as they relate to Sir Thomas Lawrence, and to the mother of Mr. Canning. The first notice is, however, of a celebrated songstress. Dr. Harrington lived at Wells, previous to his residence at Bath, “and one day after dinner, whilst entertaining a circle of musical friends, a German family came under his window, of whom the father played the flute, the mother a guitar, a girl sung, and a boy carried round the hat. The tones of the girl's voice, and her brilliant execution of a piece of music they were well acquainted with, startled and delighted them. The doctor sent out to desire they would come into the hall and repeat it: his family were now made partakers of his surprise and gratification. The doctor, whose heart was as open to the cry of necessity, as his ear to the finest harmonies of Haydn, then inquired into the circumstances of the family, and was informed that the father, a Mr. Schemling, being disappointed of employment in London, whether he had proceeded from the continent, had been compelled to this itinerant resource, as the only means of support. The doctor could do little for him at Wells, which was not a musical place, but gave him letters to some influential persons in Bath, as a means of procuring patronage to undertake a morning concert. There the girl's abilities did not fail to divest the doctor's recommendation of its appearance of enthusiasm. She was heard, wondered at, and talked of; some amateurs instantly tendered their services to carry the father's project into effect; bills were printed, tickets issued and purchased; and the doctor rode over to superintend in person the musical arrangements. The proceeds of this concert were sufficient to enable the family to return to London, and thence to Germany, where their daughter, being placed under proper masters, began to develop her powers, grew up, married, and in a few years after revisited England, and, with a comet lustre, blazed upon its public as Madame Mara.”

This was the age of conviviality and clubs, very different from the degenerate puling of our modern institutions so called. Sir John Danvers was a distinguished member.

"Sir John lived well, as the gout in his left leg testified. He usually took his three bottles, which he called his three friends: the first, his encourager; the second, his adviser; and the third, his consoler. He had also a humorous knack of bestowing upon wine a regal appellation, and making its various species represent, when placed upon the table, the sovereigns of the countries that produced them:—thus, a bottle of port stood for the king of Portugal, champagne for that of France, Madeira for his Spanish majesty, whilst a bottle of porter, I believe, represented our beloved monarch. If we turned, therefore, from one wine to another, he would exclaim, 'Now we have bled the king of Spain to death, what if we decapitate the king of France!'"

The famous Dr. Herschel was not only a contemporary but a musical teacher of Mr. Bernard (1785-6). Herschel was organist to the Octagon Chapel, and played an instrument in the orchestra,—and the author relates:—

"Owing to the production of various operas at Bath, in which either serious or comic music was allotted me, I felt myself awkwardly situated; which the good-natured German observing, he proffered his services to give me private instruction, upon terms which should be arranged at a future period. This offer I gratefully accepted, and attended him twice a-week at his own lodgings, which then resembled an astronomer's much more than a musician's, being heaped up with globes, maps, telescopes, reflectors, &c. under which his piano was hid, and the violoncello, like a discarded favourite, skulked away in one corner. This was not the only evidence of Mr. Herschel's astrological propensities, nor were they a public secret; he had taken observations, and communicated with philosophical societies; the consequence of which was, that he had been quizzed by the fiddlers, and called by the charitably disposed an eccentric. To his friends and to myself he alluded to these studies without embarrassment, and would modestly remark, that 'all men had their failings, and this was his.' When I came to him of an evening, and caught him thus employed, he would tell me with a laugh, to take care how I stepped over his 'new world,' and didn't run foul of his 'celestial system;' and when I helped him to put his machinery aside, he had a standing joke in calling me his 'Atlas,' because I once carried the globe on my shoulders. When the removal was made, the fiddle was taken down, or the harpsichord opened, without farther comment. Whether it was a presage of his future success, or a constitutional complacency, that fortified him so firmly against the battery of the wag-gish, I cannot say, but certainly no man bore a persecution of this kind with less marks of suffering. Nevertheless, I believe that his condition, in comparison with mine, was paradoxical. When it was known that I attended him privately, the actors swore that I was studying astronomy, which rendered me the butt of the green-room, and fair game for every society I entered."

Our limits now restrict us to a very few short notes, &c. Bernard was warmly patronised by the Prince of Wales (our late gracious King), and when in London mixed much with the wits and wags of the day; being so far a favourite with them, as to be a member and Secretary of the Beef-Steak Club. This station, and his theatrical associations, will account for the annexed anecdotes, which we throw together without order, merely for their own sake.

"Sheridan was down at Brighton one sum-

mer, and Fox (the theatrical manager), desirous of shewing him some civility, took him all over the theatre, and exhibited its beauties. 'There, Mr. Sheridan,' said he, 'I constructed this stage—I built and painted those boxes, and I painted all these scenes.' 'Did you?' said Sheridan, surveying them rapidly; 'well, I should not have known you were a Fox by your brush.'"

The chief members of the Beef-steak Club are thus estimated by a scale:—

	Good Humour.	Wit.	Humour.
Sheridan	0	3	0
Selwyn	2	2	0
Andrews	2	2	0
Merry	3	1	2
Topham	3	1	0
Woodfall	3	1	0
Bate Dudley	3	1	0
Taylor	3	1	3
Hewardine	3	1	3
Saville Carey	3	1	3
G. A. Stevens	2	1	2
Major Arabin	3	1	3
Bearcroft	2	1	0
C. Bannister	3	2	3

And the subjoined, "though affording no specimen of the general cleverness of the conversation, illustrate in some measure the different styles of the members:—*Topham*. Fox was very powerful last night. *Woodfall*. His arguments were unusually clear, and well connected. *Sheridan*. Yes; his tongue's like a time-glass—the longer it runs, the clearer it gets. *Andrews*. Then he's not like a cask of Madeira. *Sheridan*. No—or he'd have died long ago by tapping. *Merry*. And yet he's been tapped pretty often. *Suett*. Talking of tapping, gentlemen, I had an aunt (Heaven rest her bones!) afflicted with the dropsy, who was tapped seventy-five times in one week. (A general laugh.) *Capt. M.* (an M.P.) *Suett*, was your father an actor? *Suett*. No; he was a tailor. *Merry*. Then he did more for his customers than the captain will for the constitution—he mended their breaches. *Suett*. To one thing, gentlemen, may I crave your attention?—I know who was my father. *Sheridan*. A wise child! *Andrews*. And a true believer. *Bearcroft*. We must take his word; for we can't produce evidence to the contrary. * * * *Andrews*. Kemble played Hamlet with great effect on Monday. *Topham*. Once or twice I thought he forgot himself. *Sheridan*. You mistake—he forgot his audience. *Andrews*. He never forgets you, Sheridan. *Sheridan*. Not on a Saturday. * * * *Somebody*. Can't we have a glee? Here's Dignum and Sedgwick, but not Kelly. *Captain Baker*. I like Kelly; he's a sociable, manly fellow. *Andrews*. I question his manhood—he's inclined to Crouch. * * * *Somebody*. What could have induced — to blow his brains out? *Sheridan*. A desire to convict the world, who said he never had any. * * * *Topham*. Merry, you heard of B.'s elopement with C., and that her father overtook them? *Merry*. Yes; Tom ran after a plum, and the father after a pair. *Woodfall*. These Greta Green marriages are decidedly imprudent. *Merry*. They are on the border."

This sort of sparkle certainly does not tell so well in print; but it must have been delightful over the bottle and bowl. Again:—

Andrews "was noted for his attentions to a certain nobleman, whose deficiency of intellect and sufficiency of arrogance were equally unpleasing. 'Why, Andrews,' said a friend to him, 'every body says you are Lord Lyttelton's shadow.' 'I don't know how his lordship can have a shadow,' he replied, 'when every body says they can see through him.'"

"A certain nobleman was dead, who had

been noted for the feminine delicacy of his hands. The circumstance being mentioned at the Club, the members, with their usual wag-gery, began looking at their digital extremities; and Merry called for a shew of hands, to decide the point of who had the smallest; when Woodfall remarked—"It should be given in my favour, gentlemen; I have more credit for my *short-hand* than any man in England."

"Sedgwick was quiet and inoffensive—but his voice was his solitary attraction. Sheridan used to say, with his usual good-nature, that 'he was like a Christmas spectacle—he had more sound than sense.' Dignum was equally quiet and amiable, but with rather more vanity than Sedgwick. He was desirous of a credit for his intellect, and that people should attribute his frequent fits of vacuity to profound mental abstraction. He was thus in the habit, in the green-room, and at the table occasionally, of placing his finger to his forehead, in the manner of Lawrence Sterne, as represented in his portrait, and pretending to be unconscious of what was passing around him. Among the actors this demure hoax succeeded; but not with the gentleman who wrote the *School for Scandal*. It was, indeed, one of Sheridan's pastimes to analyse his company, and compare them with the beings it was their business to imitate. Some one observing Dignum in his usual meditative posture, remarked it to the manager:—"Look at Dignum! he's thinking again!" "No!" said Sheridan; 'he thinks he thinks!'"

Sir John Jervis "had a favourite boatswain, one of those broad-backed, limber-legged, leather-skinned lovers of pigtail and shag, whose sayings and doings have contributed to raise the character of English seamen to the popularity it enjoys on the stage and with the world. This Jack's 'jawing tacks' slipped so easily, that he was always employed on the 'press gang' expeditions, being able to seduce more men into the 'sarvice,' than others to compel. One of the unfortunates that fell into his toils was a methodical tailor, 'who,' to use Merry's joke, 'not being able to get his bread, was willing to live upon water.' The first morning he was afloat, an enemy hove in sight, and all hands were piped; all hands appeared but the particular individual who is supposed by some to constitute a connecting link between the two sexes. Jack instantly sprang down the fore-castle, and found the tailor in his berth, with no intention of rising. 'Why, you swab!' exclaimed Jack, 'what do you do there?'—"Thinking of my soul!" murmured he. 'Your soul!—I tell 'e what, Jerry Thimble, if you don't bouse up and rig away, afore we're called to quarters, I'll clap my knee upon your breast-bone, and bark at your soul like a house-dog!' The engagement that ensued proved to be both long and sanguinary; during which, the boatswain was very active in doing his own duty and every body's else. He had been carrying a wounded officer below, and running up the cabin stairs, plunged his head into the stomach of Sir John, who, covered with smoke and perspiration, his face smutted, and his lace trimmings tarnished, was running down. The collision nearly carried the latter to the deck, who, gasping for breath, roared out, 'You rascal! what do you mean by that?' The boatswain's eye was riveted by his commander's whimsical appearance, and bursting into a loud laugh, he replied, 'I beg your honour's pardon, but your honour looks for all the world like a chimney-sweep on May-day!' Sir John said that, considering the enemy's fire was then strewing dead bodies about them,

this was the greatest specimen of coolness he had ever witnessed.

"One evening, Lord B. made a remark which transported Anthony Pasquin so much, that he vociferated for writing materials, to note it down. The former called him to order, and asked what he wanted. 'Ink—ink—ink, my lord!' he replied, striking his hand on the table.—'Do you?' said his lordship: 'wash your hands, then, and you'll get a quart.'"

Mr. Bernard relates several stories most honourable to the memory of John Kemble: we close our review with one very characteristic trait:—

"It was during this season, Mr. James Aiken of Drury Lane called out my friend John Kemble, for some supposed insult extended by the latter in his official capacity. John displayed in this affair his uniform coolness. The challenge was given at rehearsal; at night, the two played together; and, on the morning, at an early hour, they met with pistols. On taking their ground, Kemble said to Aiken, as he was the aggrieved party, he should fire first; but the latter was disinclined; and the seconds proposed that they should discharge their pistols together. This arrangement Kemble refused, saying, 'He had come out for Mr. Aiken's satisfaction.' Aiken became unnerved at conduct so honourable, and raising his pistol three times to take aim, trembled, and dropped it. Kemble at length lost his patience, and exclaimed, 'For God's sake! Mr. Aiken, do you intend to fire to-day?' Aiken then fired, and missed him. Kemble discharged his pistol in the air, and asked him if he was satisfied? 'Perfectly.'—'Then I hope there is an end and forgiveness to the matter?' said he, extending his hand. Aiken grasped it in silent conviction of his worthiness, and they returned to town better friends than they had ever been before."

We have merely to add, that Mr. Bernard produced some dramatic pieces; that these volumes conclude with his leaving England for America in 1797, dividing his life into two eras of 23 years each, for he returned in 1820; and that the second epoch is promised, should this portion be popular, of which there can be no fear whatever; since it is very amusing, anecdotal, and clever.

Walks about Town: a Poem in Two Cantos; with Notes, &c. By the Antiquated Trio. With Illustrations by R. Cruikshank. Pp. 54. London, 1830. E. Wilson.

THIS is one of those playful trifles which are amusing the town at this equivocal season, when one hardly knows whether there is a town or not. The Trio walk through various places of resort, and quiz and pun upon many of the sights and topics of the day.

The Ingrate's Gift; a Dramatic Poem. 12mo. pp. 197. Edinburgh, 1830. J. Kay.

ONE passage occurs in this little work so true and well turned, that it were injustice not to give it room.

"*Matilda.* If, as 'tis said,
The sun be life's great parent, why is he
More valued when he struggles in his rise,
Than when he tops the sky?
Lantle. Perchance the sun,
Like other paragons, is most esteemed
When we can see him great, but tending still
To some more greatness, yet unknown to us;
For, once the acme's gained, our restless thoughts,
When ascent is denied, will straightway down;
Thus, to be bright in our misjudging eye,
You must be brightening, or in dulness lie—
On earth there's no repose."

The rest is, we regret to say, almost all leather and prunella.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEATH OF JOHN ADAMS, &c.

WE have just received notice of the death of old Adams, the last of the leading mutineers of the *Bounty*, at Pitcairn Island,—a man whose name has been frequently before the public, and has been often coupled with the most interesting facts. Until the visit of the *Blossom* to Pitcairn Island, but one man-of-war had touched there, and many years elapsed without our obtaining any authentic account of the islanders. We now hope to receive from the pen of the captain of the *Blossom* (Captain Beechey), whose voyage we understand is about to appear, a full relation of all those transactions connected with the mutiny and with the history of Pitcairn Island, which have been so variously stated to the public.

We have also to announce an unexpected progress in the Sandwich islanders, who have equipped an expedition, consisting of two of their brigs of war, against the New Hebrides, where they intend to form a settlement. The expedition is under the command of Boki, the governor of Woahoo, who has with him Manuia, the captain of the port, and three hundred soldiers. By the latest accounts, the missionaries were acquiring a powerful ascendancy in Woahoo, and had made themselves so obnoxious to the government, that the young king was said to be anxious to quit his dominions; and it was reported, that if Boki were successful in his undertaking, he would not return to the Sandwich Islands.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

FRENCH INSTITUTE.

[From *Le Globe* of the 26th of August.]

Sitting of St. Louis.—Yesterday the French Academy held its solemn sitting. We cannot say if the 25th of August was a well-chosen day, or if the doors of the Mazarin palace, riddled by musket-balls by order of a descendant of St. Louis, ought to have been opened on that same day, with so much punctuality. For our own part, we should have been better pleased to see the Academy postpone its sitting, and neglect that usage of the ancient *régime*, which has no other advantage than to remind us of annual adulations. So abrupt an abandonment of past customs would besides have proved to us that the Academy feels the necessity of prompt and complete regeneration. All the literary establishments in France, the museums, the theatres, the libraries, stand in the same need of reform; but the Academy, that *protégée* of Richelieu and Colbert, that plaything of Louis XIV., that forgotten ruin of the monarchy of "the great king," must modify itself very extensively, to be more, in our days, than a strange anachronism. Under the offuscated government which has just terminated, we have seen the Academy follow, instead of directing, the movement of intelligence. What then will be its position in the era of intellectual progress and liberty on which we are entering? There are times suitable to prytaneums and academies; namely, when, after long efforts, the human mind rests, and makes a halt. Then it finds repose and dignity under the shelter of such institutions. But when it recommences its march, and renews its labours, it requires, as in Italy in the fifteenth century, and in Germany at the present day, not academies, but chairs and schools. It is the golden age of universities. France in 1830, like France in the sixteenth century, finds itself placed in one of those epochs of fermentation and advance. No one can desire less

than we the destruction of academies; but we believe that, if they comprehend their situation, they will tend to approximate more and more to the university and teaching form. In that respect, the French Academy has, during the last ten years, limited itself to a negation of every thing that has been said and done around it. There is not a single lesson by M. Guizot, M. Villemain, and M. Cousin, which does not contain a hundred times more thought and instruction than the two or three public sittings with which the Academy every year indulges us. Hence, serious men and youth desert the place, and the Mazarin has almost become a gynæceum hall. "Well!" it will be said, "propose the remedy. Would you have the Academy admit the public to its weekly sittings?" Why not? "Would you have it undertake historical and critical publications?" Assuredly. Might not the academicians, with their independent fortunes, with their numerous connexions, with their foreign correspondents, collect and publish valuable information which necessarily escapes the journals and reviews, whose authors are less favourably situated? To be an academician, and to do nothing, was in the last century a privilege: it is now a peril. The question, as it respects academies, is one of existence. Under the rational government upon which we are entering, it appears to us that the inviolability of abuses, and consequently of sinecures, is greatly endangered. Now we do not think that collective sinecures deserve to be treated with more delicacy than individual. We will not press the result. * * *

We had nearly forgotten to announce the poetical prize for next year. The subject is *The literary glory of France*. The motives which have guided the Academy in their choice of this subject are too curious not to be transcribed *in extenso*.

"Our language," says the programme, "has long had the honour to be, in some respects, the universal language of Europe. This advantage accrued to it in the eleventh and twelfth centuries; it has ever been retained, and even has not ceased to increase. The century opened by Corneille spread our idiom and our literature throughout the civilised world. Every where our poets have been imitated, our authors translated. The age of Voltaire still added to our literary glory. Montesquieu, Rousseau, and many other French writers of the eighteenth century, prepared and urged the great advance of the people towards a better order of things in politics and in morals. Nevertheless, certain foreigners stood up against this great literary fame, and unhappily found auxiliaries even in France itself. They especially attacked the glory of our tragic theatre; fancying, no doubt, that if they could surprise that important post, they might render themselves the masters, and proclaim themselves the conquerors, of the whole French Parnassus. It is necessary to oppose this invasion, which has in it something barbarous; to combat for our altars and our hearths. The Academy proposes to our poets a subject which seems to call upon their patriotism and their talents; being at the same time national and literary."

We are absolutely ignorant to which of the forty are due the idea and the composition of this singular programme, so that we might, without scruple, point out all the beauties of it, one after the other. But we will content ourselves with remarking, that this precious piece of academical criticism proves what we advanced at the beginning of the present article. It is evident, on reading it, that the Academy, in its collective acts, is far, we will not say

from advancing, but from comprehending certain questions, which have been discussed in calmer times, and on which several of its members have, individually, thrown so brilliant a light.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Great Britain Illustrated, from Drawings by W. Westall, A.R.A.; with Descriptions by Thomas Moule. No. XXIX. Tilt.

WE regret to observe that it is the publisher's intention to close this very pleasing work with the next No. The present contains, "Lower Lake of Killarney, Ross Castle and Island;" "Melkham;" "Uske, Monmouthshire;" and "Widcombe Church, near Bath."

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. Part V. London, C. Tilt; J. Andrews: Edinburgh, T. Ireland, jun.

THE Abbot is here illustrated by "St. Mary's," from a drawing by S. Prout; the Heart of Mid Lothian by "Holy Loch," from a drawing by J. D. Harding; Old Mortality by "Bothwell Castle," from a drawing by R. R. Reinagle, R.A.; and Peveril of the Peak by "Peel Castle," from a drawing by H. Gastineau. They are all beautiful; but "Peel Castle," engraved by Edward Finden, is our prime favourite. This may perhaps be in some measure owing to our once having been so fortunate as to see that noble ruin under similar circumstances of effect; but, without any reference to that consideration, the plate is, as our continental neighbours would say, *superbe*. We must again express our astonishment that so much grandeur—nay, sublimity—can be comprehended in so small a space.

Original Penmanship. By J. P. Hemm, of Nottingham. Harding.

"HE has entitled the specimens *Original Penmanship*, for this obvious reason; notwithstanding he possesses a very high regard for the splendid productions of other penmen, whether of ancient or modern date, he can, without fear of contradiction, assert, that he has not in a solitary instance copied a single page to render the same subservient to his present publication; and as ease and elegance are the component parts of penmanship in its highest perfection, he has aimed at combining these qualities; and, instead of endeavouring, by geometrical measurement or mechanical arrangement, to produce correct circles and parallel distances in his flourishes, he has presented to the public eye a fac-simile of forms and figures which were in the original manuscript produced by the rapid flourishing dash of the pen." So says Mr. Hemm in his preface; and we can with justice add, that we have never seen a more beautiful work of its kind. It contains twelve plates, besides the dedication, which is to the mayor and corporation of Nottingham. The proportions of the letters belonging to the different hands are admirably symmetrical; and the ornamental devices are full of freedom, variety, and taste.

Select Views of the Lakes of Scotland; taken from original Paintings by John Fleming, E.M.G.D.S.; engraved by Joseph Swan, M.G.D.S.; with Historical and Descriptive Illustrations by John M. Leighton, Esq. Part I. Glasgow, Swan: London, Moon, Boys, and Graves.

WE are glad to see this tasteful triumvirate again in the field. Mr. Swan says, very mo-

destly, in his introductory notice—"Should the publisher meet with that support which will secure him against sustaining any material loss, it will be his delight to present to the public a faithful delineation of all the more important Scottish lakes; the scenery of which has been admired by all who have visited them from every country and every clime." There are, we hope, too many lovers of the fine arts, and too many lovers of Scotland, to justify any apprehension of loss in such an undertaking. On the contrary, we have no doubt that, if it is carried on in the same excellent style in which it has been commenced, the various parties engaged in it will eventually reap the just reward of their talents and enterprise. The present Part is devoted to Loch Lomond, and contains, besides a vignette in the title-page, three admirable representations of that magnificent and romantic lake. The points of view are well chosen, and the various features of the scenery are delineated with fidelity and precision. Mr. Swan has seconded Mr. Fleming with great ability: we think that he has made a decided improvement, as an engraver, since his last work. Nor must we withhold our praise from the simple and unaffected descriptions of Mr. Leighton.

Sir Humphry Davy, Bart. Painted by Lawrence; engraved by R. Newton. Moon, Boys, and Co.

A LINE ENGRAVING, and a fine print of the late President of the Royal Society. Though not long painted, it represents this distinguished man of science in the prime of life, and even with the youthful look which so long adhered to him, amid all the toils and wasting of literary and scientific pursuits. It is true they were relieved by social pleasures and quiet relaxations; but still the appearance of this portrait renews the regrets felt at the loss of such an individual so prematurely.

Prince Metternich. By Lawrence; engraved by S. Cousins. Colnaghi, Son, and Co.

A MEZZOTINT of the highest order, from that brilliant portrait of Prince Metternich, which Sir Thomas painted, among his illustrious personages, for his late Majesty. The style, as well as the likeness, are very happily preserved in this transcript.

CORK EXHIBITION.

AN exhibition has been opened in Cork by "the Society for promoting the Fine Arts in the South of Ireland." The catalogue enumerates 162 pictures, drawings, and sketches. Poetry, we presume, is not among the fine arts patronised in Cork, if we may judge from the following quotation, illustrating one of the pictures, and which we copy as a curiosity:

"A land of dreams, where the Spirit strays in the silent time of Night, and friends meet friends long Lost in the glow of the mellow evening light."

In our poetical criticisms we have often had to reprehend the great abuse which has crept into composition, in so far as regards the division of lines,—our modern writers making them end indifferently in the nominatives of verbs which begin the next, common conjunctions, adjectives divorced from their substantives, &c. &c. &c.: perhaps this caricature of the style, by displaying its gross absurdity, may do more towards promoting a reform than all our preaching.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SCENES IN WINDSOR CASTLE.

I SAW a castle of beauty and power
Bathed in the hues of the sunset hour;
Proudly over the battlements fair
A standard streamed on the soft blue air.
The bright, the noble, have graced those halls;
The brave with laurel-crowns wreathed the walls:

They are met once more by that mingled sound
Of music and revelry floating around;
I hear through each portal one chorus ring,
Re-echoed by thousands—"God save the king!"

A change was darkening o'er the sky
When next that castle met mine eye;
The rosy tints of gold were flown,
Eve's dusky shade remained alone;
The song was hush'd—in whispers low
Men asked of what they feared to know;
Tired messengers, despatch'd in speed,
Passed and repass'd with foaming steed;
While anxious eyes and lips compressed,
Though mute, th' impending doom confessed—
This prayer their hearts were murmuring,
"Lord, we beseech thee, save our king!"

I saw those ancient towers again,
They were wrapt as it were with a shroud,
And the flag that yields not on earth or main
Beneath the light wind bow'd.
A conqueror rent the palace gate,
And strode in gloomy pride,
Till he reached the throne in the hall of state,
Then he cast his arms aside.

A mournful stillness reigned profound,
The breath of life had fled,
When a train of followers gathered around
The couch of the princely dead;
But Time so lightly had waved his wing,
They feared to awaken the dreamless king:
No trace of mortal pain appeared,
And a ray was seen to shine
O'er the cold, mute lips, and the brow revered—
A type of bliss divine!

Soft fell the dewy veil of night,
When glancing swift, a signal light
(Gleams from the ivy'd tower;
With arms reversed, a martial band
Along the courts compacted stand,
Guarding the sacred hour.

Now faintly sweet the funeral dirge we hear,
Distinct yet distant, stealing on the ear;
Continuous and sad the requiem floats,
Responding chords adopt the plaintive notes,
Leaving no pause between.

The trumpet's blast, the roll of muffled drum,
Proclaim the last solemnities are come;
Knights, heralds, warriors, peers, advancing slow,

Robed in the pomp and pageantry of wo,
In marshalled ranks are seen.

Now borne beneath the torch's fitful light,
Britain's imperial banners fluttered bright,
In proud and rich array;

The glittering crown, the sceptre, and the sword,

Shine round the gilded coffin of their lord,
Memorials of decay;
And hark! the cannon's deadly roar
Bursts o'er the dirge and clarion's wail,
Portentous thundering on the gale,
"Our sovereign breathes no more!"

Is there no mourner in the sable trains
Who crowd to view their king's enshrined remains?

No gentle praise? no tributary sigh?
Yet thousands watch the regal canopy
Pass to the holy choir!

Could they who shared his lasting love behold
The drooping pall and velvet's waving fold,
Nor feel a thrilling pang unnerve the breast?
Was every touch of inward grief repress,
Ere sank the mild and generous prince to rest,
Beside his honoured sire?

No! there are hearts in yon bright retinue
Whom cold indifference dares not yet subdue,
They will not blush to shed
One loyal tear of gratitude, nor fear
Respectful sighs may wound the monarch's ear,
Who mourns a brother dead!

Statesmen may feel, and courtiers own,
Regret for him who graced the throne,
When kindred princes weep;
In signs of faith like these were seen,
To William and his gentle queen
Allegiance pure and deep:
And who with iron heart can smile
When sweeps along the sacred aisle
The organ's pealing sound;
And waded thence to cloister dim
Is faintly heard the choral hymn,
Reverberating round?

Contentent notes in union meet,
The minute-gun, the anthem sweet,
The bell's sepulchral toll;
Oh, let not nobler man disdain
To breathe with them the hallowed strain—
"Peace to King George's soul!"

July, 1830.

H. E. B.*

BIOGRAPHY.

RIGHT HON. W. HUSKISSON.

WITH feelings of sincere sorrow we have to announce the sudden and melancholy death of the Right Hon. W. Huskisson, who was accidentally killed at the grand ceremony of opening the Rail-Road between Liverpool and Manchester. The unfortunate gentleman had alighted to converse with some of the parties interested in this great concern, when one of the steam-impelled carriages threw him down, and crushed his leg in so dreadful a manner, that he expired on the same day (Wednesday) at Eccles, whither he had been conveyed. This fearful calamity occurred within a few yards of the carriage in which were the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel; and, still more to be lamented, within sight of Mrs. Huskisson, whose horror and distress admit of no description. Indeed, the effect of so shocking a scene, in the midst of triumph and festivity, cast a heavy gloom upon every heart; and, but from the strange dread of commotions at Manchester, (what a picture of the state of its population, and of the country!!!) the procession would have stopped at once. As it was, it proceeded to its destination in a mutilated shape; the ministers left it as soon as they decently could; and the whole concluded in sadness and mourning, instead of the anticipated rejoicing and merriment.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

ENGLISH TRAVELLERS IN ITALY.

WE recently extracted from *Le Globe* a contrast between England and Italy—the English and the Italians. That paper continues its amiable efforts to improve our countrymen and

* In acknowledging our obligation to the young and fair writer of this feeling composition, we are induced to couple our thanks with an apology for having, amid the mass of poetry with which our table is crowded, suffered a very pretty little volume from her pen, and entitled *The Poésie*, to be among our postponed Reviews. We may now take the opportunity of saying it is a sweet and graceful female work.—*Ed. L. G.*

countrywomen. The following description of English travellers in Italy is amusing enough. It contains some falsehood, and much exaggeration; though a large portion of it, we fear, is but too true.

The English, as is well known, form more than seven-eighths of the travellers in Italy. In many places, indeed, an Englishman and a traveller have become synonymous terms. Their flight also, like that of quails, is always regular and simultaneous. "In one month," say the people on the road from Rome to Naples, "the English will be coming;" and in one month they never fail to come. They all hurry from Rome, on a certain day, to remain at Naples for a certain time, and to return to Rome by a certain period. Nothing can induce the great majority of them to alter this arrangement. The last year that I was in Italy, their five weeks in Naples were dismal. There was constant rain, wind, and even snow. Vesuvius was veiled during the whole period; and the finest roads, that of Paestum for example, were impassable. The English, nevertheless, all went away on the fixed day. They had passed their prescribed time at Naples!

In fact, it is not to amuse themselves that the English visit Italy. They may be divided into two great classes;—those who, for the sake of economy, leave London with their families; and the young men who travel on quitting Oxford or Cambridge. The first have, in general, two or three carriages, a cook, and five or six servants. They hire a house, open their drawing-room, live among themselves, and, if they are amateurs of the arts, get up a private theatre. As for the second, a trip to Italy is never with them a pleasure. They take a course of France and Italy as they would take a course of law and philosophy. But do not fancy that their object is instruction. What can be learnt out of old England? But it is necessary they should distinguish themselves from the miserable devils who are not rich enough to quit their natal soil: it is necessary they should assume a certain rank in London among the fashionables in the west end of the town. While they are undergoing this probation, therefore, they are generally as wearied as they are wearying. They come full of prejudices, and they return as they came. Nothing pleases them; they are disgusted with every thing; irritated at every thing, even at the most indifferent customs. Even the climate and the sky do not always find favour in their sight. I once travelled with a young Scotchman, who had determined to be colder at Rome than at Edinburgh. He was enchanted when he felt a fresh north-easter; a chill rain delighted him; a thick fog rendered him triumphant. Nothing in the world could tempt him to renounce one of his habits. At the beginning of a long day's journey it was necessary that he should stop an hour to take some tea; and the only time that I ever saw him angry was, when I proposed to him to breakfast in the carriage.

To these two classes of travellers others may no doubt be added. Thus, one of the richest dukes in England announced last year in the papers that he was setting off for Italy, with six berlins; and that any of his friends who wished to make the journey at his expense, had only to give their names to his porter. Thus also, annoyed by not being able to penetrate at London into the fashionable world, that world so strict and well barricaded, a great many English come to the continent, in order, at least at their ambassador's house, to approach those privileged mortals, by whom, when at home,

they are kept at a distance. The last English ambassador at Florence found his saloon invaded by travellers of this description, and frequently complained of them. But, whether travellers from economy, from duty, from luxury, or from vanity, they are all alike in one point—they have the most perfect indifference for every thing which they suppose they come to see. Nevertheless, wherever there are statues or pictures, you meet with them;—but how? With a bewildered air, a stiff neck, an imperturbable countenance, and their hands in their pockets. At a single glance they have seen forty pictures and fifty statues. I remember that, at Florence, I was one day visiting the gallery of the Academy of Fine Arts—a gallery in which select pictures are arranged according to their epochs, thus throwing a great light on the history of painting. Accompanied by the keeper, I had finished examining one of the walls of the gallery, when the bell was violently rung. Three Englishmen entered; and, like people accustomed to the thing, went immediately and placed themselves before the earliest pictures—those by Cimabue and Giotto. As the keeper was leaving me for them, I complained. "Make yourself easy," said he, with an Italian look—"they are English; they will overtake you before you have seen this picture." They required, indeed, only time to measure the gallery with great strides and with much noise. About the middle, one of them discovered on a table one of those large pasteboard tubes, blackened within, which serve to concentrate the light. It appeared strange to him, and he stopped to examine with it the picture to which he was opposite. But his companions hastened him; and, as the keeper had predicted, in one minute all three were by my side; in two minutes more they had turned on their heels and re-crossed the threshold of the door. "*Ebbene, signor!*" said the keeper to me, returning, and putting in his pocket the two precise pauls.

As for antiquities, that is another affair, and the travelling English are very fond of them. It is not that they look at them much more, but they seldom fail to carry something away for their collections. It is for that purpose, especially, that antiquities are valuable, according to them. All the keepers declare, that they have contributed more than time to the destruction of Pompeia; and at the Villa Adriana I saw one of them throw a stone at a ceiling painted in fresco, in order to knock off a little piece of red or blue stucco. What did the Villa Adriana signify? That little bit of stucco would figure on a mantel, at his country house, and shew his love of the arts.

Of all civilised beings, the Englishman is, I believe, the least sensible to the arts, the greatest slave of habit, the least accessible to external impressions. In Italy, especially, he is good for nothing. View him on a promenade, or in a theatre, in a drawing-room, or in the midst of ruins, he has always the same air of sadness, dissatisfaction, and *ennui*. *Ennui* is the principal feature of his character; it is by this that absurdities otherwise incomprehensible are explained. You have heard it said, for instance, that the English in Italy pay very dearly for every thing. Nothing can be more false; at least in Switzerland and Italy. In those two countries you meet at every step with very rich Englishmen who will dispute for an hour about a single franc. They are frequently not satisfied with that; but, having vented their fury in speech, go and inscribe pathetic imprecations in the registers in which travellers enter their names. I have

seen the heir of one of the greatest families in England curse through twenty eloquent lines the infirm cowkeeper of La Sheideck, "for having charged him exorbitantly for some cheese and milk." At Lauterbrunn, I have seen rich Englishmen refuse to pay four francs a-head at a *table d'hôte*. At the end of an hour and a half, when I returned from the fall, they were still refusing. At Venice, I saw four Scotchmen, the poorest of whom was worth £4000 a year, on arriving at ten o'clock at night, after a most fatiguing day's travelling, run about to all the inns to obtain a reduction of twenty sous in the price of their beds. In all these places, however, the prices were regular, and were the same which every body paid. When I set off from Milan for Venice and Rome, I had for my companion a young Englishman, who was also very rich. As my Italian was not so bad as his, he entrusted our accounts to me. The same evening, when they brought in the bill, it was reasonable, and I paid it. As soon as we were alone, "you do not consider," he observed, "that we ought to have obtained a reduction of two francs." I then told him that was by no means my system. "I know," said I, "that your countrymen have that habit; but the calculation I make is this: I travel in Italy for my pleasure; now nothing annoys me more than a dispute every day. It is, if you will, two francs a-day, or sixty francs a-month, which I sacrifice to my tranquillity." By degrees he appeared to become of my opinion; but at Venice he met some of his countrymen, and whenever the English meet in travelling, their first questions are, "Where do you live? What do you pay?" Unfortunately he found that we were paying twenty sous a-piece more than these gentlemen. In the evening I found him pensive. "It is impossible," he remarked, "to continue thus to be dupes." "As you please; but I abdicate my functions." "Well; from Venice, then, I take them upon myself." Three days afterwards, at Bassano, the bill was brought in. I referred it to my Englishman. "Quanto?" exclaimed he, dwelling strongly on the last syllable. "Signor, dicci lire." "E troppo." "Troppo, signor!" And then the Italian explained to him how it was impossible to keep an inn at less. "Houses are very dear at Bassano, and taxes very high. Meat, which formerly cost only eight sous, now costs twelve. Fruit is out of all price. Vegetables are not to be had." While the host was talking with incredible volubility, and offering to shew his books, the honest Englishman was endeavouring to reply; but he knew scarcely ten words of Italian, and inarticulate sounds alone testified his dissatisfaction. At length, unable to make himself understood, "Bene, bene," he cried out, and put an end to the matter. It might be supposed that this commencement would disgust him. Not at all. The same scene was repeated every evening. It consisted, on the part of the host, of a flow of arguments and lamentations; and, on the part of the Englishman, of the three little phrases "quanto?" "e troppo," and "bene," always uttered in the same order, and at the same intervals.

To spend little has become to the young English who travel, a sort of occupation, and a point of honour. To get good dinners at a cheap rate seems to be their principal object. At the moment of quitting Palermo, to ramble over Sicily, an Englishman, a man of good sense, requested to join my companions and me. He came to see me, and told me that two of his friends, who the year before had re-

mained several months in Sicily, had, before his departure from London, confided their journal to him. "This journal is very instructive," said he, "and may be useful to us. Will you look over it?" I cheerfully consented; and two hours afterwards opened the precious volume. The following is an extract:—"First day. From Palermo to Alicata. We stopped to breakfast at ——. They gave us six eggs, two pounds of bread, and a dozen oranges, and charged us a shilling. At Alicata; for dinner, a little beef badly boiled, a salad, and some tough chickens: price three shillings. Beds a shilling each. Second day: To Trapani. They could furnish us only with some eggs and a little bad cold meat; we nevertheless paid, as yesterday, three shillings. It is too dear." The whole was in this tone; a detail of every meal, with its price, and observations. I took up the second volume;—it was an echo of the first.

I should never conclude, if I were to attempt to collect every thing on this subject. That among the English travellers there are men of a different stamp, I believe; but they are lost in the crowd. Such as I have described are the wandering hordes who every year pour forth in masses from the banks of the Thames, to settle on the banks of the Tiber and the Arno. They see nothing—they learn nothing—they are amused with nothing.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The First Rudiments of Harmony, with a short Account of all Instruments employed in an Orchestra. By G. Herbert Rodwell, Professor of Harmony at the Royal Academy of Music. 12mo. pp. 147. London, 1830. Goulding and D'Almaine.

To Mr. Rodwell, to whom we are not only indebted for so many beautiful and popular melodies, but for several fine overtures and other more elaborate compositions, we now owe an elementary work of great brevity, simplicity, and value. He has stripped musical science of a multitude of those old technicalities, which made it worse than "Hebrew-Greek" to the student; and has in fact accomplished the somewhat difficult task of making thorough bass intelligible. His preface fully explains the object he had in view; and the learner is exercised on the principles developed in plainer terms, with examples, by a series of questions at the bottom of each page. We cannot commend the volume, which is very neatly got up in its musical points, more than it deserves for the use and instruction of pupils in the science of harmony.

A Set of Ten Songs and Two Duets. The Words and Music by Two Sisters. London, J. Power.

BOTH the words and the music are extremely sweet; and there can be no question of this book's being a favourite wherever it is seen. The first song is so fair a specimen of the feeling and talent which pervade the whole, that we quote it for the gratification of readers, who will admire it, even without its appropriate and beautiful music.

"They bid me forget thee, they tell me that now
The grave damp is staining that beautiful brow;
They say that the sound of thy gay laugh is o'er:
Alas! shall I hear its sweet music no more?
I cannot forget thee, thy smile haunts me yet,
And thy deep earnest eyes, bright as when we first met;
Thy gay laugh returns in the silence of sleep,
And I start from my slumbers,—to listen—and weep!

The spring of the desert in darkness flows on,
When the hand that has sealed its pure waters is gone;
And the eye of the stranger in vain seeks to know,
When the Arab's bright fountain is sparkling below.

So this fond heart has closed o'er the source of its tears,
O'er the love it has lived on, yet hidden for years;
Thou art gone, and another's rude hand shall in vain
Seek to bring that choked fountain to day-light again."

The "Fairy Bells" is another particular favourite with us; and the "Land I love," and "To-morrow," are also so pleasing, that we wish we could do the volume justice by transferring them entire to our literary page. But as this may not be, we can only heartily recommend the whole.

A Set of Six Ancient Spanish Ballads, Historical and Romantic. The Words by T. Lockhart, Esq. The Music by Mrs. Robert Arkwright. J. Power.

No writer has done more justice to the spirit of Spanish literature and story than Mr. Lockhart; and the charm of his compositions is here enhanced by their being associated with fine and appropriate music. The "Bridal of Andalla" is an exquisite piece; and the "Avenging Child," and "Lady Alda's Dream," no less striking and original. We cannot wish our fair musical friends a more captivating companion than these Six Ancient Ballads.

DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

ON Monday, *Marie Mignot*, a drama in three acts, which enjoyed so extraordinary a run in Paris, was produced here with complete success; well merited by the excellent acting of Farren, Cooper, Vining, Williams, Miss F. H. Kelly, and Mrs. Glover. The gist of the piece is to shew, that ambition is not the road to happiness; and it is exemplified in the person of *Marie Mignot* (Miss F. H. Kelly), a beautiful laundress, and the niece of *Mignot* (Farren), a Ude of a cook, who is raised from her humble station, first, to be the wife and widow of *Modeau* (Williams), a rich lawyer; then the wife and widow of *Dinot* (Thompson), a marshal of France; and, lastly, the favourite and almost the wife of *Casimir*, king of Poland (Cooper). The progress of these events occupies three acts:—in the first *Marie* is young, and is false to her young and suitable lover *Lagarde* (Vining), that she may wed the wealth of *Modeau*;—in the second she is ten years older, and again sacrifices *Lagarde* (who has by his talents become an eminent lawyer, and still retains his affection for her), in order to attain the rank of a marshal's lady;—and in the third intriguing for the Polish diadem, with similar duplicity and want of feeling, she is scornfully rejected by *Lagarde*, now Viceroy of Livonia, and pitifully given up by *Casimir*, who reigns the crown and retires to the Abbey of St. Germaine; while the ambitious *Marie* seeks refuge for her wounded pride in a convent of the Carmelites. A sort of corollary runs along throughout the whole, in the shape of a *Harriet de Lorme* (Mrs. Glover), who gives to pleasure what *Marie* gives to ambition, and is finally reduced to poverty in her old age.

Though there is a sameness in the repetition of the same action at three different periods of life; and though the development of the passion and principle, the consequences of which it is the aim of the author to exhibit, leads to situations more forced than natural, and to exaggerated conduct in the chief characters; yet the stage effect of *Marie Mignot* is kept up with far greater interest than could have been anticipated, where the end is foreseen. The

poetic justice of the moral reconciles us to its treble exhibition; and when the curtain drops we feel satisfied that the drama has reflected an essentially true and instructive picture, though it has aggravated the means of imparting the lesson. The performances, too, as we have noticed, contribute largely to the popular reception of *Marie Mignot*. Miss F. H. Kelly plays the heroine with taste and energy; and Farren, in the devoted cook, is, as he always is, most excellent. Mrs. Glover is not quite the Harriet of the early scenes; but she improves as she becomes older, in their course; though perhaps, on the whole, she points her sarcasms with too much bitterness for the gay and laughing Frenchwoman. The rest of the *dramatis personæ* have not so much to do; and we have only to repeat, that all is done well.

On Wednesday we witnessed the thirtieth repetition of *Separation and Reparation*; in which Farren's perfect *Von Grotius*, Mrs. Glover's almost, if not quite, as perfect *Madame Gilderland*, Cooper's no less excellent and spirited *Baron Malamour*, Miss Mor-daunt's beautiful *Angelique*, and Webster's humorous *Poppinoff*, furnished forth just such an entertainment as ought to be enjoyed at the Haymarket.

ENGLISH OPERA, ADELPHI.

The Irish Girl justifies our expectations, and fills this theatre nightly to witness the exquisite performance of Miss Kelly, who in this simple piece offers a study of all that is good in the art of acting,—truth, simplicity, nature, and power. The other parts are also well sustained; and the sweet little Harriet Cawse adds much to her reputation both as actress and singer. Here, too, (and in other dramas, such as, *Wanted a Governess*.) we have Bartley, a representative of old men, than whom there is none superior on the English stage; for, with all their characteristics ably copied, there is a chasteness in his personations which demands our highest praise. Keeley, Mrs. Keeley, and Wrench, keep up the laughter and spirit of the night; and we are glad to see the season drawing towards its close in a way as favourable as the circumstances of the theatre could admit.

VARIETIES.

French Ministry.—The department of Letters and the Arts, in the administration of the interior, has just been confided to M. Lenormant. A refined taste, profound studies, and extensive travels undertaken solely with scientific views, are his titles to the appointment.

French Pantheon.—By an ordonnance of the King of the French, the Pantheon at Paris has been restored to its primitive destination; and the inscription, "AUX GRANDS HOMMES LA PATRIE RECONNOISSANTE," is to be re-established on the pediment. The busts of Foy and Manuel have already been placed in it with great ceremony.

The Blood.—Experiments recently made on the hematosin, or colouring matter of the blood, seem to shew, that, as well as the albumen, it is capable of assuming two different forms; in the one of which it is soluble, in the other insoluble; a fact that will explain several differences of opinion on the part of chemists. It is further supposed, that the substance hitherto known under the name of hematosin, is not an immediate animal principle, but is a combination of albumen with another substance which has been called globulin; a substance found in a free state in human blood, but united with

albumen in the blood of cattle and sheep. The globulin differs from the hematosin in these respects; namely, that it contains more iron, that it is soluble in the alkalis and the acids, and that it is capable of forming with the hydrochloric acid a mixture soluble in alcohol.

Cure for the Gout.—M. Aliès, a physician residing at Coulomiers in France, has just discovered the following remedy for the gout, which he says may be considered as a specific. Take from ten to sixteen ounces of grated guaiacum wood, which is to be boiled in three quarts of water until only one quart remains; the decoction is to be strained, and then made into six equal doses, three of which are to be taken daily, one early in the morning, one at twelve o'clock, and the third in the evening. *The Journal des Connaissances Usuelles*, from which we extract this account, states that guaiacum may be also employed with very great advantage in rheumatism and sciatica. The use of guaiacum as a remedy for the gout has been frequently recommended in this country; but we never understood that it was a specific.

A Child with Four Legs!—M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire lately exhibited to the Paris Academy of Sciences a child two months old, in perfect health, which has four legs. Viewed from before, only two legs are seen, but on looking behind, there are two others of shorter length, so that they do not interfere with the movements of the child; nevertheless they are perfectly formed. The right foot of the supplementary leg is perfectly formed; but on the left there are only three toes. M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire stated, that he has a fowl with precisely the same peculiarity.

Music.—Rossini has returned to Paris from Bologna, and is now engaged upon a new opera for the Académie Royale de Musique. It is supposed, however, that he will not complete it very soon,—as, among the reforms of the new government, it is proposed to reduce the expenditure of the Grand Opera.

Botany.—M. L. Riedel, who was attached in quality of botanist to the scientific expedition of M. de Langsdorff in Brazil, has just brought to St. Petersburg, for the Imperial Botanical Garden, a collection of more than a thousand living Brazilian plants, amongst which are several not to be found in any other botanical garden of Europe.

Travelling in the Air.—At a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, M. Navier read a paper in refutation of a work by M. Chabrier on aerial travelling. M. Navier proves, by inquiries and experiments, as to the motion of birds in the air, that if a man were able to put together at once all the physical power which he has in eight hours, it would not be sufficient to support him with any mechanical apparatus in the air for five minutes. He considers, therefore, all the ideas advanced on this subject as chimerical.

Population of North America.—The census now taking in the United States, which seems to go on as slowly as the population progresses fastly, gives an increase on ten years of from 4 to 27 per cent in the New England towns; of 100 per cent in thirteen towns of New York; of 40 per cent in thirty places of Pennsylvania; and 43 per cent in several towns of Virginia. It is not easy to found any calculation on such vague and partial returns; but the aggregate increase must be very great.

The French Literary Gazette.—The events of the late revolution have thrown into the hands of the editor of the *Literary Gazette* at Paris (one of the best reviews of literature, science, and the arts, in that city) some curious

papers, which appeared in two recent Nos. of that publication. Among them is a copy of a play by M. Martigny, one of the ex-ministers, said to have been represented at Bourdeaux, in April 1814, before the Duc d'Angoulême; in which the bravery and magnanimity of the Duke of Wellington are extolled, and the English are represented as generous conquerors, while the French people are depicted as ready to black their shoes.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXXVIII. Sept. 12.*]

Tales of other Days, by J. Y. A.; with engravings after Designs by George Cruikshank.—*Old Booty*, or the Devil and the Baker, a serio-comic Sailor's Tale, founded on Fact, by Mr. Moncrieff, and illustrated by Robert Cruikshank.—For the mercantile world we see announced the *British Merchant's Assistant*, by G. Green, containing Tables of Interest: of Premium and Discount on Exchange Bills and India Bonds; for ascertaining the Value of English and Foreign Stock; and other useful matter.—Sir William Jardine, author of "Illustrations of Ornithology," has in the press an edition of Wilson's *American Ornithology*, with the continuation by C. Lucien Bonaparte.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lindley's Natural System of Botany, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Ellis's British Tariff, 1830-31, 12mo. 5s. sewed.—Elliotson on the Heart, folio, 1l. 1s. sewed.—Howitt's Poems. Antediluvian Sketches, fcp. 5s. bds.—Rogers's Italy, with 56 engraved vignettes, 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.; proofs, 8vo. 2l. 2s. bds.—Brenan's Utility of Latin, 18mo. 2s. bds.—Dickenson's Mamluk, a Poem, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Hone's French Revolution, 8vo. 2s. 6d. sewed.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 9	From 39. to 58.	29.43 to 29.73
Friday... 10	— 39. — 62.	29.50 — 29.65
Saturday... 11	— 48. — 61.	29.66 Stationary
Sunday... 12	— 45. — 51.	29.36 to 29.31
Monday... 13	— 39. — 62.	29.40 — 29.50
Tuesday... 14	— 41. — 64.	29.36 — 29.45
Wednesday 15	— 41. — 64.	29.55 — 29.60

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing.

Except the 13th and 14th, generally cloudy, with frequent, and, at times, heavy rain.

The sudden and tremendous peal of thunder which accompanied a shower of rain at forty-five minutes after noon, on the 15th, is deserving of particular remark: the sound, which more resembled the breaking down of heavy waggon than thunder, appeared to proceed from the surface of the earth, and continued for about 10'; it was immediately preceded by a flash of lightning.

Rain fallen, $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As in order to make room for as long a notice as we could insert in one No. of Sir Walter Scott's new production, and the Correspondence of Sir T. Munro, we have postponed the conclusion of the Book of Scotland, besides several novelties, and a paper on the Asteroids.

When we wrote the notice adverted to by J. C., which was a few days before its publication, we had previously seen the picture in question in the gallery; and, of course, we did not know of its subsequent removal: nor, indeed, do we now know of it, except from J. C.'s statement. There can be no doubt that, on the removal of the picture, its name ought to have been immediately struck out of the placards at the door: we cannot, however, be so uncharitable as to attribute the delay in that respect to any cause but inadvertence.

It is a rule with us not to copy articles from other Journals: the whole *Literary Gazette* is original matter. We cannot, therefore, insert the very able article on machinery from the *Times*; but it is probable the subject will be brought before us by other means.

The note of Adelaide, by L. E. L., has long been out of print: we cannot tell where a copy could be procured.

The publication announced in our last week's list, either from erroneous information or by a mistake in printing, as by Mr. Thomas Haynes Bayly, is disavowed by that gentleman.

Mr. Smith of Newry's letter on the subject of the eclipse is referred to our Astronomer Royal till next Saturday.

We know nothing of the circumstance mentioned by F. W. When we said something favourable of our contemporary, the *Star*, it was on the view of a volume sent to us, and we have not seen the Journal since: so that if the Editor wrongs the public of twelve pages, more than a third of the whole, the public has the revenge in its own power. The moment a periodical ceases to merit patronage and confidence, by any species of unfairness whatever, it ought to lose that support which is the just reward only of honourable conduct.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

The Medical Classes will Open on Friday the 1st of October. The Council have sanctioned a new division of the instruction in Anatomy.

Mr. Bell will teach Physiology, illustrating that Science by continual reference to the pieces of Anatomy; and thus combining the knowledge of Structure with that of the Properties of Life. At the suggestion of Mr. Pattison, Mr. Bennett has been associated with him in the Chair of Anatomy. In order that this department may be most efficiently taught, but without needless repetition, Mr. Pattison will teach Descriptive and Surgical Anatomy; and Mr. Bennett General Anatomy, comprising the Development and Organisation of the several Tissues; and he will likewise teach the Descriptive Anatomy of the Viscera.

The following are the Medical Classes.

Anatomy—Mr. G. S. Pattison and Mr. J. K. Bennett. Fee 7*l.*; or for the First Division, 4*l.*; and for the Second, 3*l.*

Physiology—Mr. Charles Bell. Fee 3*l.*

Anatomical Demonstrations—Mr. J. R. Bennett and Mr. R. Quain. Fee 6*l.*; or 3*l.* for each division.

Nature and Treatment of Diseases—Dr. Conolly. Fee 6*l.*; or 3*l.* for each division.

Surgery—Mr. Pattison. Fee 3*l.*; perpetual, 4*l.*

Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children—Dr. D. D. Davis. Fee 5*l.*; first division 3*l.*; second division 2*l.*

Clinical Medicine—Dr. Watson. Fee for the whole Course 4*l.*; and for half the Course 3*l.*

Maternal Medicine and Therapeutics—Dr. A. T. Thomson. Fee 6*l.*; or for each division 3*l.*

Chemistry—Dr. E. Turner. Fee 7*l.*; first division 4*l.*; second division 3*l.*

Comparative Anatomy—Dr. R. E. Grant, terminating at the end of January. Fee 3*l.*

Botany—Professor Lindley. Fee 3*l.*

Medical Jurisprudence—Dr. J. Gordon Smith. Fee 4*l.*; or for each division 2*l.*

Hospital attendance daily from Half-past Twelve to Half-past One

Dispensary—*ad idem* } Fee for the Session 5*l.*

On Friday the 1st of October, at Three o'clock precisely, Dr. Conolly will deliver a General Introductory Lecture, for which Tickets of admission may be obtained at this Office.

A Medical Library has been formed for the use of the Students. The other Classes of the University open on Monday the 1st of November. Particulars of those and of the Medical Courses will be given at this Office.

An Account of the Distribution of Prizes in the Medical and General Schools may be had gratis at the Office of the University, and of Mr. Taylor, No. 30, Upper Gower Street.

By order of the Council, THOMAS COATES, Clerk.

September 9, 1830.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—The

Council hereby give notice that the following Classes will meet on Monday, the first of November next:—

Latin, Greek, English, French, German, Italian, Hebrew, Oriental Languages, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Philosophy of the Human Mind and Logic, General Jurisprudence, English Law.

The Course of Chemistry commences with the Medical Classes on the 1st of October; but the first five weeks are occupied with a general view of the science, and the detailed consideration of each branch commences in October.

Botany also commences in November; but there is a Spring Course in April.

The Course of Zoology commences on the 3d of January, and there is a Summer Course on Zoology and Comparative Anatomy.

The Lectures on Political Economy commence in February. There are to be an Evening Course of Mathematics, and popular Courses of Natural Philosophy, commencing also on the first of November.

A Prospectus of the several Classes, containing an Outline of the mode of Instruction, with a Statement of the Hours, the Fees, the Regulations for Admission to the Library, Museums, &c. may be had on application at the Office of the University, and at the following Booksellers:—Mr. Taylor, 30, Upper Gower Street; Mr. Murray, Alb-marque Street; Messrs. Longman and Co., and Messrs. Baldwin and Cradock, Paternoster Row; Mr. Underwood, 32, Fleet Street; Mr. Richardson, 23, Cornhill; Mr. Callow, 45, Prince Street; Messrs. Mr. Bellamy, 129, Piccadilly; and Mr. Bell's, Chemist, 388, Oxford Street; and Mr. Garden, Chemist, 372, Oxford Street.

The Medical Classes meet on the 1st of October. LEONARD HOKNER, Warden.

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Conversations of James Northcote, Esq. R.A.
By William Hazlitt. Pp. 328. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

WILLIAM HAZLITT, the author of a number of works of very considerable talent,* died last Saturday, the day on which this volume was put into our hands. Yet, we think, there is nothing but impartial justice in our opinion of its interest and merit. Without setting up for Sir Oracle, we find a great deal of original mind and observation scattered, in a desultory way, through the pages; and while there is more to commend, there is less (being almost nothing) to offend than we have usually met with in Mr. Hazlitt's writings. This principally arises from the matter being the dicta of Mr. Northcote; but even where the editor himself is the speaker, we have a moderate tone and a sensible spirit, seldom to be recognised in his preceding productions.

The volume before us is divided into two parts, without any apparent reason; and contains, in twenty-two *titre-à-titre* Conversations with the veteran Mr. Northcote, a multitude of chit-chat discussions on topics connected with well-known persons, literature, the fine arts, the drama, &c. &c. In these colloquies, Mr. Hazlitt has had the discretion not to press himself into the foreground, but rather to act the part of one who is desirous of deferring to and drawing out the stores of superior intelligence. The matter has thus a rambling form; but it is studded with many excellent remarks, and exhibits the aged artist (his portrait prefixed represents him in his 82d year) in the light of a very acute and observant person, who has seen much of life, and from possessing character in himself, has curiously appreciated what he has seen.

The Conversations seem to have been held with a view to publication, and Mr. Northcote to have revised them for that purpose. The second part, especially, has more the appearance of preparation than the first; is more prolix and dissertative, and less unpremedi-

* Besides contributing almost continually for many years to newspapers, reviews, and literary journals, Mr. Hazlitt published—*Essay on the Principles of Human Nature*; the *Eloquence of the British Senate*, with Notes, &c. from the time of Charles I., in two octavo volumes; an *English Grammar*; the *Round Table* (in conjunction with Mr. Leigh Hunt); a *Collection of Essays on Literature, Men, and Manners*; *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*; a *View of the English Stage*, containing a *Series of Dramatic Criticism*; *Lectures on the English Poets*, delivered at the Surrey Institution; *Political Essays and Sketches of Public Characters*; *Letter to William Gifford, Esq.*; and a volume (if we remember rightly) on the *Literature of the Elizabethan Age*. Several of these works obtained much popularity; and indeed, though differing widely from their author on most of his opinions, as well as disliking the Cockney dogmatism he so often displayed, we must allow that he produced much that did credit to his abilities. It was his asperities which rendered his performances generally unpalatable to us; and the dislike was not removed by an ambitious and affected style frequently puzzling by its "true no-meaning." Yet there were bright parts, and of these alone we would now gladly cherish the remembrance: as of a clever but unamiable man, who was, as he himself tells us, "at feud with the world," and who consequently treated the world with ill will, if not malice, which the world requited with something of resentment and scorn.

tated and extemporaneous. Still, as we have said, both present a number of smart anecdotes and other points worthy of being remembered; and from these we shall select a portion to sustain the very favourable opinion we express of the work.

"I mentioned (says Hazlitt) some things that H—— had reported of Lord Byron; such as his saying, 'He never cared for any thing above a day,'—which might be merely in a fit of spleen, or from the spirit of contradiction, or to avoid an imputation of *sentimentality*.' 'Oh!' said Northcote, 'that will never do, to take things literally that are uttered in a moment of irritation. You do not express your own opinion, but one as opposite as possible to that of the person that has provoked you. You get as far from a person you have taken a pique against as you can, just as you turn off the pavement to get out of the way of a chimney-sweeper; but it is not to be supposed you prefer walking in the mud, for all that!'"

The following observations are very good.

"When Dr. Johnson (says Northcote) was asked why he was not invited out to dine as Garrick was, he answered, as if it was a triumph to him, 'Because great lords and ladies don't like to have their mouths stopped!' But who *does* like to have their mouths stopped? Did he, more than others? People like to be amused in general; but they did not give him the less credit for wisdom and a capacity to instruct them by his writings. In like manner, it has been said, that the king only sought one interview with Dr. Johnson; whereas, if he had been a buffoon or sycophant, he would have asked for more. No, there was nothing to complain of: it was a compliment paid by rank to letters, and once was enough. The king was more afraid of this interview than Dr. Johnson was; and went to it as a school-boy to his task. But he did not want to have this trial repeated every day, nor was it necessary. The very jealousy of his self-love marked his respect: and if he had thought less of Dr. Johnson, he would have been more willing to risk the encounter. They had each their place to fill, and would best preserve their self-respect, and perhaps their respect for each other, by remaining in their proper sphere. So they make an outcry about the prince leaving Sheridan to die in absolute want. He had left him long before: was he to send every day to know if he was dying? These things cannot be helped, without exacting too much of human nature.' I agreed to this view of the subject, and said,—I did not see why literary people should repine if they met with their deserts in their own way, without expecting to get rich; but that they often got nothing for their pains but unmerited abuse and party obloquy. 'Oh, it is not party-spite,' said he, 'but the envy of human nature. Do you think to distinguish yourself with impunity? Do you imagine that your superiority will be delightful to others? Or that they will not strive all they can, and to the last moment, to pull you down? I remember myself once saying to Opie, how hard it was upon the

poor author or player to be hunted down for not succeeding in an innocent and laudable attempt, just as if they had committed some heinous crime! And he answered, 'They have committed the greatest crime in the eyes of mankind, that of pretending to a superiority over them!' Do you think that party abuse, and the running down particular authors is any thing new? Look at the manner in which Pope and Dryden were assailed by a set of reptiles. Do you believe the modern periodicals had not their prototypes in the party-publications of that day? Depend upon it, what you take for political cabal and hostility is (nine parts in ten) private pique and malice oozing out through those authorised channels.'"

Speaking of the famous sculptors, Thorwaldsen and Canova, Mr. Northcote's sentiments are very far from agreeing with received notions.

"A young artist (he says) brought me all Thorwaldsen's designs the other day, as miracles that I was to wonder at and be delighted with. But I could find nothing in them but repetitions of the antique, over and over, till I was surfeited.' 'He would be pleased at this.' 'Why, no! that is not enough: it is easy to imitate the antique:—if you want to last, you must invent something. The other is only pouring liquors from one vessel into another, that become staler and staler every time. We are tired of the antique; yet, at any rate, it is better than the rapid imitation of it. The world wants something new, and will have it. No matter whether it is better or worse, if there is but an infusion of new life and spirit, it will go down to posterity; otherwise, you are soon forgotten. Canova, too, is nothing, for the same reason—he is only a feeble copy of the antique; or a mixture of two things the most incompatible, that and opera-dancing. But there is Bernini; he is full of faults; he has too much of that florid, redundant, fluttering style, that was objected to Rubens; but then he has given an appearance of flesh that was never given before. The antique always looks like marble, you never for a moment can divest yourself of the idea; but go up to a statue of Bernini's, and it seems as if it must yield to your touch. This excellence he was the first to give, and therefore it must always remain with him.'"

"Originality is not caprice or affectation; it is an excellence that is always to be found in nature, but has never had a place in art before."

On literary subjects we have ideas equally forcible. "The dislike of the Westminster reviewers to polite literature was only the old exploded puritanic objection to human learning. Names and modes of opinion changed, but human nature was much the same. 'I know nothing of the persons you speak of,' said Northcote; 'but they must be fools if they expect to get rid of the showy and superficial, and let only the solid and useful remain. The surface is a part of nature, and will always continue so. Besides, how many useful inven-

tions owe their existence to ornamental contrivances! If the ingenuity and industry of man were not tasked to produce luxuries, we should soon be without necessities. We must go back to the savage state. I myself am as little prejudiced in favour of poetry as almost any one can be; but surely there are things in poetry that the world cannot afford to do without. What is of absolute necessity is only a part; and the next question is, how to occupy the remainder of our time and thoughts (not so employed) agreeably and innocently. Works of fiction and poetry are of incalculable use in this respect. If people did not read the Scotch novels, they would not read Mr. Bentham's philosophy. There is nothing to me more disagreeable than the abstract idea of a quaker, which falls under the same article. They object to colours; and why do they object to colours? Do we not see that Nature delights in them? Do we not see the same purpose of prodigal and ostentatious display run through all her works? Do we not find the most beautiful and dazzling colours bestowed on plants and flowers, on the plumage of birds, on fishes and shells, even to the very bottom of the sea? All this profusion of ornament, we may be sure, is not in vain. To judge otherwise, is to fly in the face of Nature, and substitute an exclusive and intolerant spirit in the place of philosophy, which includes the greatest variety of man's wants and tastes, and makes all the favourable allowances it can. The quaker will not wear coloured clothes; though he would not have a coat to his back if men had never studied any thing but the mortification of their appetites and desires. But he takes care of his personal convenience by wearing a piece of good broad-cloth, and gratifies his vanity, not by finery, but by having it of a different cut from every body else, so that he may seem better and wiser than they. Yet this humour, too, is not without its advantages: it serves to correct the contrary absurdity. I look upon the quaker and the fop as two sentinels placed by Nature at the two extremes of vanity and selfishness, and to guard, as it were, all the common-sense and virtue that lie between."

Northcote, our readers are aware, was the pupil of Reynolds; and his recollections of that masterly artist (not previously given in his *Life*) are very interesting. They occur in various parts, and we must not stand upon order in their introduction.

"Northcote began by saying, 'You don't much like Sir Joshua, I know; but I think that is one of your prejudices. If I was to compare him with Vandyke and Titian, I should say that Vandyke's portraits are like pictures (very perfect ones, no doubt), Sir Joshua's like the reflection in a looking-glass, and Titian's like the real people. There is an atmosphere of light and shade about Sir Joshua's, which neither of the others have in the same degree, together with a vagueness that gives them a visionary and romantic character, and makes them seem like dreams or vivid recollections of persons we have seen. I never could mistake Vandyke's for any thing but pictures, and I go up to them to examine them as such: when I see a fine Sir Joshua, I can neither suppose it to be a mere picture nor a man; and I almost involuntarily turn back to ascertain if it is not some one behind me reflected in the glass: when I see a Titian, I am rivetted to it, and I can no more take my eye off from it than if it were the very individual in the room. That,' he said, 'is, I think, peculiar to Titian, that you feel on your good behaviour in the pre-

sence of his keen-looking heads, as if you were before company.'

"Few young men of agreeable persons or conversation turned out great artists. It was easier to look in the glass than to make a dull canvass shine like a lucid mirror; and, as to talking, Sir Joshua used to say, a painter should sew up his mouth. It was only the love of distinction that produced eminence; and if a man was admired for one thing, that was enough. We only work out our way to excellence by being imprisoned in defects. It requires a long apprenticeship, great pains, and prodigious self-denial, which no man will submit to, except from necessity, or as the only chance he has of escaping from obscurity. I remember when Mr. Locke (of Norbury-Park) first came over from Italy; and old Dr. Moore, who had a high opinion of him, was crying up his drawings, and asked me, if I did not think he would make a great painter? I said, 'No, never!' 'Why not?' 'Because he has six thousand a-year.' No one would throw away all the advantages and indulgences this insured him, to shut himself up in a garret to pore over that which, after all, may expose him to contempt and ridicule. Artists, to be sure, have gone on painting after they have got rich, such as Rubens and Titian, and indeed Sir Joshua; but then it had by this time become a habit and a source of pleasure instead of a toil to them, and the honours and distinction they had acquired by it counterbalanced every other consideration. Their love of the art had become greater than their love of riches or of idleness: but at first this is not the case, and the repugnance to labour is only mastered by the absolute necessity for it."

Of the Royal Academy Mr. Northcote does not express a high opinion: if one of its oldest and most distinguished members paints in such colours, surely we may join the general voice, and proclaim that it wants reform.

"Something was said of the Academy; and P—— made answer, 'I know your admiration of corporate bodies.' N. said, 'They were no worse than others; they all began well and ended ill. When the Academy first began, one would suppose that the members were so many angels sent from heaven to fill the different situations, and that was the reason why it began: now the difficulty was to find any body fit for them, and the deficiency was supplied by interest, intrigue, and cabal. Not that I object to the individuals neither. As Swift said, I like Jack, Tom, and Harry, very well by themselves; but all together, they are not to be endured. We see the effect of people acting in concert in animals (for men are only a more vicious sort of animals): a single dog will let you kick and cuff him as you please, and will submit to any treatment; but if you meet a pack of hounds, they will set upon you and tear you to pieces with the greatest impudence.'"

Again: "Northcote shewed me a printed circular from the Academy, with blanks to be filled up by academicians, recommending young students to draw. One of these related to an assurance as to the moral character of the candidate; Northcote said, 'What can I know about that? This zeal for morality begins with inviting me to tell a lie. I know whether he can draw or not, because he brings me specimens of his drawings; but what am I to know of the moral character of a person I have never seen before? Or what business have the Academy to inquire into it? I suppose they are not afraid he will steal the Farnese Hercules; and as to idleness and debauchery, he will not be cured of these by cutting

him off from the pursuit of a study on which he has set his mind, and in which he has a fair chance to succeed. I told one of them, with as grave a face as I could, that, as to his moral character, he must go to his god-fathers and god-mothers for that. He answered very simply, that they were a great way off, and that he had nobody to appeal to but his apothecary! The Academy is not an institution for the suppression of vice, but for the encouragement of the fine arts. Why then go out of their way to meddle with what was provided for by other means,—the law and the pulpit? It would not have happened in Sir Joshua's time,' continued Northcote, 'nor even in Fuseli's: but the present men are 'dressed in a little brief authority,' and they wish to make the most of it, without perceiving the limits. No good can possibly come of this busy-body spirit. The dragging morality into every thing, in season and out of season, is only giving a handle to hypocrisy, and turning virtue into a bye-word for impertinence!'"

The subjoined are yet more miscellaneous than our preceding extracts.

"It was (said Northcote) Archimedes who said he could move the earth if he had a place to fix his levers on: the priests have always found this purchase in the skies. After all, we have not much reason to complain, if they give us so splendid a reversion to look forward to. That is what I said to G——, when he had been trying to unsettle the opinions of a young artist whom I knew. Why should you wish to turn him out of one house, till you have provided another for him? Besides, what do you know of the matter more than he does? His nonsense is as good as your nonsense, when both are equally in the dark."

"N—— related an anecdote of Mr. Moore (brother of the general), who was on board an English frigate in the American war, and coming in sight of another vessel which did not answer their signals, they expected an action, when the captain called his men together, and addressed them in the following manner:—'You dirty, ill-looking blackguards! do you suppose I can agree to deliver up such a set of scarecrows as you as prisoners to that smart, frippery Frenchman! I can't think of such a thing. No! by G——, you must fight till not a man of you is left, for I should be ashamed of owning such a raggamuffin crew!' This was received with loud shouts, and assurances of victory."

"Northcote said, Goldsmith's death was the severest blow Sir Joshua ever received: he did not paint all that day! It was proposed to make a grand funeral for him, but Reynolds objected to this, as it would be over in a day, and said it would be better to lay by the money to erect a monument to him in Westminster Abbey; and he went himself and chose the spot."

"He mentioned an instance of a trial about an engraving, where he, West, and others, had to appear, and of the respect that was shewn them. Erskine, after flourishing away, made an attempt to puzzle Stothard by drawing two angles on a piece of paper, an acute and an obtuse one, and asking, 'Do you mean to say these two are alike?' 'Yes, I do,' was the answer. 'I see,' said Erskine, turning round, 'there is nothing to be got by angling here!'"

"He said it was one of Sir Joshua's maxims, that the art of life consisted in not being over-set by trifles. We should look at the bottom of the account, not at each individual item in it, and see how the balance stands at the end of the year. We should be satisfied if the pack

of life is clear before us, and not fret at the straws or pebbles that lie in our way. * * * The impertinence of mankind is a thing that no one can guard against.

"Northcote said that Sir Joshua used to say that no one produced more than six original things. I always said it was wrong to fix upon this number—five out of the six would be found, upon examination, to be repetitions of the first. A man can no more produce six original works than he can be six individuals at once. Whatever is the strong and prevailing bent of his genius, he will stamp upon some master-work; and what he does else, will be only the same thing over again, a little better or a little worse; or if he goes out of his way in search of variety and to avoid himself, he will merely become a common-place man or an imitator of others."

Speaking of the famed Author of *Waverley*, Northcote says:

"I was much pleased with Sir Walter, and I believe he expressed a favourable opinion of me. I said to him, 'I admire the way in which you begin your novels. You set out so abruptly, that you quite surprise me. I can't at all tell what's coming.' 'No!' says Sir Walter, 'nor I neither.' I then told him, that when I first read *Waverley*, I said it was no novel: nobody could invent like that. Either he had heard the story related by one of the surviving parties, or he had found the materials in a manuscript concealed in some old chest. To which he replied, 'You're not so far out of the way in thinking so.'" [A bit of the old mystification!]

"K— has been wanting my two copies of —, though I do not think he will bid high enough to induce me to part with them. I am in this respect like Opie, who had an original by Sir Joshua that he much valued, and he used to say, 'I don't know what I should do in that case, but I hope to G—d nobody will offer me 500*l.* for it!' It is curious, this very picture sold for 500*l.* the other day. So it is that real merit creeps on, and is sure to find its level.

"Human nature is always the same. It was so with Johnson and Goldsmith. They would allow no one to have any merit but themselves. The very attempt was a piece of presumption, and a trespass upon their privileged rights. I remember a poem that came out, and that was sent to Sir Joshua: his servant Ralph had instructions to bring it in just after dinner. Goldsmith presently got hold of it, and seemed thrown into a rage before he had read a line of it. He then said, 'What wretched stuff is here! — what cursed nonsense that is!' and kept all the while marking the passages with his thumb-nail, as if he would cut them in pieces. At last, Sir Joshua, who was provoked, interfered, and said, 'Nay, don't spoil my book, however.'—Dr. Johnson looked down on the rest of the world as pigmies; he smiled on the very idea that any one should set up for a fine writer but himself. They never admitted C— as one of the set: Sir Joshua did not invite him to dinner. If he had been in the room, Goldsmith would have flown out of it as if a dragon had been there. I remember Garrick once saying, 'D—n his dishevelled face; his plays would never do if it were not for my patching them up and acting in them.' Another time he took a poem of C—'s, and read it backwards to turn it into ridicule. Yet some of his pieces keep possession of the stage, so that there must be something in them. * * *

"I recollect one of the Miss B—s, Lord Orford's favourites, whom I met with at a

party formerly, using the expression — 'That seal of mediocrity, affectation!' Don't you think this striking?

"I forget how it arose the other day, but she asked me, 'Pray, Mr. Northcote, is discretion reckoned one of the cardinal virtues?' 'No,' I said, 'it is not one of them, for it is all!' If we had discretion at all times, we should never do wrong: but we are taken off our guard by being thrown into new and difficult situations, and have not time to weigh the consequences, or to summon resolution to our aid. That is what Opie used to say when he had been engaged in an argument over night; what excellent answers he could give the next day—and was vexed with himself for not having thought of them. No! if we had sufficient presence of mind to foresee the consequences of our actions on the spot, we should very rarely have occasion to repent of them afterwards."

That we may have as little as may be to repent, hereafter, with regard to this volume, we shall conclude by noticing that it abounds in useless, and worse than useless, *initials*; that we are borne out in our opinion in reviewing Cunningham's *Lives of the Painters, in the Family Library*, when we protested against his picture of Sir Joshua, not only by facts stated by one who knew him so well as Northcote, but by direct contradictions of statements unfavourable to that great artist's character; that Mr. Godwin, Wordsworth, Washington Irving, and others, are obviously referred to in a way to which we cannot give our approbation; that there are many repetitions in the volume: but yet that, if it contained only what we have quoted (as it does infinitely more), it would be an interesting publication.

The History and Topography of the United States. Edited by John H. Hinton, A.M., assisted by several literary Gentlemen in America and England. Illustrated with a Series of Views, drawn on the spot, and engraved on Steel, expressly for this Work. Part I. 4to. London, 1830, Jennings and Chaplin; Philadelphia, Wardle; New York, Carvill; Boston, Gray and Bowen.

THIS is the first Part of a projected work which will be completed in about thirty Parts; one of which is to appear on the first of every month, or oftener if found practicable. We readily adopt the opinion expressed by its proprietors in their address to the public, and say,—“The rapid career in which the republic of the United States of North America has attained its present elevated rank in the scale of nations, is without parallel in the history of the world, and its continued and accelerated progress excites a deep interest in every part of the civilised globe. With Great Britain intercourse is daily becoming more frequent, and the connexion between the two countries more extended and intense. It is less surprising, therefore, that correct information on every subject connected with this republic should be eagerly sought after, than that no elaborate and comprehensive work on its history and topography should exist.”

As far as we can judge from the Part which has appeared, the present publication bids fair to supply, very satisfactorily, this desideratum. Of course it commences with an account of the discovery and colonisation of North America. The interest of that portion of the subject has necessarily been in some measure anticipated; but, as a specimen of the composition, we subjoin the description of the attempts made by the French Protestants, soon after the middle of the sixteenth century, to colonise Florida.

"We must now advert to some of the most interesting but lamentable events that the history of colonisation affords, in which the deadly poison of religious bigotry was deeply intermingled with the hostility excited by commercial jealousy. The decided indications of a violent spirit of persecution, on the part of the Catholic priesthood of France, induced the brave Coligny to make an experiment, which might have issued in the provision of a safe retreat for a considerable portion of the oppressed Protestants. He formed a party of Huguenots, among whom were several of high respectability, who sailed under the command of Ribault, an officer of considerable spirit, with the intention of colonising Florida. After a favourable voyage, he arrived at the entrance of a river, which he called May, from the month in which he reached the coast. He here erected a fort, and then imprudently sailed for France, to bring out a reinforcement. Albert, to whom he delegated his authority during his absence, appears to have been both unworthy and incompetent for so important a situation. From his extreme severity and ill-management, the colonists formed an inveterate hatred against him, which terminated in his death. In the excitement of internal dissensions, the settlers had paid little or no attention to the production of food, and were compelled, after exhausting nearly all their stores, to make the desperate attempt of recrossing the Atlantic with the small remainder of their provisions. Being detained by a calm, they had commenced preying upon one another, when they were providentially delivered from their unhappy condition by an English vessel, which conveyed them to their own country. During the abode of these unfortunate men in Florida, Coligny had been so deeply engaged in the dissension at home, which had ripened into an open rupture and a civil war, that he was prevented from sending his intended reinforcement; but no sooner had peace been concluded, than he despatched a fresh expedition, under M. René Laudonnière, who arrived in the river May on the 25th of June, 1564. After sailing northward about ten leagues, he returned to the May, and erected a fort, which, in honour of his sovereign, he styled Fort Caroline. He proved, however, inadequate to the difficult task of presiding over a number of spirited young men, in a state of great excitement from the disappointment of their expectations, which had dwelt upon the prospect of golden harvests and unbounded wealth. Plots were formed against his life, and he was on the point of leaving, with the remains of his colony, for Europe, when a new expedition, under the command of Ribault, entered the river. That officer superseded Laudonnière, only, however, to experience still more melancholy disasters. Scarcely a week had passed after his arrival, when eight Spanish ships were seen in the same river, where several of the largest French vessels were lying at anchor. As the Spanish fleet made towards them, the French cut their cables, and put out to sea. Although they were fired upon and pursued, they escaped; but, finding that their enemies had landed on the shores of the river Dolphin, about eight leagues distant, they returned to the May. Ribault now called a council at Fort Caroline, which decided that they ought to strengthen the fort with all possible diligence, and be prepared for the enemy. He was himself, however, of a different opinion. Apprehensive of the defection of the friendly and auxiliary natives, if they should discover that, at the first approach of the Spaniards, they should confine themselves to their

camp and fortifications, he judged it best to proceed against the enemy at once, before they should collect their forces and construct a fortification in their vicinity. To strengthen this view, he produced a letter from Admiral Coligny, containing these words: 'While I was sealing this letter, I received certain advice that Don Pedro Menendez is departing from Spain, to go to the coast of New France. See that you suffer him not to encroach upon you, and that you do not encroach upon him.' It was, indeed, the fleet of Menendez, which had just arrived on the coast, and given the alarm. Philip II. had given him the command of a fleet and an army, with full power to drive the Huguenots out of Florida, and settle it with Catholics. Fixed in his purpose, Ribault instantly took all the best of his men at Fort Caroline, and set sail in pursuit of the Spanish fleet, leaving Laudonniere in charge of the fort, without any adequate means of defence. Most unfortunately he was overtaken by a tremendous storm, which destroyed all the vessels, the men only escaping. Menendez now began to consider what advantage he could take of this state of affairs. It appeared to him, that, by pushing across the country, he would have every chance of reaching the fort before circumstances would admit of Ribault's return. He set forth immediately with five hundred of his best troops, and, after overcoming the formidable obstacles of swamps swelled by torrents of rain, on the evening of the fourth day arrived within view of the fort. At day-break, Menendez mounted the hill, and saw no appearance of any watch, and before Laudonniere could muster his little garrison, the Spaniards had rushed in, and begun an indiscriminate massacre of men, women, and children. Laudonniere, though worn down with sickness, escaped from the fort with about twenty others, who concealed themselves in the woods. In this extremity, six of them ventured to throw themselves on the mercy of the Spaniards; but they were cruelly massacred in sight of their companions. Laudonniere, seeing no way of escape but by getting over the marshes to the ships at the mouth of the river, led the way, and several of his men followed him through the swamp into the water. Unable to proceed, he sent two of them, who could swim well, to the ships for help. At length he was carried on board a French shallop, which was in search of them, and, having picked up the remaining fugitives, who were concealed among the reeds, carried them to a little ship at the mouth of the river. In this they undertook to reach their native country: on their voyage they encountered want, cold, hunger, and thirst, but they ultimately entered, in a miserable state, the port of Bristol, where they met a hospitable reception. A more tragic end awaited Ribault; all his vessels were dashed to pieces (as we have before observed) in the tempest, which lasted some days. With great difficulty the crews succeeded in reaching the shore, and directed their steps towards the fort. After a toilsome journey of nine days through a rugged country, what was their amazement and grief to find the fort in the hands of the inveterate enemies, alike of their enterprise and their faith! Many of them were for enduring the worst extremity, rather than fall into the hands of the Spaniards; but Ribault, judging their situation otherwise wholly desperate, determined to open a treaty with Menendez, who received them in the most courteous manner, and pledged himself, on the faith of a soldier and a gentleman, that they should be well treated, and sent back to their country. Upon

this pledge the French delivered up their arms; but when they were all assembled on a plain in front of the castle, Menendez, with his sword, drew a line round them on the sand, and then ordered his troops to fall on and make an indiscriminate massacre. The bodies were not only covered with repeated wounds, but cut in pieces, and treated with the most shocking indignities. A number of the mangled limbs of the victims were then suspended to a tree, to which was attached the following inscription:—'Not because they are Frenchmen, but because they are heretics and enemies of God.' When intelligence of this barbarous massacre reached France, it excited an almost universal feeling of grief and rage, and inspired a desire for vengeance of corresponding intensity. Though Charles IX. was invoked in vain, by the prayers of fifteen hundred widows and orphans, to require of the Spanish monarch that justice should be awarded against his murderous subjects, there was in the nation itself an energy which provided an avenger. Dominique de Gourgues determined to devote himself, his fortune, and his whole being, to the achievement of some signal and terrible retribution. He found means to equip three small vessels, and to put on board of them eighty sailors, and one hundred and fifty troops. Having crossed the Atlantic, he sailed along the coast of Florida, and landed at a river about fifteen leagues distance from the May. The Spaniards, to the number of four hundred, were well fortified, principally at the great fort, begun by the French, and afterwards repaired by themselves. Two leagues lower towards the river's mouth, they had made two smaller forts, which were defended by a hundred and twenty soldiers, well supplied with artillery and ammunition. Gourgues, though informed of their strength, proceeded resolutely forward, and, with the assistance of the natives, made a vigorous and desperate assault. Of sixty Spaniards in the first fort, there escaped but fifteen; and all in the second fort were slain. After a company of Spaniards, sallying out from the third fort, had been intercepted and killed on the spot, this last fortress was easily taken. All the surviving Spaniards were led away prisoners, with the fifteen who escaped the massacre at the first fort; and, after having been shewn the injury that they had done to the French nation, were hung on the boughs of the same trees on which the Frenchmen had been previously suspended. Gourgues, in retaliation for the label Menendez had attached to the bodies of the French, placed over the corpses of the Spaniards the following declaration:—'I do not this as to Spaniards, nor as to mariners, but as to traitors, robbers, and murderers.' Having razed the three forts, he hastened his preparation to return; and on the 3d of May embarked all that was valuable in the forts, and set sail for La Rochelle. In that Protestant capital he was received with the loudest acclamations. At Bordeaux these were reiterated, and he was advised to proceed to Paris, where, however, he met with a very different reception. Philip had already an embassy demanding his head, which Charles and Catherine were not disinclined to give, and had taken steps for bringing him to trial; but they found the measure so excessively unpopular, that they were obliged to allow him to retire into Normandy. Subsequently he regained royal favour, and found ample employment in the service of his country."

The three plates which illustrate the present Part are very beautiful, and do great credit to the artists by whom they have been produced;

especially the "Piazza of Congress Hall, Saratoga Springs," the sunny effect of which is novel and admirable.

We must, however, observe, that we doubt the expediency of publishing works of this kind, which consist of consecutive narratives, in Parts or Numbers. By so doing, the thread of the story is broken, and the reader (whose attention in the interim is diverted to other objects), always finds it more or less difficult to unite it. At the same time, we are quite aware that to authors and publishers there are *conveniences* attendant on such a plan.

Travels in Greece and Albania. By the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B. D. 2 vols. 8vo. Second edition, with considerable additions. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

THE first edition of this work, published by the late Mr. Mawman we believe, did not attract so much notice as it might have done, had its merits been more generally known; for unquestionably it was a work of considerable value in many points of view, whether considered with reference to Greek travel, to the modern state of the country, or to its ancient literature and classic remains. It was perhaps somewhat heavy in parts; and appeared at a time when there was not so much interest taken in the affairs of Greece as they have since engrossed. Whether this new edition, divested of many superfluities, and improved by very considerable alterations and additions, will obtain more of popular favour, the event must determine: in our opinion it contains a great mass of valuable information, and well deserves to become a book both of entertaining reading and useful reference.

Of such a mass of various intelligence it is not easy to make a summary; and almost any extract is as good as another to offer as a specimen of the author's abilities. The Pasha of Ioannina having passed away, in the manner of an Eastern despot, without leaving a wrack behind, we shall only say, that the details respecting him are very characteristic; and Greek politics being, like other politics, not so much to our fancy as literary matter, we shall merely observe respecting them, that Mr. Hughes appears to be intelligent and unprejudiced:—and we select for the illustration of his work, a picture of manners, which forms a pleasing episode well suited to our purpose.

"Mr. Cockerell had not left us many days before we had an opportunity of witnessing some interesting and curious scenes, in the enjoyment of which we would gladly have had his participation. One of these was the marriage feast of Giovanni Melas, an intelligent and well-educated Greek merchant. On a Saturday evening we went with Signore Nicolo to view the nocturnal procession which always accompanies the bridegroom when he escorts his betrothed from the paternal roof to that of her future husband: this consisted of near a hundred of the first persons in Ioannina, with torch-bearers and a band of music. After having received the lady, they retraced their steps, joined by an equal number of ladies, in compliment to the bride: these latter were attended by their maid-servants, many of whom carried infants in their arms dressed in prodigious finery. The little bride, who appeared extremely young, walked with slow and apparently reluctant steps, supported by a matron on each side and another behind. At the door of his dwelling Signore Melas threw several handfuls of money among the crowd: we ourselves were there introduced to him, and with great politeness he ordered the band of music

to accompany us back. Next day, being Sunday, we understood that the archbishop of Ioannina attended to place the tinsel crowns upon the heads of the new couple, light the tapers, put the rings on the fingers, and perform all the tedious mummery of a Greek wedding. The consummation of the marriage rite, and the unloosening of the mystic zone, is deferred till the third day of the ceremonies. On this day a grand nuptial entertainment was given, as is usual, to which all the particular friends and connexions of the bride and bridegroom were invited. In the evening we sent our congratulations to Signore Melas, with an intimation that, if agreeable, we would pay our respects to him personally on his marriage. This, as we had foreseen, was considered a compliment; the band of music was sent to precede us to the house, at the door of which we found our host waiting to receive us: from thence he led us into the festive chamber and introduced us to his guests, I mean to the male part of them; since, as it has been before observed, in this semi-barbarous country the sexes are separated at convivial entertainments; a custom which throws over the amusements of society languid insipidity, or taints them with sottish degradation. We found Signore Melas's friends, after having partaken of the *equal feast*, pouring out copious libations to the *rosy god*, and singing hymeneal songs to the discordant harmony of fiddles and guitars. All rose up at our entrance, receiving us with every mark of attention, and seating us at the upper end of the divan, one on each side of Signore Alexi Noutza, governor of Zagori, and at that time a great favourite with the vizir: he officiated for the bridegroom as master of the ceremonies. In the interval between our introduction and supper, a fool or zany was called in to divert the company by acting with a clown a kind of pantomime, the ludicrous nature of which consisted in practical jokes and hard knocks upon the clown's pate, which strongly excited the risibility of the spectators. We were much more pleased with the next species of entertainment, which consisted of the Albanitico, or national dance of the Albanian palikars, performed by several of the most skilful among the vizir's guards, who had been invited to the feast. The evolutions and figures of this exercise served to display the astonishing activity and muscular strength of these hardy mountaineers, who grasping each other tightly by the hands, moved for a time slowly backwards and forwards, then hurried round in a quick circular movement according to the excitement of the music and their own voices in full stretch; in the meantime the coryphaeus or leader, who was frequently changed, made surprising leaps, bending backwards till his head almost touched the ground, and then starting up into the air with the elastic spring of a bow, whilst his long hair flowed in wild confusion over his shoulders. After this was finished, the bridegroom, with several of his guests, imitated their example, with less agility, but with more grace and elegance. Dancing is still considered by the moderns, as it was by the ancient Greeks, a requisite accomplishment in the composition of a gentleman. By similar feats Ulysses was entertained at the court of Alcinoüs, who seems to have spoken of his dancers with a regal pride: Xenophon also in his Symposium gives an interesting description of a pantomimic dance or ballet, which was performed at a banquet where Socrates was present: in it the parts of Bacchus and Ariadne were sustained by a youth and a female, both of great beauty, who introduced all the various

circumstances of the nuptial ceremony, whilst a musician accompanied them with appropriate tunes upon the flute. When supper was announced we all sat down, except the bridegroom, whose presence was excused, at a long table plentifully supplied with poultry, game, pilan, various made-dishes, and pastry. In token of extreme civility, every person near us heaped food upon our plates, which sometimes presented such heterogeneous mixtures of fish, flesh, and fowl, that if we had been obliged to eat them, this probably would have been our last meal. I observed a beautiful boy about six years old, who sat next me, crammering himself till he could scarcely breathe; and the little urchin seemed so determined that I should follow his example, that he always put a share of his mess on my plate. Mr. Parker happening to sneeze at this entertainment, he was quite electrified by the boisterous congratulatory *vivas* of the guests: this custom is very general in the south of Europe, and seems to be a remnant of a very ancient superstition. In the meantime the guests poured down copious draughts of wine, toasting the bride and bridegroom, the English Milordi, Signore Alexi, and others; and now I fancied that I could discover the meaning of old Anacreon in some of his Bacchanalian expressions, from the manner in which these Grecian toppers drank (*ἀμυστι*), many of whom filled two and others even three goblets with wine; then taking up one with the right hand, they applied it to their lips, pouring the contents of the other two into it with their left, and never moving the cup from the mouth till the whole of the liquor was despatched: these triplets were received by the rest of the company with unbounded applause. Possibly the celebrated Thracian Amystis may have been a similar trial of Bacchanalian skill, and not a goblet, as it is generally rendered:

Neu multi Damalis meri
Basum Threicia vincat AMYSTIDE.

The feast was kept up with great merriment and noise, till Signore Melas came in to pay us the highest compliment in his power, by introducing us into the gynæceitis, where the ladies were assembled. In passing through the gallery we observed a quantity of rich bed-furniture, consisting of purple velvet embroidered with gold, which is always sent with the bride, and displayed for public admiration upon those occasions. We had heard that Ioannina was celebrated for the beauty and fine complexion of its females; and certainly we were not disappointed when we entered into the apartment where a party of the most charming women in that capital were collected together. They sat in a large circle round the room, superbly attired; but the liquid lustre of their eyes far outshone the jewels that sparkled in their raven tresses. The reflection came forcibly across the mind,—what brutes the men must be who could desert the society of such master-pieces of excellent nature, to indulge in the low gratifications of riotous intemperance! By the smiles and whispers that went round the circle, we soon perceived that our appearance excited much curiosity, and that our persons and every article of our dress became subjected to the minutest scrutiny: we were seated on each side the little bride, who was scarcely twelve years of age, and was comparatively so girlish, that it required a stretch of imagination to consider her in the character of a matron: she was magnificently dressed, the value of the jewels with which she was adorned being estimated at about 2000*l*. An ancient family appendage in the

shape of an old nurse stood near her, and this Argus was actively employed in guarding her charge, and repelling the advances of Signore Melas, who was anxious to impress the marks of his affection upon the lips of his betrothed. One of the Albanian guards having brought in coffee, the young lady arose, and with a very pretty air handed it to Mr. Parker and myself, who were obliged to suffer this inversion of the right order of things, and accommodate ourselves to the custom of the place. We observed that her manners and deportment were accompanied with great mildness and affability; but her features had not sufficiently expanded for us to judge of their expression: it appeared as if her countenance might become interesting without being handsome: she was a daughter of the chief primate of Ioannina, and her dowry was said to be very considerable. After remaining here about an hour, we took our leave; but in quitting the room we remarked a number of faces peeping out of an opposite latticed window, and found that a large party of young unmarried girls had been keeping the feast in a different apartment, separated both from men and women. The band of music accompanied us back to our lodging, where we arrived about midnight. The scene we had witnessed naturally gave rise to some reflections upon the state of that sex whose influence has, in general, so great an effect upon society. The degradation of women in Greece is owing principally to a faulty education, and an early seclusion from that society which they are intended to ameliorate and adorn: but, indeed, if the first of these evils were removed, the second would soon vanish—for when good principles and a sense of moral duties are early distilled into the mind, there is no need of seclusion or confinement. Women who know their duties are as apt to practise them as men, and possessing a greater share of sensibility, are more easily led to cultivate the mild and social virtues. Of all the countries which we visited, I saw none where this false system of treatment was more to be regretted than in Greece. To judge from the countenances of the Grecian females, they exhibit a vivacity and brilliancy of expression that denote a high degree of sentiment and genius: they appear also naturally to possess affectionate and kind dispositions, without any tendency to that spirit of profligacy which characterises the sex in many countries of the South; but what can be expected from the system that is pursued? As soon as a girl approaches the age of puberty, she is as studiously shut up from public sight as a catholic nun: in the interior of the gynæceios she is confined, but taught nothing beyond the art of embroidery, or a few other such frivolous accomplishments; and, if her nurse or mother should be able to read, is instructed in the science of relics, the history of miracle-mongers, and other absurdities which superstition has engrafted upon religion: as soon as she arrives at a marriageable age, she is affianced by her family, as a matter of convenience or sordid interest, and may be reckoned lucky if she find a parity of age in her partner for life. Rarely indeed is the hymeneal torch lighted here at the altar of love; all preliminaries are carried on by the intervention of a third party; no opportunity is given to a young couple of acquiring that knowledge of each other's character which is so essential to connubial happiness; there is nothing to excite those tender anxieties and delicate attentions which interest and refine the soul: the wishes of the parties most concerned are not thought of; the suitor expects nothing from his bride but a silent

acquiescence in the will of others; and the girl herself, anxious for liberty, gives her consent, without consulting or even knowing the inclinations of her heart. Very curious surprises sometimes take place, when the bridegroom goes to fetch his affianced spouse. The beautiful infant turns out a picture of deformity; or the plain child is transformed into an angelic woman. Nothing can exceed the anxiety of parents and friends in this country to contract a marriage for their girls. The brothers in a family make it an invariable rule not to marry until their sisters are disposed of; the truth of which was confirmed to me by the most respectable authority. The strongest instance I met with of this zeal was in a poor decayed tradesman of Ioannina, whom the exactions of the vizir, and failures in commercial speculations, had reduced to the last stage of poverty: his still venerable, though melancholy appearance, so excited our compassion, that we contributed a sum of money for his relief, which might possibly, with good management and fortune, have enabled him to regain a tolerable livelihood; but he chose rather to give it all as a dowry with a beautiful daughter to a young Greek, who, according to custom, refused to marry her without one."

Frascati's; or, Scenes in Paris. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

WE should have given some elderly lady credit for these pages, did they not themselves confess to being the production of an elderly gentleman, (not much difference,) who avows that he never could get any one to listen to his tour but one, who endured it with all the attention which those who borrow money pay to those who lend, and which solitary auditor cost him five hundred francs. The characters in these volumes are divided into two classes, knaves and fools, swindlers and their dupes, drawn in the coarse and common-place colours of those who make, rather than write, a book. What shall we say to the discretion of the following passage, the heroine and a handsome young man interchanging glances?

"A complete novice in the art of disguising her feelings, Emily now observed to me, 'I think, Mr. Morris, that young gentleman came over in the packet with us.' I turned round as if to examine his person, in order that I might reply more decidedly to her remark, but in reality merely to indulge her with another look. 'I think he did,' I at length replied, without altering my position. 'He is certainly one of the finest young men I have ever seen.' I felt my arm gently pressed by the white hand of my companion, as blushing deeply she replied with vivacity, 'Oh yes, it is he—I am sure it is he, and, indeed, I now recollect having seen him before at the Opera. I wonder who he is,' she pursued, forgetting herself entirely in the pleasure my remark had afforded her.—'I should so much like to know him!' She had scarcely, however, uttered this last remark, when a sudden consciousness once more brought a blush, even of deeper dye, into her cheek. At that moment the young stranger looked round, and the confusion of Emily was complete. I affected neither to have heard what she said, nor to have noticed the high suffusion of her features, but, fixing my eyes on the monument raised by Buonaparte to commemorate his anticipated victories over England, continued to speak of it until I fancied she had sufficient time to recover from her embarrassment. 'By heavens, I will speak to him—she shall know him!' I mentally ex-

claimed, as we now pursued our course along the ramparts. 'We shall meet him in the next turn, and I will make it a point to accost him.'"

This interesting young man, with whom the party become intimately acquainted, only turns out, after Miss Emily has fallen desperately in love with him, to have a wife of his own, who, however, obligingly destroys herself in the nick of time,—so the young couple marry and are very happy; our author never making a comment on his hero's conduct in engaging Miss Emily's affections, knowing himself to be married. Two duels occur in the first volume; and through the remaining two, the only plot developed is that of a set of swindlers. The journal of a *rouge-et-noir* player alone deserves any thing like exception from this general censure; for there is a character of truth about it, which may, at least, serve as a warning against the too fascinating vice of gambling. We quote one dialogue as a sample of the rest.

"Do you know, my dear friend, that I have some serious thoughts of settling myself in life?' 'What the devil do you mean?' he replied, starting with surprise. 'Surely you have no intention of marrying now that Harriet is gone?' 'I can assure you, though, that I have,' I returned somewhat warmly; for, in fact, I felt humiliated at the idea so pertinaciously entertained by O'Flaherty, that no other woman could be suited to me so well as his antiquated sister; nor was my annoyance at all diminished, when, after I had given this assurance, the baronet raised his hands and eyes to heaven, exclaiming,—'Bless my heart, who would have thought it? Well indeed may it be said, that wonders never cease!' 'Wonders!' I returned angrily, 'surely Sir Brien O'Flaherty, there can be no great wonder in this! Although Major Nimbleton has never yet made my legs the subject of his commendation, I dare say they are not more crooked than some that he has eulogised, neither are they less deficient in calf.' 'Nay, my dear Morris, I meant nothing personal, I assure you; but are you seriously thinking of marrying?' 'Seriously,' I returned. 'The fact is, I am anxious to get an heir to that earldom which is, you know, lying dormant in our family; and as I am likely soon to acquire a reputation for literature, that circumstance will of course be the means of reflecting honour on my son. With me, therefore, I am satisfied you will be of opinion that I have no time to lose.' 'Most decidedly not,' returned the baronet, eagerly and somewhat maliciously; 'you certainly have but very little time to lose if you wish to get a son and heir; but are you quite sure—' 'Of what?' I interrupted. 'That the lady whom you propose marrying is not past the age of producing that son and heir?' 'She is young and beautiful as an angel,' I returned proudly; 'do you think, my dear O'Flaherty, that I would bestow the name of Morris on any woman who was not?' The baronet smiled satirically, 'But are you also quite certain—' 'Of what?' I again demanded, rising from my seat and stretching out my tall and vigorous frame to its full height, 'surely you do not mean to question my own capability?' 'Oh, no, certainly not,' he replied. 'I merely meant to ask if you were quite certain of obtaining the title?' 'Certain of it! As much so, my dear friend, as I am of getting an heir to it.' 'But how do you know it will be a boy?'"

We think it quite unnecessary to support our opinion by further extract. Trash can

speak for itself; and we are only surprised at the publication of such a book, where any judgment might be exercised in selection. It may be a difficult thing to publish nothing but what is very good; but surely it would be easy not to publish any thing so decidedly bad.

Sir T. Munro's Life and Correspondence.
Vol. III.

[Second Notice: conclusion.]

WE observe that several of the letters in the correspondence between Sir T. Munro and the Duke of Wellington, which were quoted from this volume in the last *Literary Gazette*, have been seized by the political press for political purposes;—adduced, on one side, as evidence of the unfeeling and despotic character of the illustrious duke, from his earliest military life; and defended, on the other, as proof of nothing beyond the inevitable horrors of war. But as such discussions do not consist with the nature of our work, we only allude to them in order to set ourselves right with the public, and offer a very brief remark. It is certainly impossible to read the sentiments expressed in these letters, and the style in which they are couched, without being struck at the recklessness of human suffering which is presented to our contemplation: but they were selected by us for no sake of individual application, and only on the simple ground of being the most interesting examples of the work, illustrating in a terrible degree the general evils and miseries of warfare and conquest. We could not fairly have reviewed the book without transcribing documents so illustrative and remarkable; and all that we wish to have understood is, that though they are very susceptible of being turned to party purposes, they have not seduced us from our principle, of not allowing politics to poison a page devoted to literature and science.

With this premised, we resume our remarks on the important volume before us. The following is a playful specimen of Munro's correspondence on common topics, and contrasts well with those masterly views which his official letters display on the subject of our Eastern policy. It is to his sister, and "in allusion to a lady who used to devote her whole attention to the care of her husband's health.

Cundapore, September 7th, 1800.

"A wife cannot be gifted with a more dangerous talent. Such women be never at rest when their husbands sleep well a-nights; they are never at ease except when the poor man is ailing, that they may have the pleasure of recovering him again; it gratifies both their medical vanity and their love of power, by making him more dependent upon them; and it likewise gratifies all the finer feelings of romance. What a treasure, what a rich subject I shall be about ten years hence, when shivering at every breeze, for the laboratory of such a wife! when my withered carcass would be made to undergo an endless succession of experiments for the benefit of the medical world! I should be forced, in order to escape her prescriptions, to conceal my complaints when I was really sick, and to go out and take medicine by stealth, as a man goes to the club to drink, when he is unhappily linked to a sober wife. Were Heaven, for some wise purpose, to deliver me into the hands of a nostrum-skilled wife, it would in an instant dissipate all my dreams of retiring to spend my latter days in indolence and quiet. I would see with grief that I was doomed to enter upon a more

active career than that in which I had been so long engaged; for I would consider her and myself as two hostile powers, commencing a war in which both would be continually exerting all the resources of their genius; she to circumvent me and throw me into the hospital, and I to escape captivity and elixirs. No modern war could be more inveterate—for it could terminate only with the death of one or other of the combatants. If, notwithstanding the strength of my conjugal affection, the natural principle of self-preservation should be still stronger, and make me lament to survive her, I imagine my eating heartily and sleeping soundly would very soon bring about her dissolution."

The next, from a letter to Mr. Kirkman Finlay, in 1818, is a pleasing specimen of the love of native land in a distant clime: it will be seen that Sir Thomas had been reading Rob Roy.

"Baillie Jarvie is a credit to our town; and I could almost swear that I have seen both him and his father, the deacon afore him, in the Salt-market; and I trust that if I am spared, and get back there again, I shall see some of his worthy descendants walking in his steps. Had the baillie been here, we could have shewn him many greater thieves; but none so respectable as Rob Roy. The difference between the Mahratta and the Highland Robs is, that the one does from choice what the other did from necessity; for a Mahratta would rather get ten pounds by plunder, than a hundred by an honest calling, whether in the Salt-market or the Gallowgate. I am thinking, as the boys in Scotland say, I am thinking, provost, that I am wasting my time very idly in this country; and that it would be, or at least would look wiser, to be living quietly and doosly at home. Were I now there, instead of running about the country with camps here, I might at this moment be both pleasantly and profitably employed in gathering black boyds with you among the braes near the Largs. There is no enjoyment in this country equal to it; and I heartily wish that I were once more fairly among the bushes with you, even at the risk of being stickit by yon drove of wild knowts that looked so sharply after us. Had they found us asleep in the dyke, they would have made us repent breaking the Sabbath; although I thought there was no great harm in doing such a thing in your company."

Towards the close of the volume, when Sir Thomas was Governor of Madras, there is an important and admirable minute upon our Indian empire, which merits the profound attention of every one interested in its rule or preservation. From a multitude of excellent observations we select a few passages, apposite not only to India, but to England.

Police—"What is usually called police can seldom prevent crimes; it can seldom do more than secure the greater part of the offenders. Much has been said and written in favour of a preventive police; but I do not know that the attempt to establish it has ever been successful in any country. When a vigilant police renders detection and punishment more certain, it no doubt acts as a preventive, in so far as it deters from the commission of crime. The only efficient preventive is the improvement of manners, in which the punishment of offences can have very little share. A moderate assessment, by enabling all to find employment and to live, is, next to the amelioration of manners, the thing best calculated in this country to diminish crimes. It is generally found that theft and robbery are most frequent

in districts over-assessed; and that in seasons of scarcity, they become common in districts in which they were before of rare occurrence."

Policy—"Our great error in this country, during a long course of years, has been too much precipitation in attempting to better the condition of the people, with hardly any knowledge of the means by which it was to be accomplished, and, indeed, without seeming to think that any other than good intentions were necessary. It is a dangerous system of government in a country, of which our knowledge is very imperfect, to be constantly urged by the desire of settling every thing permanently. To do every thing in a hurry, and in consequence wrong, and in our zeal for permanency, to put the remedy out of our reach. The ruling vice of our government is innovation; and its innovation has been so little guided by a knowledge of the people, that though made after what was thought by us to be mature discussion, must appear to them as little better than the result of mere caprice. We have, in our anxiety to make every thing as English as possible in a country which resembles England in nothing, attempted," &c. [Sir T. goes into details.] "If we make a summary comparison of the advantages and disadvantages which have occurred to the natives from our government, the result, I fear, will hardly be so much in its favour as it ought to have been. They are more secure from the calamities both of foreign war and internal commotions; their persons and property are more secure from violence; they cannot be wantonly punished, or their property seized, by persons in power; and their taxation is, on the whole, lighter. But, on the other hand, they have no share in making laws for themselves—little in administering them, except in very subordinate offices; they can rise to no high station, civil or military; they are every where regarded as an inferior race, and often rather as vassals or servants, than as the ancient owners and masters of the country. It is not enough that we confer on the natives the benefits of just laws and of moderate taxation, unless we endeavour to raise their character; but, under a foreign government, there are so many causes which tend to depress it, that it is not easy to prevent it from sinking. It is an old observation, that he who loses his liberty loses half his virtue. This is true of nations as well as of individuals. To have no property scarcely degrades more in one case, than in the other to have property at the disposal of a foreign government in which we have no share. The enslaved nation loses the privileges of a nation, as the slave does those of a freeman; it loses the privilege of taxing itself, of making its own laws, of having any share in their administration, or in the general government of the country. British India has none of these privileges: it has not even that of being ruled by a despot of its own; for to a nation which has lost its liberty, it is still a privilege to have its countryman, and not a foreigner, as its ruler. Nations always take a part with their government, whether free or despotic, against foreigners. Against an invasion of foreigners the national character is always engaged; and in such a cause the people often contend as strenuously in the defence of a despotic as of a free government. It is not the arbitrary power of a national sovereign, but subjugation to a foreign one, that destroys national character and extinguishes national spirit. When a people cease to have a national character to maintain, they lose the mainspring of whatever is laudable both in public

and in private life, and the private sinks with the public character.

The Press—(in a letter to Sir Graham Moore).—"I feel more interest in Malta than Gibraltar, and I would rather see Rhodes than either, because it is more connected with the ancient Grecians, whom I admire above all nations, not even excepting the Romans. These nations had not the benefit of the art of printing, and from the effects which it has of late years produced in our own country, I am not sure that they were not as well without it. Perfect liberty of the press would be an excellent thing if we could have it without its licentiousness, but this is impossible; and I therefore suspect that it will one day become necessary to increase the restrictions upon it, for it is an instrument by means of which it is much easier among the lower orders of the people to do evil than good. A writer like Tom Paine can produce mischief almost immediately, which it may require years to remedy. I could hardly have believed that the press could have done what it did in the case of the queen, or that such a clamour could ever have been raised about such a woman. It appears, however, to have now subsided, and I trust that the nation will feel the comfort of having in some degree recovered its senses, and endeavour to retain them."

The Fine Arts: Portrait Painting—(to his sister).—"Lady Munro has just received your picture, which Jesse calls a speaking likeness. Lady M. says that it is very like, but that it wants something. I rather imagine that it wants nothing; but that it has got something which it ought not to have. An English artist is never satisfied with the quiet, sober grace of beauty, he always adds what he thinks will make it more striking, and I suppose that he has given you a pertish, smartish look like one of his exhibition heads. If Old Hicky at Madras were twenty years younger, I would rather have your picture by him than any English painter, for none of them ever give a true likeness of a lady. You may recollect the picture for which Lady M. sat so often at home: she has had one manufactured here by a French artist, which she thinks very like. It is such a striking likeness, that when it was shewn to me with great exultation, I could not find out for whom it was intended. Mrs. Erskine has been equally fortunate at home; she has sent out her picture, her very image—another speaking likeness, I suppose. It looks about five-and-twenty, and is as like any other woman as her, but more like a milliner's girl than any thing else. It is very odd that women never know what is like them; but the case is perhaps the same with the men: but, my goodness! what can be the cause of it? It is, however, lucky for the women, and for the painters too, that they can be easily pleased by a picture which does not in the least resemble the original. What a heap of stuff about pictures!"

Free Trade—(to Kirkman Finlay, Aug. 1825).—"I hope that you are a friend to free trade for public servants, as well as for other articles; and that you do not think that men ought to have a monopoly of offices, because they come from a particular town; or that we should call them China, when we know that they come from the Delft-house. I find, however, that there is no shaking off early prejudice, and becoming quite impartial, as a friend to free trade ought to be; I find that, notwithstanding my long exposure to other climates, I am still Glasgow ware; for if I had not been so, I should not, when I saw your opinion quoted

by Mr. Huskisson, in support of his measures, have felt as much gratification as if I had had some share in the matter myself. I remember, when I was in Somerville and Gordon's house, about the time of the appearance of the 'Wealth of Nations,' that the Glasgow merchants were as proud of the work as if they had written it themselves; and that some of them said it was no wonder that Adam Smith had written such a book, as he had had the advantage of their society, in which the same doctrines were circulated with the punch every day. It is surprising to think that we should only just now be beginning to act upon them; the delay is certainly not very creditable to our policy. Our best apology is, perhaps, the American and the French revolutionary wars, during the long course of which the nation was so harassed, that there was no time for changing the old system. The nation was just beginning to recover from the American war, when the Revolution in France began; and had that event not taken place, I have no doubt that Mr. Pitt would have done what we are now doing. I am not sure that you are not indebted to your old friend, the East India Company, for the measure not having been longer delayed. The attack upon their monopoly by the delegates in 1812-13, excited discussions, not only upon their privileges, but upon all privileges and restrictions, and the true principles of trade, which probably prepared the minds of men for acceding to the new system, sooner than they would otherwise have done. Even now there seems to be too much solicitude about protecting duties: they may, for a limited time, be expedient, where capital cannot be easily withdrawn, but in all other cases why not abolish them at once? There is another point on which anxiety is shewn, where I think there ought to be none—I mean that of other nations granting similar remissions on our trade. Why should we trouble ourselves about this? We ought surely not to be restrained from doing ourselves good, by taking their goods as cheap as we can get them, merely because they won't follow our example? If they will not make our goods cheaper, and take more of them, they will at least take what they did before; so that we suffer no loss on this, while we gain on the other side. I think it is better that we should have no engagements with foreign nations about reciprocal duties, and that it will be more convenient to leave them to their own discretion in fixing the rate, whether high or low."

The following letter touches on the same great question; but we conclude with it, as altogether a charming example of the writer's most interesting correspondence—so full of wisdom, playfulness, and natural goodness of heart.

To Kirkman Finlay, Esq.

Madras, 10th May, 1827.

"My dear sir,—I had great pleasure in reading your letter of the 23d February, 1826, because it reminds me of old times and places which I always think of with delight, and because I see from it that you are not involved in any of the joint-stock companies. I had great confidence in your judgment; but the rage for speculation was so general, that I thought it just possible that you might have gone with the spate. I am glad that it is not so; and I hope that ministers will not be alarmed by clamour, but go on steadily, and remove all the absurd restrictions which have been heaped upon the trade and industry of the nation. What castle is this you have got

into? I read it Castle Howard at first, but thinking that could not be right, I have been trying again, and can make nothing of it unless it be Toward or Foward. I believe I must go to the spot in order to ascertain the true name. I hope you have got plenty of knowt, and stane dykes, and black boyds. The dykes are useful for more things than one; they keep us in the practice of louping, they help to ripen the black boyds, and they enable us to parley with the knowt without danger. You are perfectly correct, I believe, in your orthography of the black boyds, at least we spelt them your way when I belonged to the grammar-school, between fifty and sixty years ago. I must not do so un-Glasgow-like a thing as not to reply to your recommendation of Lieutenant Campbell, of Ormodale. He is a promising young man, but he is out of my hands at present, as he has lately been appointed by the commander-in-chief to a staff office with our troops at Penang, and I have no doubt that he will push his way in the service. I am afraid, from what I have read somewhere lately, of there being twenty-five thousand Irish weavers and labourers about Glasgow, that there can be very few of what you call right proper Glasgow-men left. I suspect that you have not now many of the pure old breed of right proper Glasgow weavers whom I remember about the grammar-school wind and the back of the relief kirk. They are probably now like a Highland regiment of which I once heard an old sergeant say, that 'what with Irish and what with English, they were now no better than other men.'"

Sir W. Scott on Demonology and Witchcraft.

[Second notice:—Conclusion.]

THE descent of ancient customs and superstitions is another of the topics on which Sir Walter is particularly happy, mixing antiquarian lore and critical acumen with the flowers of fable, in the most pleasing style. We copy two or three of the briefest illustrations.

"Gixas, or Nicksa, a river or ocean god, worshipped on the shores of the Baltic, seems to have taken uncontested possession of the attributes of Neptune. Amid the twilight winters and overpowering tempests of these gloomy regions, he had been not unnaturally chosen as the power most adverse to man; and the supernatural character with which he was invested, has descended to our time under two different aspects. The Nixa of the Germans is one of those fascinating and lovely fays whom the ancients termed Naiads; and, unless her pride is insulted, or her jealousy awakened by an inconstant lover, her temper is generally mild, and her actions beneficent. The Old Nick known in England is an equally genuine descendant of the northern sea god, and possesses a larger portion of his powers and terrors. The British sailor, who fears nothing else, confesses his terror for this terrible being, and believes him the author of almost all the various calamities to which the precarious life of a seaman is so continually exposed."

"Saxo Grammaticus tells us of the fame of two Norse princes or chiefs, who had formed what was called a brotherhood in arms, implying not only the firmest friendship and constant support during all the adventures which they should undertake in life, but binding them by a solemn compact, that after the death of either, the survivor should descend alive into the sepulchre of his brother-in-arms, and consent to be buried alongst with him. The task of fulfilling this dreadful com-

pact fell upon Asmund, his companion Assueit having been slain in battle. The tomb was formed after the ancient northern custom in what was called the age of hills,—that is, when it was usual to bury persons of distinguished merit or rank on some conspicuous spot, which was crowned with a mound. With this purpose a deep narrow vault was constructed, to be the apartment of the future tomb over which the sepulchral heap was to be piled. Here they deposited arms, trophies, poured forth perhaps the blood of victims, introduced into the tomb the war-horses of the champions; and when these rites had been duly paid, the body of Assueit was placed in the dark and narrow house, while his faithful brother-in-arms entered and sat down by the corpse, without a word or look which testified regret or unwillingness to fulfil his fearful engagement. The soldiers who had witnessed this singular interment of the dead and living, rolled a huge stone to the mouth of the tomb, and piled so much earth and stones above the spot as made a mound visible from a great distance, and then, with a loud lamentation for the loss of such undaunted leaders, they dispersed themselves like a flock which has lost its shepherd. Years passed away after years, and a century had elapsed, ere a noble Swedish rover, bound upon some high adventure, and supported by a gallant band of followers, arrived in the valley which took its name from the tomb of the brethren-in-arms. The story was told to the strangers, whose leader determined on opening the sepulchre, partly because, as already hinted, it was reckoned a heroic action to brave the anger of departed heroes by violating their tombs; partly to attain the arms and swords of proof with which the deceased had done their great actions. He set his soldiers to work, and soon removed the earth and stones from one side of the mound, and laid bare the entrance. But the stoutest of the rovers started back when, instead of the silence of a tomb, they heard within horrid cries, the clash of swords, the clang of armour, and all the noise of a mortal combat between two furious champions. A young warrior was let down into the profound tomb by a cord, which was drawn up shortly after, in hopes of news from beneath. But when the adventurer descended, some one threw him from the cord, and took his place in the noose. When the rope was pulled up, the soldiers, instead of their companion, beheld Asmund, the survivor of the brethren-in-arms. He rushed into the open air, his sword drawn in his hand, his armour half torn from his body, the left side of his face almost scratched off, as by the talons of some wild beast. He had no sooner appeared in the light of day, than with the improvisatory poetic talent, which these champions often united with heroic strength and bravery, he poured forth a string of verses containing the history of his hundred years' conflict within the tomb. It seems that no sooner was the sepulchre closed, than the corpse of the slain Assueit arose from the ground, inspired by some ravenous goule, and having first torn to pieces and devoured the horses which had been entombed with them, threw himself upon the companion who had just given him such a sign of devoted friendship, in order to treat him in the same manner. The hero, no way discountenanced by the horrors of his situation, took to his arms, and defended himself manfully against Assueit, or rather against the evil demon who tenanted that champion's body. In this manner the living brother waged a preternatural combat,

which had endured during a whole century; when Asmund, at last obtaining the victory, prostrated his enemy, and by driving, as he boasted, a stake through his body, had finally reduced him to the state of quiet becoming a tenant of the tomb. Having chanted the triumphant account of his contest and victory, this mangled conqueror fell dead before them. The body of Assueit was taken out of the tomb, burnt, and the ashes dispersed to heaven; whilst that of the victor, now lifeless, and without a companion, was deposited there, so that it was hoped his slumbers might remain undisturbed. The precautions taken against Assueit's reviving a second time, remind us of those adopted in the Greek islands, and in the Turkish provinces, against the vampire. It affords also a derivation of the ancient English law in case of suicide, when a stake was driven through the body, originally to keep it secure in the tomb."

The tracing of dwarfs and gnomes from the northern people, Laps, Fins, &c. of small stature, and industrious miners and smelters of metals, who sought refuge in caves* from the conquering advances of the Ase, is excellently done; and Satan, with his tail and cloven feet, is as well derived from Pan, or some master satyr of classic celebrity. Nor are the fairy histories less prolific, or less interesting in our author's magic picture. Sir Walter pays a merited compliment to the previous exploits of Mr. Crofton Croker in this field, richer in fancy than that of the Cloth of Gold; and in concluding, bids a very poetical farewell to the once "good neighbours," in which we join him with all our soul; for we well remember having seen some of the last of them ourselves, on the very spot he so beautifully describes at page 119, when we were many years younger than he was on his visit to Glammis Castle. We extract the *Vale*.

"We are then to take leave of this fascinating article of the popular creed, having in it so much of interest to the imagination, that we almost envy the credulity of those who, in the gentle moonlight of a summer night in England, amid the tangled glades of a deep forest, or the turfy swell of her romantic commons, could fancy they saw the fairies tracing their sportive ring. But it is in vain to regret illusions which, however engaging, must of necessity yield their place before the increase of knowledge, like shadows at the advance of morn. These superstitions have already served their best and most useful purpose, having been embalmed in the poetry of Milton and of Shakspeare, as well as writers only inferior to these great names. Of Spenser we must say nothing, because in his *Fairy Queen*, the title is the only circumstance which connects his splendid allegory with the popular superstition; and, as he uses it, means nothing

* "These oppressed, yet dreaded fugitives, obtained, naturally enough, the character of the German spirits called Kobold, from which the English Goblin and the Scottish Bogle, by some inversion and alteration of pronunciation, are evidently derived. The Kobolds were a species of gnomes, who haunted the dark and solitary places, and were often seen in the mines, where they seemed to imitate the labours of the miners, and sometimes took pleasure in frustrating their objects, and rendering their toil unfruitful. Sometimes they were malignant, especially if neglected or insulted; but sometimes also they were indulgent to individuals whom they took under their protection. When a miner, therefore, hit upon a rich vein of ore, the inference commonly was, not that he possessed more skill, industry, or even luck, than his fellow-workmen, but that the spirits of the mine had directed him to the treasure. The employment and apparent occupation of these subterranean gnomes, or fiends, led very naturally to identify the Fin, or Laplander, with the Kobold."

more than an Utopia, or nameless country. With the fairy popular creed fell, doubtless, many subordinate articles of credulity in England; but the belief in witches kept its ground."

And horribly fruitful it was in cruelty, crime, and murder; the dark chapter of which is fearfully unfolded in several of the ensuing letters.*

"In the earlier period of the church of Rome, witchcraft is frequently alluded to, and a capital punishment assigned to those who were supposed to have accomplished by sorcery the death of others, or to have attempted, by false prophecies, or otherwise, under pretext of consulting with the spiritual world, to make innovation in the state; but no general denunciation against witchcraft itself, as a league with the enemy of man, or desertion of the Deity, and a crime *sui generis*, appears to have been so acted upon, until the later period of the sixteenth century, when the papal system had attained its highest pitch of power and of corruption. The influence of the churchmen was, in early times, secure; and they rather endeavoured, by the fabrication of false miracles, to prolong the blind veneration of the people, than to vex others, and weary themselves by secret investigations into dubious and mystical trespasses, in which, probably, the higher and better instructed members of the clerical order put as little faith at that time as they do now. Did there remain a mineral fountain, respected for the cures which it had wrought, a huge oak tree, or venerated mount, which beauty of situation had recommended to traditional respect; the fathers of the Roman church were in policy reluctant to abandon such impressive spots, or to represent them as exclusively the rendezvous of witches, or of evil spirits. On the contrary, by assigning the virtues of the spring, or the beauty of the tree, to the guardianship of some saint, they acquired, as it were, for the defence of their own doctrine, a frontier fortress which they wrested from the enemy, and which it was at least needless to dismantle, if it could be conveniently garrisoned and defended. Thus, the church secured possession of many beautiful pieces of scenery, as Mr. Whitefield is said to have grudged to the devil the monopoly of all the fine tunes. * * *

A remarkable passage in Monstrelet puts in a clear view the point aimed at by the Catholics in thus confusing and blending the doctrines of heresy and the practice of witchcraft; and how a meeting of inoffensive Protestants could be cunningly identified with a Sabbath of hags and fiends. "In this year (1459), in the town of Arras, and county of Artois, arose, through a terrible and melancholy chance, an opinion called, I know not why, the religion of *Vaudoisie*. This sect consisted, it is said, of certain persons, both men and women, who, under cloud of night, by the power of the devil, repaired to some solitary spot, amid woods and deserts, where the devil appeared before them in a human form, save that his visage is never perfectly visible to them; read to the assembly a book of his ordinances, informing them how he would be obeyed; distributed a very little money, and a plentiful meal, which was concluded by a scene of general profligacy; after which, each one of the party was conveyed

* In these, ample use is made of Pitcairn's Collection of Criminal Trials in Scotland (Edin. 4to.), of which the Sixth Part, now lying upon our table, reproaches us with the neglect of itself and precursors; but, deserving of every encouragement as the publication is, we have only once found an opportunity of noticing its high claims upon public favour.

home to her or his own habitation. On accusations of access to such acts of madness,' continues Monstrelet, 'several creditable persons of the town of Arras were seized and imprisoned, along with some foolish women and persons of little consequence. These were so horribly tortured, that some of them admitted the truth of the whole accusations, and said, besides, that they had seen and recognised in their nocturnal assembly, many persons of rank, prelates, seigneurs, and governors of bailliages and cities, being such names as the examiners had suggested to the persons examined, while they constrained them by torture to impeach the persons to whom they belonged. Several of those who had been thus informed against were arrested, thrown into prison, and tortured for so long a time, that they also were obliged to confess what was charged against them. After this, those of mean condition were executed and inhumanly burnt; while the richer and more powerful of the accused ransomed themselves by sums of money, to avoid the punishment and the shame attending it. Many even of those also confessed being persuaded to take that course by the interrogators, who promised them indemnity for life and fortune. Some there were, of a truth, who suffered with marvellous patience and constancy the torments inflicted on them, and would confess nothing imputed to their charge; but they, too, had to give large sums to the judges, who exacted that such of them as, notwithstanding their mishandling, were still able to move, should banish themselves from that part of the country.' Monstrelet winds up this shocking narrative by informing us, 'that it ought not to be concealed, that the whole accusation was a stratagem of wicked men for their own covetous purposes, and in order, by these false accusations and forced confessions, to destroy the life, fame, and fortune of wealthy persons.'

Thus was the superstition of the multitude then, like the ignorance of the many at all times, made the cover for religious persecution and civil oppression. The last of the witches put to death in Great Britain was little more than a century ago.

"In the year 1722, a sheriff-depute of Sutherland, Captain David Ross of Littledean, took it upon him, in flagrant violation of the then established rules of jurisdiction, to pronounce the last sentence of death for witchcraft which was ever passed in Scotland. The victim was an insane old woman belonging to the parish of Loth, who had so little idea of her situation, as to rejoice at the sight of the fire which was destined to consume her. She had a daughter lame both of hands and feet, a circumstance attributed to the witch's having been used to transform her into a pony, and get her shod by the devil. It does not appear that any punishment was inflicted for this cruel abuse of the law on the person of a creature so helpless; but the son of the lame daughter, he himself distinguished by the same misfortune, was living so lately as to receive the charity of the present Marchioness of Stafford, Countess of Sutherland in her own right, to whom the poor of her extensive county are as well known as those of the higher order. Since this deplorable action, there has been no judicial interference in Scotland on account of witchcraft, unless to prevent explosions of popular enmity against people suspected of such a crime, of which some instances could be produced. The remains of the superstition sometimes occur; there can be no doubt that the

vulgar are still addicted to the custom of scoring above the breath,* (as it is termed), and other counter-spells, evincing that the belief in witchcraft is only asleep, and might in remote corners be again awakened to deeds of blood. An instance or two may be quoted, chiefly as facts known to the author himself. In a remote part of the Highlands, an ignorant and malignant woman seems really to have meditated the destruction of her neighbour's property, by placing in a cowhouse, or byre, as we call it, a pot of baked clay, containing locks of hair, parings of nails, and other trumpery. This precious spell was discovered, the design conjectured, and the witch would have been torn to pieces, had not a high-spirited and excellent lady in the neighbourhood gathered some of her people (though these were not very fond of the service), and by main force taken the unfortunate creature out of the hands of the populace. The formidable spell is now in my possession. About two years since, as they were taking down the walls of a building formerly used as a feeding-house for cattle, in the town of Dalkeith, there was found below the threshold-stone, the withered heart of some animal stuck full of many scores of pins;—a counter-charm, according to tradition, against the operations of witchcraft on the cattle which are kept within. Among the almost innumerable droves of bullocks which come down every year from the Highlands for the south, there is scarce one but has a curious knot upon his tail, which is also a precaution, lest an evil eye, or an evil spell, may do the animal harm."

The last letter is upon astrology and ghosts; but we have so far exceeded our bounds, that we must allow neither star nor phantom to mislead us much farther. Sir Walter explains away many a well-authenticated (false) fact: the following, though said to be in print, is new to us.

"The remarkable circumstance of Thomas, the second Lord Lyttelton, prophesying his own death within a few minutes, upon the information of an apparition, has been always quoted as a true story. But of late it has been said and published, that the unfortunate nobleman had previously determined to take poison, and of course had it in his own power to ascertain the execution of the prediction. It was no doubt singular that a man, who meditated his exit from the world, should have chosen to play such a trick on his friends. But it is still more credible that a whimsical man should do so wild a thing, than that a messenger should be sent from the dead, to tell a libertine at what precise hour he should expire.

"The following story," continues the author on the same point, "was narrated to me by my friend Mr. William Clerk, chief clerk to the Jury Court, Edinburgh, when he first learned it, now nearly thirty years ago, from a passenger in the mail coach. With Mr. Clerk's consent, I gave the story at that time to poor Mat Lewis, who published it with a ghost-ballad which he adjusted on the same theme. From the minuteness of the original detail, however, the narrative is better calculated for prose than verse; and more especially, as the friend to whom it was originally communicated, is one of the most accurate, intelligent, and acute persons whom I have known in the course of my life, I am willing to preserve the precise story in this place. It was about the eventful year 1800, when the Emperor Paul laid his ill-judged embargo on British trade,

that my friend Mr. William Clerk, on a journey to London, found himself in company, in the mail-coach, with a seafaring man of middle age and respectable appearance, who announced himself as master of a vessel in the Baltic trade, and a sufferer by the embargo. In the course of the desultory conversation which takes place on such occasions, the seaman observed, in compliance with a common superstition, 'I wish we may have good luck on our journey—there is a magpie.' 'And why should that be unlucky?' said my friend. 'I cannot tell you that,' replied the sailor; 'but all the world agrees that one magpie bodes bad luck—two are not so bad, but three are the devil. I never saw three magpies but twice, and once I had near lost my vessel, and the second I fell from a horse, and was hurt.' This conversation led Mr. Clerk to observe, that he supposed he believed also in ghosts, since he credited such auguries. 'And if I do,' said the sailor, 'I may have my own reasons for doing so;' and he spoke this in a deep and serious manner, implying that he felt deeply what he was saying. On being further urged, he confessed, that if he could believe his own eyes, there was one ghost at least which he had seen repeatedly. He then told his story as I now relate it. Our mariner had, in his youth, gone mate of a slave vessel from Liverpool, of which town he seemed to be a native. The captain of the vessel was a man of a variable temper, sometimes kind and courteous to his men, but subject to fits of humour, dislike, and passion, during which he was very violent, tyrannical, and cruel. He took a particular dislike at one sailor aboard, an elderly man, called Bill Jones, or some such name. He seldom spoke to this person without threats and abuse, which the old man, with the license which sailors take in merchant vessels, was very apt to return. On one occasion, Bill Jones appeared slow in getting out on the yard to hand a sail. The captain, according to custom, abused the seaman as a lubberly rascal, who got fat by leaving his duty to other people. The man made a saucy answer, almost amounting to mutiny; on which, in a towering passion, the captain ran down to his cabin, and returned with a blunderbuss loaded with slugs, with which he took deliberate aim at the supposed mutineer, fired, and mortally wounded him. The man was handed down from the yard, and stretched on the deck, evidently dying. He fixed his eyes on the captain, and said, 'Sir, you have done for me; but I will never leave you.' The captain, in return, swore at him for a fat lubber, and said he would have him thrown into the slave-kettle, where they made food for the negroes, and see how much fat he had got. The man died; his body was actually thrown into the slave-kettle; and the narrator observed, with a naïveté which confirmed the extent of his own belief in the truth of what he told, 'There was not much fat about him after all.' The captain told the crew they must keep absolute silence on the subject of what had passed; and as the mate was not willing to give an explicit and absolute promise, he ordered him to be confined below. After a day or two, he came to the mate, and demanded, if he had an intention to deliver him up for trial when the vessel got home. The mate, who was tired of close confinement in that sultry climate, spoke his commander fair, and obtained his liberty. When he mingled among the crew once more, he found them impressed with the idea, not unnatural in their situation, that the ghost of the dead man appeared among them when they had a spell of

duty, especially if a sail was to be handed, on which occasion the spectre was sure to be out upon the yard before any of the crew. The narrator had seen this apparition himself repeatedly—he believed the captain saw it also, but he took no notice of it for some time, and the crew, terrified at the violent temper of the man, dared not call his attention to it. Thus, they held on their course homeward, with great fear and anxiety. At length the captain invited the mate, who was now in a sort of favour, to go down to the cabin and take a glass of grog with him. In this interview, he assumed a very grave and anxious aspect. 'I need not tell you, Jack,' he said, 'what sort of hand we have got on board with us—He told me he would never leave me, and he has kept his word—You only see him now and then, but he is always by my side, and never out of my sight. At this very moment I see him—I am determined to bear it no longer, and I have resolved to leave you.' The mate replied, that his leaving the vessel while out of the sight of any land was impossible. He advised, that if the captain apprehended any bad consequences from what had happened, he should run for the west of France or Ireland, and there go ashore, and leave him, the mate, to carry the vessel into Liverpool. The captain only shook his head gloomily, and reiterated his determination to leave the ship. At this moment, the mate was called to the deck for some purpose or other, and the instant he got up the companion-ladder, he heard a splash in the water, and looking over the ship's side, saw that the captain had thrown himself into the sea from the quarter-gallery, and was running astern at the rate of six knots an hour. When just about to sink, he seemed to make a last exertion, sprang half out of the water, and clasped his hands towards the mate, calling, 'By —, Bill is with me now!' and then sunk, to be seen no more."

And here must be our "no more" also. The mystic web of our review is finished; and we have only to repeat, that a more interesting volume for all ages, and a more proper volume for the correction of idle phantasies in the young, could not have been written.

Tales of other Days. By J. Y. A. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank; engraved by J. Thompson and S. and T. Williams. pp. 250. London, 1830. Eppingham Wilson.

THESE tales having already "appeared before the public," and received their due meed of critical commendation, we have only to speak of their Illustrations, which are very droll, very characteristic, and very cleverly executed. The volume so ornamented is quite the thing for a pass-time.

Full Annals of the Revolution in France, in 1830. By William Hone: illustrated with Engravings. 8vo. pp. 128. Double columns. London, 1830. Tegg.

A CHEAP and ample account of the remarkable revolution which has given a new, and, if well-directed, a glorious aspect to the political state not only of France but of Europe. It is chronologically arranged, *de die in diem*, and seems to be as fairly compiled as the materials allowed. No doubt many of the circumstances are invented, distorted, and misrepresented; but still they are the most authentic that could be got at; though we have also to recollect, that the more important the influence of the periodical press has become, (and it is indeed

* Drawing blood, that is, by two cuts in the form of a cross on the witch's forehead, confided in all throughout Scotland as the most powerful counter-charm."

an engine of prodigious power), the more likely is it to be systematically employed to promote the purposes of party, rather than to disseminate the truth. In what he has done, Mr. Hone appears to have used a sound discretion.

The Literary Policy of the Church of Rome exhibited in an Account of her Damatory Catalogues or Indexes, both prohibitory and expurgatory; with various illustrative Extracts, Anecdotes, and Remarks. By the Rev. J. Mendham, M.A. Second edition. 8vo. pp. 371. London, 1830. James Duncan.

THIS volume contains a vast mass of literary research; and though directed to a particular theological subject, abounds in curious anecdotes, applicable to points of general literature for about three centuries. The author is a Tory and High Churchman; and his book is dedicated to Sir Robert Inglis, the Protestant Member for Oxford University: it may therefore be supposed that it is an exposure of the Church of Rome in its interference with the propagation of free opinions, and with a strong leaning to the doctrines of the Reformation.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE SLAVE TRADE: LANDER'S EXPEDITION, &c. &c.*

H. M. S. Atholl, West Coast of Africa, July 14, 1830

NOTWITHSTANDING all our endeavours to suppress the slave-trade, it is still carried on with unabated vigour. It is estimated, that of the vessels employed in this unnatural commerce, not above one in ten are taken. The average number of slaves liberated in the course of a year, by our squadron on this coast, is about six thousand; consequently, upwards of fifty thousand are carried annually into slavery. Of that number, I understand that twenty-six thousand were landed last year in the Brazils, the remainder being taken to the Havannah and the French West India Islands. Our treaty with France respecting the slave-trade is certainly very inefficient for the purpose of suppressing this abominable traffic; for no vessel under French colours, and having the necessary documents to shew that she belongs to a subject of that nation, is allowed to be molested, although laden with slaves. Thus, we have met several of them with hundreds of these poor creatures on board, and yet we were not authorised to release them. It is, perhaps, some consolation to know, that a great part of the unfortunate wretches who are sold as slaves have been in the same condition in their own country; so that their case is not quite so grievous as it would at first appear—being in fact only a transfer from one task-master to another; and it is to be hoped that in some cases at least the change may be for the better. No condition can indeed be more degrading than that in which the lower classes are kept in this country. Their extreme ignorance may, in a great measure, be attributed to the barbarous policy of their chiefs and priests (if I may so designate a set of cunning impostors), who, with a view of maintaining their own authority, consider it necessary to prevent the diffusion of knowledge, by strictly forbidding every person within their jurisdiction from learning either to read or write, on pain of death, which punishment they inflict by ad-

* The letter from which the subjoined is copied has just reached us from our valued friend Mr. Fisher, the surgeon of the *Atholl*, now broiling on the coast of Africa after freezing in the Polar Expeditions, of which he published so interesting a narrative. Coming from a gentleman of such extensive travel and great acquisitions, we beg to point the attention of our readers to its statements.

ministering a poisonous draught prepared from a decoction of the bark of a tree which they call *groo*; and in order to make it appear that their proceedings are sanctioned by Divine authority, they pretend that the potion will have no bad effect, unless the person who drinks it is deemed by the Supreme Power deserving of death. It is easy to see through the villany of this ordeal; for those who are not doomed to destruction have a harmless mixture prepared for them, whilst they who have the misfortune of being considered wiser than their neighbours are certain of being poisoned. The dread of being subjected to these doubtful trials checks, of course, any tendency to improvement. The chiefs themselves, however, are so well aware of the advantages of education, that many of those along the coast learn both to read and write; and several of them have adopted English names, as, for instance, Tom Wilson, King of Cape Palmas; Jem Lawson, King of Popo; and Duke Ephraim, Sovereign of Calabar. This latter chief deserves to be particularly mentioned on account of his acquirements and superior understanding. Of his handwriting I have seen some specimens that would do credit to any penman; and as a proof of his enlightened views, he has sent two of his children, a son and a daughter, to Martinique to be educated: the latter was taking her passage there in a slave ship, which we detained for a short time, until it was ascertained that it was French property, when it was allowed to proceed on the voyage. The young princess appeared to be about ten years of age; she lived with the slave girls, and the only way in which her rank could be distinguished from that of her degraded companions, was by the quantity of parti-coloured glass beads with which she was loaded; they formed a kind of girdle round her loins, and, from hanging loosely in front, they answered the double purpose of use and ornament—for she wore no clothing. Before we saw her she was decorated also with massy silver armlets and anklets, which from their weight chafed her wrists and ankles so much, that the master of the vessel humanely cut them off. It is, indeed, highly ridiculous to see the barbarous profusion of gold and silver ornaments with which the African ladies deck themselves, whilst, with respect to dress, they may be said to be almost in a state of nudity; and, notwithstanding the ignorance of these people of the arts of civilised life, it is surprising to see the neatness of their workmanship in the precious metals: as a specimen of it, I send you a small gold ring that I got made at Accra.*

It is astonishing how little the people on this coast know respecting the interior of the country; for I have made various inquiries at the different places at which we have touched, with a view of gaining information about the course and termination of the celebrated river Niger; and all that I have been able to learn is, that a great river, which comes from the central parts of Africa, divides into several branches as it approaches the coast, and falls into the sea in the Bights of Benin and Biafra. It is well known, indeed, that this part of the coast is composed of a number of islands or deltas, formed by the rivers Calabar, Bonny, and Benin, &c., which, notwithstanding their magnitude, are only branches of one mighty stream which, like the Egyptian Nile, discharges its waters by several channels.

Judging, therefore, from the size and geo-

* The ring is of very pure gold, twisted or plaited, and certainly is very creditable to African ingenuity.—Ed. L. G.

graphical situation of this river, I am fully persuaded that it is here the mysterious Niger terminates its course. This is not, indeed, an original idea; for I find that Mr. Richards and some others have entertained the same opinion. But it is unnecessary to say any thing further on the subject at present, as an attempt is again about to be made to decide this question by actual observation. The traveller Lander and his brother were lauded by his majesty's brig *Clinker*, about three months ago, at Badagry, whence they were to proceed into the interior. They had (as all travellers ought to have) sanguine hopes of success—they relied particularly on the good-will of the natives, who are now becoming perfectly sensible of the advantages to be derived from cultivating a good understanding with the English, by whom their wants are chiefly supplied. His majesty's brig *Plumper* touched at Badagry about ten days ago, on purpose to learn if any thing had been heard of the travellers since their departure; but no information could be obtained respecting them. The natives said that they set off "three moons" ago, and nothing has been heard of them since. Should any thing transpire respecting them, or any other subject that I think will be interesting to you, be assured that I shall not fail to acquaint you with it.

P. S. Our ship's company have been very healthy yet.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR OCTOBER.

23^d 10^h 7^m—the Sun enters Scorpio.

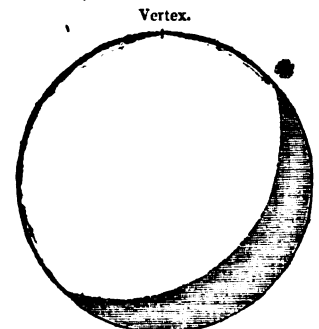
Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
○ Full Moon in Pisces.....	1	18	57
☾ Last Quarter in Gemini.....	8	10	32
● New Moon in Virgo.....	16	7	31
☽ First Quarter in Capricornus.....	24	10	30
○ Full Moon in Cetus.....	31	5	18

The Moon will be in conjunction with

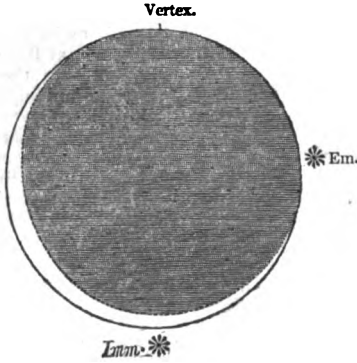
	D.	H.	M.
Saturn in Leo.....	11	19	30
Venus in Virgo.....	Occultation.		
Jupiter in Sagittarius.....	22	21	15
Mars in Pisces.....	28	3	15

Occultations in the Hyades.—5^d—the Moon will pass over several stars in this small but conspicuous constellation, the most remarkable of which will be γ Tauri, and, under some circumstances, Aldebaran. The first of these stars (γ Tauri) will immerse behind the Moon's northern limb at 10^h 16^m, and emerge at 10^h 52^m. The conjunction with Aldebaran will be very interesting: to Greenwich, the star, at 19^h, will be seen to glide close to the Moon's northern limb, but not for an instant concealed; to places a few miles south, the star will be occulted. The following will be its appearance, as seen from Greenwich:—



Occultation of Venus.—14^d—Venus, the morning star, will be eclipsed by the Moon. The commencement of the occultation will

occur when the Moon is in the horizon, 17^h 3^m: the emersion of the planet will take place at 17^h 46^m. Venus, as a telescopic object, will appear of a gibbous form, nearly approaching to a full orb. The following diagram will indicate the phase and position of the Moon at the time of occultation, also the points of immersion and emersion.



12^d 12^h 45^m—Mercury in his inferior conjunction. 20^d 21^h—in conjunction with Venus; difference of latitude 27'. 21^d—stationary. 28^d—greatest elongation (18° 37') as a morning star.

12^d—Venus in conjunction with ν Virginis; difference of latitude 7'. 23^d—in conjunction with δ Virginis; difference of latitude 18'.

Mars continues a conspicuous evening star. 19^d—stationary.

The Asteroids.—4^d—Juno 2½° east of λ Capricorni. Pallas 1° S.W. of 47 Serpentis. Ceres 2° W. of β Scorpii. 9^d—Vesta in opposition, 4° N. of 44 Ceti; right ascension 1^h 14^m; south declination 5°. Although this asteroid has a disc so small as to elude a satisfactory measurement, it shines with an intense and pure white light: when the sky is clear, it may be seen with the naked eye as a star of the sixth magnitude; it is free from nebulosity, and similar in appearance to Uranus. The elements and other phenomena of Vesta are as follow:—

	D.	H.	M.	S.
Sidereal revolution	1335	17	50	4
Synodical revolution	503	0	0	0
Longitude of ascending node	3 signs	13°	13'	18".2
Inclination of the orbit	0	7	8	46
Place of perihellion	8	9	33	24
Eccentricity of the orbit	0.09322,	or	20,000,000	miles.
Greatest equation of the centre	10°	13'	22"	
Apparent diameter	0".488			
Real diameter	238	miles.		
Mean distance from the Sun	2.373,	or	225,435,000	miles.

2^d 11^h 15^m—Jupiter in quadrature. 10^d 21^h—in conjunction with ν Sagittarii. 29^d 10^h—with ν Sagittarii. The following will be the only visible eclipse of the satellites:—

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First Satellite, emersion	10	7	6	3

Saturn is escaping from the solar rays, and will soon afford eligible opportunities for examining its singular apparatus of rings, belts, and satellites.

30^d 0^h 45^m—Uranus in quadrature.

Solar Spots.—Sept. 20 (Monday morning)—a cluster of spots is passing off the western limb of the Sun; three spots, arranged in the form of a triangle, are near the centre; others are entering on the eastern edge, both maculae and faculae, which may be observed this day (Saturday) near the middle of the disc.

Dexford. J. T. B.

FINE ARTS.

GRAND NAVAL GALLERY AT GREENWICH. His Majesty has been graciously pleased to give a number of the Royal Pictures of the naval heroes of Great Britain, to add to the noble collection already at Greenwich Hospital. Besides this, we are delighted to learn that a gallery is to be constructed for their reception; and we shall thus have a truly national assemblage, of a kind peculiarly grateful to English feeling, in the place of all others the most appropriate for such an Exhibition. Lord Farnborough, the enlightened patron of the fine arts, has been to Greenwich, to consider of the necessary arrangements; and Mr. Locker, one of the Commissioners of that Institution, and Mr. Seguir, the Keeper of the King's pictures, have also been consulted in the progress of this most laudable undertaking.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Her Highness the Princess Victoria. Engraved by R. Golding, from a picture by W. Fowler. M. Colnaghi.

A VERY successful portrait. The general disposition of the figure is graceful; the features are well defined; and there is great vivacity in the expression. The treatment of the hair reminds us of Lawrence.

A New Series of Original Illustrations to all Editions of the Waverley Novels. Parts I. and II. London, Moon, Boys, and Graves; Edinburgh, Cadell and Co.

THE Novels here illustrated are, "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "Rob Roy," "Old Mortality," "The Heart of Mid Lothian," "The Bride of Lammermoor," and "A Legend of Montrose;" and the Illustrations are thirty in number; being four to each novel, with the exception of "A Legend of Montrose," which has but two. In such a publication, however great the efforts which may be made, there must necessarily be some inequality in point of merit; as, in a race, it is impossible that every horse can be foremost. We will keep our eyes on the winning post, and not on the distance chair. The plates with which we are the most pleased, and which are indeed exceedingly beautiful, are, "Flora, in the glen of Glennaquoich, singing to Waverley," from a picture by F. P. Stephanoff, engraved by R. Graves; "Davie Gellatley, with Ban and Buscar, at the Dern-path," from a picture by E. Landseer, A.R.A., engraved by W. Raddon; "The Baron of Bradwardine reading the Church Service to his Soldiers," from a picture by G. S. Newton, A.R.A., engraved by C. Rolls; "Death of Gilbert Glosin," from a picture by A. Cooper, R.A., engraved by J. C. Edwards; "Saunders Mucklebackit lamenting the death of his son Steenie," from a picture by C. Stanfield, engraved by J. Phelps; "Davie Mailsetter run away with by his pony on the road to Fairport," from a picture by A. Cooper, R.A., engraved by A. Warren; "Bailie Nicol Jarvie discovering Rob Roy in Glasgow Jail," from a picture by W. Kidd, engraved by S. Davenport; "Mabel Rickets relating to Frank Osbaldiston the Scottish Legends," from a picture by A. E. Chalon, R.A., engraved by H. C. Shenton; "Bothwell entering the house of Milnwood, in search of Balfour of Burley," from a picture by D. Wilkie, R.A., engraved by R. Graves; and "Lucy Ashton saved from the Bull by the Master of Ravenswood," from a picture by E. Landseer, A.R.A., engraved by W. Finden.

With respect to some of the other plates, we must repeat what we have said on former occasions,—that they are over-wrought, and are consequently black and heavy. If only half as much had been done to them, they would have been twice as good.

An Invalid Carriage; invented by G. Morton. Engelmann and Co.

As far as we can judge from the print, this invention, the object of which is to convey patients to and from hospitals, &c. with as little pain, inconvenience, or delay as possible, is well calculated to effect its purpose.

Napoleon musing at St. Helena. Engraved by J. C. Coombs, from a picture by B. R. Haydon. Published by the Artist.

THERE is great simplicity in this little print; nay, there is great sublimity in it; and the manner in which it is treated affords an additional proof of Mr. Haydon's genius. It represents Buonaparte, standing, just after sunset, on the verge of a cliff, which overhangs the ocean; his arms folded, and his gaze intently fixed upon the scarcely visible white sails of a vessel in the distant horizon. The execution, as a work of art, is remarkably good; but it is surpassed by the sentiment. On looking at it, the imagination instantly attempts to conceive the train of thought that is swiftly passing through the mind of the extraordinary being before us, as he is reviewing the almost miraculous events of his meteor-like career. It is impossible not to fancy him,—now, full of pleasure at the recollection of the innocence of his youthful days; now, of exultation at the brilliant military triumphs of his more advanced life; now, of remorse at the crimes by which he endeavoured to consolidate his colossal and despotic power; now, of grief and despair at the rapid succession of reverses, the fruits of his own insatiable ambition, which terminated in rendering him a prisoner on a barren and solitary rock!—"Ainsi passe la gloire!" is a reflection which Mr. Haydon has inscribed on the foreground. That such glory may ever so pass, must be the earnest wish of every benevolent and enlightened friend of the human race.

Baroness Ribblesdale. Painted by Mrs. Carpenter; engraved by Scriven.

THE portrait of a pretty-looking creature, and the seventieth of the Series of Female Nobility which adorns *La Belle Assemblée*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

CHARACTACUS.

"When Caractacus was taken as a prisoner to Rome, on entering the city and seeing the splendour around him, he exclaimed, 'What! could the Romans, with all this magnificence, envy me my little cottage in Britain!'"—*English History.*

SAY, wherefore have ye borne me here,
 Away from mine own pleasant land,
 And kept me thus with shield and spear,
 And with this armed band?
 I have no treasures to unfold,
 No glittering hoard of gems and gold,
 No royal robes to yield;
 I only have my limbs and life,
 A heart that quails not in the strife,
 A trusty spear and shield.

Around me there are pillared halls, [flow,
 Where sweet lutes sound and bright wines
 And floats the voice of festivals
 Around me as I go.

And could ye, who possess all these,
 Envy my cottage 'midst the trees,
 'Neath Britain's changeful sky?
 Where no fair eastern floweret blooms,
 Where nought save the wild rose perfumes
 The fresh wind wandering by.

Ye have torn me from my quiet nest,
 And deem you ye can force from me
 The feelings that there made me blest,
 Blessings for you to be?
 Oh! these are treasures I have sealed
 Within my heart, deep, unrevealed;
 Nor racks nor tortures e'er
 Can wrench them from the sacred hold
 They have within its inmost fold,
 Apart from mortal care.

Illumined is your city now
 With myriad lamps in hall and bower;
 My home was fairer with the glow
 Of stars at midnight's hour.
 Ye have hung wreaths on shrine and dome;
 Know, I have lovelier at home
 Of dark-green ivy leaves.
 Ye have rich sounds of flute and horn;
 I had as sweet ones every morn
 From the swallows in the eaves.

And I have one proud thought that still
 Gives me a triumph o'er ye all;
 My spirit's eye when'er I will
 On those old scenes can fall;
 And I have deeper, dearer bliss,
 In gazing on those memories,
 Those pictures of the past,
 Than you in wearing victory's crown,
 In looking on your trophied town,
 Or listing trumpet's blast.

The spell is on my heart!—my land!
 My native home! my own dear isle!
 Now I can face ye, tyrant band,
 With a defying smile.
 My heart is strengthened in those ties,
 In trust, in love, that never dies!
 Bring forth your chains, and bind
 And fetter every free-born limb.
 The spirit's light ye cannot dim,
 Ye cannot chain the mind.

And if ye bear me unto death,—
 What then? I have no slavish fear;
 I can resign this worthless breath
 Without a sigh or tear.
 And there is something in my heart,
 That tells me I shall not depart,
 And leave the world in vain;
 That whispers,—and it must be so!
 That friends, afar from earthly woe,
 Shall surely meet again!

Worton Lodge, Isleworth. M. A. BROWNE.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

I looked on the Waters; Duet, sung at the Nobility's Concerts; arranged, &c. by H. R. Phillips. G. Luff.

THE poetry of this pretty, light, simple, and remarkably pleasing duet, is from the pen of Mr. Brandreth; it agrees well with the music, and is both lyrical and fanciful.

Green's Spanish Guitar Songs, intended as first Lessons for the Instrument. J. Green.

WE have eight of these pieces, and most popular airs. We approve of them highly; though after class A, we consider them almost too easy, even for beginners. More practice for the right hand, and some changes of position for the left, would, we think, be an improvement. For indolent guitar-players, however, they are perfection.

My Love's like the Deer. Sung by Miss Cawse. Poetry by C. J. Davids; Music by Rodwell. Goulding and D'Almaine.

THIS is not one of David's Psalms, but a very beautiful ballad, which has only to be heard to become a universal favourite.

The Golden Days of Childhood; a Ballad. Words and Melody by Mrs. B. C. Wilson; Accompaniments by J. T. Craven. J. Willis. WE like Mrs. Wilson's first attempt at musical composition very much; this is altogether a pretty little ballad, and does her great credit.

The Bridal is over. Poetry by T. Haynes Bayly, Esq.; Music by Miss E. L. Mortlock. Cramer, Addison, and Co.

WE regret the many common-place airs that are composed to Mr. Bayly's songs. The present is well enough for an amateur lady; but is far from doing justice to the sentiment. A few sweet turns will not compensate for a general want of melody; and this song ought to be equal to the best Mr. B. ever wrote.

Strike, strike the Lyre! Song and Chorus. J. Green.

A SPIRITED composition; and, when well sung, with the chorus, of a patriotic and stirring effect.

Amico il Fato. J. C. Schwieso.

THE words are from Metastasio, and the music by Harriet Schwieso. The air is beautiful; and, to those who can surmount the difficulties of the execution (it is so high), the taste and charm it possesses must render it delightful.

Gaily dances on Summer Nights. J. Barnett. THE cavatina sung by Mrs. Fitzwilliams in the *Bold Dragoon*, at the Adelphi; so gay, so original, and so agreeable, that it has quite hit our fancy. We are sure it will be relished in the drawing-room, as it is, from Mrs. Fitzwilliams' lively singing, on the stage.

DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

ON Tuesday Miss Paton appeared at this theatre as *Rosina* in the *Barber of Seville*, and *Clari*: the house was crowded, her reception most flattering, and her performances exquisitely beautiful in every respect.

VARIETIES.

The King of the French.—Among many anecdotes of Louis Philip are the following:—A few days ago, the king having determined to take a walk in the streets without being surrounded by a crowd, came out of his palace at the moment when the corporal of the post was going out to make his round. "I wish to go with you," said his majesty to the commander of the patrol; "perhaps they will allow me to pass with the national guard." The corporal became embarrassed and intimidated: "Sire," said he, "if it be so, I cannot command; you *Bordeaux*.—When the news of the recognition of Louis Philippe by England, was announced to the audience of the theatre at Bordeaux, there were loud cries for "God save the King!" which was played by the orchestra, and elicited several rounds of applause, mixed with enthusiastic bravos.

Animal Magnetism.—The professors of this art in Germany pretend to have discovered the means of plunging animals into magnetic sleep. A German paper mentions several real or pretended instances of success.

must take my place." The king consented. He led out, commanded, and returned with the patrol.—*Galignani's Messenger*. The principal of a deputation from one of the departments (the Finistere) was invited to dine with the king. During the dinner, the king conversed freely with the deputy; and at the dessert, the latter, emboldened by the kind manner of his majesty, inquired if he did not intend soon to visit the provinces of ancient Brittany. "Yes, very soon," said the king. "And you, madam," said the Breton to the queen, "do you intend to accompany your husband?" "I think not, sir, replied the queen; for somebody must stay at home to take care of the house." (*Il faut bien, monsieur, que quelqu'un garde la maison.*)—*Le Temps*. A general officer, who had an appointment with the king, entered by mistake a cabinet, in which there were two ladies and some children. One of these ladies asked the general who he wanted. "I wish to speak with the king," said the general. "My husband is just gone out," said the lady; "but it will not be long before his return, and he will then introduce you to the king." The officer waited a few minutes until the husband returned. This husband was the king, and the lady in question was the queen.—*Ibid.*

News for the Londoners.—The *Voleur*, a Paris paper, says,—"London presents quite the appearance of Paris. The principal streets are hung with tri-coloured flags, and one sees every where nothing but cockades, ribands, purses, and handkerchiefs, of the three colours; so national has our glorious revolution become in England."—*Fudge!*

Liberality.—Mr. Robert Fenwick, lately established at Choisy, near Paris, supplies one half of the milk necessary for the *Hôtel-Dieu*, a contract which requires from 4,000 to 4,500 litres a-month. This respectable gentleman has made an offer to the director, who has accepted the generous proposal, to furnish gratis the whole quantity of milk, from July 27, so long as there shall be at the *Hôtel-Dieu* any of the men who were wounded in the memorable contest.

Polite Feelings.—In the *Times* of Wednesday an account is given of the preparations for Mr. Huskisson's funeral, and, among other things, of an application to the Duke of Wellington to attend as one of the mourners; to which it is stated his grace replied, "that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to pay this last token of respect," &c. &c. &c.

Swan River Colony.—Captain Stirling has returned from the exploratory expedition towards Port Leschenbault and the adjacent country, mentioned in a former *Literary Gazette*. The territory was found to be fertile and extensive; so that several of the individuals who accompanied Captain Stirling have taken grants of land, and settled there.

Northcote.—In a copy of proof illustrations to Northcote's Fables we have seen the following inscription in the masculine and bold characters of the author's hand-writing, who at a very advanced age traces a MIS. in such a style as would do credit to the best schoolmaster yet abroad: the fancy of the verse is also very tierce; it is *litteratim* and in form:—

To Mr. Behnes, Sculptor,
 From his friend,

JAMES NORTHCOTE.
 Behnes and Death for ever
 are at strife;
 Death turns the Life to Clay,
 He, Clay to Life.

Ancient History.—The French minister of the interior has informed the *Académie des*

Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, that it may continue, as heretofore, to distribute three gold medals annually for the three best essays, addressed to the Academy during the year, relative to national antiquities; and that the government will take every means of encouraging the researches of French antiquaries. The three medals for this year have been awarded to M. de Bousset, for an Essay on the Antiquities of Beziers; M. Ardant, for an Essay on the Antiquities of Limousin; and M. le Prevost, for a Notice of the Vases and Silver Articles found near Bernay.

Mexican Antiquities.—At a late sitting of the Académie des Sciences, Mr. Warden presented to the Academy, from Lord Kingsborough, a work, in five large folio volumes, on the Antiquities of Mexico. This work, which has been executed under the direction and at the expense of Lord Kingsborough, has cost immense sums. It is estimated that every copy comes to nearly five hundred pounds sterling!

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXXIX. Sept. 25.]

The notices of the forthcoming Annuals have been for some time pouring in upon us;—but where there is so much competition, we dislike to give our opinion upon partial and imperfect views. We are inclined to think the "Libraries," now so common, will interfere in some measure, with the publications already jostling each other in pretty considerable numbers. Yet we see novelties starting; a specimen of the Remembrance is before us—a print of the Orphans, by Gill—and a very pretty specimen it is. Le Keepsake Français, with eighteen engravings, is also a new announcement. Thirteen plates for the Winter's Wreath are also announced by eminent artists, both painters and engravers. For the Souvenir and the Keepsake we have seen some beautiful productions; and also several belonging to juvenile volumes. The Friendship's Offering advances its usual claims, and adds a new fashion of binding; and its proprietors also announce a Comic Offering, under the superintendence of Miss L. H. Sheridan; so that we find every species on the increase: the original mélange of literature and fine arts, those for the young, and now those for the humorous. Is there room for all?

Australia and Emigration, by Robert Dawson, Esq., late Chief Agent of the Australian Agricultural Company.—The first volume of the Quadrupeds of the Zoological Gardens.—The Lyre and the Laurel; two volumes of Fugitive Poetry of the XIXth Century.—Mr. D. Turnbull announces the French Revolution of 1830, the Events which produced it, and the Scenes by which it was accompanied.—Bosmond, a Tragedy, translated from the German of Theodor Körner.—The Temple of Melekartha.—The Nature and Cure of Consumption, by James Kennedy, Royal College of Surgeons.—The Romantic Annals of France, from the Time of Charlemagne to the Reign of Louis the Fourteenth inclusive; forming the new Series of the Romance of History. By Mr. Leitch Ritchie.—The Lives of the Italian Poets, by the Rev. Henry Stebbing.—Chartley, the Fatalist; a Novel.—A new edition of Major Rennell's Geography of Herodotus, from the Author's revised copy.—The Arrow and the Rose; with other Poems, by William Kennedy, Author of "Fitful Fancies."—Lays from the East, by Captain Calder Campbell, Madras Army.—Waldensian Researches, during a Second Visit to the Waldenses, by the Rev. W. S. Gilly.—Patroni Ecclesiarum; a List of the Patrons of the Dignities and Livings of the United Church of England and Ireland.—Professor Jameson has undertaken to edit, for Constable's Miscellany, an edition of Wilson's American Ornithology.—Miscellaneous Poems, by Mrs. J. S. Prowse.—Mrs. Bray, Author of "De Foix," "the White Hoods," &c., has in the press a romance entitled the Talba, or Moor of Portugal.—The Rectory of Valehead, a volume on the Formation and Character of a Christian Family, by the Rev. Mr. Evans.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Camden, a Tale of the South, 3 vols. 12mo. 16s. 6d. bds.—Chapman's Practice of the Superior Courts at Westminster, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Evangelical Spectator, Vol. II. 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Visions of Solitude, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Counsels to Servants, 32mo. 1s. 6d. bds.—Basil Barrington and his Friends, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Williams's Abstracts of the Acts for 1829-30, 8vo. 8s. bds.—Encyclopædia Metropolitana, 2d division, Mixed Sciences, Vol. II. 4to. 2l. 12s. 6d. bds.—Gilson's Sermons, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Tales of the Stanley Family, 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Dublin Medical Transactions, new Series, Vol. I. Part I. 8vo. 15s. bds.—Autobiography, Vol. XXXI. (Du Barri, Vol. III.) royal 18mo. 6s. bds.; demy 18mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Smart's new Literal Translation of Horace, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Godwin's Lectures on British Colonial Slavery, &c.

METHEOLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

September.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	
	From 52.	to 63.	29.50	to 29.70
Thursday.. 16	— 41.	— 58.	29.06	— 29.57
Friday.... 17	— 43.	— 53.	29.53	— 29.68
Saturday.. 18	— 45.	— 52.	29.86	— 29.68
Sunday.... 19	— 36.	— 52.	29.86	— 29.55
Monday... 20	— 46.	— 59.	29.59	— 29.29
Tuesday.. 21	— 47.	— 54.	29.29	— 29.29
Wednesday 22	— 34.	— 59.	29.40	— 29.66

Wind S.W., except on the 17th, when it was North. Alternately clear and cloudy, with frequent and, at times, heavy rain.

Rain fallen, 1 inch, and .075 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. August 1830.

Thermometer—Highest.....	74.00	...4th.
Lowest.....	34.00	...30th.
Mean.....	53.96774	
Barometer—Highest.....	29.98	
Lowest.....	29.10	
Mean.....	29.62709	

Number of days of rain, 15.
Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 2.43075.
Winds.—1 East—1 West—1 North—1 South—0 North-east—2 South-east—3 South-west—7 North-west.

General Observations.—The latter end of the month was particularly cold, even colder than in August last year; and although the quantity of rain was not one half of what fell in the same month in 1828, and very considerably less than the quantity last year, yet the mean temperature was lower than any one for August in the last eight years: the greatest elevation of the barometer the same as in the corresponding month last year, and the mean rather higher, but low for the season. Thunder heard, and lightning seen, on the 9th, about 2 P.M. The evaporation, 0.3125 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The late Lunar Eclipse.—We have received letters from Mr. Smith, of Newry, and Mr. Bunt, of Bristol, on the subject of the late lunar eclipse, in which they account for the appearance of the moon under the circumstances stated in the *Literary Gazette* (Nos. 711 and 712), from the refraction of light through the earth's atmosphere. We regret that these scientific gentlemen did not see the moon at the times specified by our Meteorological and Astronomical Contributors, as we are persuaded, had they done so, they would have been convinced that the illumination of the western limb at 10 hrs. 7 min., and 10 hrs. 15 min., as seen at Edmonton and Deptford, was quite sufficient to warrant the conclusion, that the moon was not wholly plunged in the earth's shadow. From the statements in these letters, it appears that the times of emersion from the earth's shadow, as observed at Bristol, and the termination of the eclipse, as seen at Newry, in Ireland (corrected for the difference of longitude), coincide with the times given in the astronomical ephemerides, referred to in the *Literary Gazette* of 11th September. With respect to our strictures at any time on the Nautical Almanac, we disclaim any intention of unnecessarily impugning its accuracy, being perfectly sensible of its real deficiencies and errors. In the ensuing month (October) two instances of this nature will be found:—the conjunction of the moon with Aldebaran is marked in the Nautical Almanac with an asterisk, which is understood to signify that such a conjunction will prove an *occultation*, visible at Greenwich; this it will not be, but only an *appulse*. Again, the conjunction of the moon with Venus is stated in the Nautical Almanac to be only "a near approach;"—it will prove an *eclipse* of nearly three quarters of an hour's duration! (See the Celestial Phenomena for October, for the appulse of Aldebaran, and the occultation of Venus.) Inaccuracies of this description diminish the confidence which ought to be placed in a work of such importance, and in the case of this lunar eclipse, render the mind more open to unfavourable impressions.

The Editor of the Polar Star writes us that he has substituted etchings for the few pages (eight) of letter-press diminished in his Nos.

A critic need not be afraid of any mistake. No person of common understanding could read the remarks in the *Times* on Monck's Life of Bentley, and suppose for an instant that it belonged to the "Cut-and-Dry System."

In our notice of the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of Sir James South's new Observatory (three weeks ago), we incidentally mentioned, among the company present, "Mr. Gordon," as being the inventor of an extraordinary light for light-houses: it is not that gentleman, however, but Mr. Drummond, who is the author of this brilliant discovery.

ERRATUM.—An error of such importance occurred in our last No. In making up the Review of Munro's Correspondence, it was found necessary to omit a portion of it which had been selected for extract; and this part consisted of a Letter from Sir T. Munro to Colonel Wellesley—the first of those from which our quotations commence, at the top of the middle column, p. 615. It thus happens, that from the words "The following," to the words "no harm," may be mistaken as written by Col. Wellesley to Munro, instead of the reverse, from Munro to Colonel Wellesley.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

The Medical Classes will open on Friday the 1st of October. The Council have sanctioned a new division of the instruction in Anatomy.

Mr. Bell will still teach Physiology, illustrating that Science by continual reference to the pieces of Anatomy; and thus combining the knowledge of Structure with that of the Properties of Life. At the suggestion of Mr. Pattison, Mr. Bennett has been associated with him in the Chair of Anatomy. In order that this department may be most efficiently taught, but without needless repetition, Mr. Pattison will teach Descriptive and Surgical Anatomy; and Mr. Bennett General Anatomy, comprising the Development and Organisation of the several Tissues; and he will likewise teach the Descriptive Anatomy of the Viscera.

The following are the Medical Classes.
Anatomy—Mr. G. S. Pattison and Mr. J. R. Bennett. Fee 7l.; or for the First Division, 4l.; and for the Second, 3l.
Physiology—Mr. Charles Bell. Fee 3l.

Anatomical Demonstration—Mr. J. R. Bennett and Mr. R. Quinn. Fee 6l.; or 3l. for each division.
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Comparative Anatomy—Dr. R. E. Grant, commencing at the end of January. Fee 3l.
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On Friday the 1st of October, at Three o'Clock precisely, Dr. Conolly will deliver a General Introductory Lecture, for which Tickets of admission may be obtained at this Office.

A Medical Library has been formed for the use of the Students. The other Classes of the University open on Monday the 1st of November. Particulars of these and of the Medical Courses will be given at this Office.

An Account of the Distribution of Prizes in the Medical and General Schools may be had gratis at the Office of the University, and of Mr. Taylor, No. 39, Upper Gower Street.
By order of the Council,
THOMAS COATES, Clerk.

September 9, 1830.

PRIAM, with a Portrait of Mr. S. Davy, from a Painting by J. Fernelley, in the Possession of Mr. W. Chifney.

R. Ackermann, Jun. respectfully informs the Sporting World that he has now on View the Painting and a coloured Print (as a Specimen) of Priam for their inspection.

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"At the first report made by the astonished storekeepers, of the extraordinary appearance of water oozing into vaults cut in the solid rock, a thousand conjectures were started, as to the pumps and wells having by some phenomenon changed their operations, or the immense leaden tanks and reservoirs on the castle roofs having 'burst their cerements,' and discharged their contents. The rapidly increasing rush of the invading element left no time for the solution of these elements; to stop its progress was the great object. But in order to accomplish this, the line of its ingress was to be traced, and the efforts at doing so, increased the evil, for every little trap-door or portal opened in the subterranean galleries to aid the inquiry, facilitated the entry of the flood that now came booming in. The passage chosen by Lyderic, and communicating with every ramification of the rest, was of the smallest width; but the resistless force of the propelling power carried every obstruction be-

fore it. Partitions and doors, of stone or wood, gave way alike. The artificial tide filled every nook and crevice, and burst through all impediments. Before any real knowledge of its source could be acquired, irreparable mischief was done. Several of the persons employed in the care of the provisions and provender stowed into these hitherto impregnable compartments, were drowned ere they imagined the possibility of danger. Others fled in dismay at the sight and sound of the stream, which hissed and boiled along the cavities, forcing the long-confined and noxious air before it, with thick columns of dust and rubbish, the accumulation of centuries.

"In the midst of confusion, vociferation, and clamour, De Bassenveldt appeared. He lost not a moment in idle astonishment or still more idle grief. A throbbing agitation certainly shook his heart, and his brain seemed to burn with condensed energy of thought. A sense of his own and his people's danger, a certainty that his means of defence were reduced by many precious weeks, admiration of the skill so actively working his ruin, horror at the too tardy conviction of Lyderic's treachery—these were among the mass of combinations that his mind at once took in. He made his way through the throng. Every tongue was in an instant hushed. Every eye fixed on him. He reached one of the flights of stairs hewn in the rocky foundation and leading to the vaults. By the light of the torches flaring far into these depths, he saw the flood wallowing in its own involutions, and marked the congregated proofs of destruction. He uttered not a word; but hastily turning round and rapidly gaining the court-yard, he gave his loud command that the whole force of the castle should at once turn out from the three portal gates, for a simultaneous attack on the village. A shout from every throat answered his command; and each officer and every man of the ready garrison seized their arms, and hurried to their various stations for assembling, all worked up to desperation by the frightful exigency of the case. 'A volunteer, to descend and examine the western front of the rocks' were Count Ivon's next words, during the bustling formation of the various dismounted platoons. The Moriscoe instantly stepped forward, and a score others followed his movement. 'Thanks, Aben Farez!' said Count Ivon, with a smile that would have repaid any one of his followers for any possible risk or sacrifice. 'Up with the rampart postern; run the platform out; steady the pulley bar; quick, quick! Grasp the rope firmly, Aben Farez; discover what you can; and tell me all!' The small square postern on the rampart overlooking the river was immediately opened, a narrow platform shot out a few feet beyond the ridge, and a strong bar with a cord and pulley, formerly used for communications with the village, was quickly fixed above. Grasping firm hold of the rope with hand and legs, the Moriscoe swung out from off the platform, on which De Bassenveldt with Beatrice and one or two

others stood, leaning over to the utmost verge and listening for whatever words the adventurous volunteer might utter from his aerial point of observation. He was soon out of sight, for the rope slipping rapidly over the projecting mass of granite, swung in again towards the face of the rock, giving him full power of observation on whatever went on below, and at the same time exposing him to the assaults of whatever missiles the enemy might direct against him. 'Holy Alla preserve him!' murmured Beatrice, shuddering as she gazed on the strong vibration of the rope. 'Hist, hist! he speaks!' whispered De Bassenveldt, eagerly leaning forward, and striving to catch the sound of the Moriscoe's voice through some moments' pause in the cannon's din. And a few broken sentences came indistinctly on the listener's ear:—'From the river to the rocks all seems alive, with huge and curious engines. Enormous snake-like tubes are writhing in sinuous motion up from the water's edge. The soldiers all gaze on the works—the guards have left their arms—they see me and seem alarmed—now one levels his arquebuse to fire at me—another—haul up, haul up! Quick! I have no more to tell.' 'Up with him—quick, quick!' cried De Bassenveldt and Beatrice together; and both in their impatience seized the rope which several strong arms dragged rapidly across the pulley. But they were not fast enough to outspeed the enemy's bullets. Two or three in quick succession whistled up into the air close to the platform's edge; and as the rope was wound rapidly up, harshly grating over the ridge of granite, full half its thickness was worn away. The Moriscoe's peril made every heart thrill. He literally hung by a thread, which the slightest motion threatened to break. Yet his weight was evidently felt by all who pulled at the trembling and fragile cord. Another shot from below was heard in the bullet's upward whiz; and with it a quick jirk, and an instant slackening of the rope told to the over-anxious group that the Moriscoe had quitted his hold and fallen below. 'Holy Alla! holy Alla!' cried Beatrice, sinking into De Bassenveldt's arms. 'Haul up, haul up!' screamed Aben Farez from below the ledge of rock against which he had only for a moment rested one of his feet, and by an instant slackening of his hold, recovered it with firmer nerve. A renewed pull from every sinewy arm, and a loud cheer of encouragement, answered the cry; and in an instant more the turbaned head appeared. Another and another shot came up—the Moriscoe dropped one arm—he was hit! Still one strong pull—his body reached the rough edge of the rock—another—he was clear above it, and safe from the enemy's bullets—another still—and snap went the rope across! All those who pulled it fell back with the shock; and the falling Moriscoe, as he struck against the precipice's edge, seized and clung to it in the rivetted grasp of despair. A scream burst from Beatrice, who in the horrid impulse was

on the point of dashing herself forward, but was withheld by one of the soldiers. In this moment De Bassenveldt, seizing the end of the broken rope, and twisting it strongly round his left wrist, threw himself across the platform's edge, and while the men above, in speechless fear held the remaining cordage strong and firm, he slid down the broken face of the rock, till he came close to the shuddering and almost exhausted Moriscoe. 'Courage, courage!' cried he, as he stretched forth his hand, which the other dared not attempt to grasp, for had he loosened his hold and missed De Bassenveldt, he must have been infallibly precipitated down. His deliverer saw this, and by one steady clutch he caught the thick folds of his vest and tunic, and while those above who watched every movement, instantly hauled up again, De Bassenveldt touched from time to time the projecting points of rock, and was quickly on the platform, the worn-out Moriscoe firmly held in his saving grasp."

"'And now, artisans, for rapid work!' cried De Bassenveldt to some forgers and other mechanics who stood near. 'Clear away this end of rope, and sling a chain across the pulley—stand by me now a couple of ye—seize a hatchet each, and give me one—we must descend by the chain cable below, even where this brave Moriscoe has already been, and cut through the leathern pipes which are carrying this tide of ruin into our stronghold. Quick, quick, my lads, let your hammers clink!' And almost as speedily as the words were spoken the order was obeyed. The long, connecting chain, which lay on the rampart and bound several of the brass culverins to their carriages, was instantly unlinked and as quickly rivetted again, in the new position indicated by Count Ivon. A sharp-edged hatchet was placed in his hand, and several of the workmen pressed forward, anxious of the honour of being the companions of his perilous adventure.

"De Bassenveldt took his position on a small narrow board, which was passed through a link of the chain to support his feet; his left hand grasped the chain, his right hand wielded the hatchet, his only weapon. The windlass was let loose, and he went gradually down, and just above his head a second little footboard was inserted, on which the Moriscoe placed himself in the same manner, his long-bladed Spanish knife firmly held before him. A third and fourth board were successively placed at like distances, as the chain was gradually lowered, and the two volunteer workmen took their steady footing and hold. De Bassenveldt now rested on the outmost ledge of rock, over which he cast an anxious glance. In a minute or two, loud shouts and the quick fire of musketry were heard from below, and then De Bassenveldt called out to Beatrice and those on the platform, 'Now, now, let us steadily down; the smoke from the firing forms a shroud to hide us from view. Loose away! loose away!' The chain gradually rattled through the pulley, and the four gallant men were soon suspended over the scene of slaughter which the village now presented. The royalist force, taken quite unawares in the midst of their exultation at the prodigious efforts of the engineers and their machinery, hurried to their arms and defences in breathless confusion, but with unshaken courage. Don Diego Leonis, and the other officers, heading the garrison troops with desperate fury, poured in from every arquebuse a thick discharge, and then rushed forward, pike and sword in hand. The

royalists returned a scattered fire, and amidst the cloud of smoke rising and enveloping the face of the rock, De Bassenveldt found himself close to a small projection beside the opening, where three or four of the huge pipes were inserted. He caught by one foot on this landing-place, and a blow of his hatchet felled to the earth, full fifty feet below, the mechanic who stood on the topmast bar of a ladder, and directed the application of the pipes. He next sprang against the rock, seized the readiest angle, and then moved closer to the aperture, making room for the Moriscoe. The first of the two workmen safely followed their movement, and clung to the rock; but the last unfortunate fellow, slipping from his imperfect footing, was dashed headlong down, and met an instant death on the rugged basement below. De Bassenveldt and his remaining companions, by simultaneous and redoubled strokes, soon cut through the tough materials that formed the tubes, and cast them successively down, flaccid and innocuous. They next hacked at, and pulled away by main force, the plugs and wadding which had kept the pipes firm in the aperture; and as they finally removed them, a rush of water poured back from the surcharged cavities, and spouted down the rocks in a violent cascade. De Bassenveldt could not now resist the impulse that urged him to descend and join in the fierce mêlée which sent up its discordant tumult. Brandishing his hatchet, and forgetting in the heat of the moment every thing but the wild excitement of his courage, he stepped on the ladder, and with some words, which his followers could not hear amidst the uprising din, he rapidly began his descent. The Moriscoe and his companion wanted no word of command: they followed close, but ere they were half way down, the ladder was forcibly pushed in the confusion below, and flung from its resting-place against the rock, while the three adventurers were cast violently to the ground. A moment's stunning sensation passed across De Bassenveldt, but he felt that his limbs were whole, and he bounded on his feet. Aben Farez was in an instant by his side. The workman lay insensible, not having had the good luck to fall, as they did, among the twisted leathern tubes which lay in providential coils, and completely broke the fall. With blows of the hatchet, and stabs of the knife, dealt fiercely round, De Bassenveldt and the Moriscoe soon cleared their way through the astonished and half-beaten royalists, and reached the strong defence thrown up before the village towards the castle approaches. Shouting loudly, 'A Bassenveldt, liberty!' the war-cries of the garrison—they fiercely attacked the crowded guard; and by an instance common in such kind of warfare, two men put hundreds to flight. Surprise and panic adding many imagined echoes to every shout thus sounding in their rear, through clouds of smoke, the royalists abandoned their whole line of defence, and rushed towards the river. Don Diego and his troops then bounded unopposed over every impediment, and gazed as on a miracle at their beloved chief, hailing them with cries of victory within the enemy's lines."

We leave this spirited scene to speak for itself, and the *Heiress of Bruges* to the favour of our readers.

The History of Maritime and Inland Discovery, Vol. II.; and *the Eleventh of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia*. 12mo. pp. 356. Longman and Co.; Taylor.

THE first volume of this history of interesting events has, we believe, attracted as much po-

popularity as even the most distinguished of those productions from eminent pens which have made part of the same series. This is to be attributed not only to the nature of the subject, always acceptable to the British public, but also to the ability with which it has been treated. The selections are judicious, the apportionment of space to the various voyages well advised, and the style suited by its clearness and good English qualities to the matter in hand.

"In this volume (says the writer) a rapid view has been taken of the progress of geography from the commencement of the sixteenth to the middle of the eighteenth century. We have seen with what hasty strides Europeans proceeded to establish themselves in the most distant regions of the globe. Ambition, the love of gold and of adventure, were the motives that prompted their indefatigable exertions. Yet the impulse arising from the discoveries of Columbus was not confined to the ambitious, the covetous, or romantic alone—the studious and speculative likewise felt its influence. Geography in the beginning of the sixteenth century was the favourite study of the greatest scholars. The attention of learned men seemed for a time engrossed by the light recently thrown on the form and structure of the globe; and many mathematicians and philologists zealously applied themselves to the perfection of geographical science. Yet geography can hardly be said to have been cultivated generally, or to have been designedly promoted, apart from views of political or mercantile interest, prior to the period at which we have now arrived in the course of this work. The curiosity of mankind is now more liberal and exalted; and, among civilised nations, not even war is allowed to obstruct the progress of geographical researches. Our reflections on the growth of geographical science are therefore reserved for the volume that is to follow."

There is a wide field for this promised addition, which we doubt not will be worthy of the preceding digest; and we now beg to glance at the new contribution. The volume before us contains the second and remaining voyages of Columbus, and the voyage of Amerigo Vespucci, whose name is so unjustly immortalised by a whole quarter of the globe. Other American discoveries follow, such as Pinzon, Hojeda, Balboa, Magellan, Cortez, Pizarro, Cabot, &c.; Spaniard, Portuguese, French, Dutch, and English. Among these we observe Mendez Pinto, whose name has passed into a proverbial expression, almost as famous, though certes not so complimentary, as that of the nominator of America himself. "Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude!" remains a reproach to this traveller; but we hope an undeserved one, as the editor quotes his marvellous adventures without impeaching their authenticity, except on some points.* As this is the case, we shall extract a few pages from his narrative, as specimens of the volume. After

* "Credit was long denied to the narrative of Mendez Pinto, or Mendez Pinto, as a learned writer of ours jocosely calls him; and our great dramatic poet has given currency to this opinion. But as we have acquired a greater knowledge of the countries which he visited, his credit has become re-established, and his travels can no longer be looked upon as mere fictions. He unquestionably embellishes his adventures; but this liberty, as well as the contradictions of which he is frequently guilty, are pardonable in an unlettered man who writes from memory, and whose taste is swayed by the secret attachment which ignorance always feels to whatever is wonderful. Yet his volume is not characterised by exaggeration, so much as by the multitude of events and particulars graphically set forth, and related with all the air of reality."

a hundred wrecks and perils as a follower of Faria, a man of consequence in these parts, who had been ruined by Coja Acem's destroying his shipping, we are told:—

“Many were the adventures which our heroes met with at the commencement of their cruise; and in all they came off with success. They pillaged towns, captured native pirates, and seemed to have thought that in right of their nation they were not bound by any restraints of morality or justice. On one occasion they observed several small vessels approaching, with music playing, banners flying, and other demonstrations of rejoicing. On board of one of these was the daughter of the governor of Colem, betrothed to a neighbouring chieftain, who was to have met her in this place. The bride, mistaking the ships of the Portuguese for those of her destined spouse, sent a letter, couched in the hyperbolic language of the East, to reproach him for his coldness. She assured him, ‘that if the feeble sex of a woman would permit her, she would fly to kiss his tardy feet as the hungry falcon flies after the fearful heron.’ The Portuguese in the mean time lay concealed, their Chinese seamen alone remaining on deck. The bride's vessel, and those which attended her, were captured without resistance. The lady and her brothers, ‘being young, white, and well favoured,’ with about twenty of the seamen, were retained; the rest, who were good for nothing, were sent ashore. The bridegroom soon after made his appearance with five vessels, and saluted the Portuguese as he passed, ‘with great store of music and show of gladness,’ ignorant that they were carrying off his bride. After Faria and his associates had cruised up and down seven months and a half without hearing of Coja Acem, they agreed to winter in Siam, and divide the spoil. This agreement being sworn to and signed by all, they went and anchored under the island *De los Ladrones*, or *Pirates' Island*. Here a violent hurricane overtook them; and about two hours after midnight the four vessels ran foul of one another, dashed on shore, and went to pieces. Four hundred and eighty persons were drowned: of fifty-three who were saved, only twenty-three were Portuguese. Faria, a second time reduced to utter poverty, found strength in despair. He even endeavoured to draw consolation from religion, while he abandoned every principle of morality, and assured his followers, that as God never did ill but for a greater good, there was no doubt that for the 500,000 ducats they had lost, he would permit them to rob 600,000 more. One day, when our adventurers were scattered in the woods, gathering fruits for their subsistence, a small vessel was seen to approach the shore: the Chinese, to whom she belonged, about thirty in number, jumped on land and commenced lighting fires, drying their clothes, and amusing themselves, as men weary of a long voyage and suspecting no harm. Faria in the mean time drawing his companions together, assured them that the boat was sent by a special providence to their relief; and as superstition is naturally selfish, they readily gave credit to a miracle wrought in their own favour. Their measures were soon concerted; and a signal being given, they rushed suddenly to the shore, made themselves masters of the boat, and stood out to sea. The Chinese, who were taken by surprise, stood stupefied with horror and amazement when they found themselves left thus helpless and forlorn. Proceeding in this small vessel to the port of Xingran, our heroes boarded a large junk in the dead of night,

and, getting out to sea in their new prize, shortly after joined company with a Chinese pirate, who promised to serve them faithfully on condition of receiving one third of the spoil. This reinforcement arrived at a lucky season. Faria received intelligence of his deadly enemy Coja Acem, whom he proceeded immediately to encounter. The battle was desperately contended; but the victory remained with the Portuguese. The body of Coja Acem was cut in pieces and thrown overboard; five of his followers, who remained alive, were cast into the hold, in order to be tortured till they might disclose the valuable secrets of his hidden treasures. The victors sailed to Liampoo (Ning-Po), where they were received with the greatest honours by the Portuguese merchants. Faria was met on his arrival by a splendid procession, and conducted to the town, where preparations had been made for his reception. When the Chinese inquired who was the person treated with so much distinction, it was answered, ‘that his father shod the horses whereon the king of Portugal rode;’ and the Chinese, believing all this to be true, cried out, in admiration, ‘Truly there are great kings in the world whereof our ancient historians, through ignorance, hath made no mention.’ The public rejoicings at the arrival of Faria concluded with a mass and sermon, which our pious author ventures to criticise in a vein of jocularity. ‘Mass being ended, the sermon followed, that was made by Estevano Noguera, an ancient man, and curate of the place, who, to speak the truth, through discontinuance of preaching, was but little versed in pulpit matters. Howbeit, desiring to shew himself that day a learned man in so remarkable a solemnity, he laboured to make demonstration of his best rhetoric; to which effect he grounded all his sermon on the praises of Antonio de Faria, and that in words so ill placed, and so far from his text, that our captain was much ashamed of it; wherefore some of his friends plucked him three or four times by the surplice to make him give over; but he being nettled, cried—‘I will not stop, but will rather say more—for I speak nothing but what is as true as gospel. In regard whereof let me alone I pray you; for I have made a vow to God never to desist from praising this noble captain, as he deserves it at my hands, for saving me 7000 ducats' venture that Merim Taborda had of mine in his junk, and was taken from him by that dog Coja Acem; for which let the soul of so cursed a rogue and wicked devil be tormented in hell for ever and ever: whereunto say all with me, Amen.’ At Liampoo, Faria became acquainted with a Chinese pirate named Similau, who gave him an extravagant account of an island called Calemply, in which were the tombs of seventeen kings of China, all of gold, besides immense treasures of different descriptions. The Portuguese adventurer, ‘being naturally curious,’ as our author observes, resolved to seek and carry off these riches. It is obvious that Similau, when he spoke of golden tombs, related a popular story; and it shews in what estimation the courage and the prowess of the Portuguese were held, when a prize too romantically rich to be sought by a Chinese alone was thought a fit object for their ambition. It is not easy to understand the course which our author says was followed in this enterprise. They arrived at a port called Buxipalem in 49° north, where the climate was cold, and the sea crowded with monsters which our author is fearful to describe. They were now two months and a half at sea, generally following a north-easterly course, and

had not yet arrived at Calemply. The Portuguese reproached Similau with steering only by guess, and Faria at one time grew so violent that he threatened to stab him. Similau, in consequence, made his escape, and his example was followed by thirty-six of the Chinese seamen. Faria, thus left without a guide, persisted in seeking the royal sepulchres, and at length arrived at Calemply, in the description of which our author may be suspected of drawing largely on his imagination. ‘The island,’ he says, ‘about a league in circuit, is all enclosed with a platform of jasper six and twenty spans high; the stones being so neatly joined that the whole wall seemed one piece. Pillars of copper, at intervals of about forty feet, were ranged on the wall, and on each of these was the figure of a woman holding a bowl in her hand. Within this gallery were rows of arches, gilt towers, and monstrous figures, cast in metal, with three hundred and threescore hermitages, dedicated to the gods of the year. Faria immediately landed, and breaking into one of the hermitages, began to collect the silver which was mixed with the bones of the dead, and which was derived, as he was informed by the astonished hermit, from the alms carried with them by the deceased to support them in the world of the moon, where they live eternally.’ Faria, while ransacking this place, confessed himself conscious that it was a very great sin, and declared that it was his intention, at some future period, to atone by penance for so enormous a crime. To this the Chinese sage replied, ‘that he who knows these things, and doth them not, runs far greater danger than he who sins through ignorance.’ The Portuguese robbers then withdrew to their ships, intending to return to the work of pillage with the daylight. But their sins, as our author observes, would not allow them to see the happy issue of the business. They were hardly on board when they saw fires lighted on the island, and heard bells ringing, from which they concluded that the alarm was given. Faria hastened again on shore, in the dead of night, and ran up and down with a frantic desire to carry off some valuable prize; but it was now too late, and the danger was so imminent that his companions forced him to fly. They spread all sail, and stood out to sea, so sad from their disappointment that they hardly spoke to one another during the voyage. When they had been about a month at sea, a furious gale came on in the gulf of Nankin, which reduced them to such distress, that they were obliged to lighten the ships by every means in their power, to cut down their masts, and throw overboard their chests full of silver. About midnight, the people in Antonio de Faria's ship were heard to cry out ‘Lord have mercy upon us!’ and when day broke, it was found that she had disappeared. The other ship was in a sinking state, and the crew, as their only chance, ran her upon the coast, where she instantly went to pieces. Fourteen Portuguese were saved; the number of the drowned, including Chinese mariners, was six and thirty. ‘This miserable disaster,’ says our author, ‘happened on a Monday, the 5th of August, in the year 1540; for which the Lord be praised everlastingly.’ The shipwrecked pirates met with but an indifferent reception from the Chinese, who seem to have a particular dislike to the appearance of a lawless vagabond. Pinto and his companions were thrust into a pond, where they were almost devoured by leeches. Whenever they arrived at a town, they were sure to be expelled from it with a sound beating. They represented themselves

as 'poor natives of Siam,' and the falsehood of their story was probably recognised at once. At length they were sent to Nankin with other criminals, where they were condemned to lose their thumbs and to be whipped. The latter part of the sentence was immediately put in execution with such severity that two of the party died of it. Here they met a Russian, 'who,' says Pinto, 'understood Chinese as well as we.' From Nankin, of which our author gives a copious description, the Portuguese were sent to Pekin, travelling the greater part of the way by canals. On the route they met with Christians, the descendants of those who had been converted more than a century before by Matthew Escaudel, a Hungarian missionary. They also met with a daughter of Thome Perez, the unfortunate ambassador who had been detained in China some years before. Pinto's observations with respect to the Chinese are lively and accurate. He remarks the multitude of those who dwell upon the rivers. Their mode of rearing water-fowl; the good order observed by the common people; the strictness with which industrious habits are enforced; the regulations of their markets; their mode of hatching eggs by artificial heat; their eating with chop-sticks; with many other particulars, are reported with the exactness of an eye-witness. In fine, he observes, 'I dare boldly say, if my testimony be worthy of credit, that in one and twenty years' space, during which time, with a world of misfortunes, labour, and pain, I traversed the greatest part of Asia, as may appear by this my discourse, I had seen in some countries a wonderful abundance of several sorts of victuals and provisions which we have not in Europe; yet, without speaking what each of them may have in particular, I do not think that in all Europe there is so much as there is in China alone. And the same may be said of all the rest wherewith heaven hath favoured this climate; as well for the temperature of the air as that which concerns the policy, riches, and greatness of their estate: but that which gives the greatest lustre unto it is the exact observation of justice; for this country is so well ruled, that it may justly be envied by all others in the world.' This tribute of praise to Chinese justice is singularly candid in one who had so often felt its severe application. The criminals reached Pekin, chained three and three together, 'where for their welcome they had at their first dash thirty lashes a-piece given them.' The nine surviving Portuguese, all chained together, were at length conducted to the hall of audience, to which they had appealed, to hear their final sentence, and were overjoyed to find that they were condemned to only a year's hard work at the reparations of Quansy. Pinto gives us a minute account of Pekin, where he resided two months and a half, and a description of which, in Chinese, he tells us he brought home with him to Portugal. He also impudently affirms that he read it. The Portuguese had served about eight months of their captivity, when news arrived that the king of Tatar, with a host of 1,800,000 men, had attacked Pekin, and that a part of the invading army was advancing against Quansy. This place was soon reduced, and the Portuguese slaves were led off by the conquerors. An accident soon brought them into notice. The castle of Nixiamcoco resisted all the efforts of the Tatars; when Jorge Mendez, the most resolute of the captives, boasted that he could take it. The Tatar general embraced his offer; and Mendez, with two other Portuguese, led a great army of Tatars to the assault. Their

courage triumphed, and the Portuguese were thenceforward held in the highest honour in the camp. The Tatar general declared, 'that they were almost as resolute as those of Japan.'

Pinto finally turned Jesuit, which gave him, of course, the privilege of lying under divine authority; and as we have only cited him for the amusement of his statements, we shall now leave him without farther commentary.

The epitomes of the early English voyages to the North are replete with interest, from Willoughby, Chancelor, Borough, Frobisher, Gilbert, and Davis, to Hudson, Dobbs, and Middleton. The next division, "Settlements in the East," is equally valuable; but, indeed, the whole volume is so filled with variety and excellence, that any ten of its pages which we might quote would prove to readers that they ought not to be satisfied with less than all.

Lectures on Painting, delivered at the Royal Academy, by Henry Fuseli, P.P. Now first printed from the original Manuscripts. Second Series. 4to. pp. 140. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

"The following six Lectures of Fuseli," says Mr. Knowles, under whose direction they have been published, "are printed *verbatim* from his manuscripts. I considered that (as executor to his will), in doing this, I should best meet the views of the deceased, and the wishes of the public, rather than in acting upon any opinions of my own, by using the pruning-knife; for I am well aware that a few of the notions, and some of the expressions, may be found, from his pen, in other places. But to have omitted these, would have injured the general argument, and severed the chain of his reasoning. With such feelings, the Lectures now appear without any omission or emendation on my part."

It is well known that Mr. Fuseli's manner, as a lecturer, was very animated, and that his voice was sonorous and powerful, but that, especially as he warmed with his theme, the foreign accent so predominated over the English, that it occasionally became difficult to follow him through his learned and highly-wrought sentences.* It is very gratifying, therefore, to be enabled to read at leisure that which the torrent of his impassioned delivery sometimes prevented his hearers from thoroughly comprehending. The lectures now published are six in number; viz. "On Design;" "Colour, in Fresco Painting;" "Colour—Oil Painting;" "The Method of fixing a Standard, and defining the Proportions of the Human Frame: with Directions to the Student in copying the Life;" "On the prevailing Method of treating the History of Painting, with Observations on the Picture of Lionardo da Vinci of the Last Supper;" and "On the present state of the Art, and the causes which check its progress." The professional artist, and the enlightened and experienced amateur, will derive much gratification and instruction from the perusal of the whole of these lectures; for the various subjects comprehended in them are handled with great knowledge, vigour, and discrimination: but it will, perhaps, be more satisfactory to the general reader if, with one exception, we confine

* The amusing peculiarities of Mr. Fuseli's intonation were frequent subjects of imitation with the students of the Royal Academy, by whom he was, nevertheless, greatly beloved and respected, as he well deserved to be. The most successful of these young mimics was Henry Munro (a son of Dr. Munro), who was suddenly cut off by death, at the moment when he was beginning to give promise of the highest excellence in the arts.

our extracts to the last lecture of the series; in which Mr. Fuseli treats of the present state of the art, and of the causes which check its progress. The exception to which we allude is the following passage, which concludes the tenth lecture. We were so fortunate as to be present when that lecture was delivered; and we shall never forget the sarcastic energy with which Mr. Fuseli poured forth the passage in question.

"The province delegated by the Academy to its teachers must be—where hope promises success, and sparks of genius appear—to foster, to encourage; but where necessity commands, rather to deter than to delude, and thus to check the progress of that compendary method, which, according to your late president, has ruined the arts of every country, by reducing execution to a recipe, substituting manner for style, ornament for substance, and giving admission to mediocrity. If the students of this Academy must be supposed to have overcome the rudiments, and to be arrived at that point from which it may be discovered whether nature intended them for mere craftsmen or real artists, near that point where, in the phrase of Reynolds, 'genius begins, and rules end,' it behoves us not to mistake the mere children of necessity, or the pledges of vanity, for the real nurselings of public hope, or the future supporters of the beneficent establishment that rears them. Instruction, it is true, may put them in possession of every attainable part of the art in a decent degree; they may learn to draw with tolerable correctness, to colour with tolerable effect, to put their figures together tolerably well, and to furnish their faces with a tolerable expression—it may not be easy for any one to pick any thing intolerably bad out of their works; but when they have done all this—and almost all may do all this, for all this may be taught—they will find themselves exactly at the point where all that gives value to art begins—genius, which cannot be taught—at the threshold of the art, in a state of mediocrity. 'Gods, men, and fame,' says Horace, 'reject mediocrity in poets.' Why? Neither poetry nor painting spring from the necessities of society, or furnish necessities to life; offsprings of fancy, leisure, and lofty contemplation, organs of religion and government, ornaments of society, and too often mere charms of the senses and instruments of luxury, they derive their excellence from novelty, degree, and polish. What none indispensably want, all may wish for, but few only are able to procure, acquires its value from some exclusive quality, founded on intrinsic or some conventional merit, and that, or an equal substitute, mediocrity cannot reach: hence, by suffering it to invade the province of genius and talent, we rob the plough, the shop, the loom, the school, perhaps the desk and pulpit, of a thousand useful hands. A good mechanic, a trusty labourer, an honest tradesman, are beings more important, of greater use to society, and better supporters of the state, than an artist or a poet of mediocrity. When I, therefore, say that it is the duty of the Academy to deter rather than to delude, I am not afraid of having advanced a paradox hostile to the progress of real art. The capacities that time will disclose, genius and talents, cannot be deterred by the exposition of difficulties; and it is the interest of society that all else should."

Subjoined are the extracts from the twelfth lecture to which we have already adverted:—

"Such is the influence of the plastic arts on society, on manners, sentiments, the commodities and the ornaments of life, that we think

ourselves generally entitled to form our estimate of times and nations by its standard. As our homage attends those whose patronage reared them to a state of efflorescence or maturity, so we pass with neglect, or pursue with contempt, the age or race which want of culture or of opportunity averted from developing symptoms of a similar attachment. * * *

"The artist and the public are ever in the strictest reciprocity: if the arts flourished no where as in Greece, no other nation ever interested itself with motives so pure in their establishment and progress, or allowed them so ample a compass. As long as their march was marked with such dignity, whilst their union excited admiration, commanded attachment, and led the public, they grew, they rose; but when individually to please, the artist attempted to monopolise the interest due to art, to abstract by novelty and to flatter the multitude, ruin followed. To prosper, the art not only must feel itself free, it ought to reign; if it be domineered over, if it follow the dictate of fashion or a patron's whims, then is its dissolution at hand. To attain the height of the ancient was impossible for modern art, circumscribed by narrower limits, forced to form itself rapidly, and on borrowed principles; still it owes its origin and support to nearly similar causes. During the fourteenth, and still more in the course of the fifteenth century, so much activity, so general a predilection for art spread themselves over the greater part of Italy, that we are astonished at the farrago of various imagery produced at those periods. The artist and the art were indeed considered as little more than craftsmen and a craft; but they were indemnified for the want of honours by the dignity of their employment, by commissions to decorate churches, convents, and public buildings. * * *

"The efficient cause why higher art at present is sunk to such a state of inactivity and languor, that it may be doubted whether it will exist much longer, is not a particular one, which private patronage, or the will of an individual, however great, can remove: but a general cause, founded on the bent, the manners, habits, modes of a nation,—and not of one nation alone, but of all who at present pretend to culture. Our age, when compared with former ages, has but little occasion for great works, and that is the reason why so few are produced: the ambition, activity, and spirit of public life is shrunk to the minute detail of domestic arrangements—every thing that surrounds us tends to shew us in private, is become snug, less, narrow, pretty, insignificant. We are not, perhaps, the less happy on account of all this; but from such selfish trifling, to expect a system of art built on grandeur, without a total revolution, would only be less presumptuous than insane. What right have we to expect such a revolution in our favour? Let us advert for a moment to the enormous difference of difficulty between forming and amending the taste of a public—between legislation and reform: either task is that of genius; both have adherents, disciples, champions; but persecution, derision, checks, will generally oppose the efforts of the latter, whilst submission, gratitude, encouragement, attend the smooth march of the former. No madness is so incurable as wilful perverseness; and when men can once, with Medea, declare that they know what is best, and approve of it, but must, or choose to follow the worst, perhaps a revolution worse to be dreaded than the disease itself, must precede the possibility of a cure. Though, as it has been observed, the

fourteenth and fifteenth centuries granted to the artists little more than the attention due to ingenious craftsmen; they were, from the object of their occupations and the taste of their employers, the legitimate precursors of M. Agnolo and Raffaello, who did no more than raise their style to the sublimity and pathos of the subject. These trod with loftier gait and bolder strides a path on which the former had sometimes stumbled, often crept, but always advanced: the public and the artist went hand in hand—but on what spot of Europe can the young artist of our day be placed to meet with circumstances equally favourable? Arm him, if you please, with the epic and dramatic powers of M. Agnolo and Raffaello,—where are the religious and civic establishments, where the temples and halls, open to receive, where the public prepared to call them forth, to stimulate, to reward them? 'Idle complaints!' I hear a thousand voices reply. 'You accuse the public of apathy for the arts, while public and private exhibitions tread on each other's heels, panorama opens on panorama, and the splendour of galleries dazzles the wearied eye, and the ear is stunned with the incessant stroke of the sculptor's hammer, and our temples narrowed by crowds of monuments shouldering each other to perpetuate the memory of statesmen who deluded, or of heroes who bled at a nation's call! Look round all Europe—revolve the page of history from Osymandias to Pericles, from Pericles to Constantine—and say what age, what race, stretched forth a stronger arm to raise the drooping genius of art? Is it the public's fault if encouragement is turned into a job, and despatch and quantity have supplanted excellence and quality, as objects of the artist's emulation?' And do you think that accidental and temporary encouragement can invalidate charges founded on permanent causes? What blew up the art will in its own surcease terminate its success. Art is not ephemeral: religion and liberty had for ages prepared what religion and liberty were to establish among the ancients—the germ of the Olympian Jupiter, and the Minerva of Phidias, lay in the gods of Ægina; and that of Theseus, Hercules, and Alcibiades, in the blocks of Harmodios and Aristogiton. * * *

"The effect of honours and rewards has been insisted on as a necessary incentive to artists: they ought indeed to be, they sometimes are, the result of superior powers; but accidental or partial honours cannot create genius, nor private profusion supply public neglect. No genuine work of art ever was or ever can be produced, but for its own sake; if the artist do not conceive to please himself, he never will finish to please the world. Can we persuade ourselves that all the treasures of the globe could suddenly produce an Iliad or Paradise Lost, or the Jupiter of Phidias, or the Capella Sistina? Circumstances may assist or retard parts, but cannot make them—they are the winds that now blow out a light, now animate a spark to conflagration. Nature herself has set her barriers between age and age, between genius and genius, which no mortal overleaps; all attempts to raise to perfection at once, what can only be reared by a succession of epochs, must prove abortive and nugatory: the very proposals of premiums, honours, and rewards to excite talent or rouse genius, prove of themselves that the age is unfavourable to art; for, had it the patronage of the public, how could it want them? We have now been in possession of an Academy more than half a century; all the intrinsic means of forming a style alternate at our commands—

professional instruction has never ceased to direct the student; premiums are distributed to rear talent and stimulate emulation, and stipends are granted to relieve the wants of genius and finish education. And what is the result? If we apply to our Exhibition, what does it present in the aggregate, but a gorgeous display of varied powers, condemned, if not to the beasts, at least to the dictates of fashion and vanity? What, therefore, can be urged against the conclusion, that, as far as the public is concerned, the art is sinking, and threatens to sink still deeper, from the want of demand for great and significant works? Florence, Bologna, Venice, each singly taken, produced in the course of the sixteenth century alone, more great historic pictures than all Britain taken together, from its earliest attempts at painting to its present efforts. What are we to conclude from this?—that the soil from which Shakspeare and Milton sprang, is unfit to rear the genius of poetic art? or find the cause of this seeming impotence in that general change of habits, customs, pursuits, and amusements, which for near a century has stamped the national character of Europe with apathy or discountenance of the genuine principles of art. * * *

"Permit me to part, with one final observation. Reynolds has told us, and from him whose genius was crowned with the most brilliant success during his life, from him it came with unexampled magnanimity, 'that those who court the applause of their own time, must reckon on the neglect of posterity.' On this I shall not insist as a general maxim; all depends on the character of the time in which an artist lives, and on the motive of his exertions. M. Agnolo, Raffaello, Tiziano, and Vasari, Giuseppe d'Arpino, and Luca Giordano, enjoyed equal celebrity during their own times. The three first enjoy it now, the three last are forgotten or censured. What are we to infer from this unequal verdict of posterity? What, but what Cicero says, that time obliterates the conceits of opinion or fashion, and establishes the verdicts of nature? The age of Julio and Leone demanded genius for its own sake, and found it—the age of Cosmo, Ferdinand, and Urban, demanded talents and despatch to flatter their own vanity, and found them too; but Cosmo, Ferdinand, and Urban, are sunk in the same oblivion, or involved in the same censure with their tools—Julio and Leone continue to live with the permanent powers which they had called forth. * * *

We are happy to observe that Mr. Knowles is preparing for publication, "the Life and Works" of Mr. Fuseli. It will, no doubt, be a very curious and interesting volume; for, whatever may be said, and said justly, of Mr. Fuseli's occasional extravagance and mannerism, no candid person can deny that he was a man of powerful genius, and of singularly extensive attainments. * * *

Paul Clifford. By the Author of "Pelham," "Devereux," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. Second edition. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

Of all vanities, perhaps that of accurate prophecy is the most inherent in our nature: a critic even may be pardoned for partaking in so general a feeling; and we do confess that we feel something of almost personal pleasure in having the unqualified praise we bestowed on *Paul Clifford* so strongly and universally confirmed. The author well applies to this novel the appellation of "a Treatise on Social Frauds:" one of the great merits of this fiction

is its truth: what he himself says about wit is especially applicable to his own; we quote the passage, which is among the additions.

"People may talk about fiction being the source of fancy, and wit being at variance with truth; now, some of the wittiest things in the world are witty solely from their truth. Truth is the soul of a good saying. 'You assert,' observes the Socrates of modern times, 'that we have a *virtual* representation; very well, let us have a *virtual* taxation too!' Here the wit is in the fidelity of the *sequitur*. When Columbus broke the egg, where was the wit? In the completeness of conviction in the broken egg."

There are some shrewd and original remarks put forth in the character of Mr. Tomlinson; from these we extract one or two, and recommend all, not only for perusal, but reflection.

"When you talk to the half wise, twaddle; when you talk to the ignorant, brag; when you talk to the sagacious, look very humble, and ask their opinion.

"There is one way of cheating people peculiar to the British Isles, and which, my pupils, I earnestly recommend you to import hither—cheating by subscription. People like to be plundered in company; dupery then grows into the spirit of party. Thus, one quack very gravely requested persons to fit up a ship for him and send him round the world as its captain to make discoveries; and another patriotically suggested that 10,000*l.* should be subscribed—for what?—to place *him* in parliament. Neither of these fellows could have screwed an individual out of a shilling had he asked him for it in a corner; but a printed list, with 'his royal highness' at the top, plays the devil with English guineas. A subscription for individuals may be considered a society for the ostentatious encouragement of idleness, impudence, beggary, imposture, and other public virtues!

"You must know, my dear young friends, that while the appearance of magnanimity is very becoming to you, and so forth, it will get you a great deal of ill-will if you attempt to practise it to your own detriment. Your neighbours are so invariably, though perhaps insensibly, actuated by self-interest—self-interest is so entirely, though every twaddler denies it, the axis of the moral world, that they fly into a rage with him who seems to disregard it. When a man ruins himself, just hear the abuse he receives; his neighbours take it as a personal affront!"

With truth, merely softened by that gentler feeling which belongs to the sanctity of the dead, we leave the admirable spirit of the following eloquent summing up of character to speak for itself.

"For thee, Gentleman George, for thee, what conclusive valediction remains? Alas! since we began the strange and mumming scene wherein first thou wert introduced, the grim foe hath knocked thrice at thy gates; and now, as we write, thou art departed thence—thou art no more! a new lord presides in thine easy chair, a new voice rings from thy merry board—thou art forgotten! thou art already, like these pages, a tale that is told to a memory that retaineth not! Where are thy quips and cranks? where thy stately coxcombries and thy regal gauds? Thine house, and thy pagoda, thy Gothic chimney, and thy Chinese sign-post;—these yet ask the concluding hand: *thy* hand is cold, their completion, and the enjoyment the completion yields, are for another! Thou sowest, and thy follower reaps; thou buildest, thy successor

holds; thou plantest, and thine heir sits beneath the shadow of thy trees:—

*'Neque harum, quas colis, arborum,
Te, præter invidias cupressos,
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.'*

At this moment thy life—for thou wert a great man to thine order, and they have added thy biography to that of Abershaw and Shepherd—thy life is before us! What a homely in its events! Gaily didst thou laugh into thy youth, and run through the courses of thy manhood. Wit sat at thy table, and Genius was thy comrade; Beauty was thy handmaid, and Frivolity played around thee;—a buffoon that thou didst ridicule, and ridiculing enjoy! Who among us can look back to thy brilliant era, and not sigh to think that the wonderful men who surrounded thee, and amidst whom thou wert a centre and a nucleus, are for him but the things of history, and the phantoms of a bodiless tradition? Those brilliant suppers, glittering with beauty, the memory of which makes one spot (yet herited by Bachelor Bill) a haunted and a fairy ground; all who gathered to that Armida's circle, the Grammonts, and the Beauvilliers, and the Rochefoucaults of England and the road—who does not feel that to have seen these, though but as Gil Blas saw the festivities of his actors, from the sideboard and behind the chair, would have been a triumph for the earthlier feelings of his old age to recall? What, then, must it have been to have seen them as thou didst see—(thou, the deceased, and the forgotten!)—seen them from the height of thy youth, and power, and rank (for early wert thou keeper to a public), and reckless spirits, and lusty capacities of joy! What pleasures, where sense lavished its uncounted varieties! What revellings, where wine was the least excitement!

*'Inde alitur nudus placidâ sub matre Cupido,
Inde voluptates, inde alimenta Del.'*

Let the scene shift—how stirring is the change! Triumph, and glitter, and conquest! For thy public was a public of renown—thither came the warriors of the ring—the heroes of the cross—and thou, their patron, wert elevate on their fame—*principes pro victoriâ pugnans, comites pro principe*. What visions sweep across us! What glories didst thou witness! Over what conquests didst thou preside! The mightiest epoch—the most wonderful events which the world, thy world, ever knew—of these was it not indeed, and dazzlingly thine,

'To share the triumph and partake the gale.'

Let the scene shift—manhood is touched by age; but lust is 'heeled' by luxury, and pomp is the heir of pleasure; gewgaws and gaud, instead of glory, surround, rejoice, and flatter thee to the last. There rise thy buildings—there lie, secret, but gorgeous, the tabernacles of thine ease; and the earnings of thy friends, and the riches of the people whom they plunder, are waters to thine imperial whirlpool. Thou art lapped in ease as is a silkworm; and profusion flows from thy high and unseen asylum, as the rain poureth from a cloud. Much didst thou do to beautify chimney-tops—much to adorn the sнуggeries where thou didst dwell;—thieving with thee took a substantial shape, and the robberies of the public passed into a metempsychosis of mortar, and—became public-houses. So there and thus, building and planning, didst thou spin out thy latter yarn, till death came upon thee; and when we looked around, lo! thy brother was on thy hearth. And thy parasites, and thy comrades, and thine ancient pals, and thy portly blowens, they made a murmur, and they packed up their goods—but they turned ere

they departed, and they would have worshipped thy brother as they worshipped thee—but he would not! And thy sign-post is gone, and mouldered already; and to the 'Jolly Angler' has succeeded the 'Jolly Tar!' And thy picture is disappearing fast from the print-shops, and thy name from the mouths of men! And thy brother, whom no one praised while thou livedst, is on a steeple of panegyric, built above the churchyard that contains thy grave. Oh! shifting and volatile hearts of men! Who would be keeper of a public? Who dispense the wine and the juices that gladden, when, the moment the pulse of the hand ceases, the wine and the juices are forgotten? To history—for thy name will be preserved in that record, which, whether it be the Calendar of Newgate or of nations, telleth us alike how men suffer, and sin, and perish—to history we leave the sum and balance of thy merits and thy faults. The sins that were thine, were those of the man to whom pleasure is all in all: thou wert, from root to branch, sap and in heart, what moralists term the libertine; hence, the light wooing, the quick desertion, the broken faith, the organised perfidy, that manifested thy bearing to those gentler creatures who called thee—Gentleman George. Never, to one solitary woman, until the last dull flame of thy dotage, didst thou so behave as to give no foundation to complaint, and no voice to wrong. But who shall say, Be honest to one, but laugh at perfidy to another? Who shall wholly confine treachery to one sex, if to that sex he hold treachery no offence? So in thee, as in all thy tribe, there was a laxness of principle, an insincerity of faith, even unto men:—thy friends, when occasion suited, thou couldst forsake; and thy luxuries were dearer to thee than justice to those who supplied them. Men who love and live for pleasure as thou, are usually good-natured, for their devotion to pleasure arises from the strength of their constitution, and the strength of their constitution preserves them from the irritations of weaker nerves; so wert thou good-natured, and often generous, and often with thy generosity didst thou unite a delicacy that shewed thou hadst an original and a tender sympathy with men. But as those who pursue pleasure are above all others impatient of interruption, so to such as interfered with thy main pursuit, thou didst testify a deep, a lasting, and a revengeful anger. Hence the early gallants who rivalled thee in thy loves, know that to thy last day thou didst never forgive—hence thy bitter and unrelenting hatred of thy unfortunate, though not unoffending wife—hence thy rash and arbitrary indignation when the mob took the part of that forsaken landlady, and insulted thee!—hence the six unjust bills thou didst order to be made out, when thy tax-cart was hit by a stone. But let not these vices of temperament be too severely judged! thou wert in such respects, no worse, perhaps, than the members of what may be termed the robbers' aristocracy! Thy tastes, thy qualities, thy principles, thy errors, were rather those of a man frequenting a public, than ruling it. Thou wert the H—d of ale-houses! thy talents, such as they were—and they were the talents of a man of the world—mised thee, rather than guided; for they gave thy mind that demi-philosophy, that indifference to exalted motives, which is generally found in a clever rake, and which we grieve to say characterised the whig-rufflers of thy period. Thy education was wretched; thou hadst a smattering of Horace, but thou couldst not write English, and thy letters betray that thou

wert wofully ignorant of logic. The fineness of thy taste has been exaggerated; thou wert unacquainted with the nobleness of simplicity; thy idea of a whole was grotesque and overloaded; and thy fancy in details was gaudy and meretricious. But thou hadst thy hand constantly in the public purse, and thou hadst plans and advisers for ever before thee: more than all, thou didst find the houses in that neighbourhood wherein thou didst build, so preternaturally hideous, that thou didst require but little science to be less frightful in thy creations. If thou didst not improve thy native village and thy various homes with a solid, a lofty, and a noble taste, thou didst nevertheless very singularly improve. And thy posterity, in avoiding the faults of thy masonry, will be grateful for the effects of thy ambition. The same demi-philosophy which influenced thee in private life, exercised a far benigner and happier power over thee in public. Thou wert not idly vexatious in vestries, nor ordinarily tyrannic in thy parish; if thou wert ever arbitrary, it was only when thy pleasure was checked, or thy vanity wounded. At other times thou didst leave events to their legitimate course, so that in thy latter years thou wert justly popular in thy parish; and in thy grave, thy great good fortune will outshine thy few bad qualities, and men will say of thee with a kindly, nor an erring judgment—"In private life he was not worse than the Rufflers who came to his bar; in public life he was better than those who kept a public before him."—Hark! those huzzas! what is the burthen of that chorus?—Oh, grateful and never time-serving Britons, have ye modified already for another the song ye made so solely in honour of Gentleman George; and must we, lest we lose the custom of the public, and the good things of the tap-room, must we roar with throats yet hoarse with our fervour for the old words, our ardour for the new?

'Here's to Mariner Bill, God bless him!
God bless him!
God bless him!
Here's to Mariner Bill, God bless him!'

"My works," says our author, "are written on the principle of being read twice!" we think they deserve it; and, what is not always the consequence, we also think they will meet with more than their numerical deserts.

Chambers' Book of Scotland.

THE following is another description of a remnant of antiquity, the sanctuary afforded by the precincts of the royal palace of Holyrood Abbey and House; and we cannot do better than place it here, in continuation of the subject with which we broke off in No. 712.

"The *termini sanctorum* of this ancient royal residence, which are so well described in every topographical work as to require a very superficial notice here, remained possessed of their privileges on the departure of James to England; and since that period they have continued to be kept up in full force, without any attempt on the part of the legislature or the courts of law to call them in question. The precincts are extensive, and of a varied character; being partly within and partly without the outworks of the metropolis, and abounding in some of the most sequestered rural haunts in hill and dale in the county of Mid Lothian. The girth of the sanctuary includes the flat piece of meadow land around and to the east of the royal mansion, the domain of St. Anne's Yard, some pleasant gardens and shrubberies, the romantic precipitous cliffs of Salisbury

Craggs (or cliffs), and the adjacent hill of Arthur's Seat, with a fringe of pasture land to the south, reaching to the margin of Duddingstone Loch. Altogether, the verge of the sanctuary may describe a circle of four miles, the greater part of which is walled, with convenient stiles for the thoroughfare of foot passengers. The principal residences of the householders and refugees are huddled into a cluster within a hundred yards of the front of the palace, and only separated from the burgh of Canongate, on the west, by a strand or paved gutter, which, since the removal of the girth cross, which stood near this spot, has been constituted the line of demarcation to debtors in this direction. The dwellings, which at one period were the residences of courtiers and retainers of the household, are mean and inconvenient in their internal structure. It is only a few years since a nauseous dunghill and cowhouse were stationed not three steps from one of the side door-ways of the palace. Such gross nuisances are now removed to a greater distance; but the building is still hemmed in with objects of disgust, and the whole precincts wear an air of desolation, neglect, and impoverished grandeur, characteristic of the altered state of the country in its political relations. This little palatinate, comprising possibly five hundred souls, is under the jurisdiction of a bailie appointed by the heritable keeper of the palace, who holds a court every Monday, at which all internal feuds and civil claims are discussed. He, or the legal deputy whom he commissions, can award punishment by incarceration in the abbey jail—a place consisting of a dungeon and single light apartment—or make seizure of effects. This judicature applies indiscriminately to refugees who may have contracted debts in the sanctuary, and to the general inhabitants. Those who flee to this privileged spot, as soon as they gain the inner side of the girth, are free from pursuit; but before twenty-four hours elapse, they must enter their names in the books of the bailie, lying at a small caverned office near the barrier. On this a printed form of protection is given for a consideration of twenty shillings, whereby the applicant is screened from all civil diligence on debts contracted prior to the date of his registration. As long as the person resides within the bounds, the certificate requires no renewal; but should he leave the sanctuary for fifteen clear days, he cannot be again protected on the same score. He can only be sheltered a second time from the diligence raised on those debts he may have contracted since the date of his first protection. This may be supposed to neutralise the bad effects of the sanctuary; but we are doubtful if it do so, as it must be next to impossible for creditors or officers of justice to procure authentic intelligence of the outgoing and incomings of refugees. No protection can be given to crown debtors, or those convicted of, or charged with, fraud. If it can be sworn that refugees meditate flight from the country, they can be secured and put in confinement the same as other debtors, until they find caution that they will remain. The Court of Session can order the presence of refugees as witnesses in any trial, under a guarantee of safe conduct for a specified number of days. Debtors have liberty to leave the sanctuary from twelve o'clock on Saturday night for the space of twenty-four hours. No species of property can be protected by the privilege. Neither the Court of Session, nor other Scottish judicatures, lay any stress on the act of a debtor taking the benefit of sanctuary, nor visit him with any mark of infamy beyond the

consideration that he is simply a bankrupt. The local authorities look upon the refugee as if he were in a foreign country, where they could have no recourse upon him. No civil warrant can break in upon his retirement; and, in a certain sense, he is dead to the world. Great as exemptions of this description may be deemed by persons unacquainted with the practical effects of the privilege, in reality the immunity is scarcely worthy of acceptance. Refugees labour under innumerable disadvantages. There is no organised society within the precincts to which an individual of the middle or upper classes can resort for solace in his retirement. If the 'sanctuary man,' or the 'abbey laird,' as he is familiarly termed in Edinburgh, be an accustomed reveller, he may possibly find a few persons equally willing to assist in drowning care in the bowl, of an evening, or to discuss libations of raw whisky and small beer in the forenoon, and entertain him with interminable and edifying disquisitions on the properties of the *cessio*, the hard-heartedness of creditors, and every minute particular of their own flight. But if he be a sober-minded man, his case is very pitiable. There are no club, billiard, nor reading rooms; no out-of-doors amusements; and delicate-minded debtors will even be disinclined to stir out of their miserable lodging-rooms, in dread of being stared at by any known acquaintance or townsman who may chance to be passing through the parks. The ordinary resource of reading becomes tiresome, and, besides, proper books are difficult to be procured. The ennuyé may stroll by the way of 'St. Anton's well' to the top of the neighbouring hill, where he is greeted with a very extensive prospect, and, like Robinson Crusoe, when anxiously looking for the coming or departure of the savages, he may lay himself down and count the vessels on the Forth, and remark them as they come into sight, or gradually sink beneath the visible horizon; but all this will not 'minister to a mind diseased,' and, in all likelihood, it will only add torment to the already disconsolate debtor. The worst peculiarity of the place consists in the very heavy expense which attends a residence. The apartments let out by the householders, and every other requisite for the existence of debtors, are dear, and generally of a bad quality. Instead of being supported upon alimony, as in jail, the outlay is enormous, and it is only those who possess any considerable means who can endure a residence for more than a short period. As this circumstance is well known, the absconding of a debtor to the sanctuary, and his wilful residence there, in most cases exasperates creditors; it being shrewdly conjectured that he must have kept up money to enable him to do so. Thus, few Scottish traders or others take the benefit of sanctuary, unless it be for the space of one or two days, for the purpose of securing their persons until a sequestration be sued out, or a compromise be made with all the creditors. In times of the severest mercantile calamities, the number of refugees has been known to amount to fifty; but this was only for a few days, and it is seldom there are more than eight or ten. Occasionally the sanctuary is resorted to by debtors from England, as it gives protection to persons from all nations. In a few cases such have been known to live for years, and at last die, in the precincts. Recently it happened that there were three baronets resident in the sanctuary at one time; and it is sometimes the case that the sons of noblemen are to be found enjoying the privilege. These personages, in most in-

stances, procure lodgings in the palace by the favour of the keeper; a fact of the most degrading nature, which would hardly be credited, were it not placed beyond all possibility of dispute. It is not long since one of these scions of a Scottish peer induced a respectable upholsterer in the city to furnish his apartments, and afterwards refused either to pay for the articles or render them up. The case came to be litigated; but the king, then prince regent, and the lord advocate, having sustained the transaction, on pretence that the seizure would trench upon the royal prerogative, the courts found themselves impotent, and the pursuer was nonsuited. There could not be instanced a more infamous, and injudiciously supported, case of kingly prerogative, since the reign of James VII. than this. Why it was not brought before parliament, we are unable to explain. It excited neither comment from the people nor observation from the diurnal press; after which exposure of indifference to the prerogative of the subject, the Scotch, we think, should be for ever silent respecting the arbitrary measures of the Stuarts."

Among other peculiarities we may also note, that "Statutes prohibitive of public or private gaming by lottery, betting, and otherwise, extend to Scotland. Besides, there still exists an old Scottish act of the year 1621, which gives magistrates a power of interfering to prevent gaming by cards or dice, either in a public or private house. The penalty is 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; but when the master of the private house takes a hand in the game, no challenge can be made. This is one of those ridiculous old Scotch acts, which, of course, is never put in force."

Mr. Chambers' chapter on the ancient and modern relations between the rich and the poor, the nearer connexion between the upper and lower orders which formerly subsisted, and their greater estrangement now-a-days, is very interesting; but we can only refer to it (p. 219 to 243), and make one short extract.

"It was calculated some years since, that there were about 55,000 persons in Scotland reduced to depend on parochial aid; and if to these be added 10,000 as regular mendicants, it will appear that a fortieth part of the whole population are paupers. As this does not embrace those who are in destitute circumstances, but denied relief from parishes, or who are unwilling to apply, the proportion of paupers is too small. We are rather inclined to think that a thirty-fifth part of the community is in a state of destitution. A hundred and twenty years since, it was computed that there were 100,000 common beggars in Scotland. These were composed principally of tinkers or gipsies, who roved about in bands, often taking lodgings and meat by force from the farmers. This remarkable class of beings is now nearly extinguished in Scotland; and they are only to be found in wandering parties on the Teviot, the lower parts of Tweed, and the borders. They still keep together in hordes, and attend fairs for the purpose of selling crockery, and exercising their ancient profession of tinkers. They possess horses and carts, and in general pitch their encampment, while from home, on the fields. At St. Boswell's fair in Roxburghshire, their temporary *kraal* of huts on the green, formed by their *whonked* carts and straw bedding, with the ensigns of their trades scattered around, form a scene of great interest. Their propensity to thieving is now much suppressed. Another class of beggars, now extinct, were old infirm women and men, who were carried about from door to door on hand-barrows. These persons, among whom, we are of opi-

nion, there were a number of impostors, used a sort of privileged insolence, sometimes compelling the inhabitants to carry them, and supply their wants. Meal was their common *amous*. The farmers sent them gratuitously in carts from one town to another. *Blue-gown* beggars have been so well described by the author of *Waverley*, as to require no notice. All these and every other class of mendicants have, as above stated, been suppressed to a tenth of their former amount; but it is not to be imagined that the sum of poverty is thereby lessened. What was once exposed is now hid, or suppressed by judicial interference."

On the subject of the church and religion the author is equally judicious; and we shall conclude with a few brief paragraphs, which throw light on these matters.

"The situations of the Scottish clergy in the aggregate, as regards worldly circumstances, is superior to that of any priesthood in the world. Including chapels of ease, and double charges, it may be estimated that there are now 1000 livings in the church, the value of which will be comprehended from the following summary:—

	£.	£.
172 benefices at 150 each	25,800	
200 do. at 200 do.	40,000	
150 do. at 230 do.	34,500	
150 do. at 250 do.	37,500	
150 do. at 300 do.	45,000	
80 do. at 325 do.	26,000	
30 do. at 350 do.	10,500	
20 do. at 400 do.	8,000	
10 do. at 500 do.	5,000	
10 do. at 600 do.	6,000	
20 do. at 800 do.	16,000	
1000	252,500	
Say that 950 of these have manses and glebes, at £40 each	38,000	
Total revenue of the church of Scotland	290,500	

This statement is, unavoidably, very imperfect, as the stipends vary every year according to the *fiars*; but if even correct in a general aspect, it shows that the average living is nearly as good as that of benefices in England, which we believe is £303. Reckoning all things, the Scottish clergy are much better off, in general, than those of the Church of England. The expense of a preparatory education is comparatively trifling in this country. The price of living is also much lower; and it is not expected that a clergyman will compete with families in the first or second ranks. The widows and children of Scottish clergymen are likewise better attended to after their decease than they are in England. While the clergy in England are necessitated to accept of offerings and fees, nothing of this kind is known among the Scottish established clergy, by whom every office is performed as a part of ordinary duty, free of clerks' and surplice fees. In several instances, the dissenting Scottish clergy, who are supported by their flocks, enjoy livings scarcely inferior to those in the established kirk. They are in general enabled to have neat little manses in the country towns, vying in comfort and seclusion with those in the legal church; and in the aggregate, they receive stipends, varying in amount from £100 to £200, besides presents. In cities, some of them have salaries varying from £400 to £500."

"The population of Scotland, by the census of 1821, was 2,093,456. It may be assumed that that number is now increased to about 2,600,000, and calculating by the usual proportion, 600,000 of these are under ten years of age. Of the remaining two millions, the following table, founded on official lists and minute personal investigation, may be taken as presenting a tolerably accurate summary, in round figures, of the number of individuals

belonging to different classes of religionists, with the number of congregations.

	Congregations	Total of Congregations	Souls
<i>Under the Church Courts of the Establishment.*</i>			
Parish Churches	883		
Chapels of Ease	58		
Missionaries employed in the Highlands and Islands, by a committee of the General Assembly for managing the royal bounty of £2000 annually	30		
Missionaries employed in the Highlands and Islands, by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge	7		
Chapels in the Highlands supported by parliamentary grants	31	1019	900,000
<i>Presbyterian Dissenters.†</i>			
Reformed Presbyterian Synod, or Cameronians	32		
United Associate Synod of the Secession Church	300		
Associate Synod and Constitutional Presbytery, now joined under the title of Associate Synod of Original Seceders	32		
Original Burgher Associate Synod	45		
Relief Synod	87		
Relief Congregation of Rev. John Johnston	1	497	330,000
<i>Miscellaneous Sectaries.</i>			
Independents and Baptists	96		
Bereans and Glasites	7		
Swedenborgians (Edinburgh)	1		
New Sects, with no distinct title	6		
		110	90,000
Friends or Quakers	1		600
Methodists (9 stations, and only 2609 communicants)	60		10,000
Jews (Edinburgh)	1		300
<i>Apostatic Churches.</i>			
Roman Catholics (55 clergymen)	81		100,000
Episcopalians	100		55,000
Congregations using the Liturgy and forms of the Episcopalians, but under no bishop, and those individual members of the Church of England resident in Scotland	4		5,000
			1,490,000
Unitarians; those holding Socinian opinions; pure disbelievers; and those who admit no place of public worship of any description, either from want of seats or want of will, though generally baptised Christians, and of presbyterian lineage			500,100
		1873	2,000,000

"Roman Catholicism (says the author elsewhere) is progressing fast in Scotland, chiefly by the immigration of Irish, and the conversion of presbyterian outlying Highlanders. The Roman Catholics have now some remarkably fine chapels, and the clergy are universally known as quiet and unobtrusive men. The Roman Catholicism of Scotland is, on the whole, of a very mild kind, and has little or no resemblance to that found to work such melancholy effects in the sister island. Neither Methodism nor Quakerism seems to have been successful in Scotland; of Methodists there are several scattered congregations, principally composed of the dregs of the population of large towns; of the Society of Friends there is only one association at Edinburgh, formed by some of the most respectable and wealthy citizens. The sect which is making the most perceptible progress after the Roman Catholics, is the Unitarians. The chief rallying place of the party is in the west of Scotland, where the Socinian doctrine meets with a ready support from the operative manufacturers. We are, however, of opinion, that the number of pro-

* "The Kirk assumes a spiritual power over several presbyterian congregations in England, Holland, and one or two of the colonies.

† "Some of these sects assume a spiritual power over several presbyterian congregations in England and Ireland."

fessing Unitarians gives a very imperfect idea of the actual amount of this species of belief, which, it is to be feared, is now spreading its influence among all classes of presbyterians. It is a fact too remarkable not to be generally known, that this thinly-veiled theo-philanthropism has succeeded always best in countries once imbued with the most rigid Calvinistic doctrines. It has, at least, well nigh finished Christianity in most of the German states and New England, and has now to work out its ends in this portion of Great Britain.

• • • While we now write (he adds), the kirk is assailed on all sides by the outpouring of novel or improper dogmas, even by some of its clerical members; and we sincerely trust, for the peace of society, that it will proceed with firmness and caution to maintain the dignity of the religion it has long so temperately professed."

Amen: and we now bid our author cordially farewell. He has produced a valuable book. His statements are in a sober and impartial spirit, and his zeal in ascertaining the truth is worthy of high commendation. Some Scotticisms in the style, and the occasional use of words either not the most apposite, or in a sense in which they are hardly allowable to English readers, detract but in a trifling degree from the general merits of the performance.

G. W. Freytagii Lexicon Arabico-Latinum, præsertim ex Djeuharii, Firuzabadique, et aliorum Arabum Operibus adhibitis Golii quoque et aliorum Libris confectum. Accedit Index Vocum Latinorum locupletissimus.

Tomus I. — خ — Halis Saxonum. 1830.

SUCH is the title of a quarto volume of 544 pages, making the third or fourth part of a great Arabic Dictionary, by the very learned and diligent Professor Freytag, which we hasten to introduce to the knowledge of our readers through a short notice; though in fact it would require a long review to describe and estimate its value accurately. The work appears to be collected with great industry and care from the dictionaries mentioned in the title-page, and several classical commentators in Arabic, of which some further account is given in the preface; but it is to be regretted that the Bible translations and other works of Christians, seem to be entirely disregarded:

for instance, the word **مخلص** Saviour, is here left out, though adopted by Golius. Thus, we fear it will be necessary to compile another Arabic dictionary for ecclesiastical expressions, as Schleusner and others have published Greek dictionaries for the New Testament, the Septuagint, &c. which may not only require considerable time and labour, but also augment expenses for the oriental scholars, of whom vast numbers are divines, who are naturally anxious to apply their knowledge of Arabic to the criticism or illustration of holy Scripture. The paper is very good, and the appearance of the print handsome and clear. The text is also extremely correct, though mistakes or little

inadvertencies may be found, as **جيجان** *Pyramus fluvius*, is placed, p. 248; but **جيجون** *Orus fl.* p. 329, where also **جيجان** is repeated in another line to no use. Likewise the word

جوع is explained firstly, as *n. a. vicis unius* of **جاع** *esurivit*; and again on the same page, as a new word, *fames una*: nay, another sub-

stantive of the same verb, **مجاعة**, is noticed twice on the same page. There is no table of abbreviations prefixed to the volume, so that it is left to the student to conjecture that *n. a.* means *nomen actionis*; *c. a. p.* means *cum accusativo personæ*; *Mar.* the author *Ibn Maarûf*, &c.; which may be difficult enough to those who are not already accustomed to Golius, or some other Arabic dictionary. Sometimes the terms of grammar are rather prolix, or not sufficiently abbreviated to save place;

ex. gr. **جوزة** *nom. unit. a* **جوز** *nuz una*. Here it seems that *n. u.* or at most *n. un.* might be just as sufficient to denote *nomen unitatis*, as *n. a.* to mark *nomen actionis*.

Again, the addition *a* **جوز** seems to be perfectly useless and superfluous, the word itself being explained in its proper place in the same column at full length, and the formation of *nomina unitatis* being not only so simple and obvious, but known to every beginner, from the grammar. There is another little inaccuracy

in this article, viz. under **جوز** is mentioned **جوزات** as the plural; and again, under **جوزة** as the plural of this also, though in another signification. It seems evidently to be the plural of the last mentioned; and as the plural of *nuz in genere* and of *nuz una* must be one thing, it should not be mentioned twice, but all the significations of which it admits should be explained at once in its proper place. Of

جوز there is, besides another plural (*fractus*) mentioned, which is formed in the usual way,

أجواز Foreign words are put in large letters, and occupy much space. It would have been more judicious to have printed them in a small type, and distinguished them from the true Arabic roots by an asterisk, as is the case in dictionaries of other languages. See pp. 45, 64, 72, &c. Indeed, our author sometimes appears to have been too scrupulous about

trifles: *ex. gr.* **جوزر** *et* **جوزر** *pl.* **جازر** *pullus*

cervi (si recta est scriptio, dubito autem, pro جوزر Gol. ex Mar.) In Persia, and several other Mohamedan countries, the **ز** and **ذ** are pronounced exactly alike. Now Ibn Maarûf was a Persian, and Golius had two of his codices at hand. Of course, there cannot be the slightest reason to doubt the accuracy of the remark made by him, nor of the orthographical blunder committed by Ibn Maarûf or his transcriber; but even if there were, it would scarcely have been worth mentioning. Nothing is more frequent in the oriental dialects than the confusion of the two letters mentioned. The Hebrew **ז** is written in Arabic **ذهب** *gold*; and the examples of this confusion are innumerable. But there is a little

difference in the definition of the two words, the one being explained *factus vacca sylvestris*; the other, *pullus cervi*: it would have been more to the purpose to ascertain which of them is the right. The explanations given of similar objects of nature are also sometimes very

vague: as **جوزاهنج** *nomen medicamenti Indici*;

جدر *nomen plantæ*; **جمنبار** *planta quadam*; **خنفئة** *nomen animalculi*. Golius translates the last mentioned, *nom. animalculi*, so that not much is gained by the new dictionary in this instance; but from the 24th fable of Locm. it appears to be a winged insect, that would learn from the bee to make honey; and it can scarcely be doubted that it is the

scarabæus, otherwise called **خنفسة** or **خنفسة**—an allusion moreover being made to its blackness in the same fable, where it is said that "it knew not even how to make pitch." Golius, indeed, has conjectured that the true reading

in the fable should be **خنفسة**, and Professor Freytag, in his edition of Locman, has tacitly adopted this reading in the text; but the old and corrupted reading, **خنفقة** seems evidently

to have originated from **خنفئة**, the two letters confounded being scarcely distinguishable but by a dot more on the **ث**, whereas there is no similarity between **ق** and **س**

Bo this as it may, the words **خنفئة** and **خنفسة** are certainly one and the same expression, with a very little difference in spelling; nearly of the same nature as the

above mentioned **جوزر** and **جوزر**, and ought not to be put down as two different and perfectly independent expressions—the one explained *nomen animalculi*; the other, *scarabæus niger*. Another instance, very similar,

is the word **جردون** *sorex, glis*, which our author introduces from the Appendix of Golius, who has taken it from the fourth fable of Locman: Professor Freytag adds, very rightly,

sed potius جردون lacerta, legendum; and

this reading he has adopted in his edition of Locman. But thus the whole article is reduced to a mistake of the transcriber, and ought merely to have been mentioned as such, with reference to the right form. Besides this false form, our author has another, being a mere orthographical variation; viz. **جردون**

in a very broad line, as a new word; and,

finally, the proper expression, **جردون**. In other similar instances, however, the orthographical varieties are not introduced as new words; for instance, **جنبد** *et cum ذ*, &c.

جنبدة (*sed usitatio esse videtur littera ذ*).

But even this is wasting too many words on the trifling varieties of one letter. It is remarkable that Freytag seems to have been less particular in collecting the verbal forms or conjugations of Locman than the *orthographi-*

cal varieties; for example, of the verb *بعَد* *distitit*; second form, *بعَد* *removit*; the fifth

form, *تَعَد* *removit se, discessit*, occurs in the twenty-sixth fable, even in the edition of Professor Freytag, but is overlooked in the Dictionary, as well as by Golius. There is a material defect in this author in distinguishing the significations of the different forms or conjugations of which a verb is susceptible: he frequently says, in the fourth form, "*id. ac conj. 1*;" and this phrase is sometimes twice or thrice repeated in the description of one verb: but the significations of the different forms are not exactly the same, but variously shadowed; and this various influence of the form on the signification ought, we think, to be noticed in the Latin translations: *ex. gr.*

فَرَس diripuit *prædam leo*, 8, *i. q. conj. 1*, diripuit, &c. *prædam leo*. Whereas the first form should be translated *laceravit, necavit*, &c. The eighth, diripuit, *laceravit sibi in escam, v. ut ederet*, or somewhat such. The intention of the first form being to say, that the object was killed in a certain manner, or torn to pieces; of the eighth form, that it was killed

and devoured. Likewise, the word *خَطَب*

is translated by Golius, "*abripuit, raptavit*, 2, *pro 8, seq. 5, i. q. conj. 1, 8 idem*." Our author has, "*1, abripuit, raptavit*; 2, *abripuit*; 5, *abripuit*; 8, *abripuit, eripuit*." We do not think this much better, or sufficiently correct and carefully distinguished; at least, the eighth form should have been *abripuit, rapuit, ut ederet* (*Ex. Loc. 21*), not *eripuit*. But such things should be observed and written down in the margin of an old dictionary, during a long and serious study of the best authors, and cannot easily be compiled from the works of other lexicographers, whether native or European. Thus, we think, that by a more judicious arrangement, especially of Greek and other foreign words, and orthographical varieties, a good deal of room might have been saved; and the significations of the words, and the value of the derivative forms might sometimes have been more accurately defined and distinguished. But, notwithstanding these defects, the present is a valuable work, to which we sincerely wish our author may have the good fortune and health to put a finishing hand, as it does honour to his learning and industry, and will essentially aid in promoting and facilitating the study of Arabic.

The National Library, Vol. II. Conducted by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, &c. &c. *The History of the Bible*; by Mr. Gleig, Vol. I. 12mo. pp. 372. Colburn and Bentley.

IN unison with the Holy Scriptures, and, though following preceding authors of great weight, yet containing Mr. Gleig's own original views on many points of the utmost consequence, we find this volume far too important to be examined with requisite attention for review within the short time it has been in our possession. We can, therefore, only announce it, with a promise of our earliest analysis, and a

hearty recommendation on the score of general merits, such as even a very cursory glance could enable us to appreciate.

The Edinburgh Cabinet Library, No. I.; Narrative of Discovery and Adventure in the Polar Seas and Regions, &c. &c. By Professor Leslie, Professor Jameson, and Hugh Murray, Esq. Pp. 424. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

ANOTHER new aspirant in the new monthly field of publication; and a very able view of the voyages to explore the arctic regions, from the earliest times to the present day. In its scientific divisions it is eminently rich; and a chart and number of woodcuts tend sufficiently to illustrate the text. We have, however, gone over this tract so often with the recent original travellers, that we do not feel it necessary to give any extracts: we can most justly say, that the work altogether does credit to its editors and publishers.

The Family Classical Library, No. X.: Pindar, and part of Anacreon. Colburn and Bentley.

AT this period, the beginning of the month, we should fill our *Gazette* with nothing but reviews of the prevalent class of publications now so much in vogue, were we to go into details of them all. Happily, such old novelties as Pindar and Anacreon do not demand this critical process. We have spoken well of the nine volumes previous to this; and of this we need only say, that we consider it nearly, if not quite, the most interesting and valuable of the whole. It is certainly best calculated to afford classic information in a very popular form to the general class of readers.

The Juvenile Library, No. III. Edited by W. Jerdan. *Africa.* By the Author of "*The Mummy*," &c. &c.

ANOTHER in the train, of which we must, for the present, be content with stating, that it gives a succinct but well-digested outline of the history of Africa, both ancient and modern. To execute this in one small volume appears to us to be doing what the prospectus of the "*Juvenile Library*" held out; for how could young persons more easily acquire the knowledge of one of the great divisions of the earth? Of the embellishments we can truly observe, that they are both original in design and very superior in engraving. The village which now represents all that was the glory and splendour of Memphis; Egyptian tombs; the costumes of the present day, and very curious ancient seals of the Pharaohs, &c. are most appropriate illustrations.

The Divines of the Church of England. Vol. V. J. Valpy.

THIS fifth volume completes the admired works of Bishop Sherlock: the whole forms the only complete edition of that great divine.

Part I. History of the American Revolution. Published under the superintendance of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. 8vo. pp. 64. London, 1830. Baldwin and Cradock.

ANOTHER publication in the magazine form, and at so moderate a price, as to offer its historical intelligence to all classes. It is written in a plain and clear style, with a considerable bias towards the republican side; and brings

down events to the close of the revolutionary war.

FINE ARTS.

PANORAMA OF MADRAS.

WE were exceedingly gratified, the other day, by a glimpse of a Panorama of Madras, which has for some time been in preparation; painted by Mr. William Daniell (the Royal Academician), and Mr. E. T. Parris, in conjunction; from drawings made last year by Mr. Augustus Earle; and to be opened for public exhibition in a few weeks, at Coromandel Place, in the New Road, nearly opposite the end of Gower Street.

It would have been impossible to select two artists better qualified for such an undertaking. Mr. Daniell's great general talents, and his familiar acquaintance with oriental scenery, are well known; and the experience acquired by Mr. Parris, in the production of that stupendous and admirable work, the View of London at the Colosseum, of course eminently fitted him for this new task. Executed entirely and exclusively by themselves, it is certainly not surprising that the result of the efforts of this pictorial Beaumont-and-Fletcher union should be the most beautiful performance of the kind that we have ever seen. The view is taken from an elevated and commanding situation—the summit of the light-house; a structure so lofty, that it is visible from the deck of a ship at the distance of seventeen miles. The objects nearest to the spectator are Fort George, the magnificent government-house, and the other buildings belonging to the Presidency; which are finely depicted in every respect, and in none more than in the correctness of the linear perspective; an achievement, on a concave surface, of no ordinary difficulty. Looking further landward, the eye is delighted with a variety of picturesque edifices, consisting of palaces, churches, mosques, pagodas, private dwellings, &c. seated amidst gardens, avenues of trees, promenades, and fields, through which runs the little sparkling river Paliar. Beyond, is a flat but richly diversified country; and, in the extreme distance, the Pulicat hills rear their conical peaks into a fleecy and sweetly-dappled sky. Numerous figures, in Asiatic and in European costume, animate the scene, and add to the impression of its reality. Looking seaward, the noble roadstead presents itself, with hundreds of vessels of different sizes and descriptions; some at anchor, some under sail. The most prominent is the flag-ship; and a most characteristic and technically correct portrait it is of a proud man-of-war, riding in her highest trim. Passing under her stern is an Indiaman, just arrived from England, and saluting the admiral. A steam-boat, with the volume of smoke which pours from her chimney, breaks the monotonous continuity of the horizontal line. On the low and sandy beach rushes, and we can almost fancy roars, that tremendous and eternal surf, the turbulence of which is such that no European boat can live in it for a moment. It can be passed only by catamarans (a species of rafts), and the Masulah boats, which are light and pliable, being built of soft wood, the planks of which are sewed together. If we were asked to select one feature of peculiar excellence, we would say, "the sea." And yet that would be scarcely just; for there is not the smallest portion of the entire panorama that has been neglected. Every object is invested with the tones of truth and nature. The effect is forcible, without extravagance;

the colouring is vivid, without glare. We have already mentioned the linear perspective; the aerial is so absolutely deceptive, that he must have peculiar keenness of vision who can pronounce with accuracy upon the distance of the canvass. For ourselves, we imagined, in the simplicity of our notions, that the diameter of the circle was about fifty miles; but we were told that it was only about fifty feet.

When, in addition to the intrinsic merit of the painting, we consider how many of our countrymen and countrywomen have visited the place of which it is the faithful representation, and how many more have near and dear connexions residing either there or in its vicinity, we can entertain no doubt that it will excite an unusual degree of public curiosity and interest.

The construction of the building itself, which we understand is the invention of Mr. Parris, deserves a few words. It is full of ingenious devices; is made principally of wood; and is so contrived, that it can be taken down, removed to any other spot, and re-erected, in the course of a few hours. The entrance is so judiciously managed, that the visitors ascend at once into the centre; and can in no way approach the picture more nearly than the rail which bounds the platform. The arrangement of the draperies, and other decorations of the interior, is not yet completed; but it promises to be at once simple and elegant.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Princess Vittoria. Drawn by John Hayter; and on stone by W. Sharp. J. Dickinson.

A WHOLE-LENGTH of the princess, with a parrot on one side, and a vase of flowers, which she is arranging, on the other. We cannot say that we are much pleased with this representation: instead of the simplicity of childhood, there is an air of affectation about it, which does not suit our taste. The fingers are placed as if to play on the piano-forte, not to pull a rose; and the look out of the countenance is addressed to the spectators of the picture, not to the action of the person.

As we happen to be again called on to notice a portrait of this very interesting young creature, we may add to our remarks on the line engraving of her, cursorily mentioned in our last, that the artist, Golding, has in that performance rivalled his celebrated likeness of the late Princess Charlotte; and has altogether produced a work which we think must be most acceptable to the Duchess of Kent, as it is calculated to be the most permanent remembrance of her sweet daughter, at a period of life which may often be referred to hereafter by the nation so much interested in her future destiny.

England and Wales. From Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A.; with Descriptive and Historical Illustrations by H. E. Lloyd, Esq. No. X. Jennings and Chaplin.

Of the four views in this Number, our favourites are, "Trematon Castle," and "St. Mawes;"—the former a scene of delicious repose, the latter one of busy turbulence. Mr. Turner introduces more figures into some of his drawings than was his wont; and in "St. Mawes" they are admirably composed, and contribute greatly to the general effect. Occasionally, however, he is sadly negligent of his proportions; as witness the nearest group in "Winchelsea." Like Lord Byron, we "hate a dumpy woman;" and the three ladies who are reposing and refreshing themselves in

the foreground of that view, are the dumpyest of the dumpy;—not one of them above three feet six; we pledge our eye's accuracy upon it. What renders the matter more preposterous, is the contrast between the size of their heads, and the size of the heads of the drummer and fifer, who are nevertheless represented as close to them. Professor of Perspective, what are you about?!

The Right Hon. Lady Nugent. Painted by Lawrence; drawn on stone by R. Lane, A.R.A. J. Dickinson.

A MAGNIFICENT portrait; not only one of the highest specimens of the late President's style, but one of the finest examples even of Richard Lane's lithographic powers. The head is noble in character, the neck beautiful, and the hair admirably disposed to augment the expression chosen by the painter.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE differences of opinion which have arisen in the bosom of the Royal Society are far from having been reconciled. The minutes of the council are still impugned by Mr. Babbage, in a way likely to lead to more paper war; and the question of the presidency is also a subject of not very pleasant discussion. After some overtures had been made to His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, and conditionally accepted by him, we understand that a change

of sentiment sprung up, and that a number of the council desire to retain Mr. Davies Gilbert in the chair. How the two parties will meet when the period arrives to renew the sittings, we cannot anticipate.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

His Majesty having, as we intimated in a former *Literary Gazette*, graciously signified to the Council of the Royal Society of Literature, founded by his royal brother and predecessor on the throne, that he was pleased to continue the same munificent patronage with which it was originally endowed; the members of the Society have responded to this kindly encouragement by a worthy act of spontaneous liberality. The subjoined engraving represents the elevation of a building for the permanent reception of the Society, erected by their voluntary subscriptions, to the amount of between 3000*l.* and 4000*l.*, of which nearly 3000*l.* has been already subscribed. The work is under the direction of Mr. Decimus Burton, and the site on the left hand of what was St. Martin's Lane, as you ascend from Charing Cross. It is higher up than St. Martin's Church, and where the new street will be wider than Regent Street; so that the situation is admirably adapted for the display of public buildings. A great increase of the Society may be anticipated from such spirited proceedings: it is expected that the house will be finished in little more than a year.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

PEARLS.

WHY should I tell of the diamond's blaze?
Why should I sing of the sapphire's rays?
Ye are purer, and fairer, and dearer to me—
Gems of the ocean, Pearls of the sea!

There are feelings of all that is sweet and mild,
Dreams that are pure as the dreams of a child,
Many an innocent holy thought,
By gazing on you, to my bosom brought.

I love to behold you, fairy Pearls!
When ye wreath around rich raven curls—
I love to see you when some neck,
Almost as white as yourselves, ye deck.

I think, in looking on you, of the wave
That birth to your simple beauty gave;
I think of the rolling waters that sweep
Over your brethren of the deep;

And I think of the orimou coral cells,
Where first ye lay in your native shells;
And I dream of the nereid's fabled song
That floats those sparry halls among.

I remember the venturous diver who first
Beheld you amidst the sea-weeds nurst,
And snatched you eagerly away,
To smile again at the smiling day.

And I think of the tranquil, tranquil sea,
When the stars were burning steadily,
As if they were looking the clear wave through,
To see if their glances could rest on you.

And there are better thoughts than these,
That rise when I see you, Pearls of the seas!
Ye are like pure spirits that dwell through
life

Unharm'd amidst its care and strife.

And there's a hand that shall bear them away,
At last, to the light of a cloudless day,
And treasure them more than ocean gems,
And set them in heavenly diadems!

Worton Lodge, Isleworth.

M. A. BROWNE.

TO THE SUNFLOWER.

PRIDE of the garden, the beauteous, the regal,
The crown'd with a diadem burning in gold;
Sultan of flowers, as the strong-pinion'd eagle
And lord of the forest their wide empire hold.

Let the Rose boast her fragrance, the soft gales
perfuming;

The Tulip unfold all her fair hues to me;
Yet, though sweet be their perfume, their rain-
bow dyes blooming, [thee.

I turn, noble Sunflow'r, with more love to
There are some think thy stateliness haughty,
disdaining,— [their eyes;

Thy heaven-seeking gaze has no charm for
'Tis because the pure spirit within thee that's
reigning [prize.

Exalts thee above the vain pleasures thy
Emblem of constancy, whilst he is beaming,

For whom is thy passion so steadfast, so true;
May we, who of faith and of love are aye
dreaming,

Be taught to remember this lesson by you!

If on earth, like the Sunflower, our soul's best
devotion

Shall turn to the source of Truth's far-
beaming rays; [emotion,

O how blest, how triumphant, shall be our
When the bright "Sun of Righteousness"
bursts on our gaze! J. R.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

MACKLINIANA.

DEAR SIR,—You desire me to give you a conversation that passed between Mr. Macklin the comedian and me, at our first meeting, at the Globe, in Fleet-street, in the general club-room there (not the weekly club, with Dr. Goldsmith and other literary gentlemen)—Dr. Goldsmith, the facetious Dr. Glover, and several literary characters, being present. Mr. Macklin came in and sat down opposite to me; and he no sooner heard my name, than the following dialogue commenced between us:—

Macklin. Sir, is your name really Ballantyne? If it is, I beg leave always to call you George.

Ballantyne. With all my heart, sir, you may, though my name is William. But why do you wish to call me George?

Macklin. Because, sir, when I came from Ireland, a poor young dog, to find some way to gain a livelihood, I got acquainted with George Ballantyne, a fine young fellow, a captain of grenadiers, who had distinguished himself abroad by his bravery,—a very elegant fellow, above six feet—ay, and a kind-hearted fellow, but put to his shifts, like myself. My name

was then M'Laughlan; my father and his brother were both at Londonderry,—one in the city, defending, the other besieging; so you see they were on opposite sides; and the insides, you know, made a gallant defence. Well, sir, this Captain George and I were often put to our shifts, and were taken in by a set of gambling sharpers; and although we sometimes got a trifling advantage, were generally routed. One evening George came in, ran up to my bedside, crying, "Charley! Charley! Oh, man, I have got guid luck among the scoundrels the day; take the haf: there's mair than ten pounds!" "How came that, George?" "Faith, Mack," says he, "I was coming through Temple Bar, when two o' them wheeled me into their d—d gambling hole. I had little to spare, but that I resolved to venture; they soon had it a', and I was coming away, when they were tossing up a guinea; it fell pat upon my hat; so I stood straight up (here Macklin stood up and imitated the captain's position) and never said a word; for I thought it was nae great sin to keep it, as they had choused us so often: so they called the drawers, and looked a' the room round; and when the pursuit was o'er, I thought it fair to gie them a chance for their ain again; and I have wun a' this;" and here he threw down the half to me. It was about this time I changed my name to Macklin; in which name I took a lodging between Seven Dials and Soho; and there came a young gentleman from Ireland, who could not for a long time find me, till by chance one day he met me in the street; when I gave him my address, but forgot to tell him I had changed my name. He called a few days after, and asked for me by the name of M'Laughlan, and was told that no such person lived there. In a few days after, I met him again, and took him home with me; and when my landlady heard him always calling me M'Laughlan, and I had passed to her as Mr. Macklin, she said I must quit her apartments, for she had no good opinion of a man that went by two names; so I was not a little plagued to get another lodging. From that time we became intimate friends; and his very sensible, virtuous, and amiable daughter accepted of my invitation to a little cheerful hop, where Dr. Goldsmith, the "facetious Dr. Glover," Fenton the accomplished Welch bard, and the humane Tom King the comedian, were of the party. The hop was at my own apartments, where Dr. Goldsmith was so happy that he danced, and threw up his wig to the ceiling, saying, "Men were never so much like men as when they looked like boys." Soon after this time he constantly spoke to me of his comedy, which at one time he thought would be under rehearsal in a week, and often read parts of it to me; but he was always altering it, and never could satisfy himself. He frequently said, "People think I have a dislike to the Scots, by making my sycophant a Scotsman; but it is not so: I love the Scots, their peasantry are so sensible and civil, and so moral and intelligent; but I wished my play success; and as people like local accents, and as I could mimic the Scots, why, the Scots won the day. Besides, I preferred Scotch; and as it was the custom then to abuse them, it made the thing go off the better. But in my new play, my principal character is a Scots physician, and a brave character, and a true one." So, going on to describe the character, I said, "Are you acquainted with my friend Dr. Armstrong?" He exclaimed most loudly, "That's the very man; I am glad you know him; you'll see if I do him justice; I knew him when he first came

to London, and that, I believe, was before you was born;" so, whenever I called, the Doctor and the comedy were the subjects of our discourse. I have now, I think, given you enough of Macklin; and am, dear sir, your most humble servant,
WM. BALLANTYNE.

N.B. During the year, he finished his comedy, and got it ready for rehearsal. As far as I am a judge, I believe it would have pleased; but he became so very unsettled, that every time I called afterwards, he had made some alterations.

Garrick and Barry.—A female of some judgment observed, on the garden scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, that Garrick looked with such animation, was so spirited in his gestures, that were she *Juliet*, she should think he was going to jump up to her; but that Barry was so tender, melting, and persuasive, that if she were *Juliet* she should jump down to him.*

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Omnipresence of the Deity; an Oratorio.

Written by Robert Montgomery; composed by John Barnett. Mayhew and Co.

ALTHOUGH so important and rare a work as an oratorio, we are not disposed to go into an elaborate musical criticism upon this beautiful production. The poetry is selected from Mr. Montgomery's very popular epic; and the various compositions which illustrate the words, adapted to recitatives, airs, choruses, scenas, concerted pieces,—are by Mr. John Barnett, who has here achieved a far higher rank than belonged to him as one of our sweetest and most successful lyrical writers. We cannot find one theme in the whole book which does not deserve praise; but "List! now the cradled winds," and "Sweet Sabbath morn," the former an aria, the latter a prayer, are pre-eminently and exquisitely fine. The number of varieties is twenty, including an introduction; tenor, bass, and other recitatives; three choruses; a duet, a trio, and a quartette. Altogether, we are bound to speak of this volume as a superior and delightful treat, well worthy of the favour of the musical world.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

DRURY LANE THEATRE was opened for private view on Wednesday evening. The decorations are light and elegant, those of the dress and third circle especially. The prevailing colours are pale blue and buff; but there is sufficient crimson introduced to give that warmth of tone which is considered as necessary as atmospheric heat for a winter theatre. The ceiling is particularly tasteful, and the proscenium rich and chaste. The new drop-curtain was not generally approved of; and there are some other trifling points which might be criticised; but so much is done well, that they are not likely to deteriorate from the pleasing effect produced by the whole. Before this notice is in the hands of our readers, the public will have passed their (we anticipate) favourable judgment; and under a new management, and in a new reign, we trust Old Drury will see better days. The vessel has been made sea-worthy; and her crew, if not complete, can boast, at any rate, of some of the ablest hands in the service.

ADELPHI.

THE English Opera company terminated

* We fear to vouch for the novelty of this anecdote!—Ed.

their performances at this theatre for the season, last Saturday; when, we regret to say, Mr. Bartley informed the audience that the speculation had added a serious loss to that already sustained by Mr. Arnold. He alluded, however, to the probability of a new theatre being ready for their reception by next July: a consummation devoutly to be wished by all the friends of good music in England.

Only six new pieces have been produced, and of these but two are likely to remain on the stock-list of the establishment.

		Nights.
July 5.	Don Juan, an Opera: Milner...	19
16.	Skeleton Lover, a Melodrama: Peake	23
27.	Pop, or Sparrow-Shooting, a Farce: Poole	10
Aug. 28.	The Deuce is in Her, a Farce: Raymond	10
Sept. 4.	Foster Brothers, a Vaudeville: Raymond	9
9.	Irish Girl, a Drama: Raymond	13

VARIETIES.

Hail.—The committee of the French Academy appointed to propose the subject of the mathematical prize for the year 1832, requires an explanation of the formation of hail in the high regions of the atmosphere. The committee conceives that the recent progress of natural science will furnish the means of framing for the phenomenon in question a more exact theory than any hitherto advanced. The Academy expects that this theory shall be founded on positive experiments, made as much as possible in the region in which the hail is formed.

Windsor Park.—The royal mandate has gone forth to rase and demolish the favourite Cottage residence of the late King. All is to come down except one room, the last addition, which is to be converted into a tea-room or conservatory, for occasional visits. Alas, for the elysiums of even sovereign princes; how fugitive are their memorials! Here did George the Fourth, one of the most potent monarchs on earth, delight to pass his time, lavishing improvements, and creating beauties. In a few months all are gone. His drives, of nature's softest velvet, are cut up into quagmires by rude carts and waggons, employed in removing the *débris* of his splendid Tusculum. It is a melancholy contemplation.

Speedy Conveyance.—It is said that a new telegraphic system is about to be established in France, which will be at the service of the public, like the post-office. The results will be most important to the commercial world; for it is calculated that a despatch containing several lines, which would traverse a distance of a hundred leagues in a few moments, would cost only 20 francs. M. Ferrier de Draguignan, the inventor of this new system, proposes shortly to organise a line of telegraphs from Paris to Havre. Several experiments have been already made, in the presence of persons appointed by the government, and they are said to afford every prospect of the success of the plan.

New Employment for the Fine Arts in Paris.—M. Gros, the celebrated French artist, has received orders to paint a picture, on a large scale, representing the events of the 28th of July at Paris, which is destined for the interior of the Pantheon. What a contrast this might form with M. Gros' last picture, which was placed in that celebrated church! the subject of which was the Coronation of Charles the Tenth. This latter was a magnificent production; and the ex-king was so much pleased with the manner in which it was executed,

that he conferred the title of Baron upon M. le Gros, the first day on which he went to see it. It attracted much notice in Paris at the time, and the church was crowded daily with admiring spectators!!!

Amputation of the Leg, &c.—At the last sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Velpeau, a surgeon, read a paper on the amputation of the leg in the articulation of the knee; in which he contends that it is more simple and rapid, and less painful and dangerous, than by the thigh. M. Velpeau states that he has performed several operations in this way with perfect success.—At the same sitting, a letter on electricity was read from M. Charles Matewsky; in which he states, from various experiments, that the development of electricity may take place without chemical action; and that this phenomenon may be manifested by the simple contact of metals of a different nature.

Earthquakes.—Several shocks of an earthquake were experienced in the beginning of the month in the Lower Alps. They were very violent, but fortunately no lives were destroyed by them.

Demonology.—In Sir Walter Scott's volume upon this subject, he refers us to Mr. Roby's "*Antiquities of Lancaster*" for an account of the witch Demdike, so famous among the Lancashire witches at the beginning of the 17th century, and also for a description of Maulkin's Tower, the place of their meeting. We had intended to note on this passage, that the work referred to is the *Traditions of Lancashire*, so copiously reviewed in several *Literary Gazettes* of last year,—a work both curious for its research into the tales of old, and beautiful and splendid for its engravings.

Mr. Holman, the celebrated blind traveller, has touched at Colombo, in the ship *Constance*, on his way from the Mauritius to the Persian Gulf.

Critical Physiognomy.

I hate your phrenology: no help it lends
To tell why our critic so oft cuts his friends,
Cuts down our pretensions, cuts up all our books—
Phrenology knows not, 'tis told in his looks.
'Tis not that his bumps are unusually big,
For Spurzheim in eagerness tore off his wig—
'Tis not that he's saturnine, sanguine, or yellow—
'Tis his features denote a sharp, hatchet-faced fellow!

u u.

Versatility of Talent.

"I play on the fiddle, the flute, and the harp;
On the horn and the harpsichord, none reach my level."

"Very fine, my good friend; and add also to these,
That you oft play the *lyre*, the *fool*, and the *devil*."

u u.

Government Security.

"Why plate all your shutters, and make your bars broader?

What new whim is this, is it fear or caprice?"

"'Tis the former, I own; for I do it in order

With better effect to keep out—the Police."

u u.

Patriotic Propensities.*

I go twice a-year to political dinners,
D—n the cause of the people! what care I for that?
Purer motives guide me than your liberal sinners;
When I go it is only to get—a new hat.

u u.

Prize Essay.—The Society of Elementary Instruction in Paris have offered a prize of 500 francs for the best popular essay, shewing the influence of machinery on the ease (*sur l'aisance*) of all classes of citizens, but particularly the working classes, as well as on the rate of wages. The author is to endeavour to demonstrate the value of machinery, even to

* Dear sir,—I went to a public dinner, and had my hat exchanged for one which I doubt not is water-proof, since it is thoroughly lined with grease: the above tetrastich I believe to be penned by the gentleman who deprived me of my best "Bishnell."—*The Writer*.

the workmen in the professions in which it is used.

French and Austrian Measures.—The Austrian government has applied to the French government, to ascertain the exact relation between Austrian and French measures. Our readers will be surprised at this. The measures to which we allude, however, are not political measures, but simply the *mètre* and the *toise*. The question has been referred to the consideration of a Committee of the Académie des Sciences.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XL. Oct. 2.]

On the Proceedings of the Royal Society, &c., the Necessity of a Reform of its Conduct, and a re-modelling of its Charter, &c., by Sir James South.—Dyinnchurch, a Serio-comic Sketch, with engravings by Cruikshank.—A volume of miscellaneous poems by Henry Glassford Bell will soon appear; and also a second edition of Mr. Bell's Life of Mary Queen of Scots.—A new daily evening newspaper, called the Albion, is announced, in support of the Duke of Wellington's administration. We are told that Mr. Cyrus Reading is to be the editor.—The second volume of Moore's Byron is announced certainly for this month, with a whole-length portrait of Byron at the age of nineteen, never before engraved.—Part II. of Captain Elliot's Views in the East, comprising India, Canton, and the Shores of the Red Sea.—The interesting Adventures of Finati, his Guide in the course of his Eastern Journeys and Discoveries, are announced by Mr. W. Bankes.—Faustus, a Poem, Canto I.—A new edition of DREW on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Human Soul.—On the Origin and Prospects of Man, by Mr. Hope, the Author of "Anastasis."—The Biography of Lord Rodney, by the Admiral's son-in-law, General Mundy, prepared from family papers, correspondence, &c.—Galigani's forthcoming account of the recent Revolution is, we hear, from the pen of Mr. Colton, the Author of "Lacon."—Popular Specimens of the Greek Dramatists, from the best translations, and illustrated by a series of engravings from the designs of Flaxman.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. XI., Maritime Discovery, Vol. II. 4s. bds.—Britton's English Cities, medium 4to. 7s. 4s. bds.; Imperial 4to. 12s. bds.—Baillie's Morbid Anatomy, 8vo. 7s. bds.—Rouillon's Bibliothéque Portative, Tome I. 32mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Scripture the Test of Character, 8vo. 5s. bds.—Nelson's Memoirs of Oudney, Clapperton, and Laing, 18mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Elliott's Views in the East, Part I. imperial 8vo. 5s. sewed; royal 4to. 10s. sewed.—Sewell on Cultivation of the Intellect by Study of Dead Languages, 8vo. 9s. bds.—Nicholson on Millwork, 8vo. 7s. bds.—Bayley's French Revolution of 1830, a Comic Poem, 18mo. 1s. sewed.—The Devil's Visit, with Cruikshank's Designs, 18mo. 1s. sewed.—Proof Impressions to Burns's Address to the Deil, 4s. 6d.—Hooper's Medical Dictionary, new edition, 8vo. 1l. 8s. bds.—Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. I. royal 18mo. 5s. bds.—Celleriere on the Old Testament, 8vo. 8s. bds.—Heireux of Bruges, by Grattan, 4 vols. post 8vo. 2l. 2s. bds.—Family Classical Library, Vol. X. 18mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Hughes's Divines, Vol. V. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Godwin on Slavery, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Hubbard's Discourses, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Taylor's Prayers, 18mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—National Library, No. II. 18mo. 5s. bds.—Juvenile Library, No. III. 18mo. 4s. bds.—Aldine Poets, No. VI. 18mo. 5s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

September.	Thermometer.		Barometer.
	From	to	
Thursday... 23	44.	62.	29.53 to 29.56
Friday... 24	43.	61.	29.64 — 29.53
Saturday... 25	43.	67.	29.61 — 29.64
Sunday... 26	38.	61.	30.09 — 30.28
Monday... 27	35.	61.	30.28 Stationary
Tuesday... 28	48.	64.	30.16 — 30.06
Wednesday 29	46.	56.	29.96 Stationary

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing.
Rain at times on the 23d, 24th, 25th, and 29th, accompanied by thunder and lightning on the afternoon of the 24th; otherwise generally clear.
Rain fallen, .755 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude.... 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Smille*, No. I. is declined, with acknowledgments. The *Duel* is a sad affair; declined. The *Musings* in Italy do their young author credit: we shall insert them if we can, to encourage him to proceed.
We like "common sense" too much to admit nonsense under that name.

ERRATUM.—In the unstamped edition of the *Gazette*, last week, under the head "Varieties," the paragraph entitled "*The King of the French*," was, by mistake, interrupted at the bottom of the column by two smaller articles, which were placed below instead of above it.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY

SCHOOL, 16, Lower Gower Street, Bedford Square. Head Master, the Rev. HENRY BROWNE, M.A. of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, will open on the 1st November. This Institution is a Classical Day School, including those Branches of a Liberal Education usually taught to Boys from about Eight to Fifteen Years of Age.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1830.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

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London.

THIS very pretty volume is the first to take the field, and, as usual, does equal credit to the taste and industry of its publishers, who allude with most justifiable vanity to its success, not only on its own soil, but in more remote countries; and truly it may well beguile even a sultry morning by the Ganges. We cannot but think this ought to stimulate to still further efforts—for though we do not hold works of this class amenable to any strict criticism, yet we are of opinion that the literary department would bear improvement. There is a very fine poem, "Esther," by Croly—some sweet lines by L. E. L.—and one of those supernatural legends Hogg tells so well, imparting that air of belief which gives them so much of reality; but the rest of the pages are too much filled up by contributions of that kind which it is classically said the gods hate. "Among the contents, however, the "Painter of Pisa" has something of originality to recommend it—"Dady David, the Negro," by the Old Sailor, is affecting—and the following tale strikes us as being very humorously told.

"*The Haunted Hogshhead: a Yankee Legend.*
—You don't live to Boston, then, do you? No; I calculate you are from the old country, though you speak English almost as well as I do. Now, I'm a Kentucky man, and my father was to Big-bone Creek, in old Kentucky, where he could lather every man in the state; but I could lick my father. Well, when I first came to Boston, I guess, I was a spry, active young fellow, and cruel tall for my age; for it's a pretty considerable long time ago, I calculate. So first I goes to look out for Uncle Ben—you've heard of him and his brown *mar*, I reckon—and I finds Uncle Ben at Major Hickory's Universal Transatlantic Hotel, by Charles Bay, in East Boston, taking a grain of mighty fine elegant sangaree, with Judge Dodge and President Pinkney the Rowdey, that built the powerful large log mansion-house in Dog's Misery, in the salt-marshes out beyond Corlear's Hook, in New York. I was always a *leelle* bit of a favourite with Uncle Ben, and so he says to me,—"Jonathan W.," says he—for he calls me Jonathan W. for short—"I'll tell you what it is," says Uncle Ben; "you come out mighty bright this morning, I motion that you take a drop of whisky-toddy or so." "Oh yes, Uncle Ben," says I; "I should admire to have a grain, if it's *handsom*." "Considerably superb," says he; "it's of the first grade, I guess; for Major Hickory keeps wonderfully lovely liquors; and I can tell you a genuine good story about them, such as, I guess, you never heard before, since you was raised." And then he up and told such a tale, that the helps all crowded round him to hear it, and swore it was better than a sermon—so it was. And as you're a *strannger* from the old country, and seem a right-slick-away sort of a chap, without a bit of the gentleman about you, and

are so mighty inquisitive after odd stories, why I don't mind telling it to the 'Squire myself; and you may depend upon it that it's as true and genuine as if you had heard it from Uncle Ben himself, or July White, his old woolly-headed nigger. You must know, then, that the Universal Transatlantic Hotel was built an awful long time before I was raised; though my Uncle Ben remembered a powerful grand wood-house that stood there before it, which was called the Independent Star of Colombia, kept by Jacobus Van Soak, who came to Boston from the old, ancient, veteran Dutch settlers of New York. It was some time after fall in the year 77, that a mighty fierce squall of wind blew down some of the wall of the house where the cellar was, quite to the very foundation. I reckon that the old host was a *leelle* bit maddad at this—he was; though he bit in his breath, and thought to drive in some new stakes, put up fresh clap-boards, and soon have it all slick and grand again; but, in so doing, as he was taking out the piles underneath the house, what does he find but an awful great big barrel, and a cruel heavy one it was, and smelled like as if it was a hogshhead of astonishingly mighty fine old ancieut rum. I'll lay you'll never guess how they got it out of the cellar, where they found it—because they never moved it all, I calculate; though some of the helps and neighbours pulled and tugged at it like *natur*! But the more they worked, the more the barrel wouldn't move; and my Uncle Ben said that mighty *strannger* sounds came out of it, just as if it didn't like to be disturbed and brought into the light; and that it swore at the helps and niggers in English and Spanish, Low German and High Dutch. At last, old Van Soak began to be a *leelle* bit *afeard*, and was for covering it up again where he found it, till my Uncle Ben vowed it should'nt be buried without his having a drop out of it, for he was a bold, active man, that cared for nothing, and loved a grain of rum, or sangaree, or whisky-toddy, or crank, or any other *fogmatic*, to his heart, he did. So down in the cellar he sets himself, drives a spigot into the barrel, and draws him a glass of such mighty fine elegant rum, as was never seen before in all Boston. "Handsom! considerably *handsom*! mighty smart rum, I guess," says my Uncle Ben, as he turned it down; "mild as mother's milk, and bright as a flash of lightning! By the pipe of St. Nicholas, I must have another grain!" So he filled him another glass, and then Jacobus plucked up heart, and he took a grain or two, and the helps and bystanders did the same; and they all swore it was superbly astonishing rum, and as old as the Kaatskill mountains, or the days of Wouter Van Twiller, the first Dutch Governor of New York. Well, I calculate that they might at last be a *leelle* bit staggered, for the rum ran down like water, and they drank about, thinking, you see, that all the strength was gone; and as they were in the dark cellar, they never knew that the day was progressing powerfully fast towards night; for now the barrel was quiet again, and they

began to be mighty merry together. But the night came on cruel smart and dark, I reckon, with a pretty terrible loud storm; and so they all thought it best to keep under shelter, and especially where such good stuff was to be had free, gratis, for nothing, into the bargain. Nobody knows now what time it was, when they heard a mighty fierce knocking on the top of the barrel, and presently a hoarse voice from the inside cried out, "Yo ho, there, brothers! open the hatchway and let me out!" which made them all start, I calculate, and sent Van Soak reeling into a dark corner of the cellar, considerably out of his wits with fright and stout old rum. "Don't open the hogshhead," cried the helps and neighbours, in mighty great fear; it's the devil!" "Pottausend!" says my Uncle Ben—for you must know that he's a roistering High-German: "you're a cowardly crew," says he, "that good liquor's thrown away upon." "Thunder and storm!" called out the voice again from the barrel, "why the Henker don't you unship the hatches? Am I to stay here these hundred years?" "Stille! mein Herr!" says my Uncle Ben, says he, without being in the least bit *afeard*, only a *leelle* maddad and wondered he was; "behave yourself *handsom*, and don't be in such a pretty particular considerable hurry. I'll tell you what it is; before you come out, I should like to make an *enquery* of you—Who are you? where were you raised? how have you got along in the world? and when did you come here? Tell me all this *speedily*, or I shall decline off letting you out, I calculate." "Open the hogshhead, brother!" said the man in the tub, says he, "and you shall know all, and a pretty considerable sight more; and I'll take mighty good care of you for ever, because you're an awful smart, right-slick-away sort of a fellow, and not like the cowardly land-lubbers that have been sucking away my rum with you." "Hole mich der Teufel!" said my Uncle Ben, "but this is a real rig'lar Yankee spark, a tarnation stout blade, who knows what a bold man should be; and so, by the Henker's horns, I'll let him out at once." So, do you see, Uncle Ben made no more ado but broke in the head of the barrel; and what with the storm out of doors, and the laughing and swearing in the cask, a mighty elegant noise there was while he did it, I promise you; but at last there came up out of the hogshhead a short, thick-set, truculent, sailor-looking fellow, dressed in the old ancient way, with dirty slops, tarnished gold-laced hat, and blue, stiff-skirted coat, fastened up to his throat with a mighty sight of brass buttons, Spanish steel pistols in a buffalo belt, and a swingeing cutlass by his side. He looked one of the genuine privateer, bull-dog-breed, and his broad, swelled face, where it was not red with rage, or the good rum, was black or purple; marked, I reckon, with a pretty considerable many scars, and his eyes were almost starting out of his head. If the helps and neighbours were *afeard* before, they were now astounded outright, I calculate; and 'specially so when the *strannger*

sailor got out of his hogshead, and began to lay about him with a fist as hard and as big as a twelve-pounder cannon-shot, crying like a bull-frog in a swamp,—‘Now I shall clear out! A plague upon ye all for a crew of cowardly, canting, lubberly knaves! I might have been sucked dry, and staid in the barrel for ever, if your comrade had borne no stouter a heart than you did.’ Well, I guess, that by knocking down the helps and the neighbours he soon made a clear ship; and then, striding up to my Uncle Ben, who warn’t not at all *afraid*, but was laughing at the fun, he says to him, says he, ‘As for you, brother, you’re a man after my own kidney, so give us your fin, and we’ll be sworn friends, I warrant me.’ But as soon as he held out his hand, Uncle Ben thought he saw in it the mark of a red horse-shoe, like a brand upon a nigger, which some do say was the very stamp that the devil put upon Captain Kidd, when they shook hands after burying his treasure at Boston, before he was hanged. ‘Hegel!’ says my Uncle Ben, says he, ‘what’s that in your right hand, my friend?’ ‘What’s that to you?’ said the old sailor. ‘We mariners get many a broad and deep red scar, without talking about, or marking them; but then we get the heavy red gold, and broad pieces along with them, and that’s a tarnation smart plaster, I calculate.’ ‘Then,’ says my Uncle Ben again, says he, ‘may I make an *enquery* of you? Where were you *raised*? and who’s your *Boss*?’ ‘Oh!’ says the sailor, ‘I was born at Nantucket, and Cape Cod, and all along shore there, as the nigger said; and for the captain I belong to, why he’s the chief of all the fierce and daring hearts which have been in the world ever since time began.’ ‘And, pray, where’s your *plunder*?’ says my Uncle Ben to the *strange* sailor; ‘and how long have you been in that hogshead?’ ‘Over long, I can tell you, brother; I thought I was never going to come out, I calculate. As for my *plunder*, I reckon I don’t shew every body my locker; but you’re a bold fellow enough, and only give me your paw to close the bargain, and I’ll fill your pouch with dollars for life. I’ve a stout ship, and comrades ready for sea, and there’s *plunder* every where for lads of the knife and pistol, I reckon; though the squeamish Lord Bellamont does watch them so closely.’ ‘Lord who?’ says Uncle Ben, a *lectle* bit maddened and wondered. ‘Why, Lord Bellamont, to be sure,’ answered the *strange* sailor, ‘the English governor of New England, and admiral of the seas about it, under King William the Third.’ ‘Governor and admiral in your teeth!’ says my Uncle Ben again; for now his pluck was up, and there warn’t no daunting him then; ‘what have we to do with the old country, your kings, or your governors? this is the free city of Boston, in the independent United States of America, and the second year of liberty, seventy-seven, I reckon. And as for your William the Third, I guess he was dead long before I was raised, and I’m no cokerell. I’ll tell you what it is, now, my smart fellow, you’ve got pretty considerably drunk in that rum cask, if you’ve been there ever since them old ancient days; and, to speak my mind plain, you’re either the devil or Captain Kidd. But I’d have you to know I’m not to be scared by a face of clay, if you were both; for I’m an old Kentuck Rowdey, of Town-Fork by the Elkhorn; my breed’s half a horse and half an alligator, with a cross of the earthquake! You can’t poke your fun at me, I calculate; and so, here goes upon you for a villain, any way!’ My Uncle Ben’s pluck was now

all up; for pretty considerably maddened he was, and could bite in his breath no longer; so he flew upon the *strange* sailor, and walked into him like a flash of lightning into a gooseberry-bush, like a mighty, smart, active man as he was. Hold of his collar laid my Uncle Ben, and I reckon they did stoutly struggle together for a *tarnation* long time, till at last the mariner’s coat gave way, and shewed that about his neck there was a halter, as if he had been only fresh cut down from the gibbet! Then my Uncle Ben *did* start back a pace or two, when the other let fly at him with a pretty considerable hard blow, and so laid him right slick sprawling along upon the ground. Uncle Ben said he never could guess how long they all laid there; but when they came to, they found themselves all stretched out like dead men by the niggers of the house, with a staved rum cask standing beside them. But now—mark you this well—on one of the head-boards of the barrel was wrote, ‘W. K. The Vulture. 1701,’ which was agreed by all to stand for William Kidd, the pirate. And July White, Uncle Ben’s woolly-headed old nigger, said that he was once a loblolly-boy on board that very ship, when she was a sort of pickarooning privateer. Her crew told him that she sailed from the old country the very same year marked on the cask, when Kidd was hanged at Execution-Dock, and that they brought his body over to be near the treasure that he buried; and as every one knows that Kidd was tied up twice, why, perhaps, he never died at all, but was kept alive in that mighty elegant rum cask, till my Uncle Ben let him out again, to walk about New-York and Boston, round Charles Bay and Cape Cod, the Old Sow and Pigs, Hellegat, and the Hen and Chickens. There was a fat little Dutch parson, who used to think that this story was only a mighty smart fable, because nobody could remember seeing the pirate besides Uncle Ben; and he would sometimes say, too, that they were all knocked down by the rum, and not by the captain, though he never told Uncle Ben so, I calculate; for he always stuck to it handsomely, and wouldn’t ‘bate a word of it for nobody. When Uncle Ben had finished, he says,—‘Jonathan W.’ says he, ‘I’ll tell you what it is: I’ll take it as a genuine favour if you’ll pay Major Hickory for the sângaree and the toddy, and we’ll be quits another day.’ And so I paid for it every cent; but would you believe it? though I’ve asked him for it a matter of twenty times, and more than that, Uncle Ben never gave me back the trifle that he borrowed of me, from that day to this!’

Though we have said there is room for improvement, we must also add, there is room for praise. Next year the *Forget Me Not* is to “walk in silk attire,” and we have no doubt it will merit its silk gown. As a variety, we give a *jeu d’esprit* written upon a print of a *Painter Puzzed* in the choice of a subject, from the pen of T. Hood.

‘Draw, sir!’—OLD PLAT.

‘Well, something must be done for May,
The time is drawing nigh,
To figure in the Catalogue,
And woo the public eye.

Something I must invent and paint;
But, oh! my wit is not
Like one of those kind substantives
That answer Who? and What?

Oh, for some happy hit! to throw
The gazer in a trance;
But *poor! he*—there I am posed,
As people say in France.

In vain I sit and strive to think,
I find my head, slack!
Painfully empty, still, just like
A bottle—on the rack.

In vain I task my barren brain
Some new idea to catch,
And tease my hair—ideas are shy
Of ‘coming to the scratch.’

In vain I stare upon the air,
No mental visions dawn;
A blank my canvass still remains,
And worse—a blank undrawn;
An ‘aching void’ that mars my rest
With one eternal hint,
For, like the little goblin page,
It still keeps crying ‘Tint!’

But what to tint? Ay, there’s the rub
That plagues me all the while,
As, Selkirk like, I sit without
A subject for my *ie*.

‘Invention’s seventh heaven’ the bard
Has written—but my case
Persuades me that the creature dwells
In quite another place.

Sniffing the lamp, the ancients thought
Demosthenes *must* toil;
But works of art are works indeed,
And always ‘smell of oil.’

Yet painting pictures some folks think
Is merely play and fun:
That what is on a easel set
Must easily be done.

But, zounds! if they could sit in this
Uneasy easy-chair,
They’d very soon be glad enough
To cut the camel’s hair!

Oh! who can tell the pang it is
To sit as I this day,
With all my canvass spread, and yet
Without an inch of way?

Till, mad at last to find I am
Amongst such empty skulners,
I feel that I could strike myself—
But no—I’ll ‘strike my colours.’”

An Introduction to the Natural System of Botany; or, a Systematic View of the Organization, Natural Affinities, and Geographical Distribution, of the whole Vegetable Kingdom. By John Lindley, F.R.S., &c. 8vo. pp. 374. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

BOTANISTS have long felt the various anomalies and difficulties which constantly present themselves in almost every department of the science, from studying the structure, character, and habitudes, of plants, according to the artificial system of Linnæus. That great man undoubtedly achieved a wonderful improvement in the study of natural history, by the establishment of that beautiful system which has gone by the name of the Sexual Classification of Plants; for all the knowledge that existed at the commencement of the last century respecting the anatomy and physiology of plants was a mere mass of chaos, in comparison with the profound arrangement proposed by the great Swedish naturalist.

Yet, like all general systems erected upon artificial data, the beautiful system of Linnæus has not been able to withstand the test of modern physiological investigation. The structure of plants, coupled with their external characters and medical properties, has been found so much more eligible a mode of classification than that of depending almost entirely on the organs of fructification, that the day is probably not far distant when the natural system proposed by the eminent French naturalist, Jussieu, will have entirely superseded the artificial classification of the father of the science.

In the introduction Mr. Lindley observes, that “the organs of fructification are only entitled to a superior degree of consideration when found by experience to be less liable to variation than those of vegetation.” Now, as the result of successive observation, by all the distinguished botanists of the day, serves to shew that there are infinitely greater exceptions and variations in the several parts of plants subservient to propagation, than in those parts of a plant which may be called its *primitive* structure, and which constitutes 9-10ths of the mass through-

out the whole vegetable kingdom; there is every argument why we should adopt the more rational system, recommended in the very able work before us, of classing plants under the two general heads of *vascular* (or flowering plants), and *cellular* (or flowerless plants), instead of the *sexual* and *asexual* classification. But the grounds on which Mr. Lindley recommends the adoption of the natural in lieu of the artificial system we prefer giving in his own words:—

“The principle upon which I understand the Natural System of Botany to be founded is, that the affinities of plants may be determined by a consideration of all the points of resemblance between their various parts, properties, and qualities; and that thence an arrangement may be deduced in which those species will be placed next each other which have the greatest degree of relationship; and that, consequently, the quality or structure of an imperfectly known plant may be determined by those of another which is well known. Hence arises its superiority over arbitrary or artificial systems, such as that of Linnæus, in which there is no combination of ideas, but which are mere collections of isolated facts, not having any distinct relation to each other. This is the only intelligible meaning that can be attached to the term Natural System, of which Nature herself, who creates species only, knows nothing.”

This is undoubtedly the more correct view of the subject; and we only regret that Mr. Lindley has deemed it necessary, in order to obtain the approbation of the more cultivated botanist, to express himself throughout the greater part of the work in language far beyond the comprehension of the junior class of readers. Indeed, the author has committed a palpable discordance between his title-page and his preface—for in the former he calls his work “an Introduction to the Natural System of Botany;” and at the end of his preface he says: “In conclusion, the author has only to add, that this work must *not* be received as an Introduction to Botany. Those who would understand it must previously possess such an elementary acquaintance with the science as they may collect from his *Outline of the First Principles of Botany*, or some other work in which the modern views of vegetable organisation are explained.” The work is therefore an Introduction, and *no* Introduction; but which we must leave the author to reconcile with his readers, while we point out the principal merit of the volume—its application to medical botany.

In the arrangement of the work Mr. Lindley gives the diagnosis, anomalies, essential character, affinities, geography, and medical properties, of each order and genera. To the dry botanical student the first five distinctions are no doubt valuable, as facilitating his course of study. But in our estimation, the comprehensive section which describes the properties and virtues of each plant in medicine, the arts, and domestic and rural economy, is by far the most valuable portion of the volume. Indeed, we are inclined to think the author is himself of the same opinion, both from having dedicated his volume to the Apothecaries' Company, and from the following remarks with regard to the substitution of the Jussieuan system instead of the Linnæan.

“The advantages of such a system (the natural), in applying botany to useful purposes, are immense, especially to medical men, with whose profession the science has always been identified. A knowledge of the properties of one plant is a guide to the practitioner, which enables him to substitute some other with con-

fidence, which is naturally allied to it; and physicians on foreign stations may direct their inquiries, not empirically, but upon fixed principles, into the qualities of the medicinal plants which nature has provided in every region for the alleviation of the maladies peculiar to it. To horticulturists it is not less important: the propagation or cultivation of one plant is usually applicable to all its kindred; the habits of one species in an order will be often those of the rest: many a gardener might have escaped the pain of a poisoned limb, had he been acquainted with the laws of affinity; and finally, the phenomena of *grafting*, which is one of the grand features of distinction between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and the success of which is wholly controlled by ties of blood, can only be understood by the student of the natural system.”

It cannot be denied, even by the advocate for the Linnæan arrangement, that the natural classification is infinitely better calculated to promote the study of medical botany, and horticulture; and under that view, we may safely recommend the present “Introduction” of Mr. Lindley as a most valuable treatise on a very important branch of science.

The Poetical Works of Henry Kirke White. Aline Poets, Vol. VI. London, 1830. Pickering.

ANOTHER of these beautiful volumes: we doubt whether Dr. Faustus would recognise his own art in the perfection to which it is now brought. We anticipate that deserved success will carry this series through the whole circle of our *corpus poetarum* and that it may be celebrated in such an epigram as follows:

Of starving Genius we no more allow—
For British Bards are All-die Poets now.

To only one point would we direct Mr. Pickering's attention: these are books made for use, as well as show; and the matter should bear some comparison at least with the manner. Some of the biographies are not what ought to be found in a work like this: they are industriously put together—but they want both judgment and originality. Coliins was overlaid with extraneous matter (who cared for a reprint of Langhorne's tasteless criticism?); and in the present volume the last sheet is devoted to a set of laudatory poems, much in the old school of the eulogistic verses with which every poet thought it necessary to preface his work. In the life itself, too, what shall we say to instances like the following?—The common-place of “his mother's mind was thus abstracted from the grovelling cares of a butcher's shop.” The subjoined phrase contradicts its own meaning:—“A constitutional deafness soon convinced him that he was not eligible for the duties of an advocate; and his thoughts became directed to the church, from the most conscientious motives:”—it reads as if deafness were a constitutional motive. Again:—“The history of an author's first book is interesting; and Kirke White's was attended with unusual incidents. A novice in literature always imagines that it is important his work should be dedicated to some person of rank; and the Countess of Derby was applied to, who declined, on the ground that she never accepted a compliment of that nature. He at length applied to the Duchess of Devonshire; and a letter, with the manuscript, was left at her house. The difficulty of obtaining access to her grace proved so great, that more than one letter to his brother was written on the subject, in which he indignantly says—‘I am cured of patronage hunting; as for begging patronage,

I am tired to the soul of it, and shall give it up.’ Permission was at length granted: the book came out towards the end of 1803; and a copy was transmitted to the duchess, of which no notice whatever was taken.” Now what are the unusual incidents here?—a neglected dedication is no uncommon event. Or where is the truth of this assertion?—“His talents were so precocious, that they became a warning that he was not destined for a long sojourn here.” As if early death were the necessary consequence of early genius. We hope our readers' own feelings will deny the ensuing remark: “Though it is extremely doubtful if he was capable of worldly happiness, there is a selfishness in our nature which makes us grieve when those who are likely to increase our wisdom and intellectual pleasures are hurried to the grave.” This is carrying the doctrine of selfishness pretty far.

We have made no remarks on the work itself: we have no space for retrospective criticism; Kirke White's merits have now their assigned place: over-rated they certainly were; but he was a young man of undeniable genius, and whose early death added the interest of pity to that of approval.

The Journal of the Royal Institution of Great Britain. No. I. 8vo. pp. 204. London, 1830. Murray.

THE first No. of this new quarterly periodical, addressed to shew the progress of philosophical science and the useful arts, has just appeared, and contains a various and interesting selection of papers, both from home and foreign sources. Among the contributors we notice Mr. J. F. Daniell, Mr. T. A. Knight, Mr. J. Rennie (entomology), Mr. Faraday (chemistry, &c.), Mr. G. T. Burnett (botany), and Dr. Ure (chemistry); and the miscellaneous intelligence is collected from many publications devoted to similar objects. From the whole, we anticipate that the work will reflect credit on its conductors, and be beneficial to the scientific world; though we do not observe, among all the useful matter, any thing very striking in its *début*. The subjoined extracts will suffice to exemplify the Journal, and inform our readers.

In a paper by Mr. Knight, “on the means of giving a fine edge to razors,”—a subject of no ordinary interest to the bearded sex—he states the following to be a prodigious improvement upon the methods hitherto in use. The machinery consists (he tells us) “of a cylindrical bar of cast steel, three inches long without its handle, and about one-third of an inch in diameter. It is rendered as smooth as it can readily be made with sand, or, more properly, glass-paper, applied longitudinally; and it is then made perfectly hard. Before it is used it must be well cleaned, but not brightly polished, and its surface must be smeared over with a mixture of oil and the charcoal of wheat straw, which necessarily contains much siliceous earth in a very finely reduced state. I have sometimes used the charcoal of the leaves of the *Elymus arenarius*, and other marsh grasses; and some of these may probably afford a more active and (for some purposes) a better material; but, upon this point I do not feel myself prepared to speak with decision. In setting a razor, it is my practice to bring its edge (which must not have been previously rounded by the operation of a strop) into contact with the surface of the bar at a greater or less, but always at a very acute angle, by raising the back of the razor more or less, proportionate to the strength which I wish to give

to the edge; and I move the razor in a succession of small circles from heel to point, and back again, without any more pressure than the weight of the blade gives, till my object is attained. If the razor have been properly ground and prepared, a very fine edge will be given in a few seconds; and it may be renewed again, during a very long period, wholly by the same means. I have had the same razor, by way of experiment, in constant use during more than two years and a half, and no visible portion of its metal has within that period been worn away, though the edge has remained as fine as I conceive possible; and I have never, at any one time, spent a quarter of a minute in setting it." If any of our bristly friends obtain the luxury of an easy shave by employing this simple process, we are sure they will thank us, and remember Mr. Knight with smooth and grateful feelings.

The remaining extracts are the most novel miscellanies which we can pick out.

"Manufacture of Charcoal.—A new process, recommended in the *Journal des Forêts*, for this purpose, is to fill all the interstices in the heap of wood to be charred with powdered charcoal. The product obtained is equal in every respect to cylinder charcoal; and, independent of its quality, the quantity obtained is very much greater than that obtained by the ordinary method. The charcoal used to fill the interstices is that left on the earth after a previous burning. The effect is produced by preventing much of the access of air which occurs in the ordinary method. The volume of charcoal is increased a tenth, and its weight a fifth."

"Potash obtained commercially from Felspar.—According to M. Fuchs, this important alkali may be extracted from minerals containing it, by the following method:—They are to be calcined with lime, then left for some time in contact with water, and the liquor filtered and evaporated. M. Fuchs says he has thus obtained from nineteen to twenty parts of potash from felspar, and from fifteen to sixteen from mica, per cent."

"Chlorine an Antidote to Hydrocyanic Acid.—MM. Persoz and Nonat have verified the favourable results which M. Simeon had obtained relative to the remedy which chlorine affords against prussic acid. They operated upon three dogs, upon the eyes of which a drop of prussic acid had been placed. Dividing the symptoms into three periods, namely, i. uneasiness, ii. tetanus, iii. interrupted respiration, they found that when chlorine was applied in the first period, the relief was immediate, the respiration became regular, vomitings and alvine discharges occurred, the animal gradually regained its strength, rose unsteadily, and in about half an hour was as lively as at first. Applied at the second period, the symptoms were arrested, but the restlessness continued awhile; and though respiration was less painful, the convulsive movements continued for ten minutes, then occurred vomitings, &c., as before, and at the end of an hour the animal was perfectly well. The two dogs thus treated being tried next day with the same quantity of prussic acid, but without chlorine, died in a few minutes. In the third case all the effects of the prussic acid were produced before the chlorine was applied; the respiration had ceased for twenty-five seconds, and the animal was rapidly perishing; but the chlorine not only recalled it to life, but ultimately restored it to full vigour: the full effect only occurred, however, after some hours. Ten days after, it was quite well, and the paralysis of the abdominal parts, which occurred in all, had in this case

entirely disappeared. After this, MM. Persoz and Nonat sought to ascertain whether the prussic acid, being absorbed into the vessels and tissues, the chlorine would follow and decompose it. Two dogs of equal strength were taken, the crural veins laid bare, and separated from the neighbouring parts, and especially the accompanying nervous fibres; then a drop of prussic acid was put upon each vessel. The effects were instantaneous; a few drops of chlorine (solution) were let fall on to one of the crural veins—the other animal was left alone. The first was as immediately recovered as it was injured—the second died directly. The first felt no inconvenience after some hours, except from the wound. Endeavours were then made to kill him, by putting prussic acid upon the eye and upon the crural vein of the opposite side; but the animal only felt temporary inconvenience and a few convulsive movements, and was very quickly at ease. Hence it appears, that the chlorine administered before-hand is taken into the circulation, and is then an effectual remedy against prussic acid. Trials made with the chlorides of lime and soda, in place of chlorine, shewed that they possessed no corresponding powers, being quite inert as antagonists to the hydrocyanic acid."

"On the Cure of Animal Poisons, and probably Hydrophobia, by the local Application of Common Salt. (Rev. J. Fischer).—The Rev. J. G. Fischer was formerly a missionary in South America, and is anxious to call the attention of the public to the probable utility of common salt as a remedy in cases of hydrophobia, if, at least, the opinion be correct, that what will cure the bites of venomous serpents will be efficacious in the former class of cases. He says, 'I actually and effectually cured all kinds of very painful and dangerous serpents' bites, after they had been inflicted for many hours; for immediately after I had applied my remedy, the pain subsided, and the patient calmed—which remedy was nothing else than common table salt; and I kept it on the place or wound, moistened with water, till all was healed, within several days, without ever any bad effect occurring afterwards. I, for my part, never had an opportunity to meet with a mad dog, or any person who was bitten by a mad dog; I cannot, therefore, speak from experience as to hydrophobia; but that I have cured serpents' bites always, without fail, I can declare in truth.' Mr. Fischer then quotes Dr. Urban's practice from *Hufeland's German Medical Journal*. He had six methods: but his most successful was to apply a thick pledget, soaked in any saline solution, to each wound, or to each place where the teeth had made a mark without breaking the skin, and retain them there by bandages. The best solution is of salt one ounce, or one ounce and a half, to a pound of plain water, and the wounds are to be kept constantly moistened with it. The lint is to be renewed and soaked twice a-day; the places wetted every two hours, and even washed by the patient, especially if any indications of relapse, as itching or pain, should manifest themselves. A case is then quoted from the *Kent Herald*, and *Morning Herald* of July 28, 1827, as follows: 'A friend of ours was some years since bitten by a dog, which a few hours afterwards died raving mad. Immediately upon receiving the bite, he rubbed salt for some time into the wound, and, in consequence, never experienced the least inconvenience from the bite, the saline qualities of the salt having evidently neutralised the venom, and prevented, in all pro-

ability, a melancholy death by hydrophobia.' That which induced Mr. Fischer to try the above remedy, in the case of serpents, was 'a page of the late Bishop Loskiell's (with whom I was personally acquainted), in his *History of the Missions of the Moravian Church in North America*, which says, as far as I recollect, that at least among some tribes they were not at all alarmed about the bites of serpents, having always in use such a sure remedy as salt for the cure of them—so much so, that they would suffer a bite for the sake of a glass of rum. It was this that induced me to try the cure of venomous bites with salt; and the trial has exceeded my expectations. P.S. The advice of killing all dogs is neither practicable nor necessary: apply salt to man and dog, the bitten and the biter, all will be most probably well, &c."

"Protraction of Vegetable Life in a dry State: Medico-Botanical Society.—Mr. Houlton produced a bulbous root which was discovered in the hand of an Egyptian mummy, in which it probably had remained for two thousand years. It germinated on exposure to the atmosphere; when placed in earth it grew with great rapidity."

English Prisoners in France. By the Rev. R. B. Wolfe. 8vo. pp. 168. London, 1836. Hatchard and Son.

WE do not very much admire the overstrained religious style of this publication: there is not *matériel* enough for a volume; and we confess we are rather more impressed with the good intentions of Mr. Wolfe, —who, we must say, appears to have done all in his power for the religious instruction and comfort of his fellow-sufferers,—than with any necessity for the work before us. We extract the following anecdote,—a curious struggle between care and generosity:—

"On the officers and crew of the *Minerva* being ordered to Epinal, a march of nearly five hundred miles, Captain Brenton, having endeavoured, without success, to procure money for his bills, tried to raise a small sum upon his watch. But, the watchmaker having offered what he considered quite inadequate to its value, he withdrew, and was standing at the door of the auberge, reflecting on his situation, when he was accosted by a person, who said he understood he wished to dispose of a watch. Concluding the applicant wished to take advantage of the distress of the prisoners, the captain answered rather abruptly, 'Yes, but you will not buy it.' 'That is more than you know,' rejoined the stranger; 'let me see the watch.' It was accordingly put into his hands, and the information given him, that the watch and seals had cost thirty-one guineas. 'C'est un prix bien fort,' said the Frenchman; 'and, if I were to purchase the watch, I would not give more than fifteen louis for it; but, as I should only keep it as a pledge for the payment of any money I might advance, I will give you twenty-five.' The captain began to have a more favourable opinion of his dealer; and, expressing his surprise at this novel mode of making a bargain, delivered to him the watch; and twenty-five louis were paid down, and a note given with the watch to Captain Brenton's agent in England, requesting him to redeem the watch by paying the money, and any additional expenses which might be incurred. The Frenchman went away, and the captain had scarcely time to communicate the information to his officers, when he was seen returning, and a general apprehension was felt that he had repented his bargain. But what was their surprise when he thus accosted the

captain: 'Monsieur, ma conscience me pique, je suis indigné de la caution qui m'a fait prendre un gage d'un brave officier essayant le sort de la guerre; reprenez votre montre, monsieur, et donnez moi votre billet d'échange pour l'argent.' This was, of course, gratefully acceded to. But the stranger soon returned a second time. 'Encore, monsieur, ma conscience me pique.' 'Comment! encore?' 'Yes, sir,' said he, 'I have been considering how I can best relieve it. I am a merchant of L'Orient, my name is Dubois; I am returning home; and having examined my purse, I find I have just twenty-five louis more than I shall want for my journey. Here,' continued he, destroying the first note, and putting the additional sum into the captain's hand, 'add these to the former, and give me a bill for the whole.' "

Commentaries on the Mining Ordinances of Spain. By Don Francisco Xavier de Gamboa. Translated from the original Spanish by R. Heathfield, Esq. Barrister at Law. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

DON FRANCISCO XAVIER DE GAMBOA, whose celebrated work has lately been rendered available to the British public, was born of a distinguished family in the province of Guadalaxara, in New Spain. His great talents and abilities, though continually exerted with honour to himself as an advocate in the courts of his native country, seem to have been more particularly directed to the examination of the laws of mining, the various scientific processes carried on at the mines, and the vast importance of the mineral riches embosomed in the mountainous regions of Mexico. In the course of events he was appointed to an official situation at the court of Madrid; and it was during his residence at that capital that he produced his celebrated Commentary. Warmly attached to his native country, and ardently desiring its welfare and prosperity, he had taken frequent opportunities, throughout the work, of pointing out such alterations and improvements as might tend to developpe more largely the extensive resources of New Spain, and encourage that spirit of enterprise which had already achieved the covering of a once barbarous country with noble cities and numberless villages, smiling amid the universal luxuriance of its now cultivated valleys and prairies.

So much were his Commentaries admired and valued for the interesting information with which they are replete, that they received the warm approval of majesty; and, in fine, became a book of reference throughout all the Spanish colonies in America. Shortly afterwards, Gamboa was appointed to the high office of regent of the audiency of Mexico, which post he filled with great credit and distinction till the period of his death.

In the work now before us an interesting account is given of the arrangements entered into between the crown and those individuals whose capital and time were devoted to the working and exploring of gold and silver mines, and many curious details regarding the rewards offered and the inducements held out to the aborigines of the country to reveal their important discoveries; for it appeared that the Indians were in the habit of concealing veins of silver and gold to prevent them from being worked, imagining, perhaps, that if discovered they would be taken from them.

Many of the clergy who passed over to New Spain shewing themselves to be more interested in the accumulation of gold and silver than in

the conversion of the Indians, various laws were passed in the reigns of Philip II. and Philip IV., in which it was directed that neither the monks nor the clergy should be allowed to employ themselves in working mines, it being considered indecorous and of bad example. In the other conquests and colonies of the Spaniards similar regulations were enforced, as appears from the following extract:

"The council of Lima prohibits curates and incumbents from working mines (amongst other lucrative occupations), under pain of excommunication, *ipso facto incurrenda*; forbidding other ecclesiastics from engaging in actual trade only; but the council of Mexico, setting forth that many curates and incumbents undertook the ministry in the Indies more from a lust of gain, and in the expectation of having the services of the Indians in agriculture or mining, than from a desire to guide and enlighten their minds, orders, that no secular or regular curate shall cultivate land within his jurisdiction, nor within the space of ten leagues around; not excepting even the land of his own patrimony or of the church, if he has an opportunity of letting it: but that if no person can be found willing to take such land on lease, then he may employ the Indians who are so disposed in cultivating it; but that no compulsion shall be used towards them, and that they shall be paid for their labour, and be kindly treated; and that if any such person as aforesaid shall act otherwise, the bishop shall deprive him, if he be a secular clergyman, of his benefice, and if a regular, of his cure, and shall suspend his right of electing, or being elected to any office."

A great deal of interesting information is given relative to the mines of quicksilver, and its consumption in the Americas, besides a singular sketch of the ancient riches and mines of Spain itself, with a theory explanatory of the causes which led to the impoverishment of that country, notwithstanding the great wealth and power of its colonies.

"In the history of the Maccabees, where the great power of the Romans is described, it is mentioned as one of their mighty acts in Spain, that they had made themselves masters of the rich ores of gold and silver. From no other country (according to Fray Juan de la Puente, who cites Solinus, Pliny, Lucius Florus, Strabo, Posidonius, Polybius, Aristotle, Diodorus Siculus, Herodotus, and other Greek and Latin authors) could so great an abundance of these rich ores be procured. He states, upon the authority of Strabo, that during a conflagration on the Pyrenees, streams of gold and silver flowed down their sides; that all the mountains and hills of Spain afford the materials for money; and that that country is an inexhaustible source of metallic ore; that Plutus, the god of riches, holds his habitation beneath its surface; and that the Carthaginians, on their landing there, found the basins and even the mangers made of silver. And he likewise asserts, quoting Aristotle, that upon the ancient Phœnicians navigating to Tartessus, the Spaniards gave them, in exchange for oil and other ordinary merchandize, more silver than the ships were capable of conveying; and that upon setting sail, they not only made their common utensils, but even their anchors, of silver. But of all the writers on this subject, Don Antonio Carrillo Lasso is the most deserving of attention, he having collected, with admirable erudition, many most remarkable and wonderful instances in reference to all the different provinces of Spain, and with the view of shewing, that as they

yielded in former times such immense riches, so might they in these times be rendered equally productive.

"Don Geronymo Ustariz, in his *Theorica y Practica de el Comercio y Minería*, proves to demonstration, by reference to the circumstances of England, France, and Holland, that the debility and depopulation of Spain are not to be attributed to the attraction held out by the Indies, but to the importation of foreign goods, by means of which our money is drained from us, and our manufactures are annihilated, thus having the effect of a heavy tribute. And that hence it is that La Mancha, Guadalaxara, Cuenca, Soria, Valladolid, Salamanca, and other cities of Castile, the emigration from which to the Indies is in the smallest proportion, are the least populous parts of Spain; while Cantabria, Asturias, Navarre, the mountains of Burgos and Galicia, from which parts the departures for the Indies are more numerous, are the most populous districts; the condition of the inhabitants being, in fact, improved, and the cultivation of their land advanced, by the remittances they receive from their relations in the Indies."

After entering into various details relative to the proposed establishment of a general mining company, Gamboa proceeds to give a most minute and accurate account of the many extraordinary processes to which the miner has recourse for the recovery of the gold and silver from the ore. We regret that our limits do not permit us to make a few extracts of these curious and interesting operations, for the accuracy of which we ourselves can fully vouch, having had opportunities of witnessing in person the magnificent and splendid operations of the gold and silver mines of New Spain. We must beg to refer the reader to the work itself, where the experiments detailed in the various methods of reduction, by smelting and amalgamation, serve to developpe the secrets of metallurgic philosophy, for their proficiency in which science the Mexican miners are justly celebrated.

The work contains much valuable information on the subject of private rights to mines—their regulation and management—the production of ores—the mode in which mines are taken possession of, and denounced when abandoned, &c. A detailed account is given, interspersed with many curious anecdotes and incidents relative to the carrying into execution of the various laws passed on the subject of subterraneous communication in mines, and the removal of the rich pillars left in the progress of the work, as a support to the vault from which the ore has been removed.

The singular magnificence and beauty of those vast natural grottos, which sometimes occur at great depths in mines, and of which we have been more than once delighted spectators, caused a deep impression, and at the same time a feeling of curiosity to fathom the origin of those strange vacuums formed in the earth's crust, many hundred yards below its surface. It is with pleasure we select the following description:—

"In some places, natural vaults of extraordinary beauty and extent are found, exceeding even one hundred *varas* in height and length. From their vaulted form, they are in themselves firm and strong by nature; and although fearful places to enter, yet their firmness is well known, and the miners work in them with security. They are found to contain ore, loose sand, or earth, which the miners gradually remove, leaving the vault, store, or depository, empty and hollow. And after removing the

whole of the contents, they frequently, upon breaking in further, discover other vaults, to which they are guided by indications derived from the colour of the ground, or from the echo returned on striking with a crow or bar, as if from a hollow place. This is the description given of the mines of Chiguagua, by Don Mathias de la Mota, and we have received information to the same effect from several persons of great experience in that district, particularly with regard to a work called San Augustin, in the mine of Aranzazu, belonging to the family of Trasviña, which is an extremely firm and most beautiful vault, capable of containing the largest church in Madrid or Mexico. Such also is the case with regard to the mines of Zimapan, where, according to the account of persons who have had much experience in working them, similar vaults are found. These caverns being formed by nature, do not require pillars of support, and it would, indeed, be a difficult matter to set about forming them. But when the hills are artificially undermined and cut away, it is impossible that they should sustain their own weight, unless supported by strong and firm pillars."

The greatest attention was paid to the prohibition of removing pillars of rich ore, left as supports to the vaults:—

"And although it may seem hard, supposing the vein to become barren, to be disabled from cutting into the pillars or reservoirs, however rich in gold or silver, yet it would be still harder that the whole mine should be ruined by falling in, and that human life, the most precious gift of nature, should in consequence be put in jeopardy. Indeed, this is a point upon which no precaution should be dispensed with; and those who servilely give way to the eagerness of the miners, and authorise them to remove or weaken the pillars of support, act in opposition to the dictates of conscience, and to the true interests of the mine, and render themselves gravely responsible for their conduct. All which is shewn by Agricola in a very few words."

In another part of this valuable work, the privileges of the miner are spoken of, and some of the causes pointed out which have led to their frequent embarrassments and ruin. The propensity to thieving which exists among the Indian miners is descanted upon, in terms which shew Gamboa to have been well aware of their pilfering habits,—a circumstance of which we recollect many curious instances.

"They steal the iron picks and crows; they steal the candles; they steal the ore, by means of various very subtle and dexterous contrivances and stratagems; and they steal the silver from the smelting works, and from the vats and washing places in the amalgamation works, with no less dexterity, under the very eyes of the overseers. Upon one occasion, in the reduction works of the Marquis de Valle-Ameno, in the mining district of el Monte, the amalgamator being present, and the workmen shut in, several ingots of silver disappeared from the room; and on the circumstance being investigated, it was found that they had fastened a string to the ingots, which being carried out by the gutter, through the force of the water, the party posted outside for the purpose was enabled to drag away the silver. They steal clothes and money from each other; and if they contrive to elude the searcher at the mouth of the mine, they will afterwards boast, in his presence, of the thefts they have committed. They steal the rich ore, by throwing it amongst the rubbish, as if it were mere refuse; afterwards recovering it at

their convenience. In a word, they conjugate the verb *rapio* in all its moods, to the confusion of the unfortunate miner, already sufficiently troubled by being thwarted by his supplier, and oppressed by a load of debt. Miners of a discreet and Christian spirit, generally proclaim a pardon for all thefts every Lent, to exempt their workmen from the liability to restore the property stolen, these people being in general, from their prodigality and recklessness, destitute of the means of making satisfaction, even independent of the pardon thus granted."

As a proof that Mr. Heathfield's translation is not confined solely to the dry details and laws connected with mining operations, we give the following extracts relative to the employment of numbers of the lower classes in the city of Mexico:—

"No court or city contains so many servants of servants, or deputy servants, as Mexico, where it is the practice of the domestic servants to transfer their burdens to a variety of others, and thus to pass their time in amusements and idleness. There is a set of persons whose business is that of making cigars, which it is the custom of all ranks and sexes to smoke—an easy and lucrative employment, which it would be much more proper to make over to poor women, who might employ themselves in this way, putting aside their distaff or spindle, by which means such unfortunate persons might procure something additional to make their lives easy, and compensate for the little esteem in which their needle-work and other labours are held. The host of idlers employed in this way is very considerable, and was raised up within the space of about twenty years; for in the year 1720 the plan of selling cigars ready made had not been devised, and in the year 1740 very great numbers were engaged in the business, but who would have been much better occupied, if, instead of dealing in smoke, they had been employed with a pick and gad in giving ventilation to the works of the mines."

The next passage shews the wide contrast which exists between the sober, frugal labourers in our metallic mines of Cornwall and in the collieries of Northumberland, and the half-civilised race who are employed in the mines of Mexico and Peru; while it affords the best possible commentary on the blessings of free institutions in promoting national industry and social improvement.

"The miner's chief enemy is the miner himself. He is, generally speaking, prodigal, unlimited in his indulgence in expensive luxuries and superfluities, and even in his vices. The workmen drink, game, and lavish, all they get; and they have no notion of economy, but are all for the present moment. They often, in the height of their folly, attire themselves in rich cloth or fine cambric, and then go down into the mine, where their holiday dress generally serves for wadding, or to ease the blow of the pick. If this be the character of the workmen, what may not some of the masters be expected to be? The fault is not in the profession, but its professors; and the greater their prodigality, the more they are to be pitied. It is a melancholy thing to see a man reduced on a sudden to the wretched condition of an Iru, who was previously rich as a Cressus; of which melancholy reverse a multitude of instances might be cited among the once respectable Mexican miners."

We have been much pleased with this well-translated work; and the more so, as, from having consulted the best authorities, visitors of the scenes described, and witnesses of the effects of the laws commented upon, we are

satisfied of the correctness of its details, and the general information with which it abounds.

As a work of legal and scientific reference for individuals connected in any manner with the mining speculations of the day, or interested generally in mining and metallurgical pursuits, we think it invaluable.*

Pompeiana; or, Observations of the Topography, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeii. By Sir William Gell, F.R.S., F.S.A., &c. New Series, Part IV. Jennings and Chaplin.

A LARGE portion of this Part is occupied with a minute and learned description of the Thermæ which were excavated at Pompeii in the year 1824; but as it would be impracticable, without the plates, to render that description intelligible to our readers, we will quote a curious episode, on the use of glass by the ancients. Speaking of a window which is placed close under the vault of the roof, in one chamber of the baths, Sir William Gell says:—

"It was not only formed of glass, but of good plate glass, slightly ground on one side, so as to prevent the curiosity of any person upon the roof. This glass was divided by cruciform bars of copper, and secured by what might be termed turning buttons of the same metal. Of this glass all the fragments remained at the excavation, a circumstance which appeared not a little curious to those who imagined that its use was either unknown, or very rare, among the ancients, and did not know that a window of the same kind had been found in the baths of the villa of Diomedes. Glass seems to have, at first, been brought from Egypt, and to have, in fact, received its name of *υαλος* from the Coptic. Crystal, *κρυσταλλος*, or the permanent ice of the ancients, originally designated the natural stone itself. It is said to have been little known in Rome before 536 U.C., but this would give ample time for its use at Pompeii long before its destruction. There are few subjects on which the learned seem to have been so generally mistaken as that of the art of glass-making among the ancients, who seem to have been far more skillful than was at first imagined. Not to mention the description of a burning glass in the *Nubes of Aristophanes*, v. 764., the collection which Mr. Dodwell first formed and brought into notice at Rome, by repolishing the fragments, is sufficient to prove that specimens of every known marble, and of many not now existing in cabinets, as well as every sort of precious stone, were commonly and most successfully imitated by the ancients, who used these imitations in cups and vases of every size and shape. In the time of Martial, about a century after Christ, glass cups were common, except the *calices allasotes*, which displayed changeable or prismatic colours, and, as Vossius says, were procured in Egypt, and were so rare, that Adrian, sending some to Servianus, ordered that they should only be used on great occasions. The myrrhine vases, however, which were in such request, seem at last to have been successfully traced to China. Propertius calls them Parthian; and it seems certain that the porcelain of the East was called mirrha di

* In reviewing a work of this importance to those who have invested so large a capital in the mining enterprises of which it treats, we ought to notice another publication on the same subject, and full of interesting and important information: we allude to the *Quarterly Mining Review*, Nos. I. and II. (published by T. Boosey and Simpson and Marshall), which is not only replete with intelligence respecting the foreign mining associations, but also with various excellent details and remarks on every species of mining in the British dominions.

Smyrna to as late a date as 1555. The vast collection of bottles, glasses, and other utensils, discovered at Pompeii, is sufficient to show that the ancients were well acquainted with the art of glass-blowing in all its branches; but it is not the less true that they sometimes used, much as we do, horn for lanterns, which Plautus terms Vulcan in a prison of horn; and that windows, and Cicero says lanterns, were sometimes made of linen instead of glass, as we see oiled paper in modern times. The common expressions for these objects in Latin appear to be *fenestræ volubiles, vel lineis velis, vel specularia vitæris clauseæ*. In process of time glass became so much the fashion that whole chambers were lined with it. The remains of such a room were discovered in the year 1826, near Ficulnea, in the Roman territory; and these are hinted at in a passage of the Roman naturalist: *Non dubie vitreas fracturas camereas, si prius id inventum fuisset*. In the time of Seneca the chambers in thermæ had walls covered with glass and Thasian marble, the water issued from silver tubes, and the decorations were mirrors."

Various plates, some representing buildings, in Pompeii, others pictures on the walls of those buildings, illustrate the text. Of the latter, an outline, entitled "the Infant Achilles bathed in the Styx," possesses much grace and purity of design.

Ackermann's Juvenile Forget Me Not; a Christmas, New-year's, and Birth-day Present, for Youth of both Sexes. 1831. Edited by Frederic Shoberl. London.

WE cannot but think our young friends ought to be very happy in the prospect before them: here is a little book with a beautiful outside and an entertaining inside—pretty pictures, pretty tales, and pretty poems. The contribution we like least of all, (though we cannot praise the lesson taught by Hogg's admirably told tale of the "Poacher"), is "Clara Evrington;" the history of a wilful girl, who neglects her French and Italian for music: the consequence is, that she is confined to singing English songs, and weeps at hearing her young friends sing the melodies of Mozart and Rossini. A bad spirit of display is here held up as the reward of useful acquirement, and the punishment of its neglect is merely mortified vanity. The simple morals, whether little acts of generosity or kindness—the fault bringing the early sorrow—and candid confession,—of the other tales, are far more deserving of praise; but it is a most difficult task to make up a miscellany really fit for the juvenile reader. There are two pretty poems by Mary Howitt; and we quote part of a lively beating-up for soldiers, by T. Hood.

“What little urchin is there never
Hath had that early scarlet fever,
Of martial trappings caught?
Trappings well called—because they trap
And catch full many a country chap
To go where fields are fought!
What little urchin with a rag
Hath never made a little flag
(Our plate will shew the manner),
And wooed each tiny neighbour still,
Tommy or Harry, Dick or Will,
To come beneath the banner?
Just like that ancient shape of mist
In Hamlet, crying, "List, O list!"
Come, who will serve the king,
And strike frog-eating Frenchmen dead
And cut off Boney's head?
And all that sort of thing.
So used I, when I was a boy,
To march with military toy,
And ape the soldier-life;
And with a whistle or a hum,
I thought myself a Duke of Drum
At least, or Earl of File.

With gun of tin and sword of lath,
Lord! how I walk'd in glory's path
With regimental mates,
By sound of trump and rub-a-dubs,
To 's ege the washhouse—charge the tubs—
Or storm the garden-gates!"

We should, perhaps, observe, that the *Juvenile Forget Me Not* is evidently meant only for the youngest class of readers. The chief writers are,—W. Howitt, Mr. Harrison, Dr. Bookser, Miss Jewsbury, Mr. John Bird, Mrs. Hofland, Misses Jane, Susanna, and Agnes Strickland, the Etrick Shepherd, Mr. T. Hood, and Mr. H. C. Deakin.

An Historical Atlas; in a Series of Maps of the World as known at different periods: constructed upon a uniform scale, and coloured according to the political changes of each period; accompanied by a Narrative of the leading events exhibited in the Maps: forming together a General View of Universal History, from the Creation to A.D. 1828. By Edward Quin, M.A. of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, and Barrister-at-law of the Hon. Soc. of Lincoln's Inn. The Maps engraved by Sidney Hall. Folio, pp. 93. London, 1830. L. B. Seeley and Sons.

THE ingenious and beautiful work before us is decidedly the best constructed railway for the rapid and easy communication of extensive and accurate historical knowledge, that we have met with, even in this age of improved mental as well as material machinery. Its distinguishing object—but that is so fully and perspicuously described in the preface, that we will not do Mr. Quin the injustice of using any other language than his own.

"The leading idea of the volume is that of presenting the known history of the world as a whole, instead of in fragments;—and as a consistent and uniform whole, instead of in parts, drawn after various proportions, and on differing or even opposite plans. What has been the common system, in the instruction of youth in this necessary part of human knowledge? A juvenile student has usually had put into his hands a History of Greece,—another of Rome,—perhaps one of England,—and sometimes a volume or two of universal history, which, from its compressed character, possesses little interest, and gains no possession of the mind. Possibly these narratives may even be accompanied by a few maps, each drawn upon a different scale, and relating to a different period. And after going over this short course, which it is to be feared comprises all that the greater number of schoolboys are introduced into,—what ideas of the history of the world is the scholar likely to have gained? Unless his mind should happen to be very peculiarly constituted, the respective dates of events, and the comparative extent of the countries contained in different maps, will have entirely escaped him. Or should he partially retain some of these points, they will yet be of little use in giving him a correct knowledge of the great outline of history. Has he the least idea, for instance, that at the very time when Alexander was weeping the want of a new world to conquer,—the Romans, whose conquest might have been less easy than that of another world of Persians, lay unheeded behind him, each being mutually ignorant or careless of the other's existence. Or does he know that the greatest empire yet obtained among men, was not that of Alexander or the Cæsars, but was the conquest of a wandering Tartar chief. In short, what general idea can he have gained of the bold and leading outlines of history, when his attention has only been di-

rected to one or two minute spots on the earth's surface, and to them only during a particular series of years. It is not wished to undervalue or discountenance the placing before youth, more especially the splendid and animating stories of ancient Greece and Rome. But at the same time let it be conceded, that these interesting passages of history are but fragments, and that if the pupil's attention is wholly or principally occupied with them, he is likely to gain only a very imperfect or erroneous idea of universal history. The plan now adopted seems to the editors to be that best suited to the object; which is, the affording a complete and just, although rapid and condensed, view of all the great political changes in human society. It consists of a succession of maps exhibiting the state of the known world at more than twenty periods. Its peculiarity consists in exhibiting every thing in its real dimensions and just proportions, and in adhering to the same scale in all successive delineations. Greece and Persia are seen, for instance, in the relations which they actually bore to each other; and are not shewn, as in many atlases,—the one on a scale of twenty miles to an inch, the other on a scale of 200:—And when once laid down, they remain, in each subsequent map, on the same spot and of the same dimensions. By rapidly passing the eye, therefore, over the engravings, the student, always finding the same territory in the same part of the map, sees, by the changes of colour, the various empires which succeed each other. Like the watchman on some beacon-tower, he views the hills and peopled valleys around him, always the same in situation and in form, but under every changing aspect of the hours and the seasons; now basking in the meridian sunshine, then sinking into the gloom of even, and again emerging into the light of returning day. In thus exhibiting the state of the world at different periods, it became necessary, in order to preserve consistency and truth, to exhibit, in the earlier stages of the review, only a very small portion of the earth's surface. The reason of this is obvious. A map entitled *'The World as known to the Ancients,'* is found in most existing atlases, and our readers must often have met with such an one. Now our plan was to exhibit the 'world as known to the ancients,' not of one period, but of several successive periods. We had to shew the world as known in the days of Moses;—the world as known to Cyrus;—to Alexander, &c. And to do this with truth, it was necessary to shew, at each period, only that part of the world which there is reason to believe was actually known to the geographers and statesmen of that time. Still, however, in doing this, we were not to forget that the real facts of the earth's geography were the same at each of these periods as at present, and that China and America were as much in existence in the days of Cyrus as they are now, although unknown to the great mass of civilised human beings. We were not, then, to omit these countries from our maps, as though they had no existence, and yet we were not to exhibit them, as if forming part of the known world of the age so delineated. The only course left to us seemed to be to bring the appearance of a cloud over the skirts of every map, exhibiting at each period only the known parts of the globe, and lifting up or drawing off this cloud as the limits of the known world gradually extended. Every successive map thus combines, at a single glance, both the geography and the history of the age to which it refers; exhibiting, by its extent,

the boundaries of the known world; and by its colours, the respective empires into which that world was distributed. Another point must be briefly mentioned. There have always been, in every age of the world, parts of the earth, not unknown to the geographer or the historian, but classed, by their want of civilisation, of regular government, and of known and recognised limits, under the general description of *barbarous countries*. Such was Scythia through all antiquity, and such is the interior of Africa at the present moment. Now, in distinguishing the successive kingdoms of the earth in our maps by appropriate colours, it was obviously impossible to assign any distinguishing tints to tracts like these. The colours we have used being generally meant to point out and distinguish one state or empire from another, and to shew their respective limits and extent of dominion, were obviously inapplicable to deserts peopled by tribes having no settled form of government, or political existence, or known territorial limits. These tracts of country, therefore, we have covered alike in all the periods, with a flat olive shading; which the eye of the student will soon observe on the skirts of all the maps, and which designates, throughout the work, those barbarous and uncivilised countries to which we have adverted."

The maps are twenty-one in number; and nothing can be more interesting and amusing than to turn them over, one after the other, and observe the gradual advance of civilisation; from the Rembrandtish effect of the first, in which Eden is the only bright spot amidst a mass of deep shadow, to the Rubens-like diffusion of light, and of gay colours, by which the world in its present state is represented. The descriptions contain a condensed, but perfectly intelligible, and, as far as our inspection allows us to judge, correct narrative of all the great contemporaneous events of history. Whoever reads them attentively, assisting his comprehension, and insuring his remembrance, by an examination of the accompanying maps, will acquire a knowledge of general history possessed by few, and will be admirably qualified to prosecute with advantage more minute inquiries into the history of any country, or epoch, which may have peculiar claims on his curiosity.

The Waverley Novels, Vol. XVII. Ivanhoe, Vol. II. Edinburgh, 1830, Cadell; London, Whittaker.

THIS continuation of the Waverley series requires no comment, as it has not needed any of the author's new literary illustrations. *Ivanhoe*, as he stood, is still one of Sir Walter's noblest productions. We are obliged to hint to our friends in the North, that the critics in the South are raising their voices (in spite of all explanations given) against the mediocrity of some of the embellishments. Both the frontispiece and vignette in this volume are poor.

Tales of the Dead; and other Poems. By John Henage Jesse, Esq., Author of "Mary Queen of Scots." 12mo. pp. 126. London, 1830. Murray.

A PRETTY little volume—the memory of scenes and tales in an Italian tour, pleasantly embalmed in verse. We quote the following fair portrait of an Italian:—

"Yet was there one, whose loftier mien
But seldom in those bowers was seen;
The scion of a time-worn race,
Though deck'd with every maiden grace;
A form whose fairy footsteps fell
As light as those of the gazelle;

An eye whose every glance confest
The free emotions of her breast;
A face in which were traits of love;
That seem'd as they were fix'd above;
And yet, when of each gazer took
A nearer view the riddle took,
It seem'd as if a lover's sigh
Might draw a portion from the sky.
That face—I can recall it yet,
So deeply in my mind 'tis set;
'Twas not that bright unchanging hue
That dazzles while it charms the view;
The long, distinct, and glittering light
That woe us on a summer night;
Hers was that beauty, more refin'd,
That steals, like twilight, on the mind,
So soft, so tender, and serene,
That none forget who once have seen;
And stern were he who could defy
The witchery of her pensive eye.

Le Petit Secrétaire Parisien; or, the Art of reading Easy and Familiar English Letters in French at sight. By Louis Fenwick de Porquet. Lond. 1830. Simpkin and Marshall.

WE take this opportunity of recommending M. de Porquet's works generally: founded on simple and obvious principles, adapted to childish capacities, they are excellently calculated to advance the young French or Italian scholar. This remark applies not only to the above volume, but to M. Porquet's *Treasure of the French Language; or, the Art of Translating English into French at sight*; which, as well as the other, has been proven by reaching a third edition.

The Adventures of a Griffin. 2 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1830. J. Kay.

A WEAK yet coarse copy of the faults in our older novelists. The title too is a misnomer: the adventure of an Indian cadet might be both amusing and useful; but two-thirds of these volumes are filled by a silly story of the bygone fashion, of a village maid, whose virtue triumphs over every temptation, of course. The *dénouement* is rather original: the Maria is delivered from her persecutor's power, by his being carried off by an inflammation in the bowels. There is a wire-drawn account of his voyage, whose only incident is, that the meanness which refuses the customary donation to the sailors, subjects the author to the discipline of shaving on passing the line. A silly practical joke; a story worthy of the days of the most elderly magazines; the usual Indian scene of a widow burning herself with her husband's body; some weak enough conversation—and the book closes. We will not prognosticate what a young author may arrive at; but these pages certainly give no promise of future excellence.

Anthologie Française; or, Specimens of the Poetry of the Augustan Age of France, and of the Eighteenth and present Century; with Notes and Illustrations. Pp. 290. London, 1830. Treuttel, Wirtz, and Co.; Souter; Hatchard and Son; Jarrold and Son.

A VOLUME of this kind was much wanted; it is especially useful to young people. Few things advance a learner more in the accent of a language, than reading poetry aloud, if the ear be only tolerable, as the harmony of the verse shews in itself what pronunciation is requisite to give the rhyme. In the selections before us, there is more judgment than taste: by this we mean, there is not a piece that is not perfectly unexceptionable; yet it will be less delightful in the library, than useful as a class-book. But English taste and French poetry are, we own, opposites difficult to reconcile.

Lycée; ou, Analyse critique des Chefs d'Œuvre Littéraires des Dix-septième et Dix-huitième Siècles; augmenté des Notes. Par E. C. Mansart. Pp. 162. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

THIS volume will make a most excellent companion to that of French poetry mentioned above; clear, condensed, and simple, these biographies and criticisms will give the young reader a fair and general idea of the progress of, and principal writers in, French literature.

The French Revolution of 1830. A comic Poem. By F. W. N. Bayley, Esq. with Portraits of Louis Philippe I., La Fayette, and Polignac. London, 1830. A. Miller.

THE French Revolution is no joke, whatever Mr. Bayley may say. There are plenty of puns after the T. Hood fashion; but who can follow in his path? We read that

Polignac had not the knack
Of managing the poll;

so that things went from bad to worse, of which we have here a rhyming account, with lithographies of three of the principal actors.

Albert; or, the Lord's Prayer exemplified, &c. London, 1830. A. Seguin.

THIS is a little book for little people; a Swiss tale put into verse, so as to introduce all the petitions in the Lord's prayer; which are illustrated by seven wood-cuts, from designs by J. M. Usteri.

Publii Virgiliti Maronis Opera, Notis ex Editione Heyniani excerptis illustrata; accedit Index Maittarianus. 8vo. pp. circ. 700. Londini, Gulielmus Pickering.

AN excellent, complete, and cheap, edition of Virgil, equally eligible for the school-room and library.

Steamers v. Stages; or, Andrew and his Spouse. London, 1830. W. Kidd.

ONE of the now rather too prolific class of little books, with humorous, or would-be humorous wood-cuts: the poetry, if we may so call some meaningless doggerel, is very poor, and the cuts, though well cut, do not possess much that is either original or entertaining to recommend them.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MAJOR LAING'S MSS.

By the Musquito brig, which arrived at Portsmouth on Saturday last from Tripoli, a report is brought which strongly corroborates the suspicion expressed in the *Literary Gazette*, that it was in great measure from the papers of the murdered Major Laing that Caillie's narrative of African travels was concocted.

LANDER'S TRAVELS.

THE *Hampshire Telegraph* states that the 23d of March was the date of the Landers' disembarking at Badagry; and adds to the intelligence given in our letter from Mr. Fisher, (*L. G.* No. 714) that the travellers had passed safely through the Badagry dominions, in seven days, towards the interior. Their first purpose was understood to be, the delivery of presents to the King of Youri, in whose possession Mungo Park's papers are supposed to be; and after, if possible, obtaining these, to penetrate to Lake Tchad, and survey its whole coast. The first part of this route is very nearly that of Clapperton in 1826; the second portion goes more into regions traversed on preceding occa-

sions by Clapperton 1826, by Clapperton, Denham, and Oudeney, and by Lander himself.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

THE result of Captain Sturt's expedition to trace the course of the Murrumbidgee is thus stated in the *Sydney Monitor*. Capt. S., with his party, crossed the country in twenty-one days from Sydney, and embarked on the river, down which they proceeded seven days, when they entered a new river, running from east to west, which they named the Murray, and into which the Murrumbidgee flows. In a few days more they reached another river, forming a junction with the Murray, and examined its banks about five miles up. The next stream that fell into the Murray flowed from the south east, and was denominated the Lindsay. Lower down still, the expedition having been a month afloat, the Murray was found to enter and form a lake of from fifty to sixty miles in length, and from thirty to forty in breadth. This lake, called Alexandrina, lies immediately to the eastward of Gulf St. Vincent, and extends southward to the shore of Encounter Bay. There has thus been ascertained to exist considerable facilities for interior communications by water from the north of Harris to the southern coast in this country. The river, so surveyed, is reported, however, to be very shallow where it enters the sea, and only fit for boat navigation.

SURVEY OF THE COAST OF AFRICA.

ANOTHER expedition will shortly sail from Portsmouth to complete the survey of the western coast of Africa, which the unfortunate termination of that under the late Captain Boteler left unfinished. The command is intrusted to Captain Belcher, a scientific officer who served with Captain Beechey in exploring the shores of the Pacific. His majesty's sloop *Etna* has been appropriated for this service, and more than usual attention and liberality have been bestowed upon all her equipments. Her commander and officers have been selected by the Lords of the Admiralty in consequence of their superior attainments; and every measure has been taken on the part of Government to render this arduous expedition effective.

The *Etna* will proceed in the first instance to Sierra Leone, and thence to survey various parts of the Gold Coast, and to ascertain the meridian distances of different points which are necessary for the completion of the charts of that neighbourhood.

THE LATE LUNAR ECLIPSE.

WE regret that we cannot insert the whole of the communication from our correspondent P., who writes from South Wales, where he observed the late lunar eclipse: though avowedly "no astronomer," he has sufficient enthusiasm for one, and talent for relating what he had an opportunity of observing. The following is the substance of his letter. He describes the moon when totally immersed in the earth's shadow as appearing of "a deep coppery, or blood red colour, the sky at the time being perfectly clear, and the stars, even those near the moon, twinkling with exceeding brilliancy; this ruddy appearance of the moon seemed not in the intervening atmosphere, but in the very substance of the moon itself. After this coppery colour had continued for some time without much variation, a still greater degree of darkness appeared on the eastern side, which gradually increased, as if it would spread itself over the whole surface of the moon; this at length proved to be only a

dark patch or deeper degree of shadow, which slowly passed over the moon's disc to the western side."

The following paragraph confirms the statement of the appearance of the moon, as described in the *Lit. Gaz.* (Nos. 711 and 712). "When this total obscuration had continued upwards of an hour, the eastern limb became perceptibly more bright, and this luminous appearance gradually extended itself towards the middle of the moon's disc, the eastern edge proportionably increasing in brightness for at least twenty minutes. I can easily imagine that if the moon were seen at this time through clouds, or a hazy atmosphere, this bright appearance of the eastern side might be mistaken for the light of the clear moon, though it would in reality bear no comparison with its brightness when disencumbered of the earth's shadow.

"When the moon's edge had been a few minutes clear of the shadow, it formed one of the most beautiful objects I ever beheld: there was the greatest part of the moon's disc still involved in the coppery shadow, the eastern margin was already bright and clear, and in front of that there was a brilliant capping formed by the penumbra, perfectly distinct from the moon's disc, yet so near, as to give it an elongated appearance towards the east, much resembling the figure of a bright eyeball, with its iris projecting and increasing in brilliancy every moment.

"I do not know how this would have appeared through a telescope, having none by me, and if I had, I should not have made use of it. I would by no means exchange the glorious and splendid scene I now enjoyed for the tame and deadened effect produced by the qualifying medium of a telescope. In a few minutes the distinction of the two lines became more confused, until at last the moon resumed its roundness, and the shadow progressed towards the west. When about one-third of the moon's disc had become clear, the penumbra might be seen forming a bluish-coloured border with slight prismatic tints around the red shadow, and separating it from the light part, till at length it disappeared entirely—not a cloud having appeared above the horizon after the first clearing up."

From the observations made during this eclipse, our correspondent infers, "that the earth's shadow had three degrees of intensity: first, the penumbra or outer prismatic fringe; then the coppery shadow, or general obscurity; and, lastly, the dark nucleus, or centre of the shadow, which passed as a dark patch over the moon's surface."

We are inclined to think, that the "minute but brilliant point of light," which our correspondent P. suspected he saw north of the moon's centre, during the total obscuration, must have been an illusion of the sight;—appearances such as he describes have been seen with the telescope, but never, we believe, with the naked eye. During the annular eclipse of 24th June, 1778, a bright white spot was observed near the north-west limb, which continued visible a minute and a quarter. A luminous point has also been observed near Heracles, which resembled a small nebula, or star of the sixth magnitude. In 1794 a very brilliant spot was seen on the obscure part of the moon, which continued visible for five minutes. A luminous appearance was also observed on the dark part of the moon in May, 1821. Herschel has discovered volcanos in the moon, emitting fire, similar to those on the earth: one of these as late as the year 1826 was

observed to be apparently burning with great activity.

Occultations of Stars in the Hyades.—The occultation of γ Tauri (Tuesday evening last, 5th day) was invisible, from the intervention of clouds. After midnight, the sky became as favourable as could be desired: the following were the observations:—

	H.	M.	S.
71 Tauri... Immersion.....	13	9	38
Emersion.....	14	0	19
θ Tauri... Immersion.....	14	16	28
ρ Tauri... Immersion.....	14	17	59

These latter stars (1, 2 θ Tauri) appeared to cling to the lunar disc, at immersion. The sky became overcast at 14^h 45^m, and continued unfavourable till 15^h 36^m, when θ and ρ Tauri were observed clear of the Moon.

The appulse of Aldebaran was not seen; a gray mist completely covered the hemisphere at the time.

Deptford.

J. T. B.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Demonstration of the Nerves of the Human Body. By Joseph Swan. Part I. Longman and Co.

THE first part of a work (which is to consist of other three similar fasciculi), and certainly one of the most accurate and superb specimens of anatomical illustration which we ever saw. The plates are on a large scale, and of the most perfect character, either as regards the medical or the engraver's art. Mr. Swan, in 1825 and 1828, carried off the collegial anatomical prizes given by the Royal College of Surgeons; by, 1. A minute dissection of the nerves of the medulla spinalis, &c.; and 2. A like dissection of the cerebral nerves. The vast importance of these subjects in the consideration, not only of the nervous system, but of medicine in its general bearings, renders the present publication peculiarly acceptable: and we have to recommend it as one of infinite value to the profession, as well as a splendid production in all that relates to pictorial demonstration. There are eight plates, which completely exhibit the cervical and thoracic portions of the sympathetic nerve, and the nerves of the heart and lungs; with references and explanations.

GERMAN NATURALISTS.

THE fourth and last public meeting of this body for the present year took place at Hamburg, on the 25th of September; when Professor Fischer, of St. Petersburg, read an account of the botanical garden of that place. A very uncalculated remark was made by a member on the election of Mr. Gray, of London, to preside over one of the sectional meetings: this man of science objected to a foreigner, forsooth, as if science belonged to a particular country. The observation seems to have been deservedly scouted by the assembly. Some discussion took place on the expression of a wish that the eminent naturalist, Dr. Wallich, should be enabled to prolong his stay in London to finish his Indian Flora—certainly a most desirable object.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century. With Memoirs, by William Jerdan, Esq. No. XVIII. Fisher, Son, and Co. VISCOUNT MELVILLE, Mr. Abernethy, and Viscount Clifden, are the three subjects of the eighteenth number of the Gallery; the first

two from pictures by Lawrence, the last from a picture by Hayter. They are all striking likenesses, and are engraved in a style worthy of their predecessors. The following anecdotes of Mr. Abernethy will, we think, amuse our readers:—

“Mr. T——, a young gentleman with a broken limb, which refused to heal long after the fracture, went to consult Mr. Abernethy; and, as usual, was entering into all the details of his complaint, when he was thus stopped almost in *limine*—‘Pray, sir, do you come here to talk, or to hear me? If you want my advice, it is so and so—I wish you good morning.’ A scene of greater length, and still greater interest and entertainment, took place between our eminent surgeon and the famous John Philpot Curran. Mr. Curran, it seems, being personally unknown to him, had visited Mr. Abernethy several times, without having had an opportunity of fully explaining (as he thought) the nature of his malady: at last, determined to have a hearing, when interrupted in his story, he fixed his dark bright eye on the ‘doctor,’ and said—‘Mr. Abernethy, I have been here on eight different days, and I have paid you eight different guineas; but you have never yet listened to the symptoms of my complaint. I am resolved, sir, not to leave this room till you satisfy me by doing so.’ Struck by his manner, Mr. Abernethy threw himself back in his chair, and assuming the posture of a most infatigable listener, exclaimed, in a tone of half surprise, half humour, ‘Oh, very well, sir, I am ready to hear you out. Go on, give me the whole—your birth, parentage, and education. I wait your pleasure; go on.’ Upon which, Curran, not a whit disconcerted, gravely began:—‘My name is John Philpot Curran. My parents were poor, but I believe honest people, of the province of Munster, where also I was born, being a native of Newmarket, county of Cork, in the year one thousand seven hundred and fifty. My father being employed to collect the rents of a Protestant gentleman of small fortune, in that neighbourhood, obtained my entrance into one of the Protestant Free-schools, where I obtained the first rudiments of my education. I was next enabled to enter Trinity College, Dublin, in the humble sphere of a *sizer*,’—and so he continued for several minutes, giving his astonished hearer a true, but irresistibly laughable account of his ‘birth, parentage, and education,’ as desired, till he came to his illness and sufferings, the detail of which was not again interrupted. It is hardly necessary to add, that Mr. Abernethy’s attention to his gifted patient was, from that hour to the close of his life, assiduous, unremitting, and devoted.” Again, “Mrs. I—— consulted him on a nervous disorder, the minutiae of which appeared to be so fantastical, that Mr. Abernethy interrupted their frivolous detail, by holding out his hand for the fee. A one-pound note and a shilling were placed in it; upon which he returned the latter to his fair patient, with the angry exclamation of, ‘There, ma’am! go and buy a skipping-rope: that is all you want.’ Mr. Abernethy’s strong point in prescribing is generally addressed to the relief of the bowels, and to the lowering and regulation of diet and regimen. He is, consequently, much sought in dyspeptic disorders; and, it is stated, often refers to such or such a page in one of his books, where he has already given the remedy. The patients have only to buy the work, where they will find an exact description of their symptoms, and a recipe for their cure.

On one occasion, a lady, unsatisfied with this amount of information, persisted in extracting from Mr. A. what she might eat, and, after suffering from her volubility with considerable patience for awhile, he exclaimed to the repeated ‘May I eat oysters, doctor? May I eat suppers?’ ‘I’ll tell you what, ma’am, you may eat any thing but the poker and the bellows; for the one is too hard of digestion, and the other is full of wind.’ The reported fashion of his courtship and marriage is also extremely characteristic. It is told, that while attending a lady for several weeks, he observed those admirable qualifications in her daughter, which he truly esteemed to be calculated to render the married state happy. Accordingly, on a Saturday, when taking leave of his patient, he addressed her to the following purport: ‘You are now so well, that I need not see you after Monday next, when I shall come and pay you my farewell visit. But, in the mean time, I wish you and your daughter seriously to consider the proposal I am now about to make. It is abrupt and unceremonious, I am aware, but the excessive occupation of my time, by my professional duties, affords me no leisure to accomplish what I desire by the more ordinary course of attention and solicitation. My annual receipts amount to £—, and I can settle £— on my wife: my character is generally known to the public, so that you may readily ascertain what it is: I have seen in your daughter a tender and affectionate child, an assiduous and careful nurse, and a gentle and lady-like member of a family; such a person must be all that a husband could covet; and I offer my hand and fortune for her acceptance. On Monday, when I call, I shall expect your determination; for I really have not time for the routine of courtship.’ In this humour, the lady was wooed and won: and, we believe we may add, the union has been felicitous in every respect.”

Any one who has ever been engaged in the composition of contemporaneous biography, will bear testimony to the truth of the subjoined remarks.—

“We would say, frankly, that there is no kind of authorship so beset with impediments as contemporaneous biography. Many volumes have often to be consulted for a single date; which, obtained upon the highest authorities, the chance is, that as they have copied one from the other, through a long line of error, it may in the end be wrong. The same remark applies to circumstances; and we have been astonished to find, on seeking, as we invariably do where it is possible, undoubted confirmation of our data, that all who have preceded us have altogether mistaken or misrepresented even things apparently of the utmost notoriety. This applies to cases where there are former publications to refer us to as guides; but, in the majority of instances, the whole substance of our sketches is to be procured from oral testimony; and we need hardly dilate upon the patient industry and delicacy required, in order to steer a clear and faithful course through the conflicting elements thus brought into action. The very matters of which we, after mature examination and comparison, are most certain, are liable to be cavilled at by others who have received different accounts of the same story:—things either unknown to us, or unrelated, are considered to stamp our notice with imperfection; and, in short, the difference of opinions among our judges, precludes the possibility of our obtaining, as in by-gone lives, the general assent and approbation of our readers. Yet we do not put forth

this statement to disarm the justice of our friends; it is a simple explanation, for the purpose of setting our design and its execution upon a right footing.”

THE ANNUALS.

“CHRISTMAS is coming,” is, to our mind’s ear, the distinct exclamation of the first ANNUAL, or indication of an Annual, laid upon our table. Nor is it an unpleasing announcement. It undoubtedly suggests ideas of short days and long nights, of wind, and rain, and snow, and ice, of chilblains and catarrhs; but then it is redolent of turkeys, and chimes, of mince-pies, and burnt brandy; and presents to our imagination the blazing yule-log, the friendly party, the conundrum, the jest, the laugh, the song, the dance, the merry gambol, and the delicious forfeit; all best enjoyed when

“—dread winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns triumphant o’er the conquered year.”

Such was the train of festive images produced by the sight of

Proofs of the Plates of Ackermann’s Forget Me Not, for 1831.

Including the title, they are fourteen in number, and well sustain the high character of this, the fruitful parent of similar publications. We can spare only a few words to each of them.

Queen Esther. J. Martin del., E. Finden sculpt. The moment chosen is when King Ahasuerus, returning from the garden to the banqueting hall, finds Haman imploring the queen to intercede for his life. The scene is one of much magnificence, and exhibits all the massiness and extent of architecture, and all the splendour and decoration, for which Mr. Martin is so justly celebrated. Through a vista of columns appears the city, and the galleys is seen in the extreme distance,—the place where we should always wish to see it.—*An Italian Scene.* Barrett del., Freebairn sculpt. One of those classical and charming sunsets with which Mr. Barrett has so frequently delighted the public eye.—*The Sisters.* J. R. West pinxt., W. Finden sculpt. Full of grace and beauty, both in composition and in expression; although we much fear that the harmony which at present subsists between the ladies will not long continue. It is exquisitely engraved.—*The Bou Ghaut, Deccan, East Indies.* W. Westall, A.R.A., pinxt., E. Finden sculpt. A stupendous scene, in which even the elephant shrinks to the diminutive appearance of a mouse.—*The Noontide Retreat.* T. Phillips, R.A., pinxt., J. S. Agar sculpt. Every body must recollect in the exhibition at Somerset House, either last year or the year before, the admirable picture which Mr. Agar has here so happily transferred to steel. It was one of the chief attractions of the great room.—*The Japanese Palace, Dresden.* S. Prout del., J. Carter sculpt. As rich a little bit of Prout as we remember to have met with.—*The Discosolate.* R. Corbould del., C. Rolls sculpt. Of all the spectacles by which the heart of man is affected, the distress of a lovely female is the most powerful. Mr. Corbould has imparted peculiar interest to this delineation of it. We long to approach the fair mourner, to fold up the letter on which she is gazing, and which has occasioned her grief, to take her hand, to seat ourselves by her side, and to assure her of our profound sympathy.—*The Cat’s Paw.* E. Landseer, A.R.A., pinxt., R. Graves sculpt. Funny enough. How frequently do we behold a similar exhibition among human beings! witness the late French ministry.—*Lady*

Beaufort. P. Stephanoff pinxt., C. Marr sculpt. A sweet little whole-length portrait of this blue-stocking of former times, the mother of a race of kings.—*The Political Cobbler.* A. Chisholme pinxt., H. C. Shenton sculpt. Cobbett's gridiron on his table, and *Le Petit Corporal* in his hand, shew pretty clearly the nature of Strap's politics. We fear he is the type of too large a body in this country just now.—*The False One.* Miss L. Sharpe pinxt., J. Agar sculpt. Although we are very sorry for the deserted fair, we could have told her beforehand how it would be. It is evident in the villain's face, as well as that of the good-for-nothing creature who has seduced him. A word in the lady's ear.—“You are well rid of such a coxcomb.”—*Benares.* W. Purser del., J. Carter sculpt. The elegance of oriental architecture and the sparkle of oriental costume are here very pleasingly depicted.—*The Painter Puzzled.* J. Knight pinxt., H. C. Shenton sculpt. We think the engraver also must have been puzzled how to introduce so many objects into so small a space. He has succeeded very well, however; has given to each sufficient importance and distinctness, and yet has preserved a brilliant general effect.

We proceed to notice the younger brother of this adult work, which makes its public appearance under the title of

Proofs of the Plates of Ackermann's Juvenile Forget Me Not, for 1831.

With the title, a dozen dozen of subjects, happily selected for the amusement of our young friends: viz.

Juvenile Architect. S. A. Hart pinxt., H. Shenton sculpt. A veteran, eagerly reading a narrative of the peninsular war, while his grandson is constructing a house of cards, which his little sister, who is watching the progress of the edifice, will no doubt blow down the moment that it is completed.—*Preparing for the Race.* R. B. Davis pinxt., G. Sartain sculpt. And so near a thing, we dare say, it will be, that it would puzzle us to determine which of the competitors to back. There is evidently some betting going on, nevertheless.—*The Breakfast.* Sir W. Beechey pinxt., W. Chevalier sculpt. A sweet little group, with great depth and mellowness of effect.—*Who will serve the King?* R. Farrier pinxt., W. Chevalier sculpt. Mr. Farrier has here given us a new and spirited version of one of the chapters of his celebrated picture under the same name.—*Andernach.* S. Prout del., E. Finden sculpt. Well known for the enormous timber-float annually constructed in its neighbourhood.—*The Infant Samuel.* J. Holmes pinxt., T. Woolnoth sculpt. There is something very affecting in infant supplication. Mr. Holmes has thrown strong expression into the eyes of his curly-headed little subject, and Mr. Woolnoth has given great roundness and elasticity to the flesh.—*Going to Market.* W. Shayer pinxt., W. Chevalier sculpt. Human and animal, there are six living creatures in this clever Gainsborough-like composition; and it would be difficult to say which of the six is the most happy.—*Cottage Door.* W. Hunt pinxt., A. Fox sculpt. Mr. Fox has been very successful in expressing the peculiar character of Mr. Hunt's execution.—*Juvenile Masquerade.* C. Landseer del., H. Rolls sculpt. A perfect Terburg, in miniature.

Illustrations of the Winter's Wreath, for 1831. London, Whittaker, Treacher, and Co.; Liverpool, George Smith.

This is, in our opinion, decidedly the best set

of plates by which *The Winter's Wreath* has been embellished since its commencement. We take them in the order in which they follow in the Prospectus.

Portrait—An English Flower. Engraved by H. Robinson, from a miniature by T. Hargreaves. Pure, simple, unaffected, and intelligent. Such may we ever see English beauty!—*The Three Maries at the Tomb of Christ.* Engraved by E. Smith, from a picture by B. West, P.R.A. With the exception of the angel, whom we do not admire, one of Mr. West's best compositions.—*Delos.* Engraved by W. Miller, from a drawing by W. Linton. A happy specimen of the rich composite character of Mr. Linton's classical works.—*Interior of a Cathedral at Antwerp.* Engraved by W. Radclyffe, from a picture by C. Wild. No artist manages subjects of this kind better than Mr. Wild. This is a sweet little exemplification of the fact.—*Cologne on the Rhine.* Engraved by E. Goodall, from a picture by S. Austin. A Cuypp-like scene, full of bustle and interest.—*A Cottage Farm-yard.* Engraved by E. Smith, from a picture by T. Barker. There is something exceedingly beautiful in this simple composition, made up as it is of a very few parts. The grace of the youthful dairy-maid, the character of the cattle, and the arrangement of the various instruments and utensils, all contribute to this pleasing effect.—*Portrait: La Huérfa de Leon.* Engraved by T. L. Grundy, from a picture by H. Liverseege. Graceful, tasteful, and interesting. We admire the intrepidity of Mr. Grundy's line in the drapery: it tells admirably.—*The Deluge.* Engraved by B. Brandard, from a picture by A. Mosses. A sublime and awful scene.—*Saint Cecilia, attended by Angels.* Engraved by H. Robinson, from a picture by Andrea Celesti. The other qualities of this picture are no doubt superior to the design, which is somewhat affected. It is richly engraved by Mr. Robinson.—*A Pass of the Abruzzi—the Bandit's Home.* Engraved by W. Miller, from a picture by J. V. Barber. An exquisite production. It is impossible to conceive any thing finer. It does both Mr. Barber and Mr. Miller infinite credit.—*The Mother.* Engraved by E. Finden, from a picture by R. Westall, R.A. Very pleasing, as all manifestations of natural affection must be.—*Dove-Dale.* Engraved by R. Brandard, from a picture by C. Barber. We should like to know what spot on the face of the globe can boast of a more picturesque and beautiful scene than this.—*Inscription Plate, the Wreath.* Engraved by J. Smith. Shews great taste, and is worthy of being the master of the ceremonies to the volume.

Views in the East. From original Sketches by Captain Robert Elliot, R.N. Part II. Fisher, Son, and Co.

“BENARES,” of which the tradition goes that it was originally built of gold, but, in consequence of the sins of the people, was turned into stone; “Futypore Sieri,” of the quadrangle of the mosque at which Bishop Heber says that there is no one, either in Oxford or in Cambridge, fit to be compared with it, either in size, or majestic proportions, or beauty of architecture; and “The Tomb of Shere Shah,” whose life occupies so considerable a space in the History of Hindostan;—are the three ornaments of Captain Elliot's second number. They are all curious and interesting. Of the last-mentioned, in particular, its isolated situation, as Captain Elliot justly observes, in the centre of a tank, or arti-

ficial piece of water, about a mile in circumference, gives it a peculiarly picturesque appearance. The draftsman whose talents have been exercised on the present number are Messrs. Purser and Prout; the engravers, Messrs. W. Cooke, Brandard, and Le Petit.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. Part VI. Tilt; Andrews.

TALENT has been frequently employed in the illustration of rank; it is gratifying to see the compliment returned, and rank employed in the illustration of talent. Of the four beautiful plates of which this Part consists, viz. “Queensferry,” “The Cathedral of St. Magnus,” “Stromness,” and “Namur,” two, viz. “The Cathedral of St. Magnus,” and “Stromness,” have been engraved from drawings, the one by Mr. Purser, the other by Mr. Copley Fielding, from sketches by the Marchioness of Stafford. They do her ladyship great credit.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

UNPUBLISHED POETRY OF THOMSON.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—I believe there is no English poet of standard reputation of whom so many remains have continued after death unpublished as James Thomson. Much indeed has been done, in the full and elaborate edition incorporated into Mr. Pickering's Aldine series of the poets, of which you lately spoke so handsomely, towards collecting these scattered relics: the editor of that beautiful publication has enriched his pages with a great number of smaller pieces previously unknown, as well as with various readings and annotations to many others. The following, however, unquestionably a genuine production of the same writer, has escaped him: it has never, I believe, appeared in print, though I have seen more than one transcript of it: that from which I now write is contained in a MS. volume of dramatic and other collections, by a Mr. Ogle, who published a work on gems towards the latter end of the past century. Should you deem the insertion of these stanzas any credit to your Journal, no one will be better pleased to see them there than your friend and correspondent,

ACIDALIS.

Sept. 20, 1824.

Sweet tyrant, Love! but hear me now,
And cure, while young, this pleasing smart,
Or rather aid my trembling vow,
And teach me to reveal my heart.
Tell her, whose goodness is my bane,
Whose looks have smiled my peace away—
Oh, whisper how she gives me pain,
Whilst undesigning, frank, and gay!
'Tis not for common charms I sigh,
For what the vulgar beauty call;
'Tis not a cheek, a lip, an eye—
But 'tis the soul that lights them all.
For that I drop the tender tear,
For that I make this artless moan,
Oh, sigh it, Love, into her ear,
And make the bashful lover known!

THE REALMS OF AIR.

THE realms on high—the boundless halls,
Where sports the wing of light,
And Morn sends forth her radiant guest un-
utterably bright,
And evening rears her gorgeous piles amidst
the purple ray,—
How glorious in their far extent and ever fair
are they!
The dark autumnal firmament, the low cloud
sweeping by, [sky—
The unimaginable depth of summer's liquid
Who hath not felt in these a power, enduring,
undefined— [the mind?
A freshness to the fevered brow, a solace to
But most when, robed in nun-like garb, with
sober pace and still,
The dun night settles mournfully on wood and
fading hill,

And glancing through its misty veil, o'er ocean's
depths afar, [solitary star.
Shines here and there, with fitful beams, a
Then wearied sense and soul alike receive a
nobler birth,
Then flies the kindling spirit forth beyond the
thrall of earth;
While lasts that soft and tranquil hour, to
thought's high impulse given,
A chartered habitant of space—a denizen of
heaven !
Then, seen in those eternal depths, the forms
of vanished days
Come dimly from their far abodes to meet the
mourner's gaze;
And they the fondly cherished once, and they
the loved in vain,
Smile tranquilly, as erst they smiled, restored
and hailed again.
And words which, breathed in long-past years,
the ear remembers yet,
And sounds whose low endearing tone the
heart shall not forget ;
The parent speech, the friendly voice, the
whispered vow, are there,
And fill with gentle melody the shadowy Realms
of Air. J. F. HOLLINGS.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

VISIT TO THE SORDI-MUTTI, AT GENOA.*

GENOA is a pleasant city—pleasant, but hot—at least in August; nevertheless, even at that season, it has its charms, and they are charms of the highest order. Delicious 'tis to sit in the spacious sala, covered with frescos and mirrors, of one of the hotels fronting the bluest of bays, in full, slippered, neckclothless ease, discussing one's *café*, with ortolans and fricasseed fresh-caught anchovies, while the soft breeze from the Mediterranean is waving aside the wide-flowing curtains—a very metaphor of languid and indolent *insouciance*. Delicious 'tis, at eventide, to lean on the marble balconies of the before-mentioned albergs, gazing on the silvery moon, sparkling on the waves and illuminating the mass of winged feluccas that repose on the waters beneath. At such a season one feels that one is in *Italy*—that in no other clime could such scenes be. But, more delicious than all, to me, 'tis to row out, in the cool twilight, and lave one's fevered limbs in the lucid and buoyant waters. Beautiful Mediterranean! fairest of seas! never shall I forget my first plunge, exulting, into thy tideless waves. Blue as a violet were they—soft in their summer slumber—and warm as milk, not of roses, but of the cow, fresh from the dairy.

But what has all this to do with the Sordimutti? Admitted, nothing; but we are so much delighted with Genoa, that we never speak of it without a rapturous apostrophe.

The institution for the sordi-mutti, or the deaf and dumb, presents infinite attractions to one who would behold how far the latent faculties of the poor creatures labouring under these distressing afflictions may be brought forward and developed. It is, indeed, astonishing what the assiduous attention of the instructors enables them to accomplish. The institution is situated on the rise of the hill; the house is airy and clean, and all the arrangements admirable. The school-room, into which we were introduced, was crowded with intelligent-looking youths, of various ages, all of whom, with the exception of one little boy, appeared perfectly

happy, and conversed together, after their own fashion, with rapid gesticulations. This little fellow, who had just arrived, seemed to consider the confinement irksome, as he ran about with great inquietude, making a low moaning noise. His companions treated him with great kindness and affection.

We were now introduced to the eldest pupil of the establishment, a young man of about twenty years of age, and requested to note down, in *English*, such questions as we wished to propose to him. After some trifling inquiries, which he answered with great readiness, the following questions were put to him by ourselves and a friend, who had been a frequent visiter of the institution:—What were the causes of the English Reformation? in whose reign did it occur? and what influence has it had on the literature and government of England?

In answer to this he wrote (we give the exact phraseology)—“The Reformation occurred in the reign of Henry VIII.—was caused by the dissidences among him and the Court of Rome, by which that prince, who had a skill in theology, profited of these, by separating the English church from that of Rome. Yet had this revolution not happened, the effects in literature would have now been the same; as religion ought to have no relation with natural science. An example of this consequence is to be found among the French. Whatever be the religion, the knowledges are the same among all people, if civilised, and their minds highly cultivated.”

The next propositions were to sound his metaphysical faculties and poetical perceptions. His replies were given with little or no hesitation; and the reader will remark the excellent moral feeling which pervades them.

The great dispute among the learned of France and Italy at this moment is respecting the merits of classic or romantic literature, which latter had its origin in Protestant countries. The Reformation had the effect of making people think, instead of having others to think for them. Do you differ from this opinion? “As romantic literature is not to my taste, I cannot give my opinion in favour of the one or the other. I dare only say, that romances are sometimes the source of corruption in customs. My pleasing literature is that of knowing truth; but not to learn fables or chimeric accounts, lest they are not turning on morals, as allegories are.”

Have you studied metre, and are you able to detect false quantities?—that is, do you know whether, in Latin verse, a word consists of spondees or dactyls? “Deaf and dumb as I am, I could feel no charm in harmony; therefore I would not endeavour to render myself acquainted with that branch of knowledge.”

You once told me you preferred French to all other poetry. Are you not sensible of the beauty of poetical compositions which only concern the imagination—the choice of words, the combination of words having many vowels in them? Do you not think, that by practice you could write verses?—I speak not of the utility of such a study; I merely speak of its possibility. “It is true that I like French poetry; but I am not acquainted with any precept concerning that art, as *metro rima*, and the several apprehensions of poetical composition. I can vouch to become able to write in verses, if I had leisure to apply to it; and I have found in some American and Irish reports, that some deaf mutes wrote, in *English*, verses; but I cannot believe it without my own eyes; for printed publications are sometimes simulated.”

We appeal to the reader, if the foregoing are not indications of a most excellent heart and singularly good understanding. After communicating our lively satisfaction to the young man, and examining more fully the details of the institution, we departed, greatly gratified, and not a little affected with our interesting visit.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BEFORE the departure from this country of the celebrated Hummel, a number of his manuscript compositions for the piano-forte were purchased by Messrs. Cramer, Addison, and Beale. Some of these are now printed, and have just reached us;—too late, however, to be noticed this week with that attention due to the author's rank as a musician. In our next No. we purpose giving to our musical readers an account of these new and important piano-forte works.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

THIS theatre opened on Friday, the 1st of October, with the comedy of the *Hypocrite*, the farce of *Deaf as a Post*, and the opera of *Massaniello*. Nine acts, besides three grand overtures, and “God save the King!” Mr. Lee! Mr. Lee! Have you taken a leaf out of Mr. Morris's book? Turn over a new one, pray. Seven acts and two overtures are quite enough for one evening, depend upon it. “Always,” say the doctors, “leave off with an appetite.” Unless you wish to sicken a child of plum-cake, never “let the little darling eat as much as it can.” Our first approbation shall be bestowed on the orchestra; materially improved both in shape and occupants, and under the sway of the first English dramatic composer, we may now perchance hear songs accompanied, not smothered; and the excuse for being imperfect in the words, or careless of enunciation, will no longer serve the singer. The overtures to *Anacreon*, *Guillaume Tell*, and *Massaniello*, on Friday, and that to *Oberon* on Saturday, were admirably performed;—and the hushing down of the pit at the *premier coup d'archet*, gives earnest of its inclination to attend, and of its consequent belief that there is something worth attending to. The house looked well, and was completely filled on Friday. Downton, Liston, Mrs. Orger, and the rest of the deserved favourites, were heartily welcomed. Miss Byfield has not improved since we heard her at Covent Garden. She then promised goodly things, and may yet, with due care, perform them. Of Miss Pearson, the first fair *débutante* of the season, we would rather speak when we have heard her in some more truly operatical part than that allotted to her on Saturday. As an actress, we have great fear she is hopeless.

COVENT GARDEN.

THIS theatre opened on Monday last with *Romeo and Juliet*, and a numerous audience assembled to greet Miss Fanny Kemble on her return to the metropolis. Her person has increased during her trip, and practice has certainly not injured her performance. She was warmly applauded throughout. Mr. C. Kemble's *Mercurio* was, as usual, admirable. We were glad to see him looking so well. Mrs. Gibbs made her first appearance as the *Nurse*; and though we can never cease to regret our dear, dear Mrs. Davenport, we most

* From the pen of a Friend who has just returned from Italy.—Ed. L. G.

willingly admit that divine old lady's point lace pinner could not have descended upon a worthier, representative. *Black-eyed Susan* followed the tragedy. We are glad of any excuse that will enable us to witness the acting of T. P. Cooke, and *Black-eyed Susan* is certainly not the worst piece of its kind. It has also brought, and may yet bring, the house a great deal of money; therefore (for we feel deeply the force of the last admission) we will only say, we shall be happy when Mr. Jerrold furnishes Covent Garden with something as attractive and more suitable to its stage; and surely that is wishing no harm to any one.

ADELPHI.

THIS theatre also opened on Monday evening, entirely newly decorated, and most tastefully so. This agreeable change has been effected in a few days only, by, we suspect, that theatrical Aladdin, Mr. Beazely. A new melo-drama, by Mr. Ball, entitled, *the Black Vulture, or the Wheel of Death!* was produced, with all the customary red, blue, green, and other fires; and cars flew up, and floors went down, as they are wont to do in pieces of this description; and never did we see a stage so movable at pleasure in every direction. The effects are marvellous, and the Black Vulture quite flew away with an applauding audience. Miss M. Glover made a favourable *début* as the heroine, and sang a very pretty ballad of Rodwell's—very prettily: the whole music, indeed, does great credit to the rising composer.

VARIETIES.

Siberia.—In a note communicated last year to the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, by M. Hansteen, a traveller in Siberia, the geographical position of Yenisseisk, one of the most considerable towns in Siberia, 1173 leagues from Moscow, and 1348 from St. Petersburg, is stated to have been ascertained to be 109° 50' 34" east longitude from the island of Ferro, and 58° 27' 19" north latitude. In 4829, the population of this town consisted of 2,726 inhabitants.

French Academy.—It was recently reported in Paris, that M. Quatremère de Quincy was about to retire from his office of perpetual Secretary to the Academy, and that it was proposed to replace him by M. Raoul-Rochette. At the last meeting of the Academy, however, M. Quatremère de Quincy signified his intention of retaining his situation. We mention the circumstance only for the purpose of noticing the political character which even literary and scientific questions now assume in France. The subject of M. Raoul-Rochette's qualifications was discussed with a constant reference to his political opinions:—"He had not the political morality necessary at present to deserve the suffrages of honourable and enlightened men." Is this liberal?

American Inventions: Steam Coach.—A New York paper gives the following account of a steam coach recently built at Cincinnati, which it says promises to surpass every thing of the kind in other countries:—"This engine, independent of the boiler, is made so compact, that a box two feet long, one foot wide, and one foot deep, would contain it if taken to pieces! and yet, such is its power, it will overcome a rise of forty-five feet in the mile, without any essential variation in its velocity. We rode in the carriage propelled by it at the rate of fourteen to sixteen miles an hour, on a circular road; the same force would propel the same weight twenty miles an

hour, and more, on a straight line, there being so much less friction. Another great improvement consists in the mode of applying the power, and another in the construction of the boiler, which is perfectly novel. Add to which, the consumption of fuel does not exceed one fourth a cord a-week, to run from nine in the morning to nine in the evening. It appears, in fact, to have been reserved for a citizen of Cincinnati to bring this great improvement in travelling so near perfection."

Coach Wheels.—The same paper gives an account of an improvement in the nave or hub of the wheels of stage coaches:—"The hub or nave of the wheel is made of cast iron, the spokes are driven in as in the common wheel, the inner part or chamber of the hub is 6½ inches in diameter, and 6¼ inches deep. In this chamber eight rollers are placed, four large, and four small ones; the large ones are 4½ inches long, and 2¾ inches in diameter; the small rollers are 5¼ inches long, and ¾ of an inch in diameter. The large rollers are placed in the chamber, and surround the axle at right angles; the periphery of these rollers sustains the whole weight of the axle, and rests on the chamber of the hub; they have no axle or journal, and do not come in contact with each other by half an inch. They are kept in their proper angles by means of the small rollers, one of which is placed in the space between each of the large rollers, with which they are brought into contact. The small rollers do not touch the chamber or axle, but are kept in their proper position by means of a flange ring, on which they revolve. By this arrangement the entire roller motion and principle is obtained, the whole of the bodies revolving around their own centres and around the main axle, without the use of journals."

Shakespeare.—The proposition is again afloat for erecting a monument in the metropolis in honour of Shakespeare: a committee, consisting of many influential persons, have undertaken to promote this design.

Blue Colour.—The following is given as a method of extracting a blue colour from the straw of buckwheat. The straw should be gathered before the grain is quite dry, and placed on the ground in the sun, until it becomes sufficiently dry to be taken from the husks with facility. The wheat having been removed, the straw is to be piled up, moistened, and left to ferment till it is in a state of decomposition, when it will become of a blue colour: this indicates the period when it should be gathered, and formed into cakes, which are to be dried in the sun, or in a stove. On these cakes being boiled in water, the water assumes a strong blue colour, which will not change either in vinegar or in sulphuric acid. It may, however, be turned into red with alkali, into a light black with bruised gall nuts, and into a beautiful green by evaporation. Stuffs dyed blue with this solution, which is to be used in the same way as vegetable matters of a similar species employed in dyeing, become of a beautiful and durable colour.

Heat.—M. Lechevallier, a French officer of artillery, has been making some experiments on the calefaction of water in red-hot vessels, which have induced him to conclude, that the temperature of the water so heated is always less than 100 degrees; and, consequently, that the principle of the equilibrium of temperature in a closed space, which has hitherto been considered a fundamental principle in the theory of heat, must be abandoned.

Area of Europe.—The surface of the different European states in geographic square

miles is as follows: Russia 375,174, Austria 12,153½, France 10,086, Great Britain 5,535, Prussia 5,040, the Netherlands (Belgium) 1,196, Sweden 7,935½, Norway 5,798, Denmark 1,019½, Poland 2,293, Spain 8,446, Portugal 1,722, two Sicilies 1,987, Sardinia 1,363, the Pope's territory 811, Tuscany 395½, Switzerland 496½, European Turkey 10,000, Bavaria 1,383, Saxony 348, Hanover 695, Wurtemberg 359, Baden 276, Hesse Darmstadt 185, Hesse Cassel 208.

To dry and preserve Meat.—Cut the meat into pieces of several pounds each, taking out the bones, and dry it in a hot-house, eight feet long by four and a half wide, and five and a half high, heated by means of stoves to fifty-five degrees of Reaumur, and let it remain for 72 hours. Then plunge it in a bath of gelatine, and replace it in the hot-house until the moisture is evaporated. The gelatine forms a sort of varnish, but white of egg will do as well. When the meat is to be used, soak it in the water in which it is to be boiled for 12 hours, and boil only for a few minutes, which will be sufficient. Meat thus preserved will keep for a long time, and eats as well and as tender as fresh meat.

The Sensibility of the Ear.—It is well known that when a sonorous body put in motion, makes fewer than thirty-two vibrations in a second, it gives no perceptible sound. In proportion also as the number of vibrations increases, the sound becomes sharper and sharper, until a moment arrives at which it ceases to be perceptible. Natural philosophers have not yet agreed as to the number of vibrations correspondent with this higher limitation. Some have supposed eight thousand in a second, some twelve. M. Savart, of the French Academy, has been making experiments to discover the fact. He attributes the uncertainty which has hitherto prevailed on the subject to the use of an apparatus which has necessarily diminished the intensity of the sound in proportion to the increase in the number of vibrations; and, having found the means of remedying this inconvenience, and at the same time of ascertaining with great accuracy the number of vibrations, he has obtained perceptible sounds resulting from forty-eight thousand vibrations in a second!

Unfortunate Coincidence.—I lately called upon my friend B——, in total ignorance of his recent reverse at Crockford's, for the purpose of congratulating him upon the immediate probability of his hopes of an heir being realised; but finding him in dreadfully low spirits, I asked the cause. "D—n it!" said he, "how can a man be otherwise, when his wife and income are both confined at once?"

Fat Living.—The vicarage of Wyburn, or Wintburn, in Cumberland, is of the following tempting value, viz. fifty shillings per annum, a new surplice, a pair of clogs, and feed on the common for one goose!!! This favoured church preferment is in a wild country, inhabited by shepherds. The service is once a fortnight. The clerk keeps a pot-house opposite the church, and when there is no congregation, the Vicar and Moses regale themselves at the bar.

Geometry.—A few days before the death of Fourier, that celebrated geometrician sent to the press a treatise, entitled, "General Remarks on the Application of the Principles of the Algebraic Analysis to Transcendent Equations." Among other observations, he says,—"The theory of heat was explained, for the first time, about the end of the year 1807, in a manuscript work still deposited in the archives of the Institute. The physical and analytical

principles which served as the foundation of that inquiry, were at first not at all comprehended. Several years elapsed before their accuracy was acknowledged. Even at the present day, the cosmological results of that theory, the notion of the temperature of planetary spaces, the mathematical laws of radiating heat, the differential equations of the motion of heat in liquids, have not yet attracted the attention of all the principal geometricians. Mathematical truths, although strictly demonstrated, establish themselves only after a long examination. The general theorems which I have used to integrate differential equations, are applicable to a great many physical questions, which have never been solved. The knowledge of those theorems, and of the method of integration derived from them, is become pretty general; but the other results of the theory are little known."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XLII. Oct. 9.]

Mr. John Timbs, Editor of "Laconics," has in the press Knowledge for the People, or the Plain Why and Because.—Maxwell, a Story of the Middle Banks, by the Author of "Sayings and Doings."—The Turf, a Satirical Novel.—The French Revolution of 1830, by D. Turnbull, Esq., embellished with Portraits.—The second volume of the Iris, a Religious and Literary Offering for 1831, edited by the Rev. Thomas Dale, M.A.—The Official Calendar for 1830.—The Life of Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., by Dr. A. J. Paris.—Scenes of Life and Shades of Character.—The Life of Tilton, by James Northcote, Esq., R.A.—The Gentleman in Black, illustrated by numerous engravings, from designs by George Cruikshank.—The Water Witch, by the Author of "The Red Rover," &c.—Narrative of a Journey through Greece in 1830, by Capt. T. Trant.—Kotzebue's New Voyage round the World, in the Years 1823, 24, 25, and 26.—Hope Leslie, a Tale, by the Author of "Redwood," &c.—The Literary Correspondence of John Pinkerton, Esq., F.R.S., edited by Dawson Turner.

Foreign Annals.—As we have begun the annual course of our own Annals, we may also notice that the Germans already imported are the Penelope, Minerva, Urania, Novellenkranz, Frauentaschenbuch, Taschenbuch der Liebe, Cornelia Taschenbuch, Mäusenähmach, Altnach Dramatischer, and Politisches Taschenbuch, which cost from 8s. to 12s., the general price being 10s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Cooper's Lectures on Anatomy, Vol. II. royal 8vo. 15s. bds.—The Pulpit, Vol. XIV. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Quin's Historical Atlas, 4to. 3s. 10s. hf. bds.—Jessie's Tales of the Dead, and other Poems, fcp. 5s. 6d. bds.—Tales of Other Days, illustrated by Cruikshank, post 8vo. 9s. bds.; Illustrations to ditto, proofs, 8vo. 5s. sewed.—Hazlitt's Napoleon, Vols. III. and IV. 8vo. 1l. 10s. bds.—Macnish's Philosophy of Sleep, 12mo. 7s. bds.—Turcan's Practical Baker and Confectioner, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Petersdorff's Law Reports, Vol. XV. with Index, royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Parke's Musical Memoirs, 2 vols. royal 12mo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Nares' Burleigh, Vol. II. 4to. 3l. 3s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

Table with columns for September, October, Thermometer, and Barometer. Rows show daily readings from Thursday to Wednesday.

Except the 2d and 3d, when a little rain fell, generally clear.

Rain fallen, 4/75 of an inch. Edinonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS. Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude..... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have nothing to do with publishers' motives, &c.: we only look to the works produced, and not to their outward show. As far as we know of the matter, from its producer show, we do not, however, approve of Mr. Colburn's advertising Lady Morgan's works, at the precise period he did, at half price: but as the worthy bibliophile has just, as we learn, taken another lady to himself for life, we shall not embarrass him with further remark at this time.

ERRATA.—In our list of pieces produced at the Adelphi by the English Opera Company, the name of Raymond was attached to the Foster Brothers and the Irish Girl, by mistake. The author of the former is not known to us; the latter is by Mr. Ryan, as stated in a previous Literary Gazette.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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EDINBURGH REVIEW. Advertisements, Notices, &c. to be inserted in the General Advertising Sheet of No. 103 of the Edinburgh Review, are requested to be sent to Longman and Co. Paternoster Row, by Monday the 11th; and Prospectuses, Catalogues, Bills, &c. to be struck in the Number, not later than the 15th. Advertisers will perceive the great advantage of sending their Advertisements and Bills early, as they are placed in the exact order they are received by the Publishers.

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On Sale at 69, New Bond Street. List No. III. may be seen affixed to the Gentleman's Magazine for this month.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Louis-Philippe, King of the French. WHITTAKER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for October contains a Portrait of Louis-Philippe, King of the French, and the following Articles:—I. King of the French, France, Wellington, and Europe—Satan and his Satellites, not by Robert Montgomery, III. Maxims on Men and Manners, by the late William Hazlitt—IV. The Irish Priest and his Niece—V. France and Missioli Morgan—VI. The Musing Musician—VII. The Netherlands—VIII. Paragraphs on Prejudice, by the late William Hazlitt—IX. Father Murphy's Dream—X. John Galt and Lord Byron—XI. The Golden City—XII. Sir George Murray and the Sectarians—XIII. Mr. Murray's Medical—XIV. Bullad a la Bayly—XV. Notes of the Youth on Affairs in General—Review of New Books, &c. &c. Price 2s. 6d. London: Whittaker and Co.; Waugh and Innes, Edinburgh; and J. M. Leckie, Dublin.

The November Number will contain a Portrait of the Queen of the French.

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TALES OF OTHER DAYS.

By J. T. With Engravings, after Designs by George Cruikshank. "To Mr. Effingham Wilson, the worthy publisher, we take off our editorial hat, and heartily welcome him as a new member of the worthy fraternity of bibliopoliasts. Such is the consequence of free trade or steam navigation, that the Royal Exchange is rising at Abchurch Lane, and Mr. Parady, and Co. have produced a volume rivaling our Bulwets and Whittinghams, and worthy of a place in all the libraries of the members of the Newburgh Club. In more simple phrase, we have not often seen a handsomer volume than the one now before us."—Athensian, Sept. 25, 1830.

New Journal of Science and Natural History, &c. No. I. In 8vo. with Plates and Woodcuts, price 6s. 6d. To be continued Quarterly, of the

JOURNAL of the ROYAL INSTITUTION of GREAT BRITAIN.

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No. 717.—AMERICAN EDITION.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1830.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Musical Memoirs; comprising an Account of the General State of Music in England, from the first Commemoration of Handel, in 1784, to the year 1830: interspersed with numerous Anecdotes, Musical, Histrionic, &c. By W. T. Parke. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

Who will next publish Reminiscences? Private soldiers, actors, sailors, shopkeepers, itinerant preachers, singers, fiddlers, dancing masters, mechanics, and now an oboist, pervade the field of auto-biography; and the wide-spread march of intellect is voluminously illustrative of the still wider-spread march of egotism. What business Mr. W. T. Parke had with a pen, we know not: if he wished to dwell on his notes, or hoped to "find the wind" (like the perplexed musician in the orchestra), he had better have stuck to the oboe. With that instrument he is both able and pleasing; as an author he is sadly out of tune, out of time, and out of character. We do not mean to say (for our extracts would prove us out of court if we did), that his volumes do not contain some amusing anecdotes and agreeable matter; but there are not enow for a solo performance, or a separate publication of some pretence. A musician is likely to pick up a number of common places and jests at the theatres where he plays; or among the companies to which he has access; but his professional studies demand too much of his attention, and keep him too much in ignorance of what all the rest of the world knows, to admit of his being a judge of what is worthy of record, and what is not. Thus, Mr. Parke's reading must have been exceedingly small, or he would have been aware, that nine-tenths of the stories which seem so entertaining to him, are as familiar to the public as the light of day. They would constitute any man a bore in society, and are not improved by being re-inflicted in print. We are sensible that there is nothing new under the sun; but the proverb has never yet reconciled us to the liking of things so very old as many in which our literary oboist deals.

Neither does his own personal character, as displayed by his book, strike us as being peculiarly brilliant or amiable. Vanity, the besetting sin of no class of men more than it is of musical performers, vocal or instrumental, is not wanting in his composition; nor do we observe that he is at all reluctant to repeat bitter—we would almost say false and malignant—tales of his contemporaries on fiddle or stage. Of this we shall exhibit specimens; but, previous to doing so, have to remark, that there is little or no order in the narrative (except an ill-observed division as to dates); and that there are instances of simple self-exposure not unamusing to the student of human nature. Thus, for example, our Oboe would represent himself as a wit. A wealthy lady (it is told) "married a captain in the navy, who embarked in a speculation he was unfit for, which proved very inconvenient. A short time afterwards

I had occasion to call on a friend of mine, and in the course of our conversation, suddenly recollecting himself, he said—"By the by, I understand that the naval captain is in the Fleet." "Well," said I, "where should a naval captain be but in the fleet?"

This is a novel, a happy hit; but lest we should administer to the writer's ruling passion, we must state, that it is by far the best of the number of *bon-mots* he records himself to have made; in which, to confess the fact, "the attempt and not the deed confounds us." Our hero of his own tale was for many years an able and popular composer for Vauxhall Gardens, while a very different place from what it has since been made. One season, he tells us, "after the gardens were closed, dining with Mr. Barrett, the proprietor of them, the Rev. Mr. Barrett, brother to the former, said to me in the presence of the party, 'Mr. Parke, you have done for Vauxhall Gardens that which no former composer had accomplished.' On my requesting him to explain, he added, 'You have composed a song for Vauxhall Gardens,—I mean the laughing song,—which was not only sung, but encored every night during a season.'"

The following is a more laughable and unconscious letting out of the importance of a man—to himself! A few days after the opera of Fontainebleau was produced, Mr. Parke is good enough to record: "Mr. Shield gave a dinner party at his house in compliment to his friends, who had performed the *principal parts* in it, among whom were Edwin, Johnstone, Bannister, myself [oboe!], Mr. Fozard, and such a combination of talent could not but prove entertaining, as each one contributed after dinner to the hilarity of the evening." And then he goes on to tell, what is a regular Joe now, whatever it might have been then. "Mr. Fozard, the fashionable horse-dealer of Park-lane (says he), described a new species of robbery which had been committed on his premises during the preceding night. It appeared some villains had broken into his stables, and cut off the tails of a string of valuable young horses just received from the breeder. 'This circumstance,' said he, addressing his friend Bannister, 'has distressed me very much, for I am quite at a loss how to sell them. What would you advise?' 'Why,' said Bannister, in his peculiar way, 'in my opinion, the best thing you can do is to sell them by *wholesale*, for you'll never be able to *re-tail* them.'" We may also, for variety's sake, copy a little farther. "Edwin gave some of his comic songs imitatively; particularly, 'Amo, amas,' from 'The Agreeable Surprise,' and 'Four-and-Twenty Fiddlers all in a row;' and Johnstone some of his Irish airs, and duets with Bannister. Shield, who was so good an actor, that Edwin, at the rehearsal of a new opera, would never go through his songs till he had heard him sing them, related with great ability the following whimsical anecdote of an actor of the name of Digges, who had performed the principal characters at Colman's Theatre in the Haymarket, during the preceding summer.

This man, (a tragedian,) who had obtained the appellation of the great northern actor, and who was as frigid as the vicinity of the north pole, having had his benefit fixed, began to consider what attractive novelty he should produce to fill the house on that occasion, and at length determined to select 'The Beggar's Opera,' and to perform the character of Macheath in it himself. Digges, who had never before attempted a song, sent for his old friend Shield to ask his advice, and to request him to hear him sing one of the songs, which, on his arrival, in strict accordance with Hamlet's advice to the players, 'Suit the action to the word,' he released in the following manner:

AIR.

When the heart [striking his left breast with his right hand] of a man is depress'd with care,
The *mus* [drawing his hands across his eyes] is dispell'd
when a woman appears:
Like the notes of a *flute* [imitating the action of playing one] she sweetly, sweetly
Raises his spirits and charms his ear. [Seizing his left leg with the thumb and finger of his right hand.]

Digges proceeded no further, for the lengthened countenance of his friend Shield deterred him; nor did he subsequently appear in the character of Macheath, whereby he not only evinced much prudence, but probably avoided a similar fate to that intended for Mr. D—n, an unpopular actor in Dublin, who being announced in the play-bills to perform the character of Richard the Third, was luckily prevented from appearing by sudden illness. On this disappointment being communicated to the audience by the manager, from the stage, a gentleman sprung upon the seats of the pit, and addressing the public, said, with a stentorian voice, 'Jontlemen! as Mr. D—n don't act to-night, you may *ate* your apples.'

But to generals. "The object of this work (says Mr. Parke) is to give a candid, impartial, and connected account of the principal musical performances, and their various composers, as well as of the most eminent vocal and instrumental performers by whom they were introduced to the public; blended with remarks and anecdotes, musical, histrionic, &c. As my ministration compels me occasionally to describe peculiarities and defects, I trust the reader will bear in mind that, as there are spots in that great and glorious luminary the sun, it can scarcely be expected that *musicians* and *actors* should be *immaculate*."

Well, after this flourish, the oboist proceeds to his score; and, our honour to a crotchet, but he does not spare the spots. On the contrary, few of the luminaries whom it delighteth him to show-up, escape without a mark or two of his perception of their real or imputed obscurations. Of Incedon, we have a dozen of derogatory anecdotes; of Sinclair a silly one, that he objected to an oboe cadenza in the accompaniment to a song which he sung, on account of its carrying off some applause from him; and a multitude of others of a similar kind. *Ex. gr.* of Braham.

"The concerts of Billington, Naldi, and Braham, after being twice postponed, com-

menced at Willis's Rooms on the 10th of May. The singers this year were only five, (eleven less than the preceding season,) viz. Mrs. Billington, Mrs. Ashe, Miss Mortimer, Naldi, and Braham. The subscriptions to these concerts (as the postponements seemed to proclaim) came in but slowly; and not being by any means commensurate with the superiority and expense of the undertaking, they were after that season discontinued. Braham, who was not engaged at the opera, or either of the winter theatres, did not by this speculation make his coffers overflow; an object which he prudently seizes every occasion to effect. That ruling passion, gain, which so particularly sways persons of his persuasion, is so strongly implanted in their natures, that it may sometimes be discovered in their children, even while infants, as the following relation will shew:—A gentleman, who was in the habit of visiting at the house of that admired singer, informed me (as an admirable trait in a child then only five years old), that he one day asked Braham's little boy to sing him a song, which the infant said he would do if he paid him for it. 'Well, my little dear,' said the gentleman, 'how much do you ask for one?' 'Sixpence,' replied the child. 'Oh,' said the other, 'can't you sing me one for less?' 'No,' said the urchin, 'I can't take less for one; but I'll sing you three for a shilling!'

Now, any person who ever enjoyed the pleasure of seeing this unrivalled singer (and we have done so) in his domestic circle, must feel in a moment that such an anecdote cannot be but equally silly, untrue, and malicious. Braham's very well-regulated family are too judiciously brought up to render it possible; and the liberality with which the large fortune acquired by his talents, and the good sense implanted in him by nature, enable and lead him to rear his children, makes such a statement both absurd and contemptible.

The following is evidently a like falsehood respecting another gentleman—one of the most distinguished ornaments which the stage can boast, either for genius in his profession, or for endowments of the highest value in polished private life. A benefit for the Philanthropic Society being in hand, Mr. Parke relates: "Mr. C. Kemble, who was to have performed on that occasion the character of Romeo, (though too old for it,) in the tragedy of 'Romeo and Juliet,' being taken ill, the committee of members appointed to superintend the performance, found it necessary to apply to Mr. Macready, who it was by no means certain would become the substitute for Mr. C. Kemble. They accordingly waited on Mr. Macready, who received them politely, but with a great portion of that superabundant importance for which he was so much distinguished. On the committee communicating to him the nature of their mission, the hero of the buskin, prudently considering that it might not redound to his credit to refuse assisting a public charity, replied with lofty condescension, 'I will certainly act for the benefit of the Philanthropic Society; but I see how it is, as you cannot have the corporal, you now apply to the general!'"

We will match these with but one more of the *incredibles*. "His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, after he had succeeded to the throne of England, had occasionally music parties on a splendid scale; and being much pleased with the compositions of Rossini, gave a grand concert at St. James's Palace, at which the popular Italian composer was appointed to preside. During that evening the king, in

his elegant and affable manner, paid particular attentions to Rossini, who, insensible to the distinguished honour thus conferred on him by the king of a great and free people, on his majesty observing, in the latter part of the concert, 'Now, Rossini, we will have one piece more, and that shall be the *finale*,' most arrogantly replied, 'I think, sir, we have had music enough for one night,' and made his bow."

Upon such fudges we could almost be as facetious as the author, and exclaim, *O Beau Parke!* putting, as he frequently does, a parenthesis explanatory of his wit (Oboe Park)!

But now, having administered a few stripes for an offence we hate, that of detraction, let us try to enliven the punishment by a selection of the most piquant (and we hope newest, or least known, short) anecdotes, &c., which are sedulously and numerous introduced into these pages. When Mrs. Siddons was the star which Fanny Kemble is now, it was then, as now, the custom to let seats in the orchestra to persons of rank or celebrity. Among others, Sir Joshua Reynolds was a visitor; and on one occasion, "a loquacious young sailor of a respectable cast, who had got a country youth in tow, sitting in the pit next to the orchestra, was showing off, as he imagined, between the acts, by explaining to his companion the names, not too correctly, of the different instruments played on by the band. At length, coming to Sir Joshua, who was sitting at the further part of the orchestra, he, in answer to the interrogatory of his mate—'what instrument is that?'—replied with great confidence, 'O, that's a newly invented trumpet, blown by the ear!'"

Salomon, in his own country, attended the Prince —. After teaching him for some time, the prince said one day, 'Well, Mr. Salomon, how do I get on?' 'Please your highness,' said Salomon, 'der are tre stages of music. First, der is pick out, read notes, count time, &c., not play at all. Second, der is play, but play very bad,—out of time, out of tune, noting at all. Now your highness has just got into de serond stage.'

Some few years ago, his majesty George III. patronised and honoured with his presence the oratorios at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, on the Friday evenings during Lent, conducted by Mr. Bach, the celebrated German composer, who was musician to the queen. These performances, notwithstanding, were so thinly attended throughout the season, that they might (as the theatrical hero has it) have been termed 'a beggarly account of empty boxes.' On Friday morning, General Fitzpatrick meeting Mr. Hare, the witty member of Parliament, said to him, 'Do you go to the oratorio in the Haymarket this evening?' 'Oh no,' replied Mr. Hare, 'I have no wish to intrude on his majesty's privacy.'

Mr. Mara, who did not possess the tenth part of his wife's talent, loved her and his bottle equally, and frequently broke the head of one and cracked the other. Nevertheless he appreciated her superior merit so highly, that he occasionally ran into another extreme, and paid her extravagant attentions, as the following instance will shew. This gentleman and madame being on a visit to the Earl of Exeter, at his splendid seat, Bursleigh, near Stamford, in Lincolnshire, and her caprice having induced her one day to inform her husband that she did not like Lord Exeter's claret, he immediately despatched a servant to Stamford for a post-chaise and four horses, in which he proceeded to London, and returned the following evening, with a case out of her own cellar, *

Hackwood, a whimsical violin-player, whose society was much courted on account of his whimsicalities, had drunk wine enough in his time to float a ship; notwithstanding which he lived to the age of ninety. He was particularly intimate with the late Sir C—r W—e, a Lincolnshire baronet of large fortune, who, when not laid up by the gout, was a three-bottle man. At a male party given by that gentleman, Hackwood, who had important business to transact on the following morning early, hearing the clock strike one, arose to depart; on which Sir C—r said, 'Hackwood, where are you going so soon?' 'Home, sir,' replied Hackwood; 'it has struck one!' 'One!' said Sir C—r; 'pooh, nonsense, what's one amongst so many? Sit down, sit down!' Hackwood, however, left the room, followed by the baronet, who swore they would at all events have a parting glass; and sending a servant for a bottle of Holland's gin, they drank it out between them, whilst taking leave at the head of the stair.

"Sir John Gallini was not the only manager of the King's Theatre who had directed it on a saving plan. He was infinitely exceeded by Y—s, one of his predecessors, whose parsimony was hyperbolically described by a wag in the following manner: 'This dwarf-like manager, who had an eye to every thing, going his morning round in the theatre, came to a hogshead containing lamp oil, which being nearly empty, he, in order to gauge it to a nicety, leaned over the brim so far that he fell into it, and was, from its depth, unable to extricate himself. His cries for help, however, bringing one of the lamp-lighters to his assistance, he, with his usual thrift, desired the fellow who took him out to hang him by his clothes on the large wooden peg above the cask, till the whole of the oil should have dripped from them!'"

Mr. Parke, at Birmingham, was hospitably treated by "Mr. H—n, an old gentleman, who had been a manufacturer, but had retired many years since, with a large fortune. He was a plain, good sort of man, but had a peculiar mode of expressing himself, generally ending his speech with the words 'such as it is.' The first time I visited him, on entering the dining parlour to partake of an excellent dinner, he desired I would sit next to him, adding, 'Mr. Parke, you see your dinner—such as it is.' When the meal was finished, and the dessert and wine were placed on the table, he recommended to me some port wine which he had in bottle fifteen years, saying, 'Pray don't spare it, for you are heartily welcome to it—such as it is.' Having a concerto to play at Vauxhall that evening, I was compelled to depart rather early, and on rising to take my leave, the old gentleman said, with great kindness, 'Mr. Parke, I am sorry you are going so soon, for I should like to have more of your company—such as it is.'

"Mr. Daly, the manager, was a gentlemanly man, but was not much acquainted with music, as the following curious circumstance will shew:—At the rehearsal of an opera in which I played, Daly, observing the persons who played the two French horns occasionally leave off, and conceiving that it proceeded from inattention, hastened to the front of the stage, close to the orchestra, and addressing them with much warmth, said, 'Gentlemen horn-players, why don't you play on as the others do? What do you mean by stopping?' 'Sir,' said one of them, 'we have twenty bars rest.' 'Rest!' said Daly, 'what do you mean by rest? I can get no rest in this theatre, and, by Jesus, you shan't.'"

A schoolmaster at Aston, in Warwickshire, "was so proud of the progress which one of his pupils had made in orthography, that he afforded me an opportunity of witnessing it. The word he selected for the display was the name of the great manufacturing town in the neighbourhood, Birmingham, which the boy, to the admiration of his master, spelt in the following manner:—

Birm ——— Brum,
ing ——— idge
Brumidge,
ham ——— um,
Brumidgeum!"

"On the 6th of February Mrs. Billington first appeared in the part of Rosetta, in the opera of *Love in a Village*. * * * Amongst the fashionables present that evening was Mr. Jekyl, the witty barrister, who had with him a gentleman from the country. When the curtain rose and discovered Rosetta and Lucinda, in the first scene, the applause being great, Mrs. Billington, who had prodigiously increased in bulk, curtsied to the audience, on which the country gentleman said to his friend,— 'Is that Rosetta?' 'No, sir,' replied Mr. Jekyl; 'it is not Rosetta, it is Grand Cairo.' * * *

"When Fischer, the celebrated oboe player, who was remarkable for the oddity of his manner, played concertos at the grand concerts given fifty years ago at the Rotunda in Dublin, a noble lord who had been enraptured with the rare talent he displayed, came up to him, and after having complimented him, gave him a pressing invitation to sup with him the following evening; adding, 'You'll bring your oboe with you!' Fischer, who was a little nettled at that sort of invitation, hastily replied, 'My lord, my oboe never sups!'

"The 'cutting down' Gay's popular opera made a friend of Mr. Harris, the proprietor of the theatre, observe, while expostulating with him on the subject, that it was not only injudicious, but cruel. 'What!' exclaimed Mr. Harris, 'do you call it cruel, when I find a piece hanging, to cut it down?'

To this miscellany we know not that we can do better for the illustration of these Memoirs, or the amusement of our readers, than to select a second part of miscellanies of somewhat a different order.

Dr. Arne's death.—"The manner of Dr. Arne's death was very singular. The day after his decease his intimate friend, Vernon, the favourite singing actor of Drury Lane Theatre, came into the music room, and in my presence described it as follows: 'I was talking on the subject of music with the doctor, who suffered much from exhaustion, when, in attempting to illustrate what he had advanced, he in a very feeble and tremulous voice sung part of an air, during which he became progressively more faint, until he breathed his last! making, as our immortal Shakspeare expresses it, 'a swan-like end, fading in music.'"

We are not aware whether this description can be relied upon; but we are sure that the ante-dated death of our old friend Michael Kelly, with whom we spent many a cheerful hour for ten long years after Mr. Parke has chosen to murder him, is not to be credited. "Our old friend, Michael Kelly" (he avers), "who had long been a martyr to the gout, died at Ramsgate on the 15th of October, 1816." And he adds,— "Kelly, a short time before his death, published a literary work in two volumes octavo, intitled 'The Reminiscences of Michael Kelly,' which was read by many with much interest."

Baumgarten.—"The late Mr. Baumgarten, the great musical theorist, when a boy, was in

his native country, Germany, apprenticed to Mr. Kunzen, an eminent musician. That gentleman having one evening given his servant leave to go out, after having put down to the fire a partridge to roast for his supper, and having occasion to absent himself for a short time, desired the boy (young Baumgarten) to superintend it till he returned; and, placing on the sideboard a pint decanter of Moselle wine, told him, to prevent his tasting it, that it was poison. The master staying out beyond his time, and the partridge becoming overdone, the boy, with a longing look, putting his finger to it, one of the legs dropped off. After having recovered from his surprise, he ate it; and soon after, pursuing the same course, off came a wing, which he ate also. At length, being impelled by the irresistibility of the bird's flavour, as well as by an insatiable appetite, and thinking that as his master had stayed out so late he would not return to supper, he devoured the remainder of it, trusting to his invention for an excuse. Having finished his meal, reflection, which generally comes too late, overtaking him, and dreading the severity of his master's disposition, he determined, in despair, to swallow the poison in the decanter, which had been placed on the sideboard. This he had scarcely effected, when his master knocked at the door, which the boy in his confusion delayed to open; and on being asked why he did not come sooner, the boy, much agitated, replied, 'The cat ate it!' 'Why, you are dreaming,' said the master. The answer was again, 'The cat ate it!' The master finding that he could obtain no other reply, entered the kitchen, where, not seeing any partridge at the fire, and a plate full of well-picked bones lying on the table, which the boy had neglected to put out of sight, was preparing to chastise him, when the boy, almost drowned in tears, cried, 'Pray, sir, don't beat me,—I can't live long,—for I was so much grieved at the fault I had committed, that I swallowed the whole bottle of poison!' Baumgarten, soon after he came to England, was patronised by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, brother to George the Third, and, during the summer season, was at the head of his musical establishment at the Royal Lodge at Windsor. The duke having made an addition to his stud, by the purchase of a pair of beautiful carriage-horses, occasionally drove them in a break in Windsor Great Park, of which he was ranger. One morning he invited Baumgarten, whose disposition was extremely timid, to sit on the box with him; and as the invitation of his Royal Highness was tantamount to a command, he with secret reluctance ascended. During their progress the duke, who was a kind-hearted and a very young man, knowing Baumgarten's fearful disposition, and wishing to have a little harmless sport with him, made the young horses kick and plunge, crying out at the same time, 'Take care of yourself, Baumgarten, or you'll be off!' which so terrified the musician, that losing sight of the respect he had felt towards his patron, and catching him fast round the waist, he exclaimed, 'By G—d, if I go, you shall go too!'

"This amiable prince" (adds Mr. P., in his own peculiar style), "to the deep regret of all who were honoured with his notice, died in Sept. 1790, in the 45th year of his age, as has been already stated in another place. Music mourned the loss of its warm patron, the Duke of Cumberland, after which the art began to decline, and which declension was farther

enhanced by the war with the French republic in 1792, whereby the soft breathings of the flute gave place to the shrill clangour of the brazen trumpet, and the feminine and graceful tabor to the terrible roll of the thundering drum."

Mr. Parke also ascribes the advance of musical science in this country in a great degree to the patronage of the Prince of Wales, his late Majesty George IV.

Anecdote of a Monkey. This animal had performed the retreat under Sir John Moore to Corunna, as comrade to its master, Captain Barlow, of the artillery. "Pug grinned and chattered as the balls whizzed about him; and so powerfully had he been impressed with terror at the noise and confusion of the scene he had witnessed, that at the inn (after being landed) where his master dined, on the waiter drawing the cork of a bottle of wine, he actually jumped out of the window of the room, which was thirty feet from the ground, and escaped unhurt."

Prices given for Operas.—Dr. Arne, in the year 1763, received for his famous opera, "Artaxerxes," 60 guineas. Mr. Shield, in the year 1781, for his popular two act musical piece, "Rosina," 40l. Mr. Storace, in the year 1791, for his opera, "The Siege of Belgrade," 1000l. Mr. Braham, in the year 1804, for his opera, "The English Fleet in 1342," 1000 guineas.

With this curious contrast we must take our leave of Mr. Parke. He is in literature what is called a waddler; often, it will be seen, amusing, but frequently trifling. His book, with the exception of the plums put in for seasoning, is a sort of brief detail of musical and theatrical matters for forty years; in short, a dramatic register. There are also brief and rather interesting biographical sketches of the principal composers who died during that period; so that, upon the whole, it is what is styled a readable light work, and well enough done for an oboe player. For its bad qualities we have felt it to be our duty to give it a blow; for its good ones it is welcome to a puff. We do not flatter ourselves that we could perform so well in his department, on the oboe, as he has in ours, scribbling; and we give him leave to criticise us when we try, as freely as we have criticised him. We acknowledge we would rather hear him play than we would read his books (no play); and, perhaps, he would rather not read at all than read our *Gazette*.

The Gem; a Literary Annual. London, 1831. Marshall.

TRULY this Gem is a very brilliant specimen: we can best liken it to the opal, "full of bright, soft colours, and of great variety." There is some of as sweet poetry as we have met with in an Annual;—poetry whose best criticism will be quotation: "the Legend of the Toufel-haus," by the Author of Lillian, is exquisitely told, both for poetry and playfulness; but it is too long to quote, and too good to spoil: we therefore proceed to other favourites, and let the following poems speak for themselves:—

"When some fond boy, more blest than I,
Shall twine fresh roses in thy hair,
Tell him, the flowers his hand flings by,
Once bloom'd as bright as his do there;
And when, beneath this starry sky,
He wakes the lute I used to fill,
Oh! tell him that another's sigh
Is warm upon its surface still.

And if, perchance, thy loved gazelle
Should fly the stranger's touch, and hide
Its head within thy bosom's swell,
And nestle there, in trembling pride,—

Oh! tell him there was one whose lip
That dark-eyed thing so loved to kiss,
That it had fondly learn'd to sip
The dews from thine to water his.
And for the rest—when twilight's hour
Shall see thee wandering on with him,
Or in thine own acacia bower,
Whose light, Love's own, is all so dim—
Tell him there's not a flower below,
And not a silent star above,
And not a breeze that whispers so,
That have not heard another's love."

Mars disarmed. By the Author of Lillian.

"Ay, bear it hence, thou blessed child,
Though dire the burthen be,
And hide it in the pathless wild,
Or drown it in the sea:
The ruthless murderer prays and swears—
So let him swear and pray;
Be deaf to all his oaths and prayers,
And take the sword away.

We've had enough of fleets and camps,
Guns, glories, odes, gazettes,
Triumphal arches, coloured lamps,
Huzzas, and epaulettes;
We could not bear upon our head
Another leaf of bay;
That horrid Buonaparté's dead;—
Yes, take the sword away.

We're weary of the noisy boasts
That pleased our patriot throngs;
We've long been dull to Gooch's toasts,
And tame to Dibdin's songs;
We're quite content to rule the wave,
Without a great display;
We're known to be extremely brave;—
But take the sword away.

We give a shrug when life and drum
Play up a favourite air;
We think our barracks are become
More ugly than they were;
We laugh to see the banners float;
We loathe the charger's fray;
We don't admire a scarlet coat;—
Do take the sword away.

Let Portugal have rulers twain;
Let Greece go on with none;
Let Popery sink or swim in Spain,
While we enjoy the fun;
Let Turkey tremble at the knout;
Let Algiers lose her Hey;
Let Paris turn her Bourbons out;—
Bah! take the sword away.

Our honest friends in Parliament
Are looking vastly sad;
Our farmers say, with one consent,
It's all immensely bad;
There was a time for borrowing,
And now it's time to pay;
A budget is a serious thing;—
So take the sword away.

And, oh! the bitter tears we wept,
In those our days of fame—
The dread that o'er our heart-strings crept
With every post that came—
The home-affections, waged and lost
In every far-off fray—
The price that British glory cost!—
Ah! take the sword away.

We've plenty left to hoist the sail,
Or mount the dangerous breach;
And Freedom breathes in every gale
That wanders round our beach.
When duty bids us dare or die,
We'll fight another day;
But till we know a reason why,—
Take, take the sword away."

Hope and Love is also by the Author of Lillian.

"One day, through Fancy's telescope,
Which is my richest treasure,
I saw, dear Susan, Love and Hope
Set out in search of Pleasure:
All mirth and smiles I saw them go—
Each was the other's banker;
For Hope took up her brother's bow,
And Love his sister's anchor.

They rambled on o'er vale and hill,
They passed by cot and tower;
Through summer's glow and winter's chill,
Through sunshine and through shower;—
But what did those fond playmates care
For climate or for weather?
All scenes to them were bright and fair,
On which they gazed together.

Sometimes they turned aside to bless
Some Muse and her wild numbers,
Or breathe a dross of holiness
On Beauty's quiet slumbers:

'Fly on,' said Wisdom, with cold sneers;
'I teach my friends to doubt you!'
'Come back,' said Age, with bitter tears,
'My heart is cold without you.'

When Poverty beset their path,
And threatened to divide them,
They coaxed away the belademe's wrath
Ere she had breath to chide them,
By vowing all her rags were silk,
And all her bitters honey,
And shewing taste for bread and milk,
And utter scorn of money.

They met stern Danger in their way,
Upon a ruin seated;
Before him kings had quaked that day,
And armies had retreated:
But he was robed in such a cloud,
As Love and Hope came near him,
That though he thundered long and loud,
They did not see or hear him.

A gray-beard joined them, Time by name;
To find that he was very lame,
And also very lazy:
Hope, as he listened to her tale,
Tied wings upon his jacket;
And then they far outran the mail,
And far outstalled the packet.

And so, when they had safely passed
O'er many a land and billow,
Before a grave they stopped at last—
Beneath a weeping willow:
The moon upon the humble mound
Her softest light was flinging;
And from the thickets all around
Sad nightingales were singing.

'I leave you here,' quoth father Time,
As hoarse as any raven;
And Love kneeled down to spell the rhyme
Upon the rude stone graven:
But Hope looked onward, calmly brave,
And whispered, 'Dearest brother,
We're parted on this side the grave,—
We'll meet upon the other.'

There are some productions, too, of the Howitts, steeped in the most fairy-like hues of imagination: of all writers these seem most especially to live in the world they have created of their own. There are three very picturesque ballads, from one of which we quote the following beautiful morsel:—

"I have looked down to those ocean depths,
Many thousand fathoms low,
And seen, like woods of mighty oak,
The trees of coral grow:—

The red, the green, and the beautiful
Pale-branch'd like the chrysolite,
Which, amid the sun-lit waters, spread
Their flowers intensely bright.

Some, they were like the lily of June,
Or the rose of fairy-land,
Or as if some poet's glorious thought
Had inspired a sculptor's hand."

Mr. Hollings has been a valuable contributor: from a very graceful poem, bearing the attractive title "the Language of Flowers," we quote the ensuing descriptive lines:—

"Deep close the shades around us: and the wind,
Which sweeps the rustling thicket, bends to sight,
With fairy leaf and branches wet with dew,
The slender Celandine: thus Jealousy
Dwells in unutter'd bitterness apart,
And feeds its griefs with silence. Pale below,
The meek Anemone, with virgin grace,
The nurture and the victim of a day,
Tells of a love which blossoms but to fade,
Nipt in its playful infancy. Above,
Circling with blushing wreaths the blighted oak,
The Woodbine drops its odours on the breeze;
So doth Affection gather strength from time,
Constant where once its plighted vows are fix'd,
And smiles from age and sorrow:—while that light
And yellow Broom may fitly emblem Youth,
Rejoicing in its comeliness, and fraught
With hopes which after-storms shall strew in air."

Mr. Hervey, who is generally one of our favourite writers, has not done his best: of his two poems, the one is very flowing indeed; and the other, "to a Young Lady in Sorrow," will not bear a comparison with some former exquisite lines of his, "to a Girl weeping." There are also some very sweet things of Mr. F. Chorley's. To Mr. Tennyson's poems we can only say, in the words of Shakespeare, "they are silly, sooth;" and the best kindness we can do the remainder is to pass them over in silence. Of the prose, we must select for praise "the Blood-Hound," (Mr. Croly's, we are sure,) the very beau idéal of a story for an Annual—full of incident, and

told in the most animated and *piquant* manner: we can also most cordially commend "the Brother's Revenge," by Mr. Carne, as both original and impressive: "a Fragment from the Life of Lady Russell," is told in the peculiarly sweet and simple manner of the Author of "May You Like It;" and of their companions we must speak in the good old English proverb, "least said, soonest mended." But the inferior is, in every sense, the minor part of the book; and when to its exquisite engravings are added much beautiful poetry, and two or three admirable tales, the possessor of the *Gems* will ill deserve its "charmed pages" if he does not rejoice it was not born "to blush unseen."

National Library, No. 2. History of the Bible, Vol. J. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig. Colburn and Bentley. London, 1830.

[Resumed Notice.]

A HISTORY of the Bible may be written in several ways. The great storehouse of Rabbinical learning is furnished with a mass of facts and reasonings seemingly sufficient to make us as familiar with the history of the antediluvian world as if we had lived in it. Unfortunately, these details rest upon no authentic foundation, except when they are derived from similar statements in the Bible, or assume (which seldom happens) the shape of reasonable inferences from what is there stated. Yet, out of these materials the early history of the human race was formerly composed, and from this source histories of the Bible in particular were loaded with facts and reasoning, apocryphal as matters of historical truth, and utterly fantastical and absurd in themselves. On the other hand, Bible histories innumerable have appeared, containing merely a narrative of the facts mentioned in the Bible, arranged in a new order and expressed in a different language. Mr. Gleig has adopted a course better suited to the present times, and more consonant to truth and reason, than either of those referred to. He has taken the Bible as an authority, beyond question and beyond cavil, for all the statements and reasonings therein contained, and added such further details as assume the character of necessary inferences. And whenever rabbinical or heathen learning, or the inquiries, historical or scientific, of modern times, cast additional light, he has availed himself of their aid to render his narrative more full, consistent, and precise.

In his introduction Mr. Gleig states the arguments for the credibility of his great authority. In this he mainly follows the reasoning of Leslie in his admirable and unanswered tract. The historical part of the book is divided into chapters, each of which is closed by a statement of the difficulties, real or supposed, which the candour of believers, or the perversity of others, have suggested, and the answers with which the reason and the learning of the author have supplied him. Such is the plan of the work; and it is difficult to speak in too high terms of the manner in which it is executed. We have on former occasions noticed the singular vigour and clearness which Mr. Gleig imparts to a narrative, and has never exhibited this excellence more happily than in the present volume. It would be some ground of reproach to the friends of truth, if they had entirely neglected the new species of monthly publications as a means of diffusing religious knowledge among the higher and middle classes of society. We do not mean that we think these publications a fit vehicle either for dogmatic theology, or mere devotional writings; but the present volume shews, in the happiest manner, how well they are adapted to convey

that knowledge which makes faith more sure, and piety more enlightened. We subjoin a few extracts, which will convey a fair impression of the general tone of the work.

"It must be obvious to the least reflecting, not only that the process of peopling the earth required at first a greater longevity in the human race than would be necessary after it became adequately colonised, but that the advancement of the race itself from barbarism into civilisation and refinement could not have taken place, had not each person been permitted to live during a much longer space of time than is found to be the case at present in every portion of the globe. The first generations having no past experience to look back upon, must have owed all their knowledge to their own individual exertions; and how far these would have carried them in the short space of seventy or eighty years, we need only examine the condition of the wandering tribes in America to discover. It was not, however, in accordance with God's gracious design in creating, that man, whom he had appointed the head of this lower world, should live and die a savage; and hence he appointed to the antediluvians many centuries of existence, that they might discover, follow up, and lay the foundations of knowledge for all future ages, in every useful and ornamental art. That they actually did all this, we are firmly persuaded, as well from the hints dropped by Moses in his genealogical accounts of the Cainites, as from the recollection, that the process of smelting metals, building towers and cities, the sciences of astronomy and mensuration, were familiar to the first colonists who settled themselves in what may be termed the new world; whilst the gigantic specimens of their handicraft, which remained to comparatively later ages, proved that in the uses and application of machinery they were at least as well versed as ourselves. But the necessity for so very protracted an existence being of a temporary nature, God wisely withdrew it as soon as it had attained its purposes; and he did so, not more in wisdom than in mercy to the creature whose mortal life he curtailed. As we have already seen, though their prodigious age doubtless contributed greatly to the advancement of the antediluvians in knowledge and refinement, it is beyond a question, that the same circumstance tended more, perhaps, than any thing besides, to introduce moral corruption into the world, which corruption became, in all probability, more and more flagrant, as the increased ingenuity of mankind enabled them to devise new methods of gratifying the senses."

"Nimrod, as he was the first that subverted the patriarchal government, so is he thought to have introduced the Zabian idolatry of the heavenly host among his subjects, by whom he was believed, at his death, to be translated into the constellation Orion, that he might still, attended by his hounds Sirius and Canicula, pursue his favourite game, the Great Bear. In process of time he came to be deified and worshipped by the Phœnicians, Assyrians, and Greeks, under the names of Baal, Beel, Bel, and Belus, all of them signifying Lord or Master; whilst there is little doubt that he is the Bela Rama, that is, Bela the son of Rama, of the Hindoos. In a word, Nimrod appears to have been one of those remarkable characters of whom the fame went abroad into all the earth, and of whom, look where we may, we can discover no nation of antiquity which retains not, either in records or traditions, at least some trace. That he was brave, persevering, possessed of great bodily strength and high talents, seems to admit of no doubt what-

ever; but his impiety and tyranny were not less memorable than his valour; and hence, beyond a question, his name of bad pre-eminence, the Rebel."

The present volume brings the history down to the suppression of the rebellion of Absalom. The work is of sufficient merit to be recurred to on a future occasion. As far as it goes, it must be received as an able Manual of Scripture History. We think (but this is matter of doubt and opinion) that in adopting Hale's chronology, that is, in rejecting the Hebrew and adhering to the Greek, an error of a century in the date of the creation must be the result. This arises from the author's having mistaken Theophilus:—but we have not room for a learned controversy. We would also say, that the view of the design of Moses, as expounded, p. 27, first paragraph of chap. 1, appears to us to be too limited. "The great design (says Mr. Gleig) of Moses, when composing the first book of his history, appears to have been, not only to give an account of the early ages of the world, but to guard the Israelites against the prevailing idolatry of his time, the worship of the heavenly bodies, since known by the designation of Zabaiism." On the contrary, we hold that the first book of Moses was, in its form and particulars, absolutely necessary to the far greater object of shewing the whole scheme of Providence in the creation and redemption of the human race.

Again, Mr. Gleig broaches a striking idea touching the destruction of the soul, as a consequence of the Fall. "It appears (he says) to us, that one of the chief obstacles to a right understanding of the sentence passed upon our guilty first parents by their Maker, consists in the erroneous opinions which are generally held respecting the nature of the human soul. Because that viewless essence is immaterial, and therefore uncomponded, it has not unfrequently been held, that it is naturally immortal; in other words, that an exertion of power equal to that which was required to call the human soul into being, would be necessary in order to cause its annihilation. But they who argue thus, forget that the soul, or living principle, in every animated creature is, equally with the soul or living principle in man, immaterial. If, therefore, immortality be a necessary accompaniment of immateriality, then are the souls of the brute creation immortal as our own—a supposition for which no professed Christian is likely to contend, and which the very Deist would reject with disdain. The truth, however, is—and, both reason and revelation bear us out in the assertion—that immortality, simple and essential immortality, belongs to one Being only, namely, to God. 'He alone,' says St. Paul, 'hath,' that is, hath inherent in himself, 'immortality;' and though other beings shall also endure for ever, and the human soul shall, we are assured, be of the number, both it and they must ever owe their continued existence to his supporting hand. An act of volition on the part of the Most High, first called them into being; a continued act of volition on his part supports them there; and it requires but a cessation of that act, if we may so express ourselves, in order to return them all to the nothingness from which they originally came. It is therefore a grievous error to perplex ourselves as to the probable state of the human soul, had God's sentence been carried fully into execution, without the intervention of any propitiatory Mediator. In this case, when the whole machine, the soul and the body of each man, had served its destined purpose, the latter would have been resolved into its

elements or constituent parts, whilst the former, separated from the organs or implements by which it works, would have ceased to exist. But it suited not the goodness of the Creator to deal thus with his creature, whom he had once blessed with a vision of immortality. The same address which condemned Adam to return unto dust, gave assurance that a Deliverer would arise to restore to him, and to all his descendants, the free gift just forfeited; and as with God 'one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day,' the effects of the great sacrifice on the cross were instantly felt."

The philosophical views taken of the flood sign of the rainbow; of the six days of creation allowing for any space which geology may require as substantive of truth; of Noah's prophecy; and of Joshua's commanding the sun to stand still,—are peculiarly deserving of attention and eulogy: but the whole volume is one of uncommon talent and interest.

The Humorist; a Companion for the Christmas Fireside. By W. H. Harrison, author of "Tales of a Physician." With Engravings and Vignettes from Designs by the late T. Rowlandson. 12mo. pp. 286. London, 1831. Ackermann.

THE *Humorist*, "a companion for the Christmas fireside," and a very entertaining one—a pleasant book for a family circle; curtains closed, a bright fire, candles lighted, chairs drawn to the table, and people predisposed to be merry, because they are first comfortable. The pictures (we like the word picture—we remember how, as children, we used to delight in a picture-book,) are the very extravagance of laughable absurdity—that exaggeration of the fat and the lean which characterised Rowlandson's humorous conceits; and the illustrator, Mr. Harrison, has caught their spirit: the pages are full of outrageous improbabilities, but laughable ones, droll poems, unexpected turns of phrase and meaning, and some very good puns. To be merry through a whole volume is no trifling undertaking; and when we remember the difficulty of translating caricatures into entertaining incident, we do feel inclined to bestow no small share of praise on the manner in which our author has fulfilled his task. But suppose we stop the crew of the *Humorist*, and see what she has on board. The following bespeaking of public favour is very neatly turned: we must observe that the frontispiece is three lame sailors, who have a small full-rigged frigate, or, as Wordsworth says—

"—— a prize,
A ship of lusty size—
A gallant, stately man-of-war,
Fixed on a smoothly gliding car,"

which is, however, in this instance, drawn by a donkey.

"On presenting an addition to the already extensive list of Annuals, the author feels called upon to say a few words by way of preface, in doing which he cannot but acknowledge that the publisher and himself are very much in the situation of the sailors in the frontispiece: they have just launched a new vessel, and are soliciting the favour and patronage of the public, in the absence of which they will inevitably be found in one of the most awkward of all nautical dilemmas, namely, without a sale. Should his readers carry the simile still further, and allege, with reference to the one-legged mariners, that it is a lame affair, the author would plead a classical authority for penning his lucubrations '*stans pede in uno.*' If a more personal application of the plate be attempted, and it be urged that there are many points of resemblance be-

green him and the very respectable but much slandered animal there depicted—that, if not a striking, it is a kicking likeness,—he would reply, that there can be no more appropriate prefix to a volume than a portrait of the writer, and that it is his ambition, although it can scarcely be his hope, to shew his heels to his competitors in the annual race in which he is contending.”

We quote a bit of the “March of Intellect.”

“The vulgar set more learn'd will get
Than many of their betters:”

‘Dear Coz,’ quoth I, ‘they may do that,
And yet scarce know their letters.’

But Ned the strain took up again:

‘You can’t (‘tis quite horrific!)
Address your servant, but you get
An answer scientific.’

I asked my groom, the other day,

What made him look so badly;
The coxcomb said, he’d had a fall,
And bruised his tibia sadly.

My cook, when asked what made her mope

So like a moulting pigeon,
Said she’d a slight derangement in
The epigastric region.

Like greater folks, they’ve learned jokes:

My housemaid Sarah—she
Is ever on the giggle—they
Call *Sai volatilo*.

And then, by rote, strange tongues they quote:

My groom, when some neglect I
Had tax’d him with, declared he’d got
‘*Mena nubi romacia recti*.’

The lady’s maid, the spendthrift jade!

As gifts for the new year,
Gave Thomas a *Forget Me Not*,
And cook a *Souvenir*.”

“Timing a Shipwreck” is a very good and new incident. The following is a very neat pun, a bit of a description.

“Some miles below where London’s Tower

Its smoky crest uprings,
And where, a melancholy sight!
The ships are all in *tiers*.”

“Love in a Box” is an amusing story; but we prefer the “Modern Ulysses.”

“No sooner was the hatchment mounted over the portico of Beechwood Hall, announcing that its late proprietor, Sir John Denyers, was dead, and that his widow had succeeded to the splendid mansion and broad lands, than it was hailed, as the signal for attack, by all the unmarried men within a circumference of twenty miles. They flocked to her by scores, arrayed in the mourning cloak of condolence, endeavouring to smuggle in their love under the disguise of sympathy. Her lawyer, a hale bachelor of sixty, requested she would do him the honour to consider him less in the light of a professional adviser than a friend zealous for her interests, and would fain have presented her with a title to his services in his shrivelled hand; but he had already given her a surfeit of parchment; and the man of law discovered that, although his suit had frequently been successful in those courts where the presiding goddess is represented to be blind, it was quite another thing to plead his cause before a woman with her eyes open. In fact, ere she had worn the weeds of widowhood for six weeks, her paths were beset, and her dwelling besieged; and never, certainly, had woman a better chance of mending her luck, for there was not one of the whole five and forty lovers who was not willing to stake his life upon the sincerity and disinterestedness of his affection. She could not open a window in her house, but a myriad of billets-doux came showering into it like a snow-storm. She could not take a walk in her most private grounds, but a lover started from behind every bush, and flung himself upon his knees in the path before her. Others, again, affecting bucolics, would wander forth into the fields, crook in hand, and carve her name upon every tree, to the great endangerment of her

timber. Every domestic in her household was bribed by one or other of her suitors, and she was under the consequent necessity of changing her establishment twice a-year, from the lady’s maid to the stable-boy. While, however, there exists not a rebel in the citadel of the heart, the fortress will hold out long against external assaults; and the widow had got some antediluvian notions into her head about ‘first love,’ ‘respect for the memory of the dead,’ &c. which, although, no doubt, extremely silly, had the effect of disinclining her from a second speculation in the hazardous adventure of matrimony. As the number of her suitors increased, their individual chances of success, of course, diminished, and their audacity being in the exact ratio of their despair, her own mansion was no sanctuary against the intrusion of her unbidden guests. The matchless impudence of one of her visitors deserves particular record. It happened that one day the widow went out, for several hours, to call on a friend at some distance, leaving only two male domestics, the butler and a footboy, in the house. Towards evening, a horseman rode up to the hall door, and applied himself with more than ordinary energy to the knocker. He was a tall, military-looking personage, with a cast of features which might have been termed handsome, but for a certain cynical expression, which much detracted from their pleasing effect. The stranger flung his rein to the boy, desiring him to take his horse to the stable and have it well fed and littered down for the night, and then stalked into the house, and, notwithstanding reiterated announcements from the servants in chorus of ‘Mistress is not at home, sir,’ stopped not until he reached the dining-parlour, when, turning to the butler, who had followed him, he said, ‘Here, let that valise be taken up into her ladyship’s chamber, and let a fire be lit there, for it’s rather cool.’ ‘Very cool, indeed,’ said the domestic, applying the epithet to the speaker and not to the weather, and was meditating some impertinent observation, when the stranger, carelessly, as if it had been his handkerchief, drew a pistol from each pocket, and placed it on the table before him. The butler, who had a mortal dread of fire-arms, quitted the apartment in haste, as if to do the stranger’s bidding, but, in reality, to communicate to his fellow-domestics, the females, his suspicions of the character of the guest. Their conversation was, however, soon interrupted by the violent ringing of the bell; and it was some time before Geoffry could summon courage to answer it. ‘Your pleasure, sir?’ said he, re-entering the dining-parlour. ‘Some dinner!’ responded the other. The butler paused, but, at length, said, ‘Very sorry, sir, but we have not got any thing in the house.’ ‘Then look in the poultry-yard,’ was the reply, ‘and let me have a broiled chicken in half an hour.’ The other stared, but the stranger’s eyes happening to fall upon the pistols, Geoffry seemed to understand the appeal, and, being anxious to go off first, hurried out to counsel the sacrifice of a chicken to their common safety. In the course of the half hour, the dish was smoking before the guest, who, having no notion of glasses being placed on table for the mere purpose of ornament, pronounced the monosyllable ‘Wine.’ ‘If you please, sir,’ said Geoffry, ‘we can’t get at any, for mistress has got the key of the wine-cellar in her pocket.’ ‘Nonsense!’ exclaimed the other, ‘who ever heard of a wine-cellar with only one key?—why, keys in a great man’s house are like pistols, there are always two of a pattern.’ The allusion had its effect; Geoffry vanished in an instant, and shortly re-

appeared as Ganymede. In a few minutes afterwards, the noise of wheels announced the return of Lady Denyers, who, on being informed of the stranger’s arrival, like a woman of spirit, went straight into the dining-room to demand an explanation. On the next instant, the servants heard a loud scream from their mistress, and, concluding that she was murdered, they, very dutifully, ran out of the house, and set off, at full speed, each in a different direction, for the doctor. It seemed that no sooner had the lady cast her eyes upon her visiter, than she uttered a piercing shriek, and sank upon the carpet. Now, when a man faints away, the approved method of treatment is to kick and cuff him till he recover; but with a woman the case is somewhat different. The stranger raised her in his arms, threw half a glass of water in her face, and poured the remainder down her throat, and, at last, succeeded in restoring the patient. ‘And is it really you, Sir John?’ exclaimed the lady, when she became somewhat tranquil. ‘Ay, in very deed, Caroline,’ was the reply; ‘ghosts do not drink Madeira and devour chickens.’ ‘Then you were not killed and eaten by those frightful Ashantees?’ ‘You greatly wrong that very respectable and much-slandered people,’ said Sir John; ‘they have better tastes, and preferred my society to my flesh, inasmuch that I had some difficulty in escaping from their hospitalities.’ ‘I hope, my dear,’ said the lady, ‘you were duly sensible of their attentions?’ ‘I was very nearly being insensible to them and every thing else, for the worthy gentleman who did me the honour to engross my society, seeing me determined on quitting him, followed me as far as he could, and then fired a parting salute from his musket, into which he had, inadvertently, put a bullet, and left me with half an ounce of lead in my shoulder.’ ‘O dear!’ exclaimed the lady, ‘how very horrid! and did you walk all the way in that state?’ ‘I did not walk two hundred yards, my love, for I fell into a bush, exhausted from loss of blood, when I was picked up by an Ashantee damsel of sixty, whose charms would have made your ladyship jealous, and who extracted the ball, put a plaster of herbs to my wound, and smuggled me down to Cape Coast Castle, where I found the report of my death so well authenticated, that I was challenged by an Hibernian brother officer for presuming to doubt it.’ ‘And were you so rash as to fight with him?’ ‘No, for I had not time, being anxious to embark for England, to relieve your anxieties and to save my executors as much trouble as possible. But how is my nephew?’ ‘O, in high health and spirits, and inconceivably vain of the title.’ ‘I am sorry for that, because I have not quite done with it.’ At this moment a noise was heard in the passage, occasioned by the return of the domestics, bringing with them the *posse comitatus* and fourteen of the lady’s lovers, who, taking it for granted that the ferocious ruffian would have escaped before their arrival, valiantly rushed to her rescue. When, however, they heard the voice of the intruder in the parlour, it became a point of precedence among them which should enter first: at length, a clown, in the back-ground, pressing forward to get a glimpse of what was going on, inadvertently applied the stimulus of a pitchfork to the rear of the man before him, who communicating the impetus to the next, it passed on to the van, and they all blundered into the room, where, to their utter astonishment, they beheld the living Sir John *tête-à-tête* with his lady. Doubtless, you will conclude the baronet enacted Ulysses

on the occasion, and drove out his rivals at point of sword. Credit me, reader, he did no such thing: he was an old soldier, and a man of the world, and knew better than to make enemies of fourteen blockheads; so he ordered up a dozen of claret, and they made a night of it."

We will finish our extracts with a *verses* of very sweet poetry:

"She moves in beauty through the rich parterre,
As through the bright and breathing blossoms there
Were emanations of her loveliness.
Now, like a queen, she graces yonder bower,
Now, from its cool retreat, behold her glide,
Put forth her hand to raise some drooping flower,
Seeming to plant a lily by its side.
Her eye glanced up, and, ere he caught its beam,
She vanished."

One word anent the engravings, said to be by the late Mr. Rowlandson, who, having been dead years before, must have painted in the spirit of prophecy, when he introduced into one of his sketches the figures of Tam-o'-Shanter and Souter Johnnie, considering they did not appear till after his death. His knowledge, too, of future fashions is of that foreseeing kind where "coming events cast their shadows before;" for the lady's dress in "the Siege"—and here we have taken female advice—with its *demi-gigot* sleeves, its pelerine, deep hem, and long waist, might very well have stepped out of any Number of *La Belle Assemblée* this very season. We confess Rowlandson in the drawings, though somebody else of later life has added thereunto. But the book is a very entertaining book, and as such we recommend it to our readers. We will conclude in the words of its clever editor, who alludes to one very good and substantial merit,—a handsome and lasting morocco binding.

"The exterior of the volume is of a character combining permanency with elegance, and evinces a confidence in the generosity of the public, it being delivered bound into their hands."

The Juvenile Forget Me Not; a Christmas and New Year's Gift, or Birthday Present for 1831. Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall. London. Westley and Davis.

This is Mrs. Hall's fourth volume; and we must say it well merits the favour shewn to its predecessors: this year it appears in a new dress—one made for use as well as show; it is embossed leather, and, besides being lasting, is far the prettiest we have seen. Blending instruction and amusement, its contents are such as we should expect from the taste of its most judicious lady-editor. But before we proceed to give individual praise, we would submit to her future consideration, whether some of the poetry had not better have made room for one of her own delightful tales. We must here repeat, what we have elsewhere said,—that we see no advantage to a child in this superabundance of *mediocre* verses; it deteriorates the youthful imagination, thus feeding it on the common-place. The volume opens with a conversation, by Dr. Walsh; which gives the young reader a picturesque and accurate idea of a Brazilian Forest: we very much approve the plan of this dialogue. There is a most characteristic and amusing tale, by a Miss Leslie, of Philadelphia—a comic sketch of common American life. Mrs. Hoffman and Miss Isabel Hill have each contributed, to use a child's phrase, two "such nice stories." We like, too, the "Sunflower," by Miss Dagley; and, though last, not least, Mrs. Hall has one of her own natural and touching little narratives. We quote, however, a charming and simple tale by L. E. L.,—a prose story, and

for children, from her pen, being such a complete novelty.

"The Miniature.

"No; leave it open, Charles, to-night." "But the damp air, dear mother!" "Only revives me." The youth left the lattice, and, for a moment, buried his face in his hands, behind the curtains of the bed. "Charles, dear!" said his mother, and again he resumed his station at her side. It was a small, low room, whose white-washed walls, and small grate—(there was a fire there, though it was July)—spoke the extreme of poverty; yet were there some slight marks of that refined taste which lingers after all that once cherished it is gone. On the little table, near the bed, stood a glass filled with flowers; and a box of mignonette in the window touched every breath of air that entered with sweetness. The dim light threw a shadow over the meanness of the place, and softness and quietness hallowed the agony of the hour; for Charles Seymour was looking, for the last time, on the face of the mother he had idolised—his young, his beautiful mother—whose small, exquisite features, and dark length of hair, might rather have suited a lovely sister, dying beneath her first sorrow, than one to whom many a year of grief and care would have made the grave seem a hope and a home, but for those she left behind. By her side, in the bright, deep sleep of infancy, breathing and coloured like the rose, was a child of four years old. "God help thee, my poor Lolotte!" and the anxiety of a mother's love overcame the quiet of that calm which almost ever precedes the last struggle. "Alas! Charles, a sorrowful and anxious heritage is yours!" "A sacred one, mother!" and, in his heart, he vowed to be father and mother to the orphan child; and thrice, tenderly, did the cold hand he held press his, as he kissed the little creature so blest in its unconsciousness. Deeper and deeper fell the shadows, and deeper and deeper the silence, when the few clouds that had gathered gradually broke away, and the room was filled with the clear moonlight. Suddenly there came the sound of martial music—the tramp of measured steps. Mrs. Seymour started, unaided, from her pillow. "It is the march of your father's regiment—they played it that last morning—for pity's sake, don't let them play it now!" Her head fell on Charles's shoulder; a strange sound was heard, such as comes from human mouth but once—it was the death-rattle! and a corpse lay heavily on his bosom. "Mistress has wanted nothing, I hope," said an old woman, opening the door gently: one look told her that mistress would never know earthly want again. Disunion of all affection—awful seal to life's nothingness—warning and witness of power and judgment—Death has always enow of terror and sorrow, even when there are many to comfort the mourner, when the path has been smoothed for the sufferer, and life offers all its best and brightest to soothe the survivor; even then, its tears are the bitterest the eye can ever shed, and its misery the deepest, heart can ever know. But what must it be, when poverty has denied solace even to the few wants of sickness; and when the grave in closing, closes on the only being there was to love us in the cold wide world! Charles Seymour stood by, while the old woman laid out the body, and paused in her grief to admire so beautiful a corpse. He had to let his little sister sleep in his arms, for their mother was laid out on their only bed—he had to order the coffin, in which himself placed the body—their short and scant

meals were taken in the presence of the dead—he heard them drive the nails in the coffin—he stood alone by the grave, and wept his first tears when he reflected that he had not wherewithal to pay for even a stone to mark the spot. He went home to meet a talkative broker, who came to buy their two or three articles of furniture; and he leant by the window, in a room empty of every thing, but a little bed for his sister, who had crept to his side, with that expression of fear and wonder so painful to witness on the face of a child;—and Charles Seymour was but just sixteen. His father had fallen in the battle of the Pyrenees, and his mother was left with the bare pension of a captain's widow, only one week before the banker where all their private fortune was deposited had failed. A few months brought Mrs. Seymour to the brink of destitution and the grave; her pension died with her, and Charles was left, with the poor Lolotte, entirely dependant on the small salary he received, as clerk in Mr. Russell's office; and even this poor situation had been procured for him by the chance interest he had inspired in the apothecary who had, from mere humanity, attended his mother. His future prospects destroyed—confined to his desk the whole day—debarred from intellectual acquirement—shut out from his former pursuits—with all the feelings of birth and station strong within him, young Seymour would have despaired, but for his sister; for her sake he exerted himself, for her sake he hoped. They lived on in their little back room over the grocer's shop, kept by the widow of a soldier in his father's regiment: he knew he could confide in the old woman's kindness to the child during his unavoidable absence; and though it was a long walk, night and morning, to the city, he thought only how healthy the air of Hampstead was for Lolotte; however weary, he was still the companion of her evening walk, or else was up early to accompany her on the heath. In her he concentrated all the pride of better days—she was always drest with scrupulous neatness—his leisure hours were devoted to giving her something of education—and every indulgence did he deny himself in order to bring her home the pretty toy or book, to reconcile her to the solitude of their lonely chamber; and patiently did the little creature make her own pleasure or employment till his return, and then quite forget that she had sometimes looked from the window, and thought how merrily the children played in the street. Three years had thus passed away, and brought with them but added anxiety. Charles felt that over-exertion was undermining his health; and Lolotte—the graceful, the fairy-like—how little would he be able to give her those accomplishments for which her delicate hand, her light step, and sweet voice, seemed made; and worse, how little would they suit her future prospects, if he could. It was her seventh birthday, and he was bringing her a young rose-tree, as a present; but he felt languid and desponding—even the slight tree seemed a weight almost too heavy to bear. As he went up stairs, he heard Lolotte talking so gaily—a listener is such a pleasure to a child! He entered, and saw her seated on the knee of an elderly man, in whose face something of sadness was mixed with the joyful and affectionate attention with which he was bending to his pretty companion. How a few words change the destiny of a life! A few, a very few, words told Charles Seymour that Mr. de Lisle, his mother's brother, stood before him, just arrived from India—a few words gave him an almost father, a fortune,

and friends; for Mr. de Lisle had sought the orphans, to be the children of his heart and his home. Another year had passed away. Charles Seymour's brow was darkened still with thought, but not anxiety; and his cheek, though pale, had no hue of sickness. He was seated in the little study peculiarly his own; books, drawings, papers, were scattered round, and not a favourite author but found place on his shelves. To-day his solitude was often broken in upon—it was Lolotte's birthday; and a sunny face, and buoyant step, entered his room, to shew the many treasures heaped on that anniversary. There was a little female art in this: Lolotte, amid all her gay presents, felt half sorry, half-surprised, to find none from her brother. Had he forgotten!—to shew him her gifts might remind him of his own: still, Charles offered her no remembrance of the day. A children's ball was too new and too gay, not to banish all thought but of itself; but when Lolotte went into her room for the night, and saw her table covered with presents, and still none from her brother, it was too much; and she sat down on her little stool, where, when Charles entered, he found her crying. 'My own sweet sister, you were not forgotten; but my birthday remembrance was too sad a one—I could not spoil your day of pleasure by a gift so sorrowful.' He presented her with a little packet, and the cheek which he kissed as he said good night was wet with his tears. Lolotte opened the paper—it contained a miniature; and she knew that the beautiful face was that of her mother. It was not till the morning that she saw the following lines were with it:—

'Your birthday, my sweet sister—
What shall my offering be?
Here's the red grape from the vineyard,
And roses from the tree.
But these are both too passing,
Fruit and flowers soon decay,
And the gift must be more lasting
I offer thee to-day.
'Tis a joyful day—thy birthday—
A sunny morn in spring;
Yet thy sweet eyes will be saddened,
By the mournful gift I bring.
Alas! my orphan sister,
You'll not recall the face,
Whose meek and lovely likeness
These treasured lines retraces.
It is your mother's picture;
You are so like her now—
With eyes of tearful dimness,
And grave and earnest brow!
O! be like her, my own sister!
But less in face than mind;
I would you could remember
One so tender and so kind.
O! weep that angel mother!
Such tears are not in vain;
Yet, dry them in the hope, love,
We all shall meet again.
And keep this gentle monitor,
And when you kneel in prayer,
Deem an angel's eye is on you—
That your mother watches there.
I'll believe that she rejoices
O'er her darling child to-day:—
God bless thee, dearest sister!
'Tis all that I can say.'

We now dismiss the volume, with the cordial praise it so amply deserves.

Marshall's Christmas Box; a Juvenile Annual.
W. Marshall. London, 1831.

WE can readily believe that it is a most difficult thing to write for children, and that it requires a talent as peculiar and as much by itself as any in the first-rate branches of literature: we are wrong in saying first-rate, for if gifts be judged by their rarity or by their utility, few are more rare or more useful than those of writing for children. We must say there are some very charming little tales in the volume now before us:

Mrs. Holland has visited the Zoological Gardens in her own delightful manner; and Miss Isabel Hill has written two tales which we like exceedingly, and only regret that we have not room to extract them as specimens of interesting stories, naturally, and therefore well, told. The "School-boys' Journey," and the "Youthful Partners," by Miss Jane Strickland, also meet our cordial approval. The poetry is infinitely below the prose: we see no reason, because the poems are particularly bad, they should be thought particularly fit for children: the foundations of good taste cannot be too soon laid. Look at the two or three sweet poems by Mr. Hollings, and those by Mrs. Howitt; they shew how imagination, feeling, and simplicity, may be blended. The poetical sketches of natural history are very happy in idea, and felicitous in expression. We quote "the Wood-mouse," by Mary Howitt.

"D'ye know the little wood-mouse?

That pretty little thing,
That sits among the forest leaves,
Or by the forest spring?

Its fur is red, like the red chestnut,
And it is small and slim;
It leads a life most innocent,
Within the forest dim.

'Tis a timid, gentle creature,
And seldom comes in sight;
It has a long and wiry tail,
And eyes both black and bright.

It makes its bed of soft, dry moss,
In a hole that's deep and strong;
And there it sleeps, secure and warm,
The dreary winter long.

And though it keeps no calendar,
It knows when flowers are springing;
And it waketh to its summer life,
When the nightingale is singing.

Upon the boughs the squirrel plays,
The wood-mouse plays below;
And plenty of food he finds for himself,
Where the beech and chestnut grow.

He sits in the hedge-sparrow's nest,
When its summer brood is fled,
And picks the berries from the bough
Of the hawthorn overhead.

And I saw a little wood-mouse once,
Like Oberon, in his hall;
With the green, green moss beneath his feet,
Sit under a mushroom tall.

I saw him sit, and his dinner eat,
All under the forest tree,—
His dinner of chestnut ripe and red;
And he ate it heartily.

I wish you could have seen him there;
It did my spirit good,
To see the small thing God had made
Thus eating in the wood.

I saw that God regardeth them,
Those creatures weak and small:
Their table in the wild is spread
By Him who cares for all."

We have so much poetry this week, or we would extract Mr. Hollings's "Cottagers:" it is one of the ornaments of this very pretty little volume.

The Noble Game of Billiards, wherein are exhibited extraordinary and surprising Strokes, which have excited the admiration of the Sovereigns of Europe. By Monsieur Mingaud, &c. &c. Translated and published by John Thurston, Catherine Street, Strand. London, 1830.

WHO so competent to translate Captain Mingaud as Mr. Thurston, whose own excellently constructed tables afford facility and certainty for the execution of the finest strokes? The work itself is eminently entitled to the attention of billiard players—we would say of mathematicians too, since many of the eccentric motions which it exhibits in the management of the balls are enough to puzzle not only the masters of Euclid's Elements, but the whole Royal Society of London. We would advise that learned body, when not better employed (and sometimes, when disputes run high, they

are not nearly so well), to step over from Somerset House to Catherine Street, a short way, and see a few of these cannons executed.

"The first billiard-table known in France was of a triangular form. It was introduced at the Château de Blois, during the residence of Henry III. It was called 'the Noble Game of Billiards,' probably from the prince being the first who practised it as a regular diversion." That agreeable diversion, combining relaxation and exercise, is now pursued upon an oblong square, though we observe round tables in the manufactory, but have never seen them used. Upon the game, as previously played, Captain Mingaud has made some extraordinary improvements, insomuch that we considered them impossible, and deferred noticing his book till inquiry satisfied us of their reality. His discoveries are, indeed, very striking, and in whatever cue the spectator may be, must strike him with a-maze.

But though we, of course, speak playfully of a production of this kind, which, being elucidated by about forty plates, it is impossible for us to describe so as to be understood; we are bound seriously to say that it is an exhibition of science altogether wonderful. In practice, we are inclined to think most of the apparently impossible hazards may be made even by players of no great pretensions; and we are sure, that by trying them they will become better adepts in the game. Much, it is well known, depends on the point where you hit your own ball, and the manner in which you cause it to infringe upon the ball or balls against which it is impelled. The lessons upon these achievements are not only useful, but very curious and interesting, and the results produced such as cannot be believed without actual proof. Taking *White's Practical Treatise* as a foundation, and this volume as a supplement demonstrating new principles, and shewing performances hitherto deemed contrary to all the rules of motion in bodies, every billiard player may be completely satisfied.

A Dictionary of the Architecture and Archaeology of the Middle Ages, including the Words used by Modern Authors in treating of Architectural and other Antiquities, &c. &c.; also, Biographical Notices of Ancient Architects. Illustrated by numerous Engravings, by J. Le Keux, of all the Members and Varieties of Christian Architecture. By John Britton, F.S.A. Part I. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

MR. BRITTON, whose activity and zeal have done so much for our national, and especially our architectural antiquities and arts, speaks of this, upon which he has been many years employed, as his last work. We trust he will live to undertake and finish many others. The Part before us consists of four sheets 8vo, and reaches alphabetically to the word *Arch*; yet the whole is announced to be in four Parts, which perplexes us for the fare of all the remaining letters of the A, B, C: but Mr. Britton is as faithful an executor as he is an able projector; and we presume he can put the whole *criss-cross* row into the remaining three portions. The Dictionary, as far as it goes, is very satisfactory. Some difficulty occurs with regard to the epithet "Christian," which Mr. Britton has created and justified in preceding works, but which not being previously known, or yet generally adopted, is more vague than

* There has also lately been published, by Effingham Wilson, a little *Guide and Companion to the Billiard Table, &c. &c.*, by an Amateur, which, though small, is both clever and useful.

definition requires. The plates, of which there are twelve in this single Part, are very neatly and clearly engraved.

The Correspondence and Diary of Dr. Doddridge. Vol. IV. 8vo. pp. 576. Colburn and Bentley.

THERE is much interesting matter in this new volume of Doddridge's remains; but we have so many more temporary matters on hand, that we can only mention its appearance.

Memoirs of Lord Burghley. By Dr. Nares. Vol. II. 4to. pp. 632. Colburn and Bentley.

A SIMILAR notice must suffice for this continuation of Dr. Nares' *Memoirs of Burghley*: it is too important to English history to be hastily analysed; and we must (this week) allow our pilots to precede the balloons.

Events in Paris as they occurred from the 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, 1830. pp. 84. J. Ridgway.

WE are sure Mr. Ridgway has nothing to do with this pamphlet except giving his name as publisher. It is a poor catchpenny, without a jot of information (*true and false*) which has not been repeated by the newspapers a hundred times. We want new lights—for we are yet profoundly ignorant of the mainsprings and most important circumstances in the late Revolution—and not a repetition of mere trite and frivolous nothings. But we could not look for grave or authentic information to a work, to which is prefixed a caricature of the late king of France, as a Jesuit, with the jocular inscription of "*Charles, par la grace de Dieu ex-Roi de France.*" This is worth the price of the pamphlet to many a reader and admirer of the grotesque.

Family Library. Dramatic Series, No. II. Works of Massinger, Vol. II. 12mo. pp. 384. London, 1830. J. Murray.

OUR commendation of the first volume of this Dramatic Series renders any general remarks on the second unnecessary. It contains four of Massinger's plays, with selections from the Roman Actor, and is well worthy of its predecessor.

Tales of the Cyclades, and other Poems. By H. J. Bradfield, author of the "*Athenaid,*" &c. pp. 184. London, Kidd.

MR. BRADFIELD has wandered over Greece; and with a young spirit deeply imbued with the traditions and present circumstances of that country, he has again endeavoured to pour out his impressions in song. Compositions so recommended would disarm critical exactness; and we can safely say that they do not discredit their author, but, on the contrary, link him both with Greece and poetry in a genial manner.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.
THE LATE LUNAR ECLIPSE.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—Whilst reading the description given by your correspondent P, in the last No. of the *Literary Gazette* (October 9), it appeared to me, that it offers but an imperfect cause for the effects related of the different depths of shade observable on the moon during its progress across the shadow of the earth; and that which is assigned, rests only on a supposition not very philosophical. I take the liberty of offering another,—one, however, which also has con-

jecture for its basis, but which seems to me supported by analogy.

I happened to be in a part of the country where the state of the atmosphere was favourable for observing the eclipse through almost the whole of its course, and I particularly noticed the changes of illumination on the surface of the moon, agreeing almost entirely with the description given by your correspondent, viz. when the moon, on entering the shadow of the earth, became nearly totally eclipsed, four things were noticeable on its surface; the small remaining quantity of bright light on its western edge, the penumbra, and a shade, which was as dark as that at any time produced, extending towards the eastern edge of the moon, but there met by a dull faint light; this light extended around all that portion of the edge of the moon which was eclipsed, being then broadest on the upper and lower limbs. Such was the first character of illumination. When the moon was arrived at the centre of the earth's shadow, the darkest mass of shade was in its centre, extending over at least three-fourths of its surface, and all around the edge was the same dull reflection of light, nearly equal in width in every part. As the moon began to emerge from the shadow of the earth, the effect of the illumination on its surface was precisely the reverse, in position of light or dark, to that I have described as existing at the commencement of the eclipse, agreeing with it only in one point, viz. that in both edges the darkest part of the shadow on the moon, was situated from the centre nearly to that side which was towards the earth's shadow, being, as your correspondent also observes, in the first case, on the eastern side, and in the latter on the western; and in both met near the edge by a dull degree of light. It must also be observed, that the extent of the light upon the upper and lower limbs or edges of the moon varied little or none throughout the eclipse. The intermediate effects of illumination on the surface of the moon, as it passed through the eclipse, had close relation to the changes I have mentioned.

These observations presented to my mind two things: First, a proof, in addition to those already generally conceived, that the moon is a spherical body. Secondly, That it is surrounded by some medium, call it atmosphere or no, as you please, which is capable of reflecting and refracting light received from the sun.

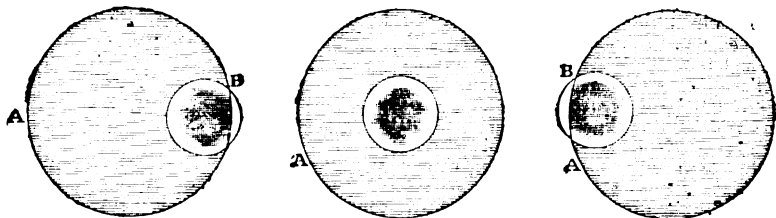
The first is evident, I conceive, from the

figure exhibited by the moon, resulting from its illumination; and particularly at the middle of the eclipse, when in the centre of the earth's shadow. It then presented precisely the same appearance as does a white ball, when placed in our atmosphere, in the shadow of some solid body. But this, in some measure, depends for full proof upon the truth of my second conclusion, viz. that the light constantly exhibited upon the extreme edge of the moon proceeded from some medium surrounding the moon, analogous to our atmosphere, capable of acting as that does upon our earth with regard to light, and so producing all the variations of illumination upon the moon's surface during the eclipse.

Now this, I think, is rendered evident by the change which took place in the position of the dark shade at the commencement and the end of the eclipse, when considered together with the variations of the dull light upon the edge of the moon during the different stages of its progress across the shadow of the earth.

It will be readily granted, that the light on the edge of the moon could proceed only from reflection or refraction from some quarter; and it will scarcely be imagined that the atmosphere of the earth extends to the moon's orbit. On that portion of the moon directed towards the earth, and perpendicular to the line of its shadow, it is very clear that no reflection could reach, or only as much as may be supposed to exist in open space, preventing total darkness; consequently, *there was always* found the deepest degree of shade, extending more or less towards the edge of the moon, according to the distance of that body from the centre and the opposite edge of the earth's shadow; as is evident by the statement of its effect when in its first and last position. In other words, according to the extent of the shadow cast by the earth upon the medium, whatever that may be, surrounding the moon; the dull light upon the edge of the moon, increasing as that extent of shade became less. Hence I infer, that the light proceeded from that medium; and the more so, because, as has been related, that light, as seen upon the upper and lower edges of the moon, remained nearly unchanged during the whole of the eclipse; agreeing with the small variation of distance which could take place in those parts, from the boundary of the earth's shadow.

The following diagrams will serve to make these points more clear.



A. The shadow of the earth. B. The moon at the beginning and at the end of the eclipse.

I conceive, therefore, that the difference of intensity of shade upon the surface of the moon, at the differing periods of her progress through the eclipse, did not arise, as your correspondent conjectures, from any third degree of intensity in the shadow of the earth, for which there does not appear to be any natural cause; but rather from the natural progression of light upon a body placed in different situations with regard to the source of that light.

This point would perhaps be capable of further illustration; but I hope what I have said will be sufficient to make my suggestion clear;

and more would probably neither suit you nor me; me more particularly, who am no astronomer, but only one who has endeavoured to employ a little common sense, in illustration of that which he well knows is a very abstruse subject. F.

OCCULTATION OF VENUS.

YESTERDAY morning (Friday) the moon escaped from a low stratum of mist at 4^h 53^m, Venus was then invisible, and the immersion must have occurred in or near the horizon. At 5^h 30^m the planet emerged from behind the

moon's dark limb. (See Celestial Phenomena for October.)

The golden light of the extremely narrow crescent of the moon, and the brilliant whiteness of Venus, formed a beautiful contrast. The sky was unusually clear and serene, and the *lumières cendrées* of the moon's unenlightened disk distinctly visible.

To see starting forth with sudden splendour the bright morning star (Phosphorus) from behind the moon's dark limb, must have been equally pleasing and astonishing to the unconscious night traveller, who had been hailing the moon's delicate crescent as the precursor of the rising day.

Deptford.

J. T. B.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

(Important Alterations, &c.)

THE Fellows are still looking forward to the anniversary of St. Andrew's day with some degree of interest, though the affairs which have lately militated against the tranquillity of the Society may now be considered to be in a train of satisfactory adjustment. In a recent *Literary Gazette* we mentioned certain communications which had taken place between the respected President and his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, and also between the former and the Council. The correspondence thus referred to, seemed to imply contradictory proceedings, and to leave it doubtful whether his Royal Highness or Mr. Gilbert would be elected President for the ensuing year. Since that period, however, we learn, Mr. Gilbert addressed another circular to the members of the Council, stating, that since he contradicted certain vague allusions to his retirement, he had received official information that his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was disposed to become the future President of the Society. Mr. Gilbert further states, that in consequence of this intimation, it is his intention to withdraw; and, as far as he is concerned, to promote the Royal Duke's unanimous election. It is understood that, under a prince of the blood royal and so near the throne, there will not only be no impropriety, but a positive advantage, in the President's resuming his station as Vice-President and Treasurer, and thus continuing to give the Institution the valuable support to be derived from his high scientific endowments, influence, and services. The Fellows, generally, as far as we have met with those to whom this prospective course was known, express themselves much pleased with it; though in so numerous a body, with its division of astronomers and mathematicians, there may probably be a small minority of dissentients; but we think the proposed measures must be very acceptable to a vast majority, as they bid fair to be beneficial to the Society and to the state of science in the country. It is probable that, at the same time, some modifications of the charter will be introduced; by framing new by-laws with respect to the selection of papers to be read, the publication of transactions, the ballot and qualities of members proposed for elections, and other points of less consequence, where inconveniences are believed to exist. Some project is spoken of for dividing the Society into two classes; the one to consist of men of distinguished scientific pursuits and attainments; and the other of individuals of rank and station, of taste and literature, but not engaged in the actual investigation of objects for which this royal incorporation was founded. But this, we presume, is but private speculation. What is more

likely to be done, and will, we have reason to believe, be suggested by the royal President, is to remodel the Society into distinct committees, as in the French Institute, to which the different matters brought forward will be submitted for consideration and sanction. By this means the time and abilities of the general body will not in the first instance be wasted on crude or unimportant subjects; and the reports of competent judges will guide it either in adopting the discussions, or prosecuting the schemes, which ingenuity may offer, or rejecting them as unessential or unfounded. This, we think, will be a marked improvement on the constitution, practice, and national utility, of the Society. What other alterations his Royal Highness may wish to make for the better regulation of the Society, the establishment of harmony among its members, and the universal interests of science, the progress of time will unfold: several points which promise to bring forth good fruits are already obvious. The King's personal and immediate patronage is one of these. Another is the position and accomplishments of his Royal Highness himself,—so favourable to the dignified intercourse which the head of such an institution ought to maintain both at home and abroad. We understand that his Royal Highness has declared his intention of receiving the Fellows of the Society, and celebrated foreigners, who visit this country, at his palace at Kensington, at frequent and fixed times, both in the morning and evening, so as to suit the convenience of all. This alone would be a prodigious benefit; but when we add to the scale, the personal appearance, the manners, the affability, and the intelligence of the royal Duke, we are disposed to value it yet more highly. His Royal Highness speaks three or four foreign languages fluently—French, Italian, and German; he is well read in ancient and classic literature; he delivers his opinions either in addressing the public or in private conversation, with great fluency and effect; and it will be allowed that he possesses, in an ample degree, the requisites for attaching to himself the respect and regard of those whom he honours by his condescension or more intimate association. These are all considerations to render the anticipated proceedings most agreeable to the Royal Society; and as our statement, besides conveying the information to our readers, is meant to congratulate them on the termination of an unpleasant business, and not to eulogise or flatter their princely President *in futuro*, we shall now only add the word *Vale*.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations to the Keepsake, for 1831.

WE have a crow to pluck with the proprietor of the *Keepsake*. He has deceived us. We thought, and we maintain that at the time we were justified in thinking, that he could not surpass what he had already done: but he compels us to acknowledge that we consider the set of plates before us as the finest he has submitted to the public. Not that it is possible to excel some of our old favourites; but it strikes us that this collection is more equal in its merits. There is not an indifferent work in it. Generally speaking, the plates are also larger; which, of course, adds to their consequence and value.

Haidée. Painted by C. L. Eastlake, R.A., engraved by C. Heath. The design is full of simplicity, beauty, and taste;—

"A lovely female face of seventeen;"

and the engraving is exquisite. The want of colour is scarcely felt. Nothing can exceed the pearliness of the demi-tints of the flesh.—*The Gondola*. Painted by T. P. Stephanoff, engraved by C. Heath. As respects both the figures and the landscape, one of Mr. Stephanoff's finest compositions; engraved with tortoise-shell mellowness and richness.—*Sea-Shore, Cornwall*. Painted by R. P. Bonington, engraved by W. Miller. The splendour of this effect is equalled by its truth.—*The Secret*. Painted by R. Smirke, R.A., engraved by J. Mitchell. Bewitching. We do not know whether to admire more the elegance of the painter, or the wonderful skill of the engraver. What the story may be, we can only conjecture. Were we not quite sure of the discretion of the editor, we should tremble for him.—*Adelaide*. Painted by A. Chalon, R.A.; engraved by C. Heath. A happy representation of one of the most engaging of human beings,—a lively girl of seven or eight years of age. The technical execution of the plate is beyond all praise.—*The Swiss Fesant*. Painted by H. Howard, R.A.; engraved by C. Heath. Female grace and infantile beauty, to say nothing of subordinate considerations, render this a most interesting production.—*Mima*. Painted by J. Cristall; engraved by C. Heath. We take the opportunity which the notice of this print affords us, to express our sincere regret at hearing that Mr. Cristall is in a very declining state of health. The arts can ill spare such a man. The present, although a simple subject, is a most pleasing specimen of his feeling and his powers.—*Chacun à son goût*. Painted by J. Stephanoff; engraved by F. Bacon. It would be very surprising if the gouty old lover were to the taste of the lovely creature whose hand he is about rapturously to kiss. It is a spirited design, admirably engraved.—*Nantes*. Painted by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.; engraved by J. T. Willmore. *Sawm*. Painted by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.; engraved by R. Wallis. Two beautifully engraved specimens of an artist, who, whatever may be his occasional extravagance, must be allowed to be a man of the highest genius.—*The Lady, the Knight, and the Monk*. Painted by E. P. Stephanoff; engraved by C. Heath. Not being in the editor's confidence, of course we have not the most remote idea of the story to which this plate refers. As we are great lovers of matrimony, however, we hope that the monk is there for the purpose of marrying the knight to the lady, and thereby preventing the scandal that might ensue from a midnight visit.—*The Use of Tears*. Painted by T. P. Bonington; engraved by C. Rolls. Now we beg to ask any of our merry readers, if that title is not a poser? The use of tears! For ourselves, we are always disposed to sing,

"For what's the use of sighing, when time is on the wing?"

We dare say, however, that when we read the volume, we shall find an answer to our doubts as satisfactory as this exceedingly beautiful plate is to our sense of excellence in art.—*Juliet*. Painted by Miss L. Sharpe; engraved by J. Edwards. In our notice of the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-colours, we bestowed upon this drawing the praise which it deserved. Mr. Edwards has, generally speaking, engraved it with equal vigour and delicacy. But we are delighted to find, at last, something to censure, although but a trifle:

"It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she is wont;"

and fairly enters the lady's apartment.—*Nestor and Tydides*. Painted by R. Westall, R.A.; engraved by J. Brandard.

"Full in Tydides' face the lightning flew—
The ground before him flames with sulphur blue."

We fancy that this is an early picture of Mr. Westall's. It is quite Martinish.—*Milan Cathedral*. Painted by S. Prout; engraved by W. Wallis. A portion of the interior of that elegant edifice.—*The Orphan Boy*. Painted by J. Cristall; engraved by C. Heath. A design of greater simplicity, beauty, and character, and an engraving of more fascinating execution, we have never met with.—We must not omit to mention the *Vignette Title-page*, drawn by H. Corbould, after J. Flaxman, R.A., engraved by —Thompson, which is full of grace and gem-like effect; and the *Presentation Plate*, drawn by H. Corbould, engraved by C. Heath; than which it is impossible to conceive any thing more delicate and tasteful.

Illustrations of the Literary Souvenir, for 1831.
MR. ALARIC WATTS has evidently not relaxed this year in the vigour of his usual exertions to embellish his annual volume. The result is a very fine collection of plates, most of them of high excellence.

Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis. Painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.; engraved by J. H. Watt. It is a just compliment to the genius of the lamented President, to place this, which we have always considered one of his most elegant and animated portrait-compositions, at the head of the list. Mr. Watt has done himself infinite credit by the talent and taste which he has shewn, both in the general effect of his plate, and in those much more arduous tasks, the discrimination of tone in the various parts, and the perfect preserving of the expression. Nothing can be more charming. It is stated by the proprietors of the *Souvenir*, that the engraving of this plate alone has cost them one hundred and fifty guineas!—*Trojan Fugitives*. Painted by George Jones, R.A.; engraved by J. C. Edwards. Finely and classically conceived, and executed with great depth and mellowness.—*The Maiden Astrologer*. Painted by W. Boxall; engraved by E. Finden. There is a slight degree of stiffness in the fair star-gazer's position; but the general effect of the plate is good.—*Robert Burns and his Highland Mary*. Painted by R. Edmonstone; engraved by J. Mitchell. The picture itself has already received our approbation. Mr. Edmonstone has well expressed the sentiment in Burns's verse:

"How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birch,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my doarie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary."

It has been sweetly engraved by Mr. Mitchell.—*The Sea-side Toilet*. Painted by J. Holmes; engraved by E. J. Portbury. Coral, shells, and sea-weed, here supply the place of combs, feathers, and diamonds; and a faithful terrier that of a flattering beau. We almost fancy we hear Tray lisp out, "Upon my soul, you are a little angel!"—*The Lady and the Wasp*. Painted by A. E. Chalon, R.A.; engraved by W. Greatbatch. So much voluptuous beauty is enough to attract any wasp of taste. The attack is a desperate one. The lady's maid, however, (if we do not degrade her by giving her such a title,) seems to be a woman of determination; and we have no fears for the result. The plate is richly and forcibly

executed.—*The Narrative*. Painted by T. Stothard, R.A.; engraved by W. Greatbatch. A graceful and delicious little composition, from Boccaccio, by our English Watteau.—*The Reading Magdalen*. Painted by Correggio. Engraved by W. H. Watt. Although we do not think it judicious to introduce the work of an old master, and especially a work so well known as this, among the novel productions of modern artists, we are delighted with the manner in which Mr. Watt has acquitted himself. The plate has, we believe, been engraved from a very fine copy by H. Thomson, R.A.—*The Canzonet*. Painted by H. Howard, R.A.; engraved by C. Rolls. A well-constructed composition.—*The Secret*. Painted by J. P. Davis; engraved by F. Bacon. Perhaps our general dislike of secrets renders us less favourably disposed towards this performance than we might otherwise be.—*The Packet-Boat entering the Harbour of Ghent*. Painted by F. Nash; engraved by E. Goodall. One of the finest plates of the series. It is a perfect gem. The flatness and transparency of the water, and the aerial perspective, are especially admirable.—*The Destruction of Babel*. Painted by H. C. Slous; engraved by T. Jeavons. To represent the confounding of tongues is beyond the pencil's power; but the fall of the presumptuous tower, and the scattering of the people over the face of the earth, are within its legitimate province. The elemental and other horrors of this awful scene are here unfolded as fully as the smallness of the space would admit.

Illustrations of the Gem, for 1831.

GREAT variety and beauty characterise the embellishments of the *Gem*.

Victoria Colonna. Painted by A. Colin; engraved by W. Greatbatch. An exceedingly picturesque design, forcibly and beautifully engraved.—*Cupid and Nymph*. Painted by W. Hilton, R.A.; engraved by F. Engleheart. When the original was exhibited at Somerset House, we expressed our admiration of it. Mr. Engleheart has done it great justice.—*Portrait of a Boy*. Painted by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.; engraved by J. Thomson. Every thing that proceeded from the pencil of the highly-gifted artist whom we have lost, bore the stamp of taste and feeling.—*Evening*. Painted by J. Creswick; engraved by S. Lacey. Not only evening, but a very fine evening; and a rich Claude-like landscape.—*Hope and Love*. Painted by H. Howard, R.A.; engraved by J. Goodyear. Composed with Mr. Howard's usual taste, and engraved with Mr. Goodyear's usual skill.—*Bothwell Brigg*. Painted by A. Cooper, R.A.; engraved by H. Rolls. A deadly encounter. The brave but unfortunate Covenanters are in a sad plight. Mr. Cooper's powers in subjects of this description are well known, and he has been ably seconded by Mr. Rolls.—*Young Crab-Catchers*. Painted by W. Collins, R.A.; engraved by J. Phelps. It is difficult to conceive a greater contrast than the present plate presents to the last; that all turbulence, this all tranquillity. The infant fisherman, however, seems a little apprehensive that, to use an old pun, he may come off with *éclat*.—*The Standard-Bearer*. Painted by A. Cooper, R.A.; engraved by J. Webb. Although thrown from his dying animal, and extended on the ground, there is nevertheless an expression in the warrior's countenance which is dangerous, and which would induce any person of common prudence to take care not to approach him too nearly.—*The Attack of the Blood-hound*. Painted by A. Cooper, R.A.; engraved by C. Rolls.

A situation of such horror, that it is painful to dwell upon it.—*Mars disarmed*. Painted by H. Howard, R.A.; engraved by A. W. Warren. Cupid is quite right. What can Mars want with a sword in his present agreeable circumstances? A rich and classical production.—*La Tour de Marché*. Drawn by Bonington; engraved by W. J. Cooke. Picturesque; and full of the charm which poor Bonington imparted to all his productions, however slight.—*Lady Russell writing to her Husband*. Painted by J. Squires; engraved by Sangster.—The effect of light near the door is exceedingly well managed.

Illustrations of the Christmas Box, for 1831.

THESE are eight in number; and, if they do not claim to rank highly as works of art, the subjects are nevertheless pleasing, and the plates are neatly executed, and well calculated to gratify youthful connoisseurs. Our favourites are, "The Lesson," "The Zoological Gardens," "The Cottager," "The Young Shipwrights," "The Cottage Girl returning home," and "The Brigand."

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

NAPLES: THE DEY OF ALGIERS.*

"Vede Napoli e pol mori."—*Napolitan Proverb, much quoted by Cockney travellers.*

"He was a Turk, the colour of mahogany."—*Byron.*

THE burst upon Naples from the mountain side, as you approach that beautiful city from Rome, is one of the loveliest sights in the whole world; and the only thing that can be compared with it (not as to similarity, but in the exquisite emotions which it awakens), is the first view of the sunny Alps, the laughing valley and silver Lake Lemai, as you issue from the defiles of Jura, and gaze from the heights on the glorious prospect beneath you.

"I stood entranced and mute, as they
Of Israel think the assembled world
Will stand upon that awful day
When the ark's light aloft unfurled
Among the opening clouds shall shine,
Divinity's own radiant sign!
Nor ever, were I destined yet
To live my life twice o'er again,
Can I the deep-felt awe forget—
The ecstasy that thrilled me then!"—*Moore.*

This magnificent view is gained by taking the *strada nuova* (the work of Murat), which turns off to the left at a little temple about two miles from Naples;—a fact worth knowing, as the postillions prefer the old road, which is something shorter; but as it enters the city at once, you lose what, in my opinion, is worth every thing else—the first impression of this superb *coup-d'œil*.

We got out of the carriage to contemplate the lovely prospect at our leisure. On the right lay the white houses of the city, tier upon tier, climbing the hill-side, intersected by terraces, and gardens, and forts, and crowned with the lordly and commanding St. Elmo. Before us spread out the blue, unruffled surface of the unequalled bay, in the midst of which lay the fair, mountained isle of Capri. The whole sweep of this delightful expanse was circuted with villas, gleaming on the edge of its blue waters, and seeming to carry on bright Naples in unbroken continuity to sweet Sorrento, lying like a white speck at the foot of the azure-tinted mountains. Nearer to us, and frowning like a spirit of evil, brooded Vesuvius—a huge volcano—brown, shielving, and conical; and immediately beneath us, smiling in softest contrast, were gardens and vineyards of the live-

* For this interesting communication we are indebted to the friend, from Italy, who furnished us with the paper on the *Sordi-mutti*, in our last No.

best verdure. It was, in sooth, a scene to gaze on for hours, with unwearied, unsated gratification.

But Naples has a thousand charms besides. The city, on a nearer approach, does not disappoint expectation. It is a place of fun and festivity. Such dark-eyed women—such brown-legged men—loveliness and lazzaroni. The Strada di Toledo is my hemisphere, whether by night or day. There is the true *locale* for variety of costume and diversity of character—there you may read the book of life in all its pages and chapters—there you behold Naples proper. It is almost impossible to describe in a breath this miscellaneous and multitudinous medley—all that I can do is to single out a few bits which struck me most. I shall commence with a night scene.

The whole street (the Toledo) twinkled with many lights, and was thronged with carriages and foot-passengers of every description, resounding with the hum of artisans, and the cries of vendors of fruit and vegetables—the cafés, glittering with pewter plates, were thronged with visitors—the bureaux of the lottery banks, so frequent here, were crowded with applicants risking their little all—and the lazzari were standing thick about the gilt stalls of the venditori of acqua gelata and limonata.* In the daytime the whole street, a mile in length, looks like a moving market; and what with fishermen, fruitmen, (the *melonaro*, with his ripe, red water-melons, and the *maccaronaro*, with his mucilaginous stores, the delight of lazzari, being worthy of especial note,) muleteers, money-changers, locomotive shop-keepers, secretaries, basket-women, calessi caritelli, and the teatrino of Pulcinella, and a thousand other indescribable things, the clamour and noise whereof are enough to content the most ardent admirer of the “syllables that breathe of the sweet south.”

During our sojourn at Naples, in August last, we occupied apartments in the Vittoria, which was also tenanted by the Dey of Algiers and his suite. The sensation which the *expasha* created was quite astonishing; the *portecochère* of the hotel was crowded with idle Neapolitans all day long, conversing with the black slaves, or thronging around the carriages of the officers of the suite as they entered or departed the locanda. The *place* in front of the Vittoria was filled with spectators, scanning with curious eye the upper windows of the room in which the ladies of the Harem were known to be confined; while every dark-eyed, smooth-tressed dame, (be it known to all my fair friends, that the mode at Naples is to wear the hair flat on the forehead, as practised by Ronzi de Begnis or Pasta, and occasionally by Fanny Kemble), as she rode by in berlin or barouche, gazed upwards, in the hope of bringing the flowing outline of the lordly Ottoman within the scope of her beautiful vision. But the stately Hussein preferred the reserve of a retired apartment in the back part of the house, where he could smoke his long chibouque unexposed to the impertinent glances of the congregated Gaiours. Here, however, I often caught a glance of him, gravely pacing the balcony overhanging the quadrangular court-yard of the *caravanseraï*, in

* These stalls (*acqua-forti*) are very curious, and certainly attract a stranger's attention as much as any thing in Naples. They consist of a large heavy machine, clumsily carved and gaudily gilt, and surmounted by a flaunting pair of colours. At the sides are two movable barrels, made in the form of churns, holding ice and water, of which an incredible quantity is consumed by the lazzaroni in the heats of summer. They think nothing of three or four quarts a-day, and take it in a state of profuse perspiration, without injury or apprehension.

converse with the officers of his *suite*, or sitting, at eventide, in cross-legged deliberation, in the open door of his chamber, which, by singular good fortune, fronted mine. In point of personal appearance, the Dey is any thing but what I expected to find him, and very different from the shrew portraiture which a writer in a monthly magazine has painted. He is, for all the world, the counterpart of the Turk who sold rhubarb near St. Paul's Churchyard, and, for aught I know, may be the same. Indeed; from the fancy which he had for England, I suspect there must be some affinity, at the least, between them. His beard was grizzled, or, if you will, a sable-silvered; and his white chintz turban, crimson velvet caftan, green silk trousers, diamond-studded dagger, gold-hilted scymetar, exist only in the picturesque imagination of the writer of the clever *Notes of the Month*, before alluded to. His rings, I admit, were splendid—diamonds of the first water; but his costume was not striking, and, worse than all, was uncleanly; nor was he the sort of man that I should think a Neapolitan dandy had reason to dread.* To be sure, there were some silver-sheathed yataghans on sale, and a dagger of exquisite workmanship, which I had some thoughts of purchasing; but these were the only weapons I saw: the rest of the Dey's accoutrements were *outré* in the extreme. I was curious to know the state of the Mohammedan *cuisine*, which I am given to understand is sufficiently barbarous; but I apprehend his Algerine highness leans to the French. He had his own *chef* with him, who was not to be bribed; so that we must still remain in ignorance of African ragoûts and Turkish sauces.

The Dey has with him *en suite* his brother and “counterpart presentment,” Mustapha Effendi, whose beard and moustaches stand a little less in need of *crige*, or henna, than the fraternal Pasha's. Ibrahim Aga, his son-in-law, the handsomest man of the set, a fine, broad-shouldered, brawny, black-bearded Moor, with a manly, good-humoured countenance, apparently little capable of the atrocities he is said to have committed before quitting Algiers. A circumstance, however, occurred which shewed his character in its real light during our stay, when, but for the intervention of the police, he would certainly have sabred one of his slaves, for the trifling offence of mistaking, by the merest accident, one room for another. So much for appearances amongst the Moussulmans. In England we are always what we seem. Next follows the astute Ibrahim Effendi, grand admiral; Mustapha Aga, a general; Mohammed Hoggia, grand chancellor (now no longer holder of the seals); and Hassan Bey, treasurer, altogether the heaviest, and dullest, and ugliest human being I ever remember to have seen, even amongst these infidel dogs of Mahoun. But what of ladies? Fair readers, I will delay your impatience no longer. What stories of *Arabian Nights*, and *Persian Tales*, and *Lays of Eastern Romance*, did it not bring to mind, as I bethought me that over head was a *seraï*—a harem! watched by the jealous vigilance of slaves and eunuchs. I bethought me of languishing Georgians, tender Tchircassians, sunny Ethiopians, and voluptuous Morriscoes, each and all in imprisoned beauty, longing to be free. Mentally did I exclaim, “Oh, that I were Prince Ahmed, or a calendar, or a dervish, or

* As an antithesis to all preconceived notions, too, he wears spectacles (!), which have about as much to do with the sublime, as Leigh Hunt's yellow inexpressibles with a poet, or modesty with Lady Morgan. The haughty chief of a pirate crew in spectacles! By Day and night, but this is horrendous strange!—the very anti-climax of the mock heroic.

any body, to undertake your deliverance, and fly with you to the land of camels, and dates, and deserts with fountains springing in the midst!” Then came the idea of knouts and bowstrings, a boat and a sack, and a plunge into the Bosphorus, or any other waves more nearly at hand. I believe, however, there was not beauty worth such a risk amongst the eight-and-fifty captives, thirty-eight of whom were negroes, and the remaining twenty whites. I could not learn whether any of my fair countrywomen were amongst the number. They were under the surveillance of Hait Pharazi, chief of the eunuchs. Besides such as have been already enumerated, the Dey had with him forty-two intermediate officers and attendants. As may be conceived, I could not even get a peep at the females, beyond a glimpse of their figures in the indistinct twilight, as they ran along the flat roofs of the Vittoria to enjoy the evening breeze—the only exercise they were allowed to take—and on the night of their departure for the Dey's newly purchased villa near Portici, when I saw them descend the stairs, but so closely muffled in their *al-naïckas* as to preclude all possibility of judging of their attractions, with the exception of one old woman, said to be the Dey's mother, who had no attractions, and two children. This villa has extensive gardens, with high walls, in which the ladies are at liberty to range; and rope-ladders are coming into request at Naples in consequence.

From all I can learn, the Dey is far from regretting the change in his fortunes, but looks upon his dethronement as a deliverance from a post of great difficulty and danger. He is said to be immensely rich, and to have some intention of embarking a portion of his property in mercantile speculations. At one time he entertained the idea of settling at Leghorna. When told that Charles X. was banished his kingdom, “Alla is just!” he exclaimed; “he drove me from my dominions, now he is expelled from his own!” At that time there was a report in Naples that the French monarch intended coming thither, which would have rendered the coincidence still more striking. He attended the Opera at San Carlo, which was brilliantly illuminated on the occasion of the king's birthday; the house was greatly crowded; the performance was the *Semiramide*, with Fodor. To be appropriate, they should have given *Il Turo in Italia*.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Hummel's New Piano-forte Works.

The publication of the whole of Hummel's new manuscripts, of which we spoke last week, is now completed. The two last, consisting of a grand Concerto in A flat, dedicated to the master's illustrious patroness the Queen; and a Military Septett in C for the piano-forte *principale*, have but just issued from the press. The others are, a characteristic Fantasia, a Larghetto with variations, and a “Society Rondo,” all with orchestral accompaniments.

As we have not yet had time to look into the Concerto and Septett, which reached us only yesterday, we must postpone our notice of the whole till the publication of our next Number. The compositions of Hummel, the first master of the age, are not to be examined lightly.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

MRS. WAYLETT has made her appearance in *Letitia Hardy*, and Miss Chester in *Violante*,

during the past week. The houses have been good to these old comedies, and the managers might as well, therefore, not have produced a trifling dance by a mediocre *corps de ballet*, which is dignified by the title of a divertissement, and is calculated only to lengthen an evening's bill of fare, already too long. Last Thursday, for instance, we had the *Wonder*, a five-act comedy, this said divertissement, the interlude of *Intrigue*, under the title of the *Bath Road* (an unfair *ruse*, by the way, well enough at Sadler's Wells or Tottenham Street, but *infra dig.* at old Drury), and the *Brigand*, a two-act drama, besides the two grand overtures to *Die Zauberflöte* and *Tancredi*! This is only wearing out performers, pieces, and audiences; and while we can wield a pen, we will anathematise the practice. The effects, as at the Haymarket, are only observable in the lobbies during the latest hour, or hour and a half, when nearly every respectable person is gone, and only — and — remain to degrade the theatre.

COVENT GARDEN.

A new *Romeo*, in the person of a Mr. Keppel, was suddenly announced on Monday. The *débutant* appeared to be nearly overwhelmed by anxiety and agitation; but in characters of less importance Mr. Keppel may probably be more successful. *Romeo* on the boards of Covent Garden requires more personal appearance and physical power than nature seems to have bestowed upon him; though our judgment being formed upon a first attempt ought to leave room for higher hopes.

HAYMARKET.

THE Haymarket Theatre closed last night. Kean at the commencement of the season, and Miss Paton at its termination, have probably proved, from peculiar circumstances, sufficiently attractive to prevent its being a losing one in a pecuniary point of view; but its reputation as a theatre, which has been gradually declining for some time past, has this summer met with a yet heavier fall. We do advise the proprietor, in the most friendly spirit, to make such radical changes before he again opens the Haymarket as will restore this still favourite place of amusement to the high situation it was wont to occupy in public regard. Let him get together a company something better than a second-rate provincial troop, and play old Haymarket comedies, rather than such Coburgish melo-dramas as the *Force of Nature*, the *Goldsmith*, and *Clari*, or the operas of Mozart and Rossini, for the decent representation of which his theatre has not the slightest capabilities. Let him discharge his hand, and another his scene-painter—ring down his curtain at midnight, and owe his success to the deserved patronage of the respectable classes of society, instead of pandering to its dregs and disgraces, by keeping his doors open till half-past one in the morning, to catch the dissolute few who have scarcely a home to go to, and enter his house but to turn it into a bagnio. Of the seven pieces produced this season, Morton's *Separation and Reparation* is the only one likely to keep possession of the boards. The list is as follows:—

- June 15th. Conjectures, or the Man in the Camlet Cloak, an Interlude, 1 act: Poole.
- July 1st. Separation and Reparation, a Comedy, 2 acts: Morton.
- July 16th. Force of Nature, a Drama, 2 acts: Shannon.
- July 20th. Honest Frauds, a Farce, 2 acts: Lunn.
- Aug. 13th. Husband at Sight, a Farce, 2 acts: Buxton.
- Aug. 31st. First of April, a Farce, 2 acts: Miss Boaden.
- Sept. 13th. Marie Mignot, a Drama, 3 acts: Mayhew and T. Arnold.

ADELPHI.

THIS merry little place goes on, to use a common saying, like a house on fire. We do not mean that it has been burnt down, and we should be sorry for our amusement if it should be, but that it fills every night to witness the varieties provided for the public entertainment. *Scheming and Seeming*, a laughable burletta by Mr. Lunn, was produced on Thursday, and afforded Yates a free opportunity for displaying his mimic and histrionic talents, of which he made the most advantageous use, and kept the audience in high humour during the whole performance. His first personating Mathews to perfection, and then as *Mathews* imitating other actors, Young, Macready, &c. is one of the most singular pieces of double mimicry we ever saw, and made us laugh very heartily. This piece was, we think, played for a benefit at Covent Garden; but it is now better than new.—*George and Adelaide*, a loyal dramatic tribute, has a capital scene between Mrs. Fitzwilliam and Wilkinson.

VARIETIES.

Fine Arts.—Mr. William Wyon, the chief engraver of the Mint, has been for some time past closely occupied in the preparation of dies for the new coinage.

Light Varnish to preserve Insects.—Take a pint of spirits of wine, and a little light amber, which should be allowed to dissolve in a saucepan for forty-eight hours: to this add a little mastic, as much red arsenic, and an equal quantity of turpentine; and let it dissolve in a vessel for four and twenty hours. This done, take the insect you wish to preserve, extract its entrails, and let it be well bathed for several days in spirits of wine, into which some sugar-candy has been put. In this state, rub it over with the varnish at intervals until it shines: it may thus be preserved for a long time.

Counterfeit Gold.—A German, Dr. Hermsdorf, has discovered a mixture of metals, which is not only of the colour of real gold, but also possesses its hardness, all its ductility, and the same specific weight. The inventor, however, does not assert that it is as unchangeable as gold; and there can be no doubt that if he had met with that quality in it, he would not have failed to mention it; for in that case he would have found the secret which has been so long and so vainly sought by the alchemists. This material is thus composed:—out of twenty-four parts, equal in weight, there are sixteen of platina, seven of pure copper, and one of pure zinc; this is to be covered with powdered charcoal, and placed in a crucible, on a strong fire, until the fusion has reduced the three into one mass, which will be the said counterfeit gold.—*Journal des Connaissances Usuelles.*

The Schoomaster all Abroad.

Sir, I'm a plain pains-taking man,
Inflict, too, pains reciprocal with vigour;
For, oh, my boys arithmetic won't learn,
But always do their best to cut a figure.
Multiplication wins them not;
Addition, thoughtless, is forgot;
Yet the young scamps will by and by
Too fast increase and multiply.
Now, for subtraction, they subtract
The finest fruit from off my trees;
And for division, they divide
The spoil, though no spoiled children these:
I flog them oft, they heed not me,
Learn three holes for the rule of three;
Till, wearied out with such distractions,
I break their heads to teach them fractions.
I know not, sir, what more to do,
So, in despair, apply to you.

A *Jarvey's Joke*.—One of the Paddington

coachmen seeing an undertaker, the other day, carrying an oaken coffin on his shoulders, called out to a brother whip,—“I say, Jim! there's your new box-coat going home!”

Prepared Ox-Gall for taking out Spots.—Boil together one quart of ox-gall, and four ounces of pulverised alum. After several boilings, add four ounces of common salt. Let the liquor settle, and then decant and preserve it in well-stopped bottles. It may be rendered aromatic, by adding a little of the distilled essence of lemon, which also augments the properties of the preparation.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XLII. Oct. 10.]

The Poet Shelley.—A memoir of the life of this gifted but misguided individual during his residence in Italy, with several hitherto unpublished poems, is to be included in Captain Trelawney's Autobiography, now preparing for the press. If Trelawney write as well as he talks, and tell all he knows (which is not a little), about Byron and Shelley, a curious performance may be expected. His own adventures are quite Anastasian. It is not generally known that the captain has reserved to himself a grave next to that of Shelley, in the Protestant Campo Santo at Rome. This looks like friendship in life and death.

Captain Medwin, the Editor of “Byron's Conversations,” has just finished a Translation of *Æschylus*, on which he has been engaged for the last two years. We have reason to think that it will, on its appearance, raise his character very high as a Grecian. He is at present residing at Genoa.

A new edition of Colonel Montagu's Ornithological Dictionary, with Additions, &c.—The History of the Christian Church during the First Three Centuries, translated from the German of Neander, by the Rev. H. J. Rose, M.A.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Burns's Principles of Surgery, Vol. I. 8vo. 14s. bds.—Mackenzie on the Eye, 8vo. 21s. bds.—Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, Vol. XVI. Part I. 8vo. 9s. bds.—Merrifield's Law of Attorneys, and Costs in Common Law, royal 8vo. 21s. bds.—Albert, or the Lord's Prayer Exemplified, 16mo. 1s. 6d. sewed.—The Sonnets of Shakspeare, and Milton, fcp. 4s. bds.—Daly's Outlines of Descriptive Geography, fcp. 2s. 6d. cloth.—Second Report of Commissioners respecting Real Property, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Doddridge's Life and Correspondence, Vol. IV. 8vo. 15s. bds.—Narrative of the French Revolution of 1830, 12mo. 6s. sewed.—The Lyre and the Laurel, 2 vols. 8s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 7	From 43. to 62.	30.26 to 30.29
Friday... 8	— 41. — 65.	30.36 — 30.40
Saturday... 9	— 48. — 60.	30.42 — 30.44
Sunday... 10	— 43. — 63.	30.44 — 30.40
Monday... 11	— 39. — 58.	30.33 — 30.30
Tuesday... 12	— 46. — 58.	30.26 Stationary
Wednesday 13	— 41. — 58.	30.26 — 30.30

Winds, N. W. and N. E.
Except the 7th and 13th, generally cloudy; a little rain fell on the evening of the 12th, but not sufficient to be measurable.

Occultation of Venus: Friday Morning.—Every individual who witnessed the occultation of Venus by the moon this morning, must have felt much indebted to your valuable correspondent J. T. B. of Deptford, for his indefatigable exertions in warning us of so interesting a phenomenon. It is hardly to be expected in a climate like ours, and the celestial body so near to the horizon as was the moon at the period of the immersion, that a very favourable observation could be made; independent of this, a cloud intercepted the southern limb of the moon from our view till about 3' before 5, when the immersion had taken place; the emersion, however, was seen under almost as favourable circumstances as could be wished, and occurred at 24' after 5. No particular distortion of the shape of the planet during its emersion was perceptible; but when quite visible, it seemed as if attached to the dark part of the moon for the space of more than 7";—an appearance precisely similar to that which I remember to have witnessed in an occultation of the planet Jupiter.

The situation of Jupiter amongst the several small stars in and near the right arm of Sagittarius, renders the planet, as a telescopic observation, peculiarly interesting.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to postpone our Review of the Winter's Wreath, being, indeed, this week, even without it, almost an Annual ourselves.

ERRATUM.—In our last No., page 659, col. 1, line 7, for “Corporal,” read “Caporal.”

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY

SCHOOL, 16, Lower Gower Street, Bedford Square, (Head Master, the Rev. HENRY BROWNE, M.A., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge), will open on the 1st November.

This Institution is a Classical Day School, including those Branches of a liberal Education usually taught to Boys from about Eight to Fifteen Years of Age.

The Subjects of Instruction are— I. The Latin and Greek Languages.

II. The English, French, and German Languages. III. Outlines of History and Geography.

IV. Writing, Ciphering, and (if desired) Pencil Drawing and the Principles of Perspective.

Terms, 15s. per annum, payable by Instalments, and no extra Charges, the Pupils providing Books.

Hours of attendance in the winter season, nine to twelve in the morning, two to four in the afternoon, for Pupils residing at a distance, in whose case a different arrangement may be desirable, the attendance will be from nine to three, including one hour for recreation.

Copies of the Prospectus may be had at the School, at the Office of the London University, and of the following Booksellers:— Taylor, Upper Gower Street

Nimmo, ditto. Lloyd, Harley Street

Gardner, Regent Street Murray, Albemarle Street

Knight, Pall Mall East Wyld, Charing Cross

Smith, Strand Richardson, Cornhill

Underwood, Fleet Street Templeman, Percy Street

The Head Master may be spoken with at the School daily, (except Sundays), between the hours of 11 and 4.

Such Pupils as are already entered, are requested to take an early opportunity of calling upon the Head Master, that they may be examined and classed accordingly.

HENRY BROWNE, Head Master.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

The Council hereby give Notice, that the following Classes will meet on Monday, the 1st of November next:—Latin, Greek, English, French, German, Italian, Hebrew, Oriental Languages, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Philosophy of the Human Mind and Logic, General Jurisprudence, Medical Jurisprudence, English Law, on Monday the 8th of November. The Course of Chemistry commenced with the Medical Classes, on the 1st of October; but the first five weeks are occupied with a General View of the Science; and the Detailed Consideration of each branch commences in November. Botany also commenced the 3d of October; but there is a Spring Course in April. The Course of Zoology commences on the 3d of January; and there is a Summer Course on Zoology and Comparative Anatomy. The Lectures on Political Economy commence in February. There are to be an Evening Course of Mathematics, and Popular Courses of Natural Philosophy, commencing also on the 1st of November. A Prospectus of the several Classes, containing an Outline of the Mode of Instruction, with Statement of the Hours, the Fees, the Regulations for Admission to the Library, Museum, &c., may be had on application at the Office of the University, and at the following Booksellers:—Mr. Taylor, 39, Upper Gower Street; Mr. Murray, Albemarle Street; Messrs. Longman and Co., and Messrs. Baldwin and Cradock, Paternoster Row; Mr. Underwood, 23, Fleet Street; Mr. Richardson, 23, Cornhill; Mr. Callow, 16, Princess Street, Soho; Mr. Ridgway, 169, Piccadilly; Mr. Bell, Chemist, 339, Oxford Street; and Mr. Gardan, Chemist, 378, Oxford Street.

The Medical Classes meet on the 1st of October. LEONARD HORNER, Warden.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON. The

Council of this Institution do hereby give Notice, that they have deemed it expedient to extend the period for receiving applications for the under-mentioned appointments until the 1st of November next:—viz.

The Headmastership of the Lower Department. The Professorships of:—Classical Literature.

English Literature. Natural and Experimental Philosophy. The Principles and Practice of Commerce. Natural History and Zoology.

English Law and the Principles of Jurisprudence.

Information respecting these situations may be obtained on application at the Office of the College, between the hours of Twelve and Three.

By Order of the Council, H. SMITH, Secretary.

3, Parliament Street, 13th July, 1830.

PHILONOMIC SOCIETY.—This Society

will commence its Eighth Annual Session for the Discussion of Legal and General Questions, on Tuesday, the 26th instant. Furnival's Inn Hall, 12th Oct. 1830. MICHAEL BARSON, Hon. Sec.

TO BE SOLD.—An Established Business

of Bookseller, Stationer, and Printer, with a Circulating Library—a compact concern, with a general connexion, in a populous Neighbourhood: it may be conducted at a moderate expense, and the returns may be made in a few months. Letters (post-paid) or applications to Mr. Starling, 40, Leicester Square, will be attended to.

ENCYCLOPEDIA LONDINENSIS.—In

consequence of the destruction by the fire at Messrs. Adlard's Printing Office, of the greater part of the Stock of this Work, nearly all the Sets have been rendered imperfect. The Proprietors, however, are enabled to complete Sets, by a number of Odd Volumes which still remain unsold, and which they intend disposing of at the reduced price of 2l. per volume. London: Published by Jones and Sons, 17, Ave Maria Lane.

TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND. It

is expected that the Proceedings in Parliament, in the approaching Session, will be of surpassing interest. In recording those proceedings, the SPECTATOR, Weekly Newspaper, will continue, with the improvement derived from experience, and the method of Historical Analysis (rather than of unsatisfactory and spiritless abridgment) which met with uniform approbation during the last two Sessions, as being at once the most concise, the clearest, and the fairest to all parties. In addition to this, the Spectator will continue its peculiar methods of Illustrating every Question brought before Parliament, by discussion, and of testing the value of every Representative of the People. While a prominence correspondent to its real importance is given to this branch of Politics, no department, whether of amusement or instruction, comprised in the original plan of the Spectator, shall be neglected. On the contrary, the recent enlargement of the Paper (from 16 pages to 24) has given great additional scope for the development of every part of the scheme, as occasion may require; and the Proprietors feel considerable confidence in asserting, that—apart from its claims as a Journal of Literature, and of Dramatic, Musical, and Pictorial Criticism—the Spectator, as a Newspaper, bestows more space and elaboration on Events and their consequences, than any other Paper whatever. The Proprietors invite comparison.

There are two editions of the Spectator—one for the Country, published on Saturday, in time to be sent by the post of that evening; another for Town, published very early on Sunday morning, and bringing down all public news to the latest hour. The early edition reaches every post-town within 200 miles of London the course of Saturday; the latest edition may be had through the proper Newsmen, at every place within ten or twelve miles of London before breakfast.

Those who intend to become Subscribers to the Spectator, at the Meeting of Parliament, should give their orders to the News-men, Postmasters, or Booksellers, before the 26th of October, as few copies beyond the ordinary supply for regular Subscribers are printed. 4, Wellington Street, Strand, Sept. 27.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Price 1l. 1s. THE NOBLE GAME OF BILLIARDS, wherein are exhibited extraordinary and surprising Strokes, which have excited the admiration of most of the Sovereigns of Europe. Translated from the French of the celebrated M. MINGAUD. Formerly Capitaine d'Infanterie in the Service of France. Dedicated, by permission, to the Most Noble the Marquess of Cleveland.

This work is elegantly got up, and comprises 48 well-executed copper-plates, with directions for performing, with precision, the most masterly strokes of all the celebrated proficients of the present day. It is, in this respect, a great desideratum to all the admirers of this elegant diversion, no work having appeared in the English language which can be compared with it, for the beauty and precision of its rules and illustrations; and none which comprise the great improvements and discoveries made in the game within the last twenty years. London: Translated and published by John Thurston, Billiard Table Manufacturer, 14, Catharine Street, Strand; and to be had of all Booksellers.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1830.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoir of His late Majesty, George the Fourth.
By the Rev. G. Croly. 8vo. pp. circ. 500.
London, 1830. J. Duncan.

ALTHOUGH produced as a Memoir of our late Sovereign, this volume contains views of society in England and, occasionally, in France, from the middle of last century; characters and biographical sketches of many of the most distinguished individuals who figured during that period; anecdotes of leading public characters, such as Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, &c.; expositions of the national policy at different important epochs; and many other matters of general attraction and interest. We have successive ministers characterised, and their measures dissected; we have critical remarks on the styles of public speakers; we have bon-mots, recollections, party negotiations and intrigues; we have political and satirical poetry; we have Buonaparte and the Catholic question; we have morals, wars, changes, &c. &c. &c.; all reviv'd upon the canvass, and painted with a vigorous hand by an author whose power of delineation is too highly appreciated to require any eulogy from us.

The book is altogether such a work as might be expected from a man of strong sense and practised literature, living so near the time embraced in his descriptions, and aiming more at a free and popular narrative than at the philosophy of more remote history: yet it abounds with profound observations; and often in a tone of sarcastic scorn lashes the follies and vices it is forced to depict. But a few extracts, which we now proceed to give, will convey a better idea of Mr. Croly's performance than any long commentary of our own; and as we always prefer making an author speak for himself, to exhibiting ourselves as his spokesmen, here follow remarks on public and private education, as brought into discussion on the system adopted towards the Prince of Wales.

"The great schools were panegyrised, as breeding a noble equality among the sons of men of the various ranks of society; as inspiring those feelings of honour and independence, which in after-life make the man lift up his fearless front in the presence of his superiors in all but knowledge and virtue; and as pre-eminently training the youth of the land to that personal resolution, mental resource, and intellectual dignity, which are essential to every honourable career; and are congenial, above all, to the free spirit and high-minded habits of England. All those advantages must be conceded, though burlesqued and tarnished by the fantastic and selfish tales of extraordinary facilities furnished to the man by the companions of the boy; of the road to fortune smoothed, the ladder of eminence miraculously placed in his grasp, the coronet, the mitre, the highest and most sparkling honours of statesmanship, held forth to the aspirant by the hand of early association.—Hopes, in their conception mean, in their nature infinitely fallacious, and in

their anticipation altogether opposed to the openness and manly self-respect, which it is the first duty of those schools to create in the young mind. Yet the moralist may well tremble at that contamination of morals which so often defies the vigilance of the tutor; the man of limited income is entitled to reprobate the habits of extravagance engendered in the great schools; and the parent who values the affections of his children, may justly dread the reckless and unruly self-will, the young insolence, and the sullen and heartless disdain of parental authority, which spring up at a distance from the paternal eye. But the question is decided by the fact, that without public education a large portion of the youth of England would receive no education whatever; while some of the more influential would receive, in the feeble indulgences of opulent parentage and the adulation of domestics, an education worse than none. The advantages belong to the system, and to no other; while the disadvantages are accidental, and require nothing for their remedy beyond increased activity in the governors, and a more vigorous vigilance in the nation."

We cannot agree with Mr. C., however, in thinking Eton or Westminster the place for educating the heir to the throne. A *coup d'œil* over Lord North's administration strikes us as very able, in this early part of the volume, which is also diversified by an episode about Swift, and other retrospects; but we pass to the commencement of the prince's chequered career, 1783, when the Commons voted him 50,000*l.* for income, and 100,000*l.* for the outfit of his household. Here the author says finely—

"There are no faults that we discover with more proverbial rapidity than the faults of others; and none that generate a more vindictive spirit of virtue, and are softened down by fewer attempts at palliation, than the faults of princes in the grave. Yet, without justice, history is but a more solemn libel; and no justice can be done to the memory of any public personage without considering the peculiar circumstances of his time. The close of the American war was the commencement of the most extraordinary period of modern Europe: all England, all France, the whole continent, were in a state of the most powerful excitement: England rejoicing at the cessation of hostilities, long unpopular and galling to the pride of a country accustomed to conquer; yet with the stain of transatlantic defeat splendidly effaced by her triumph at Gibraltar, and the proof given in that memorable siege, of the unimpaired energies of her naval and military power,—France, vain of her fatal success, and exulting in the twofold triumph of wresting America from England, and raising up a new rival for the sovereignty of the seas,—the continental states, habitually obeying the impulses of the two great movers of the world, England and France, and feeling the return of life in the new activity of all interests, public, personal, and commercial. But a deeper and fearful influence was at work, invisibly, but

resistlessly, inflaming this feverish vividness of the European mind. The story of the French Revolution is still to be told; and the man by whom that tale of grandeur and atrocity is told, will bequeath the most appalling lesson ever given to the tardy wisdom of nations. But the first working of the principle of ruin in France was brilliant; it spread an universal animation through the frame of foreign society. All was a hectic flush of vivacity. Like the Sicilian landscape, the gathering fires of the volcano were first felt in the singular luxuriance and fertility of the soil. Of all stimulants, political ambition lays the strongest hold on the sensibilities of man. The revolutionary doctrines, still covered with the graceful robes of patriotism and philosophy, seemed to have led the whole population of France into enchanted ground. Every hour had its new accession of light; every new step displayed its new wonder. Court formality—hereditary privilege—the solemnity of the altar—all that had hitherto stood an obstacle to the full indulgence of natural impulses, all the rigid and stately barriers established by the wisdom of elder times against popular passion, were seen suddenly to shrink and fade away before the approach of the new regeneration, like mists before the sunbeams. The listless life of the man of rank was suddenly supplied with an excitement that kindled all the latent activities of his nature; the man of study found, with delight, his solitary speculation assuming a life and substantial shape before his eye, and the long arrears of fortune about to be paid in public fame and power; the lower classes listened with fierce avidity to the declaration, that the time was at hand for enjoying their share of that opulent and glittering world on which they had hitherto gazed, with as little hope of reaching it as the firmament above their heads. Thus was prepared the Revolution. Thus was laid under the foundation of the throne a deadly compound of real and fantastic injury, of offended virtue and embittered vice, of the honest zeal of general good, and the desperate determination to put all to hazard for individual license, rapine, and revenge,—a mighty deposit and magazine of explosion, long visible to the eyes of Europe, invisible to the French government alone, and which only waited the first touch of the incendiary, to scatter the monarchy in fragments round the world. 'Philosophy' was the grand leader in this progress of crime; and it is a striking coincidence, that at this period its title to national homage should have been, as if by an angry destiny, suffered to aid its popular ambition.

"The peace of 1782 threw open the continent; and it was scarcely proclaimed, when France was crowded with the English nobility. Versailles was the centre of all that was sumptuous in Europe. The graces of the young queen, then in the pride of youth and beauty; the pomp of the royal family and the noblesse; and the costliness of the fêtes and celebrations, for which France has been always famous,

rendered the court the dictator of manners, morals, and politics, to all the higher ranks of the civilised world. But the Revolution was now hastening with the strides of a giant upon France: the torch was already waving over the chambers of this morbid and guilty luxury. The corrective was terrible: history has no more stinging retrospect than the contrast of that brilliant time with the days of shame and agony that followed—the untimely fate of beauty, birth, and heroism,—the more than serpent-brood that started up in the path which France once emulously covered with flowers for the step of her rulers,—the hideous suspense of the dungeon,—the heart-broken farewell to life and royalty upon the scaffold. But France was the grand corrupter; and its supremacy must in a few years have spread incurable disease through the moral frame of Europe. The English men of rank brought back with them its dissipation and its infidelity. The immediate circle of the English court was clear. The grave virtue of the king held the courtiers in awe; and the queen, with a pious wisdom, for which her name should long be held in honour, indignantly repulsed every attempt of female levity to approach her presence. But beyond this sacred circle the influence of foreign association was felt through every class of society. The great body of the writers of England, the men of whom the indiscretions of the higher ranks stand most in awe, had become less the guardians than the seducers of the public mind. The ‘Encyclopédie,’ the code of rebellion and irreligion still more than of science, had enlisted the majority in open scorn of all that the heart should practise or the head revere; and the Parisian atheists scarcely exceeded the truth, when they boasted of erecting a temple that was to be frequented by worshippers of every tongue. A cosmopolite, infidel republic of letters was already lifting its front above the old sovereignties, gathering under its banners a race of mankind new to public struggle,—the whole secluded, yet jealous and vexed race of labourers in the intellectual field, and summoning them to devote their most unexhausted vigour and masculine ambition to the service of a sovereign, at whose right and left, like the urns of Homer’s Jove, stood the golden founts of glory. London was becoming Paris in all but the name. There never was a period when the tone of our society was more polished, more animated, or more corrupt. Gaming, horse-racing, and still deeper deviations from the right rule of life, were looked upon as the natural embellishments of rank and fortune. Private theatricals, one of the most dexterous and assured expedients to extinguish, first the delicacy of woman, and then her virtue, were the favourite indulgence; and, by an outrage to English decorum, which completed the likeness to France, women were beginning to mingle in public life, try their influence in party, and entangle their feebleness in the absurdities and abominations of political intrigue. In the midst of this luxurious period the Prince of Wales commenced his public career. His rank alone would have secured him flatterers; but he had higher titles to homage. He was, then, one of the handsomest men in Europe: his countenance open and manly; his figure tall, and strikingly proportioned; his address remarkable for easy elegance, and his whole air singularly noble. His contemporaries still describe him as the model of a man of fashion, and amusingly lament over the degeneracy of an age which no longer produces such men. But he possessed qualities which might have atoned for a less attractive

exterior. He spoke the principal modern languages with sufficient skill; he was a tasteful musician; his acquaintance with English literature was, in early life, unusually accurate and extensive; Markham’s discipline, and Jackson’s scholarship, had given him a large portion of classical knowledge; and nature had given him the more important public talent of speaking with fluency, dignity, and vigour. Admiration was the right of such qualities, and we can feel no surprise if it were lavishly offered by both sexes. But it has been strongly asserted, that the temptations of flattery and pleasure were thrown in his way for other objects than those of the hour; that his wanderings were watched by the eyes of politicians; and that every step which plunged him deeper into pecuniary embarrassment was triumphed in, as separating him more widely from his natural connexions, and compelling him in his helplessness to throw himself into the arms of factions alike hostile to his character and his throne.”

This is not only superb writing, but just and solid reasoning; nor is the following less so, though towards the close of our quotation it goes into amusing detail.

“In other lands the king is a despot, and the heir apparent a rebel; in England the relation is softened, and the king is a tory, and the heir apparent a whig. Without uncovering the grave, to bring up things for dispute which have lain till their shape and substance are half dissolved away in that great receptacle of the follies and arts of mankind, it is obvious that there was enough in the contrast of men and parties to have allured the young Prince of Wales to the side of opposition. Almost prohibited, by the rules of the English court, from bearing any important part in government; almost condemned to silence in the legislature by the custom of the constitution; almost restricted, by the etiquette of his birth, from exerting himself in any of those pursuits which cheer and elevate a manly mind, by the noble consciousness that it is of value to its country; the life of the eldest born of the throne appears condemned to be a splendid sinecure. The valley of Rasselas, with its impassable boundary, and its luxurious and spirit-subduing bowers, was but an emblem of princely existence; and the moralist is unfit to decide on human nature, who, in estimating the career, forgets the temptation. It is neither for the purpose of undue praise to those who are now gone beyond human opinion, nor with the idle zeal of hazarding new conjectures, that the long exclusion of the Prince of Wales from public activity is pronounced to have been a signal injury to his fair fame. The same mental and bodily gifts which were lavished on the listless course of fashionable life, might have assisted the councils, or thrown new lustre on the arms, of his country; the royal tree, exposed to the free blasts of heaven, might have tossed away those parasite plants and weeds which encumbered its growth, and the nation might have been proud of its stateliness, and loved to shelter in its shade. The education of the royal family had been conducted with so regular and minute an attention, that the lapses of the prince’s youth excited peculiar displeasure in the king. The family discipline was almost that of a public school: their majesties generally rose at six, breakfasted at eight with the two elder princes, and then summoned the younger children: the several teachers next appeared, and the time till dinner was spent in diligent application to languages and the severer kinds of literature, varied by lessons in music, drawing, and the other accomplish-

ments. The king was frequently present; the queen superintended the younger children, like an English mother. The two elder princes laboured at Greek and Latin with their tutors, and were by no means spared in consequence of their rank. ‘How would your majesty wish to have the princes treated?’ was said to be Markham’s inquiry of the king. ‘Like the sons of any private English gentleman,’ was the manly and sensible answer. ‘If they deserve it, let them be flogged: do as you used to do at Westminster.’ The command was adhered to, and the royal culprits acquired their learning by the plebeian mode. The story is told, that on the subsequent change of preceptors, the command having been repeated, Arnald, or one of his assistants, thought proper to inflict a punishment, without taking into due consideration that the infants whom Markham had disciplined with impunity were now stout boys. However, the Prince and the Duke of York held a little council on the matter, and organised rebellion to the rod: on its next appearance they rushed upon the tutor, wrested his weapons from him, and exercised them with so much activity on his person, that the offence was never ventured again. Louis the Fourteenth, when, in his intercourse with the accomplished society of France, he felt his own deficiencies, often upbraided the foolish indulgence which had left his youth without instruction; exclaiming, ‘Was there not birch enough in the forest of Fontainebleau?’ George the Third was determined that no reproach of this nature should rest upon his memory; and probably no private family in the empire were educated with more diligence in study, more attention to religious observances, and more rational respect for their duties to society, than the children of the throne.

“There can be no difficulty in relieving the memory of George the Third from the charge of undue restraint; for nothing can be idler than the theory, that to let loose the passions of the young is to inculcate self-control. Vice is not to be conquered by inoculation; and the parent who gives his sons a taste of evil, will soon find that what he gave as an antidote has been swallowed as a temptation. The palpable misfortune of the prince was, that on emerging from the palace, he had still to learn human character, the most essential public lesson for his rank. Even the virtues of his parents were injurious to that lesson. Through infancy and youth he had seen nothing round him that could give a conception of the infinite heartlessness and artifices, the specious vice, and the selfish professions, that must beset him at his first step into life. A public education might have, in some degree, opened his eyes to the realities of human nature. Even among boys, some bitter evidence of the hollow and hypocrisy of life is administered; and the prince’s understanding might have been early awakened to the salutary caution, which would have cast out before him, naked, if not ashamed, the tribe of flatterers and pretended friends who so long perverted his natural popularity. But there was much in the times to perplex a man of his high station and hazardous opportunities, let his self-control be however vigilant. The habits of society have since been so much changed, that it is difficult to conceive the circumstances of that singular and stirring period. We live in a day of mediocrity in all things. The habits of fifty years ago were, beyond all comparison, those of a more prominent, showy, and popular system. The English nobleman sustained the honours of his rank with a larger display;

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Our next choice falls on a vivid sketch of the French court at the breaking out of the revolution (1795).

"The bewildered career and unhappy fate of the Duke of Orleans are now matter of history. He was born in a hazardous time for a man of weak understanding, strong passions, and libertine principles.—The monarch but a grown child: the queen, estimable but imperious, full of Austrian 'right divine,' and openly contemptuous of the people: the court jealous, feeble, and finding no resource for its weakness but in obsolete artifice and temporary expedient: the nobility a mass of haughty idlers, a hundred and twenty thousand gamblers and intriguers, public despisers of religion and the common moral obligations by which society is held together; chiefly poor, and living on the mendicant bounty of the court; worthless consumers of the fruits of the earth, yet monopolists of all situations of honour and emolument, and by their foolish pride in the most accidental of all distinctions, birth; by their open meanness of solicitation for that last livelihood which a man of true dignity of mind would seek, a dependence on the public purse; and by their utter uselessness for any purpose but that of filling up the ranks of the army; rendered at once weary of themselves and odious to the nation. But beyond those central, projecting points in the aspect of France, those fragments of the old system of the monarchy, the politician saw a wilderness of living waves, a boundless and sullen expanse of stormy passions, furious aspirations, daring ambition, and popular thirst of slaughter; a deluge, rising hourly round the final, desperate refuge of the

rendered the court the dictator of manners, morals, and politics, to all the higher ranks of the civilised world. But the Revolution was now hastening with the strides of a giant upon France: the torch was already waving over the chambers of this morbid and guilty luxury. The corrective was terrible: history has no more stinging retrospect than the contrast of that brilliant time with the days of shame and agony that followed—the untimely fate of beauty, birth, and heroism,—the more than serpent-brood that started up in the path which France once emulously covered with flowers for the step of her rulers,—the hideous suspense of the dungeon,—the heart-broken farewell to life and royalty upon the scaffold. But France was the grand corrupter; and its supremacy must in a few years have spread incurable disease through the moral frame of Europe. The English men of rank brought back with them its dissipation and its infidelity. The immediate circle of the English court was clear. The grave virtue of the king held the courtiers in awe; and the queen, with a pious wisdom, for which her name should long be held in honour, indignantly repulsed every attempt of female levity to approach her presence. But beyond this sacred circle the influence of foreign association was felt through every class of society. The great body of the writers of England, the men of whom the indiscretions of the higher ranks stand most in awe, had become less the guardians than the seducers of the public mind. The ‘Encyclopédie,’ the code of rebellion and irreligion still more than of science, had enlisted the majority in open scorn of all that the heart should practise or the head revere; and the Parisian atheists scarcely exceeded the truth, when they boasted of erecting a temple that was to be frequented by worshippers of every tongue. A cosmopolite, infidel republic of letters was already lifting its front above the old sovereignties, gathering under its banners a race of mankind new to public struggle,—the whole secluded, yet jealous and vexed race of labourers in the intellectual field, and summoning them to devote their most unexhausted vigour and masculine ambition to the service of a sovereign, at whose right and left, like the urns of Homer’s Jove, stood the golden fountains of glory. London was becoming Paris in all but the name. There never was a period when the tone of our society was more polished, more animated, or more corrupt. Gaming, horse-racing, and still deeper deviations from the right rule of life, were looked upon as the natural embellishments of rank and fortune. Private theatricals, one of the most dexterous and assured expedients to extinguish, first the delicacy of woman, and then her virtue, were the favourite indulgence; and, by an outrage to English decorum, which completed the likeness to France, women were beginning to mingle in public life, try their influence in party, and entangle their feebleness in the absurdities and abominations of political intrigue. In the midst of this luxurious period the Prince of Wales commenced his public career. His rank alone would have secured him flatterers; but he had higher titles to homage. He was, then, one of the handsomest men in Europe: his countenance open and manly; his figure tall, and strikingly proportioned; his address remarkable for easy elegance, and his whole air singularly noble. His contemporaries still describe him as the model of a man of fashion, and amusingly lament over the degeneracy of an age which no longer produces such men. But he possessed qualities which might have atoned for a less attractive

exterior. He spoke the principal modern languages with sufficient skill; he was a tasteful musician; his acquaintance with English literature was, in early life, unusually accurate and extensive; Markham’s discipline, and Jackson’s scholarship, had given him a large portion of classical knowledge; and nature had given him the more important public talent of speaking with fluency, dignity, and vigour. Admiration was the right of such qualities, and we can feel no surprise if it were lavishly offered by both sexes. But it has been strongly asserted, that the temptations of flattery and pleasure were thrown in his way for other objects than those of the hour; that his wanderings were watched by the eyes of politicians; and that every step which plunged him deeper into pecuniary embarrassment was triumphed in, as separating him more widely from his natural connexions, and compelling him in his helplessness to throw himself into the arms of factions alike hostile to his character and his throne.”

This is not only superb writing, but just and solid reasoning; nor is the following less so, though towards the close of our quotation it goes into amusing detail.

“In other lands the king is a despot, and the heir apparent a rebel; in England the relation is softened, and the king is a tory, and the heir apparent a whig. Without uncovering the grave, to bring up things for dispute which have lain till their shape and substance are half dissolved away in that great receptacle of the follies and arts of mankind, it is obvious that there was enough in the contrast of men and parties to have allured the young Prince of Wales to the side of opposition. Almost prohibited, by the rules of the English court, from bearing any important part in government; almost condemned to silence in the legislature by the custom of the constitution; almost restricted, by the etiquette of his birth, from exerting himself in any of those pursuits which cheer and elevate a manly mind, by the noble consciousness that it is of value to its country; the life of the eldest born of the throne appears condemned to be a splendid insecure. The valley of Rasselas, with its impassable boundary, and its luxurious and spirit-subduing bowers, was but an emblem of princely existence; and the moralist is unfit to decide on human nature, who, in estimating the career, forgets the temptation. It is neither for the purpose of undue praise to those who are now gone beyond human opinion, nor with the idle zeal of hazarding new conjectures, that the long exclusion of the Prince of Wales from public activity is pronounced to have been a signal injury to his fair fame. The same mental and bodily gifts which were lavished on the listless course of fashionable life, might have assisted the councils, or thrown new lustre on the arms, of his country; the royal tree, exposed to the free blasts of heaven, might have tossed away those parasite plants and weeds which encumbered its growth, and the nation might have been proud of its stateliness, and loved to shelter in its shade. The education of the royal family had been conducted with so regular and minute an attention, that the lapses of the prince’s youth excited peculiar displeasure in the king. The family discipline was almost that of a public school: their majesties generally rose at six, breakfasted at eight with the two elder princes, and then summoned the younger children: the several teachers next appeared, and the time till dinner was spent in diligent application to languages and the severer kinds of literature, varied by lessons in music, drawing, and the other accomplish-

ments. The king was frequently present; the queen superintended the younger children, like an English mother. The two elder princes laboured at Greek and Latin with their tutors, and were by no means spared in consequence of their rank. ‘How would your majesty wish to have the princes treated?’ was said to be Markham’s inquiry of the king. ‘Like the sons of any private English gentleman,’ was the manly and sensible answer. ‘If they deserve it, let them be flogged: do as you used to do at Westminster.’ The command was adhered to, and the royal culprits acquired their learning by the plebeian mode. The story is told, that on the subsequent change of preceptors, the command having been repeated, Arnald, or one of his assistants, thought proper to inflict a punishment, without taking into due consideration that the infants whom Markham had disciplined with impunity were now stout boys. However, the Prince and the Duke of York held a little council on the matter, and organised rebellion to the rod: on its next appearance they rushed upon the tutor, wrested his weapons from him, and exercised them with so much activity on his person, that the offence was never ventured again. Louis the Fourteenth, when, in his intercourse with the accomplished society of France, he felt his own deficiencies, often upbraided the foolish indulgence which had left his youth without instruction; exclaiming, ‘Was there not birch enough in the forest of Fontainebleau?’ George the Third was determined that no reproach of this nature should rest upon his memory; and probably no private family in the empire were educated with more diligence in study, more attention to religious observances, and more rational respect for their duties to society, than the children of the throne.

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state, and soon to overtop its last pinnacle. But the Duke of Orleans was not to see this consummation. He returned to France; was seized by the men of liberty; condemned without a hearing by the votaries of immaculate justice; and murdered on the scaffold by the purifiers of the crimes of lawgivers and kings. The son of that duke has now peaceably ascended the magnificent throne which dazzled the ambition of his father. Whether France will long suffer a king, may be doubtful. But, while his claim is that of the national choice, entitled, by an exertion of extraordinary courage, justice, and moderation, to the disposal of the throne; we must rejoice that France has obtained a man of virtue, and that such a man should be endowed with so illustrious an opportunity of redeeming his name, and of spreading the benefits of wisdom and power to mankind."

The prince's marriage is a subject of great embarrassment to a biographer, but Mr. Croly has extricated himself with great credit: we can only cite a small portion of his account.

"Never was there a more speaking lesson to the dissipations of men of rank, than the prince's involvements. While he was thus wearied with the attempt to extricate himself from Lady Jersey's irritations, another claimant came; Mrs. Fitzherbert was again in the field. Whatever might be her rights; since the royal marriage, at least, the right of a wife could not be included among them; but her demands were not the less embarrassing. A large pension, a handsome outfit, and a costly mansion in Park Lane, at length reconciled her to life; and his royal highness had the delight of being hampered with three women at a time, two of them prodigal, and totally past the day of attraction, even if attraction could have been an excuse; and the third complaining of neglects, which brought upon him and his two old women a storm of censure and ridicule. But the whole

narrative is painful, and cannot be too hastily passed over."

And with this we must close our review. From the extracts it will be seen that the author's style is yet remarkable for the use of epithets rarely employed by other writers in a similar way or sense; and that his favourite phrases of sterner, opulent, fierce, vigorous, masculine, trivial, &c. &c. &c., figure frequently in alliterative or sonorous construction. This we notice as a peculiarity, not as a blemish. The force and talent of the whole will be acknowledged by every reader of discernment; and a work of the kind more likely to have a popular run we can hardly imagine. If we add to its literary merits, that an excellent portrait of the king is given as a frontispiece, and that the volume is printed in Moyes's best manner, we have done our duty towards heartily recommending the *Memoir of George IV.*

The New Comic Annual for 1831. By Sir John Falstaff. London: Hurst, Chance, and Co.

FROM what we have yet seen of the Annuals of this season (excepting the particular instances where we have expressed a different opinion, and to which instances we beg to refer), we are much inclined to think, upon the whole, that this class of publications must depend for success more upon its pictorial than its literary merits. Perhaps it may be that the novelty of such miscellanies having worn off, the contributors being almost the same year after year, and equally furnishing their efforts to several volumes, the subjects embracing little of variety, and other obvious causes, the *decies repetita non placet** one-tenth part so much as the first uprising of these annual luminaries. The mediocrity which, of necessity, must obtain possession of the mass of their pages, is a fearful drawback upon the enjoyment of readers, and

felt the more from generally being in juxtaposition with one or two, or, it may be, a greater number of exquisite productions. We get through one—two; but palling of the third demonstrates how intrinsically humble are the pretensions of all.

When we consider the great outlay upon these speculations, with new projects springing in to augment the crowd every year; when we consider the employment they give to the arts, though eminently calculated to destroy our GREAT School of Engraving; and when we admire those parts which are really original or beautiful, we are loath to speak of the entire body in terms of disparagement. But the truth is, there must be improvement, or the plates had infinitely better be published separately; in which shape they are even now, in four cases out of five, infinitely preferable to that of their forced and ill-matched union with letter-press.

We have been led to throw this glance over the field from the aspect of the novelty before us, which is an inseparable combination of wood-cut, and such other cuts as the wit of its author could invent; so that we have had no other way of making our readers acquainted with it except by copying two or three of the former, which, to say the least, have amused us quite as much as any of the latter. The Rotten-seat (1) was susceptible, especially at the period of a general election, of far more entertaining illustration than it has received: as in the generality of cases of very violent opposition, the object at issue is lost to the contending parties. Squally (2) is a good impersonation: and the Forlorn Hope (3) a sufficiently "humourous melancholy" allegory; such as we hope never to see the British Anchor, with its Sailor King [*private mem.* Clap-trap, agreeably to the fashion of the times], recognised!

1.

2.

3.



Now, with regard to the literary matter—since it must be so—we dislike the approaches to indelicacy in the *Hottentot Venus*, and warn the writer, that whatever may be the vices of the age, it is very fastidious on such points, and will not tolerate outward indecency in word or deed. We quote "the Waterman's Soliloquy," as one of the most favourable specimens:

"Well! things are coming to a pretty pass,
I think the end o'th' world will soon begin;
Some years ago, I used to get a glass
O' gin an' bitters—now I gets no gin,
But lots o' bitters. Now an honest man
Can't get no work—no, blow me if he can.

We sha'n't be able soon to see our way,
There's such a sight o' bridges building now—
And then they'll want gas lights to burn all day,
But they won't take one lighter-man in tow.
My poor old wherry's wery near worn out—
Folks never think o' taking wherries now;
And I have got the rheumatiz' an' gout—
But how to get clear on 'em I don't know.
The Steamers, tho' they do make lots of smoke,
Used once to bring us many a bite an' sup;
But now—folks walk ashore—a pretty joke!
I wish them cursed quays were all locked up.
I know the time, when I've earned two-pun-ten
In sixpences, a dozen at a time:

* *Anglicè; i. e.* in English (for we would translate every thing into mother-tongue), the tenth repetition does not please.

Such days as those I ne'er shall see again—
I'm getting old—I've long been past my prime.
Then, 'cause we've got no bridges—thee's Brunel
Must build one under ground—the cur'd Thames
Tunnel:
My eye—if he but knowed what I could tell,
How we contrived to make his work a funnel!

* Here is the list for the present year:—Forget-me-Not (1823), consequently vol. 9; Friendship's Offering (1824), vol. 8; Literary Souvenir (1825), vol. 7; Amulet (1826), vol. 6; The Winter's Wreath (1827), vol. 5; Keepsake (1828), vol. 4; Bijou (1829), vol. 4; Gem (1830), vol. 3; Landscape Annual (1830), vol. 2; Iris (1830), vol. 2; Hood's Comic Annual (1830), vol. 2; Sheridan's Comic Offering, Humourist, New Comic Annual, La Keepsake Français, The Talisman, all for 1831; besides half-a-dozen Juvenile, and half-a-dozen Musical companions.

I dare say we shall soon have on the water—
Steam omnibuses—plying for a fare—
If so—why then thank God I've lost my daughter
An' my old woman—they're a happy pair!
Things seem to be a-goin' upside down!
Carts, horses, waggons, porters with their loads,
Go under all the new bridges in town,
And arches now cross over streets an' roads.
Perhaps the Thames will be Macadamised,
And broad wheel waggons roll along like thunder;
And if they do—I shouldn't be surpris'd,
I've seen such strange things, nothing makes me
wonder.
Once, after plying heartily all day,
Tom Tug an' I could play a game o' skittles—
Now plying hard won't earn enough to pay
For bacca, lodgin, washin, and iny wittles."

Making out a blacksmith to be a "great sinner," on account of his forging, picking locks, possessing many vices, hanging belles, &c. &c., is also a tolerable *jeu d'esprit*; and the concluding trial of Falstaff is a clever finale. But we will finish with a flourish more personal to ourselves, and shew that "Claw me and I'll claw you," is a motto not unworthy of the egotism of periodical literature: thus speaks Falstaff of the *Literary Gazette*:

"Unchanged thy museum,
GAZETTE of Literature! in verse and prose—
By friends unward'd—immoveable to foes,
(Not so the Lyceum)

Stanch pillars are the columns of thy *Journal*,
And sound unto the very core the kernel,
The colonel sure—of learning's corps.

Luminous *Lit. Gaz.*
Bright as the gas-lights of these modern days,
Thy SCRIPPS delights the nation with essays,
Who the rare wit has
All subjects to dissect, quite liter-ary,
While the two Comics with their *lighter airy*
Scraps, do essay—to please the gay."

We should have been worse than Mohawks not to give so civil a fellow a good word, though, at the same time, truth and justice have compelled us to make use of the *cuts direct*.

The Water Witch; or, the Skimmer of the Seas: a Tale. By the Author of "the Borderers," "the Prairie," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

A VERY romantic but interesting narrative, a mystery well kept up, and two or three exciting scenes written in Mr. Cooper's best manner, will ensure "a wet sail and a flowing sheet" to the *Water Witch*, on the tide of public favour. We make it a rule never to analyse the story of a novel. First, for the author's sake, to whose conceptions a meagre outline can do no possible justice; secondly, for the sake of the reader, whose pleasure is diminished in proportion as the *dénoûment* is anticipated. But we may give a view into the labyrinth, without exposing its mysteries. Among the characters introduced are, a semi-Dutch and American merchant, a very clever and original sketch; his niece, a self-willed beauty; and two lovers, one a young gallant captain of the *Coquette*, the other merely Athelstan, from *Ivanhoe*, turned merchant. The other prominent figures on the canvass are smugglers; and here Mr. Cooper's desire for the sublime has trenchanted upon the ridiculous. The whole mummery of the *Water Witch*, a figure at the head of the ship hence so called, and who gives oracular answers in quotations from Shakspeare—carries absurdity to its extent. Living in daily fear of the laws they break—the means and temptation of intoxication constantly before them—released from the wholesome discipline of social habit and order—the smuggler's position is one of utter moral debasement. But Mr. Cooper's smugglers are gentlemen of equally high principles, delicate feelings, and refined taste. We believe the secret of this lies in the commerce they

injure being British; the laws they outrage, British also—enough, it seems, to make their conduct meritorious in Mr. Cooper's eyes: but of this more anon. This is a very difficult book for quotation; the best scenes are too long;—there is a chase through a dangerous passage from the harbour of New York, which is splendidly written: we will content ourselves with a description of the *Water Witch* herself.

"It has been said that the hull of this celebrated smuggler was low, dark, moulded with exquisite art, and so justly balanced as to ride upon its element like a sea-fowl. For a little distance above the water it shewed a blue that vied with the colour of the deep ocean, the use of copper being then unknown, while the more superior parts were of a jet-black, delicately relieved by two lines, of a straw-colour, that were drawn, with mathematical accuracy, parallel to the plane of her upper works, and consequently converging slightly towards the sea beneath her counter. Glossy hammock-cloths concealed the persons of those who were on the deck, while the close bulwarks gave the brigantine the air of a vessel equipped for war. Still the eye of Ludlow ran curiously along the whole extent of the two straw-coloured lines, seeking in vain some evidence of the weight and force of her armament. If she had ports at all, they were so ingeniously concealed as to escape the keenest of his glances. . . . Par-taking of the double character of brig and schooner—the sails and spars of the forward mast being of the former, while those of the after-mast were of the latter construction—seamen have given to this class of shipping the familiar name of *Hermaphrodites*. But though there might be fancied, by this term, some want of the proportions that constitute seemliness, it will be remembered that the departure was only from some former rule of art, and that no violence had been done to those universal and permanent laws which constitute the charm of nature. The models of glass, which are seen representing the machinery of a ship, are not more exact or just in their lines, than were the cordage and spars of this brigantine. Not a rope varied from its true direction; not a sail, but it resembled the neat folds of some prudent housewife; not a mast or a yard was there, but it rose into the air, or stretched its arms, with the most fastidious attention to symmetry. All was airy, fanciful, and full of grace, seeming to lend to the fabric a character of unreal lightness and speed. As the boat drew near her side, a change of the air caused the buoyant bark to turn, like a vane, in its current; and as the long and pointed proportions of her head-gear came into view, Ludlow saw beneath the bowsprit an image that might be supposed to make, by means of allegory, some obvious allusions to the character of the vessel. A female form, fashioned with the carver's best skill, stood on the projection of the cut-water. The figure rested lightly on the ball of one foot, while the other was suspended in an easy attitude, resembling the airy posture of the famous *Mercury of the Bolognese*. The drapery was fluttering, scanty, and of a light sea-green tint, as if it had imbibed a hue from the element beneath. The face was of that dark bronzed colour which human ingenuity has from time immemorial adopted as the best medium to portray a superhuman expression. The locks were dishevelled, wild, and rich; the eye full of such a meaning as might be fancied to glitter in the organs of a sorceress, while a smile so strangely meaning and malign played about the mouth, that the young sailor started, when

it first met his view, as if a living thing had returned his look."

We take a portion of one of her encounters: the *Coquette* has followed her into a secluded cove.

"The wind, which had so long varied, began to be heard in the rigging of the silent brigantine, and the two elements exhibited unequivocal evidence, in their menacing and fitful colours, of the near approach of the gust. The young sailor, with an absorbing interest, turned his eyes on his ship. The yards were on the caps, the bellying canvass was fluttering far to leeward, and twenty or thirty human forms on each spar, shewed that the nimble-fingered topmen were gathering in, and knotting the sails down to a close reef. 'Give way, men, for your lives!' cried the excited Ludlow. A single dash of the oars was heard, and the yawl was already twenty feet from the mysterious image. Then followed a desperate struggle to regain the cruiser, ere the gust should strike her. The sullen murmur of the wind, rushing through the rigging of the ship, was audible some time before they reached her side, and the struggles between the fabric and the elements were at moments so evident, as to cause the young commander to fear he would be too late. The foot of Ludlow touched the deck of the *Coquette* at the instant the weight of the squall fell upon her sails. He no longer thought of any interest but that of the moment; for, with all the feelings of a seaman, his mind was now full of his ship. 'Let run every thing!' shouted the ready officer, in a voice that made itself heard above the roar of the wind. 'Clue down, and hand! Away aloft, you top-men!—lay out!—furl away!' These orders were given in rapid succession, and without a trumpet, for the young man could at need speak loud as the tempest. They were succeeded by one of those exciting and fearful minutes that are so familiar to mariners. Each man was intent on his duty, while the elements worked their will around him, as madly as if the hand by which they are ordinarily restrained was for ever removed. The bay was a sheet of foam, while the rushing of the gust resembled the dull rumbling of a thousand chariots. The ship yielded to the pressure, until the water was seen gushing through her lee scuppers; and her tall line of masts inclined towards the plane of the bay, as if the end of the yards were about to dip into the water. But this was no more than the first submission to the shock. The well-moulded fabric recovered its balance, and struggled through its element, as if conscious that there was security only in motion. Ludlow glanced his eye to leeward. The opening of the cove was favourably situated, and he caught a glimpse of the spars of the brigantine, rocking violently in the squall. He spoke to demand if the anchors were clear, and then he was heard shouting again from his station in the weather gang-way—'Hard a-weather!' The first efforts of the cruiser to obey her helm, stripped as she was of canvass, were laboured and slow. But when her head began to fall off, the driving scud was scarce swifter than her motion. At that moment the sluices of the cloud opened, and a torrent of rain mingled in the uproar, and added to the confusion. Nothing was now visible but the lines of the falling water, and the sheet of white foam through which the ship was glancing. 'Here is the land, sir!' bellowed Trysail, from a cat-head, where he stood resembling some venerable sea-god, dripping with his native element; 'we are passing it, like a race-horse!' 'See your bowers clear!' shouted

back the captain. "Ready, sir, ready—" Ludlow motioned to the men at the wheel to bring the ship to the wind; and when her way was sufficiently deadened, two ponderous anchors dropped, at another signal, into the water. The vast fabric was not checked without a further and tremendous struggle. When the bows felt the restraint, the ship swung head to wind, and fathom after fathom of the enormous ropes was extracted by surges so violent as to cause the hull to quiver to its centre. But the first lieutenant and Trysail were no novices in their duty, and, in less than a minute, they had secured the vessel steadily at her anchors. When this important service was performed, officers and crew stood looking at each other, like men who had just made a hazardous and fearful experiment. The view again opened, and objects on the land became visible, through the still falling rain. The change was like that from night to day. Men who had passed their lives on the sea drew long and relieving breaths, conscious that the danger was happily passed. As the more pressing interest of their own situation abated, they remembered the object of their search. All eyes were turned in quest of the smuggler; but, by some inexplicable means, he had disappeared. "The Skimmer of the Seas!" and "What has become of the brigantine?" were exclamations that the discipline of a royal cruiser could not repress. They were repeated by a hundred mouths, while twice as many eyes sought to find the beautiful fabric. All looked in vain. The spot where the Water Witch had so lately lain was vacant, and no vestige of her wreck lined the shores of the cove."

We have now done with Mr. Cooper in a literary point of view. We except the mystical nonsense of the "Green Lady" and her quotations, and give the due praise to a spirited and exciting narrative. And next a few words with the author himself. In an American writer, a predilection for his own land, a wish to uphold her excellence, is not only justifiable—it is commendable: but let this be done in good faith, and not by false, malicious, and underhand attacks on another country. In every page Mr. Cooper's hostility to England breaks out: her religion, her laws, her loyalty, her national pride, are incessantly held up for ridicule and insult. A clergyman is never mentioned but to be made the subject of some such commonplace witticisms as the following, which we select from innumerable instances:—"I speak as disinterestedly as a parson preaches. * * * Your forbearance and charity might adorn a churchman," &c. The following sneer at our naval supremacy is put into the mouth of an English sailor, by whom it is unconsciously uttered:—

"The queen is right to make those rogues lower their flags to her in the narrow seas, which are her lawful property, because England, being a healthy island, and Holland no more than a bit of bog turned up to dry, it is reasonable that we should have the command afloat. No, sir, though none of your outcriers against a man because he has had bad luck in a chase with a revenue cutter, I hope I know what the natural rights of an Englishman are. We must be masters here, Captain Ludlow—will ye, nill ye—and look to the main chances of trade and manufactures!" "I had not thought you so accomplished a statesman, Master Trysail!" "Though a poor man's son, Captain Ludlow, I am a free-born Briton, and my education has not been entirely overlooked. I hope I know something of the constitution, as well as my betters. Justice and honour

being an Englishman's mottoes, we must look manfully to the main chance. We are none of your flighty talkers, but a reasoning people; and there is no want of deep thinkers on the little island; and therefore, sir, taking all together, why England must stick up for her rights!"

We can, however, excuse another nation finding British supremacy on the seas a very sore subject. A Lord Cornbury is introduced without the slightest connexion with the story, merely to represent an English nobleman as a depraved and unprincipled scoundrel. When historical personages are depicted, we are now accustomed to look for historical accuracy; and we see no reason why Queen Anne should have a cousin conjured up merely to be abused. But we have no space to prolong evidence of this invidious spirit. We think Mr. Cooper's sneers at a country which he may thank for all his literary success, are equally contemptible and ungrateful. We have only one question to ask—If, as he asserts, America has taken the lead in the march of improvement, what brings him on this side of the Atlantic? We quote his own words, and ask, "Under a system, broad, liberal, and just," as that of America, how does it happen that an American author brings out his work with an English publisher, and looks to an English public for fame and profit?—Let us, for argument, contrast this author with his far more eminent countryman, Washington Irving: the former all fury, malignity, and abuse—committing against England the very offence of which Americans complain that English writers are guilty against their country: the latter, indulgent to the faults, and liberal to the virtues, of both countries, amiably joining the wise and patriotic number who cultivate the better feelings of humanity and international esteem.

Friendship's Offering; a Literary Album, and Christmas and New-year's Present for 1831. 12mo. pp. 408. London. Smith, Elder, and Co.

WE really do think the conclusion of the preface to this work not a little grandiloquent; and must confess we are at a loss to discover in what it is so much superior to its competitors, as to expect a duration beyond theirs, or to take the lofty tone of the following proud little phrase:—"The *Friendship's Offering* is to impress the mind, and to assist in forming the taste, exercising the judgment, and improving the heart." And all this is to be done by poetry, the major part of which is mediocre, and tales which, whether for originality or amusement, are inferior to several of their predecessors. Look to the poetry first: if we except some very spirited poems by Mr. Kennedy (a most efficient contributor to this work), and three very splendid ones, evidently Croly's, there is an utter want of originality—nothing to haunt the ear and dwell upon the heart." Next for the prose: and, first, we beg to object in general to that tale-writing principle which taking some incident from a volume of history or travels, to save the trouble of invention, wire-draws it with descriptions, and then sends it as a story to the Annuals.—Mr. Mac Farlane's "Tale of Venice" is the fiftieth-timetold incident of a lady buried alive, and dug up again by her lover: considering this is extended to some twenty pages, it must be confessed it is made the most of. "Kishna Komari," a tale of a similar kind, is, however, much better told. "The Valley of the Shadow of Death" is a fine-sounding name for the old incident of a man hanged, and brought to life

afterwards. This occurrence seems a favourite, for there is also a story founded on it in the *Winter's Wreath*. Miss Mitford has a country story; and we must say her rural quarry seems pretty well worn out: they are like engravings, so many copies have been taken, that but a very faint impression remains of the fresh and original design. There are two Irish stories, one by Mr. Banim (the "Stolen Sheep"), the other by Mrs. S. C. Hall. The history and ballad of Auld Robin Grey are both too well known to have needed repetition. But we close our criticism by a remark on "the New Atlantis," a tale very much below Mr. Galt's powers; and surely the rare and ungrateful belief, that a savage is preferable to a cultivated state, might be left with the many other sophisms of Rousseau. We quote the two following poems; omitting Mr. Kennedy's fine ballad, as we have already given it elsewhere:

A Birth-day Ballad. By Miss Jewsbury.

"Thou art plucking spring roses, Génie,
And a little red rose art thou,
Thou hast unfolded to-day, Génie,
Another bright leaf, I trow;
But the roses will live and die, Génie,
Many and many a time,
Ere thou hast unfolded quite, Génie—
Grown into maiden prime.

Thou art looking now at the birds, Génie,
But O do not wish their wing!
That would only tempt the Fowler, Génie,
Stay thou on earth and sing;
Stay in the nursing nest, Génie,
Be not soon thence beguiled,
Thou wilt ne'er find a second, Génie,
Never be twice a child.

Thou art building towers of pebbles, Génie—
Pile them up brave and high;
And leave them to follow a bee, Génie,
As he wandereth singing by:
But if thy towers fall down, Génie,
And if the brown bee is lost,
Never weep, for thou must learn, Génie,
How soon life's schemes are crost.

Thy hand is in a bright boy's, Génie,
He calls thee his sweet wee wife,
But let not thy little heart think, Génie,
Childhood the prophet of life:
It may be life's minstrel, Génie,
And sing sweet songs and clear;
But minstrel and prophet now, Génie,
Are not united here.

What will thy future fate be, Génie?
Alas! shall I live to see!
For thou art scarcely a sapling, Génie,
And I am a moss-grown tree!
I am shodding life's leaves fast, Génie—
Thou art in blossom sweet;
But think betimes of the grave, Génie,
Where young and old oft meet."

The Knight's Song. By W. Motherwell.

"Endearing! endearing!
Why so endearing
Are those dark lustrous eyes,
Through their silk fringes peering?
They love me! they love me!
Deeply, sincerely,
And more than aught else on earth
I love them dearly.

Endearing! endearing!
Why so endearing
Glow the glad sunny smile
On thy soft cheek appearing?
It brightens! it brightens!
When I am nearing;
And 'tis thus that thy fond smile
Is ever endearing.

Endearing! endearing!
Why so endearing
Is that lute-breathing voice
Which my rapt soul is hearing?
'Tis tenderly singling
Thy deep love for me,
And my faithful heart echoes
Devotion to thee.

Endearing! endearing!
Why so endearing,
At each Passage of Arms,
Is the herald's bold cheering?
'Tis then thou art kneeling,
With pure hands, to heaven,
And each prayer of thy heart
For my good lance is given.

Endearing! endearing!
Why so endearing
Is the fillet of silk
That my right arm is wearing?

Once it veiled the bright bosom
That beats but for me;
Now it cleaves the arm that
Wins glory for thee."

Essays on the Universal Analogy between the Natural and the Spiritual Worlds. Essay I. Section 2. By the Author of "Memoirs of a Deist." 8vo. pp. 357. London, 1830. Hatchard and Son.

BISHOP — (we forget his name) was wont to observe, that he never could read Butler's *Analogy*, a work remarkable for the continuous strength of its reasoning, for more than half an hour at a time, without bringing on a violent headache. In this respect, the present writer on "universal analogy" has far out-Butlered Butler; for we defy any one (understanding is out of the question) to read the book (which it is our lamentable duty to notice, as a precaution to the public) for five consecutive minutes, without suffering from a racking vertigo, and having their brains bewildered for the rest of the day. If, after this warning, people will look into this book, they cannot blame us for having omitted the negative part of our duty, in telling them what they ought not to read, as well as recommending what we think worthy of their attention. Lest, however, curiosity should predominate over caution, we give a short specimen, which, we do not doubt, will effectively allay, if it cannot gratify, such unpardonable propensities; at the same time, in order that the following quotation may not be too severe an infliction, we have been particular in giving the most simple and rational passage we could select.

"As the moon is so very important a personification in my allegorical sketches, that is to say, the supposed type of human reason and conscience, or the head of the earth and waters, it would be an unpardonable neglect and omission not to consider the outline of her or his analogies, as briefly touched on by Mr. Ferguson in his general view of the solar system. I have already observed, that the moon in the above view is female with respect to the sun, but male with respect to the earth; for St. Paul says, 1st of Corinthians, 'I would have you to know, that the head of every man is Christ; and the head of the woman is the man; and the head of Christ is God.' Mr. Ferguson says, chap. ii. p. 21—23, &c. 'She turns round her axis exactly in the time that she goes round the earth, which is the reason of her keeping always the same side towards us, and that her day and night, taken together, is as long as our lunar month.' That is to say, human reason is, or should be, in its conduct with respect to the rest of the human system, as our Lord was with his disciples, viz. 'He that is greatest among you let him be as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that doth serve. For whether is greater, he that doth sit at meat, or he that serveth? But I am among you as he that serveth.' Luke xxii. Thus the moon, though superior in the system, is a satellite or attendant on the earth, and goes round it continually, as the earth goes round the sun. But though the action is similar in both cases, yet with respect to the intention of the action, it is inversely similar. For the earth goes round the sun to be enlightened, and vivified, and regulated by it; but the moon goes round the earth to enlighten, and perhaps to vivify, indirectly, but certainly to influence and regulate it in various instances. If this be applied to reason, as it influences the mind and heart, the analogy will be very obvious. Reason, though it is the guide, the governor, and king, is like a friend, or tutor, or guardian. It is a husband, an

instructor, and watchman; therefore it goes round its charge continually, to see, as it were, that all is well; and its constant vigilance is well denoted by always keeping the same side towards the earth; that is to say, the face. Yet the orbit or conduct of reason, like that of Moses, is so very meek, courteous, and obsequious, that the heart and imagination, like Miriam and Aaron, often forget that it is a guide and tutor, and mistake it for an upper servant or steward. They often rebel against his authority, and the watchman sometimes forgetting 'whose authority he hath,' and wearied by solicitation and opposition, submits weakly to this importunity, and not only relaxes in vigilance, but is half coaxed, half teased into participation, and, like Comus, submits to regulate, with his rod of divine proportions, those irregularities which he ought positively to forbid. Hence proceed the storms and disorders of the moral system. • • • Human reason, like the moon, and like the eye, though it is the organ of light, is dark in itself, and only reflects the light of the knowledge of truth, which it receives from the sun of righteousness, or that which it receives from the consideration and light of nature (both human and terraqueous) by the medium of mind and heart. For the different transparencies of the eye seem rather to symbolise the imagination than reason itself; and, in this view, the highly sensible optic nerve, derived directly from the brain (moon), and on which they impress their received and transmitted images, will be the symbol of reason and conscience. Imagination and sentiment form the vehicle, the conductor; but reason and conscience are the judges, united in one perception. The dark period of the new moon seems to denote, first, the state of reason in the infant or child. It is there. It is in the system; but the side which illumines the earth has not yet received the light of that knowledge. The other side, on which the sun then acts, is the side of sentiment or feeling. The heat of the spiritual sun, of which its rays are full, enlightens the infant reason of man by the sentiment of love, and, more generally speaking, by consciousness. Hence the sphere of human reason is divided into these two hemispheres, and its action on us is imperfect, unless it has the testimony of the heat or sensibility of conscience, as well as the light of demonstration."

Our readers are not perhaps aware by whom the longitude may be discovered: the difficulty is here solved.

"The moon's inhabitants on the side next the earth, may as easily find the longitude of their places, as we can find the latitude of ours."

Our review necessarily resolves itself into the question, Is or is not this man a *lunatic*? Sophocles, when accused by his sons of being incapable of managing his own affairs, procured a verdict in his favour by reading before his judges a tragedy he had just composed: how far the present work might go to secure for its author a contrary decision, we leave to the chancellor; before any literary tribunal, it would confoundedly puzzle any "learned brother" to shew cause why a statute of lunacy should not be issued against such a writer as the Essayist on Universal Analogy.

The Arrow and the Rose; with other Poems.

By William Kennedy. 8vo. pp. 143. London, 1830. Smith, Elder, and Co.

We can imagine many a situation in which this volume will be enjoyed: it might be read, as its hero stood, "under a pleasant chestnut tree;"

or it might pass away a November evening—so it might be enjoyed. But to be appreciated, we think the reader ought to be a professed critic, and in the habit of wading through inane tomes, numerous as the leaves of the spring, and like them, inasmuch as to-day they put forth, and to-morrow they die. Volumes whose sole inspiration must have been like that of Pope's hero—

"Some demon whisper'd, Visto have a taste;"

and of all tastes, a poetical taste is the oftenest mistaken for talent. Critics, therefore, and critics only, can do full justice to the spirit, the deep feeling, the energy, of the present work. Yet Mr. Kennedy has his faults—faults, though, more from without than from within. He has the thought, the feeling of a true poet; but he is a careless and unequal writer, and one who gives us the idea of possessing far higher powers than he has yet exerted. Now we do not like the way in which the story of the principal poem is told: there is a tone of levity quite out of keeping with the touching and romantic legend on which it is founded. We do not like a poet to sing as Cassius smiled—

"As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit:"

a simple and serious narrative ought not to be told with a sneer. We remember this very history beautifully given, though in prose, in *Knights' Quarterly Magazine*. Now Mr. Kennedy would have told it ten times better in poetry, for which it seems made, but for what we hold an error, or rather an affectation, in judgment. The mould of his mind, and the turn of his philosophy, appears to us essentially bitter and severe. He is too unbending to be playful; and his sarcasm has in it more of a frown than a smile. We consider Mr. Kennedy's love poetry some of the finest that ever was written—and why? because it is simple, serious, and intense: our author is too deep a thinker to be a light one—he never writes so well as when he is, or at least seems to be, in earnest. Our readers will, we trust, excuse our re-quoting two or three exquisite verses from the *Fifful Fancies*, as an illustration of our meaning, and how this story might have been treated.

"This present time, in crowded halls,
Surrounded by the gay,
I follow, in forgetfulness,
Her image far away;
And if I list a touching voice,
Or sweet face gaze upon,
'Tis but to fill my memory
With that beloved one.

For days—for months—devotedly
I've fingered by her side,
The only place I coveted
Of all the world so wide;
And in the exile of an hour,
I consolation found,
Where her most frequent wanderings
Had marked it holy ground.

• • • • •
I longed to say a thousand things,
I longed, yet dared not speak,
Half-hoped, half-afraid, that she might read
My thoughts upon my cheek.
Then, if unconsciously she smiled,
My sight turned faint and thick,
Until, with very happiness,
My reeling heart grew sick.
O days of youth! O days of youth!
To have these scenes return,
The pride of all my riper years
How gladly would I spurn!
That form—the soul of my boy-life—
Departed, and none came
In after-time, with half the charm
Which cleaves unto her name."

Nothing can, we think, exceed the truth, beauty, and simplicity, of the above lines; and it is thus that the early love of Henry of Navarre and the beautiful peasant should have been recorded. Of the shorter poems, we can speak in terms of high praise: there is one called "Thirty Years," equally original and

striking—it has already been published, or we should quote it: we proceed to the following spirited strain:—

“The Bold Lover.”

For years I adored thee,
But hope had I none,
That e'er thy proud father
Would brook such a son.
If my hand sent no token,
My lip made no sign,
To picture my passion,
The fault was not mine!
I've watched thee unwearied
In greenwood and hall,
Unseen by thy kindred,
Thy wooers, and all;
Though men cried, a marvel!
I worshipp'd thee, where
The knees of the holy
Were bending in prayer.
I've looked to thy window
In stillness of night,
And longed for the wings
Of the happy moon-light:
It flew to thy chamber,
And slept on thy brow,
Entranced by thy beauty,
As I, sweet, am now!
In secret I burned
For moment like this,
To know if my portion
Be torture or bliss:
'Tis speaking a word, and
Our meeting is o'er—
'Tis speaking a word, and
We part never more!
To win thy gray father,
I've no patch of earth;
To match thy high brothers,
I've no musty birth.
Let the rich call me beggar,
The titled a churl—
My blade is as true as
The sword of an earl.
Thou shalt not lack honour,
Thou shalt not need land,
While there's wit in this head,
Or strength in this hand.
And better than jewels,
Or old pedigree,
Sole queen of my bosom
Enthroned thou shalt be!
My steed grows impatient,
And paws at the gate;
He frets for bright moments
That fly as we wait.
He tells me, ere morning,
Far, far I must ride,
To lead to the altar
A fugitive bride.”

We must find room for “A New-Year Ode.”

“Thou art gone, Old Year, to thy fathers,
In the stormy time of snow,
In the endless faults of Eternity,
Thy coffin's laid off the row.
And some will pledge thy memory,
Till eyes and cups run o'er;
But never a drop would I waste on thee,
Hadst thou died six months before!
Sad cause have I to remember
The hour you shewed your face—
That time the red gold lined my pouch,
My credit was in good case;
Now my purse is a feather—and credit
Is sped of a quick decline,
O it breaks my heart when, perforce, I pass
Mine old host's jolly sign!
I had a dear love and a winsome love,
Broad acres were her own,
We kiss'd an all-hall! to thy natal morn,
But she, even she, is flown!
I had a friend of the rarest,
We welcomed it merrily;
Now our hearts are as far asunder
As the stars and the rolling sea.
Thou hast play'd the churl with me, dead Year!
And shalt thou be forgiven?
No—by the prayer of bedsman young,
When erring maid is ahriven!
Be thy name no more remembered,
For the ill deeds thou hast done,
To a friendless, loveless, penniless man,
Whose hopes are in thy son!”

We conclude with the following poem.

“A Last Remembrance.”

I never more shall see thee
Except as now I see,
In musings of the midnight hour,
While fancy revels free!
I'll never hear thy welcome,
Nor clasp thy thrilling hand,
Nor view thy home, if e'er again
I hail our common land.

I have thee full before me—
Thy mild, but mournful eye,
And brow as fair as the cold moon
That hears thy secret sigh.
There are roses in thy window,
As when I last was there;
But where hath fled the matchless one
Thy young cheek used to wear!
Though parted, maid—long parted,
And not to meet again—
One star hath ruled the fate of both,
And seared our hearts with pain;
And though before the altar
I may not call thee bride,
Accept a token of the bond
By which we are allied.
I've found for thee an emblem
Of what hath fallen on me—
A leafless branch that lately crowned
A lightning-stricken tree;
Torn from the pleasant stem it loved,
The severing scar alone
Remains to show that e'er it grew
Where it for years had grown.
For pledges of affection
I'll give thee faded flowers,
And thou shalt send me withered leaves
From Autumn's naked bowers;
The tears of untold bitterness
I'll drink instead of wine,
Carousing to thy broken peace—
Do thou as much for mine!
Whene'er a passing funeral
Presents its dark array,
For thee, my maiden desolate!
I will not fail to pray.
Beneath the quiet coffin-lid
'Twere better far to sleep,
Than live to nurse the scorpion Care
Within thy bosom deep.
The midnight wind is grieving—
It's melancholy swell
Doth make it meet to bear to thee
Thy lover's last farewell;
Farewell, pale child of hopelessness!
'Tis something still to know,
That he who cannot claim thy heart,
Partakes of all its wo.”

We close Mr. Kennedy's pages with present pleasure and future anticipation—he is a poet, if thought, feeling, and originality, can make one; and of such a foundation we say, as Hamilton says of the gardens of Florence—
“And there the laurel grows, that hallow'd tree.”

The Iris; a Religious and Literary Offering.
Edited by the Rev. Thomas Dale. London, 1831. S. Low; Hurst, Chance, and Co.

A VERY inferior production. If we except a “Visit to Beachy Head,” by Mr. Chauncey Hare Townsend, and Mrs. S. C. Hall's “Curse of Property,” there is nothing else which rises to mediocrity. The first of these is most gracefully written, though the writer, we think, has rather given the hero his own keen and imaginative feelings, than those most likely to be possessed by a man on the preventive service. We especially dislike such stories as “Nathan and David,” “Mount Moriah,” and “Abraham.” These sacred morals can never be improved. The narratives of the Scripture are best told in their own simple and energetic language; and may be turned to much better account than being made the staple of wire-drawn stories for an Annual.

Constable's Miscellany. Vol. LIX. The third and last volume of Bourrienne's Memoirs of Buonaparte. By Dr. Memes. Edinburgh, Constable and Co.: London, Hurst and Co. DR. MEMES is unlucky in his notice prefixed to this volume, challenging the world for the authenticity of its details, as if they were superior to those in the preceding narrative; whereas it is well known to those most competent to judge, that, high as Bourrienne deservedly stands as furnishing materials for history, it is particularly in the earlier parts of

* As critics are expected to know every thing, we beg leave to say, we are aware that Hamilton is only the *nom de guerre* of a clever writer.—Mr. John Reynolds.

his revelations that he is most worthy of credit. In fact, after he left the person of Buonaparte he could not have access to the same spring-head, and therefore his intelligence could not be so immaculate as before. We do not, however, (after all we have said in praise of these Memoirs,) mean to impeach their general veracity; only to state the fact, that towards their close there is more of the working of the publishers' laboratory superinduced than there is upon the preceding volumes. Still, to the very end, the work is most valuable and interesting, in spite of the interpolations of the journey-men *littérateurs* of M. L'Avocat. Before saying good-by to Dr. Memes, we should notice, that his keeping the Duc de Bourbon (Condé) alive, in the Appendix, p. 413, so long after his mysterious, yet notorious death, ought not to have escaped without a memorandum of correction.

Chartley; or, the Fatalist. By a Contributor to Blackwood. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Bull.

THE story is improbable and unconnected, the moral decidedly bad, and the *dénouement* a common-place collection of horrors. If the writer has contributed to Blackwood, now that he stands alone, even Blackwood's name can contribute nothing to him.

Old Booty, or the Devil and the Baker: a serio-comic Sailor's Tale. By W. T. Moncrieff, Esq.; with six wood-cuts by R. Cruikshank. London, 1830. W. Kidd.

WE are a-wearying of these diableries. The legend of *Old Booty's* ghost in its flight to Strombolo is a good galley-yarn in prose, which Mr. Moncrieff has not improved by paraphrasing into verse in imitation of Scott. The cuts do not possess any novelty of invention; but as the “article” is a very cheap one, a shilling, we suppose it may go with the rest.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.
GERMAN NATURALISTS.

[A fortnight ago we briefly noticed the proceedings of this association at their fourth and last public meeting, held at Hamburgh (see L. G., page 657); since which we have been favoured by an intelligent correspondent on the spot with a more particular account of this body, its objects, and proceedings. We subjoin the communication, as one of considerable interest, both to the general and scientific reader.]

THERE is formed in Germany a general association of Naturalists and Therapeutists, for the interchanging of knowledge, the discussing of speculations, and the stimulating of research. All those who have any pretensions whatever to be included under either of the above classes, are invited yearly, by some one or other of the German governments, to assemble within its dominions, where they are entertained at great cost. Public sittings are held, lectures and papers are communicated, discoveries are promulgated, and works are conjointly undertaken by various members. Such a union of the learned, promises, at first sight, to work wonders in the furtherance of science. From some yet unexplained cause, however, joint-stock-wisdom companies have hitherto uniformly failed to realise the expectations of their projectors: perhaps the fault lies with those who expect too much, and calculate after the manner of the two travellers who, having a journey of ten miles to perform, proposed to lighten the undertaking by each going five.

The services which Germany has rendered to science and philosophy are eminent, and have received their full meed of distinction. But her many-titled schoolmen, not content

with this, would arrogate to themselves a right to hold the learned of all other lands cheap, and would have all tongues and all nations bend the knee of deference before them. Arrogance is either the stamp of a small mind, or the assumed robe of impudent empiricism: what pretensions, however, the German philosophers have to be placed over others may, in some degree, be judged of from the report of the meeting of *Natur Forscher*, lately held at Hamburg. The public sittings were four in number, and the things therein said and done were as follow:—

The venerable Dr. Bartels, burgomaster of Hamburg, assumed the chair, and opened the proceedings by an address, in which he disclaimed the title of naturalist or mediciner, but was happy to welcome his learned guests. He and his fellow-citizens, he said, lived by the sweat of their brows in *industrial* pursuits; nevertheless, as all science is directed to the advancement of the economy of life, and as they were practical enjoyers of life's good things to a great extent, they were, of course, deeply interested in the success of scientific labours. Some of the illustrious sages present seemed to take this for a bit of wicked wit of the old burgomaster's.

Professor Struve, of Dorpat, drew a comparison between the state of astronomical science in the countries of Europe, in which he placed Germany at the top of the list, conferred the second rank on Russia, and set down France and England together at the bottom. For the German instrument makers, too, he claimed the prize. But, as he communicated no new discoveries of the Germans, and failed to point out the errors of the French and English for rectification, his estimate rests as his dictum.*

Professor Wendt, of Breslau, struck upon a subject of genuine German growth and character—the phenomena of animal magnetism,—in the miraculous character of which he seemed to be a devout believer, being unable to render any physiological explication of them. Fearful was the interest with which his gaping-mouthed auditory listened to his details. He told of individuals who, under the magnetic influence, received the gift of tongues, of prophecy, and of divination; of patients who gave an oracular diagnosis of their malady, foretold its issue, and prescribed remedies; and of persons who were enabled to decipher sealed manuscripts with their fingers and toes. He told also of magnetisers who, in attempting the process of manipulation on too robust subjects, had themselves become charged with the magnetic fluid, and had fallen victims to their experiments. It would take up much space to enumerate all the cases, said to be thoroughly well attested, which he recounted: they were, however, sufficient to excite a strong curiosity to investigate some of these singular instances of delusion or imposture. The professor, in the course of his remarks, admitted that the magnetic influence was strongest on persons of imbecile mind; and was of opinion that the renowned seeress of Revorst had been plunged into irreclaimable insanity by its operation. He concluded by warning people against dabbling in riddles and affairs of death, by practices which are at least a tempting of the Almighty, and a trifling with human life.

The second sitting was opened by State-counsellor Derstedt, of Copenhagen, who entered upon the application of mathematics in

* We met Professor Struve at Sir James South's, only a few weeks ago; and should have thought that the impression of his reception there, and what he witnessed, would have made him speak differently of English science! —Ed. L. G.

natural philosophy; and predicated, after the manner of Mr. Brougham, "that, in order to estimate thoroughly the pleasures and advantages to be derived from any particular science, it is necessary to become acquainted with that science." He dwelt on the expanding effect which the contemplation of our revolving system has upon our grasp of mind; and alluded to the surmises which have been started of our universe being but a rotating portion of ulterior systems; and recommended, as a mental exercise, the following out of these surmises, and the extending of imagination's scan beyond the infinity of space, where no bounds coop the daring speculator. This is a choice specimen of the sort of bewilderment which the German schools take for vastness of idea. It reminds us only of the fancies of little children, who amuse themselves by imagining that their stomachs are inhabited, and that worlds exist in the atoms of their bread and butter.

Professor Wilbrand, of Giessen, in a lecture of more rational tone, gave himself vast trouble to prove that the cause of the tides has not been satisfactorily explained; for which phenomena, he, too, was unable to account.

Professor Pfaff, of Kiel, produced some preparations from the coffee berry, which he intended to try as a substitute for bark and quinine. When his preparations shall have been put to the test, their importance can be appreciated. This gentleman found much favour with his hearers, by the humour of his delivery.

At the third sitting, Dr. Simon, of Hamburg, pronounced a panegyric on the art of medicine. It was expected that he was about to propose an augmentation of the paltry fees bestowed on German physicians; but he had no practical aim, and was heard with impatience. The rest of the time was occupied with matters of business, during which Vienna was fixed on as the place of the next year's meeting.

At the fourth and last sitting, Dr. Stierling read an animated essay on the retributive powers of justice. He justified the introduction of such a subject by quoting from Descartes, that many of the moral phenomena received light from being treated in a medical view. His aim was to abolish the vindictive, and substitute the penitential system with criminals.

Dr. Stinzing, of Altona, read the details of a plan for publishing a great physiological work, in periodical parts, under the joint direction of their most eminent members. The matter remains for consideration.

A proposal was made to petition the King of England and the East India Company for extension of furlough to Dr. Wallich, of Calcutta, in order to enable him to complete his *Flora Indiensis*. We should have thought it better to address themselves to one party only, lest his majesty of St. James's and their majesties of Leadenhall Street should not be unanimous in the matter. The usual thanks-voting followed, and the philosophers dispersed.

A fuller account than our summary presents would only exhibit more conspicuously the futility of the paraded doings of these wise men of the world. We do not mean to say that there is more fee-faw-fumming at their sittings than at the sittings of *Academies* and Royal Societies, but we affirm that there is no less. The German philosophers get the meed of praise freely accorded to them where it is really due; but, with all our respect for them, we must tell them—

"In verity, ye're no such Sophi,
As ye would have the world think of ye."

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

THE ART OF BOOK-MAKING:

A New Branch of the Cut-and-Dry System!!!

WE have been a good deal amused this week by a little discovery that has come across us, as the silver candlesticks got into the Jew's pocket—by accident. We are not sure whether the device may not have been resorted to in order to perpetuate copyright by a kind of secret renewal; but, be that as it may, we consider it to be our duty to exhibit the case, were it only for an example to other writers.

In our No. 709, August 21, we reviewed a novel called "*The Separation*, by the author of *Flirtation*," i. e. Lady Charlotte Bury; and we said, truly, that, though the style was of the slip-slop class, the story was lively and amusing. Well, we were fairly imposed upon; and, as we helped to gull the public, we come now to explain our share of the transaction, which amounted either to the sin of forgetfulness,* or of original ignorance. We did not know, or had forgotten, that the *new novel* of SEPARATION was only an *old novel* with a *new name*; and that, in fact, the *three volumes* were no other than "*SELF-INDULGENCE*, a tale of the nineteenth century," in *two volumes*, published in 1812, by G. R. Clarke, of Edinburgh, and Messrs. Longman and Co., of London!!

We have seen a funny kind of mill, into which if you tumbled an old man, he came out ground quite young; but this is the first time we knew of such a machine for grinding old books into new! It can be done, however; as a comparison of these two publications will demonstrate. The whole story is identical in both from page 88, Vol. I. in *Self-Indulgence*, and page 121, Vol. I. of *The Separation*, to the end: the names carefully rechristened, a slight change of words here and there, and the introduction of a few dialogues to spin the work out to the necessary length, as *to price*, are all the difference! We presume *Self-Indulgence* to be an anonymous production of Lady Charlotte Bury, when Lady Charlotte Campbell; but even with this allowance, can there be any excuse for palming the same thing upon the public, at the distance of eighteen years, as an entirely new novel? For our parts we consider it most disingenuous and discreditable; and, for the publisher's sake, we trust to have a letter from him for our next *Gazette*, disavowing any cognizance of the trick, and stating what sum he may have paid for the old-new *risarcimento* of *Self-Indulgence*.† What adds to our dislike of this

* We often find memory, we must confess, a fond deceiver; and our having forgotten a sonnet of Shakespeare's once, has furnished food for some of our pleasant contemporaries to rail at us ever since. If they knew all, they might change their subject: we were on one occasion, for instance, inveigled into praising an epigram as the best thing in the world, perfectly unaware that we had ourselves written it some years before. But it is part of the curious phenomena of memory (at least with us), that, owing to the multiplicity and variety of matters which pass rapidly through the mind, the impressions are so faint, that they are immediately lost in oblivion. If our lives depended upon it, we could not tell what appeared in the *Literary Gazette* a fortnight ago; it has been, by the mere act of being printed, discharged from our memory.—Ed. L. G.

† We are convinced that Mr. Colburn must have been unconscious of the trick; for we find the following preparatory announcement (which also ran the usual course of the newspapers) in the *New Monthly Magazine* for August, which is also his publication, and which could not have sanctioned the utterance of such a paragraph had he been aware of the truth:—

"The report which has gone about regarding the work entitled *The Separation*, namely, that the story is connected with the noble author's former tale of *Flirtation*, is not correct. The present subject is, we understand, one of more than ordinary excitement; its incidents are said to be in themselves strictly true, not merely *founded* in fact; and the cause of the peculiar interest which it is

job, is the apparent cunning with which it seems to have been performed. Why the publications look dissimilar at the opening, is, that a London party of the last season is introduced into *Separation*; and a country clergyman's family, from whom Lord Fitzharris in the one story (the Mr. Donneraile of the other), goes to the continent; and in *Separation* he does not contract his second marriage till the second volume, whereas in *Self-Indulgence* he marries at the beginning; and the narrative takes a retrospect of some three years! The Lenora of the *new* is the Corissande (a name not ready enough to slip from remembrance) of the *old*. Thus, except the first hundred pages of *Separation*, to which a modern air has been given; and the squeezing in of make-weights with the chit-chat of some fashionable parties, the two works are exactly the same!

What will John Bull's lady-reader say to this? We cannot tell: only we think it worse than a hoax upon our worthy friends of the circulating libraries, our Hookhams, Ebers', Andrews', Cawthorns, Sams', Saunders and Otleys, Lloyds, Bulls, Hodgsons, Booths, Bowdery and Kirbys, Chapples, Stewarts, Rices, &c. &c. &c., and their customers. *Imprimis*, the former must have paid blindly for a book already long dusty on their shelves, which is laughable enough: and, *secundo*, the latter, instead of borrowing the said dusty tomes at the usual rate of such ware, a penny a piece, like old ballads, must have given threepence and fourpence *per diem* for the loan of the newest of the novelties of the season, written by a titled lady, and the author of *Firrtation!* To be sure, one would not suspect an individual moving in this sphere of life, a sphere in which honour and principle are supposed to be peculiarly delicate, of prostituting name, rank, and character, to an unworthy deception; but really there is so much roguery in the literary world now-a-days, that we hardly know to what length *self-indulgence* may be carried; and can only do our best to promote a *separation* between the right and the wrong.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations of the Friendship's Offering, for 1831.

THE embellishments of the forthcoming volume of the *Friendship's Offering* comprehend a very agreeable variety of portraits, landscapes, and domestic, historical, and poetical compositions.

Adelaide. Painted by C. R. Leslie, R.A.; engraved by W. Humphrys. Elegant and lady-like. The harmony of the features promises a correspondent harmony of notes.—*The last Look*. Painted by J. Porter; engraved by T. A. Dean. A pleasing composition; but we wish we could prevail upon some of our engravers not to aim at so much depth. Force is an excellent quality, but not so blackness.—*The Maid of Rajast'han*. Painted by Colonel James Tod; and engraved by E. Finden. Exceedingly rich and beautiful. We long to read the tale of which it is the illustration; and hope that it may equal the plate in merit.—*The Rejected*. Painted by F. P. Stephanoff; engraved by J. Goodyear. Conceived with spirit and taste; but the figures are sadly deficient in proportion. The *confidante* and the dis-

carded lover are each at least fourteen heads high.—*The Accepted*. Painted by M. W. Sharp; engraved by C. Rolls. Lucky dog, to carry off so sweet a prize!—*The Mountain Torrent*. Painted by W. Purser; engraved by E. Goodall. One of the finest plates in the collection. The scene would be one of great magnificence, even were it exhibited under circumstances of less appalling interest.—*St. Mark's Place, Venice*. Painted by S. Prout; engraved by E. J. Roberts. Clear and sunny.—*Ascanius in the Lap of Venus*. Painted by J. Wood; engraved by S. Davenport. A delightful mode of travelling! What are your rail-ways and steam-engines to a fine, fleecy cloud, with a fair breeze? Mr. Wood is exceedingly happy in subjects of this description.—*Mary, Queen of Scots, going forth to Execution*. Painted by J. Stephanoff; engraved by R. Baker. Guilty, or innocent, who can read the history of the beautiful and unfortunate Mary without the deepest compassion? To see so lovely a being about to expiate her alleged offences with her life, is an affecting spectacle.—*Halt of the Caravan*. Painted by W. Purser; engraved by R. Brandard. A splendid little plate, in which all the rich materials which such an incident furnishes, are used to the greatest advantage.—*Auld Robin Gray*. Painted by J. Wood; engraved by H. Rolls. Another of the black school. But for that blemish, a well-managed and interesting group.—*Poesie*. Painted by Carlo Dolci; engraved by W. Finden. Mr. Finden has preserved great breadth and mellowness in this fine head.

Illustrations of the Juvenile Forget Me Not, for 1831.

THEY are nine in number; and the selection of subjects reflects great credit on Mrs. Hall's judgment and taste.

Docility. Painted by A. Robertson; engraved by J. Thomson. Attention and intelligence—when combined how irresistible!—powerfully expressed in the countenance of a fine girl, of eight or ten years of age.—*The Nut-cracker*. Painted by H. Howard, R.A.; engraved by W. Greatbach. A well-built and pleasing composition. The nut-cracker is a favourite squirrel.—*Hebe*. Painted by R. Westall, R.A.; engraved by F. Engleheart. What so appropriate an embellishment of a book for youth as the goddess of youth? The figure is full of grace; and the effect is spirited and forcible.—*Me (I) and my Dog*. Painted by H. Moses; engraved by W. C. Edwards. Two happy creatures: it would be difficult to say which is the more so.—*The Travelling Tinman*. Painted by C. R. Leslie, R.A.; engraved by C. Rolls. There is something singularly striking and original in this clever little production.—*The Twin Sisters*. Painted by W. Boxall; engraved by W. Greatbach. Mr. Boxall is an artist of high talent. He has preserved a Sir Joshua-like breadth in this affectionate and graceful group.—*The Roman Beggar*. Painted by P. Williams; engraved by F. Bacon. We believe that the drawing, or rather the painting, (for so it is entitled to be called), from which this little print has been engraved, was in the last Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-colours. The peculiarity of the costume gives it a very picturesque appearance.—*The Foundling*. Painted by F. P. Stephanoff; engraved by H. Rolls. If there be any one object for which human sympathy ought to be more powerfully excited than for any other, it is deserted infancy.—*The Bird's Nest*. Painted by W. Collins, R.A.; engraved by W. C. Ashby.

Mr. Collins imparts great interest to the most trifling incident. One of the lucky finders seems to be generously pleading for the restoration of the nest: we hope his arguments will prevail.

Illustrations of the Remembrance, for 1831.

OF the pictorial decorations of the *Remembrance*, the most attractive will, no doubt, be the portrait of

The Queen. Painted by Mrs. Green; engraved by —. In that elegant branch of the arts which she professes—miniature painting—there is no one who has shown more talent and taste, a stronger painter's feeling, greater vigour, and, at the same time, greater delicacy of drawing, a more rich and mellow tone of colour, and a higher power of finishing, than Mrs. Green. It is very gratifying to have a portrait of her majesty by such a hand. The sweetness of expression which beams from the eyes, and which accords so well with the amiability of character universally attributed to our present gracious queen, is a satisfactory pledge of the correctness of the resemblance. The composition of the figure is simple and unaffected; the drapery is skilfully managed, and the effect of the whole is exceedingly pleasing.

Some of the most prominent of the other embellishments are, *Windsor Castle*, engraved by H. Wallis, from a drawing by W. H. Bartlett; *the Orphans*, engraved by C. Rolls, from a picture by W. Gill, (very interesting, but sadly too dark and heavy); *Warwick Castle*, engraved by H. Wallis, from a drawing by W. H. Bartlett; *John Gilpin*, engraved by C. Rolls, from a picture by T. Stothard, R.A. &c.

Illustrations of the Landscape Annual for 1831.

WHAT are among the chief inducements to a visit to Rome, or to Venice? The works of Michael Angelo and Raffaele in the former, and of Titian in the latter. This is the peculiar triumph of the artist; and a noble and patriotic triumph it is. The compositions of the poet may be read any where; but the great painter or sculptor compels those who would enjoy his *chefs-d'œuvre* to repair to the spot on which they were produced. It is only at the Vatican in the one city, or the Palace of the Doges in the other, that the wonderful powers of the celebrated man whom we have mentioned can be justly appreciated. By a very natural association of ideas, every thing that relates to either of those cities becomes interesting to the lover of the arts. The proprietors of the *Landscape Annual* have provided ample gratification for this feeling in no fewer than ten views of Rome, and ten of Venice; besides six in other parts of Italy. They are all from the pencil of Mr. Prout (whose skill in the delineation of such subjects is unrivalled); and are engraved by Messrs. Allen, Barber, Brandard, Carter, Higham, Jeavons, Jordan, Kernott, Lewis, Miller, Relaway, Smith, Tomleson, Wallis, Westwood, Willmore, and Woolnoth. Among the most pleasing of these plates are, "the Rialto," "the Mocenigo Palace," "St. Mark's Church," "the Piazzetta," at Venice; "the Bridge and Castle of St. Angelo," "the Temple of Peace," "the Forum," "the Temples of Vesta and Fortuna Virilis," "the Temple of Mars Ultor," at Rome; "the Sibyl's Temple at Tivoli," "Civita Castellana," "the Cascade at Terni," &c.

* Our plate is before the letters, so that, unluckily, we cannot give the artist's name.

understood Lady Charlotte Bury has imparted to the work is to be traced to a 'certain case' in the 'great world,' which took place a few years ago, and which was more industriously than successfully attempted to be concealed."

A Series of Subjects, from the Works of the late R. P. Bonington. Drawn on stone by J. D. Harding. Part IV. Carpenter and Son.

WE regret to say that this is the last Number of the series. Besides an admirable head of Bonington, from a picture by Mrs. William Carpenter, it contains a highly characteristic *Vignette*, from a drawing in the possession of the Right Hon. Lord Northwick;—*An Albanian*, from a sketch in oil, in the possession of Lord Charles Townshend;—*A View on the French Coast*, from a picture in the possession of Lord Charles Townshend;—*The Pont Royal, at Paris*;—*A Sea View*, from a sketch in the possession of E. Hull, Esq.; and *A Coast Scene*, from a picture in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Rutland. They all manifest more or less of those high qualities alluded to by Sir Thomas Lawrence in the following extract (appropriately introduced into the title-page of the work) from a letter written by him to Mrs. Forster, the daughter of Mr. Banks, the sculptor:—

“Alas! for Bonington! your presage has been fatally verified; the last duties have been paid to him this day. Except in the case of Mr. Harlowe, I have never known in my own time the early death of talent so promising, and so rapidly and obviously improving. If I may judge from the later direction of his studies, and from the remembrance of a morning’s conversation, his mind seemed expanding every way, and ripening into full maturity of taste and elevated judgment, with that generous ambition which makes confinement to lesser departments in the art painfully irksome and annoying.”

Six Views of the Columbine, and the Experimental Squadron. Drawn and engraved by Henry Moses. Published by the Artist.

EVERY thing that tends to the maintenance of our maritime superiority must be gratifying to the true Englishman; for, without meaning for an instant to derogate from our military glory, it is evident that the navy of this country will ever be her best bulwark against foreign aggression. In that point of view, as well as with reference to their intrinsic merit, these plates are very interesting. They are engraved in aquatinta, with Mr. Moses’ usual taste and skill. We regret, however, that they are not accompanied by a brief letter-press description.

Juliet. Engraved in mezzotint by W. Say, from a drawing by Miss Fanny Corboux. Ackermann.

AT the moment of the fair young Capulet’s hesitation and alarm, which immediately precedes her swallowing the opiate:

“What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonoured,
Because he married me before to Romeo?”

There is great feminine elegance in the figure; and the composition of the drapery and other accessories is full of taste.

The Vicar of Wakefield. Engraved by J. Burnet, from a picture by G. S. Newton, A.R.A. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

IT was, we believe, in the Exhibition of 1828, that Mr. Newton gratified the public by the production of his admirable little picture. It occurred to us at the time that, if well engraved, it would make a highly popular print: it has been well engraved, and we have no doubt that our anticipation with respect to its general attraction will be verified. Mr. Burnet, besides the technical skill which he has

shown in the execution of this plate, has faithfully retained all the variety of expression by which the original is characterised. Mrs. Primrose’s immobility of countenance, the earnest and affectionate entreaty of Sophia, and the surprise and dismay of the children, are peculiarly fine. We should like to see a series of subjects from this unrivalled tale, by these able artists.

A Specimen of Ink Lithography. R. Martin.

WHAT the process called Ink Lithography is, we do not distinctly know; but this specimen is an extremely curious specimen of the art. It is a sort of pasticcio, exhibiting almost every kind of engraving; and evinces capabilities which few could suppose lithography to possess. Landscape, portrait, topography, manuscript, zoology, anatomy, armour, and other inanimate objects, architecture, &c. &c. &c. are all cleverly done; and we think the resemblance to line engraving the closest we have ever seen. On the whole, we look upon this experiment to be as important as it is novel. The lithographic press seems to be making vast strides forward to a power and perfection not dreamed of only a few years ago.

The Cottage. Engraved in line by — Richardson, after a drawing by D. Cox. H. Leggat, Cornhill.

It is the privilege of the artist, the poet, and the amateur, to derive their pleasures from “whatever is awfully vast or elegantly little.” In the latter view we consider this gem-like performance. The spirit and character of its execution, with the truth of nature in its delineation, render it worthy of a place in the folio of the collector, or over the mantel of the man of taste.

Scene on the Brent. Engraved in mezzotint by C. Turner, after the original by W. Collins, R.A. H. Leggat, Cornhill.

SCENES like these are alike sources of pleasure and profit to the artist and the angler: to the first they come recommended by their picturesque character, and to the latter as affording the chance of sport. It is loosely but spiritedly executed; and the effect is sparkling and brilliant.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Love’s Offering; or, Songs for Happy Hours, for 1831. Poetical Department by W. N. Bayley, Esq.; Musical by Evelyn Manners; Pictorial by Gauci. London, 1830. Wybrow.

THIS is the first that we have seen of the musical Annuals which are in preparation; and of which it appears that we are to have a plentiful crop. It is a very pretty volume, beautifully printed and embellished; and its perusal has given us, on the whole, considerable pleasure. The poetry (all from one pen) is smooth and agreeable, consisting chiefly of a kind of sentimental small-talk, of which the “Lover’s Invitation to Dance” is a very fair specimen. It concludes thus:—

“And when music shall have ceased,
And the gay quadrille is over,
I will whisper in thine ear
With the soft voice of a lover:—
Dearest! little love has ties
That the dark world cannot sever;
In the gallopade of life,
Join with me, and dance for ever.”

We confess we are somewhat partial to this sort of song-writing; for it pleases the ear and the fancy, while it is guiltless of exciting or disturbing the feelings. A song by Mrs.

Hemans or L. E. L. is apt to interfere sometimes with that gaiety of heart which should animate the drawing-room; and therefore such love-lyrics as those before us, the singing of one of which will not damp the spirit of the next quadrille, are infinitely useful. Though this is the general character of the poetry in the volume, there is one song in a deeper tone of feeling, entitled “Long ago,” and set to an unpublished air by Weber. The music is well suited to the verse. It is neither striking, learned, nor original; but the melodies glide on very smoothly, and have correct and unaffected accompaniments; and, what is a great merit, the words are well accented. As a whole, the best song is, “She sings in fairy bowers,” the poetry of which is very happily united to a well-known but graceful air of Rossini. The unpublished melody of Weber exhibits no marks of the genius of that great artist, except in the accompaniment, which is masterly. The volume contains a few popular songs arranged for the guitar, an instrument clearly becoming more and more fashionable; and a set of quadrilles. The “pictorial department” consists of several very soft and pretty lithographic engravings.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

ON Saturday the *Barber of Seville* introduced Mr. Latham, from Dublin, to these boards, as *Figaro*; and a very smart and clever *début* he made, both as a singer and actor. In the latter capacity, with Liston and Harley at the same theatre, and pre-occupying much of his line of parts, we do not see a great opening for his talent; but, from the specimen we have had of it, we are sure that it will afford entertainment whenever it is exercised. Smart, lively, and bustling, he went through the *Barber* entirely to the satisfaction of the audience; and not only in the songs, but concerted pieces, proved himself an adept in the *Figaro* style of singing, and a good musician, with a very pleasing and sufficient organ. Mr. Latham was a great favourite in Dublin; and, if opportunities are given, will soon establish himself in the same gratifying position in London. Miss S. Phillips played *Rosina*; but, as may be gathered from our observations on the *Duenna* at Covent Garden, not at all to our taste. We fancy she never could have heard the term *simplicity* mentioned; for really some of her efforts were not merely ornamented—they were all ornament, nothing but ornament. She must correct this vice. T. Cooke was *Almaviva*—not much of a Count, but admirable in the music.

On Monday last, after an absence of two years, Macready re-appeared as *Virginus*—a character long since considered his own. To this monopoly, to judge from the enthusiastic manner in which their favourite was welcomed, and the unusual warmth with which the pre-eminence of his claims were acknowledged, the public seem very willing to submit. We never witnessed a more decided development of the “*popularis aurea*,” than when Macready, after a modest delay of five minutes, obeyed the “call of the house,” to come forward, and make his bow, in return for the waving of hats and handkerchiefs and the exclamations of the audience. This must have been deeply gratifying. We think his acting even more energetic than formerly; though this effect may have been produced upon us by the circumstance of his absence. The gradual rising in the tones of his voice are winning, and carry along the hearer with highly-wrought

expectation of the climax: at the same time we must observe, the sudden and too frequent transitions from the high pitch of declamation to an almost inaudible whisper, may be stage-effective, but strike somewhat too abruptly upon the tympanum, to be either pleasing or advisable. Indeed, Macready does not seem sufficiently aware, that his acting needs not the foreign aid of professional artifice, and that he cannot suffer adscititious display to obtain, without proportionably diverging from nature. The tragedy was ably supported. The declamation of *Idilius* before the decemvir gave scope for the abilities of Wallack; and the dry sarcasm of the veteran *Siccius* gained from the delivery of Cooper—the diversity of this performer's talents is very great, and render his utility invaluable. Miss Philips looked the beautiful Roman maiden, and submitted to being killed with becoming decorum; the insipidity of *Virginia* was diminished as much as possible, and we regretted the little opportunity afforded by the character for the display of the powers possessed by this actress. The Roman rabble were some of the most extraordinary representatives of the "plebs" that can be well imagined. The people, under whose direction such things fall, should not suffer the attempted buffoonery of these underlings to convert the parts of the tragedy in which they are concerned into a farce.

His Majesty has announced his intention of visiting Drury Lane on Thursday next. This is good news for the drama; Covent Garden, of course, will follow.

COVENT GARDEN.

WE had no fewer than three musical *débuts* last Saturday—two at Covent Garden, and one at Drury Lane. The piece at Covent Garden was the *Duenna*—the part of *Clara* by a young lady, whose name has since been announced as Miss E. Romer: and *Carlos* by Mr. Wilson, from the Edinburgh Theatre. The *Duenna* is a delightful little comedy, somewhat farcical in its incidents, but sparkling with wit and satire, and exceedingly amusing: but its pretensions as an opera are exceedingly small. The best part of the music consists of Scotch and Irish ballads, the introduction of which is a gross absurdity. In a Spanish piece, to hear Spanish lovers and Spanish damsels breaking out into "Gramachree Molly," and "the Highland Laddie;" and to see that preposterous absurdity received as a matter of course by the audience, is a proof of the low state of music in England as an intellectual art. To be sure, this opera was written many years ago, and considerable changes in our musical notions have taken place in the interval. But it is enough to see any one of our popular operas, at this hour, and to hear the ditties lugged in by our favourite warblers, in utter defiance of congruity and discretion, to be convinced that, whatever other improvements music may have received, the alliance of sense with sound is as far from being accomplished as ever. In this very opera, for example, we are quite well accustomed to hear Mr. Braham, when *Carlos* should sing a song lamenting his unhappy love, and expressing his resolution never to love again, breaking out with "Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonny lassie, O!" and the public is generally so much delighted with the exquisite good taste and propriety of this proceeding, as to make him sing the song three times!*

* The song introduced by Mr. Wilson deserves the same censure. What has *Carlos* to do with singing about Love, love, love, and accompanied too, as such a

The part of *Carlos* is dull and insipid—thrust into the piece for the sake of its songs. The author, however, has tried to infuse a little interest into the character by the touch of feeling contained in the sketch he gives of his history, and the exquisitely tender verses, which are usually discarded—thus destroying the only hold which *Carlos* can have upon the sympathy of the audience. As to the original music, composed by Linley, there is some prettiness about it; but there is a stiffness in the melodies, and a poverty in the accompaniments, which, to those who have been accustomed to the rich fare of Mozart, Rossini, and Weber, (or, in other words, to the whole English public), render it very insipid. What used to be the heroine's crack song, "Adieu, thou dreary pile!" is a mere school exercise, consisting of runs and divisions, as guiltless of meaning as any thing to be found in a book of solfeggios. In the part of *Clara*, Miss Romer displayed powers which, with cultivation, will enable her to take a high rank as a singer. Her voice is clear and flexible, particularly in the higher part of the scale. She has, generally, a good articulation, and executes rapid passages very neatly; but in the more difficult art of sustaining and dwelling upon a few simple notes, "in linked sweetness, long drawn out," she has (and, being a young singer, must necessarily still have) much to learn: she has evidently a musical soul, and frequently exhibited both taste and feeling; she is very pleasing too, both in face and person, and spoke and acted with spirit and intelligence. Mr. Wilson, though new to the stage, is any thing but a novice as a singer. His whole performance exhibited great vocal skill and cultivation; his voice is (that rarity) a true tenor, of rich quality and extensive compass; and he executed every thing he had to do with a facility which indicated that he had a great reserve of power and execution when it should be required. We do not remember ever to have been more pleased with the two national ballads, "Had I a heart," and "Ah! sure a pair were never seen;" for Mr. Wilson sung them in such a manner as to leave the simplicity of the airs quite unimpaired, and yet with ornament enough to save them from insipidity. This golden mean, so difficult to find, we hope he will study to preserve; and thus rescue English singing from one of its greatest reproaches—a redundancy of common-place and unmeaning ornament.† He is a well-looking young man, of a good figure, and a pleasing, open countenance. The part did not enable us to form any idea of his powers as an actor; but, in the little he had to say and do, he acquitted himself with great propriety.‡ Both these performers were received with great favour, and warmly applauded—most of their songs being encored. The piece was very amusingly performed; Keeley's "cunning little Isaac," though not the Jew we have been accustomed to see, was very grotesque; and his courtship scene with the *Duenna* (Mrs.

tender theme ought to be, by all the drums, trumpets, and bassoons, in the orchestra!

* In paying this just tribute of applause to the new singer, and especially in expressing our admiration of his style, we cannot help referring to the source of his excellence: viz. the instructions of Crevelli, to whom we have often had occasion to allude, as a melodist of the purest order, and a teacher whose school cannot be too highly prized, or too generally cultivated.—Ed. L. G.

† There are also various musical requisites of which the part did not afford the means of judging: we have still, for instance, to discover, by some other part, whether Mr. Wilson possesses fire and passion; for the music he has sung, though not without tenderness, is wholly unimpassioned.

Gibbs) was irresistibly ludicrous. Miss Cawse was delightful, Blanchard admirable, and Druruset as sweet and pleasing as his part could admit.

When it was known that the managers of Covent Garden were anxious to have something new for T. P. Cooke, they were inundated with a sea of nauticals, all of the *Black-Eyed Susan* school, and "all in the *Downs*," we may suppose, if the *Blue Anchor*, by Pocock, be the best of the budget. We are of the most genuine admirers of T. P. Cooke. He is an inimitable seaman, dances a hornpipe to perfection, swears sailor oaths unprofanely, and twitches up his inexpressibles with an air very amusing to land-lubbers. But we cannot say that we like him so well at Covent Garden as in the meridian of that tight little craft, the Adelphi, where we have so often seen him play *Long Tom*, in the *Pilot*, with unmingled satisfaction, and allowed a little latitude, which we are rather inclined to calculate more nicely in classic Covent Garden. The chief defect of the *Tar for all Weathers* is, that, being written for him, he has little to do in it. Farley's is a better part; and, but that Tom prefers the open-handed jolly seaman to the plotting smuggler, we dare say he would have chosen *Shark*. He appears for the first time in the 2d act, and afterwards only at intervals. The *grog* song which he sung (indifferently enough) was lamentably poor, considering the copiousness of the subject; and the allusion to the queen, as the "Queen of good fellows," insufferable, and resented by the audience. The dialogue was throughout excessively vulgar; and, in the quarrel scene between the aforesaid *Shark* and *Tom Bluff*, even the spirited acting of Farley and Cooke could not redeem the coarseness of the language they were compelled to utter, and the piece was all but d—d, in consequence. There must be a certain degree of license allowed for a *free sea* sketch, and, not being squeamish, we allow for a great deal; but to pass over *this* uncensored would require more toleration than even our good nature can boast. *Tom Bluff* will not, we think, prove a feather in the cap of Tom Cooke. Keeley, as he always does, made the most of his part. He looked very funny as the undertaker, and his great card, as compared with his diminutive self, was infinitely ludicrous. Bartley's *Tom Bowline* was a fine picture of an old fisherman; and Blanchard, as the drunken landlord, *Tom Tiddle*, (they are all Toms here,) highly diverting. We must not omit mentioning clever little Mrs. Keeley's *Bessy Bowline*; but, in spite of the best acting and beautiful scenery, the *Blue Anchor* was a failure; and we are sure its short life will prove the truth of our opinion, and that it will soon be *weighed*.

The *Jew of Arragon*, miscalled a tragedy, by Mr. Wade, was produced and finished here on Wednesday. The author has the reputation of being a clever man; of which he somehow contrived to exclude even the slightest proof from this very miserable production. The play is founded, we believe, on a Spanish drama, by Huerta; or, perhaps, on one of the tales in Mr. Trueba's *Romances of Spanish History*. To give a serious detailed account of it, is impossible; for, from the first scene to the last, it is a tissue of the ridiculous. In the first, the Jew behaves with extreme rudeness to the Princess of Castile, about to be united to his sovereign; and in the last, all the dead bodies dispose themselves on a flight of steps, so entirely in the Tom Thumb style, that we regretted much they did not complete the

resemblance, by rising up again, and singing their own dead march. The plot was a mixture of the improbable and absurd—the language, as ludicrous in its common-place, as it was turgid in its bombast. As a whole, we could only wonder at that want of dramatic judgment evinced by the production of such an effete piece. It is a curious fact, but a fact nevertheless, that those who have for years been accustomed to study the public taste, are those who understand it the least. The actor is seldom a prophet as regards the fate of a drama. Perhaps this may arise from his only considering it with reference to himself. In the case before us, Mr. Kemble seems to have been led away by two or three, theatrically speaking, good hits for himself and daughter, without considering the dreary space between. Those little absurdities which excite that destruction to tragedy, laughter, were strangely frequent. For example, nothing could be more ridiculous than Miss Ellen Tree's jumping through the window down into the river; it was so completely enacting the old song,

"I'll gather my petticoats up to my knee,
And over the water to Charley."

But "we'll draw a decent curtain round the dead," and only speak as regards the first original character in which Miss Fanny Kemble has appeared, and which, we are sorry to say, was a failure. There was an utter want of original conception about it. In the first scene, where her father unfolds his ambitious hopes, there was a coldness, a want of energy, ill-suited to the ambitious Jewess. In the two different scenes, where she triumphs over and taunts the nobles, she wanted dignity; her sneering was spiteful and petulant, not haughty and cutting. The slowness of her delivery sometimes degenerated into a drawl,—a fault to which she cannot too soon direct her attention; monotony and mannerism are the Scylla and Charybdis of an actor's delivery. Her peculiar pronunciation has often a wretched effect; as when she asks the nobles, "If they are not stoned," for stunned. Now, each of these defects is slight, and in her own power to remedy. She has a most exquisite voice, its silver tones only require occasional variety. Her face has all the beauty of intellect and expression; her large dark eyes, and finely marked brow, are full of the poetry of passion. Her attitudes are generally perfect in grace: through the whole of the performance there were but two we thought displeasing. The first is where she stands with the king,—she seemed as if she balanced herself upon his hand, and the air was one of disagreeable personal exhibition: the other, in the scene with the nobles,—she threw herself back till the effect was as awkward as the position was unfeminine. Now it is evident that each of these attitudes originates in the same fault, viz. throwing her person too much from the perpendicular. But, amid all the drawbacks of an ineffective character to support, and the weariness of an unsuccessful play, there was enough of grace and talent evinced to shew how justly its popularity awarded to this interesting young actress. One word on a matter of a private feeling. We were sorry to hear Mr. Kemble (in the text, it is true) point an allusion in the play so as to make it a personality. His daughter's station, her youth, her universally-acknowledged amiability in domestic life, not only place her above any passing scurrility, but give her claim to the possession of that delicacy of feeling, which was, we think, rather outraged than supported by being made matter of applause from

the galleries. But as we heard from that high circle, when *Xavier* entered, "That is the man vot vopps editors," we are not inclined to make any remark upon his acting which might be construed into offence; and so we wish the *Jew of Arragon* good night. By the by, we should have liked to see his regiment of ould cloash, with their nightcaps, &c., march to the camps. It would have been worth the whole tragedy.

ADELPHI.

A new naval piece was brought out on Thursday with great *éclat*: it is too late for us to say more.

MR. JONES, late of Drury Lane, is said to have declined all theatrical engagements, for the purpose of attending his pupils in parliamentary and clerical elocution. From some connexions of our own we have heard Mr. Jones's peculiar method of teaching highly commended; and while we regret the loss of his amusing talents in public, we wish him every success in the employment of his more useful talents in private. One of the chief recommendations of his system to us, and one to which we attach great importance, is that of imparting the power of reading without fatigue to pupils of the weakest constitutions.

VARIETIES.

Captain King's Expedition.—His majesty's ships *Adventure* and *Beagle*, which have been employed, for the last three years, in surveying the coast of South America, and particularly about Cape Horn, under the orders of Captain King, have arrived in England.

Scientific Expedition.—The *Etna*, Captain Belcher, has sailed upon her voyage to survey the western coast of Africa, from lat. 10° to 30° N., as we mentioned in a late *Literary Gazette*.

Eastern Archipelago.—Captain Fitz-Clarence, it is stated, will sail early in the ensuing year on a voyage to survey the Eastern Archipelago; proceeding in the first place to New South Wales.

Royal Anecdote.—The ex-king of Saxony, when his late brother was on his death-bed, was told by his confessor that, if he would vow to make a pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre, his brother should die, and he should ascend the throne. He made the vow, his brother died, and he reigned. But when the time arrived for fulfilling his pledge, he found that his duties and infirmities rendered it impossible. After much discussion amongst his ghostly fathers, he compromised the matter by agreeing to scramble, on his bare knees, up and down the great gallery in his palace, for a certain time every day, until he should have gone over a space equal to the distance between Dresden and Jerusalem. His majesty had performed a great part of his feat when interrupted by his rebellious subjects.

Ducal Anecdote.—There was lately at Brunswick an opera-singer named Rosner, who, having a very pretty wife, was much caressed by the ex-duke; but being a bad singer and a poor stick of an actor, he was violently attacked, night after night, by the disapprobation of the public. He was at length unable to bear with this treatment, and begged for his dismissal, saying that the people were all dissatisfied with him. The duke, to whom he applied, clapped him familiarly on the back, and said, "Don't be an ass! why the people are dissatisfied with me, but I don't budge."

New Club.—The Marquess of Hertford's noble mansion in Piccadilly is being fitted up for a new club, to be called *The English and Foreign Union*. The house, from what we have seen of it, will be superb. From the prospectus which has been issued, we observe that the object of this establishment is to promote and keep up the friendly intercourse of persons of rank and distinction, military, naval, literary, and scientific, of foreign nations, with those of our own country.

Italy.—A son of the celebrated Goethe has lately been travelling in Italy, of which tour, we learn, he has kept a journal, from which his father is preparing a work upon that country.

Madame Catalani.—This admired songstress, we are informed, in a letter from Italy, has finally set up her rest at Florence, with the declared intention of remaining there during life.

New German Singer.—At Turin, another Sontag has appeared, in the person of a Mlle. Henrietta Charles (Karl), who completed her vocal studies at Milan, and has made her *début* at Turin, in Coccia's *Orfana della Selva*, with the utmost *éclat*. She is a native of Berlin.

Cheap Beer.—Placards are seen about town at many public-houses thus inscribed: "Fino porter sold here at threepence per pot: every man must bring his own mug."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XLIII. Oct. 23.*]

A poetical *jeu d'esprit* entitled the Political Devil, or Advice to the Mariner Monarch, preparatory to the opening of Parliament, illustrated by four cuts.—The Errors of Romanism traced to their Origin in Human Nature, by Dr. R. Whately.—The Daughter of Herodias, a Tragedy, by Henry Rich, Esq.—A Catechism of Phrenology, illustrative of the Principles of that Science.—A Concise View of the Succession of Sacred Literature, from the Invention of Alphabetical Characters to 1445, Part I., by Dr. Adam Clarke.—Mr. Keightley, the Author of "the Fairy Mythology," is about to publish a work on the Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy. It is, we understand, designed for the use of schools and the universities, and to supply in an adequate manner the acknowledged want of such a work in our literature. The familiarity with the writings of the learned Germans, and the aversion to mysticism shewn by Mr. Keightley in his former publication, would lead us to expect in it a considerable accession to our classical knowledge, conveyed in an easy and intelligible form.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Swan's Demonstrations of the Nerves, Part I. folio, 2s. 2s. sewed.—Loudon's Illustrations of Landscape Gardening, Part I. folio, 7s. 6d. sewed.—Illustrations of the Literary Souvenir, 1831, proofs, imperial 4to. in portfolio, 30s.; colombar 4to. before letters, 3s. 3s.—The Water Witch, by the Author of "the Borderers," 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Burke's Official Calendar corrected, with Supplement, to the Present Time, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Hope Leslie, or Early Times in Massachusetts, by the Author of "Clarence," 3 vols. post 8vo. 21s. bds.—Howship on Spasmodic Stricture in the Colon, 8vo. 4s. bds.—Rennie on Asthma, Consumption, and Disorders of the Lungs, 8vo. 5s. bds.—Westall's Great Britain Illustrated, 4to. prints, hf.-bd. morocco, 11. 14s.; India proofs, 3s. 3s.; imperial 4to. 5s. 5s.—Classic Cullings and Fugitive Gatherings, post 8vo. 9s. bds.—Prowse's Poems, 12mo. 6s. bds.—The Arrow and the Rose, by W. Kennedy, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Old Booty, or the Devil and the Baker, illustrated by Cruikshank, 18mo. 1s. sewed.—Bradfield's Tales of the Cyclopes, fcp. 8vo. 5s. 6d. sewed.—Grant's Advice to Trustees, 8vo. 6s. bds.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In the notice of the *Gem*, the name of the author who wrote the first poem quoted was omitted: this was doing but scant justice to one of its pleasantest contributors, Mr. Edward Fitzgerald.

I. P. is very well for the domestic circle, but does not require publication.

An "English Reader" should be aware, that however much we dislike the interlarding of our language with French or other foreign phraseology, we cannot alter quotations from works disfigured by that folly.

The extract, the only one by which we could satisfactorily illustrate the *Winter's Wreath*, is so long, that we cannot find room for it in this No.: a second apology is therefore due to the Editor of that Annual, all others appearing in the succession in which they reach us.

The dramatic novelties have also pressed on our space this week.

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No. 719.—AMERICAN EDITION.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1830.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of Lord Burghley. By Dr. Nares. Vol. II. 4to. pp. 632. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

THE continuation of this very valuable accession to our knowledge of English history, at a period when that history is most important, must be truly acceptable to all the lovers of sterling works; works which do credit to, and are calculated to be lasting ornaments of, our literature. By referring to our review of the first volume, (*L. G.* No. 568, April 26, 1828), it will be seen that we admitted the incompetency of a Journal like ours to afford an adequate idea of such a mass of "historical, biographical, religious, and political questions," as are embraced and discussed in a production of this magnitude; and we must now repeat our *mea culpa*. The volume at present before us, too, rises in consequence; for it commences with the enthronement of Elizabeth, and proceeds through all the mighty acts of her eventful reign, 1558-9, to the year 1572, when the Duke of Norfolk was executed. During this period the great trust and confidence reposed in Burghley gives additional weight to his papers and correspondence; and Dr. Nares has bestowed both pains and patience in setting them in a clear light. Like all biographers, he leans, even more strongly we think than before, to the favourable side of all that concerns Elizabeth, or her minister. He accordingly dwells upon the position of Mary from the very beginning of her dear cousin's queenly career, as one which put the succession into jeopardy; and while he palliates or excuses most of the facts alleged or proven against the English court,* he joins with those who credit the worst imputations upon the unfortunate princess. As a general principle, he says:—

"It is idle to talk, much more to write, of those times, as though the great quarrel were but a contest between two women, and in which some of the most insignificant of female passions were allowed to give a turn to the most important events. From the first moment of her accession, Elizabeth may be said to have had arrayed against her, on some ground or other, all the greatest potentates of Europe, assisted by the craft and subtlety of able but dishonest politicians, the rancour of an exasperated hierarchy, and all the Jesuitical tricks of its superstitious votaries. But Scotland was doomed to be the theatre, where the enemies of Elizabeth and England were to display their greatest feats; the French were never more determined to make it their 'stepping-stone' to England than after the death of Henry II.

"All these things put together may help us to form some idea of the perilous situation in which Elizabeth stood, on her first accession to

* For instance, he endeavours to explain away the infamous letter so justly animadverted upon by Lodge, in which Lord Shrewsbury, her gaoler, is instructed to provoke her to "answer somewhat" which may afford a handle to her enemies and persecutors.

the crown; and the need she had of a minister, who could look through all these difficulties, discern their springs and consequences with a steady eye, without being dismayed at the impoverished and dismantled state of the kingdom, through Mary's misgovernment, or disheartened in standing forth as the champion of Elizabeth's disputed title, and her defender against a host of foes, powerful, subtle, and intriguing, and, upon many principles, bent upon her dethronement, the elevation of Mary of Scotland, and the subjugation of both parts of the British Island."

But we must rather, for the reasons we have stated, trust to a few miscellaneous extracts, than to a regular analysis, for the imperfect illustration we can offer of this truly national work.

"Towards the conclusion of this first year of the queen's reign, a proclamation against excess of apparel appeared, upon which a certain prelate, in a discourse from the pulpit, enumerating many of the prevailing vanities, has given us a curious specimen of the fashions and luxuries of the day, in the following extraordinary passage:—'These fine-fingered rufflers, with their sables about their necks, corked slippers, trimmed buskins and warm mittens,—furred stomachers, long gowns; these tender pannels must have one gown for the day, another for the night: one long, another short: one for winter, another for summer: one furred through, and another but faced: one for the work-day, another for the holy-day: one of this colour, another of that: one of cloth, another of silk or damask. Change of apparel: one afore dinner, another at after; one of Spanish fashion, another of Turkey: and, to be brief, never content with enough, but always devising new fashions and strange. Yea, a ruffian will have more in his ruff and his hose, than he should spend in a year; he which ought to go in a russet coat, spends as much on apparel for him and his wife, as his father would have kept a good horse with."

With regard to Mary's marriage with Darnley, there seems to be some discrepancy in Dr. Nares's argument; for at one place he considers it as a masterly stroke of policy in the Scots queen, and then as an act which was likely to do her the utmost injury. In the year 1569 the following notice of the first lottery occurs.

"Among the measures adopted at this time, for the better security and defence of the kingdom, which required the most prompt and vigilant attention, we read of the first public lottery being drawn this year, 1569; it consisted, we are told, of 400,000 lots, at 10s. each lot. The prizes were plate, and the profits were to be applied to the repair of the havens of the kingdom. It was drawn at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral. The drawing is stated to have begun on the 11th of January, and to have been continued incessantly, day and night, till the 6th of May following. The proposals for this lottery were

published in the year 1567, 1568. The prizes were previously exhibited at the house of the queen's jeweller and goldsmith, Mr. Dericke, in Cheapside."

The following is another curious mark of the times (1570):—

"In the course of this year a negotiation was set on foot for the queen's marriage with the Duc d'Anjou, brother of the King of France; Cecil, in a letter to Walsingham, at Paris, expresses his private opinion to be, generally speaking, that 'he saw no continuance of the queen's quietness without a marriage.' And this, indeed, he might well say; the chances of the succession, after her death without issue, being made a continual trouble to her, especially by those who wished to have Mary Queen of Scots' title openly and publicly allowed; but the agitation of the subject set, it seems, the astrologers to work, who calculated the queen's nativity, in order from thence to draw prognostics of what might be expected to ensue from such a marriage, if it should take place. We cannot deny that this appeal to the vain science of astrology (the folly of the age, as Strype calls it), is strongly reported to have been set on foot by the secretary, and absolutely to have been resorted to by that extraordinary man as a guide and direction of his own judgment. The calculation happens to be still extant, written by the secretary *propria manu*, beginning, *De significatione 7^{im} domus, et de conjugio*. The whole, indeed, may be seen in the appendix to the second volume of Strype's Annals of the Reformation, No. IV.: one clause, as bearing upon the succession, is ridiculously curious. There was a hope to be drawn, it seems, of the birth of one son, that should be strong, famous, and happy in his mature age. '*Verum Venus est in domo propria, conjuncta Mercurio, domino filiorum. Et idcirco spes maxima datur de filio uno robusto, claro, et felici in aetate sua matura.*' The prognostics, however, of happiness, and a robust heir of her own body, were not sufficient to induce the queen to venture herself within the indissoluble bonds of wedlock; one daughter also seems to have been promised, from the moon being in the constellation Taurus.—'*Luna in Tauro unam filiam designat.*'"

And now we take leave of a volume of great value; recommending it to readers rather on its intrinsic merits than for any chance we could have of making that value known either by our criticisms or extracts.

The Literary Souvenir. Edited by Alaric A. Watts. 12mo. pp. 346. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

THIS is a very delightful volume—various and amusing, with a rich tone of creative imagination flung over many of its productions. Mr. Praed opens the book with one of those legends he tells so well, and has several other very pleasant poems. His poetical vein is a very peculiar one: his pathos rarely goes beyond sentiment, passion he assumes not, and his

philosophy is of the Rochefoucauld school: but he is graceful in his expressions, most musical in verse, playful, with occasional exquisite touches of poetry, which seem to speak a higher power than he shews, and a manner almost his own. He gives us the idea of one of the French writers, with their wit and sparkling neatness, touched with a rich English spirit of poetry. To express our meaning by a metaphor (fit criticism for a poet), he is a French epigram and an English stanza blended into one.

"The knights are dust,
Their good swords rust,

And their souls are with the saints, we trust"—

so says Coleridge: Præd's is a livelier picture—a modern antique.

"Sir Isumbras was ever found

Where blows were struck for glory;

There sat not at the Table Round

A knight more famed in story.

The king on his throne would turn about

To see his courser prancing,

And, when Sir Launcelot was out,

The queen would praise his dancing.

He quite wore out his father's spurs,

Performing valour's duties—

Destroying mighty sorcerers,

Avengeing injured beauties;

And crossing many a trackless sand,

And rescuing people's daughters

From dragons that infest the laud,

And whales that walk the waters.

He throttled lions by the score,

And giants by the dozen;

And, for his skill in lettered lore,

They called him 'Merlin's cousin.'

A score of steeds, with bit and rein,

Stood ready in his stable;

An ox was every morning slain,

And roasted for his table.

And he had friends, all brave and tall,

And crowned with praise and laurel,

Who kindly feasted in his hall,

And tilted in his quarrel;

And minstrels came and sung his fame

In very rugged verses:

And they were paid with wine and game,

And rings, and cups, and purses.

And he loved a lady of high degree,

Faith's fortress, Beauty's flower;

A countess for her maid had she,

And a kingdom for her dowry;

And a brow whose frowns were vastly grand,

And an eye of sunlit brightness,

And a swan-like neck, and an arm and hand

Of most bewitching whiteness;

And a voice of music, whose sweet tones

Could most divinely prattle

Of battered casques, and broken bones,

And all the bliss of battle.

He wore her scarf in many a fray,

He trained her hawks and ponies,

And filled her kitchen every day

With leversets and conies:

He loved, and he was loved again—

I won't waste time in proving,

There is no pleasure like the pain

Of being loved, and loving.

Dame Fortune is a fickle gipsy,

And always blind, and often tye.

Sometimes, for years and years together,

She'll bless you with the sunniest weather,

Bestowing honour, pudding, pence,

You can't imagine why or whence;

Then in a moment—presto, pass!

Your joys are withered like the grass;

You find your constitution vanish

Almost as quickly as the Spanish;

The murrain spoils your flocks and fleeces,

The dry-rot pulls your house to pieces,

Your garden raises only weeds,

Your agent steals your title-deeds,

Your banker's failure stuns the city,

Your father's will makes Sugden witty,

Your daughter, in her beauty's bloom,

Goes off to Gretna with the groom,

And you, good man, are left alone,

To battle with the gout and stone.

Ere long, Sir Isumbras began

To be a sad and thoughtful man.

They said the glance of an evil eye

Had been on the knight's prosperity:

Less swift on the quarry his falcon went,

Less true was his hound on the wild deer's scent,

And thrice in the list he came to the earth,

By the luckless chance of a broken girth.

And Poverty soon in her rags was seen

At the board where Plenty erst had been;

And the guests smiled not as they smiled before,

And the song of the minstrel was heard no more.

And a base ingrate, who was his foe,
Because, a little month ago,
He had cut him down, with friendly ardour,
From a rusty hook in an ogre's larder,
Invented an atrocious fable,
And libelled his fame at the royal table;
And she at last, the worshipped one,
For whom his valorous deeds were done,
Who had heard his vows, and worn his jewels,
And made him fight so many duels—
She, too, when Fate's relentless wheel
Deprived him of the privy-seal,
Bestowed her smiles upon another,
And gave his letters to her mother.

Fortune and fame—he had seen them depart,
With the silent pride of a valiant heart;
Traitorous friends—he had passed them by
With a haughty brow and a stifled sigh.
Boundless and black might roll the sea,
O'er which the course of his bark must be:
But he saw, through the storms that frowned
above,

One guiding star, and its light was Love.
Now all was dark; the doom was spoken!
His wealth all spent, and his heart half-broken,
Poor youth, he had no earthly hope,
Except in laudanum, or a rope."

A very beautiful and imaginative tale by William Howitt, "the Last of the Titans," deserves our warm praise—the deserted hall is a Martin-like picture. "The Lottery Ticket" is a lively sketch in the Rowlandson style—the comic of common life. "The Toorkoman's Tale" is an oriental landscape, with figures: Mr. Frazer has thrown much interest into the story. "The Lady Olivia's Decamaron" is a mystery without an explanation—a very easy method of cutting a Gordian knot, by the by; still, it is excitingly worked up, and the style speaks, we think, of Mr. Præd. We do not like "the Smuggler's Last Trip" so well as the tale last year: it is a gratuitous horror, and, like such gratuities, unnecessary. "The Palace of the Rajah Hurchund" is a fine incident, spiritedly told in parts, in others disguised by the common-places of abuse which bespeak vulgarity of feeling—the greatest of offences against taste: for example, "he contented himself with hoarding up his resentments for another day, after the manner of kings;"—"and as princes, like lions and other fierce and destructive animals." "Woman's Wit" is very lively in manner of narration—but the story is familiar to every child who has read a volume of Turkish or Persian tales: in spite of the reference to the French author, whence "the idea of the story" is stated to have been taken, it has already worn several English dresses. The history of Miss Curran is very interesting. Some of the poetry in the *Souvenir* is very beautiful. There are three charming poems of L. E. L.'s, and a fine ballad of Mary Howitt's. "The Union Flag of England" is one of Mr. Hollings' most successful pieces. There is one by Mr. Hervey, some of the images in which are equally poetical and beautiful. For example:—

"Where hopes, like fairies, used to play—
Hopes that, like fairies when they part,
Left withered rings about the heart!"

We so like the following little poem by Mrs. Watts, that we quote it even in preference to two very sweet poems of the editor's own.

"Lines suggested by the sight of a beautiful Statue of a dead Child.

I saw thee in thy beauty! bright phantom of the past:
I saw thee for a moment—'twas the first time and the last:
And though years since then have glided by of mingled
bliss and care,

I never have forgotten thee, thou fairest of the fair!

I saw thee in thy beauty! thou wert graceful as the fawn,
When, in very wantonness of glee, it sports upon the
lawn;

I saw thee seek the mirror, and when it met thy sight,
The very air was musical with thy burst of wild delight!

I saw thee in thy beauty! with thy sister by thy side—
She a lily of the valley, thou a rose in all its pride!
I looked upon thy mother—there was triumph in her eyes,
And I trembled for her happiness—for grief had made me
wise!

I saw thee in thy beauty, with one hand among her curls—
The other, with no gentle grasp, had seized a string of
pearls:
She felt the pretty trespass, and she chid thee, though she
And I knew not which was lovelier, the mother or the
child.

I saw thee in thy beauty! and a tear came to mine eye,
As I pressed thy rosy cheek to mine, and thought: even
thou couldst die!
Thy home was like a summer bower, by thy joyous presence
But I only saw the sunshine, and I felt alone the shade!

I see thee in thy beauty! for there thou seem'st to lie
In slumber resting peacefully; but, oh! the change of
eye—

That still serenity of brow—those lips that breathe no
Proclaim thee but a mockery fair of what thou wert of
yore.

I see thee in thy beauty! with thy waving hair at rest,
And thy busy little fingers folded lightly on thy breast:
But thy merry dance is over, and thy little race is run:
And the mirror that reflected two, can now give back but
one.

I see thee in thy beauty! with thy mother by thy side—
But her loveliness is faded, and quelled her glance of
pride;

The smile is absent from her lip, and absent are the pearls,
And a cap, almost of widowhood, conceals her curved
curls.

I see thee in thy beauty! as I saw thee on that day—
But the mirth that gladdened then thy home, fled with
thy life away.

I see thee lying motionless upon the accustomed floor—
But my heart hath blinded both mine eyes—and I can see
no more!"

For our prose specimen we choose "The Lovers of Vire," by the clever author of Riche-lieu.

"The sun was shining as fair as the sun could shine in a beautiful May morning; bright, yet gentle; warm, but fresh; midway between the watering-pot of April and the warming-pan of June, when in the beautiful valley of Vire—every body knows Vire—but, lest there should be any body in the wide world who does not, dearly beloved reader, I will tell you all about it. Get into the stage-coach, which journeyeth diurnally between London and Southampton; enjoy the smoothness of the road, bless Mr. M'Adam, put up at the Dolphin, and yield yourself to the full delights of an English four-post bed, for no such sweets shall you know from the moment you set your foot on board the steam-boat for Havre, till the same steam-boat, or another, it matters not which, lands you once more on the English strand. Supposing you then arrived at Havre—get out of it again as fast as you can; rush across the river to Honfleurs; from Honfleurs dart back to Caen; and after you have passed five minutes to think about William the Conqueror, put yourself into the diligence for St. Malo, and when you have travelled just twelve leagues and a half, you will come to a long steep hill, crowned by a pretty, airy-looking town, whose buildings, in some parts gathered on the very pinnacle, in others running far down the slope, seem as if coquetting with the rich valleys that woo them from below. Go to bed; and if you bathe your feet beforehand, which if you are of my faction you will do, walk over the tiled floor of the inn bed room, that you may have a fit opportunity of cursing tiled floors, and of relieving yourself of all the spleen in your nature before the next morning. Then, if both your lover and the day be favourably disposed, sally forth to the eastern corner of the town, and you will have a fair view over one of the loveliest valleys that nature's profuse hand ever gifted with beauty. The soft clear stream of the Vire winding sweetly along between the green sloping hills and the rich woods, and the fields and châteaux, and hamlets, and the sunshine catching upon all its meanderings, and the birds singing it their song of love, as its calm waters roll bountifully by them. Look upon it, and you will not find it difficult to imagine how the soul, even of an obscure artisan in a

remote age, warmed into poetry and music in the bosom of that valley, and by the side of that stream. It was, then, in that beautiful Vale of Vire, some twenty years ago, that François Lormier went out to take his last May walk with Mariette Duval, ere the relentless conscription called him from his happy home, his sweet valleys, and his early love. It was a sad walk, as may well be imagined; for though the morning was bright, and nature, to her shame be it spoken, had put on her gayest smiles as if to mock their sorrow; yet the sunshine of the scene could not find its way to their hearts—and all seemed darkened and clouded around them. They talked a great deal, and they talked a long time; but far be it from me to betray their private conversation. I would not, for all the world—especially as I know not one word about it—except, indeed, that François Lormier vowed the image of Mariette should remain with him for ever—should inspire him in the battle, and cheer him in the bivouac; and that Mariette protested she would never marry any body except François Lormier, even if rich old Monsieur Latoussefort, the great Foulan, were to lay himself and fortune at her feet; and, in short, that when his ‘seven long years were out,’ François would find her still a spinster, and very much at his service. ‘*Mais si je perdrois une jambe?*’ said François Lormier. ‘*Qu’est ce que c’a fait?*’ replied Mariette. They parted—and first to follow the lady. Mariette wept a great deal, but soon after got calm again, went about her ordinary work, sang her song, danced at the village fête, talked with the talkers, laughed with the laughers, and won the hearts of all the youths in the place, by her unadorned beauty and her native grace. But still she did not forget François Lormier; and when any one came to ask her in marriage, the good dame her mother referred them directly to Mariette, who had always her answer ready, and with a kind word and a gentle look sent them away refused, but not offended. At length good old Monsieur Latoussefort presented himself with all his money-bags, declaring that his only wish was to enrich his gentle Mariette; but Mariette was steady, and so touchingly did she talk to him about poor François Lormier, that the old man went away with the tears in his eye. Six months afterwards he died, when to the wonder of the whole place, he left his large fortune to Mariette Duval! In the meanwhile François joined the army, and from a light handsome conscript, he soon became a brave, steady soldier. Attached to the great Northern army, he underwent all the hardships of the campaigns in Poland and Russia, but still he never lost his cheerfulness, for the thought of Mariette kept his heart warm, and even a Russian winter could not freeze him. All through that miserable retreat, he made the best of every thing. As long as he had a good tender piece of saddle, he did not want a dinner; and when he met with a comfortable dead horse to creep into, he found board and lodging combined. His courage and his powers of endurance called upon him, from the first, the eyes of one whose best quality was the impartiality of his recompense. François was rewarded as well as he could be rewarded; but at length, in one of those unfortunate battles by which Napoleon strove in vain to retrieve his fortune, the young soldier in the midst of his gallant daring was desperately wounded in the arm. Pass we over the rest.—Mutilated; sick, weary, and ragged, François approached his native valley, and, doubtful of his reception

—for misery makes sad misanthropes—he sought the cottage of Madame Duval. The cottage was gone; and on inquiring for Madame Duval, he was directed to a fine farmhouse by the banks of the stream. He thought there must be some mistake, but yet he dragged his heavy limbs thither, and knocked timidly against the door. ‘*Entrez!*’ cried the good-humoured voice of the old dame. François entered, and unbidden tottered to a chair. Madame Duval gazed on him for a moment, and then rushing to the stairs called loudly, ‘Come down, Mariette, come down; here is François returned!’ Like lightning, Mariette darted down the stairs, saw the soldier’s old great coat, and flew towards it—stopped—gazed on his haggard face and empty sleeve; and gasping, fixed her eyes upon his countenance. ‘Twas for a moment she gazed on him thus, in silence; but there was no forgetfulness, nor coldness, nor pride about her heart—there was sorrow, and joy, and love, and memory, in her very glance. ‘O François, François!’ cried she, at length, casting her arms round his neck, ‘how thou hast suffered!’ As she did so, the old great coat fell back, and on his breast appeared the golden cross of the legion of honour. ‘*N’importe!*’ cried she, as she saw it, ‘*voilà ta récompense!*’ He pressed her fondly to his bosom. ‘My recompense is here,’ said he, ‘my recompense is here.’

We must quote the following slight poem of L. E. L.’s: there is such a strain of simple, natural feeling, that it were injustice to omit it.

The Violet.

“Why better than the lady rose
Love I this little flower?
Because its fragrant leaves are those
I loved in childhood’s hour.

Though many a flower may win my praise,
The violet has my love;
I did not pass my childish days
In garden or in grove.

My garden was the window-seat,
Upon whose edge was set
A little vase,—the fair, the sweet,—
It was the violet.

It was my pleasure and my pride;—
How I did watch its growth!
For health and bloom, what plans I tried,
And often injured both.

I placed it in the summer shower,
I placed it in the sun;
And ever, at the evening hour,
My work seemed half undone.

The broad leaves spread, the small buds grew,
How slow they seemed to be!
At last there came a tinge of blue,—
‘Twas worth the world to me!

At length the perfume filled the room,
Shed from their purple wreath;
No flower has now so rich a bloom,
Has now so sweet a breath.

I gathered two or three,—they seemed
Such rich gifts to bestow;
So precious in my sight, I deemed
That all must think them so.

Ah! who is there but would be fain
To be a child once more;
If future years could bring again
All that they brought before?

My heart’s world has been long o’erthrown,
It is no more of flowers:
Their bloom is past, their breath is flown,
Yet I recall those hours.

Let nature spread her loveliest,
By spring or summer nursed;
Yet still I love the violet best,
Because I loved it first.”

We wish Mr. Watts had omitted parts of his Introduction: we think that recrimination, complaint, and angry assertions, are ill-judged in a literary man, whose exertions seem to us to have always met their deserved success; and out of keeping, as prefatory to this very beautiful little volume.

A Concise View of the Succession of Sacred Literature, in a Chronological Arrangement of Authors and their Works, from the Invention of Alphabetical Characters to the Year of our Lord 1445. Vol. I.—Part I. by Adam Clarke, LL.D., F.A.S., &c. Part II. by J. B. B. Clarke, M.A., &c. 8vo. pp. 502. London, 1830. T. S. Clarke; Simpkin and Marshall.

ADAM CLARKE is well known as a theological writer: his present work is one upon which no man would have ventured, unless conscious of indefatigable industry and weariless perseverance. Indeed, many hours of a long and laborious life, devoted, as our author tells us, “to the glory of God, and the good of his church,” were inadequate to the completion of a task of such overwhelming magnitude. Dr. Clarke states in his preface—“I have been obliged to seek that help in others, once found in myself, of which length of days and impaired sight have now deprived me;” and he has, consequently, transferred the continuance of his labours to his son. The second part of the present volume warrants us in saying, that the “full conviction” expressed by Dr. Clarke, of the abilities of his successor, has not been disappointed; but that the son has walked in the ways of his father. The labours of these scholars will be sufficiently estimated, when it is considered, that the undertaking was no less than the analysis of all works connected with sacred literature, for the space of about thirty centuries, down to the invention of printing. In addition to the extensive period of time the design embraces, the nature of the writings to be analysed should be taken into account; and we should remember, that in the days of “the fathers,” octavos and quartos were looked upon with becoming contempt; and the reputation of no writer stood very high whose works did not exceed some ten or a dozen elephantine folios. In those times, indeed, the weight of an author’s argument seems to have been appreciated proportionately with the weight of his volume. Neither the admeasurement nor numbers of these formidable tomes have been sufficient to daunt Dr. Clarke, or divert him from effecting his design. On the prominent utility of such a work as the present, we leave him to make his own remarks.

“In producing the following work, I had two objects in view:—first, to shew that, from the time in which it had pleased God to begin to reveal his will to man, there had been such an uninterrupted succession of additional revelations till the whole of the sacred canon was completed, and such constant reference made to this revelation by learned men (both enemies and friends) in all ages, that it was impossible that any part could be lost or any added, without the fact being noticed by some of those who were interested in its destruction or preservation. From this, the antiquity of the Scriptures may be fairly deduced; they are no forgery, nor of late date—they can be traced up to the very time and persons of which they treat, and can be proved to be the same now they were then; and thus the integrity of the sacred oracles may be ascertained, as well as their authenticity and antiquity. This, if I mistake not, forms no mean argument in vindication of the Divine authenticity of the Bible; and it must afford genuine pleasure to the intelligent reader to find, that He who ‘at sundry times, and in divers manners, spoke in time past to the fathers by the prophets,’ and ‘has in these last days spoken unto us by his Son,’ took care that, in all collateral and suc-

ceeding times, these revelations of himself should be acknowledged and witnessed by a great variety of writers in different nations of the earth. Secondly, I wished to make my readers, especially those designed for the sacred ministry and those engaged in it, no matter of what denomination, acquainted with ecclesiastical antiquity, by not only giving them a view of the successive writers in a chronological series, with an epitome of their lives, drawn from the most authentic sources, but also an account of their works, with a faithful and distinct analysis of each; so that in a few pages might be seen the substance of immense volumes. The labour that this has occasioned, can only be appreciated by those who consider the ponderous volumes of writers in different languages, which, in order to compose this work, it was necessary not merely to read in their titles or indexes, but in most cases to examine in every page, that a true synopsis of the author's opinions might be laid before the reader. As proofs of this, I may refer to what is written on the articles—Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Theophilus, Clemens Alexandrinus, Tertullian, Origen, Gregory Thaumaturgus, Cyprian, Arnobius, Lactantius, Eusebius, and Athanasius; under each of which, may I not venture to say, that the intelligent reader will find something to amuse, much to please, and not a little to profit him? It is a matter of no small utility, to be able to tell with little or no labour, what the subjects were on which so many eminent men in various ages have employed their pens."

To those upon whose attention and study sacred literature has peculiar claims and obvious demands, a work like Dr. Clarke's does not need our recommendation. If duty does dictate, or inclination lead to research, the *ταρχια μαθησις* supplied the theological student by the present work will, we doubt not, operate both duly and beneficially. We are aware that the voluminous profundity of the fathers rendered general acquaintance with their works well nigh impracticable, or, at least, attended with inordinate difficulty; and moreover, with many, furnished an excuse for total neglect. This can no longer be pardonable. The present work shews the various topics discussed, and points out where the opinions of the learned men, of all ages, on subjects vitally important, may now be gathered, at a trifling sacrifice of time: and we would, in conclusion, suggest, that the next best thing to being in possession of knowledge ourselves, is to know where it may be readily acquired.

The Winter's Wreath, for 1831. 12mo. pp. 372. London, Whittaker and Co.: Liverpool, Smith.

THIS is a very elegant volume—a word which really seems made to describe its contents;—the poetry is smooth, flowing, correct, but cold; and the tales are prettily told, without much in them:—there is a want of character, and that energy which gives character, throughout. It partakes of that Italian style which Lord Surrey gave our early literature—polished and graceful, but utterly without the force, freshness, and riches of the after-dramatic writers. There is not throughout the book a single piece positively bad—nothing to deserve decided reprehension: but we think we could compound for a few faults, if there were two or three more striking merits. "The Chapel of the Lyre" is a very gracefully told legend, by the editor of the work: and there is both truth and feeling in a little poem called "the Fallen," by William Howitt. Love's

Painter," by T. Roscoe, has either been published before, or is almost a copy of a tale we remember to have read, though we know not exactly where. We have never met with a more pleasant and lively story than that of "Green Stockings," by the Author of Selwyn; but it is too long to extract; and we must keep a few columns for the amusing sketch of old Parisian times in "the Revenu," by Miss Jewsbury.

"*The Revenu*.—Rue Saint Dominique, towards the middle of the seventeenth century, afforded, even in the day-time, no very inviting specimen of the capital of the *grand monarchie*. The project of lighting Paris, at the splendid allowance of three lanterns to a street, had already been formed, and, as a preparatory step, a medal bearing a Latin legend was already struck at the mint—but the progress of illumination had not yet reached Rue Saint Dominique; and pedestrians and their purses were entirely dependent on the moon, unless they chose to carry lanterns at their own cost. The more prudent generally did so—but the most prudent of all generally stayed within doors after dusk. If, in the former case, safety was ensured, (a thing not by any means to be reckoned on beforehand,) cleanliness was out of the question; for in the early part of his reign, Louis le Grand had, by all accounts, the dirtiest capital in Europe;—witness the proverb which made the *crot* of Paris and an ill name equally indelible. Rue Saint Dominique therefore, belonging as it did to the fag end of the city, was by no means what—under its own, or some other name—it probably is now, a genteel residence for persons of taste and condition. It was, however, the very place for Monsieur Nicolas de Nogaret, and Gorgotte, his aged and only servant. M. Nicolas being a miser, starved himself from a sense of duty; and Gorgotte, partly because she could not avoid it, and partly because she looked forward to an eventual legacy, suffered herself to be starved too. She was poor, and old, and stupid, and superstitious—but she was not ill-natured; and had she possessed money, would have spent and given it—(the greater the pity that she had none); but our miser was a real miser. He did not, like the Cauzee in the Arabian Nights, unite the contradictory taste of a love of shew to a love of money; he never ordered 'the fringed table-cloth' to be spread for the feast of 'six onions';—nor did he hanker after traffic and increase of wealth. No; his avarice appeared in the simplest of all possible forms, a mere delight in counting over his accumulations. * * * No father was ever so proud of his child—no subject so loyal to his king—no slave so submissive to his master, as Monsieur Nicolas to his iron chest, which, filled with gold coins of every mintage from the time of Louis XI., was hidden in the wall at his bed's head. Three times a-day he counted over its contents; during the intermediate hours he walked about, thinking on the same subject; and at night it formed the stock subject of his dreams. With all this, M. Nicolas de Nogaret considered himself a very worthy son of the church. He fasted—not two days, but every day in the week; he prayed—if not for the safety of his soul, yet necessarily for that of his money; and he reckoned Gorgotte's yearly wages of two *écus blancs* (present money, about ten shillings) under the head of almsgiving. He attended mass, too, very regularly. * * * Paris, at the date of this most veracious narrative, had (if the pun may be permitted) a *horde* too—but by no means so valuable as the miser's; it consisted of the

most audacious company of beggars that ever infested a civilised country. Their celebrated citadel, the Cour des Miracles, bade defiance to king, prévôt, and police. It consisted of a large area and a muddy unpaved alley, surrounded on every side by huts built of earth and mud, situated at the end of filthy winding streets, and approached by a crooked, rugged declivity. Here the beggars, who of course were thieves also, congregated to the incredible number of thirty thousand—had their own leader and laws—a particular language, which is still spoken by the inhabitants of the Bicêtre—and were divided into classes under the surveillance of principal officers. These frequently consisted of abandoned priests and scholars, who, by virtue of their rank and knowledge, were exempt from paying contributions to the head of the establishment. By day, the members of this fraternity followed, under various denominations, their profession of deceiving or frightening the citizens out of their property, and at night returned to the Cour des Miracles—the orphans to find their parents, the de-ranked to recover their senses, the maimed their limbs, and the blind their sight; so that the scene which in the morning resembled a hospital, at night was changed into a fair. Availing himself of the bad character of the beggars, M. de Nogaret made a conscientious vow against charity. In common with those who have much to lose, he was a great admirer of the laws, and considered the *bons pauvres* as a national disgrace, whilst he would have regenerated the *mechans pauvres* by making one huge bonfire of them and their haunts. Gorgotte, from the fear that whilst receiving a mendicant she might entertain an assassin, was equally inaccessible to pity. The *franc-mitieux* might swoon till even medical men were deceived;—the *saboteux*, by the aid of soap in the mouth, might imitate epilepsy to perfection; and the *coquillarts*, or pilgrims, covered with shells, might relate the holiest tales concerning the holiest saints: but Gorgotte's heart was like her master's—adamantine. Nevertheless, both were destined to be over-reached, and both through a movement of humanity. A child, who, though poor, was free from the usual signs of being an *orphelin* appertaining to the beggars, very pretty, sweet-spoken, and crying bitterly for the loss of its father, who had, it said, been run over by a *mousquetaire*, was one day brought out of the street and comforted with a dry crust in the house of Monsieur Nicolas. The child's heart warmed to the kindness; innocent apparently beyond the innocence of childhood, the *orphelin* fondled Gorgotte—flattered the miser with the title of father—followed him about the house without rebuke, and finally departed with something like permission to call again sometime. That day sealed the fate of the iron chest. The child was a novice of the Cour des Miracles, sent out by one of the leaders! The chink of M. de Nogaret's money reached the quick ear of the infant marauder; through him the report travelled to his instructor, who arranged his plans accordingly. 'Most fortunate of men!' ejaculated our friend Nicolas, one morning about a week after the charity of the dry crust—'most fortunate of men! Here have I thought for the last five years that my rich old aunt Clarice was a *religieuse* among the *dames du Calvaire*, and, behold! she is living in Rue—Rue—Gorgotte, where did the good monk who brought me the summons to attend her sick bed, say her house is situated?' 'Just no where at all, Maitre Nicolas; he said, you must repair straightway to the Halle

aux Veaux, where he would meet you again, and conduct you to her abode. Well, if this is to be her last sickness, Heaven send Madame Clarice a happy ending. Ah! we can carry nothing out of the world with us! 'But we can leave something behind us, Gorgotte; and this is the duty of relations towards each other. It does very well for kings and cardinals to found churches and hospitals; but the case is different in private life—a father should leave his crowns to his son.' 'And a master to his servant,' thought Gorgotte; but she only said, 'An aunt to her nephew.' 'May it prove so,' replied Nicolas. 'O, she must have good store of moneys laid up by this time. Silver plate too, and stuffs figured over, no doubt, with gold and silver. Gorgotte, put out the fire, get half the quantity of salad, and mind the house till I return.' So saying, M. Nicolas 'took his old cloak about him,' and set out for the calf market, on what was destined to prove a fool's errand. Two hours afterwards, the domestic labours of Gorgotte were interrupted by the approach of three very awful personages—the prévôt of Paris, who then filled a very multitudinous office for the benefit of the good city, and two of his sergeants bearing wands. Such important visitors had seldom been seen in Rue Saint Dominique; and though the prévôt's gold sash was rather tarnished, his velvet somewhat faded, and the short coats of his attendants fearfully rusty, not to mention a certain sinister cast of countenance incident to all the three worthies, Gorgotte curtsied reverentially low. The prévôt returned the greeting with more than municipal condescension, addressed her as the *dame de la maison*, and grieved to be the bearer of evil tidings to so worthy a lady. Though not in the pillory, Gorgotte felt her senses make a pirouette at flattery coming from such a distinguished quarter. The dignitary resumed: Madame was the wife of M. Nicolas de Nogaret? No, indeed, she was nothing of the kind. Was it possible that madame was only M. de Nogaret's servant? His servant only. *Eh bien*, that rendered the communication which he the prévôt had to make, less painful to his feelings, and to the sensibility which he doubted not was possessed by madame in the most acute degree. Gorgotte admired this speech not a whit the less because it was unintelligible; and the civic reynard resumed. Her worthy master—the most excellent of citizens—how should he break the tidings—but M. Nicolas de Nogaret, whilst walking in the Halle aux Veaux, had that very morning dropped down dead in a fit, and had been carried to the abode of Madame Clarice de Bourse, who resided hard by. He, the prévôt, was, in consequence, come, in his public capacity, to Rue Saint Dominique, to place seals on M. de Nogaret's effects, remove his money to the tribunal of the Grand Châtelet, and watch over the interests of those who might have claims upon the deceased. Would madame's feelings allow her to shew the way to the place where the excellent M. Nicolas was accustomed to keep his gold?—and since the suddenness of his death precluded the possibility of making a will, would she consider the furniture and other household trifles her own? Such, doubtless, would have been the previous wish of M. Nicolas; and the prévôt of Paris was bound to protect the defenceless. Meanwhile, as other public duties required his presence elsewhere, would madame lead him to the cash without delay? Poor silly Gorgotte, never dreaming of fraud in the guise of law and justice, and having, from her ignorance, extravagant ideas

of the power of the person in whose presence she believed herself to be standing, not to mention the effect produced by the prévôt's side hints, did as she was desired. She saw the iron chest carried off by the two sergeants, and finally beheld the prévôt himself depart, with many assurances of favour and protection, without once scrupling the correctness of their conduct or her own. Nevertheless, she really regretted the catastrophe, and dropped some few natural tears to the memory of her old master; but then, when she looked around, she found comforters in every chair and table, which she now regarded as her own. A certain curious carved cabinet completed the cure; and by bed-time Gorgotte was convinced that the first duty of a Christian is—resignation! Unfortunate M. de Nogaret! (He kicked his heels all day in the Veal Market, and at night crept home weary and disappointed:) here "all his bold knocking went for nothing; no answer was returned. Gorgotte, who, as the reader knows, had passed a very harassing day, was fast asleep in her pallet, and, when awakened to consciousness, was no ways disposed to admit the cause of the uproar into the house. 'It is,' thought she, 'some affray with the *guet* (a kind of watchman on horseback). Save the good city!—what between peace-breakers and peace-makers, there is no getting a comfortable night's rest. My poor master! he was no great defence, to be sure; but he was better than just none at all—well, rest his soul now—he sleeps soundly if I can't!' and so muttering, Gorgotte became again oblivious. Monsieur Nicolas now waxed wroth, as the mildest of men might, at being kept out of his own house by his own servant; and to blows on the door he began to add very hard words against his housekeeper—for such Gorgotte was now in the most literal sense of the word. Fairly roused at last, she was constrained to look out of the window, and then very high words ensued on both sides. 'You rogue you!—you vagabond!—What do you mean by fetching an honest woman out of her bed?' 'You lazy, insolent hussy, what do you mean by keeping an honest man out of his house?' 'I'll send for the prévôt of Paris, that I will,' vociferated Gorgotte. 'Noble gentleman, he shall settle you and all such rubbish from the Cour des Miracles.' 'Prévôt of Paris—Cour des Miracles,' echoed the bewildered miser. 'You are mad, I say—open the door this instant—open it to me, your master, Monsieur Nicolas de Nogaret.' 'It is you are mad then,' replied the scornful housekeeper. 'My master, worthy man, died this morning in the Halle aux Veaux;—begone, I say.' Poor Monsieur Nicolas, finding that hard words gained him no credence, now had recourse to soft ones. 'Gorgotte, you have awaked out of a dream, I perceive; believe me, I really did not die this morning, but wandered about the Halle all day; that villain of a monk over-reached us both: come down like a good creature, and get me some supper;—besides, I want to look at my iron chest. Ha! ha! now won't you believe that I am M. Nicolas de Nogaret?' 'Man! man!—get away before I break your head with this three-foot stool. *Your* iron chest, forsooth! I tell you it is gone to the Châtelet.' This intimation was received by our friend in the street with a deep groan, followed by heart-broken exclamations of—'O my *sols d'or!*—O my *florins d'or!*—my *moutons d'or à la grande laine!*—my *moutons d'or à la petite laine!*' And seals are placed on all the room doors, and the prévôt has pro-

mised me the furniture—and'—'O my *Henris d'or!* my *Louis d'or!* *demi-Louis!* *double-Louis!* Thieves! murder!' How long this altercation might have lasted is uncertain; but the outcry made by our friend Nicolas brought several neighbours forth into the street, or Gorgotte, acting under the sincere impression that the person claiming admittance was an impostor, would probably in a few more seconds have fulfilled her threat, and rendered her master as dead as she believed him to be. Hurrying on her clothes, and determined to make her neighbours drive the intruder away, or give him in charge to the *guet*, she descended, and, opening the house-door, joined the circle in the street. But when, by the light of the lanterns that the half-dressed assembly had collected together, she confronted the assumer of her master's name, his loud lamentations over his money were fully equalled by her horrible outcries at the idea that she beheld a spectre; for on the principle that a man must be like himself, he was of course the very image of Nicolas de Nogaret. 'O my moneys! my darling *moutons d'or à la grande laine!*' groaned the miser. 'Avant! avant, I say!—thou art a messenger from the evil one—I spit at thee,' cried the old woman, suiting the action to the word, and crossing herself withal. 'Let me tear her to pieces for having stolen my iron chest,' screamed M. Nicolas. 'Fetch a priest with holy water and relics,' clamoured Gorgotte. 'Will that prove that I am your real master?' cried the supposed ghost, giving his handmaid such a decided box on the ear, that, partly from pain, and partly from fright, she fell to the ground in a swoon. 'Come, come, neighbour Nicolas—for I believe it is you yourself—we can't be kept shivering here all night to see you fight your servant; get you into your house, and my wife here shall take Gorgotte home with her;—come, follow me, and let us see whether your treasures are really gone.' The person who now spoke was an honest, good-natured *boulangier*, a man of sense too; so after packing off Gorgotte, whose tongue was at last pretty well silenced, he entered the dwelling of the bereaved miser, to render him what consolation the circumstances of the case rendered practicable. Alas! searching only confirmed the truth of Gorgotte's statement. The rooms were all sealed!—the cupboard at the bed's head was quite empty! Monsieur Nicolas wrung his hands—and had he worn his own hair, would have torn it from his head; as it was, he wreaked his frenzy upon his wig—but fortunately it was a very shabby one."

The *boulangier* tries to comfort him in vain; and the next morning the scene shifts to the Châtelet.

"The prévôt was beyond measure indignant at the liberty which had been taken with his office and his robes. It was an offence, he declared, at the end of a very long speech, that ought to be punished like high treason; a declaration echoed by the two lieutenants of the long, and the four lieutenants of the short robe—by the fifty-five counsellors—the two hundred and sixty sergeants—the twelve commissaries—and the hundred and forty ushers, *priseurs*, and *audienceurs*—by all, in short, interested in the prévôt. The *chef de la justice et de la police* was so occupied in sympathising with his own insulted dignity, and in regretting the manifest impossibility of getting hold of the offenders, that M. de Nogaret, the real sufferer, could obtain neither pity nor attention; whilst poor Gorgotte was half threatened with a visit to *le Paradis* (a

pretty name for a prison that), for not having known by intuition that the prévôt of Paris never took treasure in person! 'Are you really quite ruined, Maitre Nicolas?' inquired the friendly *boulangier*, as he accompanied the slow, sad steps of his neighbour from the Châtelet—'are you really now a *sans denier*?' 'Not—not just exactly so,' replied M. Nicolas—'but what then? My gold that I never used to touch except to count, is gone—' 'But how fortunate, Maitre Nicolas, that you had two hiding-places instead of one, and that Gorgotte did not know of both.' 'Miserable comforter! are *frances*, and *écus blancs*, like the *Henris d'or*—*sols d'or*—*moutons d'or*—that I shall feast my aged sight with no more;—I am bereaved—desolate—heart-broken! I must live on my silver—my gold was to look at! Alas! alas!' 'Well, neighbour Nicolas, I am heartily sorry for the loss; but as I can be of no further service, and can't for the life of me understand how a man can be poorer for losing what he only looks at, or richer for having what he makes no use of, I'll give you good day'—having said which, the *boulangier* marched off, whistling, '*Toutes les bourgeois de Chartres.*' Since we are compelled to admit that in default of the recovery of his gold, M. de Nogaret was constrained for the rest of his days to count his silver, and that poor Gorgotte, instead of falling heir to the furniture, was constrained to be content with her yearly and hard-earned wages of two *écus blancs*, we are glad to be able to state that political and poetical justice at last reached the Cour des Miracles. The Parisians being kept in constant fear by the audacious vagabonds who made it their domicile, the king at length diminished the prévôt's power and grandeur, and created a new officer of police, who, in the person of M. de la Reynie, established a much more rigorous system than had previously been enforced. By whipping, branding, sending to the galleys, &c., he succeeded at length in bringing the beggars and thieves inclusive into better order and more reasonable compass; and as his appointment took place before the death of our friend M. Nicolas, both he and Gorgotte were somewhat comforted for the loss of the iron chest!"

Waverley Novels, Vol. XVIII. *The Monastery*, Vol. I. Edinburgh, 1830, Cadell and Co.: London, Whittaker.

EVERY thing from the pen of Sir Walter Scott is interesting; and the present volume contains more to render it so than almost any of its more recent precursors. In the first place, the frontispiece, Abbot Boniface, a full and jolly length by E. Finden, after Newton; and the vignette, the exode of the Avenel family, a group displaying old Martin and the galloway Shagram, by Engleheart, from a very clever and characteristic painting by A. Chisholm,—are such embellishments as must please the purchasers of this series. In the second place, there is (besides some notes at the ends of chapters) a very agreeable Introduction, of about thirty pages; in which the author explains his conception of the work, and very good-humouredly criticises it, to shew in what and how it failed to meet the extended popularity of its elder brethren. There is in this something so amusing, that we offer no apology for quoting a few passages. After stating that there was no locality particularly in view, as the scene of the Monastery (though it bore a resemblance to the glen of the brook Allen, near Melrose) was almost entirely fanciful,

Sir Walter also denies the application of personals to any living prototypes; and he says—

"I have often observed, that the lighter and trivial branches of antiquarian study are singularly useful in relieving vacuity of such a kind, and have known them serve many a Captain Clutterbuck to retreat upon; I was, therefore, a good deal surprised, when I found the antiquarian captain identified with a neighbour and friend of my own, who could never have been confounded with him by any one who had read the book, and seen the party alluded to. This erroneous identification occurs in a work entitled, 'Illustrations of the Author of Waverley, being Notices and Anecdotes of real Characters, Scenes, and Incidents, supposed to be described in his works, by Robert Chambers.' This work was, of course, liable to many errors, as any one of the kind must be, whatever may be the ingenuity of the author, which takes the task of explaining what can be only known to another person. Mistakes of place or inanimate things referred to, are of very little moment; but the ingenious author ought to have been more cautious of attaching real names to fictitious characters. I think it is in the Spectator we read of a rustic wag, who, in a copy of 'The Whole Duty of Man,' wrote opposite to every vice the name of some individual in the neighbourhood, and thus converted that excellent work into a libel on a whole parish."

The following account of another part of the design is of general interest.

"Machinery remained—the introduction of the supernatural and marvellous; the resort of distressed authors since the days of Horace, but whose privileges as a sanctuary have been disputed in the present age, and well-nigh exploded. The popular belief no longer allows the possibility of existence to the race of mysterious beings which hovered betwixt this world and that which is invisible. The fairies have abandoned their moonlight turf; the witch no longer holds her black orgies in the hemlock dell; and

'Even the last lingering phantom of the brain,
The churchyard ghost, is now at rest again.'

From the discredit attached to the vulgar and more common modes in which the Scottish superstition displays itself, the author was induced to have recourse to the beautiful, though almost forgotten, theory of astral spirits, or creatures of the elements, surpassing human beings in knowledge and power, but inferior to them, as being subject, after a certain space of years, to a death which is to them annihilation, as they have no share in the promise made to the sons of Adam. These spirits are supposed to be of four distinct kinds, as the elements from which they have their origin, and are known, to those who have studied the cabalistical philosophy, by the names of sylphs, gnomes, salamanders, and naiads, as they belong to the elements of air, earth, fire, or water. The general reader will find an entertaining account of these elementary spirits in the French book, entitled, 'Entretiens de Comte du Gabalis.' The ingenious Comte de la Motte Fouqué composed, in German, one of the most successful productions of his fertile brain, where a beautiful and even afflicting effect is produced by the introduction of a water-nymph, who loses the privilege of immortality, by consenting to become accessible to human feelings, and uniting her lot with that of a mortal, who treats her with ingratitude. In imitation of an example so successful, the White Lady of Avenel was introduced into the following sheets. She is represented as con-

nected with the family of Avenel by one of those mystic ties, which, in ancient times, were supposed to exist, in certain circumstances, between the creatures of the elements and the children of men. Such instances of mysterious union are recognised in Ireland, in the real Milesian families, who are possessed of a Banshie; and they are known among the traditions of the Highlanders, which, in many cases, attached an immortal being or spirit to the service of particular families or tribes. These demons, if they are to be called so, announced good or evil fortune to the families connected with them; and though some only condescended to meddle with matters of importance, others, like the May Mollach, or Maid of the Hairy Arms, condescended to mingle in ordinary sports, and even to direct the chief how to play at draughts. There was, therefore, no great violence in supposing such a being as this to have existed, while the elementary spirits were believed in; but it was more difficult to describe or imagine its attributes and principles of action. Shakespeare, the first of authorities in such a case, has painted Ariel, that beautiful creature of his fancy, as only approaching so near to humanity as to know the nature of that sympathy which the creatures of clay felt for each other, as we learn from the expression—'Mine would if I were human.' The inferences from this are singular, but seem capable of regular deduction. A being, however superior to man in length of life—in power over the elements—in certain perceptions respecting the present, the past, and the future, yet still incapable of human passions, of sentiments of moral good and evil, of meriting future rewards or punishments, belongs rather to the class of animals than of human creatures, and must therefore be presumed to act more from temporary benevolence or caprice, than from any thing approaching to feeling or reasoning. Such a being's superiority in power can only be compared to that of the elephant or lion, who are greater in strength than man, though inferior in the scale of creation. The partialities which we suppose such spirits to entertain must be like those of the dog; their sudden starts of passion, or the indulgence of a frolic, or mischief, may be compared to those of the numerous varieties of the cat. All these propensities are, however, controlled by the laws which render the elementary race subordinate to the command of man—liable to be subjected by his science, (so the sect of Gnostics believed, and on this turned the Rosicrucian philosophy,) or to be overpowered by his superior courage and daring, when it set their illusions at defiance. It is with reference to this idea of the supposed spirits of the elements, that the White Lady of Avenel is represented as acting a varying, capricious, and inconsistent part in the pages assigned to her in the narrative; manifesting interest and attachment to the family with whom her destinies are associated, but evincing whim, and even a species of malevolence, towards other mortals, as the Sacristan and the Border robber, whose incorrect life subjected them to receive petty mortifications at her hand. The White Lady is scarcely supposed, however, to have possessed either the power or the inclination to do more than inflict terror or create embarrassment, and is always subjected by those mortals, who, by virtuous resolution, and mental energy, could assert superiority over her. In these particulars she seems to constitute a being of a middle class, between the *esprit follet*, who places its pleasure in misleading and tormenting mortals, and the benevolent Fairy of the

East, who uniformly guides, aids, and supports them. Either, however, the author executed his purpose indifferently, or the public did not approve of it; for the White Lady of Avenel was far from being popular. He does not now make the present statement, in the view of arguing readers into a more favourable opinion on the subject, but merely with the purpose of exculpating himself from the charge of having wantonly intruded into the narrative a being of inconsistent powers and propensities."

Of the miss made in the character of Sir Piercie Shafton, the author speaks yet more decidedly; and contending that the Euphuist, like Don Arnado, Holofernes, and other dramatic parts of a like genus, do not please because we no longer find the originals in existence, he adds:

"We have already prosecuted, perhaps too far, an argument, the tendency of which is to prove, that the introduction of a humorist, acting, like Sir Piercie Shafton, upon some forgotten and obsolete model of folly, once fashionable, is rather likely to awaken the disgust of the reader, as unnatural, than find him food for laughter. Whether owing to this theory, or whether to the more simple and probable cause, of the author's failure in the delineation of the subject he had proposed to himself, the formidable objection of *incredulus odi* was applied to the Euphuist, as well as to the White Lady of Avenel; and the one was denounced as unnatural, while the other was rejected as impossible. There was little in the story to atone for these failures in two principal points. The incidents were inartificially huddled together. There was no part of the intrigue to which deep interest was found to apply; and the conclusion was brought about, not by incidents arising out of the story itself, but in consequence of public transactions, with which the narrative has little connexion, and which the reader had little opportunity to become acquainted with. This, if not a positive fault, was yet a great defect in the romance."

And he pleasantly concludes:—

"For such censure the Monastery gave but too much occasion. The intrigue of the romance, neither very interesting in itself, nor very happily detailed, is at length finally disentangled by the breaking out of national hostilities between England and Scotland, and the as sudden renewal of the truce. Instances of this kind, it is true, cannot in reality have been uncommon; but the resorting to such, in order to accomplish the catastrophe, as by a *tour de force*, was objected to as inartificial, and not perfectly intelligible to the general reader. Still the Monastery, though exposed to severe and just criticism, did not fail, judging from the extent of its circulation, to have some interest for the public. And this, too, was according to the ordinary course of such matters; for it very seldom happens that literary reputation is gained by a single effort, and still more rarely is it lost by a solitary miscarriage. The author, therefore, had his days of grace allowed him, and time if he pleased, to comfort himself with the burden of the old Scots song—

'If it isna weel bobbit,
We'll bob it again.'

We have now only to select a couple of the notes, to illustrate that portion of the new additions. In Chapter V. a curious bridge is mentioned; and we are told—

"A bridge of the very peculiar construction described in the text, actually existed at a small hamlet about a mile and a half above Melrose, called, from the circumstance, Bridge-end.

It is thus noticed in Gordon's *Iter Septentrionale*:—"In another journey through the south parts of Scotland, about a mile and a half from Melrose, in the shire of Teviotdale, I saw the remains of a curious bridge over the river Tweed, consisting of three octangular pillars, or rather towers, standing within the water, without any arches to join them. The middle one, which is the most entire, has a door towards the north, and, I suppose, another opposite one towards the south, which I could not see without crossing the water. In the middle of this tower is a projection or cornice surrounding it: the whole is hollow from the door upwards, and now open at the top, near which was a small window. I was informed, that not long ago a countryman and his family lived in this tower, and got his livelihood by laying out planks from pillar to pillar, and conveying passengers over the river. Whether this be ancient or modern, I know not; but as it is singular in its kind, I have thought fit to exhibit it.' The vestiges of this uncommon species of bridge still exist; and the author has often seen the foundations of the columns, when drifting down the Tweed at night, for the purpose of killing salmon by torch-light. Mr. John Mercer, of Bridge-end, recollects, that about fifty years ago the pillars were visible above water; and the late Mr. David Kyle, of the George Inn, Melrose, told the author that he saw a stone taken from the river bearing this inscription:—

'I, Sir John Pringle, of Palmer stede,
Give an hundred markis of gowd sae reid,
To help to bigg my brigg ower Tweed.'

Pringle of Galashiels, afterwards of Whytbank, was the baron to whom the bridge belonged."

Of the comrades, "the ruffling gallants" of the time, to whom Shafton is compared, we have the annexed biographical sketch of Rowland Yorke and Stukely.

"Yorke," says Camden, 'was a Londoner, a man of loose and dissolute behaviour, and desperately audacious—famous in his time amongst the common bullies and swaggerers, as being the first that, to the great admiration of many at his boldness, brought into England the bold and dangerous way of fencing with the rapier in duelling. Whereas, till that time the English used to fight with long swords and bucklers, striking with the edge, and thought it no part of man either to push or strike beneath the girdle.' Having a command in the Low Countries, Yorke revolted to the Spaniards, and died miserably, poisoned, as was supposed, by his new allies. Three years afterwards, his bones were dug up and gibbeted, by the command of the states of Holland.—Thomas Stukely, another distinguished gallant of the time, was bred a merchant, being the son of a rich clothier in the west. He wedded the daughter and heiress of a wealthy alderman of London, named Curtis, after whose death he squandered the riches he thus acquired in all manner of extravagance. His wife, whose fortune supplied his waste, represented to him that he ought to make more of her. Stukely replied, 'I will make as much of thee, believe me, as it is possible for any to do;' and he kept his word in one sense, having stripped her even of her wearing apparel, before he finally ran away from her. Having fled to Italy, he contrived to impose upon the Pope with a plan of invading Ireland, for which he levied soldiers, and made some preparations; but ended by engaging himself and his troops in the service of King Sebastian of Portugal. He sailed with that prince on his fatal voyage

to Barbary, and fell with him at the battle of Alcazar. Stukely, as one of the first gallants of the time, has had the honour to be chronicled in song, in Evans' Old Ballads, vol. iii., edition 1810. His fate is also introduced in a tragedy, by George Peel, as has been supposed, called the Battle of Alcazar, from which play Dryden is alleged to have taken the idea of Don Sebastian; if so, it is surprising he omitted a character so congenial to King Charles the Second's time, as the witty, brave, and profligate Thomas Stukely."

The New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir.

Edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

Of this little work we need say little to the little people for whom it is intended. Of the pictures they have our opinion elsewhere; and as for literary composition and originality, it is hardly fair to look for either in a production of the kind. What seems to be most new are the riddles, which, as we do not ourselves very clearly understand them, will, we think, puzzle children exceedingly to comprehend. That entitled "the Three Sisters" we cannot approve, the allusions being forced: what is meant, for example, in speaking as Poetry personified, by saying, "No one likes to see me dance?" Again, while bodying forth Painting, the following phrase is any thing but elegant: Painting observes, that she is as "fascinating a little gipsy as my sister." The "Conversation on Mineralogy and Geology" conveys much information very pleasantly, but it is out of keeping with the rest of its companions. We mean, that it is calculated for readers of a more advanced age than the very juvenile tales which form the staple of the volume. "Jonina," by the author of *Constantinople* in 1828 (Mr. Macfarlane), is, we think, the prettiest story of all. To "the Three Wishes," by Mary Howitt, we object, as it leads to a decidedly false historical conclusion. The "Soldier's Story," by the same authoress, is a delightful little poem. So is the "Passage of an Indian Army," by Miss Jewsbury. And we quote the following instance of presence of mind from a pleasant paper called "the Jungle," by Miss Roberts.

"It was in the cold season that a few of the civil and military officers belonging to the station of —, agreed to make a shooting excursion in the vicinity of Agra; and gave occasion to an animated scene. A convenient spot had been selected for the tents, beneath the spreading branches of a huge banian; peacocks glittered in the sun upon the lower boughs, and troops of monkeys grinned and chattered above. The horses were fastened under the surrounding trees, and there fanned off the insects with their long flowing tails, and pawed the ground with their graceful feet; farther off, stood a stately elephant, watching the progress of his evening repast preparing by his driver, and taking under his especial protection the pets of his master, a small dog, a handsome bird six feet high decked in plumage of lilac and black, and a couple of geats, who, knowing their safest asylum, kept close to his trunk, or under the shelter of his huge limbs. Beyond, reposed a group of camels with their drivers,—some lying down, others standing or kneeling. Numerous white bullocks, their companions in labour, rested at their feet; while pack-saddles, paniers, and sacks, piled round, completed the picture. Within the circle of the camp a lively scene was passing,—fires blazed in every quarter, and sundry operations of roasting, boiling, and frying, were going on in the open air.

Every fire was surrounded by a busy crowd, all engaged in that important office—preparation for the evening meal. The interior of the tents also presented an animated spectacle, as the servants were putting them in order for the night; they were lighted with lamps, the walls hung with chintz or tiger-skins, carpets were spread upon the ground, and sofas surrounded by curtains of transparent gauze (a necessary precaution against insects) became commodious beds. Polished swords and daggers, silver-mounted pistols and guns, with knives, boar spears, and the gilded bows, arrows, and quivers, of native workmanship, were scattered around. The tables were covered with European books and newspapers; so that it was necessary to be continually reminded by some savage object, that these temporary abodes were placed in the heart of an Indian forest. The vast number of persons—the noise, bustle, and many fires about the camp, precluded every idea of danger; and the gentlemen of the party, collected together in front of the tents, conversed carelessly with each other, or amused themselves with looking about them. While thus indolently beguiling the few minutes which had to elapse before they were summoned to dinner, a full-grown tiger, of the largest size, sprang suddenly into the centre of the group, seized one of the party in his extended jaws, and bore him away into the wood with a rapidity which defied pursuit. The loud outcries, raised by those persons whose faculties were not entirely paralysed by terror and consternation, only served to increase the tiger's speed. Though scarcely a moment had elapsed, not a trace of the animal remained, so impenetrable was the thicket through which he had retreated; but, notwithstanding the apparent hopelessness of the case, no means which human prudence could suggest was left untried. Torches were instantly collected, weapons hastily snatched up, and the whole party rushed into the forest—some beating the bushes on every side, while others pressed their way through the tangled underwood, in a state of anxiety incapable of description. The victim selected by the tiger was an officer whose presence of mind and dauntless courage, in the midst of this most appalling danger, providentially enabled him to meet the exigencies of his situation. Neither the anguish he endured from the wounds already inflicted, the horrible manner in which he was hurried along through bush and brake, and the prospect so immediately before him of a dreadful death, subdued the firmness of his spirit; and meditating, with the utmost coolness, upon the readiest means of effecting his own deliverance, he proceeded cautiously to make the attempt. He wore a brace of pistols in his belt, and the tiger having seized him by the waist, his arms were consequently left at liberty. Applying his hand to the monster's side, he ascertained the exact position of the heart; then, drawing out one of his pistols, he placed the muzzle close to the part, and fired. Perhaps some slight tremor in his own fingers, or a jerk occasioned by the rough road and brisk pace of the animal, caused the ball to miss its aim, and a tighter gripe and an accelerated trot, alone announced the wound he had received. A moment of inexpressible anxiety ensued; yet undismayed by the ill success of his effort, though painfully aware that he now possessed only a single chance for life, the heroic individual prepared with more careful deliberation to make a fresh attempt. He felt for the pulsations of the heart a second time, placed his remaining pistol firmly against the vital part, and drew the trigger with a

steadier hand, and with nicer precision. The jaws suddenly relaxed their grasp, and the tiger dropped dead beneath its burden! The triumph of the victor, as he surveyed the lifeless body of the animal stretched upon the ground, was somewhat subdued by the loss of blood and the pain of his wounds. He was uncertain, too, whether his failing strength would enable him to reach the camp, even if he could be certain of finding the way to it; but his anxiety upon this point was speedily ended by the shouts which met his ear, those of his friends searching for him. He staggered onward in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, and issued from the thicket, covered with blood and exhausted, but free from wounds of a mortal nature."

We now leave the *New Year's Gift*: there is room for improvement, which we doubt not to find another year. We have spoken frankly of its defects; but our praise is worthless, unless it be given in absolute sincerity; and the many competitors make strict impartiality more than ever matter of critical necessity.

We have next some unpleasant observations to make on—what term shall we use?—literary mistakes: we ascribe them to carelessness, or should use a much severer epithet. First, the picture and the poem of "the Soldier's Widow," by N. P. Willis, both appeared in an American Annual last year. Surely some acknowledgment was requisite: no notice is, however, taken. Secondly, there are two poems, one of Miss Jewsbury's, and one of Mrs. Howitt's, published in two different Annuals. "The Godmamma's Letter" appears first in the *Juvenile Forget-me-Not*, next in the volume before us. The "Olden Times," inscribed to youthful antiquaries, is first published in the *Christmas-Box*, and again in the present work. We must say this is something like the curious manœuvre of the authoress of *Separation* on the public. As far as we can judge, the onus of the blame rests on the writers themselves. As a matter of business, it is dishonest to the publisher;—and if given in courtesy or friendship to the editors, it is taking a double meed of thanks, and deceiving them with the semblance of an obligation. We have too high an opinion of the ladies in question to imagine for a moment that this has been wilfully done; but we do recommend a little more care in the arrangement of their papers.

The Lyre; Fugitive Poetry of the Nineteenth Century. Pp. 360. J. Sharpe.

The Laurel; Fugitive Poetry of the Nineteenth Century. Pp. 361. London, 1830. Same Publisher.

THESE are two delightful little volumes, embodying a large portion of the most popular poetry for the last thirty years. Of the principle of such selections we have already expressed our disapproval, as most unjust to those whose productions are thus mercilessly plundered. "Honour to those to whom honour is due," has also been somewhat neglected. Names have been carelessly affixed—as, for example, the name of Miss Bowles is put to a little poem beginning "I never cast a flower away," which we see, in this year's *Juvenile Forget Me Not*, with Miss Jewsbury's signature. We cannot decide the question between the fair rivals. Again: Mr. Motherwell is called the author of a poem—the "Unbending"—which, in the *Friendship's Offering* of two years ago, was published as Mr. Stebbing's; and many are anonymous whose authors might easily have been ascertained. Certainly these volumes owe

more to their printer than to their editor, and, we think, as much to the pages of the *Literary Gazette*, for contributions levied, as to both put together.

Lardner's Cyclopaedia. History of France. Vol. I. By Eyre Evans Crowe, Esq.

WE received this volume too late for careful analysis; but as far as we have read, we decidedly approve of it. The style is concise and clear; and events are summed up with much vigour and originality.

The Cameo for 1831. A Mélange of Literature and the Arts, selected from the Bijou. London, 1830. W. Pickering.

NOT much taste has been shewn in the literary selections: at least half the contents might have been omitted, and the volume all the better; still there is a great deal worth preserving. Sir Walter Scott's letter, some exquisite poetry by Coleridge, Montgomery, L. E. L., &c. The superb prose fragment of Cain may well bear second reading. But the book's great attraction is in the peculiarly popular subjects of its engravings. Young Napoleon, young Lambton, Sir Walter Scott and family, Mrs. Arbuthnot, Lady Wallscourt, &c., are subjects of universal interest, and most exquisite engravings.

A Catalogue of all the Plants, Indigenous, Cultivated in, or introduced to, Britain. By J. C. Loudon, F.L.S., &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 576. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

IN every sense of the word, the author of the work before us may be considered one of the most valuable, and certainly the most indefatigable, labourers in the vast field of botanical science. We had occasion to speak in almost unqualified terms of approbation of Mr. Loudon's great work, the *Encyclopaedia of Plants* (*Literary Gazette*, October 31st, 1829), and we find no reason to qualify our terms of commendation in noticing the *Hortus Britannicus*. The first part (comprehending three-fourths of the volume) contains the several species arranged under the Linnæan order of classification, with the systematic name accented, for the convenience of junior botanists and horticulturists; to which is added, the derivation and English translation, together with the habitation in the garden, popular character, height, time of flowering, colour, and mode of propagation, of nearly 30,000 plants. The value of such a work to the practical gardener must therefore vastly exceed the price charged for the volume (a guinea). But in order to render it more complete as a work of reference for the botanical reader, Mr. Loudon has given in Part II. an excellent synopsis of the Jus-sieuian (or natural) arrangement, comprehending nearly 4,000 genera; to which is prefixed, an explanatory introduction, addressed to the class of practical gardeners. If ever an author possessed the talent of communicating valuable scientific information in a popular form, it is the veteran editor of the *Hortus Britannicus*.

Histoire de l'Ordre de la Toison d'Or, &c.—History of the Order of the Golden Fleece; from its Origin to the Cessation of its general Chapters. Derived from the Archives of the Order, and other Sources. By the Baron de Reiffenberg, Professor of Philosophy to the University of Louvain, F.B.R.A., &c. 4to. with plates. Brussels, 1830.

THE archives of this illustrious order were preserved in the capital of the Low Countries

until Belgium was wrested from the house of Austria, in the early years of the French Revolution. They existed for a long time in a most confused and unserviceable state; but Count Cobentzl, the Austrian minister, and himself a member of the order, happily adopted effectual measures for their preservation, and in 1759 ordered M. de Turck, a gentleman in the secretary's office of the Austrian privy council, to form an inventory of these valuable records, with the addition of a detailed and chronological analysis. This is the authority which forms the groundwork of Baron de Reiffenberg's present publication; and in the course of executing a task which required deep research, and no little critical acumen, he has not only corrected the numberless errors into which De Turck had fallen, but enriched his subject with a variety of preliminary matters and appendices, full of erudition and novelty, and drawn for the greater part from inedited sources. His notes will be found peculiarly interesting to the lovers of genealogy, history, and, indeed, of general literature. The plates he has given are, in themselves, so many historical authorities; and amongst them are portraits of Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, and of the Prince of Orange. Hereafter, M. de R. proposes, from materials which time and industry only can supply, to publish an *Icomographical and Biographical Gallery of the Golden Fleeces*, which is intended to compromise all such portraits of the knights of that order as can be brought together, accompanied by pertinent notices on their respective lives.

It would be a subject much to be lamented, if the present convulsions in the Low Countries should arrest the progress of an invaluable work, in which we find the author of the preceding publication to have been engaged, under the auspices of the late sovereign of the Netherlands. We allude to his *Belgicarum Rerum Scriptores, decreto regio nunc primum in lucem editi*, of which he has just published the first volume, containing *Petri a Thymo Historia Brabantia Diplomatica*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SURVEY OF THE COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA.*

WE mentioned last week the return to this country of his majesty's ships Adventure and Beagle, from a survey of the South American coast, under the direction of Captain King, of the royal navy. These vessels left England on this service in 1826, and have completed the survey, from the Gulf of St. George, on the Atlantic, to the Gulf of Penas, on the Pacific side of the continent, including the archipelago of islands called Tierra del Fuego, and those of the south-west coast.

The particular object of the survey appears to have been to obtain an accurate account of the straits of Magalhanes, with the view of ascertaining how far that navigation might be adopted, instead of the passage round Cape Horn. And the result of this investigation proves, that the name of *Cabo Tormentoso*, bestowed by the first discoverers on the Cape of Good Hope, may be with much more reason applied to its corresponding point on our globe, the bleak and barren termination of the new world. Of the continent of South America, the southern part is justly described as a region of storms, cold, and rain.

* In this paper we have restored the correct names of several places mentioned.—Ed. L. G.

The Spanish surveys have been found by Captain King to be very near the truth; a remark which is, we believe, generally applicable to the hydrographical works of that nation. The strong prevailing current in the straits, running from the west, renders it unlikely they will ever be frequented, except by vessels on sealing voyages. On the subject of the passage round Cape Horn into the Pacific, the opinion of Lord Anson is decidedly confirmed by modern navigators, with the exception of his recommendation not to pass through the Straits of Le Maire. He says, that "all ships bound to the South Sea, instead of passing through the Straits of Le Maire, should constantly pass by the eastward of Staten Land, and should be invariably bent on running as far as the latitude of 61° or 62° south, before they endeavour to stand to the westwards; and ought then to make sure of a sufficient westing in or about that latitude, before commencing a northern course." This is now proved to be precisely correct in all but one point, which is, that vessels should pass through the Straits of Le Maire for the following reasons, and we trust our readers will excuse us if we use a little nautical phraseology in the explanation of so important a point.

It is well known that westerly and south-westerly winds are the most prevalent in this part of the world; a vessel, therefore, by keeping as close to the coast as is proper, has the advantage of being considerably to the westward, and consequently to windward when she meets with the westerly winds on opening the cape, and can therefore stand down to the southward ready to take advantage of a slant to the northward, which another vessel passing to the eastward of Staten Land could not do.

By the expedition under the command of Capt. King, the numerous creeks and inlets of the south-west coast have been all examined to their termination, which has led to the discovery of the Otway (named, we presume, after the gallant and worthy admiral, Sir Robert) and Skyring waters: two very extensive salt-water lakes which nearly intersect the continent. The innermost parts of the various creeks were found to extend into valleys with glaciers forming magnificent terminations to the water. Much of the country about the Gulf of Penas is low and flat, and in most parts little better than mere bog.

The Beagle being detached on the examination of the Islands of Tierra del Fuego, and to ascertain the position of Cape Horn, Captain Fitzroy, with Lieut. Kemp, one of his officers, visited the celebrated promontory, of sonorous name, and erected a pile of stones, twelve feet high on it. The observations for the latitude differed very little from those made by the Spaniards.

The vessels have brought home various specimens, carefully preserved, of the animals, minerals, and plants, of the districts which they have visited, and which will prove an interesting addition to our South American collections. Capt. Fitzroy has also brought to England two men, with a boy and a girl, natives of Tierra del Fuego, whom he proposes, after having them instructed in various matters which may tend to the civilisation of their country, to send back again. These people were at first detained as hostages for some seamen, who, with the master of the Beagle, were forced to remain on shore, in consequence of the boat in which they had landed having been stolen by the natives; and until a rude canoe was constructed by the master, which enabled the whole party to get on board, they

were without the means of rejoining their vessel.

Four officers and seven men of the expedition have died since the Adventure and Beagle left England. Amongst the former is Captain Stokes, who commanded the Beagle when she sailed from this country, and of whose melancholy death, as well as of other events connected with the sailing and progress of this expedition, we have from time to time given accurate accounts in the *Literary Gazette*. In this expedition the perseverance of Captain King, under most difficult and trying circumstances, cannot be too highly spoken of. We have heard the names of two young officers (Lieuts. Skyring and Graves) particularly mentioned for their zeal and activity in promoting the objects of the survey. The former, who was placed in command of a small vessel, named the Adelaide, attached to the expedition as a tender, surveyed nearly all the coast, from the Gulf of Penas to the southward of the Guanaco islands, where it is supposed the unfortunate crew of the Wager, one of Lord Anson's ships, were cast away in 1744.

It was found, on making this survey of the Gulf of Penas, and that portion of the shore designated Tres Montes, that the latter was joined to the mainland by a neck of land, called the Isthmus of Offaqui.

We have no doubt, from the indefatigable exertions of Capt. Beaufort, the hydrographer of the Admiralty, that the details of this important addition to our maritime knowledge, will be speedily made known to the public; and we cannot close the present subject without expressing our sense of the attention which the present naval administration has paid to the advancement of hydrographical knowledge. Victories may give more brilliant, but this must give more lasting fame to England.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR NOVEMBER.

22^d 6^h 37^m—the Sun enters Sagittarius.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ Last Quarter in Cancer	6	22	53
☾ New Moon in Libra	15	1	55
☽ First Quarter in Aquarius	22	23	44
☽ Full Moon in Taurus	29	15	8

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Saturn in Leo	8	5	15
Mercury in Libra	14	1	10
Venus in Libra	14	5	45
Jupiter in Sagittarius	19	19	0
Mars in Pisces	25	0	51

21^d 14^h—Mercury and Venus in conjunction: difference of latitude 13'.

29^d—Venus in conjunction with the following stars in Scorpio:—1 β, difference of latitude 30'; 1 α, difference of latitude 16'; and 2 α, difference of latitude 26'.

Mars is moving amidst the small stars in Pisces.

The Asteroids.—3^d—Vesta half a degree south of 25 Ceti: right ascension 0^h 53^m, south declination 6° 19'. Juno a degree and a half north of Aquarii: R.A. 21^h 55^m, S.D. 12° 57'. Pallas 4' west of 45 Herculis: R.A. 16^h 36^m, N.D. 5° 32'. Ceres is not near any particular star to indicate its situation: R.A. 16^h 32^m, S.D. 21° 46'. 12^d—in conjunction with Pallas: difference of declination 26° 20'.

27^d—Jupiter in conjunction with 50 Sagittarii: difference of latitude 32'.

Eclipses of the Satellites.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First Satellite, emersion	18	5	40	3
Second Satellite	23	5	19	7
Third Satellite, immersion	24	5	40	45
Fourth Satellite	15	6	8	

23^d 18^h—Saturn in quadrature. Uranus is too near the Sun for observation. *Occultations of Stars in the Hyades.*—29^d—these interesting phenomena will again occur, when the Moon will be at the full. The following Map of the Hyades will illustrate these

occultations, as well as those which will happen in the ensuing years 1831 and 1832. The positions of the Moon in the map indicate the points of immersion of the two principal stars; the dotted line shews the path of the Moon from γ Tauri to Aldebaran.

astronomer at the house of another, to suppress, on the part of the former, the dictates of truth? If, sir, English friendship (hospitality, I would call it, sir, had it not been, in this instance, practised by myself,) is to be prostituted to so diabolical a purpose, where is the foreigner of any note, possessed of one particle of honour or of honesty, who will condescend to enter, as a guest, an English residence? Foreign astronomers do not often trouble us; they can learn but little from us. Within the last ten years, but four or five of the illustrious many have trod upon our shores; and the last, though not the least, is scarcely welcomed to his home, before a charge of ingratitude is wafted after him, dependent (with pain do I state it) upon the conduct towards him of one who *reveres* him as a philosopher, and who *values* him as a friend.

Englishmen have long since been told of the disgraceful state of English astronomy, by Englishmen; but, unfortunately, to little purpose. It now tingles in their ears from the lips of an honest foreigner, one of the most renowned astronomers of Europe; and if it rouse us to a sense of our degradation, and excite in us a determination to regain our long-lost astronomical pre-eminence, Struve will have rendered another benefit to mankind.

Relying on your candour to insert this in the forthcoming number of your respectable journal, and in the confidence that the note which has given birth to it, escaped you in the hurry of writing, without your being at the time aware of its tendency,—I have the honour to be, &c. J. SOUTH.*

Observatory, Kennington, Oct. 28, 1830.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

THE ART OF BOOK-MAKING: .

A New Branch of the Cut-and-Dry System!!!

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—In consequence of the article which appeared in your last Number relative to the novel published by us called the *Separation*, we immediately addressed a note to the authoress (of which we now enclose a copy), requesting an explanation of the circumstances, but we have not yet received a satisfactory answer. We can, therefore, only state for ourselves, that in publishing the work, we were totally unconscious of its resembling in the slightest degree any book already extant, as our note of last Saturday to the authoress will shew; that it was submitted to us *wholly in manuscript*, as an entirely original production; and that we sent it for examination to a literary friend, whose opinion as to its merits induced us to purchase the copyright of the authoress.—We are, sir, your obedient servants,

COLBURN and BENTLEY.

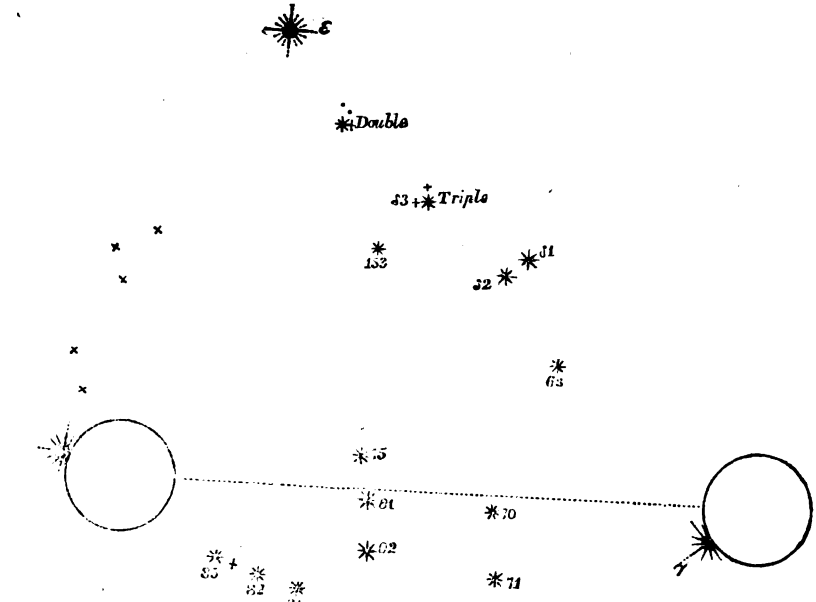
New Burlington Street,
28th October, 1830.

[Copy.]

New Burlington Street,
Saturday, October 23, 1830.

Messrs. Colburn and Bentley present their respects to the authoress of *Separation*, and beg to send her a copy of to-day's *Literary Gazette*, containing some remarks relative to the publication of her last novel, which remarks, until contradicted, commit the character of their house. Under these circumstances, and she will acknowledge them to be very pressing, Messrs. Colburn and Bentley wait

* We cheerfully insert this letter from Sir James South; and only desire it to be understood, as well abroad as at home, that we are alone responsible for the opinions expressed in the *Literary Gazette*.



The following will be the immersions and emersions of the two principal stars:—

	Immersion	Emersion	H.	M.
γ Tauri	7	31
			8	29
Aldebaran	15	39
			16	37

The cause of the phenomenon of the projection of Aldebaran on the disc of the Moon previously to its disappearance, is still in uncertainty. The most celebrated astronomers in this country and on the continent vary very considerably in their observations. In the occultation of this star in 1829, some saw Aldebaran apparently on the face of the Moon, others in the edge of the disc, retarded as if entangled, its light dimmed, and its red tint diminished, till it resembled the colour of the planet Venus; while others detected nothing whatever anomalous.

Deptford.

J. T. B.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—I have seen, with considerable regret, an allusion which you have made to the recent visit with which I was honoured by a distinguished foreign astronomer; it is needless to say I refer to the note appended to a paragraph in an article entitled "German Naturalists," and which appeared in the *Literary Gazette* of Saturday last.

The paragraph is one of a series, giving an account of the annual meeting of foreign philosophers, held a few weeks ago at Hamburg, and is as follows:—

"Professor Struve, of Dorpat, drew a comparison between the state of astronomical science in the countries of Europe, in which he placed Germany at the top of the list; conferred the second rank on Russia; and set down France and England together at the bottom. For the German instrument-makers, too, he claimed the prize; but as he communicated no new discoveries of the Germans, and failed to point out the errors of the French and English for rectification, his estimate rests as his dictum."

To this paragraph is annexed the following note:—

"We met Professor Struve at Sir James South's, only a few weeks ago, and should have thought that the impression of his reception there, and what he witnessed, would have made him speak differently of English science!"—Ed. L. G.

Now, sir, as to the first of the professor's adjudications, he must be very ignorant of the state of astronomical science, who will for a moment question its propriety. Placed side by side with those of Bessel and of Struve, the labours of English astronomers dwindle into insignificance.

As to the second, which has reference to the art of instrument-making, there may be some room for a difference of opinion: if large angular instruments be taken as the objects of comparison, my respect for Professor Struve's judgment (and it is not trifling) will not authorise me to coincide with his decision; nor if we are to compare the geodetical instruments of Munich with those of Troughton and Sims, need we yield the palm of superiority to the German artists. But if we pass to the optical department of the art, there we are sadly in arrear. Where, let me ask, is the achromatic telescope, of English manufacture,* worthy to be brought as an object of comparison with that made for the Dorpat Observatory, by the ever-to-be-lamented Fraunhofer? Here, then, "upon the state of astronomical science in the countries of Europe," we are agreed. Whilst to give the German instrument-makers "the prize," we are in some instances prepared; and in others are at issue. But the latter are matters of opinion: Professor Struve has the same right to express his sentiments as we have to promulgate our own—and he has done so.

But, by your note, it seems, you, Mr. Editor, think that the "impression of his reception here," and "what he witnessed," should "have made him speak differently of English science!" What, sir! is the reception of one

* My large achromatic (it must be remembered) is not of English make.

anxiously for an explanation, which the authoress alone can give, and she will therefore excuse them if they solicit from her an immediate statement calculated to remove from the public mind the disadvantageous impression now existing in consequence of the remarks alluded to.

[The foregoing were in our hands, and, of course, ordered for publication, in justice to Messrs. C. and B., who, at the end of five days, could have no other hope of redress, when we received the annexed paper.—*Ed. L. G.*]

To the Editor, &c.

The novel entitled *Separation* may certainly be said to have had its foundation in the story of a tale published anonymously eighteen years ago!!! But *Separation* is, in characters, in conduct, in language, and in arrangement, wholly new.

Shakespeare, Dante, Boccaccio, &c. &c., have been resorted to a thousand times for the ground-work of modern fictions; and, if it is allowed to borrow from others, the author of *Separation*, assuming that *Self-Indulgence* was written by the same person, had surely a right to borrow from it.

The tale of *Self-Indulgence*, though not devoid of interest, was crudely and carelessly written, and, as it deserved, sank speedily into oblivion; nevertheless, it contained striking incidents, which were peculiarly fitted to set forth a great moral end.

In the manner in which the author of *Separation* has employed these, the work became altogether changed, and such as cannot justify the attack directed against it in the *Literary Gazette*.* In fact, had any doubt been entertained upon the subject at the time of its publication, a line, by way of preface, stating the case, would have set the matter at rest.

Inasmuch as Messrs. Colburn and Bentley are involved in this attack, it is only requisite to make one observation, in order to clear these gentlemen of the aspersion cast upon them. We believe that no author thinks it necessary to declare the source whence he draws his subject; and Messrs. Colburn and Bentley purchased *Separation*, believing it to be, as the author considers it is, to all intents and purposes, a new work.

Though the last of these communications has been sent to us anonymously, yet as it bears internal evidence of being the best defence that could be offered by and for the author of *Self-Indulgence* and the *Separation*, we have given it insertion. Having done our duty in bringing such a transaction before the literary public, we certainly feel extreme regret that it is not capable of a more satisfactory explanation; but the station, and, especially the sex, of the writer, prevent us from animadverting upon it in the way we think it deserves. We were convinced, from the first blush of the business, that Messrs. Colburn and Bentley were profoundly ignorant of the real state of the case, and had paid a handsome price (as we find they have done) for *Separation*, as an entirely new work. They must feel now as if they had been imposed upon; and had not only disbursed their two or three hundred pounds for that which was not what it purported to be, but been made the tools in a trick upon the public. We cannot conceive a more unpleasant return for their liberality.

It is indeed a sorry affair, and the *excuse* almost as *inexcusable* as the original offence.—*Ed. L. G.*

* It is not so—it is merely disguised, and to all other intents and purposes the same.—*Ed. L. G.*

PINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illuminated Ornaments, selected from Missals and Manuscripts of the Middle Ages. By Henry Shaw. Part III. Pickering.

ANOTHER beautiful Part of this splendid little publication. The ornaments taken from a missal in the possession of Lord Braybrooke are peculiarly fine.

Great Britain Illustrated; from Drawings by W. Westall, A.R.A.; engraved by E. Finden; with Descriptions by T. Moule. No. XXX. Tilt.

WE have so frequently spoken with favour of this work, that it is only necessary for us now to observe, that the present Number completes the volume; which, it is stated in the preface, has cost the publisher more than six thousand pounds. To account for the great cheapness of the publication, it is remarked, "that if the views had been engraved on copper instead of steel, it would have required a sale of all the impressions *three* plates could furnish, to defray the expense incurred in preparing one."

The Orphan Ballad-Singers. Engraved by J. Romney, from a cabinet picture painted by W. Gill. Ackermann.

How numerous are the subjects for the pencil, which the observant eye of an artist of taste and feeling discovers! Not an incident, however trifling, escapes him. At home, or abroad; by night, or by day; in the crowded city, or on the solitary plain;—every object is regarded with interest, and with reference to his art. It is this which imparts to the painter's profession a zest, of which no one can have an adequate conception, whose cup of life it has not flavoured. There are few of our rising artists who in this respect contemplate the world more attentively and more successfully than Mr. Gill; of which the present interesting little composition, which has been ably engraved by Mr. Romney, is a very pleasing proof.

Select Views of the Principal Cities of Europe; from original Paintings by Lieut.-Colonel Batty. Part III.; Lisbon. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THERE are few continental cities which the events of the late war have rendered so familiar to a large body of our countrymen as Lisbon; and not one with which are associated so many recollections of our military glory. When to these considerations is added the singularly picturesque character of the place and its neighbourhood, the interest which attends the contemplation of the rich and masterly views before us is greatly enhanced. The more we see of this publication, the more pleased we are with the admirable plan of introducing every finished plate with a slight outline, marked with figures, and having marginal references, indicating the principal features of the scene.

PANORAMA OF MADRAS.

WE have always considered panoramas to be among the most pleasing and interesting exhibitions in the metropolis. To be transported, as it were by magic, into distant countries,—to be enabled to visit the most celebrated places on the face of the earth, with a celerity to which even that of the Liverpool and Manchester railway is merely a snail's gallop, is certainly a high gratification; a gratification, however, which must of course be more or less complete

in proportion to the skill of the artist, and the success with which he deceives our senses.

In the 715th Number of the *Literary Gazette* we noticed, at some length, and with the praise which was justly its due, the panorama of Madras, then in preparation, painted by Messrs. Daniell and Parris, from drawings by Mr. Earle. It is now finished; and we had the pleasure of being present, yesterday, at the private view, previously to its being opened to the public on Monday next. To our former expressions of admiration of this beautiful work, we have only to add that a still more general harmony seems diffused over the whole scene, and that the longer the eye rests upon it, the more it is deluded and charmed.

The canopy under which the spectators assemble is hung with drapery of an oriental character, which produces an advantageous, as well as a singularly pleasing effect. Great care has also been taken, by the judicious introduction of stoves, to communicate a comfortable temperature to the whole of the interior,—a matter which, during the winter months, is one of no small moment.

FRENCH SCULPTURE.

THE productions of the candidates for the annual prize for sculpture given by the French Academy, have lately been exhibited at Paris. The subject proposed was, "Theseus receiving the testimonies of public gratitude, immediately after having slain the Minotaur." Some of the critics in the French journals state, that in their opinion, the present competition evinces much more talent than that of last year; and, that of eight pieces, they give the preference to two bas-reliefs by Messrs. Daumas and Eteux. The adjudication of the premium does not appear to have been yet made by the Academy.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

It has for some years been in contemplation to put up a painted glass window at the east end of St. James's Church, over the altar; and the "Transfiguration," after Raphael, was selected by the late Dr. Andrewes, then the rector of St. James's parish, as the most appropriate subject. Mr. Backler was recommended by the late Mr. West, as well qualified to do justice to the undertaking. In order to furnish an idea of the general effect which so sublime a composition would have when executed on glass, Mr. Backler began, and has now finished, a model, fifty-three inches high by thirty wide, on a scale of one inch and a half to a foot; in which he has disposed the two principal actions of the subject so judiciously, that no feature of the grouping is intercepted by the architectural divisions of the window. This model is at present exhibiting at No. 28, Old Bond Street. We had a peep at it the other evening, when it was, of course, artificially illuminated; and we were much pleased, not only with the depth and splendour of the colouring, but with the powerful expression which, even on so small a scale, Mr. Backler has contrived to retain. We are satisfied that, if executed of the size proposed, the effect will be magnificent. The estimated expense of the window is only two thousand five hundred guineas, to be raised by the subscriptions of individuals. In so opulent a parish, it will surely not be difficult to accomplish this object; and the parishioners would do themselves great honour by adding so noble and interesting an ornament to their church.

BIOGRAPHY.

STR.—As accounts have been just received of the death of Field-Marshal Von Yorke, Count of Wartenburgh, &c., perhaps you and the numerous readers of your *Literary Gazette* may be interested in knowing that this excellent old soldier, who contributed so efficaciously to the overthrow of Buonaparte's tyranny, was of English extraction; as will appear by the annexed translation of a German letter, written a few years ago to H. R. H. the Princess Louisa of Prussia, by the field-marshal himself. Yours, &c. C.

THE last of my ancestors in England was David Jonathan Yorke, my great-grandfather; he left England in the time of the persecutions of Cromwell, about the year 1650 (after the battle of Worcester), or soon after. He went, with several of his countrymen, and one particular friend, Leslie, to Sweden, and married there an heiress, the Baroness Byern, who lost her fortune by a law-suit, which was unfortunately decided in the lifetime of my father. My grandfather took service in the army of Charles XII., and followed his military career till the year 1715, when he married the Polish Countess Koszniecka, who had an estate in the part of Pomerania belonging then to Poland. From that time my family were established in Germany. My grandfather had five sons, who all served in the Prussian army; and four of them died on the field of honour in the Seven Years' War—two at the battle of Leutken, one at Kunersdorff, one at Prague. My father, born in the year 1719, died in the year 1784, as captain out of service. The Chevalier Yorke (the late Lord Dover), English minister at the Hague in the year 1780, was related to my family; and I went in the same year with letters of recommendation to meet him, and by his intercession to return to the British service; but the chevalier had left the Hague before my arrival; and I took service in the Dutch army. All these particulars I told to Lord Hardwicke, when, in the year 1814, I was in London; and these I only know by tradition, as no documents existed in my family since the time of my grandfather's establishment in Germany.*

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

ON Tuesday the *School for Scandal*, with a very strong cast of the parts, crammed this theatre, and bids fair to have a run of the same prosperous kind. Nor can we be surprised at this, when we are presented with *Sir Peter Teazle*, Farren; *Sir Oliver Surface*, Downton; *Sir Benjamin Backbite*, Harley; *Joseph Surface*, Macready; *Charles*, Wallack; *Moses*, Webster; *Sir Harry* (with a song), Sinclair; and the ladies all very fair, especially Mrs. Glover's *Mrs. Candour*.

On Thursday there was a splendid house to welcome our popular Monarch, and his no less popular Queen. On the drawing up of the curtain the stage was seen filled with the dramatic and musical corps; and "God save the King" was sung with prodigious *éclat*. Two new verses were introduced; one in compliment to his Majesty, the words of which we could not gather; and another complimentary to her Majesty, and so happily turned that we procured a copy of it. It is from the pen of Mr. Planché, and not unworthy of the author of "A Health to the King, God bless him." It follows:—

"Once more the sceptered dove,
Emblem of peace and love!
Wielded is seen.

* The marshal, when in England, had an old family seal in his possession, on which the arms of Yorke were engraved.

Long may her gentle wing
Blessings to England bring—
Shout, ye who love the King,
'God save the Queen!'

The performances were changed, and, instead of *Massaniello*, were *Figaro*, *The Brigand*, and the *Illustrious Stranger*, which were performed with great spirit, and appeared to afford ample entertainment to their Majesties.

The play-bills distributed to the royal party were splendid specimens of Howlett and Brimmer's gold-letter printing, on royal blue silk for the King, and white for the Queen.

COVENT GARDEN.

AT this house we hear of a tragic play by Kenny, adapted from a French drama; and a one-act farce by Poole. Apropos, we had almost forgot to mention, with praise, a Miss Crawford, who played the *Page in Figaro* very archly.

Mr. Parry made a favourable *début*, on Thursday, as *Durimel* in the *Point of Honour*. The *Carnival at Naples* is almost a full opera, we understand; the play by Dimond, and the music by Barnett. Our great favourite, Wilson, is in it; and a *débutante*, in the person of Miss Taylor, from Bath.

The *Times* newspaper states, that Mr. Wade is not the author of the *Jew of Arragon*: if we had suspected it to be the production of a young lady (Miss F. Kemble, says rumour), we should certainly have spoken of it more mercifully.

ADELPHI.

THE Adelphi brought out an excellent burletta last week, called the *Wreck Ashore*, the production of Mr. Buckstone. The story is extremely interesting, and every character well sustained. Nothing can be richer than Reeve as *Magog* the beadle, with his vestry-dinner speeches, his sense of the importance of his calling as one of the parishocracy, and his traditional mention of the glories of his ancestor—"the beadle:" indeed, the scene in which his dignity is insulted by *Miles Bertram* (Yates) is unequalled in drollery, except perhaps by another, in which he is taken home a little cut, after a carouse with his friend *Mr. Blackbottle* the butler, which latter produced shouts of laughter from the auditory, from its exceeding verisimilitude. Mrs. Fitzwilliam is a delightful little woman, perhaps a little too mature in her attractions for a maiden of seventeen, but, like those attractions, her acting was quite *en bon point*. Exclamation Smith! admirable! His dying scene worth a hundred catastrophes in such burlesques as the *Hebrew Queen*. We have never beheld any thing finer even of Miss Kelly's (and that is saying a great deal) than Mrs. Yates's acting in a scene where a robber attempts to break into a lonely cottage at night, and she, although almost paralysed by fear, reassures her sister, and contrives to load a gun and shoot the ruffian. We say that this and the subsequent one, in which the smuggler (O. Smith) dies at her feet, are as fine pieces of acting—natural, powerful acting—as was ever seen on any stage whatever. Yates's *Miles Bertram* was of the first order; and Buckstone in the trifling part which, with becoming modesty, he has apportioned to himself, extremely diverting. In short, the *Wreck Ashore* seems likely to be *treasure trove* to its proprietors. We hear that the managers have the *Water-Witch* in petto, as well as a new farce for Mathews.*

* We are glad that our remarks on the absurd introduction of inappropriate songs into operas, should have excited so much attention; but it is more easy to point

VARIETIES.

Travels in Mongolia.—The celebrated Père Hiacynte is at Krasnoyarsk in Siberia. He is about to visit the country situated to the south of Lake Baikal and Lake Gouzinou-Ozero, whose Mongolian inhabitants are under the dominion of Russia. For a long time chief of the Russian mission at Pekin, it is supposed that his journey is preparatory to the departure of a mission to that city in the autumn of this year.

Scientific Expedition in the North Atlantic.—An expedition was to go this year, under the command of Captain Litke, to the northern parts of the Atlantic Ocean. Iceland was to be the seat of its scientific investigations, and of observations on the dip of the magnetic needle, and on the pendulum. M. Martens was to be the naturalist of the expedition.

Scientific Journey of M. Parrot.—This gentleman is not, as stated in the journals of the day, on the shores of the Caspian. After the ascent of the Agri-Daugh (Mount Ararat), the naturalists of the expedition, Messrs. Behaghel, Schremann, and Hehn, continued their researches in the environs of Tiflis, and made an excursion into the mountains of Kakheti. The journey terminated at Little Ararat, whose summit they also reached, and whose elevation they estimate at 1200 Parisian feet. On their return into Russia, Messrs. Parrot and Behaghel levelled (barometrically) the course of the Volga from Astrachan to Tsarytsin, thence to the Don, and along this river to the new town of Tcherkask.

The name of Fleurette, the beautiful Beara peasant, Henri Quatre's first love, has passed into a proverb: the French call the language of that graceful gallantry whose "very oaths are compliments," *parler des Fleurettes*.

Flight of Locusts in the North.—It appears that there has been a flight of a considerable body of gregarious locusts in the vicinity of Stromness. This is a very curious fact, and we may expect some interesting dissertations on the specific nature and origin of these uncommon visitors, from the pens of the Scotch naturalists.

Sand-Bank.—Too much attention cannot be paid to the notice of sand-banks, which from their situation or size may render navigation dangerous. The brig Joseph Hume, of Greenock, discovered a bank, whose white sands were seen above water about 387 miles to the north of Bermudas. Its latitude is stated to be 39° N. and longitude 64° 20' W.

Whale Fishery.—It appears that, while our ships and their brave crews have, with so little success and such fatal misfortunes, been seeking for whales in the northern seas, the huge monsters of the deep have been taking a trip to different latitudes. Captain Scott, of the schooner Oberon, on a voyage from Hamburg to St. John's, Newfoundland, is stated to have met with several whales, in the month of July, in lat. 50° 10' N. and 16° 13' W. In these seas they had changed their peaceful habits for a battling disposition; and one of these *mammifera* is said to have twice struck the schooner, carrying away first her martingale, and then her stern head!

Globules in the Humours of the Eye.—Messrs. Ribes and Doun have discovered globules in the humours of the eye, of a smaller size than those of the blood. There are three orders of

out than to procure a remedy for the evil. Parke in his *Memoirs* states a whimsical instance of it, which certainly applies ridicule as well as argument:—"A fellow acting a *Turk* in one of the minor theatres introduced—"May we never want a friend, nor a bottle to give him."

them; the first are in sinuous chaplets, and very apparent; the second are isolated, larger than the others, and surrounded by a black circle; the third are least distinct. It is not, however, stated whether there is any difference between the globules of the aqueous and those of the vitreous humour.

Story of a Quack-nostrum.—"In the summer of last year (1820), being on a visit at the country-house of a friend near London, I frequently met there an old man, late a farmer, who, though he had for some time abandoned the plough and the harrow, had nevertheless come up to the metropolis in the hope of reaping a golden harvest from the sale of a newly invented snuff, to cure not only weak, but sore eyes! The snuff was, as he said, a compound of various herbs, which his deep knowledge in botany had enabled him to discover. This 'man of science' being diffident of his own orthographical powers (for modesty generally accompanies merit), requested I would do him the favour to correct the prospectus, of which the following is a literal copy, and through which he intended to recommend it to the public:—"Eye Snuff. The most astonishing Remedy Ever found out for the Benefit of Mankind. H. G.—The Bottiness, Begs Leave to inform the Publicke, that by a long Expedition, and study, he has found out a remedy superior to any Ever yet before discover'd. It is Propriated Totely for the Eyes. It Cures All sorts of sore eyes, Suckers the Breane, and Helps the memory. It is drawn up the nose in the same manner as Common snuff, and the Eyes to be beathe with Cold spring water, and a linnen Cloath Every morning. By using it six times a day for the spase of one wheek it will strengthe a wheek eye of eather young or old, and by using it Regular Three times a day it will take a perl of the Eyes. It is a remarkable strengtherer of the Obnective nerves, therefore there is no doubt but it will Cleere and preserve the Eye sight for life."—Whether this snuff has been found to be an efficacious remedy for weak eyes I do not know, but it was a few months after it was promulgated purchased with as great avidity as if it had also been adapted to weak heads!"—From *Parke's Musical Memoirs*.

Dr. Siebold, in his recent visit to Japan, where he was imprisoned, has, nevertheless, collected a Japanese library of fifteen hundred volumes. These must be "Curiosities of Literature." He has also got a Zoological Museum, of three thousand specimens, and two thousand botanical articles.

Rossini has, we hear, gone to Bologna, on purpose to attend the representation of a new opera by a young female amateur, named Carolina Uccelli. The subject is Saul.

To those Ladies whom it may concern.
"The nodosities of the oak without its strength."
Bonville's Life of Johnson.

When female authors think what's vilely coarse
Is manly energy and mental force,
And therefore in their writings swear, abuse,
And use expressions men would blush to use;
The powerful sentence they attempt in vain,
And woman's weakness, not her grace, retain.
So in St. Giles's some Hibernian dame,
Well primed with anger and the liquid flame,
In boxing attitude her person throws,
And deals around a quick discharge of blows;
While the loud laughter of the mob is heard,
Raised by her powerless arm and skill absurd.
Then let me whisper, what is strictly true,
To the St. Giles's dame and learned blue,—
That females who thus wield the fist and pen,
Cease to be women, but they are not men.

October 18th. Y. R.

A Tarn.—Definition is the soul of physical geography, and in few sciences is it probably with more difficulty attained. We observe the

following beautiful description of a tarn in "the Moors," (Blackwood, No. 172):—"A tarn—a tarn! with but a small circle of unbroken water in the centre, and all the rest of its shallowness bristling in every bay, with reeds and rushes, and surrounded, all round the mossy flat, with marshes and quagmires! What a breeding place—'a procreant cradle' for wild fowl!"

Gossamer.—It is generally supposed that the silver lines which cross our pathway in autumnal mornings, or the threads that hang, laden with dew-drops, from branch to branch, or from bank to bank of the murmuring rivulet, are the bridges by which the industrious spider travels from these opposite situations. A French naturalist has, however, just published a very ingenious statement, in which he asserts that the spider weaves himself a wing of network from limb to limb,—or, to speak scientifically, from anterior to posterior extremities, as in the flying squirrel,—and that, by this contrivance, the insect can traverse considerable spaces, and leaves a thread behind for his evening return. It will be observed, that this does not exactly account for the "gossamer's wing" being seen from steeple-tops.

Antidote for the Bite of Venomous Animals.—In the first Number of the *Journal of the Royal Institution*, which we noticed in a former *Gazette*, we observe a recommendation of common salt as a cure for serpent-bites, and cases of extraordinary success are mentioned. It is a long time since the researches of chemists, on the most successful applications to wounds of this nature, have led to a general belief in medical men that the poisonous fluid is similar in its chemical properties to an acid, and that, consequently, its best neutraliser is an alkali. We have often tried the effects of common soda and potash, where persons have been stung by bees and wasps, and uniformly found an alleviation of pain and a mitigation of the other symptoms. In the last Number (Oct. 1830) of the *Asiatic Journal*, there is also an account of a case communicated to the Medical and Physical Society of Calcutta, in which the dangerous symptoms caused by the bite of a *karayt*, a poisonous serpent, were removed by the internal use of ammonia, or hartshorn, a powerful alkali.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XLIV. Oct. 30.]

A History of the late Revolution in France, by the Rev. Arthur Johnson.—A new edition of the first volume of Niebuhr's History of Rome, translated by Messrs. Hare and Thirlwall. This publication to be soon followed by that of the second volume, with the corrections, &c. made in the third edition of the original.—Elements of Algebra, by Augustus de Morgan, Professor of Mathematics in the University of London.—A new edition of Cary's Translation of Dante.—Lessons on Number, as given at a Pestalozzian School, in Surrey.—A seventh edition, with the Author's last corrections, of the Poor Man's Evening Portion, is announced, by Dr. R. Hawker.—A Help to Professing Christians, in Judging of their Spiritual State and Growth in Grace, by the Rev. John Barr, Glasgow.—The High-mettled Racer, by the late Charles Dibdin; with Anecdotes of the Race Horse, and illustrated by woodcuts by Robert Cruikshank.—Knox's History of the Reformation of Religion in Scotland; with an Historical Introduction, &c. by William McGavin, Esq.—The Show Folks, embellished with designs by the late Theodor Lane, Esq., and dedicated to the President of the Royal Academy, by Pierce Egan.—A new edition of Gospel Truth accurately stated and illustrated, by the Rev. John Brown.—A second edition of the *Domine's Legacy*, by Mr. Andrew Picken.—Hall's Contemplations; with an Essay on his Life and Writings, by the Rev. Dr. Ralph Wardlaw.—Mr. Carne's new work, the Exiles of Palestine, a Tale of the Holy Land, is, we hear, nearly ready; and from the author's intimate acquaintance with the scenery and peculiarities of the Holy Land, we anticipate a work of unusual interest.—The Author of "Pandurang Hari, or Memoirs of a Hindoo," "the Zenana," &c. has in the press a new work entitled the *Vizier's Son*.
Mr. E. Lytton Bulwer, whose satirical powers have been so brilliantly displayed in many parts of his popular

novels, and especially in that vivid sketch of life, *Paul Clifford*, has, we believe, a satire forthcoming—a Poem with notes, and called the Siamese Twins. The double subject appears to us to be doubly calculated for point and humour, and full of new situations.

Dr. Beattie will, we are informed, shortly publish a volume, dedicated to the King, of Travels through the less frequented parts of Germany; being the result of personal observation, made during his immediate attendance upon their present majesties, as Duke and Duchess of Clarence, at the courts of that country, in 1822, 1825, and 1826. The work will be embellished with engravings.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Literary Souvenir, 1831, in silk, 12s.; large paper, in bds. 1l. 4s.—New Year's Gift, 1831, hf.-bd. morocco, 8s.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. XII. History of France, Vol. I. fcp. 6s. bds.—Liston's Elements of Surgery, Part I. 8vo. 9s. bds.—Cruttwell's Housekeeper, 1831, 4to. 2s. stitched.—The Amulet, 1831, 12s.; Illustrations to ditto, 1l. 10s.; before letters, 2l. 10s.—Juvenile Forget Me Not, 1831, 8s.—Chartley, the Fatalist, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 8s. 6d. bds.—Winter's Wreath, 1831, 12s.—Friendship's Offering, 1831, 12s.; Illustrations to ditto, royal 4to. 15s.; proofs, imperial 4to. 1l. 1s.; before letters, colombar 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.—Comic Offering, 1831, 12s.—The Cameo, fcp. 8vo. morocco, 12s.—The Iris, 1831, 12s. large paper, 1l. 4s.; Illustrations to ditto, 1l. 5s.; proofs, 2l. 2s.—The Humorist, 1831, morocco, 12s.—Landscape Annual, 1831, post 8vo. 1l. 1s.; large paper, 2l. 12s. 6d.; Illustrations to ditto, 2l. 2s.; proofs, 3l. 3s.; before letters, 4l. 4s.—The Remembrance, edited by Roscoe, fcp. 8vo. morocco, 10s. 6d.; large paper, 1l. 1s.; Illustrations to ditto, 18s.; proofs, 1l. 6s.; before letters, 1l. 10s.; proofs and etchings, 1l. 15s.—Musical Gem, 1831, 18s.—Apollo's Gift, or Musical Souvenir, 1831, 16s.—Clarke's Sacred Literature, Vol. I. 8vo. 12s. bds.—Piety without Asceticism, by Bishop Limerick, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Lee on Prophecy, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Watson's Family Prayers, 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Harding's Subjects from Bonington's Works, on stone, atlas 4to. prints, 2l. 10s. bds.; proofs, 3l. 8s. bds.—Kotzebue's New Voyage round the World, 2 vols. royal 12mo. 1l. 7s. bds.—Bloomfield's Thucydides, with English notes, 3 vols. royal 12mo. 1l. 7s. bds.; Vols. II. and III. separate, 17s. 6d. bds.—Major's Orestes of Euripides, English notes, royal 12mo. 5s. bds.—Gurney's Biblical Notes, 8vo. 12s. 6d.—Norris's Sermons, 12mo. 2s. large paper.—The Vocal Annual, or Singer's Own Book, for 1831, 18mo. 4s. bds.—Turkey morocco, 5s. 6d.—Hansard's Debates, Vol. XXIV. royal 8vo. 1l. 10s. bds.—Supplement to the ninth edition of Tidd's Practice, royal 8vo. 12s. bds.—Croly's Memoir of George IV., with portrait, 8vo. 15s. bds.—Trant's Journey through Greece in 1830, 8vo. 16s. bds.—Northcote's Life of Titian, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s. bds.—Family Classical Library, Vol. XI. 18mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Aldine Poets, Vol. VIII. fcp. 5s. bds.—Pitt's Essay on Civil Policy, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Hughes' Divines, Vol. VI. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Adams' Rudiments of Correct Reading, 12mo. 3s. sheep.—The Keepsake, 1831, post 8vo. 1l. 1s.; large paper, 2l. 12s. 6d.; Illustrations to ditto, 2l. 2s.; proofs, 3l. 3s.; before letters, 4l. 4s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

October.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	
	From	to	30.26	to 30.20
Thursday . . . 14	39.	57.	30.16	— 30.14
Friday . . . 15	29.	55.	30.16	— 30.19
Saturday . . . 16	27.	58.	30.16	— 30.19
Sunday . . . 17	27.	57.	30.25	— 30.30
Monday . . . 18	34.	64.	30.23	— 30.16
Tuesday . . . 19	49.	61.	29.90	— 29.95
Wednesday 20	46.	69.	29.95	— 30.05

Prevailing wind to the 19th, N.E.; since S.E. and S.W., the latter prevailing.

Generally clear; except the white frost of the mornings of the 15th, 16th, and 17th, and the unusually sudden fall of the leaf, we have nothing to remind us of returning winter; the mildness of the 20th has not been equalled since the 2d of September, when the thermometer stood at 69°.

In respect to the dryness of the season, only 75,000ths of an inch of rain has fallen since Michaelmas Day.

October.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	
	From	to	30.06	to 30.16
Thursday . . . 21	46.	67.	30.19	Stationary
Friday . . . 22	41.	67.	30.26	— 30.39
Saturday . . . 23	51.	58.	30.26	— 30.29
Sunday . . . 24	44.	57.	30.39	— 30.29
Monday . . . 25	42.	60.	30.05	— 29.66
Tuesday . . . 26	51.	58.	29.69	— 30.20
Wednesday 27	29.	51.	30.36	— 30.14

Wind, S.W. and N.W., the former prevailing. Generally cloudy, raining on the 25th and 26th. Rain fallen, .325 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The hymn by J. M. S. is not consistent with the plan of our Miscellany.

We can take no part in the theatrical fracas which has made so much noise in dramatic circles; for, in the first place, we never interfere in personal quarrels; and in the second, when the laws are applicable, any attempt to prejudice the question would be worse than impertinent. ENIGMA.—Last line but one of the critique on the new tragedy, in our last No., for "camps," read "lamps."

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON. — Session 1830.

On Monday, the 1st of November, at 3 o'clock, Professor Long will deliver a Lecture on the Study of Latin and Greek, and on the Method of teaching those Languages in this University.

On Tuesday, the 2d, at 3 o'clock, Professor De Morgan will deliver a Lecture on the Study of the Mathematical and Physical Sciences, and on the Method of teaching them in this University.

On Monday, the 8th of November, at 3 o'clock, Professor Hoppus will deliver an Introductory Lecture on the Study of the Philosophy of the Mind and of Logic, and on the System intended to be adopted by him in teaching those Subjects.

There is Free Admission to those Introductory Lectures, but by Tickets only, to be had at the Office of the University.

On Wednesday, the 3d of November, the following Classes will open.

Junior Latin, Professor Key, daily except Saturday, from 10 to 12.

Senior Latin, ditto ditto 12 to 2.

Junior Greek, Professor Long, ditto 12 to 2.

Senior Greek, ditto ditto 10 to 12.

Professor Long will have a Third Class, for those who are privately prosecuting their Greek Studies, which will meet twice a week, on Monday and Thursday, from 3 to 4.

The First Class will commence on Thursday, the 4th of November; the Second, on the 1st of March. Persons may enter for both or either Divisions.

Junior English, Tuesday and Thursday, from 2 to 4. Saturday, 10 to 12.

Senior English, ditto 2 to 5. Saturday, 10 to 12.

Junior German, Professor Von Mühlhens, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, 8 to 9 A.M.; and another Class on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 2 to 3.

Senior German, Professor Von Mühlhens, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 8 to 9 A.M. Saturday, 10 to 12.

Junior Italian, Professor Panzini, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 11 to 12.

Senior Italian, ditto Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 11 to 12.

Junior French, Mons. Merlet, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 8 to 9 A.M.; and another Class on the same days, from 2 to 3.

Senior French, Mons. Merlet, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 2 to 3; and another Class, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 10 to 4.

Persian Language, Professor Rosen, Monday and Thursday, 3 to 4.

Arabic Language, ditto Tuesday and Friday, 3 to 4.

Sanskrit Language, ditto Tuesday and Thursday, 4 to 5.

Hindustani Language, ditto Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 4 to 5.

Junior Hebrew, Professor Hurwitz, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 9 to 10.

Senior Hebrew, ditto, same days, 10 to 11, or any hour between 2 and 5, which may suit the convenience of the majority of the Students.

Junior Mathematics, Professor De Morgan, daily except Saturday, 9 to 10. Saturday, 9 to 10.

Senior Mathematics, ditto daily except Saturday, 2 to 3. Saturday, 11 to 12.

Professor De Morgan will have an Evening Class on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 6 to 7, for the Elementary Branches of Mathematics, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, and should the Progress of those who attend admit of it, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry. This Class is intended principally for those whose Education is, in other respects, already completed.

Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, Professor Lardner, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, 3 to 4; Monday and Thursday, 7 to 8 P.M.

This Course includes the following Subjects:—Astronomy, Mechanics, Hydrostatics, Pneumatics, Heat, and Optics.

Dr. Lardner will deliver Three short Popular Courses in the Evening, on such Parts of the Science as admit of explanation without Mathematical Language, and adapted to those who do not desire to pursue the Subjects more minutely. The First Course will consist of Twelve Lectures on Astronomy, on Monday and Thursday, from 7 to 8. The First Lecture on Thursday, the 4th of November. The Subjects of the Second Course will be Mechanics and Hydrostatics; Third Course, Pneumatics, Heat, and Optics. Persons may enter for a Single Course.

Philosophy of the Mind and Logic, Professor Hoppus, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, 12 to 2.

General Jurisprudence, Professor Anstyn, Tuesday and Thursday, 6 to 7 P.M., commencing on Tuesday, the 7th of Nov.

English Law, Professor Amos, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 6 to 7 P.M., except in Term Time, when the hour will be from 6 to 7, commencing Monday, the 8th of November.

Medical Jurisprudence, Dr. J. Gordon Smith, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 7 to 8 P.M., commencing Monday, 8th of November.

Political Economy, Professor Maculloch, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, 10 to 11, commencing 1st of Feb.

Zoology, Professor Grant, daily except Saturday, commencing 1st of January.

Botany, Professor Lindley, daily except Wednesday, commencing 1st of April.

The General Library and the Law Library are open for the Use of the Students, every day except Sunday, from 9 in the Morning; the General Library until 5, the Law Library until 9 o'clock in the Evening.

Further Particulars relating to each Class, together with the Fees payable by Students and others, may be had at the Office of the University, and at the following Booksellers:—Taylor, 20, Upper Gower Street; Nimmo, 37, Upper Gower Street; Longman and Co., 29, Paternoster Row; Baldwin and Co., 47, Paternoster Row; Parbury and Co., 7, Leadenhall Street; Jennings and Chaplin, Chopside; Richardson, 23, Cornhill; Fellows, 39, Ludgate Street; Hunter, 72, St. Paul's Churchyard; Underwood, 23, Fleet Street; Black, Young, and Young, 3, Tavistock Street; Smith, 124, Strand; W. 310, 7, Charing Cross; Knight, 18, Pall Mall East; Treatell and Co., 80, Solio Square; Murray, 50, Albemarle Street; Kidway, 169, Piccadilly; Gardner, 103, Regent Street; Balliere, Regent Street; Templeman, 18, Percy Street; Alexander, 27, Great Russell Street; Callow, 16, Princes Street, Soho.

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We proceed, without further preface, to the exercise of our office, in the present instance a sincere, since it is one not of criticism, but quotation. The following were the opinions of John Scott (now the venerated Earl of Eldon), in seventeen hundred and seventy-one, on the “Advantages and Disadvantages of Travelling into Foreign Countries:”—

“When by the improvement of advancing experience, our civil constitution has at length well nigh reached the summit of attainable excellence, we can have little to adopt from foreign policy, nor need we wish to improve a system, which has already become almost perfect. But since it is by comparison alone that we can judge of our greatness, we must determine the powers of foreign nations before we can rate

the strength of our own. A knowledge of foreign constitutions, therefore, is still necessary to finish the political character: but we need not be sent abroad to exercise a study, which has been long and successfully cultivated at home. The modern statesman may investigate the nature and power of every government in his closet; he may view their local advantages delineated in his map, and gather their mutual dependence from the mature observations of preceding travellers. The insufficiency of reading for these ends has indeed been largely insisted upon, whilst the representations of travellers have been exposed as replete with falsehood or inconsistency. But if the fancy has wanted in the description of a happy valley, or a favourite stream, and being anxious to draw a beautiful picture, has formed it without resemblance, we shall seldom detect it straying in the dull range of politics, or warm in the recital of civil institutions. Here disquisition is cool, and the reformation of more trivial errors would be no equivalent for the dangers of a foreign journey, were there not other advantages weighty enough to render it a sufficient recompense. The weakness of human nature is particularly discovered in its tendency to extremes. We pursue virtue itself with that impetuous ardour which often hurries us beyond the line of duty. There are few principles of action which have been more immediately beneficial to society, and which therefore merit more assiduous cultivation, than the love of our country. But whilst we have been studious to regard our parent with the tenderness of filial affection, we have imbibed the weak prejudices of children, and, like the undiscerning lover, have fondly gazed without discrimination upon her beauties and her deformities. He who overrates his own merits will probably undervalue the deserts of others. From this arrogant conceit of our worth as a people has sprung that uncharitable opinion which confines excellence to the boundaries of a small island; and, with the true spirit of ancient Greece and Italy, has adjudged every other people to be comparatively barbarous. This illiberal idea, it is confessed, has been attended with salutary consequences: it has roused the soul of the warrior, and, by teaching the personal defenders of our country to despise, it has taught them to conquer her enemies. But it may be discovered, without any extraordinary acuteness of reasoning, that this opinion, which has been ratified by popular assent, because it indulged our national pride, has found its chief support in the confidence of those who embrace it. We are indebted to foreign ingenuity for the first essays in the arts of elegance: and whilst we are justly celebrated for our improvements of imparted discoveries, we must acknowledge the unfruitfulness of English invention. He who examines the origin of our political government, the favourite theme of our justest commendations, will find that this beautiful system was invented in the woods of a foreign country. It is in vain, however, that we attempt to era-

dicating so stubborn a prepossession, unless what is thus suggested by reflection, be confirmed by the evidence of our senses. If the discovery of defects be the first step towards amendment, he must despair of correcting a fault who is situated where he cannot perceive it. Our prejudices form a part of those national failings, which are seldom acknowledged among ourselves, and we have a powerful argument for the necessity of travelling, when we consider it as the only means whereby these weaknesses can be effectually detected. What has here been advanced concerning more venial infirmities, may perhaps with equal justice be applied even to some vices which may seem to be the production of our climate. Example, which is generally deemed a satisfactory plea for foibles, has sometimes screened iniquity itself under the softer title of a weakness. But as the fear of appearing singular, which prevails universally, has every where given it its efficacy, if we have complied with the vices of our own country in obedience to its general customs, we may be taught to abstain from them in another by the same submissive deference to established but contrary practices. The acquisition of foreign languages, which has usually been pleaded to countenance the custom of travel, cannot with justice be denied to possess singular utility. But, whilst we would recommend this study, we cannot but disapprove that ill-directed labour, which, with little regard to the import of expressions, is employed in attempts to acquire the niceties of foreign pronunciation. This censure, however, must not be extended to the traveller, who, proposing to himself the conversation of eminent men abroad, as a principal object of his undertaking, must endeavour to adorn his discourse with all the graces of utterance. Broken language will render his inquiries really obscure, and seemingly impertinent. And as the accuracies of foreign diction can only be taught in a foreign country, we are furnished with another proof of the utility of travel. Amidst a variety of objects which will challenge the attention of the traveller, few will prove more copious sources of delight, or supply him with ampler matter for useful reflection, than those awful monuments of ancient industry and power, which seem to have been hitherto preserved as memorials of a destructive luxury, the havoc of which was felt when the shocks of time were yet imperceptible. How must the British statesman feel for his country, when he surveys the venerable ruins of a senate, which stood secure till gold was accepted as an equivalent for freedom, and the Roman legislature, softened by pleasure, embraced the shackles of slavery? Whilst the eye is ravished, the mind cannot be unemployed, but recurs to the virtues which established, and the vices which overthrew, the grandeur it surveys. When we consider the profuse rewards bestowed upon foreign artists by those who pretend to a more refined taste, we may recommend travel to our countrymen as a means of improvement in those performances which de-

rive their excellence from the delicacy of manual execution. The painter must view pictures, and the sculptor must copy statues. If Italy is confessedly the seat of the finer arts, when we have sought instruction from her, we may aspire to hope, that the time will come when English ingenuity, as well as foreign skill, shall be loaded with the rewards of English liberality. These are some of the advantages which may accrue from travel, when the understanding has been previously fraught with useful knowledge, and the judgment is mature: those which are generally enumerated to enforce the necessity of early travel, prove it to be the real source of all those fatal miscarriages which have induced the more serious part of mankind to give a total discountenance to the practice. Considered in a political view, it is pregnant with mischiefs. He, who reflects that the laws and manners ought mutually to operate upon each other, can never approve a scheme of education which forms the manners without relation to the laws. Fashionable as it may be to complain of the roughness of British demeanour, the wary politician would use the file with caution, and leave those manners coarse, which, by attempting to polish, he might weaken or impair. Where the constitution calls upon every man to assert his own independence, and has appointed each the guardian of his own freedom, few have leisure or inclination to pursue those refinements which necessarily engage the attention of a more enslaved people. He who has not a single right to protect, may endeavour to render his servitude supportable by studying the arts of politeness: but let not the Briton be taught to leave his distinguishing privilege—his liberty, without defence: whilst he reflects these salutary improvements. Some, influenced by reflections drawn from the ductility of the mind, have recommended early travel for the purpose of removal of national prejudices, but the success of this recommendation. But the experience has uniformly proved, that by an early expulsion or prepossessions in favour of our own country, we form an opening for the admission of opinions detrimental to it, that our prejudices are rather exchanged than destroyed. To this only can we attribute a prevailing passion for foreign productions, which, as it deprives our own artists of the rewards their industry claims, and withholds from our manufacturer every encouragement which can animate his labours, must at length exclude all expectation of domestic improvement. Serious as these evils are, they are not the most dreadful consequences of early travel. Introduced into a depraved world, when his reason is yet too feeble to counteract the workings of his passions, the young traveller lies open to seduction, is deceived by every fashionable error, and misled by every delusive example. He probably returns to his own country a compound of ignorance and infidelity, with little to atone for laxity of principle, but the fopperies of a trifling and superficial elegance. If there be a people among whom this practice has generally obtained, we shall find them generally corrupted. Perhaps the frequency of it among ourselves may account for the alarming depravity of our manners, which every honest man sees and laments. Where, then, shall we seek a remedy? must it not be in that education which watches over the morals with the strictest vigilance, and by fortifying the mind with the soundest principles of religion, enables it to pursue with safety those inferior accomplishments whose only merit is to heighten the beauty of virtue,

and which become truly dangerous when they soften the deformities of vice.

“ JOHN SCOTT.

“ *University College, 1771.*”

As in early life John Scott deemed the established order of things “ well nigh the summit of attainable excellence,” so, through a long political career, he ever remained stanch to that system which, in his mind, was inseparable from the welfare of his country. And though he checked the republican spirit of the day with too severe a curb to obtain popular applause, no one can charge the peer with having swerved from the principles of the commoner. It must also be acknowledged to his honour by all, that no interested motive could ever distort his views, or distract his mind, from dedicating to their support a life alike consistent and of undeviating integrity.

We quote the following from the essay of Charles Abbot (Lord Tenterden), “ On the Use and Abuse of Satire.”

“ Personal satire has been successfully directed in all countries against the vain pretenders to genius and learning, who, if they were not rendered contemptible by ridicule, would too often attract the attention, and corrupt the taste of their age. By employing irony the most artful, and wit the most acute, against the unnatural and insipid, among his contemporaries, Boileau drew the affections and judgment of his nation to the chaste and interesting productions of Molière and Racine. I. 2. Such have been the advantages derived from personal satire; but so great, on the contrary, are the injuries resulting from its misapplication, that the legislature of all nations has been exerted to restrain it. For if they, whose failings were unknown and harmless, be brought forth at once to notice and shame, or if, for the weakness common to human nature, illustrious characters be made objects of contempt, the triumphs of vice are promoted by increasing the number of the vicious, and virtue loses much of its dignity and force, by being deprived of those names which had contributed to its support. Not less injurious to science is the unjust censure of literary merit, which tends both to damp the ardour of genius, and to mislead the public taste. The most striking examples of the abuse of personal satire are furnished by that nation in which its freedom was the greatest. The theatres of Athens once endured to behold the wisest of her philosophers, and the most virtuous of her poets, derided with all the grossness of malicious scurrility. Nor has modern poetry been altogether free from this disgrace. Fortunate, however, it is, that although the judgment of the weak may be for a time misguided, truth will in the end prevail: the respect and admiration due to the names of Burnet and of Bentley, of Warburton and of Johnson, are now no longer lessened by the wit of Swift, or the asperity of Churchill. Even where the subject or design is not improperly chosen, abuse may still arise from the disposition and colouring of the piece. When bitterness and severity are employed against men whose failings were venial and light, or ridicule degenerates either into the broad attacks of sarcastic buffoonery, or the unmanly treachery of dark hints and poisonous allusions, not only the particular punishment is excessive and unjust, but also general malice is fostered by new supplies of slander. But the abuses of personal satire are then most numerous and great, when it is dictated by private animosity. Beside the impropriety in the subjects of the Dunciad, many of the situations in which they are placed might be censured as uncharacteristic, if the

mind were not sometimes averted from the contemplation of them, and criticism prevented by disgust. There are, indeed, few circumstances that awaken such poignant regret, as the severe and rancorous invectives which some of the first names in literature have vented against their enemies. When envious dulness traduces the excellence to which it cannot attain; or rash impetuosity bursts forth to a general attack on all surrounding merit, we turn away from the sight with contempt or indignation: but to behold that wit and genius which had been employed to the fairest ends, unhappily degraded to the meanest of all offices, the gratification of malice and revenge, is at once humiliating to the judgment, and painful to the heart. II. 1. Nor has satire been confined to the conduct of individuals alone, but has been pointed also against those measures of policy and state, in which the interest of whole nations is concerned. It is only by the exercise of political satire, that the spirit of jealousy necessary to the support of all mixed governments can be excited, and the general establishment of the constitution protected and maintained. The frequency also of those occasional errors to which the administration of every state is subject, will be diminished by the fear of that ridicule which is able both to repel the attacks of violence, and expose the artifices of faction. So intimately, however, is the freedom of political satire connected with the establishment of general liberty, that popular outrage is not less unfavourable to its existence than the extremity of absolute despotism. During the violence of contending factions that preceded the subversion of the Roman commonwealth, it appears to have been almost entirely unknown: the efforts of wit must, indeed, have been feeble and disregarded, at a period when literature had not obtained an universal esteem, and in a nation where the eloquence of the orator was at one time drowned by a sedition, at another time overawed by the sword. The history of free nations exhibits frequent examples of the application of ridicule to the concerns of state, many of which were useful to their own age, and all may be instructive to posterity. The political comedies of Aristophanes present a picture of his nation, too minute to be suspected of falsehood, and too interesting to be viewed without pain. In them we behold the representation of a people, at once refined and gross, learned and infatuated; so fond of humour and ridicule as to permit the boldest attacks upon their favourite follies, yet so deluded as neither to resign nor correct them; attentive to wit and satire, yet prosecuting, in defiance of both, a war that could not but end in their destruction. By the invention of the art of printing, the dissemination of political satire has been eminently facilitated, and in our own country it possesses an importance as little known to the surrounding nations as the peculiar privilege by which its freedom is secured. The establishment of our excellent constitution was considered as imperfect, while restraint was imposed upon the exertion of any voice by which the spirit of liberty might be awakened. And since the noblest security against sudden and causeless revolutions, is that opportunity of calm decision, which is presented to the judgment of a whole country by the free representation of all public events; political satire tends, in a no less powerful degree, to secure the government from rebellion, than to protect the people from oppression. Nor are instances wanting of its exercise, which will ever be contemplated with admiration and triumph. The remains of that

fanaticism, which was a reproach to the human character, were dissipated by the wit of Butler; and the delicate pleasantry of Addison was successfully employed in the support of justice and of freedom, at the moment of delusion and danger. II. 2. Yet while the heart of the patriot glows with rapture at the survey of that constitution, which allows to every subject the noblest of all privileges: the most painful sensations will often be excited by a view of the licentiousness interwoven with so fair a system. Instead of the manly ardour of truth and freedom, satire is too often taught to breathe the furious and baneful spirit of falsehood or sedition. Even the dignity of that supreme authority, which is rendered sacred no less by the peculiar genius of our constitution than by every principle of general policy, has sometimes been exposed to attacks of ridicule equally mean in their form, and pernicious in their tendency. And by the extensive diffusion of political calumny, a spirit of animosity has occasionally been excited, so powerful as to interrupt the national harmony, and imbitter the intercourse of domestic life. Moved, perhaps, by these considerations, Swift, who had himself been employed on some occasions as the support of a party, and acting on others from a more enlarged principle, had been hailed as the vindicator of a devoted people, attempted, in a relation of fictitious adventures, to stop, by the powers of ridicule, that torrent of faction which was at once so impetuous and destructive. Happy would it have been, if the execution had corresponded with the design. But while he exposes the arts and constitution of his country to contempt, and represents its whole history as a series of actions disgraceful to human nature, the only political tendency of the most singular production of genius, is to relax the vigour of patriotism, and sink the spirits into despondence and inactivity."

The whole essay is a beautiful specimen of discussion, and the train of thought and argument denotes a mind endowed with the most acute faculties of discrimination, not only keen in the perception of niceties and distinctions, but enlarged in its views, and comprehensive in its powers. Such a mind, the investigation, &c. of our indefinite libel-law requires; and such a mind was displayed in the clear judgment which only last week defeated the ridiculous prosecution of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for a critical libel—the first with which it has been charged during the hundred years of its existence!

The Amulet: a Christian and Literary Remembrancer. Edited by Mr. S. C. Hall. London, 1831. Westley and Davis.

THIS is certainly the best volume to which the *Amulet* has yet given name. A short and modest preface, containing neither puffery of its own merits, nor insinuations against its rivals, ushers in a table of very varied contents. The information of the traveller and the imagination of the inventor have blended knowledge and amusement. There is an admirable article called the "Seven Churches," by Charles Macfarlane; an Arab Legend, splendidly told (Croly's, we think); "Home, Country, all the World," an elegantly written essay by James Montgomery; "Eastern Story-tellers," a leaf out of the Arabian Nights, by Mr. Carne; the "History of a Trifler," told in a most lively manner, by Miss Jewsbury; a "Hawking Party in Hindostan," a picturesque and dramatic sketch, by Miss Roberts; the "Roman Merchant," a powerfully worked-up narrative, by Mr. Banim; the "Dispensation," the very

best Irish story of Mrs. S. C. Hall's this year; two of L. E. L.'s poems, one especially beautiful; a spirited "Cameronian Ballad," by Hogg; a very sweet poem by Mr. Atkinson; two of Mr. Hollings' best; and several other compositions which, if inferior to those we have already named, are not without something of grace or merit. We quote from the "Seven Churches" the account of Pergamus.

"The approach to this ancient and decayed city was as impressive as it well might be. After crossing the Caicus, I saw, looking over three vast tumuli or sepulchral barrows, similar to those of the plains of Troy, the Turkish city of Pergamos, with its tall minarets and taller cypresses, situated on the lower acclivities and at the foot of the Acropolis, whose bold grey brow was crowned by the rugged walls of a barbarous castle, the usurper of the site of a magnificent Greek temple. But on coming still nearer, the lofty, massy walls of early Christian churches offered themselves to my eye, frowning in their ruin; and after having made my ingress into the once splendid city of Pergamus, the capital of a flourishing kingdom, through a street flanked by hovels and occupied in the midst by a pool of mud, I rode under the stupendous walls of these degraded edifices with silent awe. I would not take upon myself to determine that either of these ruins belonged to the primitive Christian temple; indeed, from their magnificent dimensions, the style and durability of the architecture, and other circumstances, I should rather conclude that they arose several centuries after the immediate ministry of the apostles, and when Christianity was not a humble and oppressed creed, but the adopted religion of a vast empire. Yet I felt a pleasure in lending my faith to a poor Greek, who assured me that one of the ruins, an immense hall, with long windows, a niche at each end, and an entrance or door of gigantic dimensions, occupied the very spot where had stood the first church of Christ in Pergamus; nor is it at all improbable, but rather in accordance to the general habits of men, that the Greek Christians should have revered and preserved the locality, until enabled to erect a splendid temple on what had been originally a humble tabernacle. Though these ecclesiastical buildings, which are principally in the Roman style, and formed of admirably strong brick-work, mixed sparingly with stone and *traversi* of marble, cannot pretend to any great beauty as works of art, but rather denote periods of the lower empire, when taste had disappeared, 'and the science of the architect had sunk to the mere craft of the bricklayer;' still they do not cease to be impressive, picturesque objects, and present themselves to the eye whichever way you turn. In looking from the plain towards the Acropolis they stand boldly out in the picture, and offer greater breadth and mass of ruin than any thing on that hill; and on gazing from the summit of the Acropolis downward, they shew like vast fortresses amidst barracks of wood—like 'skeletons of Titanic forms,' raising their heads reproachfully, but proudly, above the pigmy wooden houses of the present inhabitants of the dishonoured city of Pergamus. But if in this it differ from the other cities of the seven churches, if the Christian remains and the Christian style predominate here, as they do not elsewhere, and the objects first to meet and last to retain the melancholy regard of the traveller are these essentially connected with his religion, still he must mourn over the desecration of these edifices dedicated to the faith of Jesus—must mourn over the present darkness of Pergamus, once 'so rich in

gospel light'—so crowded with temples to echo that gospel's words. One of the churches serves as a workshop for coarse pottery, another I saw converted into a cow-stall; 'and the poor Greeks, with these stately structures of their ancestors before their eyes, some of which could be easily repaired and returned to their original and holy uses, are confined to a little church under the Acropolis, low, narrow, dark, and itself ruinous.' This mean edifice is the only one which now echoes the name of Christ; and, alas! the hymn of praise is subdued and whispered, for fear of offending the fanatic Turks; and moral intelligence and spiritual illumination are not to be looked for in the long-oppressed and barbarised Greek priests. It is probable that the primitive church was not materially, or in brick or stone, extent or elevation, much superior to this lowly temple; but how immeasurably different the light that beamed—the spirit that animated it! It was not without deep interest that I saw in this church of Pergamos some copies of the New Testament in Romaic, edited by Englishmen, and printed at London. The sight suggested a compression of chronological space, and of historical facts, almost astounding. When the gospel was proclaimed in these fair regions, what was Britain? Whence, and through the medium of what language, had we, with all Europe, derived our knowledge of the words and the acts of the Son of God and his disciples? From the Greek, which was not merely to instruct 's in all that was sublime and beautiful in poetry, and the other branches of human literature, but to lead us to the knowledge of our eternal salvation, and to form the broad basis of our religious instruction and belief. Since the dissemination of the Scriptures in that all but perfect language, the degraded Greeks had lost the idiom of their ancestors; and the schools of remote Britain had a key to their ancient treasures which themselves did not possess. About a century since, a Greek priest of Gallipolis, on the Propontis, had rendered the Scriptures from the ancient Hellenic, which they did not understand, into the Romaic, or modified dialect spoken by the people in his day. An inconsiderable edition was printed and circulated, but poverty and oppression precluded the adequate supply; and, in the process of years, the dialect had so much changed, that, in many instances, the Romaic of the Gallipolitan papas was no longer intelligible. Then it was, that England, who, in the centuries that had intervened, had kept on in a steady course of improvement, found herself in a condition to assist her ancient instructress, and to come forward and pay in part a long-standing debt of gratitude. It was under the care of Englishmen that the New Testament was again revised, compared with the ancient, and corrected and adapted in its modern idiom; and the presses of England—the press, a miraculous engine of good or evil unknown to the Greeks of old, England a barbarous island then scarcely noted on the world's horizon,—had supplied thousands of copies of the Book of Life to those regions from which she had originally derived the inestimable treasure. This is indeed a glorious restitution, and one, I hope, that will be persevered in, until we have effectually contributed to raise the civilisation, morality, and religion of those to whose predecessors we owe so much."

We must find room for a very pretty song of Miss Jewsbury's.

"She's on my heart, she's in my thoughts,
At midnight, morn, and noon;
December's snow beholds her there,
And there the rose of June,

I never breathe her lovely name
When wine and mirth go round,
But oh, the gentle moonlight air
Knows well the silver sound!
I care not if a thousand hear
When other maids I praise;
I would not have my brother by,
When upon her I gaze.
The dew were from the lily gone,
The gold had lost its shine,
If any but my love herself
Could hear me call her mine!"

There is an oriental and imaginative luxury about the following passage, that puts us in mind of what the prophet said of Damascus—"It is too delicious."

"In Damascus some of the best reciters are to be found; and the peculiar luxury and situation of its coffee-houses aid very much the effect of their narrations."

Much care and much good taste have been bestowed on these pages, nor have they been bestowed in vain. We can most cordially praise the *Amulet*.

The Jew of Arragon; or, the Hebrew Queen: a Tragedy in Five Acts. By Thomas Wade, author of "Duke Andrea," &c. 8vo. pp. 82. London, 1830. Smith, Elder, and Co.

So, in spite of the bit of mystification (as our French neighbours call it) which we noticed from the *Times*'s last week, the *Jew of Arragon* is Mr. Wade's after all. To be obliged to read such a thing, after being condemned to see it, is hard enough; but critics and reviewers were made to bear—and they do bear worse persecutions than ever were inflicted upon Jews of Arragon or elsewhere. It is some consolation that whatever names and other human names were used, they were generally food for the imagination, and derived from the most interesting and interesting actions. So, the names of the characters go through the play, and the names of the characters advertising our readers who are not acquainted with Mr. Wade's play, George Colman the younger, deputy licenser of plays, will not; but we think both very entertaining.

The preface apologises for calling the King of Arragon Alphonso; but the reason is sufficient—*Peter*, the real name, "not being sufficiently tragical," in the estimation of Thomas Wade. There is much in a name, whatever poets may say; and if Shakespeare's name had been *Tom*, he never could have drawn *Peter*, in "Romeo and Juliet." In another page, the author tells us that *Xavier* (talking of names, an exceedingly queer one for a Jew instead of a Jesuit!) is a creation of his own, and, consequently, that in the main design of the tragedy "he stands not in the least in the shadow of his foreign predecessor;" but what this means we cannot guess. The annexed is more intelligible.

"To confirm the opinion of two or three sensible people, that there is at least one superfluous office in the state, those 'words and sentences' which were struck by the deputy play-licenser from the manuscript copy of the tragedy submitted to him for his approval, I have caused to be printed in italics: the liberal reader will smile in perusing them; and deign, perhaps, to anticipate with some pleasure the speedy abolition of a childish tribunal. Of course, the revered name of the Deity, wherever it occurs, was erased by the great religious and moral pen of the licenser, and altogether abjured in stage-utterance: still, I have not

* We ought to have remembered, that the drama which speaks so forcibly of the precocious talent of Miss F. Kemble relates to Francis the First and his times in France.—Ed. L. G.

hesitated to retain it in many places; having yet to learn that it is not the part of the dramatist to make his characters speak as men speak; having yet to feel, that piety, or impiety, dwells rather in words than thoughts—on the lips, than in the mind."

And, in good sooth, the exhibition of this curious order in the licensing system is the most ludicrous of absurdities. It is almost too ridiculous to be credited; but here are the italics shewing the words, phrases, and lines, struck out by the venerable author of "Broad Grins;" and, what is more, we have taken the trouble to note a few passages which the same morality and sagacity have allowed to stand. Perhaps the Licenser only read the alternate pages; how else can we account for his commissions and omissions, for his sharp-sightedness and blindness?

OUT.

By command of George Colman the younger, Deputy-Licenser, &c. &c.

"Before the Red Sea-miracle (p. 3).

And have been, since we wept at Babylon;
And shall be, till we gather us again
In the divine Jerusalem foretold.
O, Judah! thou art gone out from thyself;
My country! thou'rt the shadow of a name (p. 7).

Were ye gather'd,
O, were ye gather'd, ye were terrible
Within the world—and body, and set up
'Mid the prime potentates—the curse of Heaven
That hangs so dark and heavily upon ye
Cannot endure for ever; and ye shall be,
Ye shall be a proud nation once again—
And heed your prophets, princes, and your rulers,
As in the time of old—it is decreed! (ib.)

But I, the rightful heir of your great kings,
Must live a stranger to your renovation (ib.)
But our decrees, like those of that great power
We represent on earth, never know change (p. 15).

And send thy royal spirit,
Ill-placed on earth, to seek its throne in heaven (p. 16).
Her honour excellent as her's for whom
The patriarch served a two-fold apprenticeship (p. 17).

O, filthy beast! as if my Rachel were
A courtesan and lovel mixt for the sport!
Why, would he force her—as the Roman did,
I'd kill her by the shambles, rather than—(ib.)

That were a glory of like eminence
With the noble deed of Judith. Bless me, Heaven!
And make my hopes, in their accomplishment,
Thine own and Israel's glory: if I fail—
Take back the breath of life; thy pleasure gave me (p. 24).

Damn'd by a vulgar Jewess (p. 30).
Thou'rt Israel's saviour, Xavier! (p. 32).
Praise be to God! deep-hearted praise to God! (p. 33).
Heaven save you! (ib.)

And Israel sing
Her Alleluia, as she sang of yore (ib.)
God grant it prove not Israel's overthrow! (p. 38).
O, he is guarded by the omnipotent God! (p. 40).

Traitress! that art a curse to Christendom,
Kneel to thy fate (ib.)
Heaven keep your grace! (p. 43).

Sir, I go;
And leave thee to that lowest slavery
Which the earth knows, the slavery of kings
To their mechanic subjects (p. 46).
Thou damned Jew! thou royal, righteous dog! (p. 48).

Ay! and if any virtue live in prayer,
If any blessing in a righteous cause: (p. 52).
And prayer unto the King of Israel! (p. 56).

Cortes, 'tis fit the people be indulg'd:
Purchas'd, they'd use our chambers and our gardens,
To eat, and drink, and take their pleasures in?
Be sure they shall: 'indulgence' is the word:
Trench'd they upon aristocratic power,
What would my lords say then?—then would it be—
'Fie herd, the 'common nothing,' 'ident brutes!'
Now 'tis 'the people'—and, 'their majesty!' (p. 58.)
Else is no joy left in eternity (p. 60).

The drear'st cave
That foreshows hell's feign'd gloom upon the earth (p. 61).
Heaven guard thee, lady! (p. 70).

Thou fair
And exquisite image of the living God!" (p. 83).

Observe, all the foregoing passages and words in italics are expunged by the Licenser, who has allowed the following to remain:—

IN.

"Now, by heaven's God! although a Christian (p. 4).
God bless her (p. 6).

By Judah's God! my liege, it makes me mad (p. 13).

The procession
Of jubilee and marriage—bless the bride!—
Moves to the temple of the Dam of Christ! (p. 19).
The God of Judah in two kindred hearts
Hath lit one revolution (p. 23).

Retribution,
Unto God's chosen through wide Arragon (p. 29).
I thank thee, Israel's God, that thou hadst made me (p. 33).

Would to Heaven's God!
My feet were on the upstart Xavier's neck;
His daughter in my arms (p. 35).
They shall not, by the cross! (ib.)

Now, by all the saints! (ib.)
Jewess! repent thy sins, and pray to Christ,
And make thy choosing between heaven and hell (p. 46).
God bless thee! (p. 63).

Unlock my tears, dear God! (p. 72).
For fear, insult the God of Israel! (p. 74).
O, mercy! God of Israel!—mercy! mercy! (p. 78).
God bless thee! and sweet peace attend thy soul!" (p. 81).

It is hardly possible to conceive any thing more contemptible than this tom-foolery on the part of the Licenser: but the piece itself is almost as puerile. Its perusal in the study confirms the opinion we formed of it on the stage. To be sure, we did not hear the dedication to the Jews—a paltry device to catch the children of Israel; and which did take them in one night—but it was only to see themselves made so worthless, that no favour could be shewn by Jew or Christian. Cumberland's Sheva had an effect; Wade's Xavier, Rachel, and Reuben, could have none, except to enforce the moral, that they richly merited all their misfortunes. Next the poetry: poetry!!

"Alphonso's grown a common reveler—
Crows 'mid his women like a Musselman."

We were not aware of this ornithological propensity in Mahometanism. Then for the dignity of the hen—we beg pardon, the heroine—

"He loved a Jewess better than a Jew;
But she, sir, with her pretty Hebrew nails,
Writ her religion on his Christian skin
In red-line characters; and since that hap,
The Devil and a Jew are one to him."

In the next page, 5, we find the pillory extant in Saragossa at the remote date of Peter of Castile—a fact we recommend to the Society of Antiquaries, which may also please to inform us whether potatoes or gingerbread nuts were most employed by the populace in pelting the criminals. We cannot class the following with any figure of speech or poetical trope with which we are acquainted:—

"That I am happy, sir,
Even to the top of joy; and truth is, swim
In the deep tide of my felicity
So giddily, 'tis marvel I not drown."

The top of joy being in the deep tide, reminds us of a drowned steeple; and we cannot wonder at a princess swimming in such a place, being likely to drown.* But Isabel is extremely ill used throughout; for Xavier, the Jew, is quite rude to her on his introduction at court:—

"Enter Xavier.
Alphonso, Thou'rt welcome, Xavier.
Xavier, I'm not quite sure of that. I thank your highness.

Alph. Jew! thou forget'st thy wonted courtesy,
Paying no homage to a lady by;
And she the bride elect of Arragon:
Hath she thy tribute?

Xav. I do think her fair;
But since my youth, I've found fair oft is foul,
Which knowledge moderates doting.
Isabella, O, sir Jew,
Must I then be the flatterer? Trust me, Xavier,

* The notions of drowning are odd throughout: for Rachel mentions a case far beyond the powers of the Royal Humane Society, when she tells us, p. 25, "My head drowns in my heart."

Thou look'st a very King of Israel;
And I could deem that, twenty years ago,
Thou had'st a Christian power o'er Christian maids,
Infecting them with Jewish honesty.
Xav. They've Christians plenty, dame, to serve the
turn

You drive at. Lucky! Strange beasts couple not.
Manrique. But now thou art a very scurvy fellow;
Nothing but Jew—Jew all, from top to toe—
That gazing on the beauty of a princess,
Kneel'st not in worship; thou art stiff-neck'd Jew;
And I could wish we were well rid of thee:
Thy presence does infect a circumciser."

What abominable trash—all left in by Mr. Colman! All that *Manrique*, who delivers the last speech, says, is, like much of the play, a miserable parody upon the Jew of Venice. The language put into the mouth of even the sweet and innocent heroine ought to have awakened as much indignation as any obnoxious newspaper expression we have heard. For example:

"*Rachel.* Fare thee well, my sire:
This edict shall be void, and Israel free;
Or I am not the daughter of my lord.
But a base farm-house trull,* for nothing meet
Save the day's drudgery."

The poverty and nonsense of the style may be farther guessed from the annexed particulars:—

"We shall be *stay'd* of our great fortunes now.
Xav. Silence! base, bearded merchant!"

Xavier, the Jew, using *bearded* as a term of reproach! †

"I will come through, though dagger-struck."
"Thine eyes are treach'rous besacons, towards which
steering,!"—

This line is as good as a line and a half of the best imperial heroic measure; nor is the next to be rejected for want of length.

"Which falling in one scale, make love-griefs light i' the
other."

But we must give a burst:—

"*Xavier.* Stand I till I bid thee strike—be not too hot.
Out of my gates, ye Christian woman-slayers!
On whose ferocious hearts, nor streaming locks,
Lustuous as sun-set, nor heaven-kindred eyes,
Nor dew'd rose-cheeks, nor beauty-breathing lips,
Love-rounded bosom, nor the delicate hands
Of ladies, clasp'd and trickling piteously,
Washed by the tears of anguish; ye whose hearts,
All these—that well might move the brutes o' the wild—
Move not at all—out, out of *Xavier's* gates!
Or shall his garden-flowers drip with your blood?"

A bit of farce, to contrast with this bit of fine. The Jews have sent an express to hasten the troops up; and our worthy friend *Reuben* says—

"If but that messenger keep up the gallop,
Our sun to-morrow may rise very cloudless:
Let him ride so; and after, break his neck;
He cannot live to do a better thing."

To which the equally worthy *Xavier* responds, in the most Christian and clerk-like fashion—
"Amen! good *Reuben*."

The Princess *Isabel* having won the affections of the Jewish girl left to watch her, "by delicate attentions," is helped to jump into a boat and be off,—when again our most ludicrous friend *Reuben* rushes in, "bleeding and faint," and manfully assures *Xavier*—

"I bleed, sir; and had fought unto the death,
Could it have aught avail'd—but she escaped:
I slew the trait'rous wench that aided her!"

This bathos raised a hearty laugh: but it was not more comic than the few further brief specimens with which we shall conclude.

"Alphonso 'waits thee, *Rachel*:
This is his heart's day of half shower, half sun;
And thou its rainbow, that with glorious beauty
Gives covenant of joy—sky-tinted hope,
That lives in the sun of things."

"*Manrique.*—Your courser, my great liege! strikes up
the ground,

* See Johnson's Dictionary.
† *Isabel*, the princess, does the same in an elegant speech the addresses to *Xavier*:—

"I'd rather be attended by a bear,
Or than this hideous ape that screams i' the wild,
Than this thy vulgar, bearded infidel!"

Till the air startles with an upward shower
Of grass and dust: he stands magnificent!
And with a tossing head, champing the bit,
And his mane shaking like a cloud i' the wind,
Reproaches royally his royal lord—
Delaying high enthronement on his back:
The dogs make music; and the huntsman's soul
Frets in his eye: Will 't please my liege to mount?
King. You come in time, *Manrique.* All to horse!
Sweet *Rachel*, we will hear thy dream to-night,
And thou shalt laugh then at thy now affright."

But we have done, and gladly read the last stage direction after the leading personages are slain: it runs thus—"He lies the body upon the altar-steps;" to which we say with *Xavier*, "Amen." there let it lie, never to rise again. Seeing the production is altogether so wretched, we need not comment on new-coined words and other lesser follies; but as the writer in his preface alludes to critics who have condemned, and others who have praised him, we shall simply say, that these are nothing to us. We heed not enemies nor parasites: our own judgment was independent, and we have demonstrated its truth.

The Rectory of Valehead. By the Rev. R. W. Evans. 12mo. pp. 287. London, 1830. Smith, Elder, and Co.

UNIVERSALLY and cordially do we recommend this delightful volume. Impressed with the genuine spirit of Christianity; a diary, as it were, of the feelings, hopes, and sorrows, of a clergyman's family,—it comes home to all, either in sympathy or example. It is a beautiful picture of a religious household, influencing to excellence all within its sphere. We believe no young person could read this work, and not be the better for its pious and touching lessons. It is a page taken from the book of life, and eloquent with all the instruction of an excellent pattern: it is a commentary on the affectionate warning—"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." We like the following passage much:—

"It is a common remark, that the advantages enjoyed by a numerous family are pretty nearly compensated by the greater number of misfortunes to which, of course, they are liable. But it has seldom been observed, how much more patiently such misfortunes are borne; the superior advantages of community in affliction are fully equal to those experienced in the participation of enjoyment. More topics of consolation are presented, in proportion to the number: there is a generous rivalry in administering to the general consolation, which receives its reward in a more prompt and complete mastery over individual feeling: and, frequently, one rises above the rest, with all the authority of a prophet, to whose guidance all submit, and in that submission find employment for that redundant affection, the immediate object of which is now no more."

We think there is much truth in the ensuing remarks:—

"He did not encourage us in taking the care of animals as our amusement, while he promoted our love of fostering plants to the utmost of his power. I perceive the wisdom of his distinction. In the former case, the passions of the creature provoke in return the worst passions of its master; and its occasional resistance to his whim and caprice rouses into action the elementary feelings of tyranny. Besides, its condition in the creation comes too near our own to suggest much beyond the usual routine of thought in a child. But in plants there are no passions to combat, there is no victory to be gained, which, in proportion to its completeness, inflicts on the conqueror himself the deeper moral wound. They obey

implicitly, and shew a kind of passive gratitude by faithfully exhibiting in their growth and appearance the smallest exertion of his hands. At the same time, the child soon finds that, however fond he may be of indulging a cruel caprice or curiosity, he must forego it here. They can yield him no homage of cries and groans by which to feed his feeling of power. But the beauty, tenderness, and delicacy of forms by which they return his labours, win his heart, and call forth its best affections. At the same time, every thing concerning them leads him on to the contemplation of an agent besides himself. Between the placing of the root in the ground, and the putting forth of the blossom, he perceives that a hand must be working when his own is idle, and without whose working his own would have been uselessly employed in the very first instance. Day after day, he comes to see more and more the subserviency of his operations to those of this hand, and that continual working of Providence, which from its familiarity escapes our view in looking on ourselves, presents itself here almost palpable at every turn, and God is walking in the garden as in Paradise of old. Such was the process, as far as I can now conceive, of my thoughts; in addition to this, I reaped an inferior, though important, advantage. I was led to note times and seasons, and learn the value of an opportunity. But our fondness for the garden, and familiarity with its objects and operations, laid a fund for moral and religious illustration, whence my father dealt out to us with no sparing hand; he followed, indeed, the example of a greater Teacher still, who hath bidden us look at the lilies of the field, who figured himself under the vine, and cursed the unbelieving Jerusalem in the barren fig-tree. Such illustrations come at once to the heart; they refer us to scenes of pure and innocent delight; and we feel a lurking flattery, despite of a melancholy feeling of the frailty of tenure which such types exhibit, at the being compared to flowers, glad that we can in any degree resemble and call to mind these beautiful and innocent tribes of creation. From the laying of the seed in the ground, till it re-appear in the pod an hundred, or perhaps ten thousand fold, and come again into our hands to re-commit to earth, what a series of analogies for moral illustration! Birth, infancy, youth, manhood, old age, and death, are thrust upon our reflection by a single plant, in one short summer."

There are some slight faults of style—mean phraseology is not simplicity: but, as a whole, we have not, for some time, seen a work we could so deservedly praise, or so conscientiously recommend. It is prettily and neatly got up—which, for the benefit of our untechnical readers, means, that it is prettily and neatly bound, printed, and embellished.

An Address to the Governors and Directors of the Public Charity Schools, pointing out some Defects, and suggesting Remedies. By Montagu Burgoyne, Esq. 8vo. pp. 41. London, 1829. Rivington.—Second edition, 1830.

WE would call attention to this important and benevolent pamphlet, at a period when distress prevails so generally, and when every practical suggestion which has a chance of diminishing the misery under which the country, and especially the lower orders groan, ought to arrest the most earnest consideration. It is true that the public mind is almost as much distracted by proposed remedies, as by the evils which afflict it; but this only renders it the

more essential to sift every scheme with patience, and to weigh well what may in any degree alleviate the sufferings of the people. Mr. Burgoyne combines two great objects—education and relief; and in both he seems to us to stand upon sure grounds. We do not imagine that the adoption of his plan would remove all the burdens that affect our social system; but we do conscientiously believe that it would do immense good, and go a great way in reconciling the multitude to those remaining troubles which it could not redress. Besides, it has been tried, and it has succeeded; and what has succeeded in a local district would succeed, if spread, all over the country. There is no gainsaying the conclusion.

Education unconnected with habits of labour and industry is a curse, and not a blessing; and it is by losing sight of this grand principle, that many well-meant undertakings to promote the instruction of the poor have been so fatal to the happiness of those whose condition they were intended to improve.

“The public,” says our author, “have been much deceived by being told that education prevents crime. I have no doubt that when habits of industry are taught, and employment found, this blessed effect will ensue; but when they are neglected, I very much fear that delinquency will increase with what is vulgarly called the march of intellect. This has long been my opinion; but to ascertain the fact, I have visited almost every place, either of refuge for the distressed, or punishment for the vicious; and I submit my report to the public, that they may form their own judgment. I will begin with the boys: the case of the House of Correction, where I found that many of the boys who had been educated at the national schools in the country, and at the large charity schools: at the House of Correction, Clerkenwell, I found twenty-eight lads who had received their education in national or large charity schools, mostly in the country: in Newgate I found a considerable number who had been in the country national schools, or other large charity schools; but on consulting the school-master in Newgate, he examined his accounts, and found that of 688 males whom he had admitted to his school, within the last six years, nearly two-thirds had come from the national or other large charity schools. In the Refuge for the Destitute, that admirable charity for reclaiming youths who have gone astray, and checking juvenile delinquency by means of habits of industry and lessons of morality, I found thirty boys who had been in country national schools; most of whom were induced to come to town, in hopes of what they call bettering themselves, but being disappointed, became thieves. In St. Margaret’s Workhouse, Westminster, I saw five stout boys, from ten to fourteen, just come out of a national school. In the large places of confinement at Milbank and Brixton, and at several of the large workhouses, the result of my inquiry was the same. But there is one remark which I think it proper to make,—that among all the governors and superintendents of these places of refuge and confinement, they all agree with me, that education and instruction given to the children of the poor, without habits of labour and industry, are the contrary to a blessing, both to them and to their country. I have also received strong confirmation of my opinions from correspondents in country towns, where large national schools, without industry, are

established. With such proofs of the correctness of my opinions on this subject, I should condemn myself if I did not use my best endeavours to promote a change in the mode of education of the poor; and I can discover no better means, than first to lay before the public these proofs, and then to establish a scholastic institution in a populous part of the kingdom, where works of labour and industry will be combined with instruction afforded to the poor. The success of this attempt must depend on the opinion of the public, not on mine; though I am supported in this attempt by both the archbishops, the bishop of the diocese, where this establishment is commenced, and many of the clergy. I am aware that I have given offence to several members of the national school; this offence has arisen entirely from my being misunderstood; so far from finding fault with the management of the central school in Baldwyn’s Buildings, I consider it as a pattern for all other schools: I have long been connected with it; I have received assistance from them; and I flatter myself have been enabled to do some good in a parish where for many years I have acted as churchwarden under very peculiar circumstances. I have my great doubts, whether a system of labour and industry can be introduced in a school, professedly established for the instruction of masters as well as of scholars; but in regard to other schools I have no doubt. What I contend for is, that if these young people had received less literary attainment, and more instruction on works of labour and industry, they would have been more able to provide for themselves—more happy and content with their line of life, without aspiring to situations out of their reach.—If the fate of the male part of the children of the poor excites our compassion, what shall we say of the females, who are kept at these national schools to the age of fourteen, and then dismissed, in complete ignorance of the duties of menial servants, or any other instruction but that of fine work, and of dressing themselves to the best advantage? If a governess, a house-keeper, a lady’s maid, &c. are wanted, the candidates are many; but when a servant is wanted for the most menial offices, I submit to the mistresses of families, whether the same applications occur? Nay, I know myself a place of rendezvous, or house of calling for female servants, where a few years ago there were above 500 applications in the year, and at present there are not twenty. The question then is, what becomes of all these unhappy disappointed females, who come to town in full hopes and expectation of those advantages they expected to find from the superior education they have received? It is painful to think of them. Many of them I have found in those places of refuge and punishment I have mentioned; the result of my inquiry must I think excite the compassion of their sex, and incline them to support a system of labour and industry, calculated to save others from such a state of misery and wretchedness. The first place I visited was the Lock Hospital, where I found nine of these unhappy females come from national schools in the country with the same hopes and disappointment. In justice to that excellent charity, I cannot refrain saying, that they all appeared completely penitent, and resolved to lead a new life. At the Female Penitentiary at Pentonville, which institution equally claims our admiration, I found thirteen of these unhappy females. At that excellent establishment, the Magdalen, though I had every support and assistance from the humane,

pious, and enlightened gentleman, the Rev. Mr. Green, secretary, I had some difficulty to distinguish between the national and other charity schools; however, I ascertained for a certainty that there were four from the national school. In Newgate I found several; and among them the famous Maria Keely, who had been condemned to be hanged—was pardoned; but returning to her former malpractices, is now under sentence of transportation. I find that she was teacher in one of the national schools. In the House of Correction in Clerkenwell, I found twelve from the national schools, and seventeen from other charity schools. In the Guardian Asylum, which does so much credit to those humane and kind-hearted ladies who superintend it, I found seven who came to town from national schools in Bath, Bristol, and Somersetshire. If this number can be proved to have suffered from the present mode of education, it is melancholy to think how large a number may be supposed to have fallen victims to it. An attempt is now making to adopt a new plan with labour and industry—the promoter of it will do his duty. He solicits assistance from the public in any way they may be pleased to give it.”

To this array of truth, of facts which speak, trumpet-tongued, for themselves, what answer can be returned? Why, adopt the system which must tend to prevent so much crime and wretchedness;—make children capable of industrious provision for themselves, while you are teaching them the otherwise injurious qualities of reading and writing;—if you impart knowledge, impart with it a good direction of that which is truly called power: if not, it becomes a power to do mischief to the whole body of society, and, like the talismans in eastern tales intrusted to unskillful hands, is pre-eminently ruinous to its possessor.

Not so Mr. Burgoyne’s plan near Potton, and in Bedfordshire. Here a school of forty boys and forty girls, under the care of a master and mistress, in separate buildings, had the following rules laid down.

“That they be taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, but that half the school hours be spent in works of labour and industry; the boys to mend their own clothes and shoes, clean knives and shoes, to use the needle and hammer as well as the pen; also to be employed in out-of-door work, such as digging, gardening, hedging and ditching, and ploughing, when an opportunity offers.—That the girls be employed in needlework, washing and ironing, mending their own clothes, in the business of a dairy, and in such practices of housewifery as may fit and recommend them to good services.—That the expense of this establishment be provided for by a public subscription, but that each child do pay weekly 3d. for the instruction and advantages it may obtain in these schools. * * * That, in order to encourage regular attendance and good behaviour, small plots of land be given to those boys who shall be recommended by the master, which, on certain conditions, they shall cultivate for the benefit of their parents.”

And in this last clause consists the genuine spirit of a right system; not only yielding healthy employment to the children, but wedding their parents to the good cause by the benefits they derive from it, and by the interest it gives them in its continuance. With regard to them it is a beautiful design, and one that would add materially to their comforts and enjoyments. How delighted must a father or a mother be to see their humble board covered with wholesome food, the produce of

their children's useful toils while relaxed from the discipline of school! The same applies to housewifery taught to the girls. Much do we lament that we cannot go into the details of this admirable project. The Rev. Mr. Henry Clissold, in his philanthropic tract for promoting a Central National Institution of Home Colonies, designed to instruct and employ distressed and unoccupied poor on waste lands in spade husbandry, asserts, "that we have within the limits of our home territory, ten millions of acres of mere waste, uncultivated land, infinitely superior in quality to the land brought into spade tillage by our Flemish neighbours." Of this a paradise might be made (as far as human depravity admits); and instead of the sin and starvation we see around us on every side, the whole mass of the pauper population might be lifted upon it to civilisation, contentment, and plenty.

National Library, No. III. History of Chemistry, Vol. I. By Thomas Thomson, M.D. F.R.S.A. &c. 12mo. pp. 349. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

ONE of the first triumphs of human intellect was the knowledge of the objects around, and an acquaintance with the external character, or the form, age, colour, and hardness, which exist in endless variety, and which, by furnishing specific differences, afford the true elements of natural science. The next step was an inquiry into the properties of these substances or existing things, and from them to obtain a knowledge of their constitution. Such would be the origin of chemistry, which, *germing* with the inquiring mind of man, was cultivated by the eastern nations, the Chinese, the Hindoos, and subsequently by the Arabians, to alleviate the diseases incident to humanity, shone, for a short time, under the dazzling but deceitful sun of Alchemy, grew with the progress of the arts, and was finally cultivated for its own pure self as a science, which, above all others perhaps, tends to enlarge the understanding, and to give comprehensive views of the method and simplicity of the Deity.

It was not absolutely necessary that to be the historian of so well-marked and distinct a science, the author should himself have followed a career of discovery, and be entitled to occupy no contemptible situation in that history. In the ardour for the cause of science, which has been introduced by the activity of the press, nothing is neglected to render every subject worthy of a discerning public; and to this attention are we indebted for the excellent *History of Chemistry*, which forms the third Number of the *National Library*.

"Chemistry," says Dr. Thomson, "unlike the other sciences, sprang originally from delusion and superstition, and was at its commencement exactly on a level with magic and astrology. Even after it began to be useful to man, by furnishing him with better and more powerful medicines than the ancient physicians were acquainted with, it was long before it could shake off the trammels of alchemy, which hung upon it like a nightmare, cramping and blunting all its energies, and exposing it to the scorn and contempt of the enlightened part of mankind."

This is true as far as regards the effect which alchemy had of bringing the attention of philosophers to the advantages of method in their researches, and, consequently, to establish chemistry as a science. It is further true, if we take chemistry in the limited sense, as it first occurs in Suidas, (*χημεία, chemia*), che-

mistry, the preparation of silver and gold. It is not true as applied to the general objects of that science, nor to the definition which the present age has given it.

In chapter second—and *quare*, should not chapter second have come before chapter first?—we find that "scientific chemistry took its origin from the collection and comparison of the chemical facts, made known by the practice and improvement of those branches of manufactures which can only be conducted by chemical processes;" a statement which would be at variance with the first assertion, if we did not take into consideration how the numerous sources whence a science may originate, may, from a neglect in assigning to each its due value, be brought in opposition to one another, instead of being condensed into one. We must either take the mind or the science as the basis of the definition: if we take the former, we might, perhaps, find that we are all chemists: if the latter, we should find that chemistry could only exist when, as a science, the observations of the number were reduced by method, so as to be useful to a single individual. Firm in our opinion of the absolute necessity of accurate definitions, we act upon the principle of the celebrated Moles in considering *natural historical properties* as distinct from the *chemical properties*, as much so as mineralogy and geology are from chemistry: we hence cannot see any advance made by the ancients to a knowledge of chemistry, in the discovery of gold or cinabar, nor until they modified these substances by other influences, extracted one substance from another, or dived into the secrets of their elementary constitution.

Alchemy came with a slow, but wide-spreading influence—it carried the imagination along with it—it excited cupidity, and aroused that love of the mysterious and wonderful which characterises the human mind. Its professors asserted the opinion, that the baser metals contain the same constituents as gold; contaminated, indeed, with various impurities, but capable, when these impurities were removed, or remedied, of assuming all the properties and characters of gold. They distinguished by the name of *lapis philosophorum*, or philosopher's stone, the substance possessing this wonderful power; and they usually describe it as a red powder, having a peculiar smell. There are many stories on record of men who had this stone in their possession; but the Professor only states two or three, which, he says, depend upon the most unexceptionable evidence.

"About the year 1650 an unknown Italian came to Geneva, and took lodgings at the sign of the *Green Cross*. After remaining there a day or two, he requested De Luc, the landlord, to procure him a man acquainted with Italian, to accompany him through the town, and point out those things which deserved to be examined. De Luc was acquainted with M. Gros, at that time about twenty years of age, and a student in Geneva, and knowing his proficiency in the Italian language, requested him to accompany the stranger. To this proposition he willingly acceded, and attended the Italian every where for the space of a fortnight. The stranger now began to complain of want of money, which alarmed M. Gros not a little—for at that time he was very poor—and he became apprehensive, from the tenour of the stranger's conversation, that he intended to ask the loan of money from him. But instead of this, the Italian asked him if he was acquainted with any goldsmith, whose bellows and other utensils they might be permitted to use, and who would not refuse to

supply them with the different articles requisite for a particular process which he wanted to perform. M. Gros named a M. Bureau, to whom the Italian immediately repaired. He readily furnished crucibles, pure tin, quicksilver, and the other things required by the Italian. The goldsmith left his workshop, that the Italian might be under the less restraint, leaving M. Gros, with one of his own workmen, as an attendant. The Italian put a quantity of tin into one crucible, and a quantity of quicksilver into another. The tin was melted in the fire, and the mercury heated. It was then poured into the melted tin, and at the same time a red powder enclosed in wax was projected into the amalgam. An agitation took place, and a great deal of smoke was exhaled from the crucible; but this speedily subsided, and the whole being poured out, formed six heavy ingots, having the colour of gold. The goldsmith was called in by the Italian, and requested to make a rigid examination of the smallest of these ingots. The goldsmith, not content with the touchstone and the application of aqua fortis, exposed the metal on the cupel with lead, and fused it with antimony, but it sustained no loss. He found it possessed of the ductility and specific gravity of gold; and full of admiration, he exclaimed that he had never worked before upon gold so perfectly pure. The Italian made him a present of the smallest ingot as a recompense, and then, accompanied by M. Gros, he repaired to the mint, where he received from M. Bacuet, the mint-master, a quantity of Spanish gold coin, equal in weight to the ingots which he had brought. To M. Gros he made a present of twenty pieces, on account of the attention that he had paid to him; and, after paying his bill at the inn, he added fifteen pieces more, to serve to entertain M. Gros and M. Bureau for some days, and in the mean time he ordered a supper, that he might, on his return, have the pleasure of supping with these two gentlemen. He went out, but never returned, leaving behind him the greatest regret and admiration. It is needless to add, that M. Gros and M. Bureau continued to enjoy themselves at the inn till the fifteen pieces, which the stranger had left, were exhausted."

Mangetus gives also the following relation, which he states upon the authority of an English bishop, who communicated it to him in the year 1685, and at the same time gave him about half an ounce of the gold which the alchemist had made.

"A stranger, meanly dressed, went to Mr. Boyle, and after conversing for some time about chemical processes, requested him to furnish him with antimony and some other common metallic substances, which then fortunately happened to be in Mr. Boyle's laboratory. These were put into a crucible, which was then placed in a melting-furnace. As soon as these metals were fused, the stranger shewed a powder to the attendants, which he projected into the crucible, and instantly went out, directing the servants to allow the crucible to remain in the furnace till the fire went out of its own accord, and promising at the same time to return in a few hours. But, as he never fulfilled this promise, Boyle ordered the cover to be taken off the crucible, and found that it contained a yellow-coloured metal, possessing all the properties of pure gold, and only a little lighter than the weight of the materials originally put into the crucible."

The revolution effected by the celebrated Van Helmont, shaking the Stagirical system to its foundation, substituting other principles, and giving an entirely new aspect to medicine

and the period, marked by the labours of Silvius, Willis, and Boyle, is treated of under the title of the "History of the Iatro-chemists." This system received its death-blow from the opposition of Pitcairne, and subsequently of Boerhaave. After carrying us from the opinions first supported by Paracelsus, and by the Iatro-chemists, which brings us to the commencement of the eighteenth century, the professor makes a retrograde step, and devotes a chapter to the consideration of the labours of that extraordinary man and great chemist, George Agricola. This was the period when metallurgy received its greatest impulse, and a new light was thrown upon the scarcely existing science of mineralogy and geology.

The attempts to establish a theory in chemistry, which Dr. Thomson traces as far back as the time of Lord Bacon, but assigns the credit of having been the first to construct a theory with propriety to the German Becher—occupies the next part of the work, which is certainly replete with interest;—a remark equally applicable to the unfinished chapters on the foundation and progress of scientific chemistry in Great Britain.

The labours of Dr. Cullen and Dr. Black are treated of in a masterly manner. Of the latter he relates a curious anecdote.

"There is an anecdote of Black which I was told by the late Mr. Benjamin Bell, of Edinburgh, author of a well-known system of surgery, and he assured me that he had it from the late Sir George Clarke, of Pennicuik, who was a witness of the circumstance related. Soon after the appearance of Mr. Cavendish's paper on hydrogen gas, in which he made an approximation to the specific gravity of that body, Dr. Black and I were one day at a dinner-table, and Dr. Black invited a party of us to his laboratory, to see an experiment that he had just made, which was told us by Dr. Hutton, of Edinburgh, and Sir George Clarke of Pennicuik, who were present. When the experiment was made, we took them into a room. He had the allentois of a calf filled with hydrogen gas, and upon setting it at liberty, it immediately ascended, and adhered to the ceiling. The phenomenon was easily accounted for: it was taken for granted that a small black thread had been attached to the allentois, that this thread passed through the ceiling, and that some one in the apartment above, by pulling the thread, elevated it to the ceiling, and kept it in this position. This explanation was so probable, that it was acceded to by the whole company; though, like many other plausible theories, it turned out wholly unfounded; for when the allentois was brought down no thread whatever was found attached to it. Dr. Black explained the cause of the ascent to his admiring friends; but such was his carelessness of his own reputation, and of the information of the public, that he never gave the least account of this curious experiment even to his class; and more than twelve years elapsed before this obvious property of hydrogen gas was applied to the elevation of air-balloons, by M. Charles, in Paris."

Another anecdote, and we have finished. It is of the celebrated Cavendish.

"He was shy and bashful to a degree bordering on disease; he could not bear to have any person introduced to him, or to be pointed out in any way as a remarkable man. One Sunday evening he was standing at Sir Joseph Banks's in a crowded room, conversing with Mr. Hatchett, when Dr. Ingenhousz, who had a good deal of pomposity of manner, came up with an Austrian gentleman in his hand, and

introduced him formally to Mr. Cavendish. He mentioned the titles and qualifications of his friend at great length, and said that he had been peculiarly anxious to be introduced to a philosopher so profound and so universally known and celebrated as Mr. Cavendish. As soon as Dr. Ingenhousz had finished, the Austrian gentleman began, and assured Mr. Cavendish that his principal reason for coming to London was to see and converse with one of the greatest ornaments of the age, and one of the most illustrious philosophers that ever existed. To all these high-flown speeches Mr. Cavendish answered not a word, but stood with his eyes cast down, quite abashed, and confounded. At last, spying an opening in the crowd, he darted through it with all the speed of which he was master; nor did he stop till he reached his carriage, which drove him directly home."

We are inclined to think that the most difficult and perhaps interesting part of the history of chemistry will present itself in the continuation of this excellent work; we allude particularly to the comparison of the modern progress effected by the continental philosophers and the British, more especially the introduction of the atomic philosophy, which itself is so much indebted to the learned professor for the development which it has assumed. Compiled with judgment, and arranged with clearness and precision, this work derives a further interest from the enthusiasm with which the author has treated his subject; while its popular style will ensure it a very extensive perusal.

Life and Adventures of Giovanni Finati.

London, 1830. Murray.

OF this very curious publication we must defer our review till next week, owing to the lateness of the hour at which it reached us; but this we regret the less, as we believe we have the only copy which has been completed, and the volumes will hardly be before the world till we also appear in another *Literary Gazette*. Finati's was a life of strange and memorable adventure in Asia and Africa: Othello himself had not more imminent 'scapes. His account of the Wahabee war, of which he was a witness, is very interesting; but we can only select two or three characteristic anecdotes, which will afford a slight idea of this various and extraordinary production.

Egyptian Thieves.—While in the service of the Pasha of Egypt, he tells us, "Whilst moored at Minieh, one night, preparatory to my going to rest, I had retired to some distance from my companions, on the shore, and was there in no favourable posture for defence: it was dark, but I thought that I could distinguish something moving on the ground near me, which I supposed to be a dog; but a stone which I threw soon discovered my error, for a man started up, and seemed to slink away to a distance, so that I looked no more after him; but, within a very few seconds, I felt him leap suddenly on me from behind, and lay violent hold both of my wrists and of my throat, and so drag me along backwards with him into a pit close at hand, which is filled by the Nile at some seasons, but was then dry. He was a powerful man; and I had no arms whatever upon me for defending myself; so that, keeping me still throttled with one hand, and kneeling on me, he proceeded to rifle me with the other, in search of money, or whatever might be worth his taking; but finding nothing, he gave me at last a stab in the right shoulder, with a little crooked knife which he wore, and as he loosed me, struck several blows with a stick to pre-

vent my following. I hastened back to the boat, and there, shewing my wound, told my comrades what had just happened; upon which all immediately armed themselves, and hastened to the spot; but, though so little time had been lost, and they searched for hours together in all directions, no signs of the culprit were discoverable: I had, however, the consolation of knowing that he was without booty, and that the cut which he had given me, though it bled much in the first moments, was of little consequence. An adventure of this nature had nothing in it that was uncommon at that time,—the Egyptian peasantry were become quite a nation of thieves, and had carried their art to a high degree of skill and perfection; in fact, the confusion of the times, and the constant struggles between the Pasha's army and the Mamelukes had so taken away from them all opportunity for industry or honest gains, as well as all security for property, and had so laid waste the villages and the whole territory, that a better course of life could hardly be expected from them; robberies, therefore, and violences, and even murders, became matters of daily occurrence. We were destined, a little lower down, to witness an act of still greater audacity, and which brought with it far more fatal effects. We had put to shore near Benysoouef, and after having dined together at noon in one of the great groves of palm-trees, continued sitting there all the afternoon; and to pass the time, were amusing ourselves with games of cards and dice. The stakes were trifling at first, but rose as we proceeded; and from playing, at the outset, for paras, we advanced at last to gold; the interest, of course, grew deeper in proportion, and before night-fall some had been winners of considerable sums. The losers were now in no temper to leave off; and so, when it grew dark, lanterns were lighted, and hung from the trees, that the game might be continued. This drew several Arab thieves about us, who crept on, little by little, close to our circle, unperceived, for we of ourselves constituted a little crowd, being from thirty to forty soldiers, and were all so engrossed by our play, that we never noticed the strangers, but took for granted that all who were standing or sitting round, were our own attendants or the boat's crew; and the light, indeed, which our lanterns gave, was hardly sufficient to have undeceived us. Whilst each was sitting with his little heap of money before him, intent upon the cards, which were dealing round at the moment, some of these roguish interlopers suddenly knocked the lights out, and others at the same instant discharging handfuls of dust into our eyes, snatched up as much of the money as they could lay hold of, and made off with it. In the first moment of surprise, none of us knew what had happened, and nothing remained to be seen but our own party. Without entering upon any explanation, or giving time for any, there began a general scuffle, every one in the number supposing himself robbed and insulted by his comrades. All had instant recourse to their arms, which were unfortunately at hand, some stabbing with their dirks, and some cutting with their sabres; and the confusion and bloodshed proceeded so far, that they did not cease till nine of our party lay dead or dying on the ground, and several of the remainder grievously wounded; so that I considered myself fortunate in escaping with only a slight sabre-cut upon the arm. We learned afterwards, from some of the by-standers, when our spirits were calmed and more brought to reason, what it

was that had really taken place, and that they had in vain tried to stop our hands in time, and to pacify our misdirected fury at the beginning of the fray. We were filled with shame and remorse; but there was no help for what had happened, so we mourned over our companions, and got them buried. Thus diminished in our numbers, we quitted Benysouef with horror, and paused for a while the next day opposite the pyramids of Dagshoor. One day more brought us to Old Cairo, from whence, some mounted and some on foot, we made our way to the city."

Soon after this, the massacre of the Mamelukes took place, of which the account is most vivid and appalling. Of those who escaped the slaughter, the after description is a remarkable picture of wild and warlike life.

"While some of the Mamelukes were encamped about Minieh, a thief set his mind upon carrying off the horse and wearing apparel of one of their beys, and with this intention contrived, in the dead of the night, to creep, unperceived, within the tent, where, as it was winter-time, embers were burning, and shewed the rich clothes of the bey lying close at hand. The thief, as he squatted down by the fire, drew them softly to him, and put them all on; and then, after filling a pipe, and lighting it, went deliberately to the tent door, and, tapping a groom, who was sleeping near, with the pipe end, made a sign to him for the horse, which stood piquetted in front. It was brought—he mounted—and rode off. On the morrow, when the clothes of the bey could no where be found, none could form a conjecture as to what had become of them, until the groom, on being questioned, maintained to his fellow-servants that their master was not yet returned from his ride, and told them how he had suddenly called for his horse in the night, which at last seemed to give some clue to what had really happened. Upon this, the bey, anxious to recover his horse, as well as curious to ascertain the particulars, ordered it to be published abroad, that, if the person who had robbed him would, within two days, bring back what he had taken, he should not only be freely pardoned, but should receive also the full value of the animal and of the suit of clothes. Relying on the good faith of this promise, and possibly, too, not a little vain of his exploit, the Arab presented himself, and brought his booty, and the bey also, on his part, punctually kept his word; but since, besides the loss, there was something in the transaction that placed the bey in rather a ludicrous light, it went hard with him to let the rogue depart so freely, and he seemed to be considering what he should do; so that, to gain time, he was continually asking over and over again fresh and more circumstantial accounts of the manner in which the stratagem had been conducted: the other was too crafty not to perceive that no good might be preparing for him, and began to feel anxious to get safe out of the scrape; he shewed no impatience, however, but entered minutely into every detail, accompanying the whole with a great deal of corresponding action; at one time sitting down by the fire, and making belief as though he were slyly drawing on the different articles of dress, so as to throw the bey himself, and all who saw and heard him, into fits of laughter. When he came at last to what concerned the horse, 'It was,' he said, 'brought to me, and I leaped upon his back;' and so in effect flinging himself again into the saddle, and spurring the flanks sharply with the stirrups, he rode off with all the money that

he had received for the animal in his pocket, and had got much too far during the first moments of surprise for any of the bullets to take effect that were fired at him in his flight; and nothing further was ever heard of him or the horse. The nightly instances of pillage in our camp happened sometimes under circumstances of scarcely less impudence and hazard, though they might not present any thing quite so entertaining as this to the reader; and we were so constantly receiving fresh warnings to be upon our guard, that at last the watching for thieves became an essential and prominent part of military duty, and the numbers caught or killed were very considerable. Among so many victims of our vigilance, there was one, at least, who was innocent, and I regret to add, that he fell by my hand. It was my week of service, and I occupied, with the six soldiers who were under me, a tent that stood a little apart from most of the others; here, one morning before daylight, while the rest were sleeping, I got out of bed, and was keeping watch, when the binbashee, or sergeant, of the tent that happened to be the nearest to us, having gone softly forwards from it to a short distance (as it seems was his constant practice an hour before sunrise), was there kneeling, and silently saying his prayers, a custom so little general, and especially at that hour, among soldiers, that I do not recollect to have seen it observed by any other, either before or since. All that I could discern was what seemed a human form, crouching towards the ground, and occasionally moving, for there was not light enough to distinguish the precise posture, much less the identity of the person. My mind, strongly prepossessed with the idea of thieves, entertained no doubt at all that this must be one of them, and therefore reaching for my loaded gun as quietly as I could, I discharged it at the object. It took effect in a mortal part, and the poor man fell upon his face without a groan. Instantly ran forward, with my sabre in my hand, to make a trophy of his head, and so to secure my reward from our commander. But what was my astonishment and horror, when I found that, instead of a robber, I had killed my friend and fellow-soldier! Bitterly did I cry over his body, and was at first so engrossed by the remorse and sorrow which I felt for the rash act, that I never once thought of the dangers to which it would expose me."

In the Wahabee war we are told:—
 "During the same interval our army was all encamped about the village (or villages rather) of Cara Lembi, but in a state of great discomfort; for the quantity of scorpions was such, that most of the soldiers were stung by them in their tents, and such the virulence of their poison, that many died almost immediately, and some were kept so much upon the alarm, that they would prefer climbing up into the palm-trees, there to pass the night. Other reptiles and insects also abounded in the same proportion; and the season being remarkably hot, our condition could hardly, in possibility, be worse than it was."

To get out of this position, they attacked the Wahabees, but were routed with immense loss; and Finati's flight is a tissue of the most extraordinary accidents; but we must end our indication. It is long since we have met with so eventful and interesting a narrative.

Joe Oxford, or the Runaway. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

This is, at any rate, not a fashionable novel, but rather inclines to the old plan of Le Sage

and Smollett. Like the hero of Le Sage, Joe Oxford, almost in the first page of the work, is launched on the great ocean of life, and seeking adventures, exposed to every imaginable danger. He is in the Foundling Hospital when the scene opens; he runs away with a friend, and meets with extraordinary accidents by "flood and field." Of these not a few are of a startling character; and the interest excited by the fate which seems to await the hapless wanderer, carries the reader with interest as well as rapidly through his history. The portraits of a reverend preacher, a quaker, a French dentist, an English and a Scotch baronet, and a high blood beggarly German baron, may be cited as examples of the writer's talent; and some of the events at the *Fortune of War*, in Bristol, would do credit to a pen from which we had anticipated more than from the author of Ned Clifton.

The Law and Commercial Daily Remembrancer for 1831. Dunn and Son.

The Diurnal Remembrancer for ditto. Same publishers.

The Housekeeping Account-Book. The same.

WE last year noticed these exceedingly convenient and excellent publications, in various sizes, adapted to the use of persons of every class, and so well arranged, as not only to afford ample information, in lists, analysis, abridgments, &c. &c., on subjects likely to require reference, but to invite to order and punctuality, by the judicious classification of their various heads, and the facilities they offer for preserving memoranda, hints, thoughts, and other fleeting particulars. To men of business, the mistresses of families, literary persons, &c., they will be found to be, in their several shapes, most valuable.

Cheltenham Lyrics: Lays of a Modern Troubadour. By Hal Hardyng. Baldwin and Cradock, London; H. Davis, Cheltenham. 1830.

A PLEASANT little volume. Its subjects being principally local, it may serve as an agreeable remembrancer of a season or so of Cheltenham gaiety.

The Remembrance. Edited by T. Roscoe, Esq. author of the "Landscape Annual." London, 1831. Jennings and Chaplin.

THIS is a pretty little volume, with several very pleasant tales. "The Heiress of Hazlewood" is an interesting story, from which the ghost had far better have been omitted; and the "Capture of a Conspirator" is told in a very lively manner. But we must say, it appears to us that the clever editor ought to have exerted a severer judgment. For example, "Prince Calaf" is an old eastern story, and with no particular merit in its principal incident. Miss Porter's verses have been published before, in *La Belle Assemblée*; and a song beginning "I would not die" appears in the *Friendship's Offering* of this year, under the name of a "Vernal Thought." Another fault is, that the contributions do not harmonise: some are just fit for a Juvenile Annual, for example, the Ettrick Shepherd's fanciful contributions; while others, again, are destined for "children of a larger growth." The truth is, there are too many Annuals. We quote the translation of a Greek epitaph by the Harrovian, a youthful writer whose fine taste and poetical feeling enter so well into the classical beauty of the ancient poets:—

"Though thy feet, young pilgrim, be not weary,
Thy spirit knows not guile,
Yet walk not past the lone and dreary,—
Sit yet by my tomb awhile!
Who sleepeth here? My name doth shine
In many a Grecian glen;
For joy and loveliness were mine,
And favour among men.
The grave hath gather'd them—the fold
Of sin hath fall'n from my breast;
My soul the death-sheet hath unroll'd,
My heart hath found its rest."

We rather suspect that the second line, "Thy spirit knows not guile," is an interloper, and, at all events, it has no connexion with the other three. The *Remembrance* is beautifully bound.

The Child's own Drawing-Book; or, an Easy and Progressive Step to Drawing, in Animals, Landscapes, Flowers, the Human Figure, &c. Drawn on stone by G. W. Davis. London, 1830. D. Carvalho.

THE "Boy's own Drawing-Book" would, we think, have been a better title, as, with the exception of the two or three first examples, the rest are far beyond the practice or power of children to reach to any useful purpose. This, however, does not at all militate against the utility of this production for youth and beginners; as the examples are numerous and spiritedly executed. Those, however, selected for the practice of the human figure, are neither in part nor whole equally well drawn, chosen, or executed; nor do we think flowers very profitable subjects to correct the eye, or form the taste of the juvenile aspirant in art. But, altogether, there is abundance and variety, very essential ingredients in elementary drawing.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

The Society for the Management of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, commenced the session on Monday last; David Pollock, Esq. V.P. in the chair. The meeting took place, as usual, in the great room of the Society, and a considerable number of members were present. The communications which had been received during the vacation were announced by the secretary, and referred for examination to the several committees. Transactions of societies, both foreign and domestic, as well as books and articles connected with the arts and sciences, presented by individuals, were laid on the table, and many new members were proposed. A letter was read, accompanied by a specimen of silk from the common garden spider, *aranea diadema*, reeled off from the live animal by a very ingenious apparatus. The fibre is finer than that of the silk-worm, and more opaque; its colour is white, with a high metallic lustre, so that it more nearly resembles silver-wire than any other substance.

It is intended that the "evening illustrations," which gave so much satisfaction during the last two years to the members and visitors introduced by them, shall be resumed after Christmas.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

ON Tuesday evening the first meeting of the present session took place; A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair. A variety of donations made to the Society during the recess were laid on the table: amongst them were Dr. Wallich's *Plantæ Asiaticæ Rariores*; and Audubon's *Birds of America*, &c. A paper by John Hogg, Esq., M.A., on the classical plants of Sicily, was partly read: we do not give an analysis of it until the reading shall have been finished.

The draft of a loyal address to His Majesty, on his accession, was also read, and unanimously adopted. Several fellows were elected. The meeting was numerously attended: amongst the company was Capt. King, of the *Adventure* (see last week's *Literary Gazette*)—and it may here be stated, that it is the intention of government to extend his survey from Rio de la Plate to Cape Horn. Mr. Burchell, author of travels in Southern Africa, was also present: this traveller has recently arrived from the Brazils, where he had been for a considerable period making collections in natural history. It was his intention to proceed into Peru; but the unsettled state of politics in that country prevented him.*

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

OF this new Society, from which we anticipate (as we have always expressed) results the most favourable to science, and much of national honour, the affairs have been going on most prosperously during vacation time. And we rejoice to say it is no longer a thing of promise, but of fulfilment and performance. Considerably above five hundred members are now enrolled; and so many interesting and important papers have already been received, that though the first ordinary meeting-takes place on Monday, yet there will be a fasciculus of Transactions, &c. ready for distribution within two short months. This fasciculus will be presented to all the members gratuitously; and from what we know of it, we can venture to predict that it will be well worthy of their acceptance and of the Society. With the patronage of the Institution, his Majesty has been graciously pleased to order an annual donation of fifty guineas to be adjudged as a premium.

LONDON PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THIS Society resumed their meetings for the season on Monday last; Edward Wright, M.D., President, in the chair. Dr. Wright addressed the members on the advancing state of phrenology in England, and informed them that he hailed with delight the intention of Dr. Vimont, who would shortly commence a course of lectures on the science, illustrated by his vast collection of crania and brains. Mr. Henry Drew read a brief account of the crimes of Dobie and Thomson, the Gilmerton carters lately executed at Edinburgh, casts of whose heads he presented to the Society.

Numerous skulls of animals from the East Indies (intended for the Museum of the Zoological Society) were laid upon the table by Mr. C. R. Hyndman; several remarks were made on their cerebral organisation, by the President and Dr. Vimont, in which they were corroborated by the anecdotes afterwards related by Mr. Hyndman.

Dr. Vimont communicated to the meeting a proposal for the formation of a new phrenological bust, in which he wished not only to present the form of the skull, but likewise that of the brain, divided into its separate organs; he also meant to take into consideration the thickness of the integuments covering the skull, which he considers has not in those busts now before the public been duly appreciated.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE critical hour has arrived, but, like the ideo of March, is not yet passed. The council

* Such is our regular report: our readers are aware of the frequent notices we have taken of M. Burchell's extraordinary scientific labours.—Ed.

met with closed doors on Thursday; and on Thursday next, whatever may be the views of parties will come to light.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

ON Wednesday the Royal Society of Literature resumed its sittings, after a meeting of the Council; at which (we understand) the progress of the building fund, and, concomitantly, of the mansion now erecting for the Society by the voluntary subscription of the members, were the chief subjects which engaged attention. The reports in both respects were of the most gratifying kind.

The ordinary meeting was held at three o'clock, when a number of presents, received during the recess, were announced, and thanks voted to their respective donors. Among these, a very valuable collection of pamphlets, above a thousand in number, from Mr. Todd, the compiler of Johnson's improved Dictionary, was the most conspicuous. New members were elected, and others proposed. Other routine business being disposed of, Mr. Sotheby, at the request of the Council, read a part of his translation of the second book of the *Iliad*; of which we trust we shall be enabled to give a specimen in an early No. of the *Literary Gazette*.

THE ART OF BOOK-MAKING:

A New Branch of the Cut-and-Dry System!!!

FINDING that the exposure of literary fraud in our last two Nos. has done the state some service, and having received the thanks of parties the most concerned in such matters, we are inclined to continue our efforts for the public benefit, not only in marking impositions of this particular character for reprobation, but in holding up the puff system in general, and other evils which infest the field of literature, to the ridicule and reprehension they so justly deserve.

Beginning with a retrospect to the story of *Separation*, we hear that the publishers have re-demanded the price, 250*l.*, which they gave for it, as an entirely original work; but we think they will abandon this; for it is a whimsical fact, that the book has sold better, and been in greater request at the circulating libraries, than before. Like the loss of character upon the stage, it has made the novel popular. The *Monthly Review* has taken up the subject in a fierce and fiery tone, denouncing it, with appeals to "Good God!" as a deliberate imposition, which it undoubtedly is; but we refer to our contemporary for another purpose. In introducing the matter, he alludes to *Belmore*, published in 1829, as a preceding instance of the same kind; which led us to inquire into this point; and the result is, that with regard to *Belmore*, there was no deception whatever. The edition of 1829 was distinctly published as a reprint; as the title-page, which we copy, clearly proves. It is, "*Belmore*, a novel, by the Hon. Anne S. Damer, in two volumes. *New Edition.* London, H. Colburn." The first edition was published by Johnson, St. Paul's Churchyard; but there is no other resemblance between the cases, except that of a long interval between the first and second publication. *Belmore* was avowed, with the honourable author's name: *Separation* concealed, with the honourable author's name!—all the difference!

While investigating this business, however, another odd affair became known to us, which, if secretly performed, and money obtained for copyright, is a tolerably exact precedent

for the writer of *Separation*. In 1798 appeared "*He would be a Peer*, an English story, two vols. Sold by Lee and Hurst," &c. And in 1805 there issued from the press four volumes of *Tales* (Longman and Co.) by Mr. Dallas, (Lord Byron's friend) of which the second tale, entitled *Morland*, is now before us. On comparing this, we discover that from page 24 of *He would be a Peer*, and from page 3 of *Morland*, to the end of both, the stories are precisely the same, with only similar alterations of proper names and language, as is sufficient to put a new face on an old acquaintance. If Mr. Dallas was paid for this, it is precisely an example of the *Separation* job: at all events, it was a hoax upon the readers and purchasers of novels.

In noticing the *Annals* of the present as well as past years, we have taken occasion, where it occurred to us, to notice the duplicate publication of pieces without any acknowledgment: it is a practice, to say the least of it, disingenuous towards the public; and, like that of periodicals borrowing largely from contemporaries without quoting the original source, is evidence of a paltry spirit, unworthy of the humblest writer that ever wrote. While on this subject, we may add (for these are facts in the history of the literature of the day which it is well to record), that we entertain some strong suspicion respecting the recent publication of the *Romances of Real Life*, by Mrs. C. Gore, (Colburn and Bentley): we have not the volumes by us to refer to; but the *Lettre de Cachet* and the *Reign of Terror* (previously published by Andrews) were, if we do not much mistake the matter, almost the same—we mean that half the *Romances* had appeared before under another name.

So much, at present, for the tricks of trade and of authorship: we shall reserve some remarks on the puffing system, of which we have ever been the most determined enemies, till next Saturday.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages; particularly of the Nineteenth Century. With Memoirs by William Jerdan, Esq. No. XIX. Fisher, Son, and Co.

Of the three memoirs in this No.—namely, the Right Hon. F. J. Robinson, Viscount Goderich—Richard Porson, M.A.—and the Hon. George James Welbore Agar Ellis—the present exceedingly critical state of public affairs renders that of Lord Goderich, for the time at least, the most important. "In preparing this memoir," observes the biographer, "we have been led to enter more minutely into a public life of some twenty years than could be expected from us; but the opinions and policy of a statesman who has taken so distinguished a part in all the great questions on which the prosperity of the country depends, is well worthy of attention, both for the past and future. Whether we may see Lord Goderich in office, or out, we must contemplate him as an individual endeared to the country by his consistency and integrity." Passing over the early part of the history of his lordship's political career (which, however, is very interesting), we will transcribe a passage explanatory of his conduct when in the highest official station; and one which affords great insight into ministerial and party measures.

"When Mr. Canning was appointed first lord of the treasury, in 1827, Lord Goderich

did not feel that he should be justified in taking the course followed by several of his colleagues and friends; and having no personal or public grounds that could justify his refusal to act under Mr. Canning, he determined to remain with him, and accepted the seals of the colonial department. In coming to this decision, he does not appear to have been influenced by considerations of mere personal attachment to Mr. Canning, with whom his connexion, though always friendly, had never been one of long-established private intercourse. But he has always expressed a high opinion of his talents; he thought his character and conduct most cruelly and unjustly traduced; and he appears to have shared those principles of public policy of which Mr. Canning was the powerful and eloquent advocate. Lamenting, therefore, as he did, the breaking-up of old political connexions which took place at that period, Lord Goderich, as he could not ascribe it to any thing justly imputable to Mr. Canning, felt that an abandonment of him on his part would have been at once dishonourable and unjustifiable. On the loss of that distinguished man, his late majesty, as we have already said, was pleased to send for Lord Goderich, and place in his hands the office of first lord of the treasury. It has been understood that it was the wish of his majesty, in any arrangements for successors in office, which might be found necessary in consequence of the vacancy created by the death of Mr. Canning, that no proceeding should be adopted which should, by the introduction of individuals not before belonging to the government, change its general character either as to men or measures. Lord Goderich, therefore, succeeded to all the difficulties which belonged to the composition of Mr. Canning's administration. It will be in the recollection of contemporaries, that great doubts were entertained as to the possibility of Mr. Canning being able to keep the government which he had formed together; and yet the following short analysis of its component parts will shew, that, independently of the great personal sway which his unrivalled talents as an orator gave him in the House of Commons, he had, as compared with Lord Goderich, an incomparably better chance of successfully cementing the somewhat heterogeneous elements of which the cabinet was composed. Mr. Canning's government was composed of moderate Whigs, moderate Tories, and of a few Tories of less liberal principles. The first party, at the head of which was Lord Lansdowne, had almost adopted Mr. Canning as their political leader, and had certainly, on the defection of his former colleagues, enabled him by their support to form a government; but their adoption was confined to him personally. The moderate Tories were chiefly composed of Mr. Canning's personal friends, on whom he could confidently rely. These two parties concurred in opinion on the great domestic question of Catholic Emancipation. In the third party, very inferior in number to the other two, the leading personage in station and talent was the Lord Chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst: but as he had been selected by Mr. Canning, it may be assumed that difference of opinion upon the one question of Catholic Emancipation would not have prevented the fullest identity of interest, as to the maintenance of the government. Among the principal Whigs it is also to be observed, that Lord Carlisle (a member of the cabinet) was a personal friend of Mr. Canning; and that Lord Holland, a zealous supporter of the new government, had always been united in habits

of very intimate intercourse with the minister. Lord Goderich, on the contrary, had not been adopted by the moderate Whigs as a leader; among the moderate Tories in his government, there were none who united the character of personal friends and political adherents; and although of the third and least numerous party, Mr. Herries had been recommended by him to the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, it is clear, from subsequent events, that Mr. Herries did not feel himself in any degree bound to his lordship as his political chief. Lord Goderich was therefore placed at the head of a government composed of parties imperfectly united, and over any or all of which he had decidedly no previous personal influence. Mr. Canning possessing that influence, might have kept down the mutual jealousies of Whigs and Tories; but even with all the advantages which he individually had, the first vacancy in a cabinet office would probably have led to a struggle for filling it up, that might have destroyed the ministry. We can therefore easily imagine, that Lord Goderich, in obeying his late majesty's commands, must have yielded rather to a sense of duty, than to the dictates of ambition. It is not our intention, however, nor does it fall under the scope of this memoir, to examine the particular events that produced the dissolution of his administration; and we shall therefore conclude our remarks on this period by stating, that in his public measures there was no departure from the principles of foreign or domestic policy by which Mr. Canning had been regulated, or from any which he had himself professed or adopted as the rule of his own conduct."

In the present condition of the country and of parties, much information may be obtained from such obviously well-ascertained statements of the past, which (like these Memoirs in general) bear the stamp of high historical authenticity. The portraits are exceedingly creditable to the work; and the work itself is one of high biographical importance. It is truly a brief but certain book of reference, not only for our times, but for the future.

Illustrations to the Amulet for 1831.

An exceedingly clever and pleasing little collection of prints, highly creditable to the taste of the proprietors and to the skill of the artists.

The Countess Gower and her Child. Painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.; engraved by W. Finden. The laudable anxiety which the proprietors of publications that must be popular in order to be profitable, manifest to avail themselves of the works of the late president, is a striking tribute to his merits. This is an admirable composition. Nothing can exceed the loveliness and dignity of the mother, whose attention is suddenly called from her book to some occurrence out of the picture, by the earnest gesture, and almost audible "look, mamma!" of her (except the limbs) beautiful boy. Mr. Finden has exerted himself with great success in representing the characteristic qualities of Sir Thomas's style, particularly with reference to depth and richness of tone.—*The Resurrection.* Painted by J. Martin; engraved by R. Wallis. The city of Jerusalem is here treated with all that sublimity of effect which no man knows so well how to impart to his productions as Mr. Martin; and the angel and the three Maries, minute as they are, are full of expression. We are not quite so well pleased with the guards in the fore-ground.—*The Orphans.* Painted by J. Wood; engraved by C. Rolla. We noticed the picture in our account of the

Exhibition at Somerset House: Mr. Rolls has engraved it in a very satisfactory manner.—*Cromwell at Marston Moor*. Painted by A. Cooper, R.A., from a sketch by an unknown artist; engraved by W. Greatbatch. Let the sketch have been by whom it may, Mr. Cooper has made it entirely his own. If Oliver does not strike instantly, it is over with him.—*The Florentine*. Painted by H. Pickersgill, R.A.; engraved by E. Finden. In all countries the yearnings of maternal and filial love are equally strong; and the manifestation of them is equally pleasing.—*Sweet Anne Page*. Painted by R. Smirke, R.A.; engraved by E. Portbury. Mr. Portbury has been very happy in transferring the various excellencies and peculiarities of Mr. Smirke's style to steel.—*The Village Queen*. Painted by J. Boaden; engraved by C. Marr. A bewitching creature; full of simplicity and grace. The picture does Mr. Boaden the highest credit; and it has been exquisitely engraved by Mr. Marr.—*Florence, from the Chiesa al Monte*. Painted by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.; engraved by E. Goodall. A simple representation of the beautiful Tuscan city, with the fine valley in which it is placed, and the silver stream by which it is watered.—*Sunset*. Painted by G. Barrett; engraved by J. Pye. Numerous as have been the subjects of this class from Mr. Barrett's pencil, we really think this the most charming we have met with. What Claude is superior to it in sweetness and truth of effect? Mr. Pye has entitled himself by his felicitous execution to a full share of the admiration which this charming little plate must generally excite.—*The Lagoon*. Painted by J. Skelton; engraved by J. Skelton. The scene is the general effect are excellent, we wish the lady had a little more of the sailor's *Bride*. Painted by J. Skelton; engraved by H. Rolls. In the scene of the *Bride*, which on which she is dressed in the splendour of oriental costume, she would prove herself a tall woman of her inches. That extreme, however, is infinitely preferable to the reverse: we hate a dumphy woman.

Lord Byron in his Nineteenth Year; from Sanders. Engraved by William Finden.

THIS beautiful performance is intended for the frontispiece to Moore's second vol. of the *Life of Byron*; but having a proof before us, we take the opportunity of noticing it as by far the most poetical and interesting likeness of Byron, and one of the finest works of art ever prefixed to any volume. It represents his lordship, full length, in a sailor's dress, with a youthful companion, launching a boat. The composition is simple; the look of the principal figure is delightful; and we think the admirers of genius will hail this production as its congenial representation.

Etching of Leslie's Sancho before the Duchess. By Humphrys.

WE are fortunate enough to possess one of these admirable etchings; of which we are free to say, that it promises to become one of the best engravings ever executed in England.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

AT this theatre we have to congratulate the public on the disappearance of the *Marriage of Figaro* and the *Barber of Seville*; for, notwithstanding the creditable efforts of Mr. Latham as the Barber, and Miss Crawford as the Page, the general cast of these operas has been so

weak this season, as to make the defects of their English adaptation more glaring than ever to the improving musical taste of a London audience. When they were first produced at Covent Garden Theatre, opera, strictly so called, was foreign to our stage, and as mere musical dramas, admirably supported by Mrs. Dickons, Miss Stephens, Miss Tree, or Miss Paton, Liston, Fawcett, Jones, &c. &c. and produced with all the taste and splendour which at that period characterised the management, they afforded an evening's entertainment of the pleasantest description. But now,

"When lights are fled,
And garlands dead,
And all but we departed,"

the effect is dreary indeed! Let us hear no more, therefore, of *Figaro*, till a full and effective opera company can be brought together, and do justice to the entire compositions, either of Mozart or Rossini, which now the public are as well prepared and as anxious to receive as Mr. Bishop is able, and we are sure willing, to present to them, with English words, and to the exclusion of "Come, fill the bowl, my jolly soul," "O peccator dell' oreda," "Come where the aspens quiver," &c. &c. &c.

On Monday *Henry V.* was produced, the *King* by Mr. Macready: and to those who appreciate the energy and soul which this admirable performer can so finely breathe into such a character, we need not say how great a treat he gave. With regard to what is technically called the "getting up" of the play as a "revival," in the shape of new dresses and decorations, certes the present are not fit to "march through Coventry with, that's flat!" The play of *Henry V.*, to be made fully attractive, ought to be a magnificent pageant, or, perhaps, acted when this country was at war with France; and, as we trust it will not soon have the latter recommendation, we counsel the managers to try the former.*

COVENT GARDEN.

LAST Saturday a dull and common-place melodrama, in three acts, was produced here, under the title of the *Carnival at Naples*. From the confusion of the plot, the number of redundant characters, and the incoherence of the incidents, it had more the air of the work of a youthful aspirant than of an experienced veteran, such as Mr. Dimond. The principal incidents are, the decoying away of a young Englishman from the midst of the gaieties of a Neapolitan carnival into a den of banditti, the terrors of his situation there, and his deliverance by means of a young woman who had been employed to tempt him into the snare by the blandishments of a wanton, but really possesses the trite purity and virtues of a heroine of romance. Will it be believed, that all these incidents and situations are crowded into the beginning of the piece, leaving a long residue of consequent insipidity? The plot is worthy of little further notice. The young person in question had been spirited away from her parents, a certain duke and duchess, by a good-for-nothing relation, who had an eye to her estate, and had fallen into the hands of the banditti, by whom she had been brought up, with a mind—*mirabile dictu!*—perfectly uncontaminated. Her unprincipled betrayer is represented all along as a very sentimental person, full of fine feelings and equally fine speeches, which form an unac-

* In our last week's dramatic notice, a wrong division of the text, in making up the Paper, placed a few words respecting Miss Crawford's *debut* and the new pieces in preparation at Drury Lane at the commencement of the Covent Garden article. Mr. Kenney's adaptation of *Hernani*, and Mr. Poole's ditto of *Le Nouveau Bourgeois*, are both in rehearsal at Drury.

countable contrast to the steady villany of his purpose. Of course he loses both his object and his life: the damsel is restored to her parents and united to her lover. The Englishman has an Irish servant, represented by Power, whose rich brogue and whimsical action provoked much laughter, and kept the audience in good humour. We had a few more personages introduced, for no other purpose than to sing songs and duets. Of these unhappy individuals, the foremost was Mr. Wilson, who had nothing to do but to walk on and off, speak a very few words, and sing a good deal of music, without any body knowing why or wherefore: in short, it was Carlos out-Carlosed. Miss Hughes had a part of a very similar kind; and both of them might be left out with much advantage to the play. The music, composed by Barnett, has considerable merit, though it is liable to much censure. It deserves praise, in the first place, for the ingenuity and spirit of some concerted pieces, especially a carnival chorus and ballet, which is very effective, and would have been still more so had it not been for the recollection of the market-chorus in *Massaniello*. It cannot be said that any of the musical passages are positively borrowed from that chorus, yet the general structure is similar, and the vocal phrases, as well as the accompaniments, are strongly marked with the peculiar style of Aufer's music. A similar remark may be made on the overture. At the same time, both these compositions display much knowledge of orchestral effect; and, on the whole, do the author credit. There is also a trio for two sopranas and a tenor, which is a charming production. We hope to see this *morceau* in print, as it would form a delightful acquisition to concerts and private parties. It is in his songs that Mr. Barnett has been least successful. With the exception of a very clever one, in the Polish style, sung by Miss H. Cawse, they are destitute of "the one thing needful" in musical composition—originality. They eternally put us in mind of one modern composer or another, particularly of Rossini, from whom whole passages are borrowed. Mr. Barnett's accompaniments to his vocal pieces are in general skilful and effective, but they are frequently too full and complicated; and, like most other composers of the present day, his use of the noisy military instruments is incessant and indiscriminating. Thus, inferior as a dramatic composition, and with small claims to applause for its music, the *Carnival at Naples*, acted to a wretchedly thin house, would have been deservedly condemned but for the sensation excited by a young lady of the name of Taylor, who made her first courtesy to a London audience in the principal character. If we may be allowed to judge from a *debut*, and that of an extravagant as well as indifferent part, Miss Taylor is one of the most valuable acquisitions to the metropolitan stage. An actress of great ability, a pleasing singer, young, well-looking, graceful, and enthusiastic, a long career of fame and fortune, we trust, is opening for her, and a new source of interest and delight for the public. Her reception was as genuine, as well as flattering, as we have ever witnessed. The audience, like ourselves, were evidently taken by surprise; and the appeal placed in her mouth by the author, at the end of the piece, helped to save his production, by the general application of it to the charming and intelligent speaker. We long to see this young lady in some character more worthy of her powers, and we think we shall soon be gratified; as, unless her attraction keeps it on the stage, the *Carnival at Naples* cannot live a fortnight.

And the sooner she is out of it the better; for it forces her into an exaggerated and somewhat melo-dramatic style, which will, we are sure, be abandoned when she has business to do less at war with nature and true dramatic art. The other parts were respectably supported: it was impossible to render them effective. Mr. Wilson could not have made any thing of his part. It was, as we have said, a nullity; and Mr. Barnett, with great dramatic propriety, we think, has written for it the most insipid songs in the piece. In general, the performance was received with much applause; of the quality of a great portion of which, however (except the *finale*, already alluded to), some suspicion may be entertained, when it is considered that there must have been several different sets of *claqueurs* in the house—namely, those attached to author, composer, and performers.

On Monday evening their majesties honoured this theatre with their presence. The performances were the *Provoked Husband*, and *Teddy the Tiler*. The national anthem and "Rule Britannia" were exceedingly well sung, and rapturously encored; but we missed the complimentary verse to the queen, which was so particularly distinguished at Drury Lane. Miss Fanny Kemble played *Lady Townley* for the second time in London, and in the serious portions of the character sustained her reputation; but, though perfectly lady-like and graceful in the lighter scenes, there was a want of that indescribable air which distinguishes the woman of high fashion. Miss Kemble is a *Lady Grace*, not a *Lady Townley*. Whatever she does, is done sensibly, pleasingly, "but still soberly." Mr. Kemble appears to us the most perfect representative possible of the aristocratic moralist. We are inclined to rank his *Lord Townley* amongst the best of his performances; and, enthusiastic as we are respecting him, that is high commendation. He looks born to a peerage; and his condescension to *Moody*, his sense of the ridiculous struggling with his natural dignity and delicacy during the simple coachman's whimsical but vulgar account of his adventures, is, in our opinion, one of the most highly finished and faithful portraits extant. Power, in the after-piece, convulsed the house with laughter, the royal party included.

On Wednesday, Miss Kemble appeared, for the first time, in the character of *Mrs. Haller*, her father performing the *Stranger*. So much was volunteered, last season, by the friends of the parties, respecting the delicacy with which they abstained from enacting, in concert, the virtuous loves of *Romeo and Juliet*, or the still more hallowed affections of *Jaffier and Belvidera*, that we were rather surprised by the peculiar inconsistency of the announcement of the *Stranger*. Excepting moral and other considerations, the performance has added another effective part to the list of the gentle lady, and the play is altogether one of the best acted at this theatre. On the fall of the curtain, Mr. Kemble was called for, and gave it out for repetition on Friday.

VARIETIES.

Royal Academy of Music.—We are glad to find that Lord Burghersh's musical drama of *Catharine, or, the Austrian Captive*, is not only to be represented this evening by the pupils of that institution (the Royal Academy of Music), which has been so much indebted to his spirit and care; but that her Majesty purposes to patronise the performances. An opera by an English nobleman, and executed by an

entirely English school, is a great novelty and attraction.

Africa.—M. Bozet, an engineer employed in the expedition to Algiers, has communicated to the French Academy some curious geognostic remarks on that part of the African coast occupied by the French army; namely, from the bay of Sidi-Feroukh to three leagues eastward of Algiers, and from the sea to the first chain of the Atlas Mountains.

Parisian Theatricals.—It may be considered as one of the signs of the times, that at the Ambigu-Comique, the Variétés, and other theatres in Paris, several little dramatic pieces have lately been brought out, which have Buonaparte for their hero.

Russia.—The mines of gold and platina in Russia produced in the first six months of the present year a hundred and eighty pounds of gold, and sixty-one pounds of platina.

New Club.—The English and Foreign Union Club, of which we spoke a week or two ago as the tenants of Lord Hertford's splendid mansion, is advancing rapidly towards completion. The house is to be opened almost immediately. Most of the distinguished resident foreigners have, we hear, joined it.

Tifis.—This city, the population of which last year amounted to 17,000, had at that time three journals; one in the Russian, another in the Georgian, and the third in the Persian language. The publication of the Georgian journal has been discontinued.

The Gentleman's Magazine.—Only think of our worthy Centenarian contemporary having been prosecuted for a libel, for the first time! The old gentleman, it seems, had reviewed a work on heraldry, in a manner unpleasant to the author; and the author had recourse to the wretched law of libel, in the hope of catching a farthing or a shilling damages, and thus punishing his critic with the usual ruinous expense by which justice is defeated, and the reverse done. He was non-suited: and if he had not been so, there must have been an end of all fair and honest criticism.

Medical.—We observe a letter in the *London Medical Gazette*, written by Dr. Granville, and reclaiming against an assertion in the biography of the late Dr. Gooch, that he, Dr. Gooch, had, by his essay, settled the question of the contagious nature of the plague. On the contrary, Dr. Granville demonstrates, by dates and authentic evidence, that the question was settled by Dr. Granville himself, and other medical men examined by a committee of the house of commons, and acted upon by government, before Dr. Gooch wrote a line upon the subject.

Painting and Engraving.—Mr. Gill, the artist, writes to us, that the engraving in the *Remembrance*, from his very clever picture of the "Orphans," though it has the name of Mr. C. Rolls affixed to it as the engraver, is, in fact, the work of a Mr. Duncan. Mr. Gill, with an honest warmth of feeling, asserts the claim of the young and unknown artist; and declares that Mr. Rolls only "took the liberty to darken the plate, which had not at all improved it."—It is our public duty to insert such authenticated appeals.

The Prince de Condé.—The judicial and medico-legal documents respecting the suicide of the late Prince de Condé, are about to be printed at Paris.

Dr. Valpy.—In returning thanks the other day to his pupils for the present of a handsome piece of plate, the learned and venerable master of Reading School spoke of "the flowers

that had occasionally illuminated his path." "Flowers illuminate?" exclaimed a young Aristarchus. "To be sure," observed a more amiable critic; "sun-flowers."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XLV. Nov. 6.*]
A work on the Temple of Jerusalem, according to the description of the Prophet Ezekiel, by John Sanders, architect.—The Annals of My Village; being a Calendar of Nature for every Month in the Year, by the Author of "Select Female Biography."—The Cadeau, or Cottage Lyrics, another new Musical Annual, is announced.—Travels and Researches of eminent English Missionaries; including an Historical Sketch of the Progress and Present State of some of the principal Protestant Missions of late Years.—Mr. Walsh, of Cork, is preparing for publication a new edition of his work on the Geometrical Base, considerably enlarged, and intended for public instruction.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lynch's Feudal Dignities, royal 8vo. 1l. 5s. bds.—Vines on Glanders, &c. 8vo. 12s. bds.—Lauder on the Moray Floods, second edition, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Internal Policy of Nations, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Stephen on West Indian Slavery, Vol. II. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—National Library, Vol. III. Thomson's History of Chemistry, Vol. I. 8mo. 5s. bds.—Statutes 11 George IV. and 1 William IV., with Notes by Dowling, 12mo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Falstaff's Comic Annual, 1831, morocco, 12s.—Statutes at Large, 4to. 12 Part I. 11 George IV. and 1 William IV. 1l. bds.—Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Badnall's Zelinda, a Persian Tale, 8vo. 3s. sewed.—French and English Pictorial Vocabulary, square 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Davis's True Dignity of Human Nature, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Burner's Beauties of the Vicar of Llandover, fcp. 8vo. 5s. bds.—Pratt's History of Savings' Banks, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Boscobel Tracts, by J. Hughes, Esq. 8vo. 14s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.. 28	From 34. to 61.	29.91 -- 29.93
Friday .. 29	— 41. — 54.	29.64 — 29.69
Saturday .. 30	— 32. — 46.	29.93 — 29.99
Sunday... 31	— 34. — 62.	29.85 — 29.94
November.		
Monday .. 1	— 46. — 59.	30.03 — 30.05
Tuesday .. 2	— 43. — 50.	30.05 — 30.01
Wednesday 3	— 47. — 57.	29.89 — 29.74

Wind S. W., except on the 30th and evening of the 31st, when it was N. W.

Alternately clear and cloudy, till the 1st, since which generally overcast.

Rain fallen, .225 of an inch.

Edinburgh. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Northcote's Life of Titian—Kotzebue's New Voyage—Trant's Travels in Greece—Constable's Miscellany, the Greek War of Independence—Dawson's Present State of Australia—Pratt's History of Savings' Banks—Priestley's Historical Account of Inland Navigation and Railroads, with its admirable accompanying Map—and many other new works of interest, are under consideration, though too late, or perhaps requiring too much time and attention for this No.

In answer to Mrs. Watts, we have only to say, that we are not guilty of the mistakes she charges us with having committed. The print and poem of the Soldier's Widow, published in this year's *New Year's Gift*, did both appear in the *Token* (Goodrich, Boston, U. S., for 1828), where, though unknown to her, our fair and good friend will find them by referring to page 76. In the English work the plate is far better engraved after Scheffer, by Baker, than in the American volume by Cheney. There is no other difference. With regard to the God-mamma's Letter, except a slight alteration in epithets, which seem to imply revision, it is identically the same in page 28 of the *Juvenile Forget Me Not*, and page 142 of the *New Year's Gift*. It is not easy to bear in mind precisely the multitude of small pieces which appear in such publications.—We have no object but to preserve the public from repetitions as novelties; and may have been mistaken, as Mrs. Howitt assures us we are, in supposing we had previously read her *Olden Time*. Sure we are, that with her abundant talent and integrity, she is among the last whom we would suspect of aught disingenuous.

We are much obliged to our friendly correspondent B. W. On turning to Miss Bowles's *Solitary Hours*, we find he is right in stating the little poem alluded to in our last is hers. Still, we must, for the sake of our own accuracy, refer him to the Annual we then mentioned, where he will find the verses under the other signature.

We have no means of informing M. B. why the Spanish Professorship in the London University has been abolished.

M. A. J. declined, for want of originality. We do not remember the prospectus to the new edition of the *Waverley Novels* sufficiently to say, that "a copious glossary" was promised; but having no doubt of the fact, from H. F.'s letter, we can only express our perfect reliance on the fulfilment of the pledge.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY SCHOOL, 16, Lower Gower Street, Bedford Square, (Head Master, the Rev. HENRY BROWN, M.A. of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge), will open on the 1st November.

Visitors for the present year:—The Right Hon. Lord Auckland & Leonard Horner, Esq. F.R.S. Wm. Bingham, Esq. M.P. Henry Haywood, Esq. F.R.S. &c. Henry Weymouth, Esq.

A more detailed Prospectus than has hitherto appeared may be had at the School, at the Office of the University, and at the following Booksellers:—Taylor, 30, Upper Gower Street; Longman and Co. 39, Paternoster Row; Baldwin and Co. 47, Paternoster Row; Parbury and Co. 7, Leadonhall Street; Jennings and Chaplin, Cheapside; Richardson, 23, Cornhill; Fiddlers, 39, Ludgate Street; Hunter, 72, St. Paul's Churchyard; Underwood, 32, Fleet Street; Black, Young, and Young, 2, Tavistock Street; Smith, 172, Strand; Wyld, 7, Charing Cross; Knight, 13, Pall Mall East; Trentell and Co. 30, Soho Square; Murray, 50, Albemarle Street; Ridgway, 109, Piccadilly; Gardner, 109, Regent Street; Balliere, Regent Street; Tompkinson, 13, Percy Street; Alexander, 37, Great Russell Street; Callow, 16, Princes Street, Soho. The Head Master will be spoken with at the School daily, (except Sundays), between the hours of 11 and 3. HENRY BROWN, Head Master.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—The Council hereby give notice, that the following Classes for the Session 1830-31, have just opened. The Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian, Persian, Arabic, Sanscrit, Hindustani, and Hebrew Languages; Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Philosophy of the Mind, and Logic; English Law, and General Jurisprudence. A Prospectus of these several Classes may be had at the Office of the University, and at several of the principal Booksellers in different parts of the Town. The Classes of the English Language and Literature will be opened in the course of the present month. LEONARD HORNER, Warden.

TO STUDENTS IN ARCHITECTURE.—A Gentleman is desirous of taking a limited Number of Pupils early in the ensuing Spring, who will be instructed in the Principles and Practice of Architecture, and in every Description of Architectural Drawing. As he is not a professional Teacher, they will be required to assist occasionally in the execution of actual Working Plans, which will afford them an opportunity of acquiring a Knowledge of Construction, as well as Facility of Delineation, seldom to be met with. Terms moderate. Every particular may be known on application, by Letter, to the Architect, at No. 10, Strand, containing real Name and Address.

5th November, 1830.

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Every particular may be known on application, by Letter, to the Architect, at No. 10, Strand, containing real Name and Address.

ANATOMY OF THE HUMAN BODY.—New Road, newly published by J. Daniell, R.A. Price 1s. 6d.

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No. 721.—AMERICAN EDITION.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1830.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Literary Correspondence of John Pinkerton, Esq. Now first printed from the originals, in the possession of Dawson Turner, Esq., M.A. F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS work must be highly pleasing to the lovers of literary and antiquarian gossip; for it is full of chit-chat upon a number of interesting topics; and, besides being most agreeable, from the desultory nature of its inquiries, is in many respects valuable, not only from the character of its information, but also of those whose opinions it unfolds. Among these, Horace Walpole, Lord Buchan, Lord Hailes, Dr. Percy (the bishop of Dromore), Gibbon, Dr. Thorkelin, Malcom Laing, Sir John Sinclair, Dr. Gillies, Mr. Douce, Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Beattie, and other distinguished persons, are very prominent; and though some of the topics lead to no decisive result, there is still a great quantity of curious intelligence sprinkled over almost every page in these volumes. Such being the general tone of the Correspondence, we might make extracts from it to a considerable extent, with the certainty of gratifying every literary mind; but, at any rate, in the first instance, we must be content with a limited selection.

Pinkerton was a man of extraordinary powers, and of extensive attainments. Had he added good conduct, temper, and sound principles, to his natural and acquired talents, he might have been almost the Scott of his age and country. But he wanted these; and, unfortunately, with all his abilities, became an object of commiseration instead of admiration.

"The life of Mr. Pinkerton (says the editor) was so entirely and exclusively that of a literary man, so utterly unmarked by any other occurrences than those arising from his publications, that little is to be added on this subject to the information contained in the following letters. Pinkerton was born on the 17th of February, 1758, at Edinburgh, where his father was a merchant. The only school education he received was for six years at Lanark, under the care of a Mr. Thomson, who married the sister of the poet of that name. At an early age he was articled to Mr. Aytoun, a writer at Edinburgh; but, his father dying just at the expiration of his clerkship, he determined, in an evil hour, to abandon the law, and to enter into life as an 'author by profession.' With this view he fixed his residence in London, and steadily pursued his purpose, first as a diligent inquirer into the ancient poetry of his country, and then successively as a numismatist, an historian, a geographer, and a geologist; occasionally indulging himself with excursions into various departments of antiquity. His writings, arising out of these diversified branches of inquiry, and his eccentric, but very clever *Letters on Literature*, under the fictitious name of Robert Heron, are mentioned in his correspondence. He married a lady of great respectability; but the irregularities of his conduct

diminished the comfort of his union, and tended greatly to cause him to lose his rank in society. In the latter part of his life he removed for a short period to Edinburgh, and on two several occasions resided for some years at Paris, where he died on the 10th of May, 1826."

The *Letters on Literature* were not published "till the year 1783: it had been well for Mr. Pinkerton's reputation had they never been published at all. In a copy now before me," continues Mr. Turner, "lately the property of one of our most eminent critics, Mr. Park, I read the following very just quotation, in his handwriting, 'multa venustè, multa tenuiter, multa cum bile.' Mr. Pinkerton himself, in his *Walpoliana*, p. 78, admits that Heron's Letters was 'a book written in early youth, and contained many juvenile crude ideas, long since abandoned by its author.' Would that the crudeness of many of the ideas were the worst that was to be said of it! but we shall find, in the course of this correspondence, far heavier and not less just complaints. The name of Heron here assumed by Mr. Pinkerton, was that of his mother."

Of the letters, one of the most remarkable, to which we consequently give the first place, is the annexed, with some striking traits of the character of Oliver Cromwell—

"The following anecdotes concerning Oliver Cromwell, I learned in conversation, many years ago, from Mr. James Anderson, who was long the manager of Stockwell Street sugar-house in Glasgow, who was a man of veracity, and who died about thirty years ago, at a very advanced age. He said that he had them from Mr. Danziel, sen., a merchant in the High Street of Glasgow, who died in the beginning of this century; and that his friend Danziel's account was confirmed to him by many concurring testimonies. A short time before the battle of Dunbar, as Cromwell was reviewing the ground, accompanied by a few cavalry, a soldier of the Scottish army, prompted by his own zeal, concealed himself behind a wall which enclosed a field, and fired his musket at Cromwell. The ball did not take effect, but went near him. The cavalry seemed to be alarmed; but Cromwell, who was going at a round trot, never altered his pace nor tightened his rein; and only, looking over his shoulder to the place from whence the shot came, called out—

'You lubberly rascal, were one of my men to miss such a mark, he should certainly be tied up to the halberts!' When Cromwell entered Glasgow, said Danziel, at the head of his victorious army, I was standing in the street called Bell's Wynd, at the end of it which joins the High Street, with a good many young lads and a shoemaker, who was well known to us all by his drollery and by the name of London Willie. As we were silently admiring the order of the troops, Cromwell happened to cast his eye upon us, and cried out—'Hah, Willie! come hither, Willie!' If we were surprised at this, we were more surprised to see Willie retire into Bell's Wynd, and one of Cromwell's attendants go after him, who brought him to

the general, at whose stirrup he not only walked, but went in with him to his lodging for some minutes. My companions and I waited till Willie came out, anxious to know why one of his station was taken notice of by the famous Cromwell. Willie soon satisfied our curiosity, by informing us, that his father had been a footman to James VI., and accompanied him to London at the union of the crowns: that he himself was bred a shoemaker, and wrought in a lane through which Cromwell often passed to a school, as he supposed: that Cromwell used to stop at the workshop to get his ball and playthings mended, and to be amused with his jokes and Scotch pronunciation: that they had not met from that time till now: that he had retired into Bell's Wynd, lest it should be remembered that his father had belonged to the royal family: that he had no reason, however, to be afraid—for the general had only put him in mind of his boyish tricks, had spoken to him in the kindest manner, and had given him some money to drink his health, which he was going to do with all expedition. Next Sunday, said Danziel, Cromwell went to the Inner Church in Glasgow, St. Mungo's, and placed himself with his attendants in the king's seat, which was always unoccupied, except by strangers. The minister of the church was Mr. Durham, the author of some religious books, which are still very popular. He was a great Presbyterian, and as great an enemy to Cromwell; because he thought, and early said, that Cromwell and his friends would be forced, by the convulsion of parties, to erect an absolute government, the very evil they meant to remedy. The text was taken from Jeremiah; and the commentary upon it, by allusions, was an invective against Cromwell and his friends, under Scriptural language and history: During this satire they saw a young man, one of Cromwell's attendants, step to the back of his chair, and, with an angry face, whisper something to him, which, after some words, was answered by a frown; and the young man retired behind the chair, seemingly much disconcerted. The cause of this was unknown to the congregation. It was supposed to be owing to some intelligence of importance which had been just then received; but it was afterwards known, and generally known, that the following words had passed between them:—'Shall I shoot the fellow?' 'What fellow?' 'The parson.' 'What parson?' 'That parson.' 'Begone, sir: he is one fool, and you are another!' Danziel added, that Cromwell sent for Mr. Durham on the very next morning, and asked him, why he was such an enemy to him and his friends—declared that they were not enemies to Mr. Durham—drank his health in a glass of wine, and afterwards, it was said, prayed with him for the guidance of the Lord in all their doings. When Charles I. was in Scotland in 1633, a subscription was set on foot for building a new hall and library to the University of Glasgow; and the king's name appears at the head of the subscribers, for two hundred

pounds sterling. The king, however, was not able, I suppose, to pay that sum; and he contracted some debts at Perth, which are unpaid at this moment. When Cromwell arrived at the fulness of his power, he sent two hundred pounds to the University, and there is below the king's subscription, '*Solvit Dominus Protector.*' One of the magistrates of Perth, hearing of this, thought it entitled him to ask payment of the sum which the king had borrowed when in that town. But Cromwell did not listen to his petition; and, when it was urged again and again, said with vehemence, 'Have done, sir, I am not the heir of Charles Stuart!' To which the other replied with equal warmth, 'I wot well, then, you are his intromitter—shall I say a vicious intromitter?' In the law of Scotland, *intromitter* signifies one who takes upon himself to manage the estate of a deceased person, and who, by that act, renders himself liable for all his debts; and *vicious* is, when it is done without any right, and therefore is a vice or iniquity. Cromwell, though absolute, did not even chide him for this freedom, but declared, that he would never pay that money; 'because,' said he, 'I will do things for a learned society, which I will not do for other societies, and I would have you know this! Such facts mark the temper and genius of celebrated men more distinctly, perhaps, than the laboured character of many elegant historians; and the above I have heard, with some variations, from many persons as well as from Mr. James Anderson, of Stockwell Street sugar-house in Glasgow, who was not in the least degree connected with any of my kindred.'

... audience is delighted... number of his letters... separated, and... *dicta* and... chief ground of my... proceeded from having taken notice that an English audience is apt to be struck with some familiar sound, though there is nothing ridiculous in the passage, and fall into a foolish laugh, that often proves fatal to the author. Such was my objection to *hot-cockles*. You have indeed convinced me that I did not enough attend to your piece, as a *farce*; and, you must excuse me, my regard for you and your wit made me consider it rather as a short comedy. Very probably, too, I have retained the pedantic impressions of the French, and demanded more observance of their rules than is necessary or just: yet I myself have often condemned their too delicate rigour. Nay, I have wished that *farce* and speaking harlequins were more encouraged; in order to leave open a wider field of invention to writers for the stage. Of late I have amply had my wish: Mr. O'Keefe has brought our audiences to bear with every extravagance; and, were there not such irresistible humour in his utmost daring, it would be impossible to deny that he has passed even beyond the limits of nonsense. But I confine this approbation to his *Agreeable Surprise*. In his other pieces there is much more untempered nonsense than humour. Even that favourite performance, I wondered that Mr. Colman dared to produce. Your remark, that a piece full of marked characters would be void of nature, is most just. This is so strongly my opinion, that I thought it a great fault in Miss Burney's *Cecilia*, though it has a thousand other beauties, that she has laboured far too much to make all her personages talk always in character; whereas, in the present

refined or depraved state of human nature, most people endeavour to conceal their real character, not to display it. A professional man, as a pedantic fellow of a college, or a seaman, has a characteristic dialect; but that is very different from continually *letting out* his ruling passion."

Lyrical Writing.—"You are so obliging as to offer to accept a song of mine, if I have one by me. Dear sir, I have no more talent for writing a song than for writing an ode like Dryden's or Gray's. It is a talent *per se*, and given, like every other branch of genius, by nature alone. Poor Shenstone was labouring through his whole life to write a perfect song, and, in my opinion at least, never succeeded; not better than Pope did in a St. Cecilia ode. I doubt whether we have not gone a long, long way beyond the possibility of writing a good song. All the words in the language have been so often employed on simple images (without which a song cannot be good), and such reams of bad verses have been produced in that kind, that I question whether true simplicity itself could please now. At least we are not likely to have any such thing. Our present choir of poetic virgins write in the other extreme. They colour their compositions so highly with choice and dainty phrases, that their own dresses are not more fantastic and romantic. Their nightingales make as many divisions as Italian singers. But this is wandering from the subject; and, while I only meant to tell you what I could not do myself, I am telling you what others do ill. I will yet hazard one other opinion, though relative to composition in general. There are two periods favourable to poets: a rude age, when a genius may hazard anything, and when nothing has been forestalled; the other is, when, after ages of barbarism and in correction, a master or two produces models formed by purity and taste: Virgil, Horace, Boileau, Corneille, Racine, Pope, exploded the licentiousness that reigned before them. What happened? Nobody dared to write in contradiction to the severity established; and very few had abilities to rival their masters. Insuperbity ensues, novelty is dangerous, and bombast usurps the throne which had been debased by a race of *fainéans*."

Literary Mcn.—"With regard to the bookseller who has taken the pains of collecting my writings for an edition (amongst which I do not doubt he will generously bestow on me many that I did not *write*, according to the liberal practice of such compilers), and who also intends to write my life, to which (as I never did any thing worthy of the notice of the public, he must likewise be a volunteer contributor), it would be vain for me to endeavour to prevent such a design. Whoever has been so unadvised as to throw himself on the public, must pay such a tax in a pamphlet or magazine when he dies; but, happily, the insects that prey on carrion are still more short-lived than the carcasses were, from which they draw their nutriment. Those momentary abortions live but a day, and are thrust aside by like embryos. Literary characters, when not illustrious, are known only to a few literary men; and, amidst the world of books, few readers can come to my share. Printing, that secures existence (in libraries) to indifferent authors of any bulk, is like those cases of Egyptian mummies which in catacombs preserve bodies of one knows not whom, and which are scribbled over with characters that nobody attempts to read, till nobody understands the language in which they were written. As for the

shades that distinguish the degrees of mediocrity, they are not worth discrimination; and he must be very modest, or easily satisfied, who can be content to glimmer for an instant a little more than his brethren glow-worms."

The Olio. Vol. V., from January to July, 1830. J. Shackell.

The same, monthly parts for August, September, October, and November.

This periodical, to which we have in former *Literary Gazettes* referred with great praise, continues to support, or rather, we should say, to elevate, its character, as a truly acceptable "museum of entertainment." Tales, legends, anecdotes, poetry, all kinds of fugitive literature, gathered with judgment from works of interest—original papers, spirited embellishments in wood, a new and neat type, and other recommendations, contribute to render the last Vol. (V.) and following No. still more deserving of success. Of its class, we know no publication which can be taken up with greater certainty of affording amusement to the desultory reader.

The Landscape Annual. Edited by T. Roscoe. London, 1831. Jennings and Co.

There are few of the *Annuals* which are greater favourites than the one to which we now advise the public to direct its regards. To each exquisite view is affixed a few pages, which contain some historical records of the place in question, or a poetical quotation which has associated its beauty with song;—and both in romantic legend, and descriptive poetry, the Italian cities are very rich. The editor had little more to do than to select material, and this he has done with much industry and taste. We have made no quotation, as the matter contained rather pleasantly refreshes the memory, than offers original composition.

The Comic Offering; or, Ladies' Mixture of Literary Mirth for 1831. Edited by Louisa Henrietta Sheridan. 12mo. pp. 351. London. Smith, Elder, and Co.

YOUNG, fair, susceptible (of merriment), &c. &c. &c. &c., as the *Editress* insinuates she is, in her gentle preface; are we worse than stony-hearted critics, are we Turks (*aside*—who manage women tolerably well for both sexes after all), or Infidels, or Fellatahs, or Cherokees, or Foulahs, to say a word against her? Yet a regular comic woman, off the stage, in literature, is a novelty which (query who?) might provoke an inquisitive mind to all the splendours of metaphysical investigation. Forbid it, gallantry! and the very stoical fashion which we have of saying little or nothing where little or nothing need be said.

Mrs. or Miss (we know not) L. H. Sheridan has written, and pretty nearly designed, all this volume herself, in a shorter time than she anticipated; and as she says peculiar circumstances have attended her labours, which have precluded the variety she looks for in another year, it is but candid to admit the apology, and allow the *Offering's* claims "of a LIVELY NATURE, exclusively intended for the boudoir, drawing-room, and ladies' library." (pref. p. v.) Beyond this we cannot go. There are nearly seventy embellishments, and not far from as many pieces in prose and verse. To say that either had surprised us by their talent or convulsed us by their wit, would be—not to deceive ourselves; and we will truly give the best specimens we can select of both, in honour of the female *artista-literate* who has been funny enough to enter upon the path after Com-Ann-Hood.



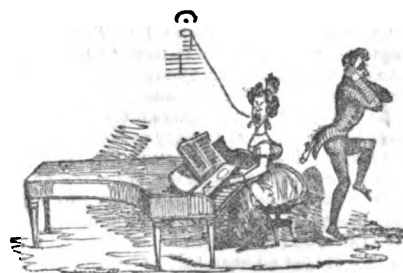
"OH, NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME?"



MR. NOBODY AMUSING HIMSELF.



LARGE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MUSICAL ORGANS,
A Gall-ic Air.



UPSET BY A SQUALL.

"Cease, rude Boreas.
A lady being asked to sing,
At first declined;
But 'tis a customary thing
To change one's mind:
So fresh entreaties, winning wiles,
Again being tried,
The lady, with her sweetest smiles,
At once complied.
After a 'hem!' and little cough
In proper form,
At length she in full cry set off,
And sung 'The Storm.'
But 'twas a most unhappy choice
For her to make;
She had a shrill and piercing voice,
'Tween scream and shake!
One whispers—'Where is all the thunder
That she should bawl?
Does she call this 'The Storm,' I wonder?
'Tis but a Squall!"

"Taking Aim badly.
A lady, when asked 'why from India so often
Girls single return, though they've beauty and wit'
Replied, 'Pray remember (your satire to soften)
'Tis not at all times that a Miss makes a Hit!"

"An odd County.
To Hampshire a young doctor went,
To realise a store of wealth;
But Hampshire no assistance lent,
Its climate is so good for health!
He left the place in half a year—
'Twas useless there his time to waste;
His father asked in tone severe,
What brought him home in such great haste?
The son replied, with lengthened face,
'Dear Sir, I've been obliged to fly
From such a healthy horrid place,
Where I could neither live—nor die!"

A French Gentleman's Letter to an English Friend in London.

"Ah my dear friend, — I can not feel the plaisir I express to come to your country charming, for you see. I shall have the happiness to you embrace in some days from here; but it is necessary that I myself may rest before to set out. We are arrive at Southampton before yesterday at one hour of the afternoon, and we are debarked very nice. I am myself amused yesterday to look by the window which gives in the street. I see a crowd enormous of persons. I ask at the servant, 'What for all that?' 'It's a man that is beside himself, sir.' 'Oh yes!' I say, but I not understand; and I take my dictionary: I find '*beside, à côté de,*' and '*himself*' I know is '*lui-même.*' That make together '*à côté de lui-même!*' Oh not understand at all. I ask pretty girl of the house, 'What for crowd?' She say, 'Only man who is in his cups, sir!' 'Oh yes!' I say, but I not understand better. Search in the dictionary again: '*A man in his cups, un homme dans ses tasses!*' Well, I can not understand. Call pretty girl again — 'My dear miss, is it porcelain merchant fall among his cups?' She go away in clatters of laugh; very unpolite; and I hear her to say at the boy, 'John, that Frenchman seem a great spoon.' Boy replies, 'He is next to a madman!' Is it possible that the pretty person call me a *ouillères*? I not understand; so I look at the dictionary, and find *spoon, ouillères,* very right. How it is foolish

for call one person spoon! I send for the master of the hotel, and desire I may be put far from the madman who is next to me. The man say there was no madman at all. Then I ring the bell, and the boy come (who is very old and stupid; he tell me he has fifty-nine years). I ask to him if he tell pretty person there was madman in the next room to me? He say, 'Oh no, sir; I never said nothing of the kind.' I say, 'You speak bad English with two negatives; but I hear you say it when pretty person call me spoon.' Then he have shame, and his face redded all over, and he beg my pardon, and not mean that what he say. I never believe you when at Paris, you tell me that the Englishwomen get on much before our women: but now I agree quite with you; I know you laughing at your countrywomen for take such long steps! My faith! I never saw such a mode to walk; they take steps long like the man! Very pretty women! but not equal to ours! White skins, and the tint fresh, but they have no mouths nor no eyes. Our women have lips like rose-buttons, and eyes of lightning: the English have mouth wide like the toads, and their eyes are like *dreaming sheeps*, as one of our very talented writers say '*mouton qui rêve*.' It is excellent, that. I am not perceived so many English ladies *tipsy* as I expect: our General Pilon say they all drink brandy: this I have not seen very much. I was very surprise to see the people's hair of any colour but red, because all our travellers say there is no other hair seen, except red or white! But I come here, filled with candour, and I say I have seen some people whose hair was not red. You tell me often at Paris that we have no music in France. My dear friend, how you are deceived yourself! Our music is the finest in the world, and the German come after: you other English have no music; and if you had some, you have no language to sing with. It is necessary that you may avow your language is not useful for the purpose ordinary of the world. Your window of shop are all filled at French names—'*des gros de Naples*,' '*des gros des Indes*,' '*des gros d'été*,' &c. If English lady go for demand, Shew me, if you please, sir, some '*fats of Naples*,' some '*fats of India*,' and some '*fats of summer*,' the linendraper not understand at all. Then the colours different at the silks. People say, '*puce évanouie*,' '*œil de l'empereur*,' '*flammes d'enfer*,' '*feu de l'opéra*;' but you never hear lady say, I go for have gown made of '*fainting fleas*,' '*emperors' eyes*,' or '*opera fires*,' or of the '*flames*' of a place which you tell me once for say never to ears polite! You also like very much our musique in England: the street-organs tell you best the taste of the people, and I hear them play always, '*Le petit tambour*,' '*Oh, gardez-vous, bergerette*,' '*Dormez, mes chères amours*,' and twenty little French airs, of which we are fatigued there is a long time. I go this morning for make visit to the house of a very nice family. When I am there some time, I demand of the young ladies, what for they not go out? One reply, 'Thank you, sir, we are always oblige for stay at home, because papa enjoy such very bad health.' I say, 'Oh yes! How do you do your papa this morning, misses?' 'He is much worse, I am oblige to you, sir.' I bid them good bye, and think in myself how the English are odd to enjoy bad health, and the young ladies much obliged to me because their papa was much worse! *Chacun à son goût*, as we say. In my road to come home, I see a board on a gate, and I stopped myself for read him. He was for say, any persons beating carpets, playing cricket and such like diver-

sions there, should be persecuted. My faith! you other English are so droll to find any diversion in beating carpets! Yet it is quite as amusing as to play the cricket, to beat one little ball with big stick, then run about like madmen, then throw away big stick, and get great knock upon your face or legs. And then at cards again! What stupid game whist. Play for amuse people, but may not laugh any! Ah! how the English are droll! I have nothing of more for say to you at present; but I am soon seeing you, when I do assure you of the eternal regard and everlasting affection of your much attached friend."

Maxwell: a Story of the Middle Ranks. By the Author of "Sayings and Doings." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

THERE is nothing so strange as not to happen. The ordinary course of life is daily broken in upon by extraordinary events; and that memory must have little to record, which cannot remember something that would have passed all belief, unless that belief were our own. What a common phrase is it in conversation, "Well, if I had read this in a book, I should not have believed it!" And yet a novelist might rack his invention to go beyond the singular occurrences of actual existence. It is on a chain of improbabilities that continually take place—on coincidences which, however wonderful, we know to have happened—in short, on the extraordinary of ordinary life, that Mr. Hook has founded his story. The desire of aggrandisement is at once its interest and its moral. It is a true and useful picture which he draws of a man whose profession secures him competence, and his conduct respectability; but who sacrifices his daughter's happiness to ambition, and whose honourable exertions for independence, gradually deteriorated by a passion for wealth, the honest and valuable member of society is led on to join in the most destructive schemes,—those gambling and ruinous plans laid by avarice, and excited by speculation. The story is told in the author's own lively and pleasant manner,—touches of keen sarcasm, vivid insights into human nature, and—if we may apply such a phrase—a chemical analysis of motives. The great difficulty in pronouncing an opinion on a novel, is, to allow for the endless variety of tastes in the many different readers it has to please. Now, in the volumes before us, one will like the excitement of the story; another will enjoy the sketches of character; a third will appreciate its keen vein of satire; and, it may be, that some may prefer the very parts which others disapprove. We like Mr. Hook's wit; it is as true in its application as it is keen in its perception. But we sometimes dislike his humour, when it degenerates into caricature. Ridicule is the test of persons, not of things. A man, in giving a dinner, may be absurd, from his arrogance or his affectation; but there is nothing so very absurd in his living in a particular street, giving hashed calf's head, or having small cut glasses, in some of which are pickles, and in others preserves. These local ridicules were only relished in the first instance, from the oddness of their being brought at all before the public. The quarry was originally small, and it is now exhausted. The boundaries of civilised life and Oxford Street, is an old joke. "Something too much of this." Mr. Hook's talents are infinitely above this employment. It is a clever artist wasting his skill on a common coloured print. Major Overall is a caricature; so is Moss: his peculiarities of speech scarcely

tell on paper. The odd manner which, in speaking, would be aided by voice and gesture, and give effect to his droll terminations of words—his ginnums, for gin; Neddums, for Ned, &c., must necessarily be lost on the reader. He makes some speeches at first, but falls off at last; so difficult is it to embody a mere oddity in writing. On the contrary, Apperton strikes us as a masterly sketch, because it is true to nature. The calm, commonplace temper; the routine of business habits; the narrow-mindedness attendant upon want of feeling and want of information; the small economy, together with the spirit of speculation; the saving sixpence, and risking thousands, is caught to the very life. Maxwell himself is admirable; so is his daughter—an exquisitely finished and womanly portrait. There is an occasional carelessness of language, and one or two rather coarse jokes; but these are the exceptions, not the rule. We shall endeavour to form a mosaic of our quotations, collecting specimens of what strikes us as characteristic and original. A misanthrope makes the following excuse for his satire:—

"And you abusing every body I happened to mention," said Maxwell. "That's not my fault, Maxwell," said Moss; "the blame lies upon those who deserve the censure; however, I believe I am much quieter than I used to be. I find the world is past improvement, and it is little use trying to mend it."

The heroine's projected marriage is next introduced.

"Yes," said Maxwell, "I have hopes of happiness from that marriage, if we can bring it about. Apperton is rich and indefatigable in business, with excellent city connexions, and a good property." "Kate doesn't care a button for him," said Moss, pushing away snuff-box, wine-glass, plate, and all. "How d'ye mean?" said Maxwell; "she receives his addresses, is civil and kind to him, and has gone so far as to tell me that she has no objection to him." "Pleasant state of affection upon which two people are to marry."

Our misanthrope concludes with the pleasant conviction that—

"I know enough of the world to know that the more pains a man takes to please, the more he gets abused."

These slight touches of satire seem to us peculiarly happy. Speaking of professional people, our author makes an excellent remark.

"It seems pretty clear that none of our fellow-creatures enjoy life more than the successful member of one of the learned professions. There is, it is true, constant toil: but there are constant excitement, activity, and enthusiasm; at least, where there is not enthusiasm in a profession, success will never come; and, as to the affairs of the world in general, the divine, the lawyer, and the medical man, are more conversant and mixed up with them than any other human beings—cabinet ministers themselves not excepted."

The next passage, though in a graver tone, is too true to be omitted.

"Enjoyment, indeed, is altogether comparative; and, without some variation of the scene, it is impossible properly to appreciate the value of comfort and splendour. To enjoy life with all its acuteness,—to be deeply moved by the sorrows of others, or highly elevated by our own happiness, it is necessary to mingle with all classes, to see such scenes as naturally fall under the observation of professional men, to hear such tales as meet their ears, and, in short, to participate more or less in the various

pains and pleasures, which Providence, in its wisdom, has assigned as the lot of those who are forced, as it is colloquially called, 'to fight their way through the world.' There is more healthful exercise for the mind in the uneven paths of middling life, than there is on the macadamised road of fortune. Were the year all summer, how tiresome would be the green leaves, and the bright sunshine!—as, indeed, those will admit, who have lived in climates where vegetation is always at work."

We must give the conversation between Miss Maxwell and her intended, respecting the place where the honey-moon is to be spent.

"Where shall it be then?" said Katherine; "you have only to fix, and I shall be happy to accede to your proposition." "No, by no means," replied the lover; "you must decide, and I shall obey." This was with reference to the watering-place to which they were to retire to pass the honey-moon—since watering-place, by the influence of Moss, Maxwell had announced it to be. "What say you to Hastings?" said Miss Maxwell. "Hastings?" said Apperton, snarlingly. "The country about it," said Kate, "is pretty, the situation sheltered to suit my father; there are many agreeable objects in the neighbourhood, and the spot itself is historically interesting." "So it is," said Apperton, "and I dare say it is a nice place enough; but they gave some friends of mine, last year, an infernal bad dinner at an inn there—thirteen shillings a bottle for claret—and the fish not over good." "Well then," said Kate, "the Isle of Wight—a perfect paradise?" "Yes, the pictures I have seen of that are very pretty," said Apperton; "but then there's all the trouble of the sea, and additional expense and uncertainty." "Well then, Brighton?" said the nymph. "Why, yes, Brighton, I think is best," replied the swain. "It's nearest to town." "Not so secluded as it might be," sighed the bride elect. "Not quite secluded," said Apperton, "but sufficiently so. If you like retirement, any of the small streets away from the sea would answer; and the rents, I suppose, are much lower in those parts of the town, than on the cliffs." "Ah!" sighed Kate again. "They tell me the beef isn't good at Brighton," continued the stockbroker; "but I dare say we shall be very happy: the mutton, my friend Hopkins says, is famous, and fish I know is uncommon cheap; and besides there are stages to town almost every hour, so that one can run up to business when it gets dull."

A delay takes place: we quote the dialogue as a specimen of an ardent lover.

"When Apperton returned from the city, it was held to be a matter of delicacy, and even difficulty, to announce to him the change which had been made in the arrangements for the nuptials; but the elder Maxwell undertook to negotiate the matter, and having, by a circuitous route, mentioned the subject of Edward's much wished-for marriage with his cousin, came at last to the point, and hoped that Apperton would not feel annoyed at their having altered and postponed the day without waiting to consult him, explaining, at the same time, the absolute necessity that existed for the presence of the reverend vicar of Fudley cum Pipes at his living in the intermediate time. Kate entered the room during the discussion, and candid, or perhaps careless as she was upon the points of etiquette connected with the approaching ceremony, even she thought it necessary to put on an air of something like pique and dissatisfaction at the alteration. "Then, when is it to be?" said Apperton. "We now propose to-morrow three weeks," said Maxwell. "Let me see—Tuesday—Thursday—Friday,—

that will be the 14th," said Apperton. "Exactly," said Maxwell. "Twenty-two days," said Katherine, with a semi-sigh. A pause ensued. The father and daughter were alarmed; they thought they had wounded the delicacy, and hurt the feelings of the ardent lover. "The 14th?" repeated Apperton,—"couldn't we put it off till the 21st?—it would be more convenient to me, because of the 15th, you see, being the day for the account." They were entirely relieved from all their embarrassments, and the 21st was fixed."

We have not room for a most amusing dissertation on dinners, but we must quote the winding-up pun.

"Life in London would be a dull work unless illustrated with plates."

The ensuing matrimonial sketch is true "to the life."

"To prove the badness of the weather, it is only necessary to say, that, as the shining bridegroom handed his amiable Kitty into the carriage at her father's door, he observed, at that crisis of affairs, 'that he thought they should have a wretched journey of it to Brighton.' Wretched!—Any journey with one's bride wretched! What has rain or cold to do with the warmth and sunshine of the heart? Siberia, with the one loved being, would be as blooming, as cheering, and as fertile, as Italy; a dungeon so accompanied, more delightful than the brightest palace of the east without her; but not to Mr. Apperton, who, like hackney-coach horses, had his work and recreation limited by the bills of mortality; who had not been twenty miles from the metropolis in as many years; who believed Richmond Hill one of the highest mountains in Europe, and considered Severndroog Castle, on Shooter's Hill, a perfectly inaccessible fortress. It is true, he had been to Margate, on the salt sea, in a steam-boat; but, the moment he embarked at the Tower stairs, he sat himself down in a sort of coffee-house box in the cabin, with the daily newspaper in his pocket, and never left his corner till he was bumped ashore on Jarvis's jetty. A journey of fifty miles to Apperton formed such a large amount on the debit side of his day's happiness, that to have undertaken it, with all the accompaniments of wind and rain, was to him a matter of sufficient importance to make him forget, in the contemplation of it, that he had to enjoy the society of an amiable, accomplished young woman, during its progress; and that too with all the rights, privileges, immunities, and pre-eminences of a husband; forgetting, in short, that all her accomplishments, all her amiability, with herself into the bargain, were decidedly his own. But so it was—the weather had put him out of sorts, and the marriage procession, consisting of two carriages, had nearly reached St. James's church, where the indissoluble knot was to be tied, before he recovered his serenity, or rubbed quite dry and clean four or five of his new gilt buttons, which had been moistened by that indescribable humidity for which the atmosphere of London, at certain periods of the year, is celebrated."

We shall conclude with a *droll* summary of the merits of divers watering-places of fashionable resort.

"Tunbridge Wells is like Cranbourn Alley carried to Clapham Common; Bognor, with its pebble-stone rocks, dulness below misery; Hastings, a row of houses in a five's-court; Worthing, a bad imitation of its neighbour; Bath, a tea-kettle, always boiling and steaming; and Cheltenham a cockney edition of Hammersmith."

Is there not either a misprint or mistake in the name of one of the characters, for the Lord Bryanstone of one volume is called Lord Lessingham in the next?

If we except the very admirable tale of *Cousin William*, we think *Maxwell* is by far the best work Mr. Hook has produced; and we have not enjoyed it the less for recognising the originals of some of the characters.

Historical Account of the Navigable Rivers, Canals, and Railways, throughout Great Britain, as a Reference to Nichols, Priestly, and Walker's new Map of Inland Navigation. Derived from original and parliamentary Documents, in the possession of Joseph Priestly, Esq. 4to. pp. 776, with a six-sheet map in case. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

IN speaking of the origin of inland navigation, do we allude to the first period when the bark of trees was moulded into boats, and made the vehicles of transport, of fishing, or of travelling; or, do we restrict ourselves to the period when, by the aid of art, rivers were rendered navigable, and courses of water, under the name of canals, were carried over portions of the main-land? It is evident, that in the elaborate work before us, the text of an equally elaborate map, that the latter is the point from which the author takes his departure; though, like the descent of the earliest nations along the navigable rivers, and their colonisation of their fertile shores, the period at which these important adjuncts to the convenience and profit of commercial nations, were introduced either into China, or India, or Egypt, is involved in much obscurity.

Our enthusiasm, however, in the cause of canals, like their pecuniary value, abates very much when we turn to the consideration of the value and utility and advantages of railways, of the period of their first adoption for the conveyance of goods, "by whom they were originally brought into use, and in what part they obtained their celebrity, are facts alike unknown;" though it appears very probable, that the first workers of mines, not only in Great Britain, but in other countries also, were acquainted with the method of laying a kind of tram for the sledge to run upon, afterwards fitted with wheels, and converted into small waggons, to which we may trace the origin of our present improved mode of constructing them.

A new era was commenced with respect to rail-ways and tram-roads, by the extension of the other branches of mechanical science, and particularly the application of that at once powerful and flexible agent, steam, which gives to engines a motive power of the most fearful energy, which raises up water from the deepest abysses, gives a form to the most refractory and hardest metals, and at the same time will execute the most minute and delicate operations.

Mr. Priestly assigns the credit of being the first to apply the steam-engine to the propelling of loaded waggons on rail-ways to Mr. Treventhich, of Cornwall. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* appears to claim the credit for the unfortunate Symington, who, in 1787, exhibited in Edinburgh the model of a carriage propelled by steam. His scheme was improved upon by Mr. John Blenkinsop, of Middleton, near Leeds; and most of the eminent engineers since that period have turned their attention to the subject.

"The late experiment made with the carriages (says the author) of Messrs. Gurney, Stephenson, Errickson, Braithwaite, and others

celebrated engineers, on the Liverpool and Manchester rail-way, have proved with what speed the distance between different places may be traversed; and the numerous applications to parliament, for acts to legalise the construction of rail-ways in many parts of the country, sufficiently prove the interest with which the subject is taken up; whilst, from the very circumstance of the rapidity with which carriages have been propelled on this railway, it is now probable that, ere long, his majesty's mails will be conveyed on the plan introduced by Mr. Dick."

A carriage, bearing along with it other vehicles, and a considerable number of passengers, traversing in the space of an hour a distance of from twenty-one to thirty miles, was a sight which naturally excited much curiosity and interest. It was immediately inquired how it took place? Whether it would be possible to make these vehicles move on ordinary roads, or only on railways? Whether the same means of transport were susceptible of adaptation in all parts of the country? Or, were there obstacles which opposed themselves to their utility becoming general? These questions have now been pretty satisfactorily answered.

The great obstacle was the weight of the carriage, and the resistance offered by the inequalities of the road: now, the resistance created, and which resulted from this force of inertia and of friction, is in exact proportion to the weight. If we reduce our coaches to the size of ordinary vehicles, we do not leave sufficient power to overcome these obstacles; while, if we give them all the necessary power, their dimensions render them inconvenient, and they are inferior to the ordinary modes of transport, both in point of celerity and economy. To overcome these obstacles, rail-ways were invented; hard and polished surfaces, made of wood or metal, were introduced, on which the wheels of the carriages rolled with an ease and facility as much superior to what is obtained on the turnpike roads, as the facilities presented by these exceeded the bad roads of our forefathers.

In writing the historical account of the navigable rivers, canals, and rail-ways, throughout Great Britain, Mr. Priestly has furnished a very excellent and necessary accompaniment to the splendid map of inland navigation by Messrs. Nichols, Priestly, and Walker. It is difficult to say any thing of a work which contains mere statistical data of the greatest simplicity. The rivers, canals, and rail-ways, are arranged alphabetically, and the details given comprise the period at which they originated, or received the royal assent; the sums expended in their construction, or improvement, and the number and amount of shares; their length, width, and depth; the nature of the country through which they pass; the general articles of conveyance, and the price of tonnage; besides much additional information on many other points of interest to commerce, or connected with the local advantages of the different undertakings.

Indeed, one of the most important objects in a commercial country is the facilitating communication between the most distant points of that country. Dupin considers perfection in the modes of communication as the most essential source of prosperity; and it has been remarked by another author, that by uniting in a more intimate manner the different parts, it tends to give unity, power, and consistency, to the whole. Much as has been said of the labours of oriental nations, or of the toiling in-

habitants of the long banks of the Nile, to improve the inland navigation of their respective countries, in future days Great Britain will be pointed out as containing, previous to the introduction of rail-ways, the most stupendous examples of the efforts of human industry, seconded by commercial capital; and a glance at the map will shew us an island bevelled all over, and united at every point by the most extensive system of inland navigation that ever characterised any country.

We have examined this map with care and attention; and in point of accuracy of details, correctness of execution, and perfection of the whole, it fully answers our expectations of what the able engineers would accomplish. It is with the greatest diffidence, then, that we venture to make a few remarks on such a laboured production; and, in the first place, accurate as it is in its hydrographical features, why should it not have been so in the mountain chains, with whose directions and connexions the former are intimately allied? We do not mean to say that there are any inaccuracies in this map that did not occur in those that preceded it; but this was a fair opportunity to introduce a perfection which has been for some time in general use on the continent. The Cheviot range, for example, is made a single hill; the Pentland range is hardly marked; while Wilson-Town iron-works, which are on a moor, appear to be on a mountain range. There is such a science as geology—a science which in modern times has received too great an impulse from men of intellect, and has contributed too much to assist in the construction of roads, the operations of mining, and all other undertakings connected with the earth, to be entirely neglected. The plan adopted by the authors, of using chemical signs to denote the presence of iron, copper, cobalt, &c. is certainly a very excellent one; but there is much inconsistency in the manner in which their names, or their expressions, are used. If they are meant for references to mineralogical localities, they are altogether insufficient; and if they are used in an economical point of view, they are in very many cases unauthorised. The geological details are meagre in the extreme. The Malvern hills are marked as limestone, when there are only a few hills of limestone to the north-east, and those not connected with the range, which is granitic. Sandstones go by the name of stone, as the stone (new red sandstone) of Ross, and the stone (granite) of Edinburgh. We have also strong evidence of the value of geology as a mere science of nomenclature; in the map before us, rocks which have hardly a character in common, excepting their chemical constitution, are all included under the domination of limestone; while the authors are, we are sure, well aware that the hard limestone of the Avon or the Wye will burn well, or make roads, but is not fit for architectural purposes; and that of Derbyshire will receive an excellent polish; while the limestone of Bath, or Cheltenham, which at Scarborough the authors mark as freestone, is excellently adapted for building, or for lithographic stones. The magnesian limestone of Sunderland evinces equally peculiar properties, unfit for building; it also renders argillaceous or siliceous soils more arid, to which other limestones are as a manure, and, except in some parts of Marsden-rock, incorrectly spelt Marston in the map, it is not generally burnt. Need we remark to those acquainted with the intimate relation of the geological structure of the earth, with its physical aspect and its general appearance, and with the facilities or obstacles presented by that

structure, of what additional value it would have been had the map been geologically coloured after the excellent maps of Smith or of Greenough? With these few exceptions, upon which we do not like to dwell, it is a most splendid chart, and certainly the best hydrographical map which we possess.

Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers and the Investigation of Truth. By John Abercrombie, M.D. 8vo. pp. 435. Edinburgh, 1830, Waugh and Innes; Glasgow, M. Ogle; Dublin, Currie and Co.; London, Whittaker and Co.

MYRIADS of materialists deny the existence of the soul, and will not let us believe we have any mind at all. On the other side, one man (Berkeley) is ready to swear to the non-existence of matter—consequently, we can have no body. Reduced, then, to a state without either body or mind, how shall we becomingly applaud and adequately appreciate the philanthropy and philosophy of that man who, in this deplorable hour of need, hastens to our aid, rescues us from non-entity, fairly convinces us we have both, and elates us with the assurance that we are *somebodies*? In these days, when the bulwarks of society are openly assaulted by the avowed atheist, and its foundations are at the same time being sapped by the more insidious approaches of the sceptic—surely he merits the gratitude of his fellow-citizens who repels the advances of the one by demolishing his dogmata, and countermines the other by exposing his subtleties. It is well, once in a way, to have such a writer as Dr. Abercrombie come forward and disperse, by the light of philosophy, the thick darkness of materialism, which, since it cannot be seen through, blinds and bewilders the mental vision, and in which, as none can find their way, all must alike go astray, and wander in error. We quote the following passage, wherein the independent existence of mind is vindicated, and its immortality ably defended and argumentatively asserted:—

"We have, in truth, the same kind of evidence for the existence of mind, that we have for the existence of matter; namely, from its properties—and of the two, the former appears to be the least liable to deception. 'Of all the truths we know,' says Mr. Stewart, 'the existence of mind is the most certain. Even the system of Berkeley concerning the non-existence of matter, is far more conceivable than that nothing but matter exists in the universe.' A similar mode of reasoning may be applied to the modification of materialism more prevalent in modern times, by which mind is considered as a result of organisation, or, in other words, a function of the brain; and upon which has been founded the conclusion, that, like our bodily senses, it will cease to be, when the bodily frame is dissolved. The brain, it is true, is the centre of that influence on which depend sensation and motion. There is a remarkable connexion between this organ and the manifestations of mind; and by various diseases of the brain these manifestations are often modified, impaired, or suspended. We shall afterwards see that these results are very far from being uniform; but even if they were uniform, the facts would warrant no other conclusion than that the brain is the organ of communication between the mind and the external world. When the materialist advances a single step beyond this, he plunges at once

* This may, however, be done by hand, as an addition.—Ed.

into conclusions which are entirely gratuitous and unwarranted. We rest nothing more upon this argument, than that these conclusions are unwarranted; but we might go farther than this, and contend, that the presumption is clearly on the other side, when we consider the broad and obvious distinction which exists between the peculiar phenomena of mind, and those functions which are exercised through the means of bodily organisation. They do not admit of being brought into comparison, and have nothing in common. The most exquisite of our bodily senses are entirely dependent for their exercise upon impressions from external things. We see not without the presence both of light and a body reflecting it; and if we could suppose light to be annihilated, though the eye were to retain its perfect condition, sight would be extinguished. But mind owns no such dependence on external things, except in the origin of its knowledge in regard to them. When this knowledge has once been acquired, it is retained and recalled at pleasure; and mind exercises its various functions without any dependence upon impressions from the external world. That which has long ceased to exist is still distinctly before it; or is recalled, after having been long forgotten, in a manner even still more wonderful; and scenes, deeds, or beings, which never existed, are called up in long and harmonious succession, invested with all the characters of truth, and all the vividness of present existence. The mind remembers, conceives, combines, and reasons; it loves, and fears, and hopes, in the total absence of any impression from without that can influence, in the smallest degree, these emotions; and we have the fullest conviction that it would continue to exercise the same functions in undiminished activity, though all material things were at once annihilated. This argument, indeed, may be considered as only negative; but this is all that the subject admits of. For when we endeavour to speculate directly on the essence of mind, we are immediately lost in perplexity, in consequence of our total ignorance of the subject, and the use of terms borrowed from analogies with material things. Hence the unsatisfactory nature of every physiological or metaphysical argument respecting the essence of mind, arising entirely from the attempt to reason the subject in a manner of which it is not susceptible. It admits not of any ordinary process of logic; for the facts on which it rests are the objects of consciousness only; and the argument must consist in an appeal to the consciousness of every man, that he feels a power within totally distinct from any function of the body. What other conception than this can he form of that power by which he recalls the past, and provides for the future—by which he ranges uncontrolled from world to world, and from system to system—surveys the works of all-creating power, and rises to the contemplation of the Eternal Cause? To what function of matter shall he liken that principle by which he loves and fears, and joys and sorrows—by which he is elevated with hope, excited by enthusiasm, or sunk in the horrors of despair? These changes also he feels, in many instances, to be equally independent of impressions from without, and of the condition of his bodily frame. In the most peaceful state of every corporeal function, passion, remorse, or anguish, may rage within; and, while the body is racked by the most frightful diseases, the mind may repose in tranquillity and hope. He is taught by physiology, that every part of his body is in a constant state of change, and that, within a certain

period, every particle of it is renewed. But, amid these changes, he feels that the being whom he calls himself remains essentially the same. In particular, his remembrance of the occurrences of his early days, he feels to be totally inconsistent with the idea of an impression made upon a material organ, except he has recourse to the absurdity of supposing that one series of particles, as they departed, transferred the picture to those which came to occupy their room. If the being, then, which we call mind or soul, be, to the utmost extent of our knowledge, thus dissimilar to, and distinct from, any thing that we know to be a result of bodily organisation, what reason have we to believe that it should be affected by any change in the arrangement of material organs, except in so far as relates to its intercourse with this external world. The effects of that change which we call the death of an animal body, are nothing more than a change in the arrangement of its constituent elements; for it can be demonstrated, on the strictest principles of chemistry, that not one particle of these elements ceases to exist. We have, in fact, no conception of annihilation; and our whole experience is opposed to the belief of one atom that ever existed having ceased to exist. There is, therefore, as Dr. Brown has well remarked, in the very decay of the body, an analogy which would seem to indicate the continued existence of the thinking principle, since that which we term decay is itself only another name for continued existence. To conceive, then, that any thing mental ceases to exist after death, when we know that every thing corporeal continues to exist, is a gratuitous assumption, contrary to every rule of philosophical inquiry, and in direct opposition, not only to all the facts relating to mind itself, but even to the analogy which is furnished by the dissolution of the bodily frame."

The well-constituted mind cannot but derive satisfaction whenever the faith of religion receives additional confirmation from the convictions of science, or is relieved from its perversions—while the believer, with renewed confidence, may enter into the assurance of the inspired writer, and say with him, "Though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

We quote another passage, on the effects of fictitious narrative.

"There has been considerable difference of opinion in regard to the effects produced upon the mind by fictitious narrative. Without entering minutely upon the merits of this controversy, I think it may be contended, that two evils are likely to arise from much indulgence in works of fiction. The one is a tendency to give way to the wild play of the imagination—a practice most deleterious both to the intellectual and moral habits. The other is a disruption of the harmony which ought to exist between the moral emotions and the conduct—a principle of extensive and important influence. In the healthy state of the moral feelings, for example, the emotion of sympathy, excited by a tale of sorrow, ought to be followed by some efforts for the relief of the sufferer. When such relations in real life are listened to from time to time, without any such efforts, the emotion gradually becomes weakened, and that moral condition is produced which we call selfishness, or hardness of heart. Fictitious tales of sorrow appear to have a similar tendency—the emotion is produced without the corresponding conduct; and when this habit has been much indulged, the result seems to be, that a cold and barren sentiment-

alism is produced, instead of the habit of active benevolence."

The inference from these objections, though the offspring of a benevolent mind, goes a great deal too far. We confess ourselves not prepared to admit the veracity of any one who should come and avow his immorality to have been superinduced by the perusal of the *Waverley* novels—that his heart had been hardened, through the consciousness of inability to break off the espousals of Lucy Ashton—and his charities had been congealed, from powerlessness to rescue the tortured covenanter. The only reasonable objection to such fictitious narratives we conceive to arise from their being too entertaining, whereby the taste of the mind, from revelling in sweets, may, from too great indulgence, become enervated, and disgusted with more substantial and alimentary food; and even this objection is not so much directed against the productions as against their abuse.

Dr. Abercrombie's work is written in a plain and intelligible style; which, considering the abstruseness of metaphysical communications, is no trivial praise. This will court the favour of the many, by whom the book would have been thrown aside, had it been unaccompanied by such recommendation. It contains, moreover, the deep science of a strong mind; and this will ensure it the approval of the philosopher.

The Oxford English Prize Essays. Vol. II.

[Second Notice.]

THE beautiful essay on the "Sense of Honour," emanated in his early days from the mind of Reginald Heber, late Bishop of Calcutta. We cannot do full justice to its merits, but console ourselves with the following quotations:—

Shame.—"Nor is it only by an appeal to our hopes and wishes, that a sense of honour maintains its influence. Shame, which may be defined the sorrow of pride, is a feeling so strange and so terrible, that while every other suffering may be endured with firmness, or thought of with indifference, this is the only punishment which no strength can sustain, no power avert; to which the greatest are not superior, and of which the boldest will confess their fears."

Instances of the influence of a sense of honour:—

"But honour is not satisfied with a pre-eminence over every other feeling: it is not enough that when human laws oppose its rules, that very prohibition is considered as an additional motive. It goes still further; it is always endeavouring to excel and transcend itself. When Bayard, 'the fearless and unblamed,' was bleeding to death amidst the ruins of France—what restrained him, since he had done his utmost duty, from accepting the assistance and compassion of the rebel Bourbon? And when our own brave Sidney, in circumstances almost parallel, displayed a still more noble self-denial, no duty, or even charity, forbade his quenching his own intolerable thirst, before he sent the water to the dying sentinel. There is, there must be, in such acts of glory a pleasure superior to all external dangers; a high and almost spiritual exultation, elevated above the region of external pain."

We cannot but admire the following mild rebuke passed upon the isolated views of those whose spiritual pride would have us believe that a benevolent religion demands the unsparing sacrifice of every feeling of humanity.

"Self-respect, in short, is the most powerful, and one of the most useful, of our mental

habits; it is the principle to which the noblest actions of our nature may be most frequently traced—the nurse of every splendid and every useful quality. How far it may be occasionally abused, or how far it may be itself consistent with the principles of our holy religion, are questions which have long been disputed with violent and fanatical acrimony. The first objection I am neither prepared nor inclined to deny. To imperfection every human invention is liable; nor can it be considered as a subject of blame, that even our best institutions are only a chance of evils. But that a sense of honour is contrary to the spirit of religion, though Mandeville (perhaps insidiously) admits the charge, appears, to say no more of it, a hard and hazardous assertion. It will, indeed, be readily allowed, that there is only one motive which can deserve the name of virtue; but to condemn as illegal or impious every other desire or principle, would be in opposition to all the wants and feelings of mankind; and would, by an inevitable inference, lay the axe to the root of civil government itself. Like every other law, the laws of honour are occasioned by the wants and vices of the world;—like them, too, they must derive their influence from the weakness of our nature. The perfectly virtuous man, if any such there be, needs no such stimulus or restriction; but for our sake, for his own, let him not withdraw from us, who are not so fortunate, those salutary restraints and penalties which fence our virtues by our passions, and unite in the cause of human happiness the powers of this world and the next. For a politician neither must nor can destroy the propensities he attempts to guide. He must take mankind as he finds them—a compound of violence and frailty; he must oppose vice to vice, and interest to interest; and, like the fabled Argonaut, accomplish his glorious purpose by the labour of those very monsters who were armed for his destruction.”

We value this as the opinion of one whose piety and benevolence grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. It is known to all, that it was not long permitted Bishop Heber to continue under the hot sun of India those labours of humanity and duty to which his days had been dedicated at home; and that his life-springs were dried up in the warrant, that with him self-denial was no idle or unmeaning theory. Thus was his death the sanction of his sincerity. It is from the energies of such men, while living, that systems become effective in the agency of good; and as they still borrow support from their memories when dead, so should they emulate their example.

The Mechanic's Saturday Night; a Poem in the vulgar Tongue: humbly addressed to the Hon. Sir R. Peel. By a Mechanic. 12mo. pp. 19. Teulon and Fox.

IN the march of intellect, the spread of knowledge, the “talented” exhibition of powers in the lower orders, and in the impartiality of our own criticism, we are not at all averse to allow the author to introduce his own performance. The following is his epistle to us, with the publication:—

“Sir—I trust you will excuse the liberty I have taken in troubling you with the enclosed poem. It is the work of a mechanic, a regular book-worm, and a nibbler of poetry. In the course of his book-grubbing, he stumbled over the Farmer's Ingle by Fergusson, and the ‘Cottar's Saturday Night’ by Burns. He was pleased with their fine descriptions of

the virtues of the Scotch peasantry, and he trembled with the wish to describe the virtues of the class to which he himself belonged—the London mechanics. How he has succeeded—the enclosed will shew. He submits to it you, sir, with some timidity, soliciting the honour of your notice and criticism. With the praise of a competent judge he will be pleased; with the fair and manly censure of a candid one, he will be profited.—Yours respectfully, B. H.”

B. H. draws a very coarse, but we fear a very just, picture of the orgies of the ale-house, almost the only pleasure now left for the mechanic to enjoy; for rustic sports, and fairs, and other ancient pastimes, have all been found to be too profane for him to be permitted to taste, and he has been driven into the more secret receptacles of drunkenness and vice. We cannot stain our page with the description of the blackguard and abominable revels; but if Hogarth's Beer Lane, and Gin Alley, had a moral in them, we think a like lesson may be drawn from this low and vulgar* saturnalia. At the close of his weekly labours,

“The blunt mechanic at pay-table stands,
While cautious scribes examine his rough score;
The cash he then receives with ready hands,
And eyes the slender total o'er and o'er;
Perhaps he has a thought aside to lay
A trifle, while affection softly leads,
His little lisp'ing one a frock to buy,
Or other little matters that it needs,
But ah! the thought soon dies, the little one still needs.
For see, he joins the ale-house party grim,
Then home and little ones soon disappear,
For what are home and little ones to him,
Whose soul's so often drench'd with gin and beer?
Soon, soon he gains the long'd, the lov'd retreat,
The ranks of lusty drunkards fast increase,
Half bashful and half bold he takes his seat,
And the first modest words are *pinto a-pièce*,
But O! what floods shall pour e'er call for *pinto* shall
cease!”

The progress of inebriation is fully, and, for decency's sake, too minutely painted, till we come to some of the effects of this shocking picture.

“But see! a shoeless urchin opes the door,
Staring with eyes inquisitive and sad,
He stalks dejectedly across the floor,
He seeks, and soon he finds his drunken dad:
He tells him how his little brother tattles
Over his little sister that lies dead,
He tells how Henry of his father prattles,
And cries and asks his mam in vain for bread;
Then mark how the sot yawns, and how he lolls his
head.”

And then came in a gentle-looking creature,
Seeking her husband, modestly she stept,
Grief and dismay seem'd busy in each feature,
And in her arms a half-clad baby slept:
Handsome she had been, but a train of sorrows
Had chas'd the roses from her cheeks away,
And in their stead pale Want had laid her furrows,
And dimm'd the lustre of her dark eyes' ray,
And in their half-raisd lids a tear did ling'ring stay.
She spoke not harshly, but assay'd to lure him
Unto his home with accents kindly mild,
Then angel-like she bent her knee before him,
And shew'd him his sweet sleeping lovely child;
Pleading for home and child in vain she stood,
Her kind looks he return'd with angry frown,
And rais'd himself in shameful attitude,
Prepar'd to strike her and her infant down,
Poor thing! she then retir'd, for she'd submissive
grown.”

The horrid revelry continues; but, as we have said, the strain is unfit for us; and we conclude with the only two applicable stanzas we can select.

O London town! whose every alley throbs
With some dark doing or delightful spree,
Thy gin and beer, and thy uproarious mobs,
Eclat and praise immortal bring to thee;
O glorious land of snirking mobs, how blest,
Ye useful classes, happy must ye be!
For when by want, and woe, and ruin prest,
A glorious mob will fly to stare at ye,
Hail! land of smiling mobs girt by a frowning sea.

* The title-page itself tells us it is “in the vulgar tongue;” and it is a pity it is so; for, humble as it is, there are vigorous graphic powers in this piece of *mechanism*.

To scenes like these some poor men owe a home
Of scantiness, of wretchedness, and woe;
Such scenes compel the ill-us'd child to roam,
And on some mother's cheeks the tear to flow:
From scenes like these with deadly freshness spring
Some of each fault which human kind disgraces,
Amid such darken'd scenes with fervour cling,
Want and her patron Vice in close embraces,
While crime, with paly smile, points at the useful
classes.”

No wonder we have a metropolis teeming with profligacy and discontent! no wonder we have mobs crying (naturally enough) “no police!” no wonder we have tumults and apprehensions:—let those at the head take heed!

Utility of Latin Discussed: for the Consideration of Parents, or those who have Influence in the Choice or Direction of Juvenile Education. By Justin Brenan. 18mo. pp. 82. London, 1830. Wilson.

IN discussing the utility of Latin, our author has set forth many confined, not to say remarkably ignorant, notions: we regret this, because, upon matters he understands, his style is plain, and calculated to convey his meaning in a manner well suited to the capacity of those for whose information he professes to write, and to whom, if master of his subject, he would be of considerable service. The question which he has at present thought proper to discuss, is beyond his comprehension, and a deplorably partial view is taken accordingly. The claims of the languages of Rome and Greece are too well known and appreciated to need our advocacy, or to be summarily knocked on the head by the shilaleh of Mr. Brenan. Let it be sufficient for us to point out some of this straightforward gentleman's plausibilities, and supply him with an exposure of a few of his fallacies. In apparent unconsciousness of these, he has successfully deceived himself, and may misinform many of his readers. To dissipate his own delusion, and prevent the diffusion of prejudice among those to whose especial consideration his work is submitted, will be a humane act in us, both towards himself and his readers. Mr. Brenan commences his assault upon the understanding of parents, by drawing a terrible portrait of a “learned blockhead.”

“Of all the wretched beings that degrade the character of man, the learned blockhead is the most contemptible. This creature will affect a superiority over men of intelligence and discernment, merely because they are not ‘classical,’ although his own insignificance is manifest in the commonest argument, except it turn upon some unimportant grammatical quibble. Ask him what advantage he has derived from Latin, and, if forced to give some other answer besides the unmeaning pedantic smile of ignorance, he will probably say that no one can know grammar without it, nor can ever be an orator. Yet he is the worst speaker and writer himself that can be imagined. Is a public meeting to be attended, he is found to be of no use, though great things were expected from him. He cannot express intelligibly what he means, and plain men are obliged to explain the business. Nay, they even find it necessary to draw up the resolutions; and the only duty that may be assigned for him is, to correct any grammatical inaccuracies therein! Thus, the uneducated or illiterate men, as he would call them, do what requires intelligence, discrimination, and sound sense, while he is only fit for a mechanical part of the work; just as the professed scrivener is employed to make a fair copy in an elegant hand. If this be not inferiority in the mental scale of society, I know not what is; yet he is not sensible of his humilia-

tion. He still thinks Latin is every thing; and will the next day again talk of logic, of Cicero and Quintilian, after such signal proofs of their uselessness to him."

Now, if a classical education produces such bug-bears, or if the attainment of classical knowledge precludes the possibility of information on general subjects, Mr. Brenan is right, and the sooner it ceases the better: but the fact is, he assumes an imaginary pedant—takes for granted, that he who is versed in Latinity cannot know any thing else, and proceeds to the equitable conclusion, that proficiency in the same renders its possessor alike odious and useless. Having fallaciously created this prejudice, our author passes on to make a plausible appeal to the pocket. The heavy per centage upon a limited income levied by the expense of a university education, is lamentably undeniable, but is altogether extraneous to the subject of discussion: the utility of knowledge, when acquired, is distinct from the difficulty of its attainment. Mr. Brenan, however, was too well aware of the weight of the pocket in controversy, as elsewhere, to omit endeavouring to strengthen his cause by such an efficient mercenary; while upon the same subject he wanders to a point where he asks the parent a few sound and sensible questions.

"Now, for what do you intend your son? Is not this a serious consideration, when you resolve to give up to Greek and Latin, ten or a dozen years of the studying time of his life? Do you mean that he should get his bread by it—that he should read for a professorship, or set up for a schoolmaster or teacher?—see, at an early period, the probability of success."

If these questions were fairly asked, and faithfully answered, classical education would be relieved from much unmerited odium. The results of instruction at our public schools and universities frequently bring home disappointment to the mind of the parent, not only from accidental obtuseness in their children, but from cherishing expectations far more than are warrantable. People in business, more particularly, look forward to some immediate and tangible return for outlay in education, and Greek and Latin are accordingly beheld with very suspicious eyes.

"Go to Homer, if you will,
And see if he'll discount your bill;"

is the test to which the utility of the classics is very generally submitted; and the discredit Homer has brought upon his firm by postponing to honour such acceptances, is almost incalculable. After proving the inutility of proficiency in Latin, Mr. Brenan whirls round, and would wheedle us into the belief that a "little Latin" is necessary, in order to understand the parts of speech of our own language! Though no very warm advocates ourselves for "half a year's Latin," we are glad that, after every obvious advantage has been omitted, or rejected, one is still acknowledged by our author; and from the *discovery* of this, the Latin grammar may still hope to be dog-eared a little longer. Mr. B., however, gets on, and, at page 51, recommends a little Greek also: the ingenious principle upon which this is advised, never could have been developed by any one not recently dipped in the Shannon.

"No man should be wholly and entirely ignorant of Greek. Every boy ought, therefore, to learn the alphabet, and something of the spelling and accentuation. The characters are used in astronomy, and for other purposes, and he should, at least, know how to call them and ordinary Grecian names in reading. With this view, a lesson might be introduced, at the

end of the Latin grammar, sufficient for such instruction. A slight knowledge of this kind would be very gratifying hereafter. It would enable a man to copy, with the more facility, any Greek word or short inscription, that he might meet in travelling or otherwise, and it would make him pass off always tolerably well in general society. If, while reading in company, he met a Greek sentence, he might say the first two or three words, and then lightly observe, 'I never was a good proficient in this language, but perhaps our friend Mr. Pericles can give a version.' Mr. P. would then perceive, by his having read a few words in the characters, that he was not entirely ignorant of Greek, and as no further trial would be required in polite company, he probably passes for knowing a great deal more than the alphabet and accents."

After ridiculing proficiency in Latin throughout his book, our author consistently concludes by seriously proposing that the works of every celebrated English writer should be preserved in a prose translation in that language, as the only unchangeable medium in which they can be securely transmitted to posterity! We should not have amused ourselves with the absurdities of Mr. Brenan, and endeavoured to set him right, had not he also published a small work upon "Composition and Punctuation," which, as a plain, useful, sensible little treatise, does its author credit, will well repay attention, and has our strong recommendation.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

As we announced last week, the first ordinary general meeting of this Society was held on Monday, when its able and enlightened President, Lord Goderich, delivered a short but peculiarly appropriate extempore address. He observed, "that the pursuits which the Society was instituted to promote, were at once useful, interesting, and ennobling. They were useful—for all classes of society would necessarily benefit by that enlarged acquaintance with the resources of our own and other countries, which the improvement and diffusion of geographical knowledge, in fact, constituted. They were interesting—for scarcely any but had friends or relations, who, as seamen, merchants, or travellers, would still more directly profit from the information thus acquired. And they were ennobling—because they roused and exercised the noblest faculties of the human mind; the love of enterprise, the promptitude which meets and overcomes its attendant difficulties, the powers of observation which make the opportunities thus afforded valuable; and though last, not least, the attachment to strict veracity in narration; without which, all other advantages are worse than useless; but for which, he was proud and happy to think and say, that English travellers were, for the most part, pre-eminently distinguished. The Society met, then, with a conscious feeling of the worthiness of its objects; but these objects had, moreover, already received, and were still receiving, the sanction of all that was most eminent for rank and talent in the country. And this, too, would add to its satisfaction:—his most gracious Majesty, King William, had taken it under his most special protection, had conferred on it the title of Royal, and had added a regal gift, or donation, of fifty guineas annually, as a royal premium for the encouragement of geographical science and discovery. And the names in the list of subscribers sufficiently testified the quality and extent of the

approbation elsewhere bestowed on it. As to himself," his lordship continued, "he really hardly knew to what he owed the honour of being selected to be the first President of such an association. He had always loved geographical studies, and had been naturally led to attach much value to one branch of them—he meant statistical inquiries;—still, he felt unworthy of the distinction, now that it was conferred on him, and he could only promise to make up in zeal, and with the assistance of the council, for whatever he might want in ability and talent."

The minutes of previous meetings of council were then read, by which the Society was put in possession, historically, of every thing that had yet passed in the management of its affairs; and among other subjects thus brought under its notice, was a correspondence relative to a very old map of the world, preserved in Hereford cathedral, which the canons had most liberally offered, through Mr. Biddulph, treasurer to the Society, to send to London for its inspection,—an offer which, we need scarcely add, has been accepted. In the meantime, a fac-simile, on a small scale, was exhibited, and a short memoir read respecting it; furnished by Mr. Britton, the historian of our cathedral antiquities, who treated this as the earliest specimen of British map-making. Jerusalem is in the centre, with the rest of the old world not very much out of place; and England, Scotland, and Ireland, in particular, sufficiently correct and detailed to allow of a great many places being distinguished, and their names deciphered. But we shall not enlarge on this at present, as we may perhaps return to it when the map itself is brought to town.

The evening concluded by reading a list of the presents of books and maps already made to the Society's library. Among which we distinguished in particular, an offer made by Mr. Murray, Albemarle Street, to present the Society with whatever it might choose to select from his catalogue of publications. This liberal donation was received with great applause.

At the next meeting, Monday the 22d inst., an account of Swan River Settlement, drawn up by Mr. Barrow, from original and authentic materials, furnished by Governor Stirling, is, we heard in the room, to be laid before the Society: and this beginning of its proper business is exactly as it should be. This is an age of improvement and of emigration; but knowledge should precede all attempts at either.

Prius, ignotum ferro quam scindimus æquor,
Ventos et varium cœli prædicere morem
Cura sit, ac patrios cultusque habitusque locorum;
Et quid quæque ferat regio, et quid quæque recuset.
Quare agite, o proprios generatim discite cultus,
Agricolæ!
Virg. Georg. lib. i. 50. lib. II. 35.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.

THE last number which we have received of the *Bulletin* of the Geographical Society of Paris contains an account of the afflicting catastrophe which occurred in the environs of Mount Etna, the 16th of last May. Seven craters opened on the acclivity of the mountain, and several villages (eight are mentioned), which hitherto had always escaped the ravages of the lava, have been completely destroyed, all the habitations having been buried under heaps of calcined stones and red cinders, thrown far into the country. The coasts of Calabria, and all those parts of Italy which were situated in the direction of the wind which blew on that disastrous night, were covered by a red dust somewhat similar to that under which the lands neighbouring the mountain were buried. The occurrence of this dust had at first been con-

dered as a very natural consequence of the eruption; but the editors of the *Bulletin*, influenced by letters from Palermo, think that it was brought from the plains of Africa by an impetuous wind from the south-east, which bore it over the Mediterranean. In support of this, it is stated, that chemical analysis does not allow of this dust being assimilated with volcanic cinders. We should like to see the results of this analysis; for we are very doubtful if, in the great variety of volcanic products, analysis could decide upon the igneous origin of a mineral.

Dr. Gillies lately read an account of volcanic dust, borne to a very great distance during an eruption of the mountain of Penquesen, in the Andes of Chili, in the Wernerian Natural History Society of Edinburgh, which also could not, by analysis, be referred to ordinary volcanic products. We might observe, too, that the researches of Professor Cordier, of Paris, have established the same difference between red and white volcanic cinders as between red and white lava, which are distinguished by a basis of augite or felspar. It is possible that the dust of African deserts may have been propelled as far as the shores of Sicily or Italy; though we do not see that the fact of a caravan having perished under the sands in the middle of May is any thing more than an accidental connexion.

RUSSIA.

AT various sittings of the Academy of Sciences in Petersburg, during the latter months of last, and the earlier months of the present year, a number of interesting papers were presented. M. Ostrogradsky announced that he had resolved the problem of the propagation of waves on the surface of a liquid contained in a vase having the shape of a cylindrical sector; and that he believed he had discovered the equation of partial differences respecting the propagation of heat in the interior of liquids. M. Kuffer communicated the geographical position of several parts of the Oural mountains, and of Siberia, transmitted to him by M. Hansteen, and accompanied by important magnetic observations; as also a letter from M. Berzelius, containing an account of several minerals of the Oural mountains, compared with those of Norway. M. Hess described the result of experiments made on the salt-springs of Starai-Roussa, in Novogorod. M. Hary sent notice from Odessa of the earthquakes which took place there on the 26th of November, 1829; and M. Hansteen, an account of the magnetic declension to the east of Siberia; &c. &c.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

EXTRACTS FROM MR. SOTHEY'S VERSION OF THE ILIAD: BOOK II.

(Read at the Royal Society of Literature. See our last Literary Gazette.)

The Grecian army, by the advice of Nestor, thronging to council.

As when the bee's dense nations rise and rise
From the cleft rock, and cloud with life the
skies—
In clusters hang o'er spring's unfolding flower,
Sweep to and fro, and wind from bower to
bower: [host,
Thus from their ships and tents, host urging
To council swarm'd, and darken'd all the coast.
Fame, wing'd by Jove, before the arm'd array,
Waved her bright pennons, and illumed the way.

* It has given us great pleasure to hear that this translation is destined for the press; Mr. Murray having, with his usual judgment and taste, undertaken its publication.—Ed. L. G.

They throng'd—the tumult thicken'd—dire
the roar—

Deep groan'd beneath their weight th' encumber'd shore; [way,

The while nine loud-voiced heralds forced their
Warn'd them to silence—and their kings obey.
Scarce was the clamour hush'd, the tumult
quell'd,

And each in order due his station held,
When Agamemnon, rising up, display'd
The sceptre Vulcan's art divinely made.
Jove first that sceptre sway'd, by Vulcan
given—

Hermes received it from the king of heaven—
From Hermes, Pelops—and from Pelops' hand,
Imperial Atreus, heir of his command;
And when imperial Atreus left the light,
Thyestes held it in his father's right;
His death its power to Agamemnon gave,
Alike to lord it o'er the land and wave;
And Argos and her isles confess'd its yoke,
When, leaning on its strength, Atrides spoke.

The Grecians, at the deceitful advice of Agamemnon, rush to their ships.

He spake—and all who ne'er his counsel heard
All flew impatient at Atrides' word—
The hosts rush'd rolling on, as wave on wave,
When o'er th' Tearian sea swoln billows rave—
When east and south in adverse fury sweep,
Burst the dark clouds at once, and lash the
deep;

Or, as when Zephyrus o'er the harvest blows,
Waves the wide field, and rustles all its rows:
Thus the whole host was moved; and loud the
roar,

As burst the living tempest on the shore.
On as they rush'd, the dust, where'er they
pass'd, [cast;

Poised o'er their brow th' o'ershadowing column
And as their shouts immix'd, each urging each
To drag the gallees, sea-ward, down the beach,
To clear each trench, and strike the props
away— [bray,

Wide heaven's rent vault rebellow'd back the

Description of Thersites.

They met—all kept their stations—silent all,
Save loud invectives from Thersites' brawl,
Still jibing, still loquacious, right or wrong,
Still vibrating 'gainst kings, his serpent tongue,
Still prompt, if aught unseemly fed the jest,
To give the vulgar laugh a keener zest.

Foulest of form, the wretch to Ilium came—
One eye was squinting, and one leg was lame—
The gibbous load that either shoulder prest
To close contraction pinch'd his pointed breast;
And on his sharp convexity of head
Stray hairs, like wool, were here and there
outspread—

His bitter joy Ulysses to defame,
Or dim the lustre of Pelides' name.

Part of Agamemnon's speech preparing his host for the ensuing battle.

Now, each away, where festive joys invite,
There gather up his strength to stand the
fight— [shield,
New-edge the pointed lance, new-belt the
Pamper the steed to turn to flight the field;
New-brace from side to side the battle-car,
To bear from morn till eve the weight of war;
Cessation none, no pause, no rest from fight,
Till spread o'er either host one veil of night;
Sweat from each breast down shield and baldric
flow,

Fail the o'erwearied arm the lance to throw—
Sweat from each courser's widely-floating mane,
Foam on the chariot sweeping o'er the slain.
Be timely warned: who lone amid the fleet
Here willing lurks, and fears the foe to meet,

Fierce birds shall plunge their talons in his
gore,

And dogs contend his mangled carcass o'er.

Minerva arming for battle.

There, rushing o'er the war-resounding field,
In all the terror of her might revealed,
Mail'd in her panoply, Jove's martial maid
The shield of immortality display'd!
Bright blazed her ægis, as its orb around,
In braid all gold a hundred tassels wound,
All finely wreath'd in heaven's refulgent loom,
And, singly, each o'ermatch'd a hecatomb.
Thus arm'd, amid the host the goddess flew,
The eye of battle kindled at the view;
Each heart beat high, each arm felt tenfold
might, [fight;
Each nerve, new-strung, thrill'd vibrating for
And sweeter to their ear the battle-roar,
Than winds soft wooing to their native shore.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

A REQUISITION having been signed by thirty-three of the fellows, amongst whom were Mr. Herschel, Capt. Beaufort, Drs. Wallich, Horsfield, and Fitton, calling for a special meeting of the council, a meeting was held accordingly on Thursday evening; but as it was strictly private, and as another council is to be convened on the same subject next Monday, we do not feel at liberty to publish what transpired, further than that a debate of three hours took place. The anniversary, on the 30th, is looked to with increased interest.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Chronological Epitome of the History of England; from the Norman Conquest to the present time: exhibiting the Succession in the Monarchy; the Ages of the several Sovereigns when they began to reign, and the duration of their Reign; the principal Statesmen, Military Characters, Men of Genius, and most Remarkable Events in each Reign. Howlett and Brimmer.

THE title so fully explains the nature of this publication, that we have only to add that it is beautifully printed, in gold and silver characters, on a purple or white ground; and that it contains as much useful information as it is possible to comprise in so limited a space.

Views in the East; comprising India, Canton, and the Shores of the Red Sea. From original Sketches by Captain Robert Elliot, R.N. Part III. Fisher, Son, and Co.

"ASSAR Mahal, Beejapore," drawn by T. Boys, engraved by G. Hamilton; "The Jumma Musjid, Agra," drawn by W. Purser, engraved by T. Boys; and "Cawnpore," drawn by S. Proust, engraved by C. Mottram; are the three embellishments of the third part of Captain Elliot's publication. Of these, the Jumma Musjid, at Agra, is unquestionably the most rich and beautiful. It is one of the finest specimens of Eastern architecture. "Agra," Captain Elliot observes, "like most other cities of India, consists of two portions; the one part presenting a scene of ruin and desolation, the other exhibiting a habitable and apparently prosperous condition. In some places the ancient and modern parts of a town are mingled together; in others they are separate; and of this last state both Agra and Delhi afford examples. A single century, or even a shorter space of time, is sufficient to reduce the streets and bazars of an Indian city to a level with the earth from whence they rose, and to become almost as though they had never been;

while the larger mosques and tombs remain with little deterioration, and stand as melancholy monuments of the earlier splendour and prosperity of Eastern capitals. The Jumma Musjid, or principal mosque, at Agra, stands nearly fronting the Delhi gate of the fort, leaving an open space, about the size of a London square, between them. This building, though it wears the appearance of antiquity, is still quite perfect, and seems, together with the fort, to form a connecting link between the ancient and modern parts of the city; so that, viewing them in their present state, a question might almost arise, as to which portion they most properly belong."

Ireland Illustrated: from original Drawings by G. Petrie, R.H.A., and W. H. Bartlett, Esqrs. With Descriptions by G. N. Wright, M.A. Nos. 11, 12, 13, and 14. Fisher, Son, and Co.

AMONG others, views of "The Custom House at Dublin," "Bantry House," "Glengariffe," "Waterford," "The Lake of Killarney," "The Giant's Causeway," and "Coltsman's Castle," at once attest the rich mine of the picturesque which exists in Ireland, and maintain the character of this cheap and pleasing publication.

The English Counties Delineated; or, Descriptive View of the present state of England and Wales. By Thomas Moule. No. I. Virtue; Simpkin and Marshall; and Jennings and Chaplin.

THIS is the first number of a publication, which is intended to consist of forty-eight monthly numbers; and to "form a complete English Atlas, containing a vast body of topographical information in a digested order: exhibiting the situation, extent, climate, and productions of the country, natural and artificial, with its government, &c., as well as the improvement in the arts, manufactures, and commerce of the kingdom." As far as a glance will enable us to judge, this work will, in a very unpretending form, and at a very reasonable rate, communicate much detailed and accurate knowledge.

Six Views of Brussels, exhibiting some of the Principal Points where the recent Contests took place; with a Plan of the City. Drawn and etched by Lieutenant-Colonel Batty, Jennings and Chaplin.

AT a period when the disturbances in the Netherlands have created so painful an interest in this country, a publication like the present is very appositely timed; and is calculated materially to assist persons who have never visited the magnificent city of Brussels, in understanding the accounts of those recent contests by which some of its finest edifices have been either destroyed or greatly injured. The etchings are executed in a slight, but masterly manner. We regret that they are not accompanied by a typographical notice, however brief, of the events which they are intended to illustrate.

The British Celestial Atlas. By G. Rubie.

Part IV. Baldwin and Cradock.

THIS ingenious publication is now complete, and comprehends "a Familiar Treatise on Astronomy; two Movable Plates of the Celestial Globe, with Problems thereon; a Manual Planetarium, on which a variety of instructive and amusing experiments may be performed; and a complete Atlas of the Starry Heavens." From the cursory view which we have taken

of its contents, and of the manner of its execution, it appears to us that the hope expressed by Mr. Rubie, that the work "will be found equally useful to families, the conductors of schools, private students, and mariners," is justified by its merits. A game for young persons, described in the present Part under the name of "the Military Orrery," seems to us to be admirably calculated to facilitate the acquisition of astronomical knowledge.

ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

ON the 3d, the first annual meeting of this useful and interesting Society was held at the Freemasons' Tavern. Several of the new members, including the President of the Royal Academy, Lieutenant-Col. Batty, Messrs. W. D. Roberts and Prout, were present; and, altogether, about one hundred gentlemen attended. An extensive collection of works of art was laid upon the tables. The following appeared to be the most attractive. A large volume of drawings of forest and other trees, and landscapes, by F. C. Lewis—a store-house of the richest materials for the painter—once the property of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and now in the possession of Lord Northwick;—a painting of extraordinary power by Etty, of one of the children of Clarkson Stanfield;—an etching by Wilmore, of Harding's drawing, Lord Byron's dream, which promises to form one of the most excellent and effective of modern engravings;—two or three studies from the life, by Mr. J. Wood, (a member of the Society), and, in particular, a design from the Musidora of Thompson;—a collection of drawings, made during a recent tour in England, by Mr. George Sheppard, (also a member,) containing many of a highly picturesque character, and exquisitely finished;—a number of sketches by the lamented Bonington;—a miniature copy of the late President's picture of Master Lambton, by Mr. G. R. Ward—an artist whose excellence in this branch of the profession is quite unrivalled, and who has, we believe, copied the greater proportion of the works of Sir Thomas Lawrence, at his own especial recommendation. Mr. Henry Behnes Burlowe, the sculptor, exhibited a bust of Mr. Clint, A.R.A.; and as the original happened to be in the room, we had an opportunity of judging it to be as extraordinary a likeness as ever came under our notice; as a work of art, it is also excellent. Mr. George Morant submitted a portfolio of drawings, which contained several from the admirable pencil of Prout, ("a brave painter," according to Barry Cornwall,) D. Roberts, Copley Fielding, Stothard, Cox, and Thomas Boys, a young artist of rich promise.

It is one of the primary regulations of the Society, that such members as are artists be expected to submit their own works to the inspection of the meeting. We regret that the rule is not sufficiently attended to. The only individuals who claim our thanks upon this head are, Mr. Behnes Burlowe, Mr. G. R. Ward, Mr. J. Wood, and Mr. Sheppard. In our future notices of the *Conversazione*, we shall conceive it our duty to point out for especial attention such gentlemen, as afford proofs of their industry, talent, and liberality, by exhibiting the efforts of their pencils to their brother artists, and to the amateurs who desire to derive instruction and enjoyment from their society.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—Relying on the candour with which your Journal is conducted, I beg leave to forward

the enclosed statement, which, however strong, I pledge my honour to prove beyond the possibility of doubt.—I have the honour to be, &c. ANDREW DUNCAN.*

4, Felix Terrace, Liverpool Road, Islington, Nov. 6th, 1840.

SIR,—Having read in your paper a critique (dated Oct. 23d) on a plate called "the Orphans," published in the *Remembrance*,—I take the liberty to inform you, that the plate in question is not Mr. C. Rolls's engraving; it was engraved by me for Mr. Sharpe; but having been (very unaccountably) in Mr. C. Rolls's possession at the time of Mr. Sharpe's bankruptcy, it was detained, "to indemnify him for the very heavy losses sustained by him on that occasion;" not only was the plate detained, but without any reference to Mr. Gill, the painter, that extreme blackness was given to it, of which you so justly complain; and, to crown the whole of this honourable proceeding, Mr. C. Rolls "sold the plate to the assignees of the estate." It now goes forth to the world as his own; and I, who did the plate at a comparatively small price, in consideration of reaping the benefit of any merit, however small, attached to it, am unjustly deprived of that advantage, and obliged to suffer another man's name to be attached to my work, merely because Mr. Rolls happened to have money to accommodate Mr. Sharpe when he wanted it. Probably I should never have taken the liberty to address you on this subject, but that there seems a disposition to expose this sort of quackery, which has now arrived at such an infamous pitch, that any man possessing money is enabled to buy the reputation of talent he does not possess; and trading on the brains of others, with or without their consent, make his way to eminence in a profession, in which, if his course had been honestly pursued, his own talent would never have raised him to mediocrity. As you have thought the plate worth noticing, I trust you will be kind enough to publish this statement of the affair, which is the fact, Mr. Rolls being furnished with extracts from his own letters, which wait your perusal, if necessary. ANDREW DUNCAN.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

POLITICS IN THE LITERARY GAZETTE!

City Alarm: the Wellington Era.

EVERY body is excited—and how can we be nobody? Spite of prudence, we must dabble a little in politics, like the rest of the world. It is an awful crisis in the City of London: we were there on Tuesday, which, by the by, being no day in the calendar, has given rise to the new name of the present epoch; *vide licet*, THE WELLINGTON PERIOD!—as we say the Julian, &c.; for a very wealthy citizen assured us, there was no *ninth* of November, this year; and, in consequence, as a native of the Sister Isle remarked of this "intercalation," we might commence another new style, as we did of old.

But what puzzled us most, both in the city and at the parliamentary end of the town, was the origin assigned for the alarm so suddenly and unexpectedly spread. A riot was, it seems, intended; and no sooner had ministers got a *Key* to the whole business, than they were overwhelmed with consternation. The late Lord Mayor's procession implied no danger—he was only a *Crowd-er*; but with the Lord Mayor elect affairs had assumed a more threatening aspect—

They were determined to mob it, With Blacking Hunt and Porcupine Cobbett;

and if the Premier ventured into the city, instead of the usual present of the Freedom in a gold box, the anonymous and other blackguards swore they would use the freedom of boxing his ears, or at least battering his coach-box. Here was a pretty plot!—all the wards, with their aldermen, turned out, besides Thomas Ward, the late Sheriff; and they all, upon the premises, refused to admit the opening of their master-Key. Indeed, they spoke scornfully. Cut off our lights! exclaimed the Chief of *Candlewick*; the thing is not to be done; I'll engage to find *Birch* enough to whip the demagogues out of the city. P-Shaw!

* Our sense of justice demands the insertion of this letter: and we shall be equally open to any counter statement from Mr. Rolls.

cried he of Portsoken. The maimed and lamed (if any—much doubt) may be sent to *Cripple-gate*, quoth the witty *Wood*. Very *Fair-brother*, re-echoed *Lime Street*; while *Vintry* thought of his own name of *Winchester*, and wished, in the event of a real riot, he were *there*. *William Thompson, Esq., M.P.*, delivered his sentiments more seriously: As all the necessaries of life, said he, are like my ward, *Cheap*, I am really surprised at all this clamour and hubbub. The *Common-sergeant* offered to put himself at the head of any recruits, and to die for, if he could not live by; the city; and the *Clerk of the Peace* vowed he was not afraid of war. The *Sword-bearer* volunteered his single services; but the *Common Crier* evidently felt for the difficulties of the times, as his desponding looks too plainly testified. The *City Marshals* pledged themselves to protect their brother *Marshal Wellington*; and the *Coroner* expressed his extreme readiness to perform his duty, whatever might be the result; for, as he observed, there might be visitations of Providence, and *finis coronat opus*.

The city being in this bold and masculine position, and not terrified by the fulminations of the thieves and pick-pockets, now known by the appellation of "the people," it was a grievous disappointment on that day, which, as we have noticed, turned out to be *no day*, that there was no royal visit—no *Lord Mayor's Show*—no dinner in *Guildhall*.^{*} Then, indeed, the condition of the citizens became frightful. O dear! resounded along *Cheapside*—prayers for safety were breathed in *Paternoster Row*, and clerkly answered by *Amen Corner*. From *St. Paul's* westward, as the *Cockneys* truly said, it was *Ludgate III*; and *Fleet Street* reminded the melancholious of the fleeting nature of human hopes and anticipations. To see the jostling and hustling of the passers-by and groups, one would have fancied

* Apropos of these dinners: we do not think our readers and musical friends are sufficiently acquainted with the humorous and amusing duet lately sung, so feelingly, by *Gog* and *Magog* on a festive occasion; and which appeared in the *Second No.* of *Hood's Comic Melodies*.

"*Magog*. Why, *Gog*, I say, it's after one,
And yet no dinner carved;
Shall we endure this sort of fun,
And stand here to be starved.
Gog. I really think our city lords
Must be a shabby set;
I've stood here since *King Charles's* time,
And had no dinner yet.
Magog. I vow I can no longer stay;
I say are we to dine to day?
Gog. My hunger would provoke a saint—
I've waited till I'm sick and faint.
I'll tell you what, they'll starve us both—
Magog. I'll tell you what, they'll stop our growth!
Magog. I wish I had a round of beef,
My hungry tooth to charm—
I've wind enough in my inside
To play the *Hundredth Psalm*.
Gog. And yet they feast beneath our eyes,
Without the least remorse—
This very week I saw the *Mayor*
A-feeding like a horse.
Magog. Such loads of fish and flesh and fowl,
To think upon it makes me growl—
Are we to dine to day, &c.
Gog. I wonder where the fools were taught,
That they should keep a giant short,
They'll stop our growth—
Magog. They'll starve us both, &c.
Magog. They said, a hundred years ago,
That we should dine at one;
Why, *Gog*, I say, our meat by this
Is rather over-done.
Gog. I do not want it done at all,
So hungry is my maw—
Give me, an alderman in chains,
And I will eat him raw.
Magog. Of starving weavers they discuss,
And yet they never think of us—
I say are we to dine to day, &c.
Gog. O dear, the pang it is to feel
So mealy-mouth'd without a meal!
I tell you what they'll starve us both—
Magog. I tell you what, they'll stop our growth, &c."

that *Pall Mall* had moved to the east of *Temple Bar*: but it was not so—*Pall Mall* was almost Stranded by griefs of its own, and had little more than a *Cross* to choose between.

But there is seldom any case so bad as not to have a spice of good to season it; and though there were bones of contention out of doors, there were crumbs of comfort and something more substantial within. Along the whole line of street from the *Palace* to the *Guild*, in every house, the master or mistress, or both, or both in one (where there was no divided sway), had shewn themselves worthy of the enviable station they enjoyed. Aware of the possibility of their being besieged by the revolutionary rogues who had menaced the tranquillity and tranquil eating of *London*, they, every housekeeper of them, had provisioned their *Englishman's castles*, and many of them called in their friends from remote parts, such as *Brompton*, *Hampstead*, *Highgate*, *Paddington*, &c. &c., to assist in their gallant defence; while others, more mercenary, had, by a capital ruse, persuaded bold and adventurous strangers to pay them for (the post of honour! i. e.) the privilege of fronting the enemy.

"Large was their bounty, and their souls sincere."

The preparations for holding out were on a very magnificent scale; and the whole was rendered nugatory by the non-interference of the foe. Of course the entire line of defence was abandoned, and the ordinary population left to consume the extraordinary supplies. Gluttons as they were, and with every stomach for the fight, they could not do it. It was pitiable to witness the efforts that were made, and made in vain. There was a perfect glut of turtle soup (in some cases, to be sure, a mere mockery), which went down, and down, and down, till it was below par. Pies were poison; rounds of beef met no longer with rounds of applause; chickens were at a discount, and turned out neck and crop; hams, tongues, and other salt meats, were no longer looked upon as refreshments; turkeys were pointed at, and pigeons in every way absolutely viewed with loathing detestation—for their proprietors could not help remembering they had already been pigeoned enough; the stews were disrelished—for every family was in a stew itself; unable to stuff any more, hares, with their own stuffing, were absolutely sold ready dressed; and, in fine, increase of appetite could no longer grow with what it fed on. On the contrary, *Amen* stuck in the throats of the gorged inhabitants, who had done all they could to remove the loads with which they were oppressed; but, like most reformers, discovered long before they got their dessert, that they only lightened one place to surcharge another. How it will terminate, no one can pretend to predicate; but it is whispered in private circles, that *Apothecaries' Hall* is to be illuminated. So much for prophets.*

Another of the vexations which arose out of this metropolitan calamity, fell upon the progress of intellect. Preparations had been made to enlighten and illuminate the city, when the gloom gathered, and the march of lamp-light was so suddenly suspended. It was woful to think of the hundreds of thousands of human beings left, as the saints say, in darkness and ignorance; and it was most afflicting, in a political sense, to see the apathy and disloyalty generated on the occasion. The royal crown, which should have shone with so much

brilliance, and been the gazing delight of all beholders, was every where lowered to the dust. *W.'s* and *A.'s* were treated like the most common letters of the alphabet; nay, the very anchor of *England* (as if it were a pique) was thrown overboard and all, like a worthless thing, and

Hope for a season bade the world farewell!

Union jacks and British banners lay on the flags profane—laurels from their palmy elevation were planted in the mud (oh, improper manure!), and hundreds of rows of lamps were sacrificed to the dread of one row.

Having witnessed these signs of the times with our own eyes, is it strange that, filled as others are with wonderment and amazement, we should endeavour on one small spot of our quiet, soft, and green literary field, (a field of relaxation and enjoyment, where all else is turbulence and noise), to expatiate on the engrossing topic of politics in our own way? *England* will right herself. She ought to be well and honestly governed—and there is nothing to create alarm. Alarm! Why it resembles a common full of asses. One silly ass brays, and another brays; and, anon, most of the herd, separately or in concerto, exalt their melodious voices; till, astounded by their own vociferations, they fancy the common about to be invaded, over-run, eaten up, and consumed. Poor beasts! the uproar and the danger are all their own: there will always be browsing for them, in spite of the radicals attacking the roots. In truth, it is the idle, the timid, the prating, the repeaters of every silly rumour, that swell the loud and empty blast of *Britain's* peril.

With regard to the burnings in *Kent*, they are rather more distressing than the fears of *London*. Better marry than burn, said *Paul*—better not marry, says *Malthus*; but, in the teeth of apostle and economist, the unhappy people do marry, and thus beget (according to the new lights) a surplus population, which, not being adequately supported, add their burnings to their parents' marriages—so that, in reality, they both marry and burn! Then, there is that phantom, "*Swing!*" a very *Rock* for the alarmists to split on. In a few weeks, we will predict, this bugbear of a *Guy Fawkes*, this *Swing* of *Kent*, will very likely come to the other swing at *Newgate*; and there will be two swings to terrify those who are afraid of ghosts.

In the meantime, with a good and popular *King*, with a people of whom the great mass enjoy many blessings, and among the rest the blessing of common sense—and, above all, with a firm purpose to apply every means to alleviate the sufferings and improve the condition of the poorer classes—"England 'gainst all the world!"

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday the performance of *Lord Burgersh's* opera, before the royal family and a splendid auditory, went off with much applause. There is a great deal of sweet music in the composition; but we cannot, now, afford room for a detailed criticism.

Perhaps the *Italian Opera* will be anglicised next season, if, as is rumoured, *Miss Paton* and *Madame Vestris* are engaged. The *Haymarket Theatre, on dit*, (see *Furet de Londres*) is to be opened by the *French company* in *January*.

* Quere, profits?—*Dial-lus typicus*.

DRURY LANE.

A NEW divertimento was brought out here on Monday last, after the performance of *Henry V.* *Les Trois Sultanes* introduced a Mademoiselle Rosalia Guet to a Drury Lane audience. She is a respectable second-rate dancer, who has evidently chosen Taglioni for her model; and a better she could not have. We beg to decline otherwise noticing the divertimento. This is Mons. Simon's second essay, and unless he is labouring under great restrictions, the less we see of his productions, the better for all parties.—The glorious music of *Guillaume Tell* (Anglicè, or rather Hibernicè, Hofer,) drew a suffocating house on Thursday, backed as it was by the announcement of a new farce for Liston, from the popular pen of Poole. In the opera, Miss Pearson and Miss Russel made their first appearances as *Bertha* and *Josephine*, characters sustained last season by Stephens and Vestris. Without trying them by so dangerous a standard, we are compelled to say that both the ladies are utterly incapable of executing the music of Rossini. Philips and Sinclair drew down repeatedly the enthusiastic applause of the audience. The grouping, scenery, dresses, and the lancer-dance, kept them also in good humour; and, notwithstanding the desperate drawbacks before mentioned, the curtain fell amidst rounds of approbation.—The new farce succeeded, in both senses of the word. *Turning the Tables* is founded (it were unfair to say translated) upon Scrlie's *Nouveau Pourçaugnac*. Its title explains its plot. Three would-be-wits of Uxbridge—the exciseman, a lawyer's clerk, and his cousin—lay their heads together to hoax an obnoxious visitor from Coventry, and have the tables turned upon them by the said visitor. Liston, as the *Exciseman*, was drollery itself; and Cooper played the *hoaxer* with great tact. The two Vinings performed the very inferior parts allotted to them with spirit and vivacity; but perhaps the most difficult, as well as one of the best supported characters in the piece, was *Patty Larkins*, a Dunstable girl, by Mrs. Orger, who is decidedly one of the cleverest women on the stage. The little farce is very pleasantly written, and will no doubt be a lasting favourite.

COVENT GARDEN.

The Carnival at Naples, supported solely by the talent of Miss Taylor, and somewhat of Power, still "drags its slow length along." This clever young actress is, however, we are happy to perceive, announced for *Rosalind*, a character in which, we trust, she will speedily assert her rights as a legitimate performer. We look forward with pleasure to Thursday next. *As You like It* is of itself a treat; and so is Charles Kemble's *Orlando*: we have great hopes that Miss Taylor will prove herself worthy both of the one and the other. Shakespeare is the touchstone.

A new-old farce, or interlude, the hundred-and-first adaptation of *Le Prisonnier, ou la Ressemblance*, which, under the title of *The Secret*, the *Prisoner*, &c. &c., has been acted at every minor theatre in London, was produced here last Thursday, with the appellation of *Hide and Seek*.

VARIETIES.

Silk Worms.—Silk worms fed at Turin on the leaf of the scorzonera, furnished a silk of a very inferior quality to that obtained from the same caterpillar when fed on the mulberry tree.

Hardening of Wood.—A piece of plane tree

(*Platanus occidentalis*), after a long immersion in water, diminished in size by one-tenth of its diameter, and became so hard as scarcely to be affected by the axe.

Tubercles of Potatoes.—M. Vilmorin presented to the Royal and Central Society of Agriculture of France, a specimen of the *eyes* or tubercles of potatoes, which had been completely frozen, and which he succeeded in preserving by simple drying in the air, so that they would serve for the nourishment of animals.

New Nutritious Plant.—M. Henri presented to the same society a specimen of *fecula* obtained from the root of a plant called *arracacha*, of the family of Umbelliferæ, indigenous in the provinces of Santa Fè of Bogota, and of Caracas in Southern America, where this root is employed as food. This substance has all the physical and chemical characters of the true *fecula*, and possesses all their alimentary properties.

New Café.—We observe the preparations in St. James's Street, and hear of the engagerment of Vestris, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Goldsmid the clever imitator, &c. for morning lounges and refreshments: but as the plan seems new to the metropolis, we must stop and see before we praise.

New Bazars.—Bazars are still the rage: the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly is rapidly undergoing conversion for this object; though if it be to the total exclusion of all those exhibitions of art and curiosity which we have been so long accustomed to enjoy at this place, we, for ourselves, shall regret the change.

The French Academy.—The French Academy having required from the French government the power of immediately restoring to its body the academicians who were expelled by an arbitrary measure in 1815, the government has replied, that the Academy possessed the means of effecting the desired object by successive elections of the members of which it had been deprived.

Diamonds.—Several diamonds have lately been discovered at the foot of the Oural Mountains; and there is every reason to believe that more will soon be found.

Imperial Society of Naturalists at Moscow.—The Imperial Society of Naturalists of Moscow receives annually 10,000 roubles from the emperor. Out of this sum, 3,000 are devoted to journeys of natural history in Russia; 3,000 for the publication of the discoveries which result from these journeys; 1850 for the drawer and engraver; 800 for the office; and 650 for incidental expenses. The Society was founded in 1805 by its present director, Mr. Fischer. It has published seven volumes of memoirs; and from the beginning of 1829 it has printed a bulletin of its labours.

Method of obtaining the Skeletons of Fish.—Mr. Bluell's plan is to suspend a fish in a vessel full of water, into which he introduces a number of tadpoles, which devour the flesh, without injuring the bones. The tadpoles should be taken as small as possible: at the end of four and twenty hours the skeleton will be cleaned, but the water must be renewed several times.

Discovery of Bromine in the Baltic.—M. Kastner, in the *Archiv für die Ges. Naturlehre*, announces the discovery of bromine and iodine in the waters of the Baltic, near Swinemunde.

Monazite, a new Mineral.—Breithaupt has given the name of monazite* to a mineral

* From *μοναζω*, to be alone, from its not being capable of being compared with any other mineral.

which has been found in a ziran granite in the environs of Miarsk in Siberia. Its lustre is vitreous, colour brick-red, or reddish brown, translucent on the borders. Its crystals are rhombooidal prisms. Its hardness is equal to 6. Sp. gr. 4.93. It has not yet been analysed.

Movable Houses.—A French engineer, of the name of Blown, lately presented a memoir to the Academy, on the construction of movable houses. Movable houses have long been used in Sweden; but the mason as well as the carpenter has been employed in their construction. Those invented by M. Blown, on the contrary, are entirely of wood, can be erected in a very short time, so as to be perfectly habitable, and can be transported with facility. One of these houses has been eight times taken down in the course of eight years; and has travelled over a space of a hundred and fifty miles. M. Blown thinks that this kind of building may be usefully employed in African expeditions. The committee of the Academy to whom his memoir was referred are of a different opinion: they say that the extreme heat of the climate would soon warp the wood, and render the adjustment of the parts impossible.

French Coinage.—The gold and silver coinage of Philip the First was announced for issue on the 5th of November: by the by, our Guy Fawkes Day. The king's profile is to the right; the reverse has a crown of laurels, with the device, *Dieu protège la France*.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XLVI. Nov. 13.]
 Roxobel, by Mrs. Sherwood.—Remarks on a New and Important Remedy in Consumptive Diseases, by John Humphreys Doddridge, Surgeon.—The Life of Thomas Fanshawe Middleton, D.D. Lord Bishop of Calcutta, by the Rev. C. W. Le Bas, M.A.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Russell, or the Reign of Fashion, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 8s. 6d. bds.—Turnbull's French Revolution of 1830, 8vo. 16s. bds.—Pinkerton's Correspondence, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 12s. bds.—Love's Offering, a Musical Annual, 1831, Imperial 8vo. 12s. bds.—Wright's Cambridge Mathematical Examination Papers, Part I. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Huck's Greek-English Lexicon, square 12mo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Domestic Gardener's Manual, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Comic Offering, 1831, 12s. morocco.—Musical Forget Me Not, 1831, royal 4to. 12s. bds.—Dawson's Present State of Australia, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Evans' Rectory of Valehead, 12mo. 6s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

November.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	
	From	To	at	at
Thursday .. 4	43.	54.	29.74	29.80
Friday 5	38.	55.	29.86	29.66
Saturday .. 6	47.	60.	29.66	29.20
Sunday ... 7	46.	51.	29.11	29.33
Monday 8	32.	48.	29.56	29.74
Tuesday ... 9	36.	46.	29.79	29.83
Wednesday 10	34.	64.	29.75	29.59

Wind, S.W.
 Clear on the 8th and 9th—otherwise cloudy, with frequent rain.
 Rain fallen, 1 inch and $\frac{4}{5}$ of an Inch.
 Edinonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
 Latitude..... 51° 37' 39" N.
 Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. J.'s thought is affecting; but there are imperfections in the execution which forbid insertion.
 Our worthy friend M. T. S., of Long Stratton, must take an excuse from us, for reasons too long to explain.
 S., of Kew, declined. He must write to Miss H.: we cannot print it.

The adapter of the *Wreck Ashore*, at the Adelphi Theatre, ought to have acknowledged his obligation for that delightful drama, to the author of *Tales of a Voyager in the Arctic Ocean*, on whose story of *Letitia* it is so closely founded.

Sir James South's Charges against the President and Councils of the Royal Society was delayed too long in reaching us for consideration this week; we can only say, that they are confoundingly peppery.

In our review of the *Annulet* last week, we accidentally omitted the intended quotation from Mr. Carne's Eastern Story Tellers: it shall appear in our next.

Puffing.—Having spared a few columns to the farce in the City, as a temporary subject, we have postponed our remarks on the *Puff-System*.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE.

Mr. CRUMP will give his Second Lecture, at Half-past Eight o'clock, on Monday Evening. This Lecture will commence the Course, and will exhibit a General View of the Structure of the Human Body. The Course itself will treat of the investigation of Cases of Murder by violence or by poison, Infanticide, &c. &c. Terms—Two Guineas. Free Admission to Law Students, on application for Tickets to Mr. Crump, 5, Judd Street, Brunswick Square.

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TO EDITORS.—The Proprietor of a Provincial Paper,

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No. 722.—AMERICAN EDITION.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1830.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A New Voyage round the World, in the Years 1823, 4, 5, and 6. By Otto von Kotzebue, Post-Captain in the Russian Imperial Navy. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

DURING the progress of this interesting voyage we frequently received partial accounts of its "whereabouts" and proceedings, which we communicated to our readers; for whom therefore, as for ourselves, the connected narrative cannot have so much of novelty as it would otherwise have possessed; still it is a relation of events both attractive and important: attractive, from the nature of the seas, countries, and people, it describes,—and important, as marking the advance of scientific discovery, and the growth of the commercial, colonial, and political power of the vast empire of Russia.

We shall very briefly state the outline of the expedition, and confine our illustrative extracts to what appears to us to be most worthy of observation. Captain Kotzebue sailed in the ship *Predpriatie* (i. e. *Enterprise*), the first ever built in Russia under a roof, from Kronstadt, on the 28th July, 1823. She was of the size of a frigate of the middling class, though provided with only twenty-four six pounders, and manned by a crew (including naturalists, astronomers, &c.) of one hundred and forty-five souls. The vessel was richly stored with proper instruments for the purposes of science, and destined, in the first instance, for the north-west coast of America, where, among other duties, she was to protect the Russian American Company from the smuggling carried on there by foreign traders;—she accordingly made her way to Brazil, remained a while at Rio Janeiro, doubled Cape Horn, and made a stay at Chili; thence to O Tahaiti, Pitcairn Island, Navigators' Islands, Padack Islands, Kamtschatka, New Archangel, California, and the new Russian settlement Ross; the Sandwich Islands, the Pescadores, and some supposed new coral ranges, (called Rimski-korsakoff, Eschscholtz, and Bronus Islands,) the Ladrões and Philippines, St. Helena,—home. There is appended to the whole a zoological paper by Professor Eschscholtz, of considerable interest.

In the language of the estimable commander there is a spice of enthusiasm, occasionally bordering on the romantic; and in the translation, though faithful, on the whole, in conveying the meaning, we have to regret numerous inelegancies, not to say faults of style, and especially in rendering naval terms, which detract from its general merit. It is, however, so difficult, as almost to be impossible, to transmute any foreign tongue into pure English; and the German, from which we presume the present work is translated, is by no means the most ductile in this respect. Having premised so much, we now go to our selections.

At Teneriffe (says the writer, as he gazed upon the receding peak) we called to mind "the mysterious accounts of its aborigines, of whom it was said, from the resemblance of

their teeth to those of grazing animals, that they could only live on vegetables. They embalmed corpses in the manner of the ancient Egyptians, and preserved them in grottos in the rocks, where they are still to be found. The Spaniards, the first discoverers and appropriators of the island, have described in high terms the state of civilisation, methods of agriculture, and remarkably pure morality, of these ancient inhabitants, who nevertheless were entirely exterminated by the tyranny and cruelty of their conquerors."

After quitting Brazil the voyagers approached Staten-land, where the author again bursts into one of his enthusiastic apostrophes.

"A fresh breeze carried us so near to this inhospitable and desolate island, that we could plainly distinguish the objects on it, even without a telescope. What a contrast to the beauty of Brazil! There nature seems inexhaustible in her splendour and variety; here she has sparingly allowed a thin clothing of moss to the lofty masses of black rock. Seldom do the sun's rays lighten this or the neighbouring island of Terra del Fuego. Vegetation is so blasted by the perpetual cold and fogs, that a few miserable stunted trees can scarcely find subsistence at the foot of the mountains. The sea-birds avoid these barren shores; the very insects disdain them; the dog, the faithful companion of man, and man himself, the inhabitant of every climate under heaven, can alone exist in this; but the warmth of the sun is essential to the development of his faculties. Here he is a mere animal, and of disgusting appearance; small, ill-shaped, with dirty, copper-coloured skin, black bristly hair, and devoid of beard. He inhabits a miserable hut made of boughs covered with dried rushes, and appeases his hunger on the raw and often half-decayed flesh of the sea animals, whose skins furnish him with a scanty covering: this is the utmost extent to which his invention has yet led him, in providing defences against the roughness of the climate; and the dreariness of his existence is still unenlivened by any notion of amusement. Yet is this benumbing country situated in the same degree of southern latitude in which in the northern lies my beloved Esthonia, where every comfort of civilisation may be enjoyed—the land of my birth, where, in the charming form of woman, is 'garnered up' the happiness of my life, and where I hope to rest at last, in the haven of friendship and love, till I set out on that final voyage from which I shall never return."

We pass by the residence at Chili, the account of which more recent events have rendered of less consequence, and of that at O Tahaiti (somewhat under similar circumstances): all we shall say is, that Kotzebue draws a most unfavourable picture of the missionaries and their doings—representing them as grasping at power, fanatical, and rather injuring than improving the condition of the natives, whose numbers have been miserably decreased. Of the Radackers, or people of Radack, the description is infinitely preferable: their lan-

guage is quite different from all the Polynesian dialects, and appears of more recent formation. The author conjectures that they owe their origin to the Carolinas.

From Radack the Russians went to Kamtschatka, from which we shall only bring away two little anecdotes.

"The following anecdote evinces the hardness of the bears. Fish, which forms their chief nourishment, and which they procure for themselves from the rivers, was last year excessively scarce. A great famine consequently existed among them, and instead of retiring to their dens, they wandered about the whole winter through, even in the streets of St. Peter and St. Paul. One of them finding the outer gate of a house open, entered, and the gate accidentally closed after him. The woman of the house had just placed a large tea-machine, full of boiling water, in the court: the bear smelt to it and burned his nose; provoked at the pain, he vented all his fury upon the kettle, folded his fore-paws round it, pressed it with his whole strength against his breast to crush it, and burnt himself, of course, still more and more. The horrible growl which rage and pain forced from him, brought all the inhabitants of the house and neighbourhood to the spot, and poor bruin was soon despatched by shots from the windows. He has, however, immortalised his memory, and become a proverb amongst the town's people; for when any one injures himself by his own violence, they call him 'the bear with the tea-kettle.'"

"In the harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul there is sufficient depth of water close to the shore to admit of landing by means of a plank only. This proximity led a pair of swallows to mistake our frigate for a building upon terra-firma, and, to the infinite delight of the sailors, who regarded it as a lucky omen, they deliberately built themselves a nest close to my cabin. Undisturbed by the noise in the ship, the loving pair hatched their brood in safety, fed their young ones with the tenderest care, and cheered them with joyous songs. But when on a sudden they saw their peaceful dwelling removing from the land, they seemed astonished, and hovered anxiously about the ship, yet still fetched food for their young from the shore, till the distance became too great. The struggle between the instincts of self-preservation and parental love then became perceptible. They flew round the vessel, then vanished for awhile, then suddenly returned to their hungry family, and stretching their open beaks towards them, seemed to lament that no food was to be found. This alternate disappearing and returning continued some time, and terminated in the parents returning no more: the sailors then took on themselves the care of the deserted orphans. They removed them from the nest where the parent's warmth was necessary, to another lined with cotton, and fixed in a warm place, and fed them with flies, which seemed to please their palates very well. The system at first appeared to have perfectly succeeded, and we

were in hopes of carrying them safely to America; when, in spite of the most careful attention, they fell sick, and on the eighth day, to the general sorrow, not one of our nurslings remained alive. They, however, afforded an additional proof how kindly the common people of Russia are interested in all that is helpless."

From this point the ship steered for our Norfolk Sound, the Sitka Bay of the Russians, where, on the island of Sitka, is the New Archangel, the principal settlement of the Russian-American Company. The natives are called Kalushes, and they appear to be a fierce and daring race; disputing with the invaders of their country every inch of it which they have occupied or now possess. On land the black bear, and at sea the sea-otter (now rendered scarce by interminable hunting), produce furs of the highest price, not only in Russia, but in China. Kotzebue's picture of the natives is very disgusting.

"The Sitka Islanders, as well as their neighbours on the continent, are large and strongly built, but have their limbs so ill-proportioned, that they all appear deformed. Their black straight hair hangs dishevelled over their broad faces, their cheek-bones stand out, their noses are wide and flat, their mouths large, their lips thick, their eyes small, black, and fiery, and their teeth strikingly white. Their natural colour is not very dark; but they appear much more so than is natural to them, from the custom of smearing themselves daily over the face and body with ochre and a sort of black earth. Immediately after the birth, the head of the child is compressed, to give it what they consider a fine form, in which the eyebrows are drawn up, and the nostrils stretched asunder. In common with many other nations, they tear the beard out by the roots as soon as it appears. This is the business of the women. Their usual clothing consists of a little apron; but the rich wear blankets, purchased from the Russians, or from the American ships, and tied by two corners round the neck, so that they hang down and cover the back. Some of them wear bear-skins in a similar manner. The most opulent possess some European garments, which they wear on great occasions, and which would have an absurd effect, were they not so disgusting as to extinguish all inclination to laugh. They never cover the head but in heavy rain, and then protect it by round caps of grass, so ingeniously and closely plaited as to exclude every drop of water. Whatever the degree of heat or cold, they never vary their costume; and I believe there is not a people in the world so hardened against the weather. In the winter, during a cold of 10° of Reaumur, the Kalushes walk about naked, and jump into the water as the best method of warming themselves. At night they lie without any covering under the open sky, near a great fire,—so near, indeed, as to be sometimes covered by the hot ashes. The women whom I have seen were either dressed in linen shifts reaching to their feet, or in plaited mats. The custom, common to both sexes, of painting their faces in broad, black, white, and red stripes, crossed in all directions, gives them a peculiarly wild and savage appearance. Although this painting is quite arbitrary, and subject to no exact rules, the different races distinguish each other by it. To give the face a yet more insane cast, their long, hanging, tangled hair is mixed with the feathers of the white eagle. When powdered and painted in this way, the repulsiveness of the Kalush women, by nature excessively ugly, may be

imagined; but they have a method of still farther disfiguring themselves. As soon as they are nearly marriageable, an incision is made in the under-lip, and a bone passed through it, which is exchanged from time to time for a thicker one, that the opening may be continually widened. At length a sort of double button, of an oval form, called a kaluga, which, among the people of rank, is often four inches long, and three broad, is forced in so as to make the under lip stand forward thus much in a horizontal direction, and leave the lower teeth quite bare. The outer rim of the lip surrounding the wooden button becomes, by the violent stretching, as thin as a packthread, and of a dark blue colour. In running, the lip flaps up and down, so as to knock sometimes against the chin and sometimes against the nose. Upon the continent, the kaluga is worn still larger; and the female who can cover her whole face with her under lip passes for the most perfect beauty. Men and women pierce the gristle of the nose, and stick quills, iron rings, and all kinds of ornaments, through it. In their ears, which are also pierced in many places, they wear strings of bones, muscle-shells, and beads. It would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of the hideousness of these people when their costume is thus complete; but the lips of the women, held out like a trough, and always filled with saliva stained with tobacco-juice, of which they are immoderately fond, is the most abominably revolting part of the spectacle. The Kalushes have no fixed residence, but hover round the coast in their large canoes, which they call the women's, carrying all their property with them. When they fix upon any spot for their temporary establishment, they build a hut with great celerity, having all the materials at hand. They drive a number of stakes into the ground in a quadrangular form, fill the interstices with thin planks, and roof in the whole with the bark of trees. With such a dwelling they are satisfied: in the severest winter the family sit in a circle, carrying on their several employments round a fire in the centre. The interior displays as much filthiness as if the inhabitants belonged to the dirtiest class of the brute creation. The smoke—the stench of bad fish and blubber—the repulsive figures of the women, disgustingly occupied in seeking for vermin on the heads or skins of the men, and actually eating them when found; the great utensil for the service of the whole family, which is also the only vessel capable of containing water to wash with; all this soon drives the most inquisitive European out of so detestable a den. Their food, sufficiently disgusting in itself, is rendered still more so by their manner of eating. It consists almost exclusively of fish, of which the whale is the chief favourite, and its blubber an especial dainty. This is sometimes cooked upon red-hot stones, but more commonly eaten raw. The skins of the sea-otters form their principal wealth, and are a substitute for money; these they barter with the ships which trade with them, to the prejudice of the Russian Company, for muskets, powder, and lead. No Kalush is without one musket at least, of which he perfectly understands the use. The richer a Kalush is, the more powerful he becomes; he has a multitude of wives, who bring him a numerous family; and he purchases male and female slaves, who must labour and fish for him, and strengthen his force when engaged in warfare. These slaves are prisoners of war, and their descendants; the master's power over them is unlimited, and he even puts them to death without scruple. When the

master dies, two of his slaves are murdered on his grave, that he may not want attendance in the other world: these are chosen long before the event occurs, but meet the destiny that awaits them very philosophically. The continual wars which the different races carry on against each other, with a ferocious cruelty uncommon even among savages, may account for the scanty population of this district; the fire-arms with which, to their own misfortune, they have been furnished by the American ships, have contributed to render their combats more bloody, and consequently to cause renewed and increased irritation. Bows and arrows were formerly their only weapons; now, besides their muskets, they have daggers, and knives half a yard long. They never attack their enemies openly, but fall suddenly upon them in moments of the utmost fancied security. The hope of booty, or of taking a prisoner, is a sufficient motive for one of these treacherous attacks, in which they practise the greatest barbarities; hence the Kalushes, even in time of peace, are always on their guard. They establish their temporary abodes on spots in some measure fortified by nature, and commanding an extensive view on all sides. During the night the watch is confided to women, who, assembled round a fire outside the hut, amuse themselves by recounting the warlike deeds of their husbands and sons. Domestic occupations, even the most laborious, are also left to females; the men employing themselves only in hunting, and building their canoes. The slaves are required to assist the women, who often treat them in a most merciless manner. The females take an active part in the wars; they not only stimulate the valour of the men, but even support them in the battle. Besides the desire of booty, the most frequent occasion of warfare is revenge. One murder can only be atoned by another; but it is indifferent whether the murderer or one of his relations fall,—the custom merely requires a man for a man; should the murdered person be a female, a female is required in return. A case which would appear inconceivable has actually occurred,—that one of these most disgusting creatures has occasioned a struggle similar to that of Troy for the fair Helen, and an advantageous peace has been obtained by the cession of one of these monsters. The Kalush, who would probably look coldly on our most lovely females, finds his filthy countrywomen, with their lip-troughs, so charming, that they often awaken in him the most vehement passion. In proof of this, I remember an occurrence which took place during our residence in Sitka, among a horde of Kalushes who had encamped in the vicinity of the fortress. A girl had four lovers, whose jealousy produced the most violent quarrels; after fighting a long time without any result, they determined to end the strife by murdering the object of their love, and the resolution was immediately executed with their lances. The whole horde assembled round the funeral pile, and chanted a song, a part of which was interpreted by one of our countrymen, who had been long resident here. 'Thou wast too beautiful—thou couldst not live—men looked on thee, and madness fired their hearts!' Savage as this action was, another exceeded it in ferocity. A father, irritated by the cries of his child, an infant in the cradle, snatched it up, and threw it into a vessel full of boiling whale-oil. These examples are sufficient to characterise this hateful people, who appear to be in every respect the very refuse of human nature. Their weddings

are celebrated merely by a feast given to the relatives of the bride. The dead are burned, and their ashes preserved in small wooden boxes, in buildings appropriated to that purpose. They have a confused notion of immortality, and this is the only trace of religion which appears among them. They have neither priests, idols, nor any description of worship, but they place great faith in witchcraft; and the sorcerers, who are also their physicians, are held in high estimation, though more feared than loved. These sorcerers profess to heal the sick by conjurations of the wicked spirit; they are, however, acquainted with the medicinal properties of many herbs, but carefully conceal their knowledge as a profitable mystery."

We have not space to pause either at New California or the Sandwich Islands; but the details from Manilla are so curious, that to them, and the zoological and scientific intelligence contained in these volumes, we shall return: in the meanwhile they will be found eminently interesting in all other respects in which such works can be considered valuable by the public.

The Keepsake for 1831. Edited by F. M. Reynolds. 8vo. pp. 320. London, Hurst, Chance, and Co.; Jennings and Chaplin.

WE look upon this volume as quite a triumph of taste. Of its exquisite embellishments we have elsewhere spoken; and can now add, that its literary contents are, generally, varied and pleasant, with some specimens of superior merit. Mr. Agar Ellis has contributed a delightful paper, opening a mine of literature hitherto untouched, and yet we think peculiarly calculated for an Annual. It is a memoir of Lady Fanny Shirley, Chesterfield's "Fanny, blooming fair!" A series of these biographical sketches, embodying that lighter and more personal information, which, though scarcely matter of history, yet throws much light on the historic page, would be a new and most popular feature in a volume like the present. The memoir is written with Mr. Ellis's usual elegance, and enriched with one or two curious and original letters. We think Lord Nugent and Mr. Hook tell short stories better than any writers we know. Lord Nugent's "Pic-Nic Party" is delightful; and Mr. Hook's "Brighton Coach" as amusing an adventure on the road as any gentleman could wish to meet. "Transformation," and the "Swiss Peasant," are two clever tales, by the author of "Frankenstein," whose powers of creation are equally original and inventive, and who also possesses a peculiar and often deep insight into the feelings she investigates. Had her style more of condensation, it would double its attraction. Lord Morpeth's "Story of Modern Honour" owes much to its style of narration; it begins well, but the *dénouement* is overstrained. Duelling is bad in theory; but unless we can contrive to entirely remake human nature, and remodel society, it seems to us rather necessary to deprecate its abuse than its use. Severn's remorse is the imaginative exaggeration of a weak mind; not the manly regret that weighs both the good and the evil over which it laments. "Twice lost, but saved," by Mr. Banim, is an affecting incident, powerfully told: none excel this author in delineating the manners of ordinary life. We like, too, the story of "Arthur Chamberlayne," by the Hon. Charles Phipps. From the poetry we extract the following, by Lord Morpeth:—

"The Use of Tears.

Be not thy tears too harshly chid,
Repine not at the rising sigh:—
Who, if they might, would always bid
The breast be still, the cheek be dry?
How little of ourselves we know
Before a grief the heart has felt;
The lessons that we learn of woe
May brace the mind as well as melt.
The energies too stern for mirth,
The reach of thought, the strength of will,
Mid cloud and tempest have their birth,
Through blight and blast their course fulfil.
Love's perfect triumph never crown'd
The hope unchequer'd by a pang;
The gaudiest wreaths with thorns are bound,
And Sappho wept before she sang.
Tears at each pure emotion flow:
They wait on Pity's gentle claim,
On Admiration's fervid glow,
On Pity's seraphic flame.
'Tis only when it mourns and fears
The loaded spirit feels forgiven,
And through the mist of falling tears
We catch the clearest glimpse of heaven."

There is a very pretty poem called the "Gondola," by Mr. Bernal; another, by the author of "Granby." But, for the sake of variety, our next extract shall be prose. We mentioned the original letters in Mr. Ellis's contribution; we cannot do better than extract them.

"Lovell, as we shall see from his own confession, was a rival of Chesterfield; which circumstance renders his communications the more curious. The letters are addressed to his friend, Lord Essex, at that time ambassador at the court of Turin.

"Holkham, Dec. 31, 1735.

"My dearest Lord,—La Roche's present, by being the occasion of my hearing from you, afforded me as great pleasure as the present itself (though very agreeable and fit for my new house) will do. You have opened my wounds by speaking of Lady Fanny. She is quite lost to me: that foul fiend Chesterfield has bewitched her; and, under pretence of serving me, has entirely defeated me, and is in full possession of the lady's soul. In the enclosed, which I beg you'll deliver, I have eased my heart a little to La Roche, and told him of my misery. For since my secret is like never to be any secret at all, I find great ease in discoursing of it, and tiring all my acquaintance with my grief. My rival triumphs so publicly, that I hear of nothing from London but his success. All summer, parties by water, rides in Bushy Park, &c.; and the old ladies begin to be censorious; which the nice lady, however, stands, and, since she herself knows there is no harm, does not mind what others say. This plaguy peace, that is like to unhinge the measures of the seditious, and make them have nothing to do, will give Chesterfield still more time to love. I cannot bear London while things continue thus, though I must be there in about three weeks. I hear, from true judges, Veracini's opera is the finest that ever was, though I don't hear how it fills. Being obliged to write to his Grace of Grafton, per post, I acquainted him about Lord Euston, and shall remember you to all old friends, even Chesterfield, when I come to town. Our club at Dels would be overjoyed to have your company. Your most faithful and entirely humble servant,
LOVELL."

"London, Jan. 25, 1736.

"My dear Essex,—I have this moment received your obliging letter, by which I perceive you have not received mine, which I wrote in answer to your last, which brought me the first bill of lading, and enclosed in it one for La Roche, thanking him for his obliging present. I shall inquire at our office" by what

* "The post-office, Lord Lovell was at this time postmaster-general.

neglect that letter miscarried. That beauty you think so cold shevs herself warmer than any lady in England, but not with me. All I can flatter myself with at most is, the having made myself convenient to her. I attacked (though not boldly) in front; dazzled by her beauty, I could scarce approach, while that sly Chesterfield, like the toad in Milton, came privily behind, and fastened on her ear. In short, they live together, ride together, walk, go by water, &c. &c., in the face of the whole world; and this cold, shy beauty, as you called her, bears up, I do assure you, more than ever I yet saw married or unmarried lady. The great trouble they have is, that, when they ride out, his lordship is forced to stand on his stirrups, while she makes her back ache with stooping to hear him; but I am now in treaty for a monstrous tall horse that is shewed as a show here, which I will present to his lordship; for we are generous rivals and good friends yet. Your friend, his Grace of Newcastle, has a cook *qui fait trembler tout l'Angleterre*, and the whole discourse of the town is on him. He gave us a most fine dinner the other day, where were assembled Chavigny, the D. of Richmond, Pembroke, and all the nice critics in eating. We there drank Champagne—some sent by Waldegrave, some by you; and, though both were excellent, yours was preferred, and reckoned the best in England. To-morrow I dine with Scarborough, where I shall see many of your friends, who I will acquaint of your kind remembrance of them. The club goes on well, and we always remember you, and wish for you amongst us. Operas don't do so well. I missed hearing that of Veracini, which the best judges say is Squitone. Lest this letter should miscarry, I shall send it to the gentleman at the Treasury that brought it, who promised to carry it to your lordship.—I am, with the most unfeigned sincerity, regard, and respect, my dearest lord, your most faithful and obedient humble servant,
LOVELL."

L. E. L. has been peculiarly happy in her contributions to the *Keepsake*, though the ensuing is our favourite:—

"The Forgotten One.

I have no early flowers to fling
O'er thy yet earlier grave:
O'er it the morning lark may sing,
By it the bright rose wave;
The very night-dew disappears
Too soon, as if it spared its tears.
Thou art forgotten!—thou, whose feet
Were listen'd for like song!
They used to call thy voice so sweet—
It did not haunt them long.
Thou, with thy fond and fairy mirth—
How could they bear their lonely hearth!
There is no picture to recall
Thy glad and open brow;
No profiled outline on the wall
Seems like thy shadow now;
They have not even kept to wear
One ringlet of thy golden hair.
When here we shelter'd last appears
But just like yesterday;
It startles me to think that years
Since then are past away.
The old oak-tree that was our tent,
No leaf seems changed, no bough seems rent.
A shower in June—a summer shower,
Drove us beneath the shade,
A beautiful and greenwood bowyer
The spreading branches made.
The rain-drops shine upon the bough,
The passing rain—but where art thou?
But I forget how many showers
Have washed this old oak-tree,
The winter and the summer hours,
Since I stood here with thee.
And I forget how chance a thought
Thy memory to my heart has brought.
I talk of friends who once have wept,
As if they still should weep;
I speak of grief that long has slept,
As if it could not sleep:
I mourn o'er cold forgetfulness—
Have I, myself, forgotten less?

I've mingled with the young and fair,
Nor thought how there was laid
One fair and young as any there,
In silence and in shade.
How could I see a sweet mouth shine
With smiles, and not remember thine?
Ah! it is well we can forget,
Or who would linger on
Beneath a sky whose stars are set,
On earth whose flowers are gone?
For who could welcome loved ones near,
Thinking of those once far more dear,
Our early friends, those of our youth?
We cannot feel again
The earnest love, the simple truth,
Which made us such friends then.
We grow suspicious, careless, cold;
We love not as we loved of old.
No more a sweet necessity,
Love must and will expand,
Loved and beloved we must be,
With open heart and hand,
Which only ask to trust and share
The deep affections which they bear.
Our love was of that early time,
And now that it is past,
It breathes as of a purer clime
Than where my lot is cast.
My eyes fill with their sweetest tears
In thinking of those early years.
It shocked me first to see the sun
Shine gladly o'er thy tomb—
To see the wild flowers o'er it run
In such luxuriant bloom.
Now I feel glad that they should keep
A bright sweet watch above thy sleep.
The heaven whence thy nature came
Only recall'd its own;
It is Hope that now breathes thy name,
Though borrowing Memory's tone,
I feel this earth could never be
The native home of one like thee.
Farewell! the early dew that fall
Upon thy grass-grown bed
Are like the thoughts that now recall
Thine image from the dead.
A blessing hallow's thy dark cell—
I will not stay to weep. Farewell!"

There is something so odd, and yet so true, in the following remarks of Mr. Banim, that we must find room for them.

"Perhaps there is no country so little susceptible, generally speaking, of public sensations as England: events which agitate the peasant, nay, the peasant's wife, at the other side of the straits of Dover, would scarce reach John Bull in his village chimney-nook,—certainly would not disturb the serenity of his countenance if they did. And yet there is one species of occurrence which excites us, and pervades us, and absorbs us, through every grade of society, more than it could, or at least more than it does, any other civilised people. A murder—a downright, in earnest murder—broad-featured, well-marked, deliberate, unequivocal, refined—arouses into unusual vivacity all England, from the banks of the Tweed to the Land's End. Its fame spreads from cities and towns into the recesses of the small mountain hamlet. Men, women, girls, and children, talk and think of nothing else. The newspapers teem with nothing else, excepting only and always the unheeded advertisements of new books. Literary talent of really a high order is vented in descriptions, speculations, deductions, and sentimental discussions, on the subject. Artists hurry down to the rural scene of the atrocity, to make money by making drawings of it, as well as of all the innocent scenery and accompaniments within view. Thousands of people, who cannot wait for their second-hand information, hurry after them, or anticipate them, to see with their own eyes; or to hear with their own ears, the whispered anecdotes of the half-petrified carter, who, in the gray dawn of the drizzling morning, found the stained bread-knife, or the discharged pocket-pistol (the first dreadful intimations of the deed), in the lonesome bride-road, or by the side of the stagnant pool; or they pay round sums to have to say that they

sat down in the little back parlour, or scramble through the brake where the murderer so lately sat or passed."

We now leave the *Keepsake* to the judgment of the many to whom it will be offered—and to the Graces themselves a more elegant offering could not be made.

Life and Correspondence of the late Admiral Lord Rodney. By Major-General Mundy. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1830. Murray.

THE *Life and Correspondence* of the brave and improvident Lord Rodney touch a time of brilliant interest in the annals of the navy, and can hardly fail to excite the attention of the British public. Though, in many respects, not to be compared with the *Memoirs of Collingwood*—and, we would say, perhaps hardly worthy of extension to two octavo volumes, containing between nine hundred and a thousand pages—there is, nevertheless, a mass of *matériel*, and a number of miscellaneous pieces of mosaic, in this publication, which will amply repay the trouble of perusal, and convey both information and amusement to the reader.

Major-General Mundy having married Sarah Brydges, the youngest daughter of Rodney, had every facility of access to his papers; and from his family connexion, it may readily be supposed, possessed all that kindly partiality for his subject which is no bad trait in the writing of biography. He sets out, accordingly, with the ancestry of Lord Rodney, and derives him from Sir Richard Rodney, knight, who fell at Acre, fighting under the banners of Richard I., though the male line terminated about the era of Charles II., and passed by a female into the house of Sir Thomas Brydges, of Kainsham, Somerset. The father of Lord Rodney commanded a royal yacht, in which George I. was wont to sail in his journeys to the continent; and his majesty stood godfather to his son, who was born February 19, 1718, and educated at Harrow. At twelve years of age he left school, and went to sea on a letter of service from the king, the last ever granted; and spent seven years on the Newfoundland station, under Admiral Medley. We need not trace his upward progress, which was accelerated by his great talents and devotedness to the duties of his profession. In Admiral Hawke's victory over the French fleet of M. de l'Etendière, off Finisterre, on the 14th of October, 1747, Rodney commanded the *Eagle* of 60 guns; and the following anecdote is related:—

"Captain Rodney, having compelled the French ship with which he had been chiefly engaged, to surrender, instantly boarded her, and made his way to the French captain, who, having given up his sword, remarked, with the characteristic *badinage* of a Frenchman even under the severest misfortunes, 'that he should rather have met the *Eagle* in the shape of a dove, with the olive-branch of peace.' To which Rodney instantly replied, in the words of his motto, 'Eagles do not beget doves' and in 1780, when he was advanced to the dignity of a Knight of the Bath, the above circumstances were made the insignia of his arms; viz. or, three eagles displayed purpure, answering to the three victories he had then gained over the French and Spaniards."

In 1753 he married Lady Jane Compton (who died in 1757), sister to Spencer, eighth Earl of Northampton; but this caused no interruption in his active services, and in May 1759 he was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral. It is from this period, when his more important enterprises commenced, that

the *Correspondence* is dated. At Havre, and in the West Indies, he continued to perform essential services till 1762, for which he received the thanks of parliament, and was, in 1764, raised to the dignity of a Baronet of Great Britain. In November 1765 he married Henrietta, daughter of John Clies, Esq., by whom he had several children—his successor to the peerage, and three daughters. From 1765 to 1770 he was Governor of Greenwich; and the following characteristic story is told of his administration:—

"At that period, few, if any, of the pensioners were allowed great-coats, and then only in consequence of a petition approved by the weekly board, or an order from the governor, who had authority to grant that indulgence. Sir George, the first winter of his government there, had applications made as usual, but required no better pretensions, or greater eloquence, than an old sailor and a cold day, to grant an order. The consequence of this was, that great-coats became so general, and the demand increased so much, that the Lieutenant-governor, Mr. Boys, at the next board, took upon him to represent the governor's conduct as extremely reprehensible. Sir George, who was present, got up, and after expressing his surprise at the lieutenant-governor's conduct, very calmly said to him, 'I have the greatest respect for you as a man, who, by the greatest merit, has raised himself from the station of a foremast man to the rank of an admiral—a circumstance which not only does you the highest honour, but would have led me to have expected you as an advocate instead of an opposer to such a necessary indulgence. Many of the poor men at the door have been your shipmates, and once your companions. Never hurt a brother sailor; and let me warn you against two things more: the first is, in future not to interfere between me and my duty as governor; and the second is, not to object to these brave men having great-coats, while you are so fond of one as to wear it by the side of as good a fire as you are sitting by at present. There are very few young sailors that come to London without paying Greenwich Hospital a visit; and it shall be the rule of my conduct, as far as my authority extends, to render the old men's lives so comfortable, that the younger shall say, when he goes away, 'Who would not be a sailor, to live as happy as a prince in his old age?'" and Sir George kept his word—for from that time every man was allowed a great-coat.* It was Sir George who first appointed the shoremen, as they are called, whose duty it is to watch and wash the retreating tide; thereby contributing to the salubrity of the hospital, and to the comfort and convenience of its numerous visitors."

The improvements now in progress under the royal William, will, however, still further contribute to the honour of this glorious establishment. In 1771-2-3-4, Rodney was again employed in the West Indies, during three years of peace; and being disappointed in obtaining the government of Jamaica, he returned, deeply chagrined, to Portsmouth, in September 1774.

"From this period (says his biographer), the sunshine which had hitherto cheered his existence became obscured; and for the space

* "By the humane exertions of that most able and excellent officer, Rear-Admiral Sir Richard Keates, the present governor of Greenwich Hospital, and by the judicious regulations of the directors of the establishment, the comforts of the pensioners may now be said to be consummated, both with regard to the clothing, discipline, and messing, as well as to the indulgences allowed to those who have families."

of four years the oppressive gloom of want, disappointments, and inaction, hung over him like a mist, when again the cheering light of prosperity beamed upon him, and gilded his evening with its brightest rays. It is to be lamented, that natures the most generous and ingenuous, from an honest zeal which flows through all their conduct, can seldom bring themselves to bear the dry methodical labour of arithmetical calculation, nor to bestow that attention to their financial concerns, which is, to a certain degree, indispensable in every condition of life. Sir George, it is to be apprehended, was one of this class. Possessing a pleasing and handsome exterior, with the courteous manners and address of the accomplished gentleman (qualities not particularly valued by the navy in those days), he had, at all times, when on shore, been received into the highest circles of fashion, where he took in the draught of pleasure, as others did; and his heart being warm and generous, he not unfrequently found himself involved in pecuniary difficulties. The words of the Scottish bard of nature might well be applied to him—

‘ He ne’er was giv’n to much misguiding,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in,
He dealt it free—
Wi’ him it ne’er was underhiding,
That’s owre the sea.’

In those days, that course of society and bane of happiness, the passion for play, prevailed to a degree one can now have no idea of, in the assemblies of the great. The votaries of fashion, of all ages and of either sex, were carried down its stream and engulfed in its vortex; and it has been asserted, that this gallant officer, so wise and circumspect whilst afloat on his country’s service, was unable, although a skillful mariner, to steer altogether clear of its seductions. This report, however, seems to be unfounded in truth, and probably owed its origin to the circumstance of his mixing much in the best society. His fortune was never a large one, and other causes are fully sufficient to account for its diminution, without accusing him of an attachment to play. He lived in a handsome style, although perhaps not beyond his income; but his difficulties were increased by the expenses consequent upon the different elections he had been engaged in for his seats in parliament, more especially the last one, for Northampton, in 1768, which nearly effected the ruin of three noble families concerned in it. Sir George did not remain in England very long after his return home. His embarrassments increasing, he repaired to France, and settled at Paris; thus going into a voluntary exile amongst a people whose government had trembled at his name. He here lived in very straitened circumstances until better days came; and to the credit of that gallant nation it must be mentioned, that they treated the English Belisarius with the respect, and sympathy due to his fame and to his misfortunes.*

Our readers may remember the story of the singular ruse by which it is related Sir George Rodney evaded his creditors and the bailiffs, and escaped to France. It is stated that he got off in the shape of a dead body; a hearse bearing his carriage, and a coffin his surcoat.

During the American war, Rodney’s exile in Paris became almost insufferable to him; and he used every effort to obtain employment, but in vain. His debts hung over him like a mortal burden; and he was only relieved, at length, by the generous intervention of Maréchal Biron, a loan from whom enabled him, in 1778, to quit the French capital with credit.

“ A short time prior to his departure from Paris, the Duke de Chartres, afterwards the

infamous Orleans, took occasion to acquaint Sir George that he was to have a command in the fleet which was to be opposed to that under the command of his friend and countryman Mr. Keppel; and, with an insulting air, asked him what he thought would be the consequence of their meeting? ‘ That my countryman will carry your royal highness home with him to learn English,’ was the spirited reply. On Sir George’s arrival in England, he was immediately enabled to remit the amount of the loan to his illustrious friend, as well as to adjust matters satisfactorily with his creditors. Having arranged these affairs, he lost no time in renewing his application for employment; but, unfortunately, this object under existing circumstances, was unattainable; and it was expedient that he should wait for a more favourable occasion.”

A year of inactivity elapsed ere he obtained that command which led to his splendid victory, April 12, 1782: but here, for the present, we must leave him.

The Present State of Australia: its Advantages and Prospects with reference to Emigration; and a particular Account of the Manners, Customs, and Condition, of the Aboriginal Inhabitants. By Robt. Dawson, Esq., late Chief Agent of the Australian Agricultural Company. 8vo. London, 1830. Smith, Elder, and Co.

The Friend of Australia; or, a Plan for exploring the Interior, and for carrying on a Survey of the whole Continent of Australia. By a Retired Officer of the East India Company’s Service. 8vo. pp. 428. London, 1830. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

We have thrown the two volumes lying before us into one head, from their both relating to a territory, which, from its extent and political importance, may, without cavil, be justly termed a *fifth quarter* of the world. It is impossible to look at the colony hitherto called “New South Wales,” without regarding it as the nucleus of a mighty empire, at no remote period. Whatever blunders may have been originally committed in selecting such an objectionable spot as that surrounding Port Jackson, yet, the settlement of a colony being once made, it becomes a far more difficult problem how to remove such colony, without greater sacrifices than those contingent on its disadvantageous site. There can be no doubt that, if the government surveyors had understood or done their duty in the first instance, they would have explored the country, at least to the extent of thirty or forty miles inland, in making a survey of the east coast of New Holland; when they must have discovered (if they had been blest with common capacity) that the line of coast was nothing more than the base of a considerable range of mountains; and, as a natural consequence, that the mountain torrents must of necessity occasion serious inundations, accompanied by the most disastrous consequences to an embryo colony.

It is only fair to acknowledge, that the rapid growth of this infant colony has exceeded the most sanguine hopes or calculations of its founders; while it proves, in a striking manner, the results of British enterprise, even under the most unfavourable auspices,—for the superior fertility of the soil in our *ci-derant* North American provinces, together with its proximity to the parent state, offered infinitely greater inducements to free settlers from every part of Europe than the remote island (or continent) of New Holland. The rapid progress in political and commercial (if not moral) im-

portance, which Australia has made within the last thirty years, may therefore be justly considered a political phenomenon, and is a pleasing proof of what good might be effected in the way of emigration, under a judicious administration.

That some measure must be speedily devised to provide for our half-famishing population, is admitted in all quarters. But whether our Canadian, South African, or Australian colonies, be the more eligible district, we must leave Mr. Wilmot Horton, and other benevolent political economists, to determine; while we lay before our general readers a few extracts from the work of a gentleman, who appears, from his official situation and habits of life, to have had greater opportunities of forming correct estimates of the agricultural and commercial capabilities of the new southern continent, and the character of the aboriginal population, than any other author whose labours have fallen under our notice.

Mr. Dawson* tells us in his introduction, that “ the following pages are not put forth to gratify the vanity of authorship; but with a view of communicating facts where much misrepresentation has existed, and (he continues) to rescue, as far as I am able, the character of a race of beings (of whom I believe I have seen more than any other European has done) from the gross misrepresentations and unmerited obloquy that have been cast upon them.” The author proceeds in several portions of his work to justify the above remarks by anecdotes exhibiting the docility and superior fidelity of the “cannibals” to many of the “civilised” whites who have voluntarily or involuntarily become settlers in the interior of the country.

Speaking of them, he says:

“ After a march, during one day, of between forty and fifty miles, in which I was accompanied by a few servants and two black natives, the whites manifested much impatience. The conduct and fortitude of the blacks was admirable: they were cheerful all the way, with heavy burdens on their backs. On ordering them a loaf of bread each, the wife of the innkeeper remarked, that ‘ she did not keep bread for such people.’ I repeated my request, observing, that if she was paid for the bread, it could signify little to her who consumed it. It was then supplied; and in the morning an officer under government, Mr. Busby, and myself, were furnished by this *civilised* white woman with such bread for breakfast as we could not eat. On my complaining, I was cavalierly informed, ‘ that I had ordered all her best bread for the blacks last night.’ This I afterwards discovered to be untrue. I wonder how many meals of fish this white lady had been supplied with by the good-natured blacks whom she thus affected to despise? Another settler once observed to my nephew, Mr. J. G. Dawson, that he was greatly annoyed by the blacks, and he had once entertained an idea of laying poison for them, the same as for rats! This feeling with regard to the natives was not, I believe, confined to him, as the acts of some of the settlers will testify.”

We trust the “settler” above mentioned was not a *free* settler, for the honour of our country. Some allowance, perhaps, ought to

* This gentleman has published a pamphlet, containing a “ statement of his services as agent of the Australian Agricultural Company,” which is now lying on our table; but as he, in vindication of his own character, finds it necessary to speak in no measured terms of some of the managers of that association, we do not think proper to enter into any thing like controversial matters by any comment on his pamphlet. It shows that, as an aggrieved person, his statements are likely to partake of prejudices.

be made for those desperate outcasts of society, who, having been banished from their native land for a given period, cannot be expected to return to a proper sense of the value of social obligations, when that sentence shall have expired. But Mr. Dawson's volume shews that this barbarity towards the natives is far from being an unusual occurrence.

"The natives (he tells us) complained to me frequently that white fellow (white fellows) shot their relations and friends, and shewed me many orphans whose parents had fallen by the hands of white men near this spot (Port Stephens). They pointed out one white man to me, on his coming to beg some provisions for his party up the river Karnah, who, they said, had *killed ten natives*—and the wretch did not deny it, but said he would kill them whenever he could."

Can it for a moment excite any surprise that the untutored savage should take vengeance when he has it in his power, in retaliation for such outrages from his civilised invaders? Can any doubt exist that the barbarities with which the Peruvian and other South American savage nations have been charged, originated in the atrocities committed on these harmless people by their (Christian) Spanish invaders? Is it not matter of history, that the brutal Dutch policy which formerly reigned in South Africa, also produced the barbarous re-action so often exercised by the Caffre tribes in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope? Is it not equally notorious, that the hostility so frequently manifested by the North American Indians, from Virginia in the south, to Canada in the north, was in almost every instance occasioned by feelings of revenge for the butcheries committed by the earlier European settlers? We therefore think Mr. Dawson is entitled to the thanks of the community, and especially the colonial department, for having called attention to the subject by the facts which he mentions.

For the information of such of our lady-readers as are destitute (either from choice or necessity) to feel an interest in the matrimonial transactions of "the fifth quarter" of the world, we give the following from the veritable authority of Mr. Dawson; entering our protest, however, against the colonial barbarism of calling a married lady by the vulgar cognomen, *gin*. "The blacks generally take their wives from other tribes, and, if they can find opportunities, they steal them, the consent of the females never being made a question in the business. When the neighbouring tribes happen to be in a state of peace with each other, friendly visits are exchanged, at which time the unmarried females are carried off by either party. The friends of the girl never interfere [wise men!]; and in the event of her making any resistance, which is frequently the case, her paramour silences her by a severe blow on the head with his waddy while he is carrying her off. He keeps her at a distance till her friends are gone, and then returns with her to his tribe. But if the girl has no objection to her suitor, or has no one that she likes better, she consents to become his gin,—thus rendering abduction unnecessary and unusual."

But, according to Mr. Dawson, a single modicum of "gin" is not sufficient to satisfy some of the uxorious natives of Australia, who in this resemble the more refined tastes

of some civilised nations we could name; for we are told, that "one of his *native* acquaintances had three wives, who lived in perfect harmony with each other, sitting at the same fire-side like sisters."

As the concurrent testimony of several authors has imputed the horrid practice of cannibalism to the natives of New South Wales, as well as to those of New Zealand, it is only justice to these poor people to give the following evidence of Mr. Dawson, who must be deemed an impartial witness:—

"The natives of Australia have, by some people, been accused of cannibalism; and the constant assertion amongst them, that the strange tribes, or others with whom they are at variance, will eat them in case they fall into their hands, gives currency to this notion, and has probably been the origin of it; but as far as my experience and inquiries went, in the district in which I resided, I had no reason to believe that this practice existed among any of the tribes there. The natives, who domesticate themselves among the white inhabitants, are aware that we hold cannibalism in abhorrence; therefore, in speaking of their enemies, they always accuse them of this revolting practice, in order, no doubt, to degrade them as much as possible in our eyes; while the other side, in return, throw back the accusation upon them. I have questioned the natives, who were so much with me, in the closest manner upon this subject, and, although they persist in its being the practice of their enemies, still they never could name any particular instances within their own knowledge; but always ended such inquiry by saying, 'All black fellow ben say so, massa.'"

Mr. Dawson considers the native Australian to be a branch of the Malay race; but free from most of the vices which characterise the parent stock. It is also remarkable, that all the natives, who have been examined in various parts of this vast continent, appear to have had one common origin, while they have not congregated into those chieftainships which distinguish most other savage people. "It has generally been supposed (says Mr. Dawson) that chieftainship exists among the natives of Australia. I can, however, confidently assert, that it was not mentioned amongst any of the people with whom I was acquainted. Each tribe is divided into independent families, which acknowledge no chief, and which inhabit, in common, a district within certain limits, generally not exceeding ten or twelve miles each way. The numbers of each tribe vary very much, being greater on the coast, where they sometimes amount to two or three hundred; and I have known them in other quarters not to exceed one hundred. The families belonging to a tribe meet together upon occasions of festivals at certain seasons, and also to consult upon all important occasions. But, although they have a community of interests at such meeting, still each family has its own fire, and provides its own subsistence, except in a general kangaroo hunt, where the game is impounded and taken in large quantities, when it is fairly divided." This state of society seems a nearer approach to the nomadic life of the Tartar hordes than any community hitherto described, either in the western or southern hemisphere.

We regret that our limits prevent us from extracting any of the numerous anecdotes given by the author in proof of the amiable qualities of these savage tribes, when they have been treated with kindness by the European settlers. But we must proceed to offer an ex-

tract or two, which, although discouraging to agricultural speculators, must be read with satisfaction by every philanthropist, who looks forward to the prosperity of this region, as an asylum for our starving population, and, at the same time, as affording an inexhaustible supply of the raw material of the woollen manufactures, leather manufactures, &c., from our own colonies.

"The increase of cattle and horses within the last seven years in the settled districts of Australia has been enormous, and beyond all former products in any country; and what is there, I ask, to prevent its proceeding in an increasing ratio, in situations where no one natural check is opposed to it in the unlocated districts of the interior, to which the settlers are daily sending back their increasing and unsaleable herds, as a relief to their farms? Before emigrants venture to embark for Australia, let them reflect upon all this, and let them also remember, that in no instance were similar efforts ever made in any colony to rear sheep; which, if they succeed in the production of the raw material of the staple manufactures of Great Britain to any great amount, will add also to the mass of human food beyond demand for it, to an extent which never had a parallel in any country on the face of the habitable globe."

This view of the case is pregnant with reflections of vast interest both as it regards the colonists themselves and the parent state: for the ultimate advantages must be reciprocal in a national point of view, whatever influence it may have on the property of persons who have been decoyed by the alluring statements of speculators to invest large sums in the purchase of allotments of land, when the produce of such land is comparatively of little value.

It appears evident that the decoy system for entrapping free settlers of property to emigrate, has been carried on, if not to an equal extent, at least to as culpable a degree, in our remote settlement of Australia, as by the "backwood" gentry of the United States and Canada. And although Mr. Dawson does not (for obvious reasons) point out by name those who have been most instrumental in such nefarious transactions as that of involving their fellow-countrymen in irretrievable ruin, for their own advantage; yet it seems pretty plain, in various parts of the volume, that such practices have been carried on to the ruin of hundreds of respectable individuals. It would appear, if we credit the author, that the "Swan River" has also been a favourite decoy for the emigrant *geese*, who understand as much of agriculture as architecture.

We must close our notice of Mr. Dawson's valuable work by one more extract, which is perhaps the most important in the whole volume to persons who meditate emigration:—"Those who are desirous of emigrating to New South Wales, and into whose hands this work may fall, will probably be anxious to know on which quarter of the east of the barrier mountains, good land, or such as it would be prudent to select, is to be found. To this I answer, that I can give them no satisfactory information upon that point, because I am not aware, and, indeed, I do not believe that any good soil remains unlocated. Unless, therefore, they can command sufficient capital to enable them to purchase good land on the Hunter's river, or are prepared to go behind the mountains, and to encounter the difficulties I have before pointed out, they had better stay at home. It is little likely that I shall ever revisit the shores of Australia, although I retain a very strong

* This may, for aught we know, be derived from some waggish "export," as an abbreviation of the Greek to *generate*; or, more probably, a nick-name given to some lady-export greatly addicted to the indulgence of "blue ruin."

partiality for the country as a place of residence, and have left behind me many kind friends, whose interests it would gratify me to advance by every means in my power. My object, in these pages, has been to shew the face and quality of the country generally, for the better information of those who have not seen it; and to give such hints to individuals proceeding there, as will put them on their guard against the misrepresentations of interested and designing persons; and to save those who may be wavering between two opinions from the pains of disappointment, and the probable ruin that might, under certain circumstances, attend their removal to that country."

The great interests which are involved in the future prosperity of this remote colony, have induced us to extend our extracts from Mr. Dawson's volume to a greater length than we first intended. We can, therefore, only devote a few remarks to the *Friend of Australia*, who, from his own shewing, has not had the practical advantages of a residence in the country which he undertakes to describe. The work, nevertheless, contains a multitude of judicious observations connected with what may be termed the *political colonization* of the vast territory now called Australia, but which the "Friend" would reconumend to be subdivided into four different districts, with separate names. The author also gives some very excellent advice to parties contemplating a long march across the country; and among other arguments which he advances in favour of more extended surveys of the coasts of New Holland, and planting small settlements on the most eligible spots, as a resource under the calamities of shipwreck, he justly remarks:—"British intercourse with the Australian seas multiplies every year; we must therefore expect that some accidents will occur, and although seldom, it ought not to slacken proper measures for rendering them less dreaded in their consequences. Under the above view of the subject, our ignorance of the interior is much to be regretted; and in proportion to the miseries and cruelties it may occasion to wrecked Europeans, and the advantages and resources we lose, so is a map of the country, and an increased number of settlements, the greater desideratum."

Considering the rapid progress which Russia is making in colonising the North Pacific islands, we fully agree with the author in the following remark:—"Let Britain secure to itself the honour of being the first to explore this mysterious interior, before her indefatigable continental friends set her the example."

The *Friend of Australia* forms a very good auxiliary to the work of Mr. Dawson, by supplying a lithographic map of this vast continent, so far as it has been hitherto explored. Both volumes, taken together, contain so large a mass of practical information, as to be well worthy of perusal by every person interested in the future Australian empire.

Pinkerton's Correspondence.

[Second Notice.]

CONTINUING our review of these volumes, we cannot do better than resume our quotations from the interesting letters of Horace Walpole; in which we find so much to admire—so much we should like to remember. For instance, there is great force as well as neatness in the following epigrammatic description of vanity.

"It is difficult to divest one's self of vanity, because impossible to divest one's self of self-

love. If one runs from one glaring vanity, one is caught by its opposite. Modesty can be as vain-glorious on the ground, as pride on a triumphal car. Modesty, however, is preferable; for, should she contradict her professions, still she keeps her own secret, and does not hurt the pride of others."

The ensuing remarks are so just in their application to criticism and to the attempts of detractors or envious rivals to depreciate what they cannot imitate, that we quote nearly the entire letter.

"You are too modest, sir, in asking my advice on a point on which you could have no better guide than your own judgment. If I presume to give you my opinion, it is from zeal for your honour. I think it would be below you to make a regular answer to anonymous scribblers in a magazine; you had better wait to see whether any formal reply is made to your book; and whether by any avowed writer; to whom, if he writes sensibly and decently, you may condescend to make an answer. Still, as you say you have been misquoted, I should not wish you to be quite silent, though I should like better to have you turn such enemies into ridicule. A foe who misquotes you, ought to be a welcome antagonist. He is so humble as to confess, when he censures what you have not said, that he cannot confute what you have said; and he is so kind as to furnish you with an opportunity of proving him a liar, as you may refer to your book to detect him. This is what I would do:—I would specify in the same magazine, in which he has attacked you, your real words, and those he has imputed to you; and then appeal to the equity of the reader: you may guess that the shaft comes from somebody whom you have censured; and thence you may draw a fair conclusion, that you had been in the right to laugh at one who was reduced to put his own words into your mouth before he could find fault with them. And, having so done, whatever indignation he has excited in the reader must recoil on himself; as the offensive passages will come out to have been his own, not yours. You might even begin with loudly condemning the words or thoughts imputed to you, as if you retracted them; and then, as if you turned to your book, and found that you had said no such thing there, as what you was ready to retract, the ridicule would be doubled on your adversary. Something of this kind is the most I would stoop to; but I would take the utmost care not to betray a grain of more anger than is implied in contempt and ridicule. Fools can only revenge themselves by provoking; for then they bring you to a level with themselves. The good sense of your work will support it; and there is scarce a reason for defending it, but by keeping up a controversy, to make it more noticed; for the age is so idle and indifferent, that few objects strike, unless parties are formed for or against them. I remember many years ago advising some acquaintance of mine, who were engaged in the direction of the opera, to raise a competition between two of their singers, and have papers written pro and con; for then numbers would go to clap and hiss the rivals respectively, who would not go to be pleased with the music."

The picture of his own old age is also finely fresh.

"I shall like," he says, "I dare to say, any thing you do write; but I am not overjoyed at your wading into the history of dark ages, unless you use it as a canvass to be embroidered with your own opinions, and episodes,

and comparisons with more recent times. That is a most entertaining kind of writing. In general, I have seldom wasted time on the origin of nations; unless for an opportunity of smiling at the gravity of the author, or at the absurdity of the manners of those ages; for absurdity and bravery compose almost all the anecdotes we have of them, except the accounts of what they never did, nor thought of doing. I have a real affection for Bishop Hoadley; he stands with me in lieu of what are called the fathers; and I am much obliged to you for offering to lend me a book of his; but, as my faith in him and his doctrines has long been settled, I shall not return to such grave studies, when I have so little time left, and desire only to pass it tranquilly, and without thinking of what I can neither propagate nor correct. When youth made me sanguine, I hoped mankind might be set right. Now that I am very old, I sit down with this lazy maxim—that, unless one could cure men of being fools, it is to no purpose to cure them of any folly; as it is only making room for some other. Self-interest is thought to govern every man; yet is it possible to be less governed by self-interest than men are in the aggregate? Do not thousands sacrifice even their lives for single men? Is not it an established rule in France, that every person in that kingdom should love every king they have, in his turn? What government is formed for general happiness? Where is not it thought heresy by the majority, to insinuate that the felicity of one man ought not to be preferred to that of millions? Had not I better, at sixty-eight, leave men to these preposterous notions, than return to Bishop Hoadley, and sigh?"

"One cannot expect health and strength, if one will live to seventy-six. I do not complain of a natural lot; and I only mention these circumstances as the causes of my little connexion with the world. If decrepitude exposes itself, it must be laughed at or pitied; and neither is pleasant."

That we may not occupy our whole notice with the agreeable proofs of Walpole's discrimination and intelligence, we shall now turn to Bishop Percy, the celebrated author of the *Reliques*. Alluding to additional volumes which he projected to this interesting collection, he writes thus, under the date of July 20th, 1778.

"The contents of these have long since been collected and arranged; and I flatter myself, in point of merit, are no whit inferior to what the public accepted with so much indulgence in the three former volumes. But the truth is, I have not so much leisure, and perhaps not quite so keen an appetite for amusements of this kind as when I was younger. It is near twenty years since I first began to form the preceding collection. I only considered these things as pardonable, at best, among the levities (I had almost said follies) of my youth. However, as I must confess that I have always had a relish for the poetic effusions (even the most sportive and uelaborate) of our ancestors, I have commonly taken up these trifles, as other grave men have done cards, to unbend and amuse the mind when fatigued with graver studies, till they have insensibly grown into a regular series ready for the press. And now I keep them by me, in order to make a present of them to my son, a tall youth of fifteen, who is at present a king's scholar at Westminster. And, as he has a strong relish and considerable taste for these compositions, I think to give him the merit of being editor of them, as soon as he removes to the university; by way of introducing him into the literary world, and of

filling up the vacancies of his academical studies. In the mean time I neglect no opportunity of amending and enlarging the series, and shall certainly much improve them for him by this delay."

And again, in January 1783, (having in the interim been raised to the episcopal bench,) the bishop says—

"If you think it necessary to mention in print that you received this old piece from me, I will beg you only to quote me by the name of Dr. Percy, or rather the Editor of the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, in 3 vols.—omitting rev., much more all mention of my present title, &c. And, if necessary, you may speak of my slight poetical pursuits, as what had been the amusement of my younger years and hours of relaxation from severer studies, which, in truth, they were, as it is more than twenty years since the three volumes of *Reliques*, &c. were collected for the press,—and even nineteen years since they were printed. And I have been so entirely drawn off from this subject by other unavoidable and necessary avocations, that Dodsley is, I believe, reprinting the book, without my being able to peruse or look at a single sheet or page in it."

This is a very characteristic trait between the young lover of poetry and the mature bishop. It is much to be regretted that advancement in the world or preferment in the church should have occurred to prevent our reaping the fruits of the estimable continuation of Percy's labours. We annex his opinion of Vallancey, the famous Irish antiquary, in a letter of February 1786: it is also curious with reference to the language and antiquities of Ireland forty years ago.

"You would (he says) be surprised, if you observed, as I do, how little the original language of this country is cultivated or understood by the aboriginal natives of it. We last winter began to form a society, in imitation of those in London and Edinburgh, for studying and preserving a knowledge of the antiquities of Ireland: then I had an opportunity of making the above remark. I believe there is not a Fellow of Dublin College that can read a line in their old Irish manuscripts. Vallancey, as you justly observe, is so *hot-headed*, that he is a very bad medium through whom to come at any sound, solid information; and yet I can only refer you to him. If I were in Dublin, I would apply to none but him,—and unfortunately I am not upon that footing with him to apply to him by letter; for he is as hot-tempered as he is *hot-headed*, and downright quarrelled with me one evening at the Society, for presuming to question some of his wild reveries. Yet I must do him the justice to say, that he, like other warm people, is very good-natured; and, if you would apply to him by letter, cautiously concealing your incredulity as to his historical tenets, you would find him obligingly active to serve you (I am persuaded); and he could do it; for he keeps an old Irish amanuensis, as I said above, who is continually making transcripts and extracts from the old Irish manuscripts for his use. This man I saw copying an old Irish manuscript for Colonel Vallancey, in Abp. Marsh's Library in Dublin—a public library founded by Archbishop Marsh, who bought Bishop Stillingfleet's library as the foundation, &c., replete with valuable books, both printed and manuscripts."

A letter from Dr. Johnstone, chaplain to the English minister at Copenhagen (1786), is worthy of extract, as relative to Scottish and northern literature; but this, and a very brief

requel, we find that want of room compels us to reserve till next week.

The Amulet for 1831.

THE following is the extract omitted in our review of this volume, and promised last week:—

"In Damascus some of the best reciters are to be found, and the peculiar luxury and situation of its coffee-houses aid very much the effect of their narrations. In Cairo, the want of water, the burning heat, and the dry, gloomy, and dusty streets, are great foes to the imagination, as well as the desert that spreads on every side. In Constantinople the beauty of the external scenery cannot be surpassed—the river and its enchanting shores; but the scantiness of water in the interior of the city decreases very much the luxuries of its people, who love, beyond every thing, the sight and sound of falling water in their apartments. In the capital of Syria, almost all the coffee-houses have splendid fountains, that are thrown up, some of them, to the height of six or seven feet; and it is delightful to recline on one of the soft seats near them, and listen to the ceaseless rush and fall; while the very sight of them, in so hot a clime, is like the face of a friend. The abundance of water, from the five streams that flow around the city, is incredible. The Assyrians might well complain, in their inroads into the promised land, of the scarcity of its rivers, and boast that there was nothing like their own Abana and Pharpar. In some of these houses of recreation, whose latticed windows, thrown open, admit the air, the wealthier people form dinner parties, of men only. Seated in a circle on the carpet, with the various dishes on low tables before them, they eat slowly and carelessly, conversing at intervals, without any of the *goût* or joviality that wine inspires. Every good private dwelling in Damascus has its fountain, and this is invariably in the best apartment; it being a luxury, or rather a necessity, that few inhabitants care to do without: an Englishman would as soon live in an uncarpeted house. And round the marble basin, or in the divan just beyond it, the host at evening receives his friends; and they sit, and smoke, and calmly converse the hours away. This is the time when the wealthier families sometimes send for a celebrated story-teller to amuse the party; and when the latter knows he is to be handsomely paid, it is a more *recherché* opportunity than the public companies afford. It is the sultry hour of noon, perhaps, when the burning rays are on the water, the trees, and green banks that surround the scene of indolence and indulgence; the light roof supported by the slender pillars casts a shade on the peopled floor, on which the well and variously dressed Turks recline, some in small wickered chairs, others on long and softer benches, covered and backed with carpets and cushions. These seats are placed close to the river's edge; and earth has nothing more luxurious than to sit here, in the cool of the day, or in the still hour of night, and listen to the rush of the waters, and gaze on the gleaming of the cataract; then put the amber-tipped and scented pipe to the lips, or turn to the throng of many nations around, all silently enjoying the hour."

The Gentleman in Black. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. Engraved by J. Thompson and C. Landells. 12mo. pp. 309. London, 1830. W. Kidd.

WE are, it seems, partly responsible for the appearance of this work, and we are by no

means sorry for it. The MS. had been submitted to us some years ago, and in our notice to its anonymous writer (*L. G.* 480, April 1, 1826) we advised him "to publish his clever tale in a volume." Some fragments were subsequently printed in a periodical called the *Literary Magnet*, which, however, did not sufficiently attract public favour to afford them a fair circulation; and now, at length, aided by some admirable designs by George Cruikshank, the tale re-written, improved, and finished, is offered to this upper world in a neat tangible shape. It is very clever and very entertaining—replete with pleasantry and humour; quite as imaginative as any German diablerie, and far more amusing than most of the productions of its class. We would give an extract, but we think it would injure the story; and therefore content ourselves with cordially recommending it as a very whimsical and well-devised *jeu d'esprit*.

A RYGHTE Sorrowful Traggyke Lamentacyonne for ye Losse of my Lorde Mayor hys Duce, &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 11. London, 1830. C. Tilt.

A FIFTH of November sort of sixpenny squib at the ninth, at which every body with pen or pencil has thrown a cracker. There is one very offensive vulgar rhyme: of the rest, twenty-six verses, the five following are the best we can pick out:

"Our ministry of Cæsar thought,
But not as him so starch,
Wisely decided that they ought
Beware the threatened March.
I mean the march of city trade,
And told his Majesty
He mustn't go—the mayor then said,
'By Gog! no more will I.'

The man in armour 'gan to scoff
At fear, like any don;
And yet his armour was put off,
Before he put it on.

The city cooks all stood aghast,
The lively turtle *moan'd*,
The *feast* was turned into a *fast*,
And all the Poultry groan'd!

Then the dessert was lost to boot,
A loss which many feel,
Who, could they but have got the *fruit*,
Cared little for the *Peel*."

The writer is said to be Thomas Dibdin.

The World: a Poem. Pp. 43. Printed for the Author.

WE know not what in the world could seduce any one to print *The World*, a rhapsody of nonsense, where the author tells us—

"Verses I'd write, if but a single canto
In Byron's style, which I defy any man to."

The French Revolution of 1830; the Events which produced it, and the Scenes by which it was accompanied. By D. Turnbull, Esq. 8vo. pp. 443. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

Military Events of the late French Revolution; or, an Account of the Conduct of the Royal Guard on that occasion. By a Staff Officer of the Guards. From the French. 8vo. pp. 119. London, 1830. Murray.

THE former of these publications is more made up from common sources than could be wished. It is of the left, if not the extreme left, in its politics, and adopts many of the exaggerations and romantic episodes of the *Three Days*. The latter is quite on the other side—evinces in full measure the *esprit du corps* of the Guards—and states some interesting particulars, of which we had not heard before. The author and translator contradict several of Mr. Turnbull's facts.

The Progress of Society. By the late Robert Hamilton, LL.D., F.R.S., &c. 8vo. pp. 409. London, 1830. Murray.

THERE is a vast fund of knowledge in this volume, and often put in an almost epigrammatic way. But we would chiefly recommend it for its extraordinary value in supplying food for the mind. There is hardly a question on which the author treats—and they are all important to society—on which he does not throw a strong light, and challenge the powers of every reflecting man.

Charges against the President and Councils of the Royal Society. By Sir James South, Fellow of the Society, and late a Member of the Council. 8vo. pp. 17.

WE alluded to this as a "peppery" work, in our *Gazette* of last week; and upon dwelling farther on it, we think we may add, that it savours also of vinegar and mustard, and other sour and hot ingredients. The author, indeed, cannot be spoken of in the words of the poet, as "the sweet South;" on the contrary, he is as biting as the East and North spiced together. Reform, re-model, is the order of the day; and the decline of science in England is attributed to their want. Sir James brings forward six-and-thirty paragraphs, each paragraph being a charge. They chiefly consist of keeping back minutes of council, omissions of entries, altering and garbling them, for mismanaging the Observatory at Greenwich, for favouritism to some and injustice to other scientific men, for squandering public money, for having allowed the Nautical Almanac to be a disgrace to the country, for neglecting the science of astronomy, for having misconducted experiments on the manufacture of glass for optical purposes, and many other misdemeanours.

Now, Sir James South is the President of the Astronomical Society,* the superior merits of which are referred to repeatedly in these charges; and being, as we have the pleasure to be, on as good terms as we desire with the leading members of both Societies, and with the opposition as well as the governing parties, we are free to say that, in our opinion, there is not only far too much of warmth and personal feeling, but much calculated deeply to injure science in these proceedings. Not being partisans of either side, but independent friends to the scientific interests and honour of our native land, we must confess that it is lamentable to us to have witnessed such squabbles in its most venerable and highest institutions, and to see the march of intellect sadly impeded by the march of ill-temper and passionate controversy. We trust we may have occasion in this very No. of our paper to announce, that a more truly philosophical spirit has prevailed; and that differences which would disgrace a parish vestry are composed in the Royal Society.

The Rick-Burners, a Tale for the Present Times. Canterbury, sold by all booksellers. AND ought to be liberally distributed among the poorer classes in every shed and cottage in the kingdom, by those who are able, and wish well to them and to the country. It is one of those touching and admirable traces which may produce much good; and renders the machinations of the incendiaries, now so deplor-

* See also our report of the proceedings of this Society, and its competition against the Royal Society with respect to the Nautical Almanac and the Royal Observatory. It is a young and, consequently, vigorous and active Society *versus* one which feels perhaps some of the lethargy of age.

ably arrayed against the laws of God and man, and their fatal effects both upon the idle and the industrious. The tale is plainly but most affectingly told. We gather from it, that some sort of fire-ball, which ignites amid the thatch or straw, is the engine used by the destroyers of agricultural property. We trust clergymen, magistrates, landlords, and the wealthy generally, will look at this little work, and spread it where it may bring forth salutary fruits.

Scenes of Life, or Shades of Character. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

A VERY promising title, whose fault is, that it promises more than it performs. What reader but would suppose he was to enjoy the perusal of a new work, instead of a collection of tales and sketches which have already gone the round of magazines, newspapers, &c. Such a title is a complete *ruse*. It is true the preface alludes to "some of the pieces having been already published;" but this knowledge comes too late when the volumes are purchased. The honest title would have been, "Selections from the Literary Magnet;" avowing, in the outset, their previous publication in that now discontinued magazine. Many of these papers, very pleasantly written, and quoted at the time in divers periodicals, will no doubt be familiar to a number of our readers; yet all who wish an hour to be passed agreeably in light amusement, may find in these and some half-a-dozen of novelties which are added, the sort of gratification they seek. The publication in a dearer form than the original, and with a deceptive title, is, however, another specimen of a very disingenuous system.

The Persian Adventurer; being the sequel to the "Kuzzibash." By James Fraser, author of a "Tour to the Himalaya Mountains," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

MR. FRASER gives an amusing reason for his change of title. He says some one inquired of his publisher, "if the *Kuzzibash* was not a cookery book?" To avoid similar mistakes, he has adopted one more accessible to general understanding. We have not space for analysis this week; and can only say, that a very lively and pleasant preface ushers in a stirring period in the romantic annals of Shah Nadir's reign. We shall return to these volumes next week.

Reign of Fashion. By T. Surr, author of a "Winter in London." 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn and Bentley.

A WRETCHED specimen of a wretched school. An ill-conducted and improbable story is made the vehicle of personalities which would be offensive but for their want of information. Why it should be called the *Reign of Fashion* we do not understand, unless it be for the sake of a title, which is a complete misnomer. One would think it very easy to copy a paragraph from a newspaper; but it is curious to observe, that in so many novels which quote extracts from the journals, they quote invariably passages as utterly unlike any thing that ever appeared as can be well invented. The volumes before us have some glaring absurdities of this kind. We must also notice another most grave fault, viz. taking any individual, loading him with all the vices that can degrade humanity, and then holding him up as the specimen of a sect. Mr. Gregory, the saint, is at once a libel and a caricature.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

A. B. LAMBERT, Esq., in the chair. Part of Mr. Hogg's paper on the classical plants of Sicily was read. There was also read a paper by Lieutenant Bowler, communicated by the Asiatic Society, on a particular species of palm found in the government of Madras. The communication was accompanied by beautiful illustrative drawings, a hundred years old. This palm was considered by the fellows and botanists present to be the same as the *doum* palm of Thibet (*Hyphene coriacea* of Gærtner), and is remarkable as being almost the only species of palm with a branched stem: it was probably introduced by the Arabs into Madras. The stems are slender, and the fruit is a hard solid substance, which, after being steeped in water for a few days, is well beaten, and used by the natives as brushes to white-wash their houses. The leaves are very small and narrow, and the stalk is denticulated with many sharp curved thorns; from which circumstance the natives say it resembles the back-bone of a shark, and on this account the people of the adjacent villages carry it in their hands when travelling through the jungles, as a weapon of defence, and also during some of their festivals. The inhabitants look upon this tree as the guardian of their jungle, and hold it in some degree of veneration, conceiving it has, as its Sanscrit name (*kulpa vroochum*) implies, the power of fulfilling the desires and wishes of mankind; at least, such as from pureness of heart and morals have faith in its supposed virtues!

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

SIR JAMES SOUTH, president, in the chair. This was the first meeting of the Society for the session 1830-31. Amongst the certificates of those applying to be elected into the Society as associates, were two in favour of Fred. Argelandu, director of the observatory at Abo, and Major-General Shubert, chief of the topographical department of Russia, and director of the great trigonometrical survey of the Russian empire. Mr. E. Rüppell and several others were elected fellows. A long and interesting list of donations from foreign and domestic scientific bodies, as well as from various men of eminence, was also read. Sundry communications followed; namely,—on the predicted occultations of Aldebaran for ten principal European observatories, by Mr. Maclean; on a method of computing occultations approximately, by Mr. Henderson; a note to Mr. Kriel's paper upon the rectification of the equatorial, by Mr. Gompertz; observed occultations of Aldebaran, by Mr. Pain; on the period of the variable star β Lyrae, by Mr. Birt; on the refraction at low altitudes, and the dip of the horizon, by the late Mr. Atkinson.

The president announced, with regret, the resignation of Dr. Pearson as treasurer, the duties of which office would be performed by Dr. Lee *pro temp*. He congratulated the Society on the probable extension and improvement of the *Nautical Almanac*, upon which much time and attention had been bestowed by the council, aided by several distinguished individuals; he also intimated, that the Admiralty had invited the Society to co-operate in the visitation and inspection of the Royal Observatory. The Society's charter was likewise stated to be in a favourable train of settlement. We should far exceed our limits were we to give an epitome of the papers enumerated above. We have pleasure, however, in referring our astronomical readers to the judicious

abstracts, made under the auspices of the Society, and published from time to time, monthly we believe, by Messrs. Priestley and Weale, its publishers.

LONDON PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MONDAY, Dr. Edward Wright, president, in the chair. Mr. J. B. Sedgwick read a paper on the character of the celebrated Duke Humphrey, protector of England during the minority of Henry VI., in illustration of a cast of his skull, taken from the original, in the tomb at the abbey church of St. Alban's. The author first dilated on the importance of the science of phrenology, and the advantages to be derived from its application to the study of history. He then gave a brief sketch of the life of the Duke of Gloucester, introducing such facts and anecdotes as would tend to elucidate his character, and afterwards compared them with his cerebral organisation, with which he affirmed them to be in strict accordance. The organs of destructiveness, firmness, and secretiveness, were as much, if not more fully developed, than in any of the casts preserved in the Society's collection. The head, corresponding with his mental energy, was stated to be much above the average size. The intellectual organs were exceedingly well developed; the greatest proportional development, however, was at the posterior superior, the posterior lateral, and the posterior parts. The organs of amativeness, love of approbation, self-esteem, and combativeness, were also pronounced to be all exceedingly large.

MAJOR LAING'S PAPERS.

THE suspicions we expressed in our review of Caillie's *Travels in Africa*, respecting the probable destination of Major Laing's papers, receive additional force from every new light that is thrown upon this mysterious transaction. We copy the following from the *Hampshire Telegraph* of last Saturday—a journal, by the way, which generally contains excellent intelligence of every thing connected with naval affairs:—"The Windsor Castle was gone (this is the news by the Rifleman, in nineteen days from Malta) to Tunis and Tripoli, to settle some differences between the British consul, who had struck his flag, and the dey, arising from the fact of the dey having retracted a decision he had previously given between the British and French consuls, relative to Major Laing's papers, of which there is no doubt that the French consul had improperly obtained possession. The poor dey had been compelled to withdraw his decision by the threats of Admiral Rosamel, backed by a French squadron. It is, however, unquestionable that these papers are lost to his friends and to his country: they have for a long time been safe in Paris." Were we not right in conjecturing that this was a dark business?

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE Royal Society resumed its meetings on Thursday last, when there was an unusually large attendance of members. Much time was occupied in the reading of the minutes of the preceding meeting; which being the last of the session, contained, of course, abstracts of all the papers which were then presented, and which were very numerous. The communication to the members of the contents of papers in this form is very advantageous, and often more satisfactory and instructive than when the papers are read at full length, especially

as many of them are better fitted for being studied in the closet, than comprehended when heard at a crowded meeting. The following gentlemen were admitted as fellows: namely, —J. Brunel, Esq., Rich. Greswell, Esq., Philip Pusey, Esq., and John H. Hawkins, Esq. The annexed were proposed as candidates for election: viz.—John Lee, LL.D., of Hartwell House, Buckinghamshire; Isaac Wilson, M.D., physician to the royal hospital at Haslar; and Wm. Hughes Hughes, Esq., M.P., barrister, of Ryde, in the Isle of Wight. A number of donations of books and engravings were announced, among which latter was one of the late Dr. Wollaston, engraved by Mr. Skelton. A paper was then read, on the nature of negative and of imaginary quantities, by the president. At the close of the meeting, Mr. Davies Gilbert announced his intention of retiring from the chair of the Society on St. Andrew's day.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

ON Thursday last, this Society resumed its meetings; Mr. Hudson Gurney, V. P., in the chair. A letter from Mr. E. Cartwright was read, respecting a stone coffin which had been discovered within an enclosure of Chichester Cathedral; and which, although buried outside of the church, appeared to have been that of a bishop of Chichester, from a leaden plate attached to it. A letter from Mr. Crofton Croker was read, illustrative of a brazen hand and arm which had been submitted to the Society. This curious relic, it would seem from Mr. Croker's communication, is unquestionably of Irish origin, and was probably a pagan idol of the fifth or sixth century. From rather an ingenious, although somewhat fanciful, chain of evidence, he presumes the bronze submitted to the Society to have been the identical hand which Smith, in his *History of Cork*, states was taken as a superstitious relic from a parish in that county (the name of which we could not catch) by the titular Bishop of Cloyne: from whom, Mr. Croker says, it was begged by Dean Swift for the museum of his friend Sir Andrew Fontaine. Mr. Ellis communicated a document respecting the prices of various articles in Westminster in 1580. The meeting was hastily adjourned, from the anxiety which prevailed respecting the anticipated proceedings at the Royal Society.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

WEDNESDAY, the president, the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, in the chair. After disposing of the routine business, a paper, by Sir Thomas Phillips, was read, giving an interesting account of the fate and present condition of several ancient monastic libraries in France, which the writer had traced and examined during a tour in that country. Many valuable historical and other curious documents relative not merely to France, but to England and Ireland, were described as existing among these literary treasures.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.*

Illustrations of Le Keepsake Français, and The Talisman.

A NOVELTY of character is imparted to these embellishments, by the commixture of foreign and native art. We hail this friendly union with great satisfaction, and we wish the principle upon which it is founded were more ex-

* The beautiful etching by Willmore of Byron's Dream, noticed in our report of the Artists' Conversazione, is, we are informed, from Eastlake's fine picture, and not, as we supposed, from Harding's drawing.

tensively acted upon. General taste would be thereby improved, and the artists of all countries would be benefited by that comparison which the juxtaposition of their mutual excellences and defects must naturally excite. To render such a plan substantially effective, however, it must comprehend works upon a larger scale—affording a fair scope for the exhibition of the higher qualities of art, and therefore affording a fit opportunity for the application of the just canons of criticism. Of the pleasing trifles before us, our notice must be brief.

Portrait of the Queen of the French. Painted by Hersent; engraved by Thomson. As the resemblance of one so suddenly and unexpectedly raised to regal rank (if regal it can indeed be called), and moreover of one of whose amiable qualities report speaks highly, this is an interesting portrait; although we presume the most accomplished courtier could not pretend to find in it any personal charms.—*Frontispiece.* Painted by Colin; engraved by Sangster. We have on several occasions been called upon to notice M. Colin's talents with praise. This is an exceedingly agreeable composition.—*Curiosity.* Painted by Roqueplan; engraved by Humphrys. Three sly young gypsies having furtively possessed themselves of the cabinet of one of their companions, are eagerly devouring the contents of the various *billets-doux* with which it seems to be filled. The expression is admirable, and the effect broad and good.—*Cromwell and his Daughter.* Painted by Decaisne; engraved by E. Smith. A fine dramatic scene. The fit of abstraction into which Oliver is thrown by the contemplation of the portrait of the unfortunate Charles, and the vain attempt of his daughter to rouse him from it, are well depicted.—*The Young Widow.* Painted by Rochard; engraved by R. Graves. What can the fair mourner be thinking about? Not another husband, we are sure. The execution of this head is full of the characteristic qualities of M. Rochard's forcible style.—*Dieppe.* Painted by Harding; engraved by W. R. Smith. One of those admirable coast scenes for which our artists have of late years become so celebrated.—*The Benediction.* Painted by A. Johannot; engraved by E. Smith. The perusal of the story will probably give to this plate an interest which in itself it does not possess.—*Lake of Como.* Painted by C. Stanfield; engraved by R. Wallis. A charming representation of charming scenery. We wish the size of the figures in the foreground had been somewhat less.—*Portrait of Miss Croker.* Painted by Sir T. Lawrence; engraved by Thompson. This beautiful portrait is so well known, that all which it can be necessary for us to say is, that Mr. Thompson has been very successful in retaining, although on so small a scale, the animation of the original.—*Don Quijote in his Library.* Painted by Bonington; engraved by Sangster. There are few better subjects for graphic representation than the renowned knight of La Mancha. The enthusiasm with which he is inspired by reading the marvellous adventures of Amadis de Gaul, or some other valorous rescuer of distressed damsels, is here amusingly portrayed.—*The Chevalier de Lauzun and Madame de Montpensier.* Painted by E. Deveria; engraved by Bacon. An exquisite exhibition of the artificial elegance and mincing affectation of *la vieille cour* of France.—*The Tuilleries and the Pont Royal.* Painted by T. Boys; engraved by J. W. Cooke. From whatever point of view these fine objects are seen, they are picturesque.—*The Young Shepherd.* Painted by A. Johannot; engraved by Chevalier. We

certainly prefer the dog to his master.—*The Young Savoyard*. Painted by Decamps; engraved by Radclyffe. A rich and well-concentrated effect, reminding us of some of the best works of the Flemish school.—*The Ass and the Reliques*. Painted by Xavier le Prince; engraved by G. Corbould. Admirable! Neddy seems to be eyeing with just contempt the blockheads who are reverentially bending to the rubbish on his back.—*Barnard Castle*. Painted by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.; engraved by Wilmore. A noble view of this ancient edifice, seen under the glowing influence of a setting sun.—*The Swiss Girl*. Painted by Colin; engraved by H. Rolls. From the arch and coquettish glance of this charming mountain nymph's sparkling eye, we are as certain as if we saw him, that her lover is close at hand. Happiness to them!

To the Editor, &c.
38, West Square, Nov. 17th, 1830.

SIR,—You have admitted into the *Literary Gazette* a letter signed "Andrew Duncan," and have liberally stated that you will give insertion to one from me. Mr. Duncan's communication has been dictated by a bad spirit, and contains assertions directly the reverse of truth. The engraving of "the Orphans" certainly was not done by me—nor was it the work of Mr. Duncan; he engraved the figures, and a young artist of high promise (Mr. Godden) put in the background and some minor details: *the whole plate was finished by me*, and I am sure your acquaintance with the art has led you to know that this is a practice very general in the profession, of an engraver of experience and reputation "going over" the work of one who is without these advantages. I hope I may be permitted to state, that, however little ability I may possess in an art in which I have laboured so many years, I am under no apprehension of being placed upon a par with Mr. Andrew Duncan. I beg to add, that I know of scarcely one fine plate completed from beginning to end by one individual. I became possessed of the plate in consequence of Mr. Sharpe bringing it to me, stating that he was dissatisfied with it, and requesting me to improve it: I did so, and feel satisfied that no individual, whether a judge of art or otherwise, can look at the print as I received it, and that after it had passed out of my hands, without at once perceiving that, from being crude and defective to a very shameful degree (considering that Mr. Duncan received the liberal sum of fifty guineas for it), it became a plate by no means creditable to any engraver. The "extreme blackness" to which you have alluded, is, I apprehend, the fault of the printer, and may have been confined to your impression alone. I beg to submit, in support of my assertion, two proofs: one as Mr. Duncan left it, the other as finished by me. To Mr. Duncan's, very pertinent observation about "buying the reputation one does not possess," I make no reply—except to state, that if my reputation and ability were no greater than his, I must be very unworthy of the frequent praise with which you have honoured me during a period of years, and which has stimulated me to those exertions which have led to success.—I am, sir, &c.

CHARLES ROLLS.

To the foregoing letter we most willingly give insertion; and we are bound in justice to Mr. Rolls to state, that, on a comparison of the two proofs which he has sent us—the one taken immediately after the plate had left the hands of Mr. Duncan, the other after Mr. Rolls had "gone over" it—the mellowness and finish resulting from the latter process, with reference both to individual parts and to the general effect, are very striking.

"Extreme blackness" was not the expression which we used in the critique published in our 718th No. The words were, "very interesting, but sadly too dark and heavy;" and, making allowance for the probability that the impression which came originally under our notice might be accidentally overcharged with ink—too dark and heavy, notwithstanding its excellence in other respects, we still consider this little engraving to be. It is a frequent error in the prints of the present day; and we have repeatedly said so in the *Literary Gazette*. We well know, however, that in many instances engravers are induced to give to their works greater depth than their own taste and judgment would dictate, by the wish of pub-

lishers to have plates which shall produce a vast number of impressions. Much also depends upon the printing: we have artists' proofs so superior to the publications as to look like different productions.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

NEW POLICE.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

DEAR SIR,—I cannot suffer my fear of intrusiveness or female delicacy to suppress my patriotic feelings—I venture, therefore, without preface or apology, to implore your attention, in the hope that your judgment will lead you to participate in my present despondency, and excite you to employ your acknowledged influence in averting a most melancholy national calamity—I allude, sir, to no less a one than the abolition of the New Police. If, in submitting a few remarks on this subject, I touch upon an argument you have heard ten times before, I trust you will not permit the repetition to annoy you, but consider that in so doing, like the managers of many a barely-tolerated drama, I am actuated by the hopes (as my Tommy explained to me during the Midsummer holidays) that *decies repetita placebit*. My husband, Mr. Goggins, whose authority on the present subject is unquestionable, since his opinion in all parochial debates derives great weight from his vigorous and efficient services in the vestry; and pardon me, sir, if, in passing, I express my regret that his exertions in the *boudoir* are of a negative character; but, suffice it to say, though I do possess a little influence over Mr. G. in his own house, he is a very great man in his parish, and informs me that people grumble at paying twice as much for the new system as they did for the old, and that the majority seem inclined to have their pockets picked as formerly, rather than let it be done quietly, in the present civil way. But this, sir, does not take into consideration the advantages of being protected by day as well as by night—on this point, I have silenced Mr. G.'s opposition, by recalling to his recollection a little circumstance relative to a butcher-boy, who, as Mr. Goggins was going to a parish dinner, greased his best black silk smalls, by brushing them with a leg of mutton; and upon the dear man's mildly remonstrating against such rudeness, flung a handful of fat in his face, and offered to fight him—the remembrance of this fact has reconciled Mr. G. to balance the expense, *per diem*, with the protection afforded by the New Police against the recurrence of such alarms to himself, and similar assaults upon his best black inexpressibles; indeed, the non-popularity of Mr. Peel's young gentlemen with the rabble is a strong proof of their activity in the prevention of such annoyances and outrage. I ask you, sir, whether, then, it is not cruel, first to smother poor dear Mr. Peel with complaints against the old, and demands for a new police; and when the prayers of the petitioners are granted, to suddenly and violently change their minds, and bury him alive with petitions to undo what was done at their own request;—as all petitioners conclude by promising, with humility, to *ever pray*, so do they generally *keep to their word* with unremitting fidelity. But I would observe, that pantaloons and petticoats are subject to sudden and violent changes, as well as principles; I have myself had four of the latter submitted to sudden, violent, and total conversion, from the contact of a chimney-sweeper—I will not mention my husband's coat; but the same black silk smallclothes

whose purity was sullied by the insults of a butcher, were irredeemably bellowered by the designing attachment of a baker. The prevention of such calamities, in a great measure asserts the independence of our sex: ladies can now walk out with impunity, and are consequently relieved from the necessity of choosing between staying at home, or submitting to the caprice of their walking-sticks. In the same manner, sir, that ladies like myself are enabled to go out by day without such encumbrances, ladies not like myself are prevented by night from the disreputable display of their trade; for I learn that the New Policemen have effectively diverted their lively attentions from others, by having kindly themselves undertaken to monopolise the exertions of this profession. You will not, sir, be astonished at my knowing any thing of the nuisances to which our streets are subjected from beings of this *caste*, since you are well aware that we women in respectable life gain every possible information on such and similar subjects, from the circumstantial details of depraved life so accurately dwelt upon in the police reports of our newspapers. While on the subject, it is my painful duty to state that Mr. Goggins is in the habit of returning home late from his club, and sometimes does increase the natural warmth of his heart by the additional stimulus of a very little brandy and water. Now, sir, I do not mean to attribute to the Police the preservation of Mr. G.'s morals—no; such a thought is beneath me; but I really do think, once or twice, upon such occasions, they have prevented his charity from being duped (a virtue, in his sober moments, never open to imposition), and have been the means of securing his gold chain, watch, and four large seals, from becoming, in like manner, victims to the fingers of female innocence. Watchmen, sir, are not—and I never could bring myself to speak ill of those who are no more; but I must say, such a set of useless, muffled, old vagabonds was never suffered to waddle on the face of the pavements. I leave the activity of the present system to contrast itself with the proverbial torpidity of that which is past. I perceive, however, that the common council of the city of London still persist in opposing all attempts to introduce the new system; this, sir, calls for explanation. Now, it was notoriously admitted, that upon their first introduction, the Police swept the west end of the town of a great proportion of rogues and rascals, and that a similar increase was thence made to those already in the city. This accession of congenial spirits to their numbers may satisfactorily illustrate whence emanates the marked hostility to an efficient police, so strongly evinced by the members of that august assembly. I shall here, sir, deprecate the design of making the New Police parish officers: I shall hate the sight of one as long as I live. I had once a poodle—it makes my heart ache to think of it—to be brief, will you believe, sir, that as it walked out with me one day, before I could interfere, a beadle, with no more remorse than I would a rushlight, blew out poor Dowager's brains? I could get no redress: he insulted me by saying—"he discharged his duty together with his pistol; and that it was my own fault for not keeping the little son of a dog muzzled on the dog-days." A New-policeman might have taken Dowager into custody; but I never will believe—till they become parish officers—that one among them would have shewn the cruel want of feeling of that relentless beadle. I must also take the freedom of asserting, that the New-

* Published in the *Remembrances*.

policemen have stronger claims upon the affections of their country than are due from affording civil protection alone.—I allude to the claims, the irresistible claims, of the medals of Waterloo, which I perceive have been won and are worn by some of the new system: this subject ever kindles a glow in my bosom. I had a cousin at that battle, who, I lament to say, lost both his ears, in a charge of cavalry, and subsequently married a Dutch-woman; but such was the lasting impression he made upon me in his regimentals, that I have raised an urn to the memory of his mutilation—I could do no less in honour of my cousin, and that cousin a cavalry officer: people may sneer, and say I had three brothers killed there; but they, sir, were vulgar fellows in marching regiments. My feelings towards our military and civil defenders are such, that I cannot bring myself to think, even if the Duke were to command Mr. Peel's Police to rob and harry the whole population, and quadruple their numbers, as in that case would be necessary, that my country-women could, satisfactorily to themselves, entertain the inclination to offer resistance or complaint; for I put it to your conscience, sir, whether we do not owe our safety and honours to the bravery of the troops, and the military talents of the Duke of Wellington; and if such a consummation must be submitted to, surely the Duke, and those who fought under him, have nearer claims upon us than ever had the *gens-d'armes* of France, or the republican armies of Buonaparte—those who would perversely maintain an opposite opinion carry their taste for foreigners to far greater lengths than I do.

In addition to other domestic advantages derived from the New Police, my two maid-servants assure me, that they now sleep so free from the fear of crowbars and house-breakers, that they would not mind even leaving the doors open, and are perfectly content in placing themselves under the protection of two such polite gentlemen as the new system supplies them with, and positively affirm that the old watchman was of no use whatever to either of them; and that the change has proved, at least to them, of very great accommodation: and both Sarah and Susan inform me that the policemen often caution them against talking to men they do not know, who, under pretence of stealing a kiss from them, are by no means unlikely to pocket my table-spoons, by way of a keepsake. So great is the regard of these girls for the new system, that I cannot persuade either of them that the threatened dissolution of the police does not arise solely from the intrigues and jealousy of his Majesty's Lifeguards, whom the former gentlemen have supplanted in every area in the western regions of the metropolis. Indeed, I cannot myself but attribute to the police the improved condition of my maid-servants, who do not now wish to go gadding after sweethearts from home; nor, indeed, stand talking to any men in the street, except the police; and Susan's manners, instead of being those of a giddy, flaunty lady's-maid, are becoming more and more sedate, and her appearance decidedly that of a matron. I have made allusion to a few such circumstances, in order that these extra-official services of the policemen may not pass unnoticed or unrewarded by their more influential advocates than, dear sir, yours everlastingly,

EVELINA GOGGINS.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

A MELO-DRAMA, called *the Conscript, or the Veteran and his Dog*, was produced here on Wednesday evening. His majesty's servants seem inclined to turn the drama topsy-turvy in every possible way; for melo-dramas are acted nightly as first pieces, and full three-act operas commence just before midnight. *The Conscript* is, we have heard, the production of Mr. Barrymore, who is, seriously, too valuable a man in a theatre, to be permitted to tarnish his reputation by the production annually of a *hash* of this description. Last season, we had the *Greek Family*, from the same source. *The Dumb Savoyard* is another crying offence; and still they "ripe and ripe, and rot and rot." This piece is well named "the *Veteran and his Dog*;" for the incidents are those of every melo-drama that has *gone to the dogs* since we can remember; and the whole concludes with the novel and diverting "ceremony of shooting a deserter." "Going to shoot," by the by, we recommend as a variation in the bill, the next time managers need such an announcement, as, deuce take 'em! they never do shoot him. The only new incident in the *Conscript* may here be honourably noticed in its proper place. The reprieve is in this instance forwarded—by what means do our readers suppose?—they will never guess; so we will be magnanimous and tell them: the *Veteran*, his daughter-in-law, and an intimate friend, come post upon "a piece of flying artillery!" We acquit Mr. Barrymore of all blame. If he chooses to make his poor melo-dramas foils to his excellent pantomimes, that is solely his affair. But that the managers should suffer such a piece as the *Conscript* to be played at Drury Lane, and have the assurance to announce the next day in their bills, that, "having been entirely successful, it will be acted," &c. when it was most vehemently and deservedly hissed by every one who paid his money to see it, is rather too much for us to pass over in silence. The *orderleys* in the boxes greatly outnumbered the sergeants on the stage; but it cannot be to the interest of the theatre to paper up so worthless an article. The bipeds did their best; J. Vining, Cooper, Webster, and Younge, especially. Cooper and Webster were admirably drest. The dog was imperfect, and his double a sad dog indeed. The incidental dance was pretty, but too long; in compliment to the principal character, it ought to have been curtailed. Madlle. Guet improves upon us. Why does she not dance Taglioni's *pas seul in Hofer*? that which a Miss Angelica inflicted on us last season. Mr. Gilbert is active enough, but he wants that untranslatable quality *à plomb*. He seems hung upon wires too, which gives a flapping, Pierot, air to his dancing. Mrs. Barrymore has more taste and fancy than any of her male competitors. A Miss Bruce made her first appearance about half-past eleven o'clock (!), as *Linda*, in *Der Freyschütz*. But we had fallen asleep a few minutes before, and on waking, at a quarter to one, found them singing the finale. We will take an earlier opportunity of noticing the lady; in the mean while, we are enabled to say, from the glimpse we had of her figure, that she looks like a great singer.

Poole's most laughable farce, *Turning the Tables*, increases, if possible, in popularity: it will be long enough before the tables are turned on him.

COVENT GARDEN.

WE have to apologise to the translator of *Hide and Seek*. By a singular accident, only the commencement of our notice of that piece was printed last Saturday, and, deprived of its context, had an appearance of severity far from our intention. We repeat our assertion, that the subject has been produced at all the minor theatres in London, merely to add our acknowledgment, that it has never been handled so felicitously; nor has it ever had the advantage of such excellent acting. Miss Ellen Tree's performance of *Mrs. Mordaunt* is nature itself; and she is ably supported by Keeley, as the inquisitive servant *Moses*. *Hide and Seek* is a light and pleasant trifle, likely to keep possession of the stage; and, as it is the first dramatic attempt of a young artist, we trust its success will encourage him to further exertions.

On Thursday Miss Taylor made her first appearance in *Rosalind*, and equalled our most sanguine expectations. Triumphant has she passed through that formidable ordeal, and we regret deeply our inability, at this period of the week, to follow her, step by step, through the character. We can only mention, as the most prominent points of her every-way delightful performance, her first interview and sudden admiration of *Orlando*, unparalleled of late years for depth of feeling and delicacy of execution; her description of Time's paces to *Orlando* in the forest; her "counterfeiting" at the sight of the bloody handkerchief; her cuckoo song, the perfection of dramatic singing, and which was enthusiastically encored; and the delivery of the well-known epilogue. Since the days of Mrs. Jordan we have had no such *Rosalind*. The whole play was most admirably acted, from the inimitable *Orlando* of C. Kemble, to the trifling part of *Hymen*, allotted to our little favourite H. Cawse. Keeley played *Touchstone* for the first time, and we have seen none superior. We will return to this subject at the earliest opportunity: in the mean while, gentle reader, go and see the play—we conjure you—for we are egregiously mistaken if it be not indeed *As You like It*.

ADELPHI.

ON Monday the *Water Witch* was dramatised here by Mr. Bernard, the editor of *Retrospections of the Stage*, and met with perfect success; though it never struck us that Mr. Cooper's thrice-told tale and redomontading was peculiarly adapted for the stage. The piece, however, was as well contrived as circumstances admitted; and what the author has done is well done, considering that he had to yield so much to make way for the clever and really surprising machinery with which his drama is accompanied. The sea-scenes and shipping are wonderfully managed—the acting excellent—and the whole has gone off with *célat* during the week. The *Wreck Ashore* is as great a favourite as ever; and, indeed, one of the most interesting performances on the stage.

TOTTENHAM STREET THEATRE.

MADAME VESTRIS made her *début* at this little theatre on Monday last, in *Lord of the Manor* and *John of Paris*, and on Tuesday as the gay *Don*; and has continued playing to overflowing houses up to the present period. On Monday she is announced in a new opera, written expressly for her, under the title of *Fra Diavolo*, and founded upon the French piece of that name, for the purpose of introducing Auber's delicious music. The story of this piece, we remember, is very curious: the point

is derived from a remarkable trial in the *Causes Célèbres*, in which an infatuated murderer, impelled by

"that power
Which unsubdued and lurking lies,
To take the felon by surprise,"

makes a strange and unexpected exclamation, which leads to the immediate discovery of his guilt.

THE TYROLEAN FAMILY, MELGO.

WE attended an exhibition of the Melgg family at Willis's Rooms, and were much pleased with their performances. The party consists of two young lads and two rather pretty girls, who, in their peasant costume, make an interesting appearance. They sing admirably in time, and their curiously wild and characteristic national airs have a striking effect. They were much applauded, and will no doubt enjoy a full share of public favour.

VARIETIES.

Persian Poetry.—The poetical works of the Shah of Persia, published under the title of "Poems by him before whom all the earth is prostrated in adoration," has not, as far as we are aware, been reviewed by any critic of Persia! If we can procure a copy of the royal volume, we will, however, venture to state our candid opinions upon its contents!

Salicine.—A simple process has been invented in France, by which this substance may be extracted in large quantities, and sold at half the price of quinine.

Captain King.—His Majesty has graciously shewn his sense of the services of this intelligent officer, by conferring on him the rank of a post-captain, immediately on his return from the survey of the South American coasts.

Odessa.—On Oct. 4th, several soldiers, at work in the fields, discovered, at the distance of six leagues from Kertsch, under a well, an ancient edifice, built of large stones. On examination, it proved to be a tomb, in which they found a great number of vases of bronze, silver, and gold; and many other articles of admirable workmanship and great value, as well for their archaeological worth as for the metal. Among the most remarkable are three large dishes, four cups, and fragments of armour, of bronze; fragments of spears, arrows, swords, knives, &c. two silver horns, with representations of a ram; four silver vases, (three of them gilt); three silver dishes; a gold goblet, with representations of several Scythians; three crowns, adorned with figures; two massive chains for the neck; several bracelets, some gilt, some gold; a quiver, with the Greek inscription ΠΟΡ-ΝΑΧΟ; two large medallions, with a figure of Minerva; several medallions; a large ring; a metallic mirror; a whetstone, and a number of small articles. The weight of the gold is about eight pounds.

Comparative Population.—M. Moreau de Jonnés lately communicated to the French Academy the result of some statistic inquiries, having reference to the division of the population of various European countries into different series, each formed of individuals simultaneously of the same age. It appears that in France the number of children is less, compared with the population, than in any country respecting which there exists accurate information. The same is the case with adults, to twenty years of age. From that age to thirty, the young people of both sexes form, as every where else, the sixth part of the population. But in the following periods, France has a singular superiority over the other parts

of Europe; and the number of its inhabitants who attain together the maximum of the powers of life is much higher than in the British islands, or in Sweden. Taking in a mass the whole active population, from fifteen to sixty, that class constitutes in France nearly two-thirds of the total number of inhabitants; while elsewhere it constitutes only the half, or less. This disparity causes an essential difference between two populations apparently equal; since in the one there is only one child or old person, to two human beings in the full vigour of life, while the half of the other consists of old age and infancy.

Magnetic Equator.—M. Hermann, in the years 1829 and 1830, has made no fewer than seven hundred magnetic observations between the meridians of Berlin and Rio-Janeiro. He has crossed the magnetic equator during that period several times. The magnetic intensity which he has observed in various points corresponds exactly with that observed by M. Humboldt in the same places.

Diorama Montesquieu.—The French papers speak in high terms of praise of a view of Rouen, by M. Huet, which is at present exhibiting at the Diorama Montesquieu, in Paris.

Prince Talleyrand.—The Prince is well known to be one of the wittiest men of his day, —and wit upon one's self is the best defence against the satire of others. A newspaper correspondent, giving an account of the prince's landing at Dover, expressed his surprise at seeing in Talleyrand, whom he had expected to look nothing but the cunning diplomatist, "the countenance of an open, candid, and honest character." This was shewn to Talleyrand, who coolly remarked, "It must have been, I suppose, in consequence of the dreadful seasickness I experienced in coming over!"

Asiatic Mountains and Volcanoes.—At a recent sitting of the French Academy, M. de Humboldt presented it with a treatise on the direction of the chains of mountains in the interior of Asia, and on the volcanoes which are found there. Various Chinese and Japanese manuscripts had affirmed the existence of these volcanoes, at a distance of four or five hundred leagues from the sea. M. Humboldt has collected new information on the subject, and has sufficiently established the existence of volcanoes situated much more to the northward than those hitherto known. M. Humboldt also remarks, that the Caspian Sea having evidently occupied in former times a more extensive space than at present, the volcanic mountains of Asia must have formerly been placed under circumstances different from those of their present state.

Human Fossil Bones.—M. Renaud (*Bull. Juillet*) visited the grotto of Dürfort, in the department of Gard, in 1820: it is two hundred to two hundred and fifty metres above the plain, and is entered by a passage, in which it is necessary to drag one's self along. The human fossil bones are deposited in the bottom, and are piled up from the soil to the roof. They belong to a later period than that attributed to them by Maral de Serres.—*Le Temps.*

M. d'Ornalius d'Halloy at Namur, and the Prof. Kuhn at Freyberg, are both at work on a treatise on geology.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. 3177, Nov. 20.*]

Mr. Baines is engaged in writing the History of the County Palatine of Lancaster.—A translation from the German, of Part I. of Anatomical Demonstrations, or a Collection of Colossal Representations of Human Anatomy, by Professor Surig, of Breslau.—A translation of the History of the Reformation in Switzerland, by A.

Ruchal, comprising a period of Forty Years, viz. from 1516 to 1556, by Joseph Brackenbury, A.M.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Emerson's Modern Greece, 2 vols. 8v. 12s. bds.—Maxwell, by the Author of "Sayings and Doings," 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Wanderings of Tom Staboard, 12mo. 7s. hf.-bd.—More Stories for Idle Hours, 18mo. 2s. hf.-bd.—The Gentleman in Black, with Cruikshank's illustrations, fcp. 8vo. 7s. bds.—Bankes's Life, &c. of Giovanni Finati, 2 vols. 6d. bds.—Memoirs of Mrs. Newnham, 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Russell's Sermons on the Festivals, 12mo. 4s. bds.—The Sacred Offering, 1831, 32mo. 4s. 6d.—Biden's Naval Discipline, &c. 8vo. 10s. bds.—Strawberry Hill, 18mo. 2s. 6d. hf.-bd.—The Bereaved, and other Poems, by Whitfield, fcp. 8vo. 6s. bds.—The Fenwick System, 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Hamilton's Progress of Society, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Rubie's British Celestial Atlas, royal 4to. 1l. 5s. hf.-bd.—Leache's Selection from Gregory's Conspectus and Cetus, 18mo. 7s. bds.—Surtee's Horseman's Manual, &c. 12mo. 5s. bds.—Concise and Comprehensive Form of a Lease for Farms, by a Norfolk Land-owner, 12mo. 5s. stitched.—Collection of Spanish Proverbs, 18mo. 1s. 6d.; Italian do. 1s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

	November.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday	11	From 42. to 41.	29.50 to 29.56
Friday	12	— 35. — 47.	29.89 — 29.86
Saturday	13	— 30. — 50.	29.81 — 29.64
Sunday	14	— 40. — 56.	29.64 — 29.53
Monday	15	— 36. — 52.	29.50 — 29.60
Tuesday	16	— 44. — 55.	29.33 — 29.48
Wednesday	17	— 32. — 48.	29.40 — 29.55

Wind, S.W. and S.E., the former prevailing. Frequent and heavy rain, except on the 12th and 14th. Rain fallen, 1 inch and $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch.
Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. September 1830.

Thermometer—Highest.....	69.00°
Lowest.....	32.50
Mean.....	50.11041
Barometer—Highest.....	30.10
Lowest.....	29.96
Mean.....	29.51877

Number of days of rain, 18.
Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 3.525.
Winds.—0 East—8 West—0 North—2 South—0 North-east—3 South-east—11 South-west—6 North-west.
General Observations.—Although rain fell on nearly as many days as in September last year, the quantity was almost an inch less, and very little for the month; the mean of the barometer below the usual average, yet higher than last year, as were also both the extremes: the temperature generally low, and on the night of the 21st only half a degree above the freezing point, which was lower than the thermometer has been in September since 1824. Thunder was heard on the 14th, about 3 P.M. The evaporation 0.13125 of an inch.

October.	
Thermometer—Highest.....	68.50°
Lowest.....	28
Mean.....	47.52217
Barometer—Highest.....	30.26
Lowest.....	29.42
Mean.....	29.95580

Number of days of rain, 10.
Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 1.1375.
Winds.—4 East—7 West—2 North—2 South—4 North-east—3 South-east—5 South-west—4 North-west.
General Observations.—The month was uncommonly fine; the quantity of rain considerably less than during the last eight years; the mean temperature higher than since 1827, and the maximum above any observed at Wycombe in October during the journalist's residence: the barometer was also remarkably high, the mean being 29.9558 inches, and the maximum exceeding that in the corresponding month in 1825, which was considered extraordinary for the season: a rainbow seen on the 26th, about 5 P.M.; on the 28th and 29th the wind blew strong from the S.W. and westward, but could not be considered as violent gales. The evaporation 0.21250 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. W. declined. We cannot consider that *verse* to be fit for the *Literary Gazette* where the rhymes are constructed on so vicious a principle of divorcing nominatives from verbs, adjectives from substantives, and all sorts of governing or connecting from all sorts of governed or connected parts of speech.
We look for Scott's new Tales of a Grandfather next month, and for Count Robert of Paris early in the spring. *Glossary to the Waverley Novels.*—As we expected, we have had a letter from the publishers of the new edition, who state, that Mr. Robert Jamieson has been long employed on this glossary, which will appear (where alone it could appear with propriety) at the conclusion of the work.
We seem to have no great inclination for our job on the Puff System, since we are again induced to postpone it, by the pressure of, we trust, better matter.
ERRATUM.—In our last Number, p. 734, col. 2, line 55, for "granite," read "psamite."

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No. 723.—AMERICAN EDITION.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1830.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of a Journey through Greece in 1830; with Remarks upon the actual State of the Naval and Military Power of the Ottoman Empire. By Captain T. Abercrombie Trant, author of "Two Years in Ava." 8vo. pp. 435. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

Not only the latest, but the most intelligent and best authenticated work we have seen relative to the existing situation of Greece. After the classical labours of Colonel Leake, and the diligent researches of Mr. Dodwell, we had little to expect either from descriptions of scenery, antiquarian discoveries, or illustrations of ancient literature;—and therefore we are not disappointed in finding all the portions of Captain Trant's volume which are devoted to such topics, of inferior value. But in his views of society, of the political state of the country, of its parties, of the effects of the late struggle, and of the future prospects of Greece, he has given us much to interest and inform us; and we have, from its pleasant and gentlemanlike style, perused his performance altogether with very great pleasure.

In October 1829 he reached the Grecian coast, where he says—"One of the most prominent objects was Castel Tornese, an old Venetian fort, now a ruin, but in former days affording protection to the town of Chiarenza, or Clarentza, which, by a strange decree of fortune, has given the title of Clarence to our royal family. It would appear that at the time when the Latin conquerors of Constantinople divided the Western Empire amongst their leading chieftains; Clarentza, with the district around it, and which comprised almost all of ancient Elis, was formed into a duchy, and fell to the lot of one of the victorious nobles, who transmitted the title and dukedom to his descendants, until the male line failed, and the heiress of Clarence married into the Hainault family. By this union, Philippa, the consort of Edward the Third, became the representative of the Dukes of Clarence; and on this account was Prince Lionel invested with the title, which has since remained in our royal family. It is certainly singular that a wretched village in Greece should have bestowed its name upon the British monarch."

It was not long before his travel brought Captain T. into contact with the celebrated Capo d'Istrias, who is now playing so prominent a part in Greece, that we need offer no excuse for selecting the leading notices concerning him.

"Previous to the year 1828, the whole country was ravaged by bands of armed men, who, although unable to cope with their national enemies, had power enough to oppress their country people: the roads were infested with robbers; the peasant, when following his plough, never for a moment laid aside his arms; and those persons who were obliged to travel across the country, were hourly exposed to the attacks of banditti. But these evils had been

so long and deeply felt, that the very actors in them sighed for the return of peace; and when the president, as a preliminary measure towards quieting the Morea, directed that no person should appear armed except those employed by the government, he was instantly obeyed. The exhaustion which necessarily followed an exterminating war of seven years' duration, placed great moral power in the hands of Capo d'Istrias; and, without the employment of a single soldier, he, by a simple mandate, at once allayed the intense fermentation of the country; a chief was appointed from among the elders of each village, to collect the rents for the government, and these were fixed at ten per cent of the produce of private property, and thirty per cent for the lands held upon lease from the government. Since then, two successive years of peace have enabled them to collect their harvests, and at least place themselves beyond the chance of starvation; and they now look forward to an undisturbed possession of the lands for which they so long contended, and in many instances have dearly bought."

This seems to have been an excellent measure; but our author thinks it counterbalanced by other pieces of conduct neither so beneficial nor disinterested. As the Spectator says, however, we always like to know something of the personal character of our heroes; we shall therefore introduce the president in Capt. T.'s words.

"Almost the first person whom I chanced to see when I arrived at Argos, was Count John Capo d'Istrias, the president of Greece. He was calling upon a gentleman at whose house I stopped; and from his dress I at first mistook him for a Russian officer, and was much pleased with his exceedingly gentlemanlike manner and winning address. His features are handsome and dignified, his figure erect and well proportioned, and his prepossessing appearance is not unsupported by his conversational powers, which are those of a well-informed, well-bred man of the world. Such is the appearance of the man who now presides over the interests of Greece."

"Count J. Capo d'Istrias is a Corsic by birth; and his family, which is of ancient descent, is possessed of considerable property in that island. Count John, who is the second brother, brought himself to the notice of the Russians at the time when they held possession of the Ionian islands; and having since entered their service, he became well known to the world as a diplomatist, and received credit for a considerable share of talent. At the congress of Vienna, he is reported to have called forth from Prince Meternich the remark, '*Ce jeune homme là nous a fait la barbe à tous*;' whilst another eminent statesman, Sir Thomas Maitland, in expressing his opinion of Capo d'Istrias's abilities, said, that he was a mere 'political puppet.' Which of the two sentiments was correct, his conduct, since his elevation to the presidency of Greece, will best determine. In the year 1819, a visit which he

made to Corfu was supposed to have been in connexion with the views of the Hetairsts, whose cause he was known to advocate; but when the revolution burst forth in Wallachia, and that Greece was called upon to arm by Prince Alexander Ipsilanti, Capo d'Istrias was urgent in his endeavours to check the progress of an insurrection, which, being premature, he foresaw threatened destruction to those concerned in it. He is said to have strongly assured the Greeks, that they had no assistance to hope from Russia; and, however he may secretly have been connected with their party, he overtly disavowed their proceedings; and, until he was summoned by the nation, did not offer to join the patriot cause: but there can be no doubt that he had, from the commencement, looked forward to the supreme command. In the month of January 1828, Capo d'Istrias arrived at Napoli di Romania, in a British line-of-battle ship; and Griva, who was at that time at war with Colocotroni, opened the gates of the fortress to him, and thus placed the key of the Morea in his hands: the other refractory chieftains hastened to shew their patriotism, by acknowledging the president, who, without any exercise of force, found himself at the head of the nation. At this period, the fears of the Greeks, as to their political existence, were hushed; the decided part taken by the allied powers, the battle of Navarino, and the results to which it led, had paralysed the movements of their most formidable opponent, Ibrahim Pasha; and although it is true that the fatal battle of Athens had been followed by the surrender of the Acropolis, the last stronghold possessed by the Greeks in eastern Hellas, the Turkish army had not been able to penetrate through the defiles of the Geranium mountains, or force the position taken up by Church for the defence of the Isthmus of Corinth. From the enemies of Greece the president had, therefore, comparatively little to fear; and his whole attention ought to have been occupied in allaying the irritation caused by the factions I have before alluded to, and in restoring quiet to the unhappy peasantry. To further his views, all parties were willing to concur. Those men who had hitherto been foremost in opposing the established government, when the member of a native cabal was at its head, hesitated not to support a person who, it was hoped, would prove a stranger to the intrigues of party and to the spirit of faction. The reputation for talent he had acquired when forming one of the Russian cabinet, fostered the opinion that he was so well initiated in the secret of legislation, as to become a rigid protector of the interests of the infant nation. His arriving in a British man-of-war, at a time when the allies had announced their intention of interfering in favour of Greece, seemed to imply that he came as the dictator chosen by the allied powers; and all classes, anxious to manifest their gratitude for the protection of the allies, hastened to promise submission to the president. Greece lay pros-

trate at his feet. How he availed himself of this disposition towards him, will hereafter appear. The first step taken by Capo d'Istria was to issue a proclamation, dated from on board of the Revenge, calling upon the Greeks to acknowledge his authority, and directing them to lay aside their arms. The alacrity with which this edict was submitted to, is highly creditable to the Greek peasantry; and the result of the measure was the internal pacification of the country: those people who had hitherto derived the means of existing from rapine and extortion, were obliged to seek a more peaceable mode of subsistence; the industrious classes were enabled to till their land and reap its fruits; the highways were no longer infested by a lawless banditti; and peace and security were restored to the interior of families. This great point being gained, it was now hoped that the president, when selecting his subordinate ministers, would have made the choice without any reference to their party feelings, and have merely allowed talent and integrity to be claims upon his notice; but the result did not justify his impression. Having abolished the preceding form of government, he proceeded to nominate a council, the Panhellenium; but though nominally possessing some power, this assembly was virtually merely used by him as a convenient mask to the really despotic authority that he reserved in his own hands. The contributions of France and Russia replenished his treasury, and gave him a force more irresistible in Greece than the employment of a powerful army; and, armed with these weapons, he no sooner saw himself in possession of the supreme power, than he began to prosecute his insidious designs, tending to the agrandisement of himself and his family; to effect which, he hastened to form a party, upon whose subserviency he could with certainty depend. To maintain himself in his post, as chief of the Greeks, was no doubt the object of his ambition; and whilst he tried to cajole England and France by an appearance of liberality and candour, he really rested his hopes upon Russia, who, having at all times looked upon Greece as a country she coveted, would no doubt prefer to see her governed by a man Russian in heart and education, and in whose hands she would be nothing more or less than a Russian province, than to find her influenced by the liberal policy of France and England. Having fixed upon his plan of operations, the president's first care was to disgust or otherwise get rid of all those men whose integrity of principle and patriotism were bars to his personal views, and to replace them by members of his family and Ionians, upon whom he could place implicit reliance. Prince Mavrocordato, Tricoupi, and many other persons of merit, were forced to retire from office; and the president's two brothers, Counts Viario and Augustin, were summoned from Corfu, where they had hitherto passed their days in obscurity, and called upon to assist in presiding over the destinies of Greece. Viario, the eldest, was forthwith placed at the head of the war and marine departments, and no sooner did he assume the office, than his incapacity and ignorance became manifest. From that day the president's popularity began to decline; and so well has Viario followed up the system he commenced, that he is now utterly detested, and not only receives credit for his own misdeeds, but is also supposed to instigate his brother, Count John, to perform those acts which have called down upon him the hatred of men who once were his firmest friends and supporters. Count Augustin is a very young man: he had

been educated for the law, but made no progress in his profession, and was idling at Corfu when his brother was nominated to the presidency of Greece. In him Capo d'Istria discovered some latent sparks of military talent (acquired, no doubt, by watching the drill of our regiments on the esplanade), and the experience thus learnt sufficed to point him out as the leader of the Greek army in Acarnania. Measures were therefore taken to thwart and disgust Sir Richard Church, who, as generalissimo of the Greeks, had been successfully employing himself with his nominal army in clearing Western Greece from the Turks; and, by refusing him supplies of money and provisions, this object was soon attained; Church resigned, and Augustin was appointed general, and nominated to the vacant post. His conduct in his new situation was exactly what might have been expected from such a puppet; he remained at Lepanto, providing for future contingencies, by availing himself of whatever opportunities occurred for improving his fortune, instead of taking effectual steps to pacify that part of the country, which, though now two years in the possession of the Greeks, is in as unsettled a state at present as it was during the war. The subordinate offices, in like manner, were distributed to persons whose only merits and claims were a blind subserviency to the will of the dictator; the Ionian islands poured forth the refuse of their population upon devoted Greece, and every lucrative office or situation of trust was confided to the islanders: they viewed Greece as vultures would a carcass on which they hoped to gorge themselves, even unto satiety; and so well have they employed their time, that there is little now left but the skeleton. To those persons whose accession he deemed advantageous to his party, the president dispensed the French and Russian subsidies with a liberal hand, on the plea of indemnity for losses sustained during the war; and the celebrated Colocotroni, who possesses great influence amongst the peasantry of the Morea, by this means was firmly bound to the president's party; the ignorant Moreots were led to believe that Ibrahim had been expelled from the country by Capo d'Istria, and that they owed their present security entirely to him; and as he abstained from taxation, they were easily induced to acquiesce in any measure proposed by the president's satellites. Thus the country was ruled with a tyranny not the less severely felt, though masked under the garb of liberty; the bright dreams of the well-wishers to Greece were dispelled by the conduct of him to whom they had looked as a preserver; factions, which they supposed were quelled, like the heads of the hydra, sprung up more formidable than ever; the demoralisation of Greece advanced with rapid strides, and as a final blow to the happiness of the country, a system of espionage was established, unequalled perhaps in the most despotic country in the world. The child was set as a spy upon the actions of the parent, the brother upon the brother; the privacy of families was invaded, letters were opened, and on one occasion the government mail was actually robbed by the orders of the president, who was anxious to examine its contents."

We are sorry that our limits compel us to stop here; but the story is long enough for next Saturday.

The Achillead, in Twelve Books. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 196. By William John Thomas, M.R.C.S. London, 1830. Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper.

WE hail great attempts! We all hail great

performances!!—The Achillead surpasses. In all its parts it is unique; in dedication, in preface, and in poetry. We despair of being able to satisfy our readers with any account we can give of it; we are certain that we never can satisfy its author. William John Thomas is, or are, no doubt three Christian names; but are we thereby prepared to discover under their cover a Greek, a Roman, and an English epic bard—are we, we say, prepared by a William, a John, and a Thomas,—or a Bill, Jack, and Tommy,—for a Homer, a Virgil, and a Milton in ONE? *Ex pede Herculem*, might do in the classics, or we might dream from the name of Achillead of that bow of Ulysses which so few could draw; but we never could have imagined that any modern chords would come upon us with the whole force of the tendon Achilles, like the heroics of Mr. Thomas, M.R.C.S. (Muse Royal to the Company of Surgeons!) But oh, the powers of true native Genius! "What rhubarb, senena, or what purgative drug," can stay it in? It defies the clangour of the pestle, it surmounts the clammy depths of the mortar; and it mounts like a volatile salt to its own attic regions. It converts Apothecaries' Hall into a temple of Apollo; and when business is slack, it lispes in numbers. To it we are indebted for a William John Thomas.

Let not our enthusiastic admiration, however, keep the panting public from a knowledge of this splendid work. This is its dedication—

TO THE
BRITISH NATION,
THE
NATIONAL POEM
OF THE
ACHILLEAD
IS DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR.

Happy nation to possess such an author; happy age to witness such a poem; and happy we to have it to review.—Yet we must pause on the preface. It expounds the grand idea. The undertaking is "a continuation of the tale of Troy divine"—for the Iliad terminates unsatisfactorily, as all the exalted characters of that sublime poem are "upon the field of battle, ready to renew the contest, like lions of the forest;" (certes, the first time we ever heard of these animals in this fashion upon the field of battle). Our friend Thomas takes up the strain, and he says, with most becoming modesty:

"The Achillead having carried down the narrative of the Trojan war to the death of the hero of the Iliad, the Æneid of Virgil will then supply the sequel of the narrative. The Achillead may be thus compared to a poetical viaduct connecting two everlasting hills together. That this communication may possibly be swept away in the great stream of time, the author of the Achillead will readily admit; but the memory of such a conjunction, in after-ages, may stimulate the fire of genius to dart its refulgent rays from the same foundations."

Glorious—magnificent—charming—interesting—nice,—as Major Overall would exclaim in Hook's very clever novel of Maxwell; but we must not indulge in superlatives, for we are not Overalls. To our history; though it be disgraceful to the king we love, the court we venerate, the ministry (we care not which) we worship, the officials and men in power we adore. Mark the difference between the Roman Augustus and an English monarch, between the fate of Maro and of Thomas.

"Virgil" (he tells us, with perfect historical truth) "flourished under the reign of Augustus—"

tus, at a time when the Roman people were assuming the array of elegant refinement: the arts and sciences were advancing under the protection of the imperial Cæsars, and the emperor Augustus, amidst all his martial exploits, was not regardless of the votaries of literature. Beneath his protection flourished the immortal Maro; but, the patronage of princes, however desirable it may be, is by no means essentially necessary to poetical prosperity: yet the author of the Achillead does not regret the time he has so unwisely spent in endeavouring to secure the patronage of princes of the British nation, and more especially that of an illustrious individual: he did not desire their support for the honour alone which might accrue to him from such imperial patronage: no! He was desirous of affording such princes an opportunity of displaying to the present and to succeeding generations, the paternal affection with which the British people cherish the votaries of literature. He presumed to consider the sovereign authority as the visible representative of the invisible commonwealth; and labouring under this supposition, he offered to lay before the representative of a great nation the national poem of the Achillead. The ungracious reception, however, which his proposals experienced, disinclined the author from prosecuting any further proceedings in that quarter: in delicacy, he forbears to expatiate upon this most painful topic."

How forbearing! But the author has higher consolations within his own mighty breast—and his recompense is at hand.

"For some years he has been amending, correcting, improving, or revising, the young ideas of the Achillead; he has taught them how to shoot, and now they are about to march forward into the world to exercise accordingly. Amidst every discouragement, the author has steadily proceeded forwards, adding verse after verse, and page after page, to the poem; and perseverance has accomplished this most arduous undertaking, notwithstanding the apathetic coolness of the patricians, and the frowns of princes."

"He is not aware that any other individual has attempted to bend this bow of Ulysses, and he has no doubt that the literati will appreciate those exertions, which the frowns of the most exalted individuals have been unable to suppress. In calling this a national poem, the author of the Achillead may be censured by hypercritical persons. Is not the Iliad the national poem of Greece? was not the Æneid that of the Roman empire? The emperor Augustus knew this well; he saw that, in patronising Virgil, he illuminated his imperial diadem with an immortal radiance which rendered it conspicuous amid the crowns of the Cæsars. That he has done well, must be acknowledged by all parties: the great empire which gave laws to the world has been swept away in the stream of time; but the Æneid has survived the destruction of the thrones of those august commanders. The author of the Achillead has pursued an undeviating course in the composition of this performance, through evil report and through good report, which, by his unassisted efforts, he introduces into the world; and having proceeded thus far, he solemnly confides the poem to the care of a great and learned nation."

He could not take a wiser or a better step; and we have much pride in being his couriers, or rather in Gazetting his triumphs. Nor are they unfit for an English Gazette; for though Achilles is the nominal hero, events now pass-

ing in our own political world are brought in, in the most natural and consistent manner, so as not to interrupt the unity of the poem. Such matters, we are gravely informed, will, "before thirty centuries have elapsed, have become historical fragments of the general narrative;" we suppose, of course, that in three thousand years it will be all the same to our higgledy-piggledy world.

Four books of this immortal design are contained in the thin volume before us—Heaven forbid that any accident should prevent the author from completing his publication in twelve books! Unlike the silylline tomes, the more he adds, the greater will be our enjoyment; and we pray that no envious or furtive hand may ever deprive us of a syllable, a tone, of the Thomasian lyre.

Book *One* opens with the novelty of an invocation to the "Celestial Nine;" who, among other curious secrets, are invited to tell

"What feats amid the world's anarchical storm,
The tyrant kings, despotic rogues! perform.
How, all allied, their fiery trains supply,
To explode the spark of heaven-born liberty
By every plot!"

which we take to be an entirely new illustration of the action of gunpowder, unknown to mortal chemists, and only known to the immortal Nine. The author then bewails the ignorance of the vulgar, whose

"darkened soul
[is doomed] Through error's maze ingloriously to stroll;"

and declares his intention,

"by satires turn'd aright,
To place that subject in its proper light;"—

a most commendable resolve, and one which is no sooner said than done. In a most poetical allegory of sunset, we think we discover (p. 9) an allusion typical of the fall of the Wellington administration: Mr. Thomas says—

"Now tipt with purple (Scarlet long had fled),
And Crimson* hasted from his western bed."†

After this fling, he gets back to the Greeks, and splendidly describes the ghost of Patroclus appearing to Achilles: it is the best ghost description we ever read—Scott's *Demonology* has nothing like it.

"Indefinite, the *serpentine* lines were spread,
Yet curled upwards to *defuse* a head."

The purple east in massy clouds was seen,
In sadness pondering o'er the stormy scene."

The stars, the very clouds, were visible through this incorporeal ghost; and its actions were as frightful as its appearance was uncommon.

"The shade approach'd: as if to give command,
Three times it shook on high its cloudy haud;
Three times convuls'd it wav'd, as when the breeze
Rocks the tall glaciers of the frozen seas:
Thrice it wept, three times to speak essay'd—
When voices issued from the internal shade"!!!

No wonder that poor Achilles is bothered, and in his bewilderment exclaims—

"What art thou? the sovereign deeply sighs;
Confused confusion to these aching eyes:
What are these motions which thy shape deform?
And what—ah, what! that melancholy form?"

The ghost satisfies him upon these particulars, in a style well befitting "confused confusion;" and certainly completes the amazement of his late friend and present auditor by the transformations he exhibits in the course of his speech. They are indeed sublime.

"Behold! he wav'd his hand: in grand reflection soon
He unrob'd the cloudy regions of the moon;
He unveil'd in haste the starry climes, and all
The shining mountains of the lunar ball!
The effulgent stars that moment through him sent
The radiant glories of the firmament!
Develop'd then, this form appear'd to view,
Compos'd of ether and ethereal blue;

* Evidently Brougham † J. E. Westmoreland.

By yellow rays the midnight moon was seen
To fill the shadow with a vernal green:
The distant floods a plaintive murmuring gave,
And all the flow'rets of the forests wave!"

Let Sir Walter hide his diminished head before this, in any edition of spectral sights he may attempt to improve: an ethereal blue ghost filled by the yellow rays of the moon with vernal green, must beat him from his colours with disgrace. There follows, p. 13, some bombast, which, if it conveyed any meaning, would be profane; but Achilles and his late companion go on with their chat. The former says—

"Ah! art thou then my friend's resistless shade,
In gloomy night and nightly gloom array'd?
How alter'd art thou! scarcely can I bend
These eyes upon the features of my friend;
Alas! why came you here? I should as soon
Have thought thee native of yon mournful moon!"

In the end, the hero refuses to depart at the ghost's suggestion; and

"The phantom frown'd—strong blew the gusty wind—
The hail careering, thunder'd from behind;
Full in their front the kindling lightnings flew,
And pierced the *shadows of the spirit* through."

The shade rejoind'—Ah! why, Achilles, why,
Permit that wrath to exist eternally?
Shall passion still be under no control—
Not subject to the *actions of the soul*?
Revoke thy words—what madness is *there here*?"

But even this unparalleled adjuration is neither here nor there; the sorrowful shade "ebbed in threefold sighs," and Thetis is appropriately introduced "weeping." Other sea gods, such as Nereus, Neptune, whales, hippopotami, Aquario, "cunning crocodiles," and the rest, flounder through several ensuing pages and the deep; and Aquario is despatched on a mission to Iris, whom he finds delightfully asleep in a temple somewhere about the Atlantic. His followers interrupt her repose, in our opinion very rudely; for

"The watery band delightful carols play'd,
And gave the nymph an evening serenade.
This roused her quickly from oblivion's care,
Whose powers the passions of the soul repair:
The nymph, astonish'd, rais'd her head on high,
And broke upon them with a gentle sigh.
Alas! said she, I little thought to see,
At such an hour, such gallant company!
How came you here—by what enchanted power
At such a season as the midnight hour?
'Tis most abrupt to break upon my rest,
When peaceful Bavius all my woes deprest:
When sleep, so sweet, his silent shadows shed,
And softest slumbers soothed my aching head:
To alarm me thus: how greatly do I fear!
Oh, fair Apollo! when wilt thou appear?
They frighten me! a virgin such as I
To awake at night! 'Tis quite a mystery."

By this time, however, the lovely creature has talked herself wide awake: the account proceeds with unrivalled powers of nature.

"The fair one wept; and as her tears *did flow*,
Thus the bright herald, gay Aquario!—
Alas! alas! why doth the virgin weep?
Lull thy wild terrors and thy tears asleep—
To open with candour it was not meet—
To awake the goddess at this hour of night;
But Thetis, regent of the hoary sea,
And Nereus also, have despatched me."

Notwithstanding which, the despatched divinity delivers his message, and summons Iris to the palace of Thetis.

"Aquario thus: to whom the nymph rejoins,
That virgin who Apollo's light purloins—
The showery maid (as maids are wont) first sighs,
Then the bright beauty of the bow replies:—
Ah! how can I comply with their demand,
And do what Nereus and the queen command?
For well you know, Aquario, that I pay
The exactest deference to the star of day:
When he did down the steep ecliptic sail,
I lost my plumage and my showery tail!"

The bargain is struck—she mounts his cab, and away they drive. They are interrupted by Boreas,—just as an Exquisite with his fair might be assailed by a hackney-coachman without a fare, whose stand they were passing in an elegant cantier,

"What people here presume their cars to lower
Above the ocean at the midnight hour?
Before the Pleiads have as usual driven
Their seven-starr'd chariot through the vaults of
heaven:
Before Orion draws his flaming sword,
Before Arctu—but on a monarch's word,
I think ye really are extremely rude,
To shake the seas with such a multitude;
To cross the main without one spark of light,
Like thieves carcering in the midst of night:—
Bring forth my thunders, bring my waving staves,
I will o'erthrow these rebels in the foam."

Iris is confoundedly frightened, and screams out—

"We shall be o'erthrown:
Oh! that I ne'er had left the frigid zone!
Where, wrapt in night, secure from harm I lay,
Awaiting only the approach of day:
What shall we do, if that rebellious swain
O'erturn your convoy in the boiling main?
Cruel Aquario! could you not—but, oh!
The chariot's sinking in the gulf below!
Ease, Iris, (thus Aquario said) the alarm—
I will protect you from all future harm.
I will myself converse with him apart,
And soothe the fury of his callous heart.
He stroked her cheek."

He then confides to Boreas, that his companion is "Iris travelling *incognito*;" and the matter is hushed, without the interference either of constables or the New Police. The travellers then proceed on their journey, by way of the Emerald Isle, Snowdon, Mount Etna, the cratered peaks of Stromboli, the Dardanelles, and other contiguous places: but there is an episode, comparing the whole earth itself to a gigantic animal, which we prefer to the itinerary.

"The earth's materials, we are all apprised,
Are form'd of matter, and are organised;
Her organs, on a somewhat larger scale,
Are like an animal's—suppose a whale;
Like the aorta, see the oceans boil,
From side to side the tumbling torrents toil;
Dispensing food upon the rapid seas,
To feed her forests, mountains, flowers, and trees."

Take it in toto: see the mighty soul,
Which, waving round, re-animates the whole."

What passes between Thetis and Iris would be too long for us. Suffice it to say, that the interview is not unworthy of our preceding extracts and panegyrics. But where every thing is so superb, so matchless, even our most earnest endeavours must fail to afford an adequate idea of an author like Mr. Thomas. We must therefore leave "the watery queen" and "the showery goddess;"* we must say nothing of Apollo, with his new epithets of "sun-lit and carminated curls;" and prefer the picture of a mortal lover to all the finer celestial portraits. Who would endure the pangs of love, or be a lover?

"In thought he views the nymph, whose placid gaze
Sets his whole system in a fervent blaze:
Swiftly the scarlet-tinted torrents find
Their devious ways, and irritate the mind;
No more in silence on the couch he lies,
But vents his anguish in redundant sighs:
The vestments then are from his body torn—
He rolls abandon'd, desolate, forlorn;
O'er his dim eyes careering fires are spread—
He pants, he tumbles, on his tortur'd bed."

The bare description is enough to make us take to our bed, hoping to find it less intolerable than a lover's couch.

But will it be believed, we have only passed through the first book of this immortal epic; and our dazzled mind, wandering in its effulgence, refuses to grasp at further glories? It may be, that we may regain composure to renew the task, not of criticism, but of applause; it may be, that our scattered senses, now under the influence of the Circe of transcendent poesy, may rally and bear us to the end: if so, readers, you shall hear again of the amazing production by William John Thomas, M.R.C.S.

* "At length, aroud's, the watery queen descried
The showery goddess and her noble guide."

The Persian Adventurer; being the Sequel to the "Kuzzilbash." By J. B. Frazer, Esq., Author of a "Tour to the Himāla Mountains." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

The pleasures of memory give birth to those of hope; and remembering how much we were pleased with the first part of the Kuzzilbash's adventures, we began the second portion with an expectation of amusement, which has not been disappointed. The story of the first volume is very interesting; in the next, the brilliant pageant of Nadir's conquest of India is brought upon the stage: the events of the last are thrown among tribes little known, and it embraces the eventful period of the Shah's death. These pages are in reality a dramatic and picturesque chronicle; all of whose leading facts are true, and whose inventions illustrate the manners and living peculiarities of the scenes where they are laid. They are a mass of research and information, invested with a most popular form. We have not space for "the barbaric pomp," showering pearl and gold over the captured Dehlee; and shall only select one anecdote from the splendid feast given by the conquered emperor to Nadir.

"When the proper time came for handing coffee to the royal guests, it was brought by Ameer Khan, umdut-ul-moolk, to whom this duty had been appointed, and who was about to present it in the usual form, when a sudden scruple seized him,—to which of the two monarchs should he first present the cup? Custom and etiquette required that his own master, the emperor of Hindostan, should first receive it; but in that case the khan would run the risk of affronting and exasperating a conqueror whom he dreaded, and whose resentment might be fatal both to his master and himself. On the other hand, to neglect his duty so far as to present it to any other than his imperial master and liege lord, might be jealously interpreted into a lack of zeal and regard, which might, at an after-period, be turned to his disadvantage. In this dilemma, a thought struck the khan. Pouring forth the coffee, and advancing as if he would have presented the cup to Nadir, he stopped short, like one that checks himself in a mistake, then tendering it upon his knee to the padshah—'Let an emperor,' said he, 'perform the honours of his house to a king of kings. Your servant is too mean for so exalted an office.' The elegance of his address, and the neatness of his expedient, delighted both monarchs. 'Barekillah! friend khan!' exclaimed Nadir, 'thou art a choice genius; thou hast truly hit the mark in the centre, and done thy duty well.' And his master, the emperor, not less pleased, united with the shah in his encomiums on a conduct which gratified both Persians and Indians."

The ensuing sketch of frank hospitality is a good contrast to this scene of courtly etiquettes. The hero, by one of those turns of fortune so common in the East, is flying for his life, and sees before him an Eeliaut encampment.

"It proved to be an extensive one. A multitude of cattle and sheep, horses and camels, mules and asses, were gathered round in temporary enclosures of reeds; or were still straying about the tents, with dogs barking at them, and shepherds running about in all directions to secure them for the night. The men were lounging before the tents, and the women were engaged in their household duties, spinning, weaving, making butter and cheese, feeding the young animals, or carrying water for the use of their families. I saw at once, from the

number of tents, and the size of one or two in the centre, that some chief of importance must be in the aoul; and at first I had made up my mind to seek the supply of my wants from some inferior member of the tribe, and thus to avoid inquiries or delays, which might have proved embarrassing from a higher quarter. But just as I had made up my mind to this arrangement, an object which caught my eye changed the intention, and induced me to throw myself at once, and in the most impressive manner, upon the hospitality of the chief himself. The object which wrought this change of purpose was a troop of some dozen or so of armed horsemen, who were riding in great haste over the plain, in a direction not very different from that by which I had come; and from their appearance as they approached, I could have little doubt that they were, in fact, a party sent in pursuit of me. To retreat was impossible, for I was close in view of all the tents; and the precarious generosity of an Eeliaut chief was preferable to the tender mercies of such as I believed that party to consist of. Passing, therefore, hastily in front of the flanking tents, although their inmates called aloud upon me to stop, to turn in and tell them the news, to accept of their bread and roof, I halted not until I reached the dwelling of the chief, before whose tents were picketed several handsome horses under the hands of their keepers. 'Refuge!—refuge and protection!—the sacred asylum of the stable!' exclaimed I, seizing one of these horses by the headstall, while the groom, respecting the well-known privilege, fell back and gave me way. The khan himself, for such he proved to be, was walking about superintending the management of his stud; but, upon hearing my words, and seeing my action, he turned and inquired who I might be. 'I am a man,' said I, 'and an unfortunate one, although guilty of no crime; as such, khan, I claim from you present protection, and concealment from my pursuers. As you love and practise hospitality, and value a high and honourable name among the tribes, pledge it to me, and let there be no delay.' 'It is granted, friend,' said the khan, coming forward and taking me with his own hand from the place of my asylum. 'I swear it to you by my own head and the tomb of my father!—and now what is to be done?' 'Behold!' said I, pointing to the party which now rose above the brow of a swelling ground, only a short space distant—'behold my pursuers! conceal me instantly from their eyes—the rest you shall quickly know; and if you deem me criminal, you have but to yield me to them at last.' 'Yield you! after my oath! No; by the holy Kaaba! I have said it, and you are safe, if the blood of my son were on your hands!' And the words of the khan were echoed by his kindred who had gathered about us; and who now, closing around, shut me out from view of all approaching eyes. The khan then made me a signal to follow, which I did, into a smaller tent connected with the public one in front. 'This is my khelwut; here you are safe—but stay, you are thirsty and fatigued. Ho, there! my sherbet and bread—let us eat;' and in a few moments, buttermilk and water, with some morsels of bread and cheese, were brought us, and the khan gave me to eat; and drinking a few mouthfuls himself, handed me the bowl. • • •

"Refreshments of every kind were now provided for me; a bath was administered, after the rude fashion of the tribes, by pouring many skinsful of tepid water over me, while a rough sort of dullauk kneaded and scrubbed me most lustily. A change of raiment was provided;

and after all was over, I sat down with the chief and his family to a substantial meal, the chief dish of which was a lamb stuffed with plumbs and raisins, stewed in a whole mountain of rice."

The next morning, Ismael is forced to proceed.

"So, after a comfortable meal to keep up our strength, I found a party of six stout fellows, headed by one of the khan's sons, all ready mounted before the door of the tent, and a horse of his own for myself, in the trappings of which the meerachor had consulted his master's credit more than the appearance of its intended rider. The khan himself seemed sensible of this incongruity, for he could not help smiling as he looked, first at the turquoise and silver-mounted irak (furniture), and then on my homely and tattered figure; and taking his handsome cloak, which I had worn the evening before, he threw it over my shoulders, remarking that there should be some degree of uniformity between the saddle and its burden; nor would he hear of any refusal. Thus accoutred, then, I pressed and kissed the old man's hands with an assurance that, if I lived and prospered, he should hear of me. But the chief, seizing me in his arms, saluted me with a frank and hearty bughulgeeree,* saying, such was the fashion of the tribes with their friends; that he was sure I was an honest fellow, a gallant man, who was well worth all the little kindness I had put it in his power to shew me. 'But I know,' added he, 'you must be impatient; so, Bero, be off; and may God protect thee!' 'May your house always flourish!—may your favour never diminish!' said I; and mounting, I rode away, accompanied by my gallant escort, who, with their long spears, caroled and curvetted around."

We cannot imagine a more agreeable rencontre in any precarious situation. We now leave these animated chronicles of Persian history to the favour they justly merit; and shall only say that we think Shah Nadir very fortunate in having Mr. Frazer for his Philip de Comines.

Pinkerton's Correspondence.

[Third notice: Conclusion.]

At the close of our remarks on these volumes in last week's *Gazette*, we alluded to a letter from Dr. Johnstone, on topics connected with Scottish and northern literature—the following is the portion which we consider to be of interest:—

"With respect to your queries, I have met with no complete chronicle of Scotland in this country: nothing but *disjecta membra*. To suppose that the Caledonian records were preserved at Iona, is a common error: for a long period it had no dependence upon the crown of Albany; and, besides, it underwent so many catastrophes, (being twice burnt, and the monks and patriarch massacred three other different times,) that it is impossible to conceive how any thing of value should be suffered to remain there. It is much more likely that Kenneth II., after obtaining the Pictish crown, intrusted his archives to Tuathal M'Fergus, primate of the united kingdoms; but who resided in a part of the nation very remote from Icolmkill, and much less explored. Neither the Danes nor Norwegians have preserved any written monuments of their history, previous to the tenth century: any thing we know of prior times is from the Icelanders. I am persuaded, if those gentlemen-rovers could only lay their hands upon a few fat cows, they

* Embracing and kissing each cheek three times.

gave themselves little trouble about other matters. Pictavia was incorporated with Albany before Iceland was discovered; consequently, it is not surprising if the Picts are never mentioned by the Scandinavian writers. I find nothing concerning Galloway in them previous to the time of Earl Allan, who made a distinguished figure in those ages."

In these pages we have too abundant proofs of the irreligious principles of Pinkerton, which provoked the most severe, yet friendly, remonstrances from Lord Hailes,* the Bishop of Dromore,† and others of his best and most powerful well-wishers; who tried to separate the able writer from the offensive man: but he was above advice, and the outbursts of his temper, and his bitter resentments, are painful subjects for reflection. We will not be accessory to spreading them farther than these pages; but rather try to furnish their apology in the unhappy person's own words.

Hamstead, July 8th, 1800.

"A serious illness of some days has prevented my answering sooner your favour of the 1st of July; for which I thank you, as an obliging testimony of your candour and liberality. I scarcely remember what I said of Ramsay, but have not forgotten my vexation at seeing him so extravagantly praised, to the total exclusion and eclipse of all our ancient classics. Nor could I easily pardon the introduction of his Phœbus, instead of the genuine ancient words of our old times. Let him only occupy his proper place in our poetical firmament, and I am satisfied; but he must not usurp the whole zodiac, and represent all the twelve signs. As, from a constitutional irritability of nerve, I have in my earlier productions shewn much controversial asperity, it would be ridiculous in me to complain when I am paid in my own coin. Were I revising my books, I should dash out all such passages, which I never see without disgust. I can only say they are the products of infirmity, and not of malice."

From Mr. James Sibbald, bookseller of Edinburgh, we find some entertaining information respecting a small quarto, printed by Forbes of Aberdeen; which, says Mr. S., "contains fifty-five cantos, songs, and fancies, and thirteen Italian and new English ayres." The fifty-five seem almost entirely English, at least I never saw any of them in a Scottish song-book of this century, save three or four. 'The gowans are gay,' 'You minor beauties of the night,' 'She is the fairest of her days,' 'Over the mountains and under the caves,' and 'Now is the month of Maying;' and none of these can properly be said to belong to the Scottish muse. The last is the same air as the chorus—'Come now for mirth and playing.' 'Remember, O! thou man,' is unquestionably the root of 'God save the king.' The finest air in the collection is,

When father Adam first did flee,
From presence of the Lord his face,

* "I have only (says his lordship, in concluding one of his letters) to beg, that, in your future publications, my name may not be mentioned as a correspondent of yours; at least, while you can perceive no difference between Jehovah and the demons of barbarous nations; or between the religion of the Jews, and that of the Hottentots."

† "I shall never (the bishop writes) scruple postage for any packet you may wish to transmit through me to others. &c., though I cannot but lament our difference in opinion in what I think some very essential points; and, as many others as well as myself think them of great importance to the welfare of society, the least to be wished is, that this departure from the received opinions should not officiously or unnecessarily be extracted on the world. Excuse this general reflection, which till I have seen your book, I cannot judge whether it be well applied or not."

The cloaths was short, scarce coverit his knee,
The great God cry'd, and held him in chace.
'Stay, Adam, stay, Adam,' saith the Lord,
Where art thou, Adam? turn thee and stay,' &c.
(Consists of five stanzas. It is a rich melody: no bass.)

I should be glad to hear that this is not in the old English music-books—it would do honour to Scotland. You can easily learn. Good airs are also—'Like as the lark within the Marleone's foot,' 'Joy to the person of my love,' 'When May is in her prime,' 'White as lilies was her face,' 'There is a thing that much is used.' The Italian are all by Castoldi; the new English by Henry Lewis, Simon Ives, William Webb, John Savile, and Dr. Wilson. Not a word of *Scottish* music in his long, fulsome dedication to the Magistrates of *Bon Accord*, as he styles Aberdeen, from its motto."

Between Sir John Sinclair and Mr. Pinkerton there is some curious correspondence about the Highland garb: we copy a few passages:—

"Sir John thinks that the word *haut-de-chausses* means trousers, and not the philibeg; indeed, it is well known (he says, but we are not converts to the opinion) that the philibeg was invented by an Englishman in Lochaber, about sixty years ago, who naturally thought his workmen could be more active in that light petticoat than in the belted plaid: and that it was more decent to wear it than to have no clothing at all, which was the case with some of those employed by him in cutting down the woods in Lochaber."

Mr. P. says: (1795) "When I first saw in the papers that you had appeared at court in a new Highland dress, substituting trousers, or pantaloons, for the philibeg, I was highly pleased with the improvement. The Highland dress is, in fact, quite modern; and any improvement may be made without violating antiquity. Nay, the trousers are far more ancient than the philibeg. The philibeg cannot be traced among any of the Celtic nations, Ireland, Wales, or Bretagne, either as an article of dress, or as a word in their languages. Giraldus Cambrensis, A.D. 1180, informs us that the Irish wore *braccæ*, or *brecchi* (that is, the long, ancient breeches, now called pantaloons, or trousers). On old monuments, the Irish kings are dressed in a close tunic, or vest, long trousers down to the ankle, and a long loose robe, fastened at the waist by a large brooch. Perhaps the brooch might be substituted in your regiment for the breast-plate with much *costume*. In the book of dress, printed at Paris, 1562 (from which I have published fac-similes), the Highland chief is in the Irish dress; and I can discover no philibeg. No part of the dress is tartan: nor is there a plaid, but a mantle. The woman is dressed in sheep-skins; and, as that sex is always more ornamented than the other, there is reason to believe that the common Highland dress was then composed of sheep or deer skins."

Lesley and Buchanan, 1570-1580, are therefore the first who mention the modern Highland dress. The former represents tartan as then confined to the use of people of rank. The latter says the plaids of his time were *brown*. Advocates for the antiquity of the philibeg say it is borrowed from the Roman military dress; but it is quite different; for the Roman skirts were mostly those of the tunic, which was worn under their armour; whereas the philibeg is a detached article of dress."

There is also much correspondence touching

* Mr. James Logan has just produced a work of great research, called the *Scottish Gaird, or Celtic Manners of the Highlanders*, which treat of the questions in a very able manner. In the course of our review of it we shall have occasion to go more deeply into the subject, and shew that these are very unsupported doctrines.—Ed. L. G.

the authenticity of Ossian; but as Mr. Malcolm Laing's and Mr. Pinkerton's views on that question have been embodied more at large in their works, we are not called upon to trace their progress. Indeed we may say of nearly all the second volume, that the numerous letters on the subject of portraits for Pinkerton's work on Scottish Portraits, and on other inquiries, both literary and antiquarian, (not to mention disputes with publishers,) are too indigested to convey much real information, and too desultory to admit of compression into a general design. We cannot attempt the latter, and shall therefore conclude with two extracts; the first a notice of Mr. Campbell's *début* in the poetical world; and the other a very characteristic letter from old Coult's the banker.

Of Campbell, Mr. J. C. Walker writes, May 1800: "Have you seen the *Pleasures of Hope*? When the age of the author is considered, it must be allowed to be a most extraordinary production."

And thus writes the wary man of money:—
 "I have received the favour of your letter, asking me to withdraw the claim for interest on the sum I lent on the security of a house; but the footing upon which you have put the request is one I have uniformly at all times thought to be such as I ought to reject, and have rejected accordingly. The bankers in Scotland, and the country banks in England, are on a different plan from those of London. They circulate their own notes, and make payments in them: we give out no notes of our own, and if we were to give interest at even one per cent per annum, we should be losers by our business. We do not consider ourselves as being obliged to any one person who places money in our hands, however considerable: it is to the aggregate and general mass of society that we owe our situation, and to the credit our prudence and attention has obtained for us: and people deposit their money in our hands for their own advantage and conveniency, not from favour to us; nor do we desire to have it on any other terms. Probably you may not understand the explanation I have spent time in making, which I can very ill spare, and it may therefore answer no purpose; but it satisfies myself; and I wish to shew equal attention to all my employers, whether they have large or small sums in my hands, which indeed hardly ever occupies my attention. My attention is fully engrossed in doing business with honour and regularity, leaving the rest to the common chance and course of things. It surprises me that, though it every day appears that there is very little truth published in the newspapers, yet people will still believe what they read, especially abuse, or what they think is against the character or prudence of the person treated of. I saw some paragraphs, and heard of more, of what I had done for Mr. Kean, in all which there was not a word of truth; though I see no reason why I might not, without offence to any one, have given Mr. Kean any thing I pleased. In doing any little matter in my power for any individual, I must add, I never had any view to celebrity with the present age or with posterity. If I should know of any gentleman wanting a travelling companion abroad, I shall mention you to him; but it seldom happens that I am applied to in such matters."

Kotzebue's Voyage round the World.

[Second Notice.]

WE have only to preface our continuation of this review, by recalling the memory of the

reader to what we stated respecting Manilla in our last.

"The whole world," says Capt. Kotzebue, "does not offer a more advantageous station for commerce than the town of Manilla, situated as it is in the neighbourhood of the richest countries of Asia, and almost midway between Europe and America. Spanish jealousy had formerly closed her port; but since the revolt of the American colonies, it has been opened to all nations, and the Philippines are consequently rising rapidly to importance. As yet, their export trade has been chiefly confined to sugar and indigo for Europe, and the costly Indian bird's-nest and *trepangs* for China. The latter is a kind of sea-snail without a shell, which, not only here, but on the Ladrões, Carolinas, and Pelew Islands, even as far as New Holland, is as eagerly sought after as the sea-otter on the north-west coast of America. The luxurious Chinese consider them a powerful restorative of strength, and purchase them as such at an exorbitant price. But what an inexhaustible store of commercial articles might not these islands export! Coffee of the best quality, cocoa, and two sorts of cotton, the one remarkably fine, the produce of a shrub, the other of a tree, all grow wild here, and with very little cultivation might be made to yield a prodigious increase of wealth. These productions of nature are, however, so much neglected, that at present no regular trade is carried on in them. A great abundance of the finest sago trees, and whole woods of cinnamon, grow wild and unnoticed in Luçon. Nutmegs, cloves, and all the produce of the Moluccas, are also indigenous on these islands, and industry only (a commodity which, unfortunately, does not flourish here) is wanting to make them a copious source of revenue. Pearls, amber, and cochineal, abound in the Philippines; and the bosom of the earth contains gold, silver, and other metals. For centuries past, have the Spaniards suffered all these treasures to lie neglected, and are even now sending out gold to maintain their establishments. The regular troops here, as well as the militia, are natives. The officers are Spaniards, though many of them are born here, and all, at least with few exceptions, are extremely ignorant. It is said that the soldiers are brave, especially when blessed and encouraged by the priests. As far, however, as I have had an opportunity of observing the military force, I cannot think it would ever make a stand against a European army. Not only are the troops badly armed, but even the officers, who are in fact distinguished from the privates only by their uniforms, have no idea of discipline; any sort of precision in their manœuvres is out of the question; and to find a sentinel comfortably asleep with his musket on his shoulder, is by no means an uncommon occurrence. I was told that Luçon contained eight thousand regular troops, and that by summoning the militia, twenty thousand could be assembled. The field of honour, where the heroes of Luçon distinguish themselves, is on the southern Philippine Islands, which are not yet subdued; they are inhabited by Mahomedan Indians, who are constantly at war with the Spaniards, and who, ranging as pirates over all the coasts inhabited by Christians, spread terror and desolation wherever they appear. From time to time some well-manned gun-boats are sent in pursuit of these robbers, which expend plenty of ammunition with very little effect. It is said that six thousand Chinese inhabit the suburbs of Manilla, to which they are restricted. The greater part of them are clever and indus-

trious mechanics; the rest are merchants, and some of them very rich: they are the Jews of Luçon, but even more given to cheating and all kinds of meanness than are the Israelites, and with fewer, or rather with no exceptions. They enjoy no privileges above the lowest of the people, but are despised, oppressed, and often unjustly treated. Their covetousness induces them to submit to all this; and as they are entirely divested of any feeling of honour, a small profit will console them for a great insult. The yearly tax paid by every Chinese for liberty to breathe the air in Manilla, is six piastres; and if he wishes to carry on any sort of trade, five more; while the native Indian pays no more than five reals. The Philippines also did not follow the example of the American colonies; for some disturbances among the Indians here were not directed against the government, and an insurrection soon after attempted proved unsuccessful. The former were occasioned by a few innocent botanists wandering through the island in search of plants; and an epidemic disease breaking out among the Indians about the same time, of which many died, a report suddenly spread among them that the foreign collectors of plants had poisoned the springs in order to exterminate them. Enraged at this idea, they assembled in great numbers, murdered several strangers, and even plundered and destroyed the houses of some of the old settlers in the town of Manilla. It has been supposed that the Spaniards themselves really excited these riots, that they might fish in the troubled waters. The late governor, Fulgeros, is accused of not having adopted measures sufficiently active for repressing the insurrection. This judicious and amiable man, who was perhaps too mild a governor for so rude a people, was murdered in his bed a year after by a native, of Spanish blood, an officer in one of the regiments here, who followed up this crime by heading a mutiny of the troops. The insurgents assembled in the market-place, but were soon dispersed by a regiment which remained faithful, and in a few hours peace was re-established, and has not since been disturbed. The present governor, Ricofort, was sent out to succeed the unfortunate Fulgeros. The king, affected by the loyalty displayed by the town of Manilla, at a time when the other colonies had thrown off their allegiance, presented it with a portrait of himself, in token of his especial favour. The picture was brought out by the new governor, and received with a degree of veneration which satisfactorily evinced the high value set by the faithful colony on the royal present. It was first deposited in a house in the suburb belonging to the crown, and then made its entry into the town in grand procession, and was carried to the station of honour appointed for it in the castle. This important ceremony took place during our residence here, on the 6th of December; and three days previously the king in effigy had held a court in the suburb. The house was splendidly illuminated: in front of it stood a picket of well-dressed soldiers; sentinels were placed at all the doors; the apartments were filled with attendants, pages, and officers of every rank, in gala uniforms; and the etiquette of the Spanish court was as much as possible adhered to throughout the proceedings. Persons whose rank entitled them to the honour of a presentation to the king, were conducted into the audience-chamber, which was splendidly adorned with hangings of Chinese silk: here the picture, concealed by a silk curtain, was placed on a platform raised a few steps from the floor, under a canopy of silk overhanging two gilded

pillars. The colonel on duty, acting as lord chamberlain, conducted the person to be presented before the picture, and raised the curtain. The king then appeared in a mantle lined with ermine, and with a crown upon his head; the honoured individual made a low bow; the king looked in gracious silence upon him; the curtain was again lowered, and the audience closed. On the 6th of December, the immense multitudes that had assembled from the different provinces, to celebrate the solemn entry of the portrait into the capital of the islands, were in motion at daybreak. The lower classes were seen in all kinds of singular costumes, some of them most laughable caricatures, and some even wearing masks. Rockets and Chinese fireworks saluted the rising sun, producing of course, by daylight, no other effects than noise, smoke, and confusion; while elegant equipages rolled along the streets, scarcely able to make their way through the crowd. At nine o'clock, a royal salute thundered from the cannon of the fortress, and at twelve the procession began to move, displaying a rather ludicrous mixture of Spanish and Asiatic taste. I saw it from the windows of a house on its route, which commanded a very extensive view of the line of march. The cortège was led by the Chinese. First came a body of twenty-four musicians, some striking with sticks upon large round plates of copper, producing an effect not unlike the jingling of bells, and others performing most execrably upon instruments resembling clarionets. The sound of the copper plates was too confused to allow us to distinguish either time or tune—points of no great consequence, perhaps; the choir, at least, did not trouble themselves much about them. The musicians were followed by a troop of Chinese bearing silken banners, upon which were represented their idols, and dragons of all sorts and sizes, surrounded by hieroglyphical devices. Next followed, in a kind of litter richly ornamented, a young Chinese girl with a pair of scales in her hand, and intended, as I was told, to represent Justice; a virtue for which her country-people, in these parts, have not much cause to applaud themselves. Another set of musicians surrounded the goddess, making din enough with their copper plates to drown every complaint that might endeavour to reach her ear. Then came the rest of the Chinese, in different bands, with the symbols of their respective trades represented upon banners. Four bacchantes, somewhat advanced in age, and in an attire more loose than was consistent with modesty, followed next: from their long, black, dishevelled hair, they might have been taken for furies; and it was only their crowns of vine-leaves, and the goblets in their hands, that enabled us to guess what they were intended to represent. Bacchus, very much resembling a harlequin, followed with his tambourine, and after him a body of very immodest dancers: these, as the procession moved but slowly, halting frequently, had abundant opportunities of displaying their shameless talent, for the benefit of the shouting rabble. Why the procession should be disgraced by such an exhibition, it was not easy to conceive; but there were many other inconceivable matters connected with it. A troop of Indians followed, in motley and grotesque attire, intended to represent savages: they were armed with spears and shields, and kept up a continual skirmish as they marched. Next in procession was a battalion of infantry, composed of boys armed with wooden muskets and pasteboard cartridge-boxes, and followed by a squadron of hussars, also boys, with drawn sabres of wood, not

riding, but carrying pasteboard horses: each of these had a hole cut in its saddle, through which the hussar thrust his feet, relieving the charger from any actual necessity of making use of his own; though, to shew its high blood and mettlesome quality, each emulated his fellow in prancing, rearing, and kicking with front and hind legs, to the no small danger of discomfiting the parade order of the squadron. To this redoubtable army succeeded a party of giants two fathoms high, dressed in the very extremity of fashion, the upper part of their bodies being represented in pasteboard, accompanied by ladies elegantly attired, and of nearly equal dimensions, and by some very small dwarfs: the business of this whole group was to entertain the populace with pantomimic gestures and comic dances. Next came all sorts of animals, lions, bears, oxen, &c. of a size sufficiently gigantic to conceal a man in each leg. Then, with grave and dignified deportment, marched Don Quixote and his faithful Sancho. To the question, what the honourable knight of the rueful countenance was doing there, somebody replied that he represented the inhabitants of Manilla, who were just then mistaking a windmill for a giant. The hero of Cervantes was followed by a body of military, seemingly marching under his command; and after them came two hundred young girls from the different provinces of the Philippine Islands, richly and tastefully attired in their various local costumes. Fifty of these young graces drew the triumphal car, richly gilt, and hung with scarlet velvet, which contained the picture of Ferdinand. Not content with the mantle the painter had given him, they had hung round him a real mantle of purple velvet embroidered with gold. By his side, and seated on a globe, was a tall female form dressed in white, with an open book in one hand, and in the other a wand, pointing towards the portrait. This figure was to represent the Muse of History;—may she one day cast a glance of friendly retrospection on the prototype of her pictured companion! A body of cavalry followed the car, and the carriages of the most distinguished inhabitants of the place closed the procession. Several Chinese triumphal arches crossed the streets through which the retinue passed; they were temporary erections of wood, occupying the whole breadth of the street, and were decorated in the gayest and most showy manner by the Chinese, who, on this occasion, seemed to have spared no expense in order to flatter the vanity of the Spaniards. When the royal edify entered the town, it was received by the governor and the whole clergy of Manilla, and the young girls were superseded by the towns-people, who had now the honour to draw the car, amidst the incessant cry of 'Viva el Rey Fernando!' The cannon thundered from the ramparts; the military bands played airs of triumph; and the troops, which were ranged in two files from the gate of the town to the church, presented arms, and joined their 'Vivas' to those of the populace. The procession halted at the church; and the picture being carried in, the bishop performed the service; after which, the king was replaced on his car, and conducted to the residence of the governor, where, at length, he was installed in peace. Three days longer the rejoicings continued; bells were rung, guns were fired, and each evening the town and suburbs were magnificently illuminated: many houses exhibiting allegorical transparencies which occupied their whole front. But the illumination of the Chinese triumphal arches in the suburbs surpassed all the show: the dra-

gons which ornamented them spat fire; flames of various colours played around them; and large fire-balls discharged from them emulated the moon in the heavens, till, from their increasing height, they seemed to disappear among the stars. Each of these edifices was of three stories, surrounded by galleries, on which, during the day, the Chinese performed various feats for the amusement of the people: there were conjurors, rope-dancers, magic lanterns, and even dramatic representations, the multitude eagerly flocking to the sight, and expressing their satisfaction in loud huzzas! I saw a tragedy performed on one of these galleries, in which a fat mandarin, exhibiting a comic variety of grimaces and strange capers, which would have done credit to Punchinello, submitted to strangulation at the command of his sovereign. At night, the people went about the streets masked, and letting off sky-rockets and Chinese fireworks. In several parts of the town, various kinds of spectacles were exhibited for the popular amusement: the air resounded with music, and public balls were gratuitously given. This unexampled rejoicing for the reception of a testimonial of royal approbation, seems sufficiently to prove the loyalty of the Philipines, and the little probability of their revolting, especially if the mother country does not shew herself wholly a stepmother to her dutiful children."

To this interesting extract we shall add nothing: it is our intention to devote a few remarks hereafter to the scientific portion of this Russian expedition.

The Scottish Gaël; or, Celtic Manners, as preserved among the Highlanders; being an Historical and Descriptive Account of the Inhabitants, Antiquities, and National Peculiarities, of Scotland. By James Logan, F.S.A. of Scotland. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1830. Smith, Elder, and Co.

WE have alluded to this work in a note upon Pinkerton; and can only now mention it more specifically as a production of much research and ability, and replete with interesting investigations into our northern antiquities. Embracing the whole range of subjects which have so long engaged literary and antiquarian attention, it is out of our power to bestow that pains upon it, within a few days, which its importance demands; but even a desultory examination enables us to say that it deserves the warmest patronage of the public, as a most meritorious, curious, and sterling performance.

The History of Modern Greece, from its Conquest by the Romans, B.C. 146, to the present Time. By James Emerson, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS week has been rather too prolific of works on Greece; and unless we filled our sheet with one subject, we must defer the detailed review of these volumes. Of this production we have therefore only to say, at present, that it runs cursorily, but clearly, over the early history; and that the author employs his talent more diligently upon later events, and the character of the Greek people.

Stories of American Life, by American Writers. Edited by Mary Russell Mitford. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

WE must own we expected more from a work edited by Miss Mitford;—we expected something both of taste and research—remarks on American literature, and an acquaintance with American writers;—we expected judicious cri-

ticism and original information. Moreover, we expected novelty; not a collection of stories that must be familiar to every reader of periodical literature. Miss Mitford has just lent her name to one of those cases of literary piracy which we shall always mark with the reprobation we hold they deserve. The *Legendary*, the *Token*, the *Atlantic Souvenir*, are the sources from which the materials of these volumes are taken, without one word of mention or acknowledgment, except a general allusion to Transatlantic literature;—no credit given to the various Annuals in which they appeared—no attempt made to point out the different authors, or assign the just praise they deserve. This is truly “the paste-and-scissors school of authorship.” The original idea was good. The lighter and more imaginative branch of American literature has been especially rich of late years in graphic sketches—short, but picturesque tales. A selection of these—a view of the present state of American literature— notices of the authors—critical remarks—and some historical illustrations, would have made a standard work, equally interesting to both countries. But we see no advantage in a collection (from which, by the by, many of the most beautiful and characteristic stories have been omitted), which, excepting in expense, differs not from the Annuals themselves. The price which is given for these volumes would purchase all the best of the American Annuals; and very pretty and clever little books they have hitherto been. In making her choice, Miss Mitford has not even adhered to her own rule: she says, rather inelegantly, “that she has clutched” any sketch, so that it was essentially American, and omitted any that might have been written on this side the Atlantic. Now, “Unwritten Philosophy” and “Unwritten Poetry” are beautiful tales—but might be the productions of any country; so might “the Drunkard.” Besides, we think an English editor should scarce have selected such a passage as the following. Speaking of the French and the Indians, she gives the former credit for “the absence among them of that insatiable avarice, that boundless ambition, that reckless prodigality of human life, that unprincipled disregard of public and solemn leagues, which, in the conquests of the British and the Spaniards, have marked their footsteps with misery, and blood, and desolation:”—an assertion about as untrue as it is disgraceful. We find little in these volumes to induce quotation: the best tales have already either been cited by us, or noticed, if their length forbade extract, in our various reviews of the *Legendary*, the *Token*, and the *Atlantic Souvenir*. We are free to confess we preferred them in their American forms. But the whole system of the literary interchange between both countries is founded on a wretched plan of mutual robbery. We hope to see the time come for a more liberal and kindly intercourse.

Le Keepsake Français; ou, Souvenir de Littérature Contemporaine. Deuxième année. London, Whittaker and Co.; Paris, Giraldon, Bovinet, and Co.

WE exceedingly approve of the plan of this Annual. Literary intercourse is ever desirable, as being well calculated to destroy prejudices, and to draw more closely together those mental links which are the best bonds of humanity. These pages contain a great variety of pleasant matter; and have this peculiar advantage, that in placing before us light specimens of many French writers, we are enabled to acquire a knowledge of their style, and form

an idea of their merits: thus obtaining much information, from its being brought before us in so popular a form. A poetical dedication to the Queen of the French opens the volume; and the first prose article is an extract from the inedited memoirs of the Prince de Ligne, from which we select the following:—

“Louis XVI. was exceedingly careless in sporting. I once heard a bullet whiz close to my ear, at the death of a stag. He often took me with him for the sake of conversation, as only himself and his two brothers shot. It was a favour granted to but a few courtiers; still it put my heart in my mouth, when one day he killed a partridge between the queen and myself. . . . The Empress Maria Theresa had a passion for faro: she played with singular good luck; and when she had a little mountain of ducats before her, she would suddenly recollect an audience to be given, or some papers to sign. The next day she would reckon up her gains, laugh, and equally distribute them to better uses than those of the gaming-table.”

The prince's summary of the causes of the revolution is original at least. “Every one has written about, and settled after their own fashion, the causes of the French revolution: the devotees, because the *Encyclopédie* had been read; the Chevaliers de St. Louis, because the Comte de St. Germain had maliciously discharged the household of the king; the clergy, because his majesty had not a distinguished confessor, who might have governed him; the libertines, because the king had no mistress; the ministers, because he did not give himself up entirely to them; the young men about court, because they were not sent on embassies; the pretty ladies of the palace, because their lovers were not marshals of France; the parliaments, because they had been made to feel they were not English parliaments, where, also, there is but one; literary men, because they were not in the ministry; jewellers, because of the history of Collier; authors, because the court were not fond of poetry; merchants, because there were not fêtes enough; peasants, because the working on the roads and the salt duties were not abolished; soldiers, because nobility was required for an officer; and young pedants, because the queen neither liked memorials, projects, nor *ennui*; and I, who am none of these, but as a man, and an observer, who have looked closely into them all,—I now write, what has at least not been said: Fools, rascals, and people of talent, error, horror, stupor,—such is the title, epigram, epigraph—call it what you will—for the history of revolutions, whether of France, Brussels, Poland, or America.”

There is a good deal of verse, more political than poetical; we shall pass to the more purely literary, as we doubt whether the glory, regeneration, and patriotism of “*la grande nation*” possess the magic influence on this side the Channel, which is their right on the other. We doubt whether it be possible for an English critic to be a good judge of French poetry, if we are to measure the justice of our opinions by the truth of theirs on our own. M. Ch. Nodier draws a parallel between Byron and Moore, and pronounces their genius to be essentially similar; and gives us the somewhat new and startling intelligence, that they were indebted for it to the East India Company! The public ought to pass a vote of thanks to the directors. There is something, we suspect, utterly irreconcilable in French and English poetical taste. Who among us would ever have thought of choosing such a subject as M. Alfred

de Musset has done? The disgusting circumstances of Francis I.'s death, and his beautiful mistress, la belle Ferronière, may be matter of historical detail, but execrable must be the taste that selected them for poetical illustration. One poet, Méry, in what seems to our ears most melodious verse, imagines a lover entreating his mistress to retire from the hurry and glare of fêtes to simpler scenes. He describes this idea of simplicity, of which we give the outline for the benefit of our young lady readers. She is to wear no togue of velvet, nor a comb, nor a turban, but a Leghorn hat, with a rose placed in it which she has herself gathered; she is to wear white muslin, and buskins invented for her feet; while in her fingers is to be a handkerchief perfumed with thyme. This is wound up by two pretty lines, when the lover is to address this fair Simplicity by those

Mysterious words, which tremble on the lip,
When said for a first time amid the pines;
Invented words which we may speak, not write.

There is also a little madrigal by Robespierre, which prettily enough recommends a young and fair Ophelia to preserve her timidity: it finishes thus:—

Thou wilt be only better loved,
For fears that thou art not.

There is a very picturesque fantasy, a “*Magical Feast in Thessaly*,” by M. Ch. Nodier; the “*Château of Montesquieu*,” an interesting paper by G. Geraud; a fragment from an unpublished novel by De Stendhall, with a great air of real life about it. We also like much some fragments of Chateaubriand's. The “*Yellow Domino*” has been published before; and the next time A. Pichot translates from an English author, it would be but common honesty to acknowledge it. The tale of the “*Magical Mirror*,” to which he puts his name, is an exact version of one written by the late Henry Neale, about four years ago, for Ackermann's *Forget Me Not*, and afterwards published in the *Romance of History*. There are some original letters of Madame de Stael's; and a very lively paper containing some records of chess. Of the poetry, we shall endeavour to give a short specimen, or so, next week; and now conclude by saying, that this is a very varied and pleasant miscellany, and one we warmly recommend to the lovers of French literature.

The Talisman; or, Bouquet of Literature and the Fine Arts. London, 1831. Whittaker, and Co.; Paris, Giraldon, Bovinet, and Co. INSTEAD of a review, we will give a receipt. Take one or two popular magazines, some half dozen *Literary Gazettes*, a volume or so of favourite authors; shake them together, taking as little trouble as possible; publish the collection in an expensive form; and you will send into the world a volume, which may benefit yourself, instead of giving time and thought to original composition. Nothing can be easier. This is just another instance of that reprehensible system of literary piracy, which subsists on the labours of others: as unjust to the author as it is to the public. The one is deprived of the benefit of his own productions—the other of that novelty which is the great charm in works of amusement. Take, for example, the clever tale of “*Mynheer Von Wodenbock*,” by H. Glassford Bell, which, besides its original appearance, was quoted about a year ago, to our own knowledge, in half-a-dozen different English provincial papers. We have previously spoken highly of the plates which adorn these two works.

A Chronological Chart; or, Synoptic-Historical View of the Origin and Introduction of Inventions and Discoveries, from the earliest date to the present period. By the Author of a Practical System of Mnemonics, entitled "Reminiscencia Numeralis." Darton and Harvey.

WE are great friends to all those comprehensive forms of communication, which, addressing themselves to the eye, through that medium assist the memory in retaining facts. We are not sure that this chart can be exactly classed among the forms to which we allude; but it contains a great deal of well-arranged information, "deduced from the most eminent historians and approved authorities," which may be referred to at a single glance. When we are drinking a glass of wine with our friends, we can thus remind ourselves that we owe that pleasure to Noah; when our fire has nearly expired, that the bellows by which it is revived was the invention of Anarchus; and when the clock strikes the agreeable hour of dinner, that the ingenuity of Pacificus devised that mode of marking the divisions of time. Nor are such matters the trifles that some persons think them. Whatever tends to render knowledge precise and accurate, materially enhances its value.

The Dominie's Legacy; consisting of a Series of Tales illustrative of the Manners of Scotland. Second edition. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. W. Kidd.

IT is with great satisfaction we hail the reward of genuine merit in a second edition of these very characteristic and interesting Tales. Mr. Picken, their author, observes truly, and describes feelingly, the manners of the people of Scotland; and his incidents, whether founded on facts or more indebted to his fancy, are of a kind to awaken the best attention of the reader. Having expressed a high opinion of his work on its original appearance, we need only repeat our entire approbation of it in its new form—very prettily printed, and every way worthy of popular favour.

Travels and Researches of eminent English Missionaries; including an Historical Sketch of the Progress and Present State of the principal Protestant Missions of late Years. By Andrew Picken, Author of "the Dominie's Legacy." 12mo. pp. 598. London, 1830. Kidd.

THE interest attached to missionary voyages, and their worth, whether looked at as conveying curious information respecting regions and people very little known, or as detailing the far more important news of the extension of cultivation and religious improvement,—must make this a very popular volume. It follows the strange narrative of the ship *Duff*, Captain Wilson, in the South Pacific; Vanderkemp and Campbell's Travels in Southern Africa; Jefferson's in the Georgian Islands, &c.; and the more recent and ample proceedings of Mr. Ellis. A general summary and conclusion stamps these contents with a lasting value for the Christian world.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

MR. GREENOUGH in the chair. — A letter to Capt. Beaufort, on some details connected with the hydrography of Denmark, was read. A paper on the present state of the Swan River, by Mr. Barrow, followed. It mentioned the

discovery of bones in the caverns of Australia, in situations and in deposits similar to those in which they occur in Europe, and probably antediluvian. It had not been ascertained to what animals these bones belonged: there were some which slightly resembled those of an ox, but were four times the size of the bones of that animal: they were not, however, the remains of animals which have as yet been met with in Australia. The learned author pointed out the close relation which is established by these facts between the old world and the last-mentioned new continent, inasmuch as races of animals have there been destroyed by catastrophes similar to those whose action has been traced in Europe; and that it is probable that the kangaroo and other marsupial animals, as well as the paradoxical class of monotremes, are not new creations, but, to all appearance, as ancient as the living creatures of the old world. This relation is further supported by the new hydrographical discoveries which have been made in the interior of this unknown land, and which satisfactorily prove that rivers, in opposition to a too prevalent opinion to the contrary, follow the same course that they do in other countries. A chart of Australia was handed round, in which the courses of the Murrumbidgee and another more extensive salt river were traced from the western acclivity of the Blue Mountains to their mouth or exit into the Gulf of St. Vincent. It was natural that the mind should have been led into error by the new and striking features presented by the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and the hydrographical and geographical phenomena, of this unexplored land, and that their novelty should have surrounded the continent with a cloud of mystery, as unfavourable to accuracy of detail, as its own coral reefs and shoals were to actual survey; and it is pleasurable, in so short a time, to find that bold and enlightened researches are effectually removing that veil, and tending to ally its phenomena with those presented by better-known regions.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR DECEMBER.

21^d 19^h 3^m—the Sun enters Capricornus. 31^d —shortly after midnight the Earth attains its perihelion.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

☾ Last Quarter in Leo.....	P. H. M.
☾ New Moon in Sagittarius.....	15 16
☽ First Quarter in Pisces.....	14 20 19
☾ Full Moon in Gemini.....	22 10 42
	29 2 2

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D. H. M.
Saturn in Leo.....	5 14 45
Venus in Ophiuchus.....	14 17 0
Mercury in Sagittarius.....	15 10 24
Jupiter in Sagittarius.....	17 4 40
Mars in Cetus.....	23 5 45

3^d 16^h—Mercury in his superior conjunction. 4^d—in aphelion. 17^d 22^h—in conjunction with α Sagittarii: difference of latitude 4'.

20^d 16^h—Venus in her superior conjunction.

Mars will be in conjunction with the following stars in Cetus: 3^d—with the star 5 in Mayer's catalogue; difference of latitude 13': 9^d—with 10; difference of latitude 2': 21^d—with 20; difference of latitude 1': 27^d—with 30; difference of latitude 18'.

The Asteroids.—3^d—Vesta a degree and a half west of 16 Ceti: R.A. 45^m, S.D. 5° 3'. Juno forms the vertex of a triangle with 58 and 65 Aquarii, the asteroid south of the stars: R.A. 22^h 28^m, S.D. 12° 19'. Pallas a degree south of ϵ Ophiuchi: R.A. 17^h 19^m, S.D. 5° 32'. Ceres a degree and a half east of δ Ophiuchi, and close to a nebula in which are two small stars: R.A. 17^h 25^m, S.D. 23° 51'.

Jupiter will soon be lost in the evening twilight. None of the eclipses of the satellites will be visible this month.

12^d—Saturn stationary.
9^d—Uranus in conjunction with 854 Mayer; difference of latitude 21'.

Deptford.

J. T. B.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

AT the last meeting the following paper was read: "On a simple electro-chemical method of ascertaining the presence of different metals, applied to detect minute quantities of metallic poisons." By Edmund Davy, Esq., F.R.S. M.R.I.A., Professor of Chemistry to the Royal Dublin Society. The Rev. Robert Walker, M.A., tutor of Wadham College, proposed as candidate for election, presented to the Society his work entitled, "The Elements of the Theory of Mechanics." The following gentlemen were by ballot elected auditors of the treasurer's account for the past year; viz.—Wm. Cavendish, Esq. M.P., Francis Chantrey, Esq., Dr. Fitton, J. T. W. Herschel, Esq., J. W. Lubbock, Esq. Among the books presented, were Parts 13 and 14 of Professor Bessel's *Astronomical Observations*; *Mémoires de l'Académie Royale des Sciences de l'Institut de France*, Tom. II.; *Annals of the Vienna University*, presented by his Majesty the Emperor of Austria.

An advertisement has appeared in the newspapers, signed by sixty-three Fellows of the Society, recommending Mr. Herschel to election as President at the ensuing anniversary. We do not remember an instance of any branch of the royal family being opposed in a similar manner as this setting up another candidate against his majesty's brother.

The Row.

The Row is an ugly phrase for dissensions among such a body as the Royal (or Row-all) Society; but as we know no shorter or more applicable word, it must stand at the head of this brief history of what has occurred since our last.

The meeting called for last Wednesday by *Socius*, to be held in the library, for devising some means to save "the Society from disgrace," was attended by 18 fellows. *Socius*, however, preserved a strict *incog.*; and the fellows, after chatting to each other for some time, separated, under the impression that a hoax had been practised on them.

On Thursday night, after the acknowledgments for books, &c. presented had been read, Sir James South rose, and addressed the meeting. He complained that the authorities of the Society had taken upon themselves to withhold from presentation a copy of his "Charges against the President and Councils," (see notice of this pamphlet in the last *Literary Gazette*), which he conceived they had no right to do. He entirely disclaimed all personal motives in any thing he had done: it was all for the good of the Society and of science; and the president, as an individual, was entitled to his sincere respect. Sir James was proceeding, when

Mr. Hawkins rose to order. The introduction of such discussions was contrary to the rules and constitution of the Society.

[As the French say, there was now a vivid sensation. The law was referred to, and read by the president. Several fellows rose at the same time, amid cries of "Order," and "Go on."]

Dr. Granville contended that Sir James

South had a right to be heard. Cries of "No, no!"

Sir James South again stood forward, expressed his deference to the chair, but insisted on his argument.

The chairman said, the business of the Society had better proceed. He could not account for the course the honourable member was pursuing, except as one of those aberrations of mind, which [a noise prevented us hearing the end of this sentence, so quietly applying the term of aberrations to so eminent an astronomer!] The president continued, and explained that he had taken upon himself to direct that the pamphlet alluded to should not be presented, because it was the usual custom to thank the donors for every work presented; and he could not think it consistent with the character of the Royal Society to return its acknowledgments for a production, which, besides other harsh and indefensible expressions, contained the following:—That it was indifferent to the writer whether he remained a fellow or was expelled; "for where admission is no honour, expulsion can be no disgrace."* The president justified himself by analogy in the proceedings of the House of Commons; and appealed to the Society for approbation. (Cries of "Hear.")

Mr. Babbage intimated, that as he was nominated for the Council for next year, he wished it to be understood (if his friends resolved on electing him), that with his views of the great alterations which he considered to be necessary for the benefit of the Society, he was of opinion he might not contribute to the more easy conducting of its affairs.

Sir James South immediately retired, and the ordinary proceedings were resumed by Dr. Roget. *Sic transit.*

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

A COMMUNICATION from Mr. Kempe was read, respecting an ancient coffin-lid in Keston church, Kent, supposed to be that of Sir Robert Belknap, chief justice of the Common Pleas, banished to Ireland, 7th Richard II., returned 20th of the same reign. The words *revenu de Irlande*, extant on the stone, formed the principal ground of Mr. Kempe's conjecture, coupled with the fact that Belknap was lord of the manor of Keston, in the time of Richard II. J. A. Repton, Esq. exhibited a copy of an ancient tapestry, which, from the dresses represented, appeared to be of the time of Henry VIII. Mr. Repton observed, that the artist seemed to have sacrificed the faces of his figures for the purpose of better shewing the gaudy colours of their dresses, as the faces were all excessively dark (indeed, nearly black) and very rudely delineated. The Secretary commenced the reading of a series of six letters from the Rev. J. Skinner to Sir R. C. Hoare, on the site of Camelodunum, described by Tacitus, and which the reverend writer fixes at Camerton, near Bath.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Portrait of a Young Lady. Drawn from life, and on the stone, by W. C. Ross. Dickinson. ALTHOUGH only a single figure, this drawing is in a style similar to that of "the Bud and the Blossom," of which, on its appearance, we spoke with the praise which it deserved. A melancholy interest is imparted to Mr. Ross's

* *Apropos.* A second edition of this pamphlet, with additions, improvements, and farther corrections, i. e. more pepper, has just appeared.

present work by the sad word (deceased) subjoined to the title. If we may judge from the resemblance, the original must have been one of those lovely beings who are "formed in the prodigality of nature." The features are individually beautiful; and the general expression is full of refinement and sensibility; and, unless our physiognomical discernment has quite forsaken us, we have no doubt

"That ne'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A purer spirit, or more welcome shade!"

Sketches of Animals in the Zoological Gardens. Drawn from life and on stone, by E. Lear. Part I. Ackermann.

Illustrations of the Family of Psittacidae, or Parrots. Drawn from life and on stone, by E. Lear. No. I. Ackermann.

THESE are the productions of a young artist of great promise. The first publication contains—"Head of a sleeping Lion," "Harpy Eagle," and "Polar Bear;" all strikingly characteristic. The second publication consists of "Platyercus Stanleyii, or Stanley Parakeet;" "Palaeornis Torquatus, or Rose-ringed Parakeet—yellow variety;" and "Palaeornis Columboides, or Pigeon Parakeet." They are splendidly coloured; and must immediately elicit from every one who looks at them, the exclamation of "Pretty Poll!" We have no doubt that both these works will, in their progress, become valuable additions to our existing illustrations of that most delightful branch of human knowledge—natural history.

W. Hyde Wollaston, M.D., F.R.S., &c. &c. Painted by John Jackson, R.A.; engraved by W. Skelton.

A VERY striking likeness of a great ornament to science, and very sweetly engraved in line by Mr. Skelton. The attitude of the figure is peculiarly fine; and there is a simplicity in the whole design well befitting the character of the subject.

The Young Catechist. Painted and engraved by Henry Meyer. Fisher, Son, and Co. AN interesting representation (intended, we are told, though also published separately, for the *Imperial Magazine*) representing a lovely girl instructing a negro in prayer. At a period when the great question of negro slavery is so much agitated, this affecting representation of what must be gracious in the eyes of all parties, is extremely *apropos.*

The English School; a Series of the most approved Productions in Painting and Sculpture, executed by British Artists, from the days of Hogarth to the Present Time. Selected, arranged, and accompanied with descriptive and explanatory Notices, in English and French. By G. Hamilton. Engraved in outline upon steel. Nos. I. to VI. Tilt. AFTER protesting against even the momentary supposition, that such a publication as the present is calculated to give any thing like an approximation to an accurate idea of the qualities of the English school, we have no hesitation in saying, that, considering its size and price, it possesses much more merit than could justly be expected. The plates, of course, convey only the composition of form; and that, in several cases, very imperfectly. Some of them, however, are executed with much taste and ability. When we state that these six Nos. contain specimens from the pencils and chisels of Wilkie, Morland, Farrier, West, Peters, Northcote, Fuseli, Lawrence, Reynolds, Banks, Harlow, Leslie, Newton, Flaxman, Stothard, Barry, Mulready, Nollekens, Cooper,

Gainsborough, Smirke, Burnet, Westall, and Chantrey, it will be evident that the work presents a great variety of styles. The descriptions are brief, but comprehensive.

Mrs. H. M. Bowdler. Drawn on stone by J. W. Slater, from a Drawing (in 1814) by J. Slater. Cadell.

THIS amiable woman was the author of a volume of sermons, which has already passed through nearly fifty editions;—certainly no small proof of their excellence. In her life she had frequently expressed a great interest in the Moravian missions; and the lady in whose possession this portrait was, thought she could not do any thing that would have been more agreeable to her old friend, than (while she gratified those who loved her, by the publication of a very excellent likeness) to raise a small sum in aid of those missions, by devoting the profit of the print to that purpose.

Twelve Sketches, illustrative of Sir Walter Scott's Demonology and Witchcraft. By George Cruikshank. Robins and Co.

A MOST laughable and fanciful series, worthy alike of the Scottish editor and his most ingenious illustrator. It is hardly fair to particularise, where all the subjects are so truly humorous and characteristic; but the *Elfin Arrow* Manufactory, the *Witches' Frolic*, the *Ghost of Mrs. Leckie*, *Elfin Tricks*, *Puck in Mischief*, and *Fairy Revenge*,—are so extremely droll, that we cannot help mentioning them as among the cleverest examples even of the whim and imagination of George Cruikshank. Every owner of the *Demonology* must possess these, its happy concomitants.

DUNCAN versus ROLLS.

WE have received a letter from Mr. Duncan, addressed to Mr. Rolls, which we must decline inserting; both on account of its length, and because we fancy our readers have had nearly enough of the controversy between these gentlemen. We will, however, briefly state, that Mr. Duncan quotes the following passages in letters to him from Mr. Rolls, respecting the little plate which has occasioned so much disturbance:

"Mr. Sharpe brought the plate to me for some trifling alteration to save time, but from no doubt of your capability. I was naturally led to detain the plate, to indemnify myself for my very heavy losses on that occasion."

"The publisher has affixed my name without my wish or consent."

Mr. Duncan allows that Mr. Godden etched the back ground to "The Orphans;" but adds that Mr. Rolls invariably applies to the same artist for similar assistance; and that he has recourse to Mr. Wilmore to finish what Mr. Godden has begun; to Mr. Godden again, to put in the dry-point: to Mr. Goodyear, for the faces; to Mr. Edwards, to finish generally; if there be a horse or other animal in the picture, to Mr. Webb for that;—and that, in more than one instance, Mr. Rolls has employed even Mr. Duncan himself to engrave the faces for him.—Mr. Duncan also asks why, if Mr. Rolls were not conscious that he was doing wrong, he did not apply, as is the invariable custom, to the painter (Mr. Gill), for his opinion of the plate?

FRENCH ACADEMY AT ROME.

M. HORACE VERNET has addressed to the French government a memorial, in which he recommends, for the benefit of the arts, the suppression of the school of Rome, of which he

is the head. That school costs France a hundred thousand francs a year; and there have never been in it more than twenty students in the three branches of the fine arts which are taught. According to the proposition of M. Vernet, the expense of twenty boarders would amount only to sixty thousand francs. He advises, therefore, that each student should receive three thousand francs a year; four hundred and fifty to be paid to him quarterly, by the French ambassador, and twelve hundred on the remittance to France of his studies every year—those studies to be sent to the Academy of the Fine Arts at Paris, in order that they may decide whether the student should remain at Rome, or be recalled. To the forty thousand francs annually which would thus be saved by the suppression of the school, might be added thirty thousand francs, the rent of the hotel of the French ambassador at Rome, who might reside in the beautiful hotel of the academy.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SONG OF BEAUTY.

I TURN on every side,
And gaze along the land,
And yet, both far and wide,
The lowly and the grand,
The noble and the clown,
The fallen and the free,
The court, the camp, the crown,
Alike are slaves to me!

The soldier wields his sword,
And glories in the fight;
The miser views his hoard,
And revels in delight;
The statesman's dearest aim
Is rank and high degree;
But power, gold, and fame,
They'd give them all for me!

Let fraud or force obtain
A mastery on earth—
I hold my right to reign
From nature at my birth:
I care not for the strife,
Who conquer or who fee;
So long as there is life,
There will be slaves for me!

The monarch is my tool,
The soldier is my lamb,
The scholar is my fool,
Yet mistress as I am
Of all beneath the sun,
Of man, and earth, and sea,
I'd give them all for one—
I'd give them all for thee!

F. M. R.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Musical Bijou; an Album of Music, Poetry, and Prose, for 1831. Edited by F. H. Burney. Goulding and D'Almaine. *The Bijou* was the first Musical Annual published in England; and if Mr. Burney be able, each succeeding year, to send forth such a combination of talents as the present volume contains, it must continue to be also among, if not, the first in merit. This truly elegant work commences with a short poetical introduction; then follows one of these charming ballads which none better than Thomas Haynes Bayly knows how to write, entitled, "Why comes he not?" meant, as we should think, to illustrate Mr. Parris's beautiful picture, exhibited last year. It is set to music by

Charles Horn; the melody is simple, but not very striking. "Poor last leaf of summer," very pretty stanzas, by that evergreen, Lord Ashdown. "We return no more," is worthy of its gifted authoress, Mrs. Hemans: the music which is attached to these lines is composed by Mr. Lodge, and has much merit. "Waltz," composed by F. Burrowes: the first part is sweet and elegant; but the *animato* movement by no means suits our taste. "Mozart," by the author of the "Roué," is both elegant and entertaining, and quite surprised us how so much interest could have been conferred on so oft-told a tale. The "Sonnet," by Miss M. A. Browne, is exceedingly sweet. "La Tenerizza," composed by C. Czerny, is pleasing and shewy: we do not like the last G in the sixth bar of the second page; nor do we exactly understand the 25th, 26th, and 27th bars of the same page. "The Young Matron" is a charming sketch, by Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson. "The Widow," by T. H. Bayly, another beauty, but not more beautiful than is the lithographic drawing by T. Childs, from an original drawing by G. Cattermole: Bishop, the pride of English composers, has added some charming notes to this song. "The Royalist Souvenir," for the harp, by N. C. Bochsa: all that Bochsa writes for the harp must be good. "Aria alla Francese," by T. Valentine, is very light, and, we doubt not, will be played by young boarding-school misses with great satisfaction. "An Air," by Bishop, arranged by V. Novello. Can Novello arrange any thing badly? No! "The Poet's Bride," by Miss Pardoe: as it is written by a fair hand we will not censure. "I love thee," by J. R. Planché, is, like all his poetry, exceedingly sweet: Miss Dance is the composer, and the music is very pretty. "I'll meet thee, love,"—we would rather not have met thee. "Melancholy Musings" is quite equal to, if not better than, any thing we have seen by Richard Ryan; we like his lines very much. "Night and Dawn," by R. J. Raymond, composed by J. Barnett. Popularity will never dawn upon this night. "The Stranger's Goodnight" is a long farewell, but pretty. "The Motherless;" the author appears to have no name; but, if he continues to write, we prophesy he will very soon gain one. There is a beautiful drawing by G. Childs, from a design by John Wright, as an embellishment to this little poem. The two pieces for the piano-forte, by F. Kalkbrenner and Henri Herz, are clever and brilliant. "Impromptu," by T. A. Rawlings. The young ladies will thank him for making it very easy. "The Birth and Progress of Music," by T. C. N. To read an account of the birth, parentage, and education, of so old a dame as Music, startled us at first, we confess; but having commenced, we were led on by degrees, until at last we felt sorry the account was so short. "The Witch," by Lord Nugent, we shall at once dismiss, by saying it is excellent. "My home, dear love, and thee," by F. H. Burney, is highly creditable to his talents; the music, by Addison, although not very striking, is pretty. "Lord Ronald," by George Linley. Mr. Linley will oblige every one by writing much more. "Song of the Highland piper," old words, new music by G. H. Rodwell, is one of the most spirited compositions of modern music; with it we close the book, and could not do so under more favourable impressions than it has produced.

The Tartar Drum. Ballad sung by Miss M. Glover, in the "Black Vulture." Poetry by Mr. Fitz Ball: the Music by G. H. Rodwell. London. Goulding and D'Almaine. Of the sweet effect of this ballad we spoke in noticing the piece in which it was produced, and we have now only to repeat that the air is truly beautiful. Plaintive and perfectly suited to the words, it is just one of those things which are calculated for universal popularity.

*This Rose I plucked at Morn.
My Laced Home.*

THESE two, of the sweetest of Mr. John Barnett's compositions, are published by him from the Carnival at Naples, in which they are sung by Miss Taylor. To praise one of them is to praise both, for they bear a strong resemblance to each other, and are in the same key, though different in time. Simple and pretty, we think they must become great favourites off, as well as on, the stage.

DRAMA.

SONTAG.—Miss Sontag arrived at Hamburg on the 9th instant, in the steam-boat from St. Petersburg. She has been received with every mark of distinction by the principal members of that city, and by the hereditary Prince of Mecklenburg, who chanced to be on a visit there with his princess. Miss Sontag has given two private concerts, and has sung twice in the theatre; of course to half-suffocated and quite enraptured audiences. She has received an invitation from the citizens of Bremen, who offer a *carte blanche* as to terms, and assure her that she cannot fix any price upon her attractions which will exceed the value they set on them. She has, however, declined the offer, and stated her resolution to retire altogether from public life. At a supper given in compliment to her, by a spirited and distinguished English merchant at Hamburg, she announced that her last farewell to the stage would take place on the 20th inst. She added, that she should testify her sense of the gratifying reception which she had met with on that her last professional visit, by a valedictory address, in which she should subscribe herself, for the first time, *Grafine Rossi*. All mystery is now cleared away, and with it will vanish, we hope, the pale cast of melancholy which her former equivocal position with society cast over her delicate cheek.

DRURY LANE.

OTWAY'S *Venice Preserved* was performed on Monday evening, for the purpose of introducing the long-promised Miss Huddart as *Belvidera*. We always question the *taste* of a lady who chooses this character for her *début*; and if Miss Huddart was a free agent in the business, her *judgment* is equally to be doubted;—as, in the whole range of the drama, there is scarcely a part which she is less qualified to sustain. The masterly construction of the play will always keep it before the public; but it is one of the least affecting to us, from the total want of interest in the *dramatis personæ*. Who could possibly care if the whole of them were swallowed by an earthquake? The author has not forgotten to prejudice us against the Doge, Priuli, and all the rest of the "reverend rogues in robes," who compose the senate. We certainly feel that, as far as they are concerned, we could ourselves carry "a torch to the arsenal and set its gates on fire;" yet we should be loath to do it in the company of such conspirators as the execrable Renault, the contemptible Jaffier, or the quarrelsome

but cowardly herd around them. Pierre and Belvidera are the most respectable persons in the play; and the first is, after all, but a "fine, gay, bold-faced villain"—a discontented soldier, who, to gratify his private animosities, would consign the whole city to flame and massacre—nay, exults in the anticipated catastrophe. "How lovely the Adriatic, &c. drest in her flames, will shine! Devouring flames! such as shall burn her to her watery bottom, and hiss in her foundations!" Like Jaffier, therefore, we must turn to Belvidera for consolation;—and what can reconcile us even to her? Beauty alone of the most voluptuous description—"a smiling mischief" should she be, whose blandishments might shake the fortitude, and warp the patriotism, of "the noblest Roman of them all." All Italian as she is, we cannot fancy a dark Belvidera: the ardent and heroic Juliet may wear her eyes and hair as black as she pleases; but Belvidera is a weak, fond, languishing woman; and soft blue eyes and sunny hair seem indispensable to the character. We never saw but one Belvidera—we almost doubt the possibility of our seeing another; and we should have made due allowance for Miss Huddart, on account of that prejudice, had she not offended our ears by tearing her passion to tatters—to very rags. Nearly every line of the part was delivered "in Ercole's vein;" and long before madness was her apology, she raved with a vehemence which we fear must have been as distressing to herself as it was to the audience. We perceive she is announced for Lady Constance in *King John*; we shall therefore suspend our final judgment as to her capabilities. Her figure, though spare, is commanding; and her black flashing eyes and lofty brow may serve her well in the sterner walks of tragedy; but (from her entire misconception of Belvidera) we fear she has not "that within which passeth shew," and without which the finest physical qualifications can little avail an actor. Mr. Wallack's *Jaffier* is a very clever performance: if any body could interest us in that despicable character, it would certainly be he. Mr. Macready in *Pierre* makes some fine points in the character: his holding up his chains to his betrayer *Jaffier* is admirable. Mr. Younge played *Renault* exceedingly well: he is a very sensible actor, and one of the most level speakers on the stage. Why does not Mr. Thomson wear the proper and peculiar robe and cap of the Doge of Venice?—we have scarcely seen them at Drury Lane in *Othello* and the *Merchant of Venice*: if we are mistaken, it is high time they should be added to the wardrobe. The scenery is also much behind that at Covent Garden; and the remark applies to more plays than *Venice Preserved*.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE success of Miss Taylor in *Rosalind* has induced the management to repeat *As You Like It* twice since our last *Gazette*. For this they deserve honourable mention, as it is a well-known fact in the theatrical world, that, for some unassignable reason, the play, exquisite as it is, was never a money-bringing one;—even when Mrs. Jordan was the *Rosalind*, and in the very height of her popularity. We have witnessed Miss Taylor's repetition of the part with increased pleasure, and a full conviction, that she has no faults but such as a season's practice in the regular drama, and by the side of such an actor as Mr. C. Kemble, will entirely remove. An exuberance of action, and a proneness to attitude upon slight occasions (the latter, by the way, the fault of her

instruction), are her principal defects; but they are common to all young actors of any soul and spirit,—and certainly on the right side. Judgment may quiet down the mercurial, but it cannot give animation to a clod.

The melo-drama of the *Pilot* was transplanted hither from the Adelphi on Monday last, and favourably received. We question the policy, however, of the majors appropriating to themselves the goods of the minors, at the very moment they are prosecuting those establishments. We caught a glimpse of a Mr. Parry in this piece, who promises to become an agreeable acquaintance. He made his appearance here as *Durimel* some time back: but who is likely to succeed in *Durimel*? or who would care for him if he did? Mr. Parry bears himself unaffectedly, and has a very pleasant voice, of which we shall be happy to hear more.

TOTTENHAM STREET THEATRE.

Fra Diavolo was produced, for the first time in this country, at this little theatre on Wednesday last, and was completely successful as a drama: as an opera, it could only boast of the overture (which was remarkably well executed), and four or five airs. Two of the most beautiful were sung by Vestris; and we think the song descriptive of a brigand, and concluding with the burthen of "Diavolo, diavolo, diavolo,"—was one of the most effective things we ever heard. It seemed, however, to be "caviare to the million." Vestris played delightfully;—she was, in fact, the support of the piece, which was put in jeopardy by the negligence of Mr. Melrose, who could scarcely repeat a line of his part in the last act. But the fair lady triumphed over all difficulties, and brought the piece well through. Her dress as the contadina *Zerlina* was exquisite, yet in strict adherence to the costume of an Italian peasant. Indeed, well supported, we do not hesitate to say that this would be one of her most effective and attractive characters; and we hope hereafter she will bring it out under better auspices, and before better audiences. Even here, it is worth going to see; for the writing of the drama is of a superior order to those things in general. Mr. Fredericks made the *Brigand* a dashing part, even with Wallack full in our remembrance.

VARIETIES.

Detention of Mr. Taylor.—The India Board have received intelligence, that Mr. Taylor, so conspicuous lately in forwarding the steam navigation intercourse in the Indian seas, has been captured in the desert by the Arabs, on his return to Europe.

Geology.—Adolphe Brogniart states (*Journal de Geol.* No. 3), that the Alpine limestone of Germany contains galena and calamine, as well in the masses superior to the salt as those inferior to it.

Party Rancour.—One of the liberal journals of Paris, after describing the abusive attack lately made at Glasgow, by a Mr. Douglas (or Dunglas, as the translator has it), on Sir Walter Scott, adds, that that eminent man "is in every respect still lower in the estimation of his countrymen even than in that of foreigners"!!! As a pendant to this splenetic effusion, we may mention a placard that has for several days been exhibited in London, announcing the publication of a penny pamphlet, entitled "the Waterloo Dung and his Bantams"!!!

Odessa.—One of the ancient tomb-stones found at Kertsch has an inscription in Greek

characters, of the following tenour: "Socrates, son of Socrates of Tium, together with his wife Melicine, (erected this monument) to the memory of his foster-father Memnon, son of Aminias, in (the year) 426, in the month of Xandikus." This is the first time that a date has been found upon a tomb-stone on the shores of the (Cimmerian) Bosphorus.

Literature, or Politics?—The Duchess of Berri, who is on the eve of leaving London for Holywood House, has been engaged in raising a considerable amount of money. Her Royal Highness's jewels, and other valuable property, have been sold; but what brings the transaction within our sphere, is the disposal of her very splendid library. Among the books, with the prices affixed, we have seen—

Antiquités de France,	marked at 600 francs.
Biblioth. Français, 235 vols.	250
Classique do.	640
Daniel's Voyage round Great Britain,	2000
in 1814, vel. fig. col.	
La Henriade, 1 vol. on vellum, with original designs of the first masters (unique). Presented by the city of Paris to the Duc. c Bourdeaux.	20,000
Herbier Général de Amateur,	2500
Boydell's Shakespa e,	2500
Musée Royal Français, 1803 to 1813, 6 vols.	10,000
Les Roses, Rédoute, 6 cahiers,	35,000

There are many other curious and valuable works, but these are the most remarkable; and we thought the list would interest our readers. If it be that necessity compels such sacrifices, that interest must be augmented: at any rate, all our bibliographical friends will value the intelligence.

Cambridge, Nov. 15th.—The first meeting of the Philosophical Society for the present term, was held on Monday evening; the Rev. Dr. Turton, president, in the chair. A variety of presents were notified, including the following additions to the Society's collection of birds:—specimens of the roseate tern, the sooty petrel, and a new species of swift from Madeira, presented by the Rev. R. T. Lowe; a red-necked grebe, killed in Cambridgeshire, from the Rev. L. Jenyns; a variety of the blackbird, from Dr. F. Thackeray; and a British-killed spoon-bill, from W. Yarrell, Esq. The following communications were made to the Society:—a memoir on the equation to curves of the second degree, by A. De Morgan, Esq.; observations on the wourali poison used by the Macoushi Indians of Demerara, by the Rev. W. Oke, who exhibited a quiver of the arrows, and a blow-pipe, nine feet long, used in shooting them; a notice, communicated by Professor Cumming, from Mr. Edwards, of a substance resembling cannel coal, discovered in digging a canal near Norwich. There was also read the beginning of a series of observations by Mr. Lowe, on the natural history of the island of Madeira; the result of an attentive examination of the organic productions of that island, of which Mr. Lowe has drawn up a systematic description. After the meeting, Prof. Whewell gave an account, illustrated by models, of a mode of constructing stone vaults with no centering, except from the diagonal ribs. This process has been revived by M. De Lassaux, of Coblenz, architect to the king of Prussia, and is shewn to have been practised in the vaulting of churches, &c. by the architects of the fifteenth century. M. De Lassaux calls it *free-handed vaulting* (*aus freier hand*), and shews it to be much cheaper, lighter, and stronger, than vaulting on a boarded centering. He finds it described by a French architect, Philibert de l'Orme, who wrote about 1588: and it is by him called "voutes modernes, et la mode Française, que les maistres maçons ont

accoutumés de faire aux églises et logis des grandes seigneurs."

Captain King.—We have heard from good authority, that this meritorious officer, whose promotion as a post-captain we mentioned in last week's *Gazette*, refused an acting appointment to this rank more than two years since, as it would have interfered with the important survey in which he was engaged; and we, in common with every lover of science, must regret to find, that the late Board of Admiralty have retired from office without doing justice to the zeal, intelligence, and perseverance of Captain King, by giving his commission the date when it was in his power to have assumed the rank.

Causes of the Earthquakes in Chili and Peru.—It is well known that the western side of the Andes is very subject to earthquakes, more especially between the 20° and the 30° south, from November to April. Mr. Lambert, in the *Annales de Chimie et de Physique*, attempts to connect these with meteorological phenomena. The theory of the trade winds is well known; but the author remarks, that this current is reacted upon by the earth's rotation, which is greater at the equator than the poles. The wind coming from the east, discharges its vapours on the Andes; hence the deserts of Huasco, Copiapo, Atacama, Calama, and Yunque, and generally between Coquimbo and Puyter. The winds, striking against the summits of the Andes, occasion a continual disengagement of electricity in a state of tension. It accumulates from the dryness of the air, and breaks out by the air or the earth; if by the latter, it will pass by metallic veins, by humid crevices, or by courses of water. The phenomena produced by these changes, as the vibrations of the soil, the volatilisation of certain bodies, the combustion of sulphur and of anthracite, the oxidation of metals, all would only take place when the westerly wind blows, or from the month of November to April. The author proposes to erect conductors on the crest of the Andes, and to connect them with rivers or the sea.

Human Fossil Bones.—M. Bernardi has visited a grotto at the foot of Mount Griffon, and precisely at the extremity of that little post which commands the sources of Mare Dolce, near Palermo. The following is the order of succession of deposits:—1. bones mingled with calcareous stones and clay; 2. bones cemented to the rock and to calcareous tuffa; 3. bones cemented to the rock and to indurated clay; 4. bones cemented to pieces of rock and to quartz, by means of a calcareous cement. The walls of the grotto above the deposits are rough, and pierced by a species of modiola, while those beneath are smooth, and as it were polished. The bones have evidently been deposited at different periods: and besides those of the human species, belong to hippopotami of different sizes, to the mammoth, and to other mammifère.—*Giornale ufficiale di Palermo*, April, 1830.

Teeth of Fossil Elephant.—Four teeth of the elephant, and a portion of the tusk, have been found at Cherette, a village near Liege.

Biblical Lore.—At a recent discussion on some points in biblical history, it happened to be remarked, that there was no account of the death of Eve. "Nor of Adam either," said one of the company. "I beg your pardon," replied a religious lady, who began to think there was too much of scepticism in these remarks. "if you read your Bible carefully, you will find it stated that Adam was gathered to his forefathers!"

Botany in Denmark.—Botany shares, with chemistry, the little attention paid to science in Copenhagen. It is indeed the favourite study in Denmark. It is taught in some of the learned schools; and besides those whose course of study requires them to attend lectures on botany, there are also a few who study it as amateurs. I have seen (says a traveller) in North Jutland, a party of half-a-dozen proceeding along the road with their vasculums slung over their shoulders. But the value set upon it in general does not appear to be very great. "At the lectures which are given gratis," said Horneman, "I have perhaps a hundred pupils; mais quand il faut payer, ma foi! je n'ai qu'un vingtaine." "And what is the fee?" "Five dollars!" about 18s. English.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XLVIII. Calcutta. Nov. 27.]
A new edition, by Mr. H. H. Wilson, at Calcutta, of his Sanscrit and English Dictionary, much enlarged.—A Practical Book-keeper's Examination of E. T. Jones's English System of Balancing Books.—Affection's Gift, a Selection of Sacred Poetry, from the most approved Authors.—A second edition of Professor Jacobs' Latin Reader, Part II.: with Notes, by T. W. C. Edwards.—Divarication of the New Testament into Doctrine and History, by T. Wignam, Esq.—Joachim Fortius Ringelbergius' Treatise de Ratione Stibii, translated from the edition of Van Erpe, by G. B. Earr.—The fifteenth volume of the forthcoming Annual Biography and Obituary, is stated to contain memoirs of Sir Charles Penrose, Mr. Tierney, Sir George Montagu, George IV., Lord Reddale, Sir Charles Brisbane, Dr. Gooch, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Bishop James, Sir Thomas Staines, Dr. Somerville, Sir Charles Morice Pole, William Bulmer (printer), Sir Eliab Harvey, Mr. Huskinson, David Stewart (Garth), a Poetical Sketch; with Lays, Historical and Romantic, by Charles Swain.—A History of the Revolutions in France, by J. Bell, Esq., Vol. I.; being the detail of the first Revolution, 1787 to 1802.—A new edition of an Original Essay on the Immortality and Immortality of the Human Soul, founded solely on Physical and Rational Principles, by S. Drew.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

November.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 18	From 21. to 44.	29.66 to 29.84
Friday . . . 19	— 27. — 40.	30.09 — 30.12
Saturday . . . 20	— 25. — 47.	29.96 — 29.86
Sunday . . . 21	— 32. — 52.	29.86 Stationary
Monday . . . 22	— 41. — 48.	29.73 — 29.91
Tuesday . . . 23	— 35. — 47.	30.04 — 30.16
Wednesday 24	— 25. — 40.	30.30 — 30.33

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing.
Raining generally, except on the 19th, 23d, and 24th.
Rain fallen, "3 of an inch."
Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude 51° 37' 35" N.
Longitude 0° 3' 51" W. of Greenwich.

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We regret that we cannot hold out the prospect of emolument to Ro.
ERRATA.—In the notice of the Linnean Society, in our last, for "Lieut. Bowler" read "Lieut.-Col. Bowler;" the drawings mentioned in the same paper as being nearly one hundred years old, were made only about five years ago.—In an advertisement under the head of "School for Drawing and Painting," for "Mythology" read "Myology."

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1830.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life of Mrs. Jordan; including Original Private Correspondence, and numerous Anecdotes of her Contemporaries. By James Boaden, Esq., author of "the Life of Kemble," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1830. Bull.

At one period of Mrs. Jordan's life, Mr. Boaden remarks, (Vol. II., page 236,) she "became the subject of a great variety of attacks in the infamous prints of the time—probably levelled at her *purse*—and conceiving the union of her daughters with two gentlemen in public life a happy opportunity to work upon her fears or their delicacy. Among other matters, 'they understood—(by which the reader always understands, if he knows them, they invented)—a violent quarrel between the Duke and herself.'" Now, we are not Quixotic enough to stand forth for the universal probity, honour, and good feeling, of the press—but we must say, that this attack comes with an exceedingly ill grace from the author of these volumes.

"Oh, would some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us!"

Mr. Boaden would not have ventured to condemn others, while himself committing a far more heinous offence. They slandered the living—he assails the dead; they intruded on the privacy of the domestic circle—he violates the sanctity of the grave. Spite, and malice, and envy, and the thirst of base lucre, might be their incentives to do the work of shame; but has he a right to reprehend them, who, to gratify the worst appetites of the multitude, exhumes the corpse after it has lain for years unmolested in the last sleep of mortality, and, heedless of the feelings which must be lacerated in his course, sacrifices them all for the gain to be derived from such a production?

From the moment we saw this work announced, to that in which we have finished its perusal, we could entertain only one sentiment respecting the design—a design which we think every honest breast must reprobate. What led to it?—the accession to the throne of a justly popular and beloved king, who had a claim upon every good and loyal subject to spare him this cruel annoyance. But, putting apart his Majesty and his justly honoured family—(men and women of the most exemplary and virtuous characters, in very word the ornaments of society—unassuming, amiable, and benevolent)—putting these aside, which it is indeed a hard task to do, we would ask, what good end could be proposed by the publication of these Memoirs? Could it be to improve the general morals, by presenting a picture of all that was lovely, fascinating, and estimable, accompanied by one circumstance of unhappiness, for which, Heaven knows, the largest allowance was due, not merely in charity, but in the sternness of principle?—or could it be to tempt the hypocritical to display their odious sanctity by casting the first stone at erring humanity? Whichsoever it was, it was alike to be deprecated and deplored. We

will neither cant, nor be the apologists of what is wrong; but we are free to say, that, all things considered, from youth to age, from the cradle to the tomb,—if ever departure from the established rules of our condition could be deemed venial, it was in this case;—if ever the final close of the scene, instead of the heartless re-raising of the curtain, should have been hallowed by the silent tears of sympathy, of pity, and of mercy,—it was when the sepulchre closed on the remains of a being who was all but an angel.

We shall now come to speak of the work before us somewhat more in detail: it is a duty we owe our readers, and we shall perform it with as much fidelity and delicacy as we can.

As a book, the present is as complete a specimen as we ever saw of what may be done by the art of amplification. All that relates to Mrs. Jordan in it, might be comprised in far less than half of one of the volumes. In point of fact, the Memoirs begin at the twenty-third Chapter (*i. e.* Vol. II., page 232.) and there are but twenty-eight in all (pages 364): the preceding personal notices are of the slightest texture—consist of theatrical engagements, a list of new parts, &c. of little or no interest; and are swelled into bulk by stories about every body who wrote or performed, or were connected with the theatres where Mrs. Jordan appeared. An infinite deal of nothing, is the most applicable quotation which could be made to the whole;—if it be not worse than nothing, to have chapter lumbering after chapter, without a single syllable respecting the individual whose name gives the title to the work. Chapter X., for instance, is a history of Drury Lane Theatre for about two centuries; and Chapter XX. contains an account of the Young Roscins, and other matters—but not a word of Mrs. Jordan, except that she played for Macklin's widow! From the first twenty-two chapters we gather that Mrs. Jordan's mother was one of three sisters of a respectable Welsh family of the name of Phillips, who embraced the stage as a profession. Grace Phillips married a Mr. Bland; but the union, of which Dorothy, or Dora, was the issue, was dissolved on the ground of minority. Mr. Boaden fixes her birth in 1762, in Ireland; and at the age of sixteen we find her a favourite upon the stage, to which it may be readily supposed the example of her relatives bent her mind. Of this sort of early influence the author entertains singular opinions—for he says:—

"The studies of the stage, it may here be observed, constitute a better education than is commonly derived from the schools. What other ladies have under their command, constantly encamped, such 'an army of good words' as our actresses? Who, besides them, are so stored with every variety of neat and polished thought? Who else can have equal self-possession, equal address; and, above all, who ever approach them in distinct articulation, in voluble or impressive delivery? So great are these advantages, that they have kept very powerful actresses in high reputation for their

wit, who could scarcely read their parts, and never acquired the orthography in which they were all of them printed. We shall not therefore be surprised, that without the possibility of her receiving an expensive education, which her embarrassed parents could not afford, Mrs. Jordan acquired, almost domestically, a very correct diction in her native language, and the power of composing agreeably, in either prose or verse, with little premeditation."

Her first character was Phœbe in *As You Like It*, at Dublin; and she played there and at Cork, rejecting the addresses of a Lieutenant Doyme, who offered her marriage. In 1782 she visited England, and performed with Tate Wilkinson's company in Yorkshire (of which we hear a great deal) for about three years, with increasing fame. It was during this period that she dropped the name of Miss Francis, and assumed that of Mrs. Jordan, by which she afterwards became so celebrated as the Thalia of England. Her "swindling laugh," as it has been happily called, seems to have conquered all hearts; and the charming young actress was besieged by admirers. Mr. (afterwards Sir Richard) Ford was the most fortunate; and for nearly ten years he was the envied possessor of this prodigal gift of nature. In 1785 Mrs. Jordan made her *début* in the metropolis; and 1791-2, Mr. Ford* failing to accede to those legal ties which were required from him, she gave herself and all her warm affections to H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence. With him she enjoyed twenty years of uninterrupted felicity; and was (save in what the law denies to our princes and subjects) a pattern of every conjugal and maternal worth.

At the expiration of this period some heavy pecuniary embarrassments in which she became involved, on account of her daughter Frances (Mrs. Alsop) and Mr. Alsop, led to the dissolution of the royal connexion; but we can (and we rejoice at it) afford no insight into these transactions and their unfortunate result; for of all the perplexed and unintelligible statements we ever read, that of the author concerning them is the most mystifying and inexplicable. There is some correspondence, it is true; but, from not knowing to whom it is addressed, there is no possibility of discovering the meaning: it might as well have been in cipher. It is, nevertheless, from these letters, &c. that we must select our extracts: Mr. B. says of them—

"A momentous point in her life is about to open upon us, which we are happily enabled to illustrate by her own letters. They will shew her, though deeply suffering, generous, candid, and affectionate; meriting a very dif-

* Of Ford, Mr. Boaden draws a ludicrous picture. "He married a Miss Booth, with whom he got some property. Of all the men whom it has been my chance to know, I never knew a man of whom there is so little to tell as Sir Richard Ford. I asked men of his own standing at the bar, and on the bench, their recollections of Ford. They knew him as I did, personally; but he had impressed their minds as a fly would their hands—they had just shaken it, and it was gone."

ferent fate, but drawn on from circumstances over which she could have no control, to encounter alienation and unsuspected difficulty; the failure of her maternal hopes, and the embarrassment of her finances. A noble fortune, acquired by unexampled toil, mouldering away unaccountably from her disposal, and her independence, at last, consisting in an annuity, which sprung solely from the bounty of him whose happiness she had promoted for nearly twenty years of even exemplary attachment and confidence."

The Misses Ford, Dora and Lucy, married a Mr. March of the Ordnance Office, and Colonel Hawker; and soon after, the troubles of their mother reached a climax. But we must quote her own words upon the first rumour of a domestic rupture.

"With regard to the report of my quarrel with the duke, every day of our past and present lives must give the lie to it. He is an example for half the husbands and fathers in the world—the best of masters—and the most firm and generous of friends. I will, in a day or two, avail myself of your kind offer to contradict those odious and truly wicked reports. I am so ill that I can do nothing myself—but must wait for the assistance of a good and clever friend, who is at present out of the way, and who (if truth is not quite scared out of the world) will endeavour to do away the ill impressions those reports were meant to make."

Mr. B. insinuates that he was the adviser alluded to; but, like the rest, it is impossible to attach a clear or certain meaning to his words. In April, 1809, the separation took place; and the author says:

"Her letters are always careless, unstudied effusions, written as fast as the pen will cover the paper. The following, however, is singularly valuable, as it unfolds much of her personal history; and proves how affectionately she had answered the numerous calls of family upon her professional emoluments. She herself, it will be remarked, considered her success through life as most extraordinary; and, notwithstanding her almost boundless liberality to her relations, in her modest estimate of her claims, she thought that she had certainly obtained enough;—however, her duty, as she conceived to others, still urged her to go on. Her sincerity, a great feature in her character, openly confesses, that, as to the talents around her, she is not excited by emulation, and that her vanity has long been gratified to the height. But she never acted better in her life, than at the library, the Bath 'School for Scandal.' Dr. Johnson would have said, had he received such a letter from her, 'Say no more, dearest; rest your epistolary, aye, and social fame too, upon your description of the conduct which followed that impertinence.' 'In pity to them, I left the place immediately; and flatter myself I did not shew any disgust, or ill nature, on the occasion.' It reads to my ear and heart, like one of those hopes of his own moderation, that the sage was wont to murmur into the ear of the diligent and reverential Boswell.

"Bath, Sunday, April 22, 1809.

"Dear Sir,—I should be more insensible than my heart tells me I am, if I did not experience much gratification from your very kind and friendly letters: friendly they must be; for, though I am ever asking favours of you, I feel it impossible that I can ever return them. My professional success through life has, indeed, been most extraordinary; and, consequently, attended with great emoluments. But from my first starting in life, at the early age of fourteen, I have always had a large

family to support. My mother was a duty. But on brothers and sisters I have lavished more money than can be supposed; and more, I am sorry to say, than I can well justify to those who have a stronger and prior claim on my exertions. With regard to myself (as much depends on our ideas of riches), I have certainly enough; but this is too selfish a consideration to weigh one moment against what I consider to be a duty. I am quite tired of the profession. I have lost those great excitements, vanity and emulation. The first has been amply gratified; and the last I see no occasion for; but still, without these, it is a mere money-getting drudgery. The enthusiasm of the good people here is really ridiculous; but it brings 'grist to the mill,' and I shall, notwithstanding the great drawback of unsettled weather, clear, between this place and Bristol, from 800*l.* to 900*l.* Though I very seldom go out, when from home, I was tempted by my dear girl, to go to a fashionable library to read the papers; and, not being known, was entertained by some ladies with a most pathetic description of the parting between me and the duke! My very dress was described, and the whole conversation accurately repeated! Unfortunately for the party, a lady came in, who immediately addressed me by name, which threw them into the most ridiculous and (I conceive) the most unpleasant embarrassment imaginable. In pity to them, I left the place immediately, and flatter myself I did not shew any disgust or ill-nature on the occasion. The last favour I asked of you was not to gratify my own vanity, but my best friends, who, in spite of the world, are, I can with truth assure you, as much interested about me as they were seventeen years ago. Believe me ever, your truly obliged,

"DORA JORDAN."

Mrs. Jordan returned to the stage, and performed both in this country and in Ireland; but (passing by a strange episode about Mary Ann Clarke*) we proceed with the narrative.

"While she was acting at Cheltenham, a storm burst upon her totally unexpected, which is thus recorded by an actor, who was at the time in the theatre. She received a letter from his royal highness, desiring her to meet him at Maidenhead, where they were to bid each other farewell. Mrs. Jordan had concluded her engagement, but remained one night over to perform Nell, for the manager, Mr. Watson's benefit. It was in the afternoon of this very day she received the fatal letter. With that steady kindness that always distinguished her, she arrived at the theatre dreadfully weakened by a succession of fainting fits. She, however, struggled on with Nell, until Jobson arrived at the passage where he has to accuse the conjuror of making her laughing drunk. When the actress here attempted to laugh, the afflicted woman burst into tears. Here Jobson with great presence of mind altered the text, and exclaimed to her—'Why, Nell, the conjuror has not only made thee drunk; he has made thee crying drunk;' thus covering her personal distress, and carrying her through the scene in character. After the performance, she was

* There is an anecdote of her we do not remember to have heard before:—

"On the 3d of July, 1809, a cause was tried in the Court of King's Bench, in which an upholsterer named Wright was plaintiff, and Wardle, the member, defendant. Mrs. Clarke, in support of the plaintiff, gave evidence with her accustomed precision and force. During the cross-examination, one of the counsel pertly accosted her thus: 'Pray, madam, under whose protection are you now?' She replied instantly, looking archly at the bench—'Lord Ellenborough's.'—His lordship smiled—and the *esquive* of the trisum convulsed the court with laughter."

put into a travelling chariot in her stage dress, to keep her appointment with the royal duke, in a state of anguish easily to be conceived. What passed at the meeting I would not wish to detail." (If he could, it would have been worth all his book to the curious; and, if he could not, he had no business to undertake it.) "After allowing her due time to recover her spirits, and endeavour to do herself justice by making her statement to the regent—submitting herself entirely to his judgment, and finally to the generous nature of the duke himself—she thus writes upon the subject of the separation, to her confidential friend. She may now be pardoned for omitting to date the communication. But her mind is still amiable in its disappointments; and she turns herself unaffectedly to apologise for the rashness by which she has suffered.

Letter I.

"Bushy, Saturday.

"My dear sir,—I received yours and its enclosure safe this morning. My mind is beginning to feel somewhat reconciled to the shock and surprise it has lately received; for could you or the world believe that we never had, for twenty years, the semblance of a quarrel? But this is so well known in our domestic circle, that the astonishment is the greater. Money, money, my good friend, or the want of it, has, I am convinced, made him, at this moment, the most wretched of men; but having done wrong, he does not like to retract. But with all his excellent qualities, his domestic virtues, his love for his lovely children, what must he not at this moment suffer! His distresses should have been relieved before—but this is *entre nous*. All his letters are full of the most unqualified praise of my conduct; and it is the most heartfelt blessing to know that, to the best of my power, I have endeavoured to deserve it. I have received the greatest kindness and attention from the R****, and every branch of the royal family, who, in the most unreserved terms, deplore this melancholy business. The whole correspondence is before the R****; and I am proud to add, that my past and present conduct has secured me a friend, who declares he never will forsake me. 'My forbearance,' he says, 'is beyond what he could have imagined!' But what will not a woman do, who is firmly and sincerely attached? Had he left me to starve, I never would have uttered a word to his disadvantage. I enclose you two other letters; and in a day or two you shall see more, the rest being in the hands of the R****. And now, my dear friend, do not bear the D. of C. unfairly abused: he has done wrong, and he is suffering for it; but, as far as he has left it in his own power, he is doing every thing kind and noble, even to the distressing himself. I thank you sincerely for the friendly caution at the end of your letter, though I trust there will be no occasion for it; but it was kind and friendly, and as such I shall ever esteem it. I remain, dear sir, yours sincerely, DORA JORDAN.

"These letters are for your eye alone."

Letter II.

"Bushy, Monday.

"My dear Sir,—I should be sorry the letters I have enclosed to you were the only vouchers I could produce to the world, if necessary. But, good God! what will not the world say? I received two letters this day, telling me that I was accused of intriguing with the Duke of Cumberland! I am heart-sick, and almost worn out with this cruel business: but I am, very gratefully, yours,

DORA JORDAN."

Letter III.

"Bushy, Thursday.

"Dear Sir,—Allow me to thank you for your kind attention to my request. We really live so much in the country, and so entirely within ourselves, that we might be dead and buried without our friends knowing even that we had been ill. I have the heartfelt happiness of informing you, that the duke is considerably better, though far from being as we could wish: however, his physicians have given his royal highness permission to go to town to-morrow. I have been confined ever since my return, owing to the fatigue and anxiety I have gone through. I fear it will be some time before I recover the very great shock I received. I hear there are to be two Drury Lanes—I believe just as likely as one. Yours ever,
DORA JORDAN."

Letter IV.

"Calogon Place, Thursday.

"My dear Sir,—I fear I must have appeared unmindful of your many kindnesses, in having been such a length of time without writing to you; but really, till very lately, my spirits have been so depressed, that I am sure you will understand my feelings when I say, it cost me more pain to write to those interested about me, than to a common acquaintance; but the constant kindness and attention I meet with from the duke, in every respect but personal interviews (and which depends as much on my feelings as his), has, in a great measure, restored me to my former health and spirits. Among many noble traits of goodness, he has lately added one more—that of exonerating me from my promise of not returning to my profession. This he has done under the idea of its benefiting my health, and adding to my pleasures and comforts; and, though it is very uncertain whether I shall ever avail myself of this kindness, yet you, if you choose, are at liberty to make it known, whether publicly or privately. Yours ever, &c. &c.

DORA JORDAN.

"P.S. I wish I could see you; but it is such a long way for you to come."

Letter V.

"St. James's, Tuesday, 7th December.

"My dear Sir,—I lose not a moment in letting you know, that the Duke of Clarence has concluded and settled on me and his children the most liberal and generous provision; and I trust every thing will sink into oblivion. Yours ever,
DORA JORDAN."

If our readers can solve the enigma, we shall not repine: we have laid all the materials before them, the entire pith and marrow of Mr. Boaden's revelations—contained in these letters, and what he calls "*Authentic Statement*."—In the autumn of 1815 Mrs. Jordan was called upon, very unexpectedly, to redeem some securities given by her, for money raised to assist a near relative. The cause of this aid was the pressure of matters purely of a domestic nature. The call upon her was sudden, and certainly unexpected; and, not finding herself in a situation to advance the 2,000*l.* claimed, she withdrew herself to France, deputing a friend in England to make every necessary arrangement for paying all the creditors as soon as possible. At the time of Mrs. Jordan's quitting England, she was in the receipt of an annual income of upwards of £2,000*l.* paid, with the greatest punctuality, quarterly, without demur, drawback, or impediment; and so continued to the hour of her death. Up to April 1816, Mrs. Jordan's drafts on Messrs. Courts and Co. were duly paid—

never, for a moment, could she have felt the gripping hand of poverty. I can positively assert, that never during her lifetime was one shilling paid towards liquidating the securities in question; nor was it urgent that it should be done; because the creditors, for the most part personal friends, well knew the upright principles they had to depend upon; nor were they ignorant, that the transcendent talents of this gifted being were always sure to receive a munificent reward from the hands of the public whenever she should again seek their assistance; and in the fruits of this they were sure of participating. Her protracted stay abroad was occasioned by untoward circumstances, over which the principals had no control. Up to the hour of Mrs. Jordan's leaving England, she had been living under the same roof with the relative with whom she was concerned in the securities alluded to. Reciprocal acts of kindness, mutual confidence in all domestic matters, and many points of private affairs, tended to create in Mrs. Jordan's mind a reliance upon this person. Never, for a moment, during the six years that her daughter had been married, had Mrs. Jordan reason to doubt his sincere affection, or his veracity; nor did she doubt them when she left England. Immediately upon the derangement of Mrs. Jordan's affairs, and before she left England, a statement of all the claims to which she was liable was made out, together with a list of the persons holding her bonds and bills of acceptance; the result of which convinced Mrs. Jordan that her liabilities did not much exceed 2,000*l.*; and that the claimants were, one and all, the personal friends of the parties. In August 1815 Mrs. Jordan left England for France, with the intention of remaining away some ten days, the time computed necessary to place matters in that state as to render her person legally secure from arrest. Her affairs were placed in the hands of persons well informed in every particular thereof, as of all other matters connected with her life. Mrs. Jordan was well aware that the creditors were only anxious to have their claims placed in a secure state, and that they were willing to give every accommodation required. She was also aware that her fellow-sufferer had given up a considerable portion of his annual income; and she felt that her representative in England could, in one hour's time, settle any doubtful point that might arise during the arrangement. In short, she knew that no impediment existed. Consequently, when she found that month after month elapsed without any thing being finally settled, her mind became troubled. When Mrs. Jordan left England, she took with her, as a companion, a lady who had for some years previous been employed in superintending the education of Mrs. Jordan's younger children, and who had for the last twelve months been Mrs. Jordan's constant attendant. This person came to England in January 1816, to receive and take to Mrs. Jordan her quarter's income, then in Messrs. Coutts' house. From the moment of her arrival in England, until she quitted it, she pursued a line of conduct towards the daughters of Mrs. Jordan (then residing in Mrs. Jordan's house) that was offensive beyond measure: she peremptorily, and in a most insulting manner, called upon the person concerned with Mrs. Jordan in the affair of the bills and bonds, to make oath that Mrs. Jordan was not liable to any claims beyond those of which she already knew; the demand was accompanied with base insinuations. Justly doubting this to be really the wish of Mrs. Jordan, and irritated at the cir-

cumstances attending the demand, it was refused; and on the same day, this lady returned to France—and there is little doubt but then, for the first time, Mrs. Jordan did become 'apprehensive.' During her stay in England, the lady alluded to informed two of Mrs. Jordan's daughters, that Mrs. Jordan's future place of residence in France was to be kept a profound secret from them, and that all letters from them to their mother must be sent through a third person, and directed to Mrs. James, instead of Mrs. Jordan; thus, from that time, all such communications first passed through the hands of a person, who might withdraw Mrs. Jordan's confidence and affection from those most interested in getting her back to England. It is necessary to revert to the verbal refusal given to take the oath demanded, because it has been made a point of much importance as connected with Mrs. Jordan's state of feeling, in consequence of the publication made in the *Morning Chronicle* of 26 January, 1824, of a letter of Mrs. Jordan's bearing date 16th January, 1816. Mrs. Jordan's letter must have been written immediately after the return of the above-mentioned lady to France; and there is great reason to think, that then only, for the first time, did a feeling of apprehension of further demands awake in Mrs. Jordan's mind, and the fatal step of cutting off the source of communication, prevented altogether, or perhaps only delayed, the receipt of a letter, written by the person refusing to take the oath, on the very same day, to say that he was truly willing to do whatever Mrs. Jordan should herself require, and that the oath should be taken whenever she wrote to say it was her wish. There can be no question that the mind of this great woman had been long and grievously oppressed—nor will this be any matter of wonder when a retrospect is taken of her eventful life. Who can deny that, in the greatest flow of her prosperity, she had many bitter memorials that good and ill will mingle in every human condition? The greatest pleasure that acquiring wealth could bestow upon Mrs. Jordan was its affording her the power of shedding greater happiness around her. Can there be a severer censure on her memory, than to think that pecuniary difficulties, even weighty, (which hers never were) could for any length of time have depressed a mind such as hers in its perfect state? I have thrown this statement together in the hope that you will deem it satisfactory."

Professing once more that we cannot comprehend the elucidations, and are, with regard to facts, just about as wise as when we sat down to these volumes, we shall not follow Mrs. Jordan into her seclusion in France, where she resided for a while in very melancholy spirits, and finally died almost broken-hearted, on the 9th of July, 1816.

A sweet portrait, after Romney, and a holograph letter (fac-simile) adorn the Memoirs, of which we may sum up the character by repeating, that they are miserably deficient in information, confused in arrangement, and made up with all sorts of matters and a catching title to attract notice. With regard to the principle involved in their publication at all, we have freely expressed our opinion— we hold it to be utterly indefensible; and the only poor palliation that can be afforded lies in the Apothecary's line—

"My poverty, but not my will, consents."

Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum; a Poem on the Preservation of Health, in Rhyming Latin Verse. Addressed by the School of Salerno to Robert of Normandy, Son of William the Conqueror: with an ancient Translation, and an Introduction and Notes. By Sir Alexander Croke, D.C.L. and F.A.S. 8vo. pp. 199. Oxford, 1830. D. A. Talboys.

To the medical professor this volume will not fail to be highly interesting from its matter; and, from the quaintness of its style, to be infinitely amusing. He will sometimes indeed have to restrain the smile of superiority, at the grave simplicity and dogmatic absurdity with which, in the eleventh century, the College of Physicians were wont to afflict their patients; while he will more frequently have to trace the modern discovery and the specific nostrum to some antique common-place. Nor will he seldom find reason to exult, how soon the twilight of his science began to dispel the profound darkness of the middle ages, and feel proud of the stout infancy of his profession, which while in the cradle strangled the Typhon, and commenced its vigorous labours of anticipating or alleviating human suffering,—in aiding to rid the world of the ravages and havoc of disease. To the antiquary,—if there be one whose researches this little book may have eluded,—a rich fund of delight will be opened. Even if he should have met with the original, his veneration for antiquity will not be violated by meeting an old friend with a new face: we have the authority of Sir Alexander Croke's introduction for our declaration, that the poem is "in the precise state in which it was sent to the King of England;" that is, Duke Robert of Normandy, who was to have been king, provided he had lived long enough, had not flung his crown at the Saracens, and his brother William Rufus, the pawnbroker, had thought proper to let him.—We quote Duke Robert's history; since to him the poem was dedicated.

"Such was the situation of the country, and the state of medical science at Salerno, when Robert Duke of Normandy, the eldest son of William the Conqueror, having mortgaged his dukedom for ten thousand marks to his brother William Rufus, set out upon his expedition to Palestine. This army of the crusaders, which consisted of Britons, Normans, and French, was conducted principally by Hugh the great Count of Vermandois, the Duke of Normandy, Robert Count of Flanders, Stephen Count of Chartres and Blois, Eustace Count of Bologne, and Odo Bishop of Bayeux. Whilst Godfrey of Bouillon with his companions marched through Hungary, this division left France, in September 1096, and crossed the Alps into Italy. At Lucca they received the benediction of the pope, visited the tombs of the apostles at Rome, and repaired to Salerno, the metropolis of the Norman duchy of Apulia. Robert of Normandy was nearly related to the reigning family. Ruggiero, the duke, had married Adela, Robert's first cousin, the daughter of Robert le Frison, who was brother to Matilda, the wife of William the Conqueror. The season was too far advanced to proceed safely by sea to the coast of Epirus. The impetuosity, however, of the Counts of Vermandois and Flanders impelled them to brave the dangers of the sea, and to pass over with their troops. The Duke of Normandy, and the Counts of Chartres and Bologne, passed the winter at Salerno. In the April following they proceeded on their expedition from the ports of Apulia. In their way to Bari they

visited the monastery of Mount Casino, to recommend themselves to the prayers of the monks, and the protection of Saint Benedict. From hence they sailed over to Durazzo, arrived at Constantinople, and joined the armies of the crusaders at the siege of Nice. It is unnecessary to relate here the prodigies of valour performed by Duke Robert in Palestine. After the conquest of the holy city, the victory at Ascalon, the election of Godfrey, and the establishment of the kingdom of Jerusalem, the greater part of the crusaders returned home, crowned with glory, and exhausted by their labours. The Duke of Normandy and the Count of Flanders, by the way of Constantinople, returned into Apulia in September, 1099. Robert was received by his countrymen and relations, Ruggiero Count of Sicily, and his nephew Ruggiero Duke of Apulia, with the cordiality and honours due to the successful champions of the cross, and in a round of festivities they forgot the sufferings of their Christian warfare. Robert was vanquished by the charms of Sybilla, the daughter of Geoffrey Count of Conversano, the nephew of Robert Guiscard. She was a lady of great beauty, elegant manners, and superior understanding. At a subsequent period, after their return to Normandy, she was said to have conducted the affairs of the duchy, during his temporary absences, with more judgment than her imprudent husband. He had a son by her named William, who became Count of Flanders. Yet she appears to have fallen early a sacrifice to the envy and factiousness of some Norman ladies of nobility. Upon this marriage, from his father-in-law and other friends, Robert received a large treasure to enable him to redeem his dominions. Besides visiting his Norman friends, a principal object in Robert's return to Italy was to consult the physicians of Salerno, for a wound which he had received in his right arm from an arrow supposed to have been poisoned, and which had degenerated into a deep ulcer, called a fistula. The story that the poison was sucked out by his affectionate wife during his sleep, is probably one of the romantic tales of that romantic period, and has been told of other heroes. That his cure was owing to the skill of the doctors of Salerno is more probable. Amidst the hospitality of his countrymen, the luxuries of Italy, and the endearments of his bride, Robert wasted near a year, and by this delay he lost the crown of England, and ended a brave but imprudent life in a captivity of eight and twenty years."

Before entering upon the merits of the Salernian poem, we should state, that the extraordinary popularity with which it was welcomed, called forth many imitations. Among other emulatory productions, was one by Otho of Cremona. We shall take the freedom of making the annexed extract from Mr. Otho's poem, for the sole and especial gratification of our medical friends. Sir Alexander remarks: "The following prudential advice enters too deeply into the mysteries of the profession to have been designed for the use of the profane:

De prudentia Medici amentis pro talore.
 Non didici gratis, nec sagax Musa Hippocratis
 Agris in stratis serviet absque datis.
 Sumpta solet carè multum medicina juvare,
 Si que datur gratis nil habet utilitatis.
 Res darè pro rebus, pro verbis verba solemus.
 Pro vanis verbis montanis utimur herbis,
 Pro caris rebus, pigmentis et speciebus.
 Est medicinalis medis data regula talis:
 Ut dicatur, da, dum profert languidus, ha, ha.
 Da medicis primo medium, medio, nihil imo.
 Dum dolet infirmus medicus sit pignore firmus.
 Instanter quare nummos, ut pignus, habere.
 Fœdus et antiquum conservat pignus amicum,
 Nam si post queris quærens semper eris."

The subject-matter of the third book of another imitator, Ægidius, is far too valuable for us to pass over unnoticed. Its contents supply us with "advice that young and inexperienced physicians are to be avoided;" also "the description of a good physician:" this, we confess, we should very much like to see—but presume it can only be meant as ideal. The same book moreover asserts, that "the circumstances of cases should be inquired into" in the propriety of this, Mr. Abernethy will of course consistently acquiesce. It may not be amiss to give the acknowledgments of the same writer, for the extra services of him who does rather more for your money than would be generally required at his hands:

*Qui requiem monachis in acutis febribus offert,
 Et requiem facit æternam.*

These lines may be considered as peculiarly applicable to one Sanctus Johannes Longinus, whose memory lives in the minds of every one—but his patients. Our fair readers will suppose the censure to be passed upon the empiric, who, in fulfilling his promise of repose, relieves his patients by what may be translated the long sleep.

We trust our readers will not think we mean to insult them by proceeding to quote the old English version, in preference to the original Latin. The exposition of the line,

Unica nux prodest, nocet altera, tertia mors est.
 is neat, quaint, and pretty:

"This speche perhapes is somewhat darke,

As riddles use to be—
 The stile thereof with common sense
 Doth not so well agree.

But for to tell by passinge nutt
 Our author what he meane,
 The nutmegge first he profereth,
 And that to good intente.

In second place, what hurtfull is
 He seemeth for to tuche,
 Wherein he meaneth the walnutte
 Doth hurte us over muche.

But in the last what perils moughte
 Be hidde therein I muse,
 Because to eate or cracke that nutte
 No man did ever use.

As well inoughe he knew that wratte
 This pessante pretye verse,
 So doeth he bringe in pretilye
 What nutte doth use to perse.

And in his talke of nuttes in deede
 In sadnes first he spake:
 But at the last the name of nutte
 As loughte for to forsake.

He sayeth that full manye a man
 The crosse-bowe hath ysiane,
 The nutte whereof he blames therefore—
 His meaning now is playne;
 And I do tell you, not in vaine,
 "Tis good from such nuttes to refrain."

The Salernian poem opens thus:—

"The Salerne Schoole doth by these lines impart
 All health to England's king, and doth advise
 From care his head to keepe, from wrath his harte.
 Drink not much wine, sun light, and soone arise;
 When meat is gone, long sitting breedeth smart;
 And after noone still waking keepe your eyes;
 When moud' you find your selfe to nature's need,
 Forbeare them not, for that much danger breeds:
 Use three physitions—first, doctor Quiet,
 Next doctor Mery-man, and doctor Dyet."

The physicians of former days, like those of the present, were very much of St. Paul's way of thinking in regard to wine. It must have been a "bee's-wag" gentleman who gave the following hints:—

"Chuse wine you meane shall serve you all the year,
 Well-savour'd, tasting well, and color'd cleere;
 Flue qualities there are, wine's praise advancing,
 Strong, beautyfull, and fragrant, coole, and dauncing.
 White Muskadell and Candy wine, and Greeke,
 Do make men's wits and bodies grosse and fat;
 Red wyne doth make the voyce oft time to seek,
 And hath a binding quality to that;
 Canary and Madera, both are like
 To make one leane indeed (but not you what):
 Who say they make one leane, wold make one laffe—
 They meane, they make one leane vpon a staffe.
 Wine, women, baths, by art or nature warme,
 Y'd or abus'd, do men much good or harme."

With the exception of Ude, cooks are not in general sufficiently aware of their importance in the political atmosphere; we trust, like Ude, they will henceforth become more consequential, as their influence in society justly entitles them;—in a word, upon them the safety of the state depends.

“ Good dyet is a perfect way of curing,
And worthy much regard and health assuring;
A king that cannot rule him in his dyet,
Will hardly rule his realme in peacc and quyet.”

Convinced as we are of the truth contained in the above quatrain, we earnestly and humbly deprecate our good king's eating too freely of the great plum-cake that was lately sent him.

We cannot refrain from divulging for whom the following prophetic extracts were intended; at the same time we must in justice acknowledge, that the outlines of the predictions are pretty accurately portrayed. The first stanza is evidently intended for John Bull, when, like ourselves, he does not run his head against politics, and is consequently in the humour to revive the days of merry England.

“ Complexions cannot vertue breed, or vice;
Yet may they vnto both gie inclination;
The Sanguin gamesome is, and nothing nice—
Loues wine, and women, and all recreation;
Likes pleasant tales and newes, plaics cards and dice,
Fit for all company and euery fashion;
Though bold, not apt to take offence, nor brefall,
But beautiful, not kind, and looking chearcfull:
Inclining to be fat, and prone to laffer;
Loues myrth and musicke, cares not what comes after.”

We cannot for a moment hesitate where to apply the second; nor do we doubt but that the honourable Member for Clare will conscientiously admit who is the representative designated therein.

“ Sharpe Choller is an humour most pernicious,
All violent and fierce, and full of fire—
Of quicke conceit, and therewith ambitious;
Their thoughts to greater fortune still aspyre;
Proud, beautifull enough, yet oft malicious—
A rich, bolle speaker, and no bold a liar;
On little cause to anger great inclin'd;
Much eating still, yet euer looking pin'd;
In younger yeares they vse to grow apace,
In elder, hairy on their breast and face.”

We have been induced to hint at the above application, solely from understanding that the honourable member won't fight. This anti-Hibernian quiescence has, we are credibly informed, already debilitated, if not totally abolished, the popularity of the member with the majority of his constituents, and undeniably renders him a very improper representative of the proverbial feelings of his countrymen. Since it may be done with impunity, we are determined, like other honourable gentlemen, to have a fling at him whenever we please. But why continue to bother with the lie, a man who, at least, is alike ready to give and take? The third stanza we have already conveyed, in the last despatches, to the Hague.

“ The Flegmaticque are most of no great growth,
Inclining rather to be fat and squice;
Giuen much vnto their ease, to rest and sloth,
Content in knowledge to take little share,
To put themselves to any paine most loth,
So dead their spirits, so dull their senses are:
Still either sitting, like to folke that dreame;
Or else still spitting, to avoid the flegme,
One quality doth yet these harmes repaire,
That for most part the Flegmaticque are fayre.”

The fourth sufficiently recommends itself to those who would see through the inward workings of our Puritans.

“ The Melancholy from the rest do vary,
Both sport, and ease, and company refusing;
Exceeding studious, euer solitary;
Inclining pensive still to be, and musing;
A secret hate to others apt to curry;
Most constant in his choice, tho long a choosing;
Extreame in loue sometime, yet seldom lustfull;
Suspicious in his nature, and mistrustfull;
A wary wit, a hand much giuen to spurring,
A heavy looke, a spirit little daring.”

The volume is illustrated by some rather

equivocal etchings. These, however, bear witness, since they are fac-similes from old editions, that there were Cruikshanks in those days, as well as the present. Heartily joining in the good wishes of the poem, both to our readers and ourselves, we close our notice of this entertaining modern antique in its concluding words:—

“ And heere I cease to write, but will not cease
To wish you live in health and die in peacc;
And ye our Physicke rules that friendly read,
God graunt that Physicke you may neuer neede.”

The Sea-Kings in England; an Historical Romance of the time of Alfred. By Edwin Atherstone, author of “the Fall of Nineveh.” 3 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1830, Cadell; London, Whittaker and Co.

We have a great respect for our Saxon ancestors: they were a bold, free race, and contributed their full share to that superiority which we believe is now considered to be the birthright of every true Briton. Mr. Atherstone has given an epic character to his romance, which is laid at a most stirring period—the time when Alfred urged his fiercest warfare with the Danes. The interest of the story is centered in a boy, rescued, by the sea-king Sidroc, from the general destruction attendant on the slaughter and burning of the monastery where he was being educated. The chances of the eventful life of his young hero are well blended with the known history of the times. Alfred is contrasted with the ferocious Hubbo; Aslauga, the widow of the celebrated Regnar Lodbrod, is also introduced; and a single combat is described with great spirit. In the comic parts Mr. Atherstone is not so successful: Elf, the pantaloon of the drama, is absurd—not entertaining. But let our readers see how they like a specimen or two.

Description of the Queen Aslauga:—“ Upon a sort of couch, or throne, of width sufficient to accommodate three persons, and ornamented at the extremities by two carved and gilded figures, probably designed to represent lions, there sat a lady, richly attired, of a commanding presence, and exceeding beauty. The covering of the couch was a rich cloth of purple; but, where it had been thrown back at the sides or arms, it shewed underneath a soft cushion, formed from the hide of a bear, one claw of which hung down in front, and appeared to have been gilded. A table, adorned with plates of silver, and studded with gems of various colours, stood near her; and upon it lay a small silver bell, and a piece of embroidered silk, upon which she had just been busied. A footstool of crimson cloth, interwoven with flowers of yellow silk, supported her right foot. Her shoes were of tawny leather, broad at the toe, and laced close to the foot. She was clad in a loose upper robe of purple silk, having a broad band of gold embroidery at the hem, and a little below the knee, where, having partially fallen aside, it discovered an under garment of light blue, wrought of silk and fine woollen intermingled. She had no covering upon the head but that which nature had given her—a profusion of the most beautiful golden hair, hanging in locks, delicately twisted on either side, and of such a length behind that, had they not been turned up, and loosely bound with slender bands of golden chainwork, they might probably have reached to the knee.”

A Saxon dinner.—“ The dining table was oblong, and rounded at the ends. The cloth was a rich crimson, with a broad gilt margin; and hung low beneath the table. The com-

pany sat upon chairs with concave backs, and were arranged, much as at the present day, with the view that to each of the ladies should be assigned a neighbour of the other sex. . . . The dishes consisted of fowls and fish, of the flesh of oxen, sheep, deer, and swine, both wild and domestic, not excepting certain portions of the sea-swine, or porpoise—a food not at present much in repute, but at that period no unfrequent article of diet. There were two *sanda*, or dishes, of *sodden sylfian*, or soup bouilli, and one of *scathen*, or boiled, goose. The bread was of the finest wheaten flour, and lay in two silver baskets upon the table. Almost the only vegetable in use among the Saxons was kale wort; and the only condiments were salt and pepper. These various articles were boiled, baked, or broiled; and were handed by the attendants upon small spits to the company. . . . Instead of forks, which were not used in England till James the First's time, when Tom Coriarte introduced them from Italy, our ancestors made use of their fingers; but, for the sake of cleanliness, each person was provided with a small silver ever containing water, and two flowered napkins of the finest linen. Their dessert consisted of grapes, figs, nuts, apples, pears, and almonds.”

Scene in a Danish tent.—“ The first object that he beheld was the celebrated raven banner of the Northmen, which, elevated upon its gilded pole, appeared to move its wings as if in the act of flying. Upon this were turned the looks of some forty or fifty mail-clad men, who, standing up and clashing their sword-hilts upon their breast-plates, shouted in exultation at the mystic sign that promised victory. Edmund gazed for a moment at the magical banner, of which the history was well known to him, and then glanced round at the warriors. Their faces were flushed with wine, and their eyes shot fire. They were unhelmeted, and their hair, mostly red, flowed in curls upon their shoulders. All appeared to be men of great strength and unbounded fierceness. One gigantic form as yet stood at the farther end of the tent, with his back toward Edmund, looking up to the banner; his left hand was on his sword-hilt, and his right extended as if in exultation at the favouring sign. But the wings of the raven were again folded; and the warrior turned round to his companions. The huge fierce countenance came upon Edmund, like the burst of a red fire. It was Hubbo that stood before him. The ferocious features had never been erased from his memory; but he did not expect that the actual appearance would equal the hideous picture of his fancy. Such, however, as his boyish fears had depicted, such was the dreadful Northman that now stood before his bodily vision. Years had nought impaired his strength, or softened his fierceness, while they had made his features yet more gross, and stamped upon them yet more strongly the characters of cruelty and savage daring. ‘Tis fixed then for the morrow,’ he cried; ‘at sunrise shall the sacrifice be offered up, and afterwards let the Saxon look for his doom. Fill up the cups to the god of battle! The blood shall flow for him like a mountain stream! the choosers of the slain shall be wearied among the heaps of dead! Trondath, fill up the skull to the brim: we drink to the terrible god. Are ye all prepared?’ ‘All, all,’ exclaimed every voice. Hubbo lifted the skull filled with mead; his guests stood up, each holding in his extended right hand the full-charged vessel, and every eye bent upon their leader: ‘To Odin,’ he cried, with a voice that shook the tent; ‘to the terrible and severa

god! the father of slaughter! the god that carrieth desolation and fire!"

We must give due praise to the industry that has collected every possible light thrown by the scattered notices of historians on the manners and customs of the times. Mr. Atherstone is a man of unquestionable powers; but we do not think they are judiciously applied. It is folly for an author to talk of posterity, and of despising those among whom his lot is cast. The taste of the present time has little relish for scenes of single combat between armed chiefs—battles, with their repetitions of bloodshed, flight, and triumph. We have no sympathy where we have nothing in common. The epic glory of kings and warriors has had its day. An author, in choosing such subjects, first incurs a most disadvantageous comparison with his predecessors, and then has to contend with utter indifference on the part of his readers. An interesting story, and skillfully depicted characters, would now outweigh a whole army of heroes, with a single combat in every chapter. The worst we say of Mr. Atherstone is, that he deserves to have been born some hundred years ago, when he might have been bard to some heroic king, tuned his harp with a key of silver, and drank mead out of a cup of gold.

Constable's Miscellany, Vol. LXII.—History of Peru. By Don Telesforo de Truena y Cosío, author of the *Life of "Hernan Cortes."* 12mo. pp. 341. Edinburgh, 1830, Constable and Co.; London, Hurst, Chance, and Co.

THIS volume completes the history of Spanish conquest in America, and, sooth to say, it is a most ruthless one. The doctrine of some dark and terrible fatality, or rather judgment, seems alone able to account for the extraordinary success of the Spanish conquerors, and the blindness of the unfortunate Peruvians. The advantages and disadvantages attendant on the conquest of America, are a common subject with debating societies. The benefits Europe has derived were purchased at the expense of life to an entire race. There is a good contrast drawn in the preface between the fierce and cruel habits of the Mexicans, and the mild and greatly civilised ones of the Peruvians. We recommend this preface to our readers' attention. The information it contains is given in a most animated manner, and its remarks are as just as its views are clear. The history of Pizarro would be a romance, but for its truth;—fact always goes farther than fiction. Our author observes:—"There is something almost incredible, not to say absurd, in the circumstance of three private persons settled in an infant colony, quietly deliberating, and coolly resolving, to embark into schemes which had for their object the overturning and subjugation of vast and powerful regions." Pizarro, his friend Almagro, and an ecclesiastic, Hernando Luque, were the triumvirate, whose extraordinary perseverance in almost hopeless efforts, discovered and conquered Peru. A hundred and eighty soldiers not only invaded but subdued a vast and populous empire. The difficulties that the enterprise had to contend with at first, were, exposure to the climate, want of food, and extreme fatigue: most of the early adventurers perished. The following extract will shew Pizarro's difficulties:—

"Both he and Almagro perceived the necessity of preventing their followers from keeping up any correspondence with their friends at Panama. They were aware that a representa-

tion of the sufferings they had endured, and of the precariousness of their present situation, would tend to deter other adventurers from joining their fortunes. Almagro, therefore, refused to be attended by any of his followers upon his return to Panama, under pretence that his companions ought to be left in possession of every resource, in order to be prepared for any contingency. He also objected to bearing any letters from his companions, thinking, by this means, to thwart the intentions of the discontented. But, despite of the vigilance of the two chiefs, the desponding portion of their followers succeeded in conveying to their friends a lamentable account of their misfortunes. The manner in which this was contrived appears not destitute of ingenuity. One Saravia sent a representation of their troubles, and of their anxiety to be freed from their present state of thralldom, hidden in a ball of cotton thread, which he sent to a friend, under pretext of having a pair of stockings made. This document concluded with four doggerel lines expressive of their sentiments with regard to their leaders. They were as follows:—

‘Oh governor, incline your ear,
And ponder well our state;
While the butcher lingers here,
The gatherer is gone to bait:’*

alluding to Almagro and Pizarro, who were characterised by those two epithets."

In one of his difficulties, Pizarro had recourse to an action which reminds one somewhat of the classical expedients of antiquity.

"In this emergency, the baffled commander resolved to adopt one of those magnanimous measures, which, by striking the imagination of men, often end in persuading their hearts. Open revolt—perhaps his own death—would be the consequence of the attempt. Pizarro assembled his soldiers, and, drawing his sword, described with it a line on the ground. He then, with a firm demeanour and resolute voice, exclaimed, 'Spaniards! this line is the emblem of hardships, dangers, and constant toil—of innumerable sufferings which are to be sustained in the prosecution of a most glorious enterprise. Let those who consider themselves endowed with sufficient strength and magnanimity—those to whom the renown of a glorious conqueror is dear, boldly pass the line; and as for those who feel themselves unequal to the sacrifice of present ease, for the attainment of future fame and fortune, let them return to Panama with all suitable speed; I myself will remain here, and, with the help of the bravest of my followers, however few they may be, I will prosecute our enterprise; trusting that, with the assistance of God, and by our undaunted perseverance, our efforts will be ultimately crowned with success.' No sooner were these words pronounced, than the soldiers hastened to profit by the invitation they afforded. With unbecoming alacrity, they bent their steps towards the shore, to embark with the utmost expedition, lest the determination of their commander should undergo a change. Only thirteen men had the courage and the noble resolution to pass the line, and declare themselves resolved to adhere faithfully to their chief until death. To this heroic band is owing the discovery and conquest of Peru."

Retribution seems to have visited all the conquerors of Peru. Pizarro himself was murdered; his brother Gonzalo executed; and never was the Scripture threat more completely

* "Pue señor gobernador
Mirelo bien por entero,
Que alla' va el recogedor,
Y aqui queda el carnicero."

fulfilled—"he that lives by the sword shall die by the sword." We will quote their deaths.

"The deportment of Carvajal, during his confinement and trial, was extraordinary. There was a degree not only of indifference, but even of levity and buffoonery, displayed in his conduct, wholly unbecoming a man of such advanced age, and on the point of being thus ignominiously sent into eternity. He was visited in the prison by several individuals; some led by curiosity, others bringing strange requisitions. A tradesman, among others, came to demand the restitution of a great sum of money, and pathetically remonstrated with Carvajal on the danger his soul would incur in a future state, if he neglected to settle his debts before he departed from this world. This strange application, made to a man who had not a coin to call his own, was answered by Carvajal in his usual style of jocularity. 'Friend,' he said, smiling, 'what are you saying about a great debt? the only one with which my conscience reproaches me, is that of a rial, which I owe to an old public-house keeper at Seville: so go your ways, and don't trouble me with such stories.' Carvajal was dragged to the place of execution with ignominy, and underwent his fate with extraordinary coolness, and even indifference. He was hanged the day after his capture, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. His long career of life had been devoted entirely to the profession of arms; so that he possessed consummate knowledge in the art of war. He had served in Italy under Gonzalo de Cordova, and had particularly distinguished himself in the battle of Ravenna, where he fought as an ensign. He may justly be considered as the most experienced and skilful officer that ever appeared on the scene of American conquest; and his superiority in military tactics was universally acknowledged. But he continually stained the lustre which would have attended his valour and abilities, by the ferocity of his conduct. He was of so sanguinary a character, that he inflicted death for the most trifling offences—even for no offence at all, when he considered that the sacrifice of human blood was favourable to his schemes. His rigour with regard to military discipline was carried to such an extreme, as to create a sensation of dread and horror among the independent and lawless adventurers, who had hitherto been accustomed to conduct themselves as best suited their purpose, and without much reference to martial regulations. His name became, therefore, a by-word of terror; and though his severity was attended with beneficial results to the army, by the establishment of military discipline, it is not less true that it induced many to desert. Neither his capture nor death created any sensation of pity or regret; for, though his merits could not but be generally appreciated, he was universally an object of dread or abhorrence."

Gonzalo Pizarro died in a better spirit:—

"He ascended the platform where he was to suffer death, with the greatest firmness and composure, but shewed not the least token of that bravado and indifference which is so often assumed to display a contempt of death, but which, instead of impressing the beholders with sentiments of admiration, naturally creates feelings of horror and disgust. Pizarro advanced to the border of the platform, and cast a look upon the surrounding multitude, when he appeared desirous of addressing. Indeed, in this motley crowd were many of his brave veterans, companions in his perilous expeditions, and partakers of his glory and disasters.

Pizarro then, in a loud, clear, and collected voice, said, 'It is well known to you, that this empire, in which I am about to suffer death, was conquered by my brothers and myself. Many of you here present are indebted for the wealth you possess, either in Indians or lands, to the gift of my brother the marquis, or myself. Many there are, also, who have experienced repeated tokens of personal kindness; and others who, on account of a long companionship in trouble and peril, glory and adventure, ought to hear the name of Pizarro with some degree of regard. To all these I now make known my poverty. I die in extreme indigence; so poor, indeed, that the very dress in which I am attired, is to become, according to law, the property of the executioner who is to sever my head from my body. I die, therefore, without the smallest means of defraying the expenses of my burial, or obtaining the aid of those prayers and masses necessary for the repose of my soul. I beseech you, then, as friends and Christians, to help me with your charity, and to do that after my death which my utter destitution prevents me from securing in life. I die a Christian; and through the merits of our Saviour, and your prayers and charity, I hope for the remission of my offences.' This address, delivered in an impressive tone and manner, created a deep sensation among the assembled multitude. Groans and sighs were heard on every side, and tokens of sincere sorrow displayed in the looks of the greater number of the spectators of the tragic scene. The head of Gonzalo Pizarro was then cut off with a single stroke. It was afterwards carried, together with that of Carvajal, to Lima, where they were placed in iron cages in the public square. His houses at Cuzco were rased to the ground, and a pillar erected on the spot, on which was the following inscription:—'This was the property of the traitor Gonzalo Pizarro.' His mortal remains were interred in the convent of the Lady of Mercies at Cuzco, where lay the bodies of the two Amagros. They displayed thus a striking similarity in their lot, all three having been warriors and conquerors of Peru—all beheaded at Cuzco—and being now all united in one grave."

We look upon both this volume and its predecessor as very delightful specimens of biography. The material has been collected with much industry, and arranged with great spirit. One fault of style, and that a grave one, the author has fallen into: why does he, in his introduction, use French words? Surely inspection is as good a word as *surveillance*, and *retinue* expresses his meaning as well as *corlège*.

The Way of the World. By the Author of "De Lisle," and "The Trials of Life." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. E. Bull.

WE prefer this to the author's former works. It has not the lengthened period of time, and the multiplicity of actors, which weakened the interest of *Herbert de Lisle*; neither has it the mistaken but decidedly immoral tendency of *The Trials of Life*. An amusing story displays some good and original drawing of character. Lady Maddalena is a true and well-wrought sketch; so is Sir Henry Daverout; and few (and those very fortunate) will deny the reality of Lady de Verney. As we think this writer excels in her personal sketches, we will give a specimen of her talents for mental analysis. The contrast between Lady Maddalena and her niece is very well drawn.

"Not for herself did Lady Maddalena hope or fear. Her lot in life was cast; and though

still young and strikingly handsome, her mind had, from nature, education, and circumstances, become so schooled, that her sensibilities were seldom awakened by any thought of herself. Every affectionate impulse of her heart, all the powers of her well-regulated and cultivated understanding, were devoted to her child—as she fondly called Emmeline. As a child she considered and treated her, partly upon system, and partly from a conviction that her sentiments were more unformed and infantine than is commonly the case with girls at sixteen. The lovely orphan looked up to her aunt with reverence for her virtues, admiration of her talents, and heart-felt gratitude for the uniform kindness and protection she had received at her hands from the earliest dawn of her recollection. She loved her tenderly, and would have loved her more, but that a feeling of awe, amounting almost to fear, mingled with the regard she bore towards her. Under the dark eye of Lady Maddalena her timid glance sank; ever fearing to offend, she often lacked the energy necessary to attempt pleasing. From the slightest imputation of blame her gentle and sensitive nature recoiled. The coldness of her aunt's manner chilled and repressed those warmer feelings that would spring from the heart of Emmeline whenever she met with some proof of Lady Maddalena's affection; and frequent were those proofs, and deeply did they sink on the mind of the orphan, claiming from her the most implicit deference, the most unqualified submission. Yet she was still a child, and likely to be long considered as one by Lady Maddalena, who was so completely her opposite in character, that it was scarcely to be expected that they should ever comprehend one another. Whilst the one looked on every passing object in sober sadness, sighing o'er the past, fearing to sigh o'er the future, and reasoning on the present; the other, just bursting into life and happiness, painted each scene with the warm colouring of hope and joy, gilding her horizon with the bright visions, the vivid fancy, the enthusiastic feelings, of early youth. To the delighted mind all things are delightful. As the body by its own warmth creates its peculiar atmosphere, so does the mind by its own power form a surrounding cloud, through the medium of which we discern things, not indeed as they really are, but as it suits us to imagine them. To few people did this mental atmosphere give so little trouble as to Lady Maddalena. Calm and steady, she was devoid of enthusiasm, and destitute of sensibility. Incredulous and reserved, it was difficult to deceive, and scarcely possible to irritate her. Her attachments were few, but strong, and hardly to be shaken. Her mind was noble, comprehensive, and liberal; neither to be warped by affection, nor seduced by flattery. To the world she appeared a beautiful statue, on whose cold, unchanging countenance neither displeasure nor tenderness could be traced. Her very smile expressed neither joy nor love, but simple approbation, and sometimes mingled compassion and contempt: the former, however, was a principle, as well as an almost habitual feeling; while the latter was merely an evanescent idea, excited by the sudden appearance of vice or folly. Unaccustomed to meet with sympathy, she had learnt early neither to require nor to value it. Solely occupied with her young charge, she never betrayed her solicitude by word or manner, but her actions were all marked by the fondest and tenderest discharge of the duties she had imposed on herself. She used no endearing epithets, no fond caresses, no tender admo-

nitions; her language was simple, concise, and characteristic, alike free from false sentiment or exaggeration; her voice clear and impressive, but equally destitute of flexibility or pathos; her features—bold, regular, and in perfect drawing—were striking, but not attractive: brilliant, but not captivating."

There is much nice discrimination in the following distinction: "Lady Maddalena had much judgment, but little penetration."

There are three other tales, one of which is founded on the romantic and melancholy story of Lady Grange, whose husband confined her for years, secretly, in one of the Hebrides.

Lord Byron's Cain, a Mystery; with Notes, wherein the Religion of the Bible is considered in reference to acknowledged Philosophy and Reason. By Harding Grant, author of "Chancery Practice." London, 1830. Crofts.

WHEN Lord Byron's fancy was sketching the drama of *Cain*, little did he dream that he was composing a metaphysical treatise, and, least of all, a system of theology. Had he anticipated that, after the lapse of some eight or ten years, it was fated to become the subject of an examination so formidable, doubtless he would have modified his plan, and restrained the exuberance of his fancy. In that case, what his work would have lost in poetry it would have gained in argument, and thus his readers have obtained an abundant recompense. But genius and talent are not always under the control of wisdom, nor necessarily made subservient to the interests of virtue. Sometimes the most splendid endowments have been employed, not to promote the best interests of mankind, but to seduce and enslave the human passions and sensualise the mind. We certainly are not apologists for those writers, however distinguished their powers, whose ambition for popularity, or rage for eccentricity, induces them to minister to the mere gratification of their readers, regardless of the moral influence of their principles: nor do we deem it either right or fair to employ works of imagination as the means of unsettling the faith, or weakening the best hopes, of mankind. If Lord Byron really entertained those sentiments, which he has chosen to invest with the splendours of his exalted genius, he would have acted a juster and a nobler part, had he, instead of exhibiting them in a poetical form, and in a mode which necessarily precluded reply, condescended to grapple in manly pose with those master-minds who have investigated with acknowledged ability the various subjects of his "mystery." No doubt his lordship anticipated considerable notice, and even reprehension; but certainly not exactly of the nature of these elaborate and copious annotations. It is difficult to characterise Mr. Grant's work, nor shall we attempt to follow him in his various theories. Giving him entire credit for the rectitude of his intentions, we must yet be permitted to doubt, whether advocates of his peculiar views are likely to be the most successful opponents of the philosophical scepticism of such men as Lord Byron. Calvinism is undoubtedly not the ground on which we should choose to contend, either for the religion of the Bible, or "acknowledged philosophy and reason."

The writer of the Notes seems to have proceeded much after the fashion of certain German commentators, through whose leaves the text of the author flows like a scanty stream, amid abounding margin and more abounding notes, while pages of annotation illustrate or

darken a few fated lines of the original, and in many a passage the relentless pursuer assails the same phantoms, or slays once and again the slain. Hence, the matter being so miscellaneous distributed, the same positions so frequently repeated, the meaning becomes difficult of discovery, and it is of course still more difficult to make out a consistent hypothesis. This *copia verborum*, these intricacies of thought, and this multiplicity of words, will forcibly remind the reader of the witty illustration which occurs in Tucker's "Light of Nature." A formal old gentleman, finding his horse uneasy under the saddle, alighted, and called to his servant in the following manner: "Tom, take off the saddle on my bay horse, and lay it upon the ground; then take the saddle from thy grey horse, and put it upon my bay horse; lastly, put the other saddle upon thy grey horse." The fellow gaped all the while at this long preachment, and at last cried out, "Lack-a-day, sir, could you not have said at once, change the saddles?"

Many points which are discussed at large in the Notes seem not to have called for the direct consideration which they there receive, especially the grosser blasphemies of Lucifer, which, as they instantly disgust all well-regulated minds, are utterly poisonless and innocuous. The half-hinted objections and scarce-whispered doubts,—these are, in our opinion, the true dangers of the "mystery." Reduce the semblance to reality, embody the shadow, and the foe is palpable—the victory secure.

According to Mr. Grant's mode of reasoning, we are not likely to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion upon any subject. Sometimes he assumes the language of a philosopher, and sometimes of a divine; and he not unfrequently so mixes up his discussions, that the reader finds the utmost difficulty in ascertaining whether he has arrived at his conclusions by the legitimate deductions of reason, or by the authority of revelation. These ought certainly not to be confounded with one another. As a specimen of his metaphysical creed, we subjoin the close of the note on the origin of evil.

"Upon the whole of this subject," he says, "I would reduce it to three or four principles. First, that God is a sovereign in the highest sense; a moral governor also; the sole creator and ordainer of all existences, with all their moral capacities and qualities: that he is all wise, all powerful, and all good, and therefore cannot err, nor can do nor permit pure essential evil. Second,—that under such government no pure essential evil, moral or physical, can be in creation; all is, and cannot but be, essentially and absolutely good. Third,—that man is, as in Scripture declared, and in all right reason, and therefore justly, responsible and punishable for sin, because he sins voluntarily. Fourth,—that the term 'the author of sin' is unfounded in Scripture, and illogical. There can be no 'author of sin' in the abstract. Is it not ever desirable to hold important truths without unscriptural hesitation, and to escape from wrong or incorrect impressions or persuasions? It appears also to me, that to deny God's sovereignty and indisputable and absolute right over his creatures, accompanied too as that right is by unerring wisdom and infinite goodness, is to deny his essential nature and attributes; and to do that, is to deny God. The consistency of considering the Almighty as the author of all intelligent creatures, with all their moral liabilities, on the

one hand, and yet man as responsible for his, on the other, is precisely that consistency which Dr. Copplestone advocates for the doctrines of predestination and free-will; which, however apparently inconsistent, he declares to be the doctrine of God's word, as well as of the establishment of which he is now a dignitary."

This, it will be acknowledged, is a curious, though by no means a novel, method of removing those mountains, which have perplexed, if not confounded, the most powerful minds. If Mr. Grant had confined himself to the absolute denial of the existence of what he calls "pure essential evil," and demonstrated that he has so unequivocally asserted, that "all is, and cannot but be, essentially and absolutely good," he would have saved himself and his readers an immensity of trouble. As to what he and others of his school have said about the sovereignty of God, he is merely fighting with a shadow. That sovereignty is not questioned. It is only the nature of it which constitutes the subject of inquiry. It is by no means fair to ascribe certain acts to the Supreme Ruler, and when an objection is urged, to say, God is a sovereign, and has a right to do whatever he pleases. The grand question is, What will a Being of infinite perfection please to do? and, whether the sovereignty of such a Being is not an infinitely wise, and just, and gracious sovereignty? Some of our best philosophers and ablest divines have, and some think successfully, contested the very principles which this writer has so confidently laid down.

But, again, we would protest against the repeated and needless introduction of a class of phrases, which, however intelligible to a certain school, yet, in a work intended for a wider circulation, will be, with many, a sufficient bar to an impartial investigation of the subjects of his disquisitions. The frequent use of such language has, if we mistake not, very much injured the cause of religion, and even ministered aid to the shafts of infidel ridicule. Such expressions, however *φωσφάντα συντασιον*, as Pindar has it; yet, to very many persons, it may be truly added, *εμπρησιν χαπιζου*,—and in a work professing to consider the religion of the Bible "in reference to acknowledged philosophy and reason," they are peculiarly inappropriate. One is too apt, at times, to imagine, when they flow from the lips of a reasoner, that they only come to aid a deficient argument. At all events, it is highly objectionable to introduce, in the guise either of acknowledged philosophy or reason, notions (whether correct or incorrect, it is not our province to determine,) which are merely the views of individuals, or the dogmas of a party.

The Geographical System of Herodotus examined and explained, &c. &c. &c. By Major James Rennell. Second edition, revised. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. circ. 1000. London, 1830. Rivingtons.

RENNELL'S Geography of Herodotus must ever continue to be an important standard work in English literature; and we are much gratified with this revised edition of it, for which we are indebted to the filial piety of his daughter Mrs. Rodd. It is handsomely produced, with the maps well engraved, and a characteristic portrait; and yet at a very moderate price. To speak now of the extraordinary value of Herodotus as an ancient geographer, or of the lights thrown upon his labours by the able labours of Major Rennell, would be an absurdity. Both are acknowledged to their full extent by every scholar and critic. We have therefore simply to notice the appearance

of this excellent publication in its improved state; and to mention, that a memoir on the general currents in the Atlantic Ocean, accompanied by a series of charts shewing their force and direction; and also a work on the ancient and modern geography of certain parts of Asia, with twelve maps, found among Major Rennell's papers—are preparing for the press, the former under the patronage of the King.

History of the War of Independence in Greece. By Thomas Keightley, Esq., author of "Fairy Mythology," &c. Vols. I. and II. *Constable's Miscellany, Vols. LX. and LXI.* Edinburgh, 1830, Constable and Co.; London, Hurst, Chance, and Co.

MUCH of novelty could not be expected from a work whose material was to be gleaned from recent publications, still fresh upon the public mind. Mr. Keightley has some high-flown liberty notions, and has gone so far into the romance of modern Grecian history, that we can scarcely consider his performance in any other light than an interesting and spirited oriental tale, though certainly founded on very considerable research.

Classic Cullings and Fugitive Gatherings. By an Experienced Editor. pp. 304. London, 1831, Arnold, Longman, Whittaker, Simpkin; Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd.

OUR "experienced Editor" has learnt the advantages of variety in his experience. The volume before us contains a little of every thing. Sense and nonsense, sentiment and wit, pathos and merriment, short passages from different authors, a stock of anecdote, and a number of *bons-mots*. It is an agreeable miscellany, best characterised in the words of Shakespeare: "He has been at a great feast of languages, and stolen all the scraps."

The Life of Bruce, the African Traveller. By Major B. Head. *Murray's Family Library, Vol. XVII.* 12mo. pp. 535. London, 1830. Murray.

WE do not know whether this volume has not delighted us fully as much as any publication of the class to which it is so great an ornament. To have the spirit of Bruce's five ill-treated and not very generally read volumes compressed within one small tome, with a portrait and map, for five shillings, is a grateful offering. The interest of the narrative, the manly defence of the calumniated author, and the corroboration of his statements from later travellers and writers, impart an uncommon value to this really most charming work; and we cordially recommend it to every reader, whether young or old, whether for amusement or instruction.

The East India Magazine, or Monthly Register for British India, China, &c. London, 1830. Alexander; Simpkin and Marshall; Gilbert and Piper.

A NEW contemporary; and one addressed to a subject which we have long wondered should have been suffered to remain in obscurity. When we look at the vast importance of India, and consider the influence of the press, we must indeed be surprised at the supineness which has left all the great questions now about to be agitated respecting the administration of that empire, to be *impressed* upon the public mind in the shapes and forms which chance or competition dictated. The immense stake, if worth playing for, was surely worth the trouble of being fairly argued.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. XIII. The Western World; Vol. I. The United States. 12mo. pp. 344. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

THE present volume of Dr. Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopaedia* commences the history of the Western World: this, in a concise and connected form, was much wanted. The necessary matter for such a work has been, in the present instance, diligently collected, and perspicuously arranged. The volume is written in a plain and pleasing style, and is altogether well calculated to win and retain the attention of the mind, and repay it with solid information. We must defer our illustrations till next week.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

ON Thursday afternoon a very interesting meeting of this Society took place in one of the museum rooms, Bruton Street; J. E. Bichenor, Esq. in the chair. Mr. Vigors read a brief but satisfactory report; which shewed that, during the gloomy month of November, 8676 persons had visited the gardens;—that the Society's receipts during the same period (including a balance brought forward) was 2023*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*; and the expenditure 953*l.* From another report, also read by Mr. Vigors, we learned that the whole of his Majesty's collection had been removed from the menagerie at Sand-pit Gate, Windsor, and was now in the Society's possession;—that a committee of science and correspondence, comprising eleven individuals, had been formed, by which means a friendly intercourse with the learned bodies of the continent and foreign parts might be cultivated, thereby facilitating the spread of the knowledge of comparative anatomy and animal physiology. A warm tribute of thanks was paid to Captain King and Major Franklin; to the latter, for his collection of birds from the Himalaya Mountains, the Society and science in general would feel much indebted:—of these birds, Mr. Vigors pleasantly observed, that they were alive on the Himalaya Mountains eight months ago, they arrived in England five weeks since, and were now placed on the Society's table, accompanied by accurately coloured figures, life-size. These birds have heretofore, we believe, been strangers in England; their form and plumage are exceedingly beautiful. The report further noticed a collection of American quails (*genus ortyx*)—a group analogous to the partridge of the old world: of this bird only four species were lately known; now there are eleven, four of which were introduced to science by the Zoological Society.

Lord Kinnoul, Lord De Tabley, Colonel Fitzclarence, and a number of other individuals distinguished for rank and science, were balloted for, and elected.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

EARL STANHOPE in the chair. A list of valuable donations connected with medical botany, made to the Society by sundry distinguished individuals, was read. Letters were also read from Mr. Lockhart, of St. Ann's, West Indies, containing observations on the bark of the *Cantaria speciosa*, which is found to be of great use in disordered stomachs, acting both as emetic and cathartic; it is much esteemed by those of the old French families resident on the island, who are acquainted with its worth:—from Dr. W. Hamilton, of Plymouth, stating, upon the authority of Mr. Macfadyn, a botanist and medical

practitioner of some consideration at Jamaica, that it was probable the milky juice of the *Calotropis gigantea*, diluted with mucilage, would prove a useful application in cases of chronic ophthalmia: it appears that Mr. Macfadyn had applied it successfully in cases of ulcers of the palate; he recommends its trial in cases of aphthae in children:—from P. J. Brown, Esq., of Thun, canton of Bern, communicating some interesting particulars relative to the use of the leaves of the walnut tree, for the more rapidly dispersing of milk in females. Dr. Sigmond read a paper descriptive of certain valuable seeds, presented by Sir J. Macgrigor.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY: ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

ON Tuesday we were present at the anniversary meeting of this learned body, which has lately acquired a kind of "untoward" popularity. The attendance of the fellows was unprecedentedly numerous; and we noticed amongst them many of the chief scientific Englishmen of the day; and also several fellows of high rank and distinction. The Archbishop of Canterbury was an attentive auditor. At 11 o'clock, Davies Gilbert, Esq. took the chair; before him was placed the splendid mace* of the Society. The president then rose, and delivered his annual speech. He began by adverting, in feeling and appropriate language, to the loss of eminent persons sustained by the Society since the last anniversary: the list of these embraced the names of the Duke of Atholl; Sir Frederick F. Baker; Sir Richard Brooke; Nicholas Browne, Esq.; Henry Browne, Esq.; Richard Chenevix, Esq.; Lieut.-Col. Cocks; Sir R. T. Farquhar; Jeremiah Ives, Esq.; Sir T. Lawrence; Lieut.-Col. Mackenzie; Sir C. M. Pole; Sir Lucas Pepys; Lord Redesdale; Major Rennell; Dr. Shackelford; James Smithson, Esq.; Edmund Turner, Esq.; the Rev. Stephen Weston; Sir Robert Wigram; and Sir F. Barmard. The worthy president characterised these as individuals of great distinction, of extensive acquirements, and of splendid talents, whose loss would long be remembered, not only in the walks of science, but in the more familiar society of the fellows. He then detailed, in glowing terms, several particulars of the life of Major Rennell, an officer frequently introduced to the notice of the readers of the *Literary Gazette* in his lifetime: of his works, that on the Geography of Africa, his Atlas of Bengal, his Map of the Mogul empire, and several others, have gained him a name honourable in science. With a vigour of intellect that reminded classical readers of the greatest of the Roman censors, Major Rennell, after he had passed a mature age, gained a knowledge of Greek, sufficient to enable him to consult with advantage the early writers in that language. His Geographical System of Herodotus, including the expedition of Darius Hystaspes to Scythia, the site of Babylon, the Temple of Jupiter Ammon—a dissertation on the locality of Troy, &c., were the fruits of this acquirement in his later years. Next in

* As the gilding of this ensign of royalty forms one of Sir James South's charges against the Society, we may here observe, that the mace itself is of silver, about 4 feet in length, and very massive: it was some time ago gilded, the expense of which was 20*l.* It is the same which was in use, time out of mind, in the House of Commons, and to which Cromwell, when he dissolved the Long Parliament, alluded in the words, "Take away that bauble!" Shortly after, it was presented to the Royal Society by Charles II.; being superseded at the House of Commons by the one now borne by Col. Seymour, the sergeant-at-arms.

order, the president alluded to Chenevix, a name long known to all our scientific readers, as being identified with chemistry. On Mr. Smithson, the president was very eloquent; it appeared they had studied together at Oxford; and the friendship of youth grew with their growth. Chemistry was also Smithson's favourite pursuit; a list of his papers on this most interesting subject, was read: many of these, we believe, have been given, under the head of the Royal Society, in the *Literary Gazette*. An anecdote related of him by the president in his speech, we shall attempt to narrate as closely as possible. Smithson happened once to observe a tear gliding down a lady's cheek; he endeavoured to catch it on a crystal—one half of the drop escaped; he preserved the other however, submitted it to re-agents, and detected what was then called *microcosmic*—salt, with muriate of soda, and three or four more saline substances, held in solution. Mr. Browne, Lieut.-Col. Mackenzie, Sir Lucas Pepys, and his Grace the Duke of Atholl, were severally alluded to by the president; the latter was a warm patron of science, especially that most important, interesting, and improving branch, geology, which, though its birth-place was the Continent, had been fostered by Dr. Hutton in this country. The patronage of his grace, and the facilities for prosecuting the study of geology which his extensive domain presented, both of which were bestowed by him on the well-known geologist, McCulloch, were very happily characterised. After paying a warm, but merited, panegyric to the memory of Sir Thomas Lawrence, the president concluded, by stating that he was not aware of the death of any of the foreign members having taken place during the past year. He then announced, that the royal medal had been awarded to Dr. Brewster, for various communications on light; many of which we have published in the *Literary Gazette*, from time to time, during the past session. The other royal medal had been awarded to M. Balard, of Montpellier, for his recent discovery in springs of *brôme*, so called from the motion of the sea, and its peculiar odour. The Copley and Rumford medals were not awarded.

At the close of the address, a new council was balloted for. The election fell upon the Duke of Sussex,* Sir Robert Peel,† Lord Melville, Sir George Murray, Sir Astley Cooper,† Col. Fitzclarence,* Messrs. Barrow,* Cavenish,* Children,* Lubbock,* Peacock,* Vigors,* Barlow, Ellis, Faraday, Gilbert, Capts. Kater, Philip, Pond, Rennie, and Dr. Roget. Those marked thus * are new members—the others were of the last council.

A ballot for president, treasurer, and secretaries, then took place: for the former office there were only two candidates—H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex and Mr. Herschel the astronomer: the result of the ballot was—

For H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex	119
For Mr. Herschel	111

8†

Mr. Lubbock was elected treasurer, and Dr. Roget and Mr. Children were chosen secretaries. It was then resolved that a deputation of the fellows should wait upon his royal highness, and communicate the result of the election; after which Mr. Gilbert briefly thanked the Society for the attention shewn to him during the three years of his presidency: he then vacated the chair, shaking hands in the most cordial manner with those around him.

† There is some confusion afloat touching the mode of the ballot; but, in effect, it appears to have been to decide this question.

In the evening forty or fifty of the fellows dined together, as is customary on these occasions.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THE Earl of Aberdeen, president, in the chair.—The reading of the Rev. J. Skinner's letters to Sir. R. C. Hoare, "on the site of the Roman station of Camelodunum," was resumed: this portion of the letters comprised a critical collation of the account of Tacitus with those of other ancient authors.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

AT the meeting of Wednesday, Nov. 17, an important antiquarian restoration was presented by Isaac Cullimore, Esq.; being a delineation of the lost fragment of the celebrated chronological tablet of Abydos,—the great regulator of (and, with the Rosetta inscription, the key to) the hieroglyphic history and discoveries. The drawing was accommodated to the copy of the tablet published in the Society's fasciculi of Hieroglyphics.

By this restoration, which Mr. Cullimore has drawn exclusively from British discoveries, the authentic monumental records of Egypt are raised considerably higher than the point of time to which they have hitherto been supposed to ascend; in consequence of which, several of the ancient Pharaohs, and various inscriptions, which have been heretofore without a place in history, may now be referred to their proper ages; and the connexion between the hieroglyphic records and the annals of inspiration may be drawn still closer. To this interesting subject we shall take another opportunity of advertizing.

A portion was likewise read of Professor Lee's learned "Observations on the origin of Heathenism." In this part of his able dissertation, the professor shews that the religious system of the ancient Persians was substantially the same as that held by the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Greeks, and to a great extent identical with that now taught by the followers of Buddh and Brahma:—the foundation of them all being the system of emanations, derived from the principles of revelation, corrupted by tradition and by the inventions of a fanciful philosophy.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

THE completion of the buildings of this Institution is proceeding with great rapidity; and the builder, so far as we can judge from a transient inspection, appears to us to be acquitting himself most efficiently of the task entrusted to him. Very little now remains to complete the roofing of the College; and we are told, that in another week it will be entirely covered in: so that no delay whatever will occur in proceeding with the internal fittings during the ensuing winter. When the great object of preparing this establishment for the final reception of students has been accomplished, we understand that no time will be lost in completing the eastern wing of the river front of Somerset House, in harmony with Sir W. Chambers' original design; and within this wing will be the residence of the principal, and other officers connected with the higher and lower departments. We believe our readers are not generally aware, that his present Majesty, within a very short period after his accession, was pleased to take the College under his special patronage; and under such auspices as these, we are not surprised to learn that some valuable donations have been presented to it. Among the benefactors who

have thus evinced their sense of the deep importance of keeping education inseparably connected with religious instruction, we have heard that respected individual Sir Henry Halford mentioned, as having lately placed a valuable cabinet of materia medica at the disposal of the council. In the list of appointments recently made we were pleased to observe the name of James Rennie, Esq., (the admired author of "Insect Architecture,") as professor of natural history.

LITERARY MANŒUVERING.

A GLASGOW newspaper, called the *Scots Times*, has been sent to us, we presume from its containing an article under the above title; which, after referring in no very fair spirit to our honest and independent exposure respecting the palming of the old novel of *Self Indulgence* upon the public as the new novel of *Separation*, offers to pioneer us to similar acts of literary fraud. "But we stipulate beforehand," (says the writer, *improperly* naming an individual as editor of the *Literary Gazette*) "that he is to grant no quarter; for we shall not bring him in contact with females, nor indeed with any writer who deserves mercy." To the editor of the *Scots Times* (whoever he may be) we will simply say, that no syllable ever seen in the *Literary Gazette* can have given him the right to insinuate a suspicion that it ever shrank from its public duty, or was ever induced, either by partiality or dislike, to swerve one iota from the straight-forward line of just, but, we trust, at the same time, of gentlemanlike criticism. Its object was at its outset, and always has been, to foster the literature, fine arts, and science, of the country; with which its editor never could conceive that the persons, personal affairs, or supposed motives of publishers, authors, artists, or men employed in scientific researches, could have any thing to do. It has therefore contented itself with the most earnest pursuit of information; and what it has acquired, it has freely, candidly, and with the most fearless adherence to truth, laid before its readers. By this means it has taken a very important station, and that station it is not inclined to lose by deviating from the honourable course which has led to it. We now quote the case as alleged by the Glasgow editor.

"The first delinquent, then, that we introduce is no other than the author of *Sayings and Doings*! Mr. Colburn six years ago published this novel in three goodly volumes, for which he charged the good-natured public three half-guineas. Of these three volumes, containing about 1050 pages, 600 pages, or nearly two-thirds, are occupied by the story of "Merton"—a good story, perhaps,—at least a story well praised by the critics. But another story, which, like Lady Charlotte Bury's, was published twenty years ago, *i. e.* in 1808, is to be found in three thin volumes under the title of *The Man of Sorrow*, and said to be from the pen of Alfred Alledale, Esq. Now, if the editor of the *Literary Gazette* will compare this story with "Merton" he will find a few verbal alterations, and, of course, new names to the heroes in the latter; but in every other respect a complete similarity—in other words, the *Man of Sorrow* of 1808 is nearly the "Merton" of 1824! He may begin the comparison at the top of page 106, Vol. II. of *Sayings and Doings*, and at the middle of page 41, Vol. I. of the *Man of Sorrow*; and, to lessen his labour as much as possible, we may furnish him with the following key:—Mr. Savage of the latter is Mr. Felton of the former—Merton is Mr. Musgrave—the heroine Fanny Meadows is Miss Vincent—and of course, the active plotting mother in "Merton," Mrs. Meadows, is Mrs. Vincent of the *Man of Sorrow*."

Having given place to this, it would be gross injustice in us were we either to allow its accuracy, or that it resembled Lady C. Bury's case, or that the writer's inferences were well founded. On the contrary, the indifferent novel of the *Man of Sorrow*, published by Mr. Hook when in his teens, and probably very little circulated, served the author of "Merton" for nothing more than the thread of a good

story, which he entirely re-wrote, and compressed into a much smaller compass, as one of the series of tales in *Sayings and Doings*. For our parts, jealous as we are of imposition, we can see nothing to censure in this natural transaction.

FINE ARTS.

ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

ON Wednesday, we had the pleasure of attending the second meeting of this very pleasant society. A variety of works of art were, as usual, laid upon the tables, or scattered around the room,—a considerable proportion of them being the productions of the members. Among them the following attracted much attention: an exquisite drawing in water-colours, by J. W. Wright, describing the scene in which the old nurse details to Lucy Ashton the evil portents that attend the heir of Ravenswood; it is a picture which would form a capital illustration to the Waverley Novels, and combines the finish of the old Dutch masters with the grace of Watteau. Mr. Frederick Nash exhibited a large series of drawings made during a recent tour in France, including some delightful subjects of ancient buildings at Tours, Angiers, and Nantes. Mr. H. Behnes Burlowe sent his two busts of Sir William Ouseley and the Rev. Dr. Styles; and they afforded satisfactory proof that this sculptor is destined, at no very distant period, to hold a foremost rank in his profession. A bust in *terra cotta*, by Robbilliac, of old Jonathan Tyers, his earliest patron, and also the patron of Handel and Hogarth, was lent to the society by the Rev. Dr. Barrett, the grandson of Mr. Tyers, who inherited from him the gardens of Vauxhall, of which he was the original proprietor. Buckingham's noble picture of Henry III. of France, surrounded by his favourite birds and monkeys, receiving Don John of Austria, was also in the room; as well as a delicious sketch of Venice by this lamented artist. Two extraordinary models in ivory of the Lords Lyndhurst and Brougham, said to be the productions of journeyman workers in ivory, were remarkable for skill of execution and fidelity of likeness.—Mr. Knight's painting of two old men pledging each other in the "brimming glass" was admired universally; it possesses high excellence, and must greatly raise the reputation of this promising young artist. Three studies by Wood, finely drawn and coloured—a small painting by Leslie—two drawings by Barrett—one by Stanfield—a picture by Etty of "Guardian Angels"—a drawing of "Florence" by Turner—a miniature by Holmes—a drawing of peculiar power and beauty by Cattermole—a portrait, and an exquisite sketch of two children, by Boxall—with several works from the pencils of the old masters, completed the more prominent parts of the collection. There were also several fine prints, not yet published, submitted by Messrs. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

The artists to whom we were indebted for exhibiting their own works are, Mr. Stanfield, Mr. Wright, Mr. Boxall, Mr. H. Behnes Burlowe, Mr. Wood, Mr. A. Clint, Mr. S. Clint (who produced an exquisitely executed medal of the late President of the Royal Academy), and Mr. Shaw, whose Illuminated Ornaments from Missals and Manuscripts of the Middle Ages excited great attention, and were much admired.

We hope our notice of the next meeting will contain a greater number of the names of members who personally exert themselves to contribute to the enjoyment of the evening.

It is only by exertions of this description they can hope to increase the interest, and add to the value, of the Artists' and Amateurs' Conversazione.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Sketches in Italy. No. I. Drawn on stone by W. Linton, as Fac-similes of his Sketches made during his Tour in the years 1823 and 1829. London: published by the Author; Moon, Boys, and Graves; Colnaghi and Son; and Rodwell.

THIS superb and interesting work is dedicated, by permission, to his most gracious Majesty William the Fourth; and, from its style and character, is in every respect worthy of the patronage it has obtained. Our eye has, of late, been so accustomed to look on the gem-like and laboured productions of the burin, that a variety like the work before us, comes with a refreshing influence. In the facile and efficient sketches of the artist we wander "fancy free," and may be said to enjoy with him the pleasures of his tour. To the artist, and the lovers of art, sketches have a charm, in many instances, beyond that of more finished productions. In the latter, it often happens that, instead of embracing the spirit and character of the view, the attention is called off to admire the technical skill of the lines, and the beauty of the execution; whereas fac-similes, like those of Mr. Linton, leave the imagination at liberty to embody the scene, and colour it at pleasure. No. I. of this splendid work contains views of Otricoli, Veji, Lugano, San Martino, Il Lago Maggiore, Vale of Terni, Tivoli, and Subiaco. Views of Italian scenery are to the painter of landscape what the antique statues are to the student of historical art; they imbue his mind with exalted perceptions, and give to the most ordinary forms, or the most familiar scenes of his pencil, without departing from truth, a character of excellence, which, without such aid, they would seldom, if ever, possess. The world of art is, therefore, highly indebted to the industry and talent which have brought forward a selection like the present, in which fresh ground has been entered upon, and novelty has been added to variety,—two of the most essential qualities that art can boast. The work is accompanied with descriptive references, and is to be completed in twelve numbers; and no expense appears to have been spared in paper, typography, or other matters connected with getting up a publication justly deserving general encouragement and patronage.

Gems of Beauty; or, Studies from Nature; comprising Fruit, Flowers, &c. Part II. Wright.

AN unassuming but pleasing little publication. The plate in the present Number, of "the King of the Pippins," makes our mouth water. For the introduction of this beautiful apple, which ripens in November, and remains in a high state of preservation until January, the public are indebted to Mr. Kirke, of Brompton.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

EARLY DEATH.

Quem Deus amat, moritur adolescens.

If it be sad to mark the bow'd with age
Sink in the halls of the remorseless tomb,
Closing the changes of life's pilgrimage
In the still darkness of its mouldering gloom;
—Oh what a shadow o'er the heart is flung,
When peals the requiem of the loved and
young!

They to whose bosoms, like the dawn of spring
To the unfolding bud and scented rose,
Comes the pure freshness age can never bring—
The spirit, joyous in its rich repose:
How shall we lay them in their final rest—
How pile the clouds upon their wasting breast?

Life openeth brightly to their ardent gaze—
A glorious pomp sits on the gorgeous sky,
O'er the broad world Hope's smile incessant
plays,

And scenes of beauty win the enchanted eye:
—How sad to break the vision, and to fold
Each lifeless form in earth's embracing mould!

Yet this is Life! To mark, from day to day,
Youth, in the freshness of its morning prime,
Pass, like the anthem of a breeze, away—
Sinking in waves of Death, ere chill'd by
Time!

Ere yet dark years on the warm cheek had shed
Autumnal mildew o'er its rose-like red!

And yet what mourner, though the pensive eye
Be dimly thoughtful in its lava tears,
But should with rapture gaze upon the sky
Through whose far depths the spirit's wing
careers?

There gleams eternal o'er their ways are flung,
Who fade from earth while yet their years are
young!

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Philadelphia, Oct. 1830.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

MISS HUDDART has played *Constance*, as we anticipated, better than she played *Belvidera*; but not well enough to support herself in the rank to which those characters pertain. She must subside to the *Meg Merrilies* and the *Helen Macgregors*; and even then she will suffer by comparison with Mrs. Faucit, who, if she have less power, has more judgment, more taste, and is every way a more agreeable performer. Macready, in *John*, was somewhat unequal; occasionally too colloquial, sometimes grand and impressive.* The play was very badly got up; as, indeed, all Shakspeare's are at this theatre. Mr. Cooper, both in *Henry IV.* and in *King John*, has managed to be correctly and picturesquely attired; but the "lords and gentlemen," generally, are sadly in want of decent clothing. The old and hateful system of introducing songs into established operas is again raging, in spite of every sensible critic's repeated reprobation. In *Masaniello*, the other evening, Miss Pearson was advertised to introduce "Even as the sun," composed by Mr. Horn. In *John of Paris*, Mrs. Wavlett sings "The soldier's tear," and "Come where the aspens quiver;" and Miss Pearson "La rose d'amour." In the *National Guard*, we have Bishop's "Tell me, my heart," from the opera of *Henri Quatre*, in lieu of Auber's original lovely ballad; and in *Hofers*, the characteristic ballad of "Beautiful war" is rejected for a Swiss air, from the portfolio of Mad. Stockhausen. Is it to be wondered that the house does not fill? Where is the use of leaving one's fire-side, to hear an opera of Rossini, Auber, or Boileudieu, when almost every body's music is sung except the original composer's? The whole of the songs we have mentioned are excellent in their places, but ridiculously out of keeping with the pieces they are here lugged into; and, moreover, with the exception of "Come where the

* As critics seem to differ much on this accomplished gentleman's style of acting (though all allow him the highest powers), we may shortly devote a column to the subject.

aspens quiver," which is also sung in *Midas* (!), not one has even the solitary merit of novelty to excuse its introduction. They are the stock songs of all the concert rooms, libraries, and theatres, in and out of London. We do entreat the managers, for their own sakes, to stop this pernicious system. We never wish to write one line that may annoy or offend; but our duty to the public will oblige us, if our friendly expostulations have no effect, to speak more plainly upon this subject.

We must now drop a hint on the *play-bills*, or rather house-bills: had these, in this instance, adhered to their wonted diction, and, as usual, announced that the new comer had been welcomed with "enthusiastic applause"—we should simply have considered the expression as the acknowledgment of the managers for the vigorous fulfilment of private contract on the part of those ordered to different parts of the house, for the specified and specific purpose of displaying their enthusiasm. But since we perceive in the diurnal bills of Drury Lane, that the new tragedian is branded, with characters half an inch in diameter, as having met with "decided success," it is with extreme submission, and with the consciousness of the shilaleh (as she is from Dublin) hanging over our heads, that we venture to offer a contradictory opinion. By way of primary propitiation, we agree with the "decided success" of managerial criticism,—so far, at least, as that the success of Miss Huddart as any thing like a first-rate actress, was decided beyond all doubt or question. There is a deficiency of dignity in her bearing, while her features may be considered as having considerable expression: her voice is frequently harsh; and in her mad scenes she positively roars, very much after the fashion of those animals in which her country is especially productive. Miss Huddart possesses but little pathetic influence; and though she cannot be said to excel in exciting pity, yet to those parts of tragedy which demand energetic delineation, she has the power of giving an alarming effect: this talent for awakening terror requires at present no little restraint; for though we should be unwilling to deny the possession of force, we must observe that there is enough, and a little more.

COVENT GARDEN.

BRAVO! Mr. Peake! your *Chancery Suit* has terminated most happily for all parties concerned. Our hypercritical brethren may snarl, and call it a five-act farce, if they please; but the town, we hope, will be grateful for so pleasant a gift; and, farce or not, we can only say, that five acts have seldom tripped off so merrily since poor O'Keefe sowed his *Wild Oats*, and moved the spirit of his "young quaker." Our readers have read the plot in all the daily papers. It is interesting enough, without being intricate, and new in construction, if not in detail. The language, without aspiring to wit, is lively throughout, and frequently humorous in the extreme. The characters have been called caricatures by some persons, who have forgotten *Arces* and *Mrs. Malaprop*. To us they did not seem such: we have known individuals as harmlessly eccentric as the warm-hearted *Guy Thistlebloom*; and his own explanation is, in our opinion, exceedingly natural and affecting. As to the lampooning Irishman, from "Trin. Col. Dub." who has narrowly escaped conviction "in a heavy libel case," and worms himself into every body's confidence, for the purpose of placarding their follies in doggerel verses,—we are astonished that

verisimilitude is not unanimously accorded to him. His siding with the worst party, and consequently escaping a horse-pond, may perhaps be rather out of keeping; but the author had no doubt the fear of "a heavy libel case" before his eyes, and threw in the redeeming point as "a sop to Cerberus." These two characters were admirably supported by Bartley and Power. Mr. Warde, as the brother of *Thistle-bloom*, is entitled to equal praise; but the most naturally conceived, and perfectly executed, part in the whole play, was that of *Winterfield*, the ancient servant of *Sir Bernard Blazon-court*, personated by Blanchard. It is truly refreshing, in these degenerate days, to see such an artist as Blanchard cheerfully and honestly exerting himself to give to the most trifling gem committed to his charge the highest polish it is capable of receiving. How many of the profession, who, without half his talents, are receiving double his salary, should blush at the lesson read them by this our old and deserving favourite. Miss Ellen Tree had little to do but to look lovely—and how lovely she did look! Mrs. Gibbs, we always think, has too little to do: she is one of the actresses we can never see too much of. An accident had occurred to Mr. Abbot, and Mr. G. Bennett was obliged to read the part. We cannot praise him more than by saying, it did not appear to injure the comedy in the slightest degree. Meadows, Egerton, and Mr. J. Hughes, did well; but there was a lady.—We will not throw any bitterness, however, into this sweet notice: we are in too good humour with the author, and the actors generally, to say any thing disagreeable to any body; and such was evidently the feeling of the audience on Tuesday evening. Again we say, bravo! Mr. Peake; you are a step higher in our good opinion; and if, in writing this comedy, you sometimes fancied you were writing a farce, the next time you write a farce, be sure you think you are writing a comedy, and you will escape the only rock that ever threatens your dramatic craft, and on which they have sometimes struck at the very mouth of the heaven.

Miss Taylor has played *Clari*, in the opera of that name, and with the greatest effect. She is already an established favourite with the public, and her great and versatile talents render her a most valuable acquisition to the theatre.

ADELPHI.

ON Tuesday a caricature of the *Pilot* was produced at this little theatre. Absurdity can alone please from its novelty; and burlesque is essentially absurd. The deficiency of interest which necessarily occurs in the plot and incidents, requires to be supplied by the dialogue. Unless this be unusually replete with wit and humour, burlesque soon grows flaccid and tedious. The pro-*Pilot* of the Adelphi, with the exception of Fat Tom Coffin's song as a water-man—

"Oh, row with me down the ri-ver,
Ven I've von the cup and the ki-ver"—

has little to recommend it, except being most laughably absurd. An opportunity is, however, afforded Mr. Yates, in the prelude, of having a fair rap or two at the patent theatres, for their irregular appropriation of dramatic property. On this subject we shall take the freedom of expressing our disapprobation of theatrical monopoly in its present bearings, and trust that public opinion will not suffer a system to obtain longer; alike partial, subversive of competition, and consequently diminutive of public amusement. A patent we conceive to be granted

for the purpose of protecting what belongs to ourselves alone; nor can it be unjust that dramatic, like all other composition, should belong to the author, or those to whom, for a consideration, he has thought proper to concede his claim; but this converting letters patent into letters of marque—this carrying on a plan of self-protection by privateering and piracy, far exceeds our notion of equity. Some, indeed, are even prepared to question the propriety of any of the purveyors of public amusement being permitted to monopolise the *matériel* for supplying the same. We, however, say, let the larger theatres be protected from petty larceny—but put an end to the present system of licensed robbery. Is it fair or expedient to prosecute a thief, and, if he happens to have any thing worth taking, at the same time to pick his pocket yourself? If, like the Arabs, "their hand was against every man's, and every man's hand against theirs"—it would be but fair play; but now the little theatres have their hands tied behind them. The only defence that the patentees offer is—

"For why? because the good old way
Sufficeth us; the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

Reeves's Beadle is equally deserving, and far more popular than the New Police; his metropolitan favour rises with his parochial dignity; his farce is rich and broad—but he must not let applause lead him into the mistake of making it broader. Mrs. Yates would greatly conduce to the effect of her inimitable cottage scene if she would provide herself with a "copper-cap," or, at any rate, with a gun that would never miss fire.

VARIETIES.

The Jews.—By a recent decree of the Emperor of Russia, it is stated that the Jews who cannot pay their taxes are obliged to become soldiers.

A Beryl.—There is at St. Petersburg (says the Mining Journal published there) a beryl found three years ago near Murzinskaja, in the district of Catherineburg, which is above eleven pounds in weight, and valued at more than 7,000*l.*

Colloquials of a Kentucky Man.—"He believed that the best qualities of all countries were centered in Kentucky, but had a whimsical manner of expressing his national attachments. He was firmly convinced that the battle of the Thames was the most sanguinary conflict of the age, and extolled Colonel J—n as 'a severe colt.' He would admit that Napoleon was a great genius; but insisted that he was no 'part of a priming' to Henry Clay. When entirely 'at himself,'—to use his own language,—that is to say, when duly sober, Pete was friendly and rational, and a better-tempered soul never shouldered a rifle. But let him get a dram too much, and there was no end to his extravagance. It was then that he would slap his hands together, spring perpendicularly into the air with the activity of a rope-dancer, and, after uttering a yell which the most accomplished Winnebago might be proud to own, swear that he was the 'best man' in the country, and could 'whip his weight in wild cats!' and after many other extravagances, conclude, that he could 'ride through a crab-apple orchard on a streak of lightning.'"—*Stories of American Life.*

Dissection of a Mummy.—An extremely fine Egyptian mummy from Thebes, which was presented to the Royal Asiatic Society by Sir John Malcolm, late governor of Bombay, is about to

be dissected and lectured upon by Dr. Granville, at the theatre of the Royal Institution, which has been lent to the Royal Asiatic Society for the occasion.

Natural Rocking-Stone in Auvergne.—Dr. Hibbert has at length found a rocking-stone, so much the object of religious worship with our Celtic and Teutonic ancestors, in Auvergne, a country where the natives, from their peculiar dark complexion, shew decisive marks of a Celtic origin; and where the monuments of antiquity resemble those of Wales and Cornwall. It is of granite, its site is near to the village of Tonbeyrat, and it is surmounted by a Christian cross. Auvergne is equally remarkable for memorials of rock worship in cromlechs; and what is interesting, as illustrating the ancient attire of the Gael, is, that the costume of the figures represented on the surmounting pedestal of the cross is that of the Scottish Highlands, even to the kilt.

Ancient Money of Scotland.—About four or five years ago, in ploughing a field at Tegs, near Inverness, the ploughman found a rod of pure gold, about fifteen inches long, with three sides, each about half an inch in depth. In the middle it is twisted, and terminated by a bend similar to a shepherd's crook, in very rude workmanship. This relic was presented to the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, and several opinions were given regarding its probable use. The question, however, lay over till very lately, when Dr. Hibbert has advanced a theory founded on the Welch laws of Howel Dha, which tend to prove, beyond doubt, that the said rod of gold indicated nothing more than the form of current money of many northern countries.

Electrical Accumulations.—The *Transactions of the Plymouth Institution* contains a lengthened memoir on the laws of electrical accumulations, which are recapitulated in the following facts:—1. An electrical accumulation may be supposed to proceed by equal increments. 2. The quantity of matter accumulated may be estimated by the revolutions of the plate of the electrical machine, supposing it in a state of uniform excitation; or it may be measured by the explosions of a jar connected with the outer coatings. 3. The interval which the accumulation can pass is directly proportional to the quantity of matter, and inversely proportional to the surface. 4. The force of electrical attraction varies in the inverse ratio of the square of the distance between the points of contact of the opposed conductors, supposing the surfaces to be plane and parallel; or, otherwise, between two points which fall within the respective hemispheres, at a distance equal to one-fifth of the radius, supposing the opposed surfaces to be spherical. 5. The free action is in a direct proportion to the square of the quantity of matter, and in an inverse proportion to the square of the surface. 6. The effect of an electrical explosion on a metallic wire, depends exclusively on the quantity of matter, and is not influenced by the intensity or free action.

New Fire Escape.—Darby's fire and burglary alarm, for which a patent has been taken out, has the appearance of a wardrobe: wires connected with it are attached to the various doors and windows, and in the event of thieves breaking in, or fire taking place, a bell alarms the inmates of the house, and at the same instant it lights a candle, and presents a tablet shewing the name of the apartment where either of those disagreeable agents are carrying on their work of destruction!

Chlorures of Iodine.—The examination of

these composites has led to some remarkable results, of which the following are the principal. 1. Perchlorure of iodine, brought into contact with water, is suddenly decomposed, and occasions the formation of iodic acid and hydrochloric acid. 2. The property possessed by alcohol of not dissolving iodic acid, furnishes the means of separating the two acids. The simple contact of perchlorure with alcohol produces the hydrochloric acid, which remains in the liquid, and the iodic acid is precipitated in the form of a white crystallised powder. 3. Iodic acid is one of the most active agents in detecting the presence of vegetable alkalies, with which it unites, forming scarcely soluble acid composites. The presence of the hundredth part of a grain of alkali may by this means be detected.

The Æolophon.—This new instrument, which is played like a pianoforte, is becoming a great favourite with the lovers of the sweet and tasteful in music. In its tones it resembles the Æolina, but it has much greater compass. Among its highest honours has been the approbation of the queen, before whom it was performed upon, last Saturday, at St. James's Palace, when her majesty's partiality for the simple style in music was made apparent, by the applause bestowed upon the two ballads, "Meet me by moonlight," and "Love's ritornella," the latter of which was repeated by command. We have not yet been able to attend a rehearsal of the Æolophon, at Mr. Chapell's, where there are, we believe, daily performances.

Lost Greenland.—The *Indicateur* of Calais has the following:—We learn from Copenhagen, that an expedition which sailed from that port in May last, succeeded in reaching the eastern coast of Greenland, where some Norwegian colonists settled eight centuries ago, and to which all access had since been prevented by the ice. The expedition found there the descendants of the primitive colonists, who still profess Christianity. Their language is that of the Norwegians of the tenth century.

Puns.—Every body condemns punning; but every body likes it now and then, except the dull dogs who never make a pun, and who repeat the hereditary objection to that sort of humour. Now we have been amused this week—

1. By hearing the Court of Chancery, with Lord Brougham and Vaux presiding, designated as *Vaux-hall*.
2. A gentleman in Piccadilly attempting to raise another gentleman who had fallen, overcome with wine, said, "I don't know what to do with him; I cannot get him to give any account of himself!" "How can you (observed a looker-on) expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"
3. "The deuce is in these incendiaries (said a pseudo-punster); here they are destroying pease-stacks; why don't they get rid of all taxes?" This deplorable attempt, however, brought out a fair hit from a professor. "Rather (rejoined he, seeing their hostility to the church and tithes,) I marvel that instead of burning hay-ricks, they don't burn bishop-ricks."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XLIX. Dec. 4.*]
The Life of Sir Humphry Davy, by Dr. Paris.—Vegetable Cookery; with an Introduction, recommending Abstinence from Animal Food and Intoxicating Liquors.—A second edition, with great additions, of Lloyd's Field Sports of the North of Europe.—A new edition of the Extraordinary Black Book; comprising a complete Exposition of the Abuses in the Church, the State, and

Colonies, &c.—Captain Beechey's Voyage to the Pacific, and Behring's Straits.—Travels in Chili, Buenos Ayres, and Peru, by Samuel Haigh, Esq.—Essays concerning the Faculties and Economy of the Mind, by William Godwin.—The Miscellaneous Chemical and Philosophical Researches of Sir Humphry Davy; with Notes, by William Maugham.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XIII. (History of the Western World, Vol. I. United States of America), fcp. 6s. bds.—Bowdler's Pen Tamar, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Monro's Elements of Anatomy, second edition, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 18s. bds.—Le Keepsake Français, 1831, 1l. 1s.; large paper, 2l. 12s. 6d.—The Talisman, 1831, 1l. 1s.—Harrison's Protestant Instructor, 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. II. 18mo. 5s. bds.—Affection's Gift, 32mo. 3s. bds.—Kugelbergius on Study, translated by G. B. Eupr. 12mo. 4s. bds.—Robson's British Herald, 3 vols. 4to. 10l. bds.—High-Mettled Racer, with Cruikshank's designs, 12mo. 1s. 6d. sd.—Hughes' Divines, Vol. VII. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Family Classical Library, Vol. XII. 18mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Stories of American Life, by Miss Mitford, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Life of Mrs. Jordan, by James Baden, with portrait, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s. bds.—National Library, Vol. IV. History of Chivalry, by James, 18mo. 5s. bds.—Affection's Offering, 1831, 18mo. 4s. bds.—Family Library, Vol. XVII. Life of Bruce, by Head, 18mo. 5s. bds.—Juvenile Cyclopædia, Vol. I. Voyages, &c. 18mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Matthews' Comic Annual, 8vo. 1s. stitched.—The Pulpit, Vol. XV. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Picken's Travels of eminent Missionaries, royal 18mo. 7s. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

November.		Thermometer.		Barometer.	
Thursday	25	From 24	to 38.	30.30	— 30.26
Friday	26	— 24	— 41.	30.10	— 29.89
Saturday	27	— 31.	— 43.	29.85	— 29.54
Sunday	28	— 34.	— 46.	29.46	— 29.56
Monday	29	— 37.	— 45.	29.71	— 29.82
Tuesday	30	— 40.	— 45.	29.65	— 29.86
December.					
Wednesday	1	— 38.	— 43.	29.89	— 29.95

Wind, N.E. and S.E., the latter prevailing.
Except the 25th and 27th, overcast, with rain at times. Sleet on the ground on the morning of the 26th.
Rain fallen, .375 of an inch.
Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude..... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

To the Editor, &c.
Sir, — Although halos round the moon are by no means uncommon, I offer for insertion in your next *Gazette* the following description of an unusually large one, of an oval form, which I observed here last night for four hours. I saw it first at half-past five o'clock: the sky at that time was for the most part covered with light clouds — the cirro-stratus, through which the stars were here and there discernible. The cold wind blew violently from the S.E., and the moon shone dimly. The halo then seemed composed of precisely the same species of light clouds as partially covered the rest of the heavens; and but for its oval form, could not have been distinguished therefrom. Between eight and nine o'clock, however, during the intervals occurring in the passage of dark clouds across the halo, the moon and the white meteor shone beautifully bright, in a clear sky, without an intervening cloud of particle of mist. At the moon's southing, the two foci of the halo were directly N. and S.—I am, sir, &c.
Redruth, Nov. 26th, 1830. R. E.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * The temporary interest and the length of our first Review obliges us to defer Lingard's History, Vol. VIII., completing the first portion of that able work; the conclusion of Rodney's Memoirs; Picken's Travels, &c. of Missionaries; Trant's Travels in Greece; Illustrations of Bruce's Travels (Family Library); and of Dr. Lardner's History of the Western World; which, with other novelties, shall have our earliest attention. The same cause compels us to postpone the consideration of the Royal Society contest.
In our own good time—"O tempora!"
Mr. Evans, the book auctioneer in Pall Mall, has inserted a letter in the *Times*, converting our statement respecting the Duchess of Berr's library:—Mr. Evans knows nothing about the matter, and we do know a good deal. He had better *dig below the surface* before he impeaches those who have authentic intelligence from *divers places*.
Our card reached us too late for the performance of Russian Horn Music on Wednesday. The same happened with the ticket for the rehearsal at the Athenæum Saloon. Those who desire to have their exhibitions or performances noticed, ought not to defer their invitations to the last moment.
ERRATA.—No. 723, p. 768, col. 3, line 12, for "toque," read "toque."—P. 772, col. 1, last line but six of critique on Drury Lane, for "scarcely," read "surely."—In the Advertisement of Genera Nominum, for "George Fretooge," read "George Futvoege;" and for "W. March," read "W. Marsh."

* * * It is very desirable, both in advertisements and legibly written. The contrary leads to errors, besides giving us infinite trouble.

ADVERTISEMENTS,
Connected with Literature and the Arts.

December 1st, 1830.
RUSSELL INSTITUTION.
Gentlemen who are qualified to deliver Lectures on any branch of Literature, Art, or Science, calculated to gratify a large and mixed Audience, are informed that the Committee of the above Institution will be ready to receive Communications on either of the above Subjects, at any time prior to Wednesday the 15th inst. Every requisite information may be obtained of the Secretary, E. W. Brayley, Great Cornam Street.

This day is published,
SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS to the
ILLUSTRATED; a Religious and Literary Offering for 1831.
Edited by the Rev. THOMAS DALE, M.A.

Subjects.	Painters.	Engravers.
Christ blessing Little Children. [By permission of the governors of the Foundling Hospital.]	H. West, P.R.A.	J. W. Cooke
The Head of Christ crowned with Thorns. [From a Drawing in the possession of the Proprietors of the Theatre.]	Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.	W. Humphry
St. John the Evangelist	Dominichino	W. Pinden
Nathan and David	B. West, P.R.A.	S. S. Sanster
The Nativity	Sir J. Reynolds, P.R.A.	A. W. Warren
The Deluge	N. Poussin	E. Roberts
Madonna and Child. [By permission of the Marquess of Exeter.]	Correggio	A. Fox
Christ blessing the Bread. [By permission of the Marquess of Exeter.]	Carlo Dolci	W. Ensom
Infant St. John and Lamb	Murillo	S. Davenport
Judas returning the Thirty Pieces of Silver	Rembrandt	W. Raddon
Jesus with Mary in the Garden	Titian	W. Ensom

India paper Proofs, in a portfolio, 1l. 5s.; ditto, before letters, 2l. 2s. Any of the above may be had separately, before letters, price 7s. 6d. each.
A few of the Illustrations of the Volume for 1830 may still be had. They consist of the following Eleven Subjects:—
Subjects. Painters. Engravers.
Madonna and Child Murillo R. Graves
The Flight into Egypt Claude W. R. Smith
Infant Christ with Flower Carlo Dolci S. Sanster
Christ expounding the Law Leonardo Vinci E. Smith
Christ raising Lazarus J. Lieverda A. W. Warren
Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane T. S. Engleheart
The Incredulity of Saint Thomas L. Carracci W. Raddon
Saint John in the Wilderness Cignani W. Ensom
Hagar and Ishmael F. Barocci E. Smith
A Madonna Carlo Dolci S. Sanster
Thy Will be done Carlo Dolci W. Humphry.
India paper Proofs, price 1l. 11s. 6d.; French ditto, 1l. 4s.; Prints, 9s. India paper Proofs may be had separately, 5s. each. Sampson Low, 43, Lamb's Conduit Street; and Hurst, Chance, and Co. St. Paul's Churchyard.

MUSIC.

Popular Journal of Music.
On the 1st of January will be published, price 3s. the first Number for 1831, of
THE HARMONICON, a Monthly Journal, devoted to the Publication of Vocal and Instrumental Music, and offering a Medium for the Union of Music and Literature, by means of Essays, Memoirs, and Criticisms on Musical Subjects; together with Periodical Reports of the State of the Art in all parts of the World.
Each Number will contain:—I. An Original Biography of some distinguished Composer or Performer. II. Interesting Correspondence, or original Dissertations on Subjects connected with the Science—III. Detailed Accounts of the Opera, Concerts, and other Musical Performances of the past Month—IV. Copious Extracts from the Foreign Musical Journals, giving the Reader the latest Information of the Progress of the Art and its Professors throughout Europe—V. Liberal and unbiased Accounts of all Musical Works as they appear—and VI. Six or Seven Pieces of Music, Vocal and Instrumental, English and Foreign, selected with care, and printed with a beauty and accuracy that may safely challenge competition.
London: Published by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, (to whom Communications for the Editors may be addressed), and regularly forwarded with the Magazines to all Booksellers and Dealers in Music in Town and Country, with whom Specimen Numbers of the Harmonicon may be seen.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

In 1 thick vol. 8vo. price 1l. 4s. boards,
A NEW AND COMPLETE GREEK GRADUATE; or, Poetical Lexicon of the Greek Language. With a Latin and English Translation, an English Greek Vocabulary, and a Treatise on some of the principal Rules for ascertaining the Quantity of Syllables, and on the most popular Greek Metres. For the Use of Schools and Junior Students in the Universities.
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1 vol. 11s. 6d. Also, in 1 vol. 8vo. price 5s. Do. Addition on Females. Observations on the Disorders of Females, connected with Uterine Irritation. By Thomas Addison, M.D. Assistant Physician and Lecturer on the Theory and Practice of Physic at Guy's Hospital.

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The Scottish Gaël; or, Celtic Manners, as preserved among the Highlanders: being an Historical and Descriptive Account of the Inhabitants, Antiquities, and National Peculiarities of Scotland, &c. By James Logan, F. S. A. S. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1830. Smith, Elder, and Co.

IN our short notice of this work, a fortnight ago, we recommended it to the patronage of the public, as a most meritorious and curious performance. Our favourable opinion, thus expressed on a first hasty glance at the volumes, we are happy to say has not been shaken by an attentive perusal. Mr. Logan's reading is extensive, his research deep, and his enthusiasm extraordinary: his path was almost untrodden—a circumstance which must have aided greatly to the difficulty of the task, but which is likely to reward him for his labours by the value and novelty it attaches to them. His volumes have, however, in common with many other archaeological publications, two serious faults, which are considerable drawbacks, unfortunately, on their general utility. The first is a lack of that chronological arrangement which can alone leave a clear impression on the mind of the reader; and the second, the absence of contemporary authority for numberless statements, which require to be so established before the cautious inquirer chooses to accept them as the bases of ingenious speculations. Mr. Logan, besides, being himself perfectly acquainted with, and enthusiastically attached to, his subject, canters on his hobby in the most excursive manner, from the Grampians to the Alps, from the siege of Troy to the battle of Culloden, from Tentabochus, king of the Teutoni, to Big Sam, the Prince of Wales's porter,—till his bewildered reader feels, on laying down the book, as if he had awoke from one of those puzzling dreams in which every thing in nature is served up to his mental vision, jumbled together like the dish of *salmagundi* that has occasioned his indigestion. It is not to instances where parallels are drawn between the customs of the Highlanders and those of some remnant of the great Celtic race in other parts of the globe, that we are here alluding—it is to the jumping backwards and forwards—the abrupt transitions—the sudden stride to remote objects when least expected, and which, at the first glance, induces us to imagine we have turned over two leaves at once. For instance, at p. 213, vol. i., we read—“A tenant in Caithness spun a certain quantity of woollen yarn, and so much of lint; paid a quantity of oats to feed the laird's horses; trout, if near a river or lake; and if in the vicinity of a wood, a certain number of *nasks*, i. e. binders of birch, to secure the laird's cows.” “In Man, the swine of felons belonged to the king, the goats to the queen.”

Now, this is like the rough jotting down of notes in an antiquary's pocket-book; and either startles or confuses, according to the character of the reader. With the explanation of the

word *nask* terminates the notice of Gaelic law terms; and the next paragraph—“In Man, the swine of felons belonged to the king,” &c., though it sounds as if it either had some relation to what has gone before, or was, as the French say, *apropos des bottles*, is, in fact, the commencement of an entirely different subject (the legal punishments of the Celts), and requires, at least, a word or two by way of introduction. There is also something obscure in the paragraph immediately succeeding:—“According to Diodorus, the Celts impaled on stakes, and burned on lofty piles, those who were guilty of any great crime, after a close imprisonment of five years; and *in like manner* he says they used their captives—some cutting the throats, burning, or otherwise destroying both men and beasts. Among the ancient Caledonians, malefactors who were sentenced to death were burnt between two fires; from whence is derived the saying—*Edir da teine Bheil!*—he is between the two flames of Bel.”

Now, we do not perceive the likeness in manner between cutting the throat of a prisoner of war and burning or impaling a notorious criminal after five years' imprisonment; nor can we exactly understand what the other men and beasts have to do with the business. The peculiar custom of burning a malefactor between two fires, as practised by the ancient Caledonians, is not traced to the Celts described by Diodorus; consequently, it is expressly stated that their criminals were burned on lofty piles—and on what authority does Mr. Logan record the former singular punishment? We presume he can furnish us with one, but he has not done so; and before he asserts that the Gaelic proverb is derived from that custom, the critical reader will require that the custom itself should be proved to have existed. In that very interesting portion of the work which relates to the national dress of Scotland, round assertions are made by scores, without any authorities being quoted in their support, while the want of chronological arrangement is perplexing in the extreme. Mr. Logan discovers the *feile-beag*, or kilt, on the seal of Alexander I. of Scotland, considering it apparently (as we understand him) neither more nor less than a tunic reaching to the knees. Now it needs no ghost from the grave to tell us, that the tunic is nearly as ancient as the Grampians themselves; but the garment so called was of the shape of a shirt, with or without sleeves, and covered the body from the neck to the knees. The *feile-beag* is now put on like a petticoat, and is a separate article of dress from the vest or jacket that covers the chest to the waist. When did this alteration take place? Did the fashion of making it separate originate with the Scots, or was it borrowed from some other nation? The kilt is certainly not a tunic at present. And the sporan, or purse, “anciently,” Mr. Logan says, “was small, and less decorated;” and he instances that of Lord Lovat, who suffered in 1746. Anciently! Where is the authority for its existence anciently? We know

that the gypsire, or pouch, was worn hanging at the girdle on one side during the middle ages, throughout Europe; and there is, or was, an effigy of a Scotch warrior, of the fourteenth century, to be seen at Ilcolmkil, attired in a gambeson, and wearing a square leathern pouch (the *dorlach*) on the right side;* but the hairy and tasselled sporan of the modern Highlander is worn in front, and differs totally in form, as well as situation, from any other description of pouch with which we have met. Could not Mr. Logan have furnished us with the date of the alteration? Respecting the *trius* again, which has been considered by many of our best antiquaries to be more ancient than the *feile-beag*, Mr. Logan remarks, that the Gaelic *triubhals*, or *triughas*, the Irish *trius* and Welsh *trws*, signify the vestment which covers the loins, derived from the root *trus*, gather, truss, or tuck up, &c.,” and contends that the Irish trowse and *mantle*, so often alluded to by old writers, were formed like the breacan or belted plaid of the Scots Highlanders, and left the legs bare. Yet immediately afterwards (p. 257) he says, without any comment, “the *triughas*, pronounced *trius*, are pantaloons and stockings joined; and are either knit like the latter, or, according to the ancient manner, are formed of tartan cloth, nicely fitted to the shape, and fringed down the legs; they were sometimes merely striped, and were fastened by a belt round the loins, with a square piece of cloth hanging down before.” And “respecting this dress,” he tells us, “there is preserved a Gaelic saying,” after contending through the two previous pages that the *trius* was not originally a covering for the legs, and that the term, which was applicable to the tucked-up breacan, was given to the trousers adopted on the prohibition of the ancient dress. How are we to reconcile such contradictory statements? Notwithstanding these faults, however, we repeat with pleasure, that there is much curious and valuable matter in these volumes; and that Mr. Logan has acted as a zealous pioneer for the student of Celtic antiquity. He has not the erudition of Chalmers, nor the perspicuity of Davies; but he has gotten together a mass of very interesting materials, and deserves the thanks and patronage of the British public, particularly of that portion of it to which he immediately belongs, and whose claims to our respect and admiration he has so ardently and learnedly supported. The following miscellaneous extracts may be taken as a favourable specimen of the style in which the work is written; though the need of cuts and engravings puts it out of our power to refer to several portions of the highest antiquarian interest.

“Every one knows that the Scots are fond of snuff, and the figure of a Highlander is the almost invariable symbol of a snuff-shop. How they became so noted for their partiality to ‘*sneeshin*’ is not easy to determine; it is a

* Mr. Logan is perhaps aware of the existence of this effigy, but he has not alluded to it.

subject that has hitherto received little attention. There is a tradition, that when the Black Watch, now the 42nd regiment, first came to London, the men were so constantly calling to supply themselves with their favourite powder, that the dealers whose snuff had met with their patronage, adopted the figure of a Highlander to indicate their business. This may be very correct; but how came the inhabitants of the remote Highlands and Isles so speedily to bring into universal use an article that had been but recently introduced in England? Sir Walter Raleigh first brought tobacco here, about 1586; and we know that, like all innovations, it must have been some time before its use became common, even in the south; yet, in a poem by Mary Mac Leod, of the house of Dunvegan, addressed to John Mac Leod, brother to Sir Norman, and written about 1600, she thanks him for presenting her with a bra thombac, or tobacco mill-stone. Now it is not at all probable that the Highlanders could have received their knowledge of this plant from the English, or that, in so short a time, they would have been, not only reconciled, but proverbially addicted to its use. The strong prejudice which the Gaël have to innovation of all kinds, even emanating from a less objectionable quarter than the Sassanach, forbids us to believe that their snuff was connected with Raleigh's discovery. The root cornaille, or braonan, was chewed like tobacco by the old Highlanders, and may have been smoked or ground to snuff; but whatever the article was, it is certain that the Celts were accustomed to smoke, and their pipes have been frequently dug up both in Britain and Ireland. They were discovered, in considerable numbers, under ground, at Brannockstown, in the county of Kildare, in 1784; and a skeleton, found under an ancient barrow, had a pipe actually sticking between its teeth. Its form is much similar to those now in use, only of an oval or egg-shape. Herodotus says, the Scythians had certain herbs, which were thrown into the fire, and the smoke being inhaled by those sitting around, it affected them as wine did the Greeks. Strabo tells us, a certain religious sect among them smoked for recreation; and Mela and Solinus plainly describe the smoke as being inhaled through tubes. The Highlanders appear to have adopted the tobacco introduced by Raleigh from a previous addiction to a native herb of similar pungency; and they are said to have formerly grown and prepared their own tobacco in a very judicious manner, drying it by the fire, and grinding both stem and leaf, making a snuff not unlike what is now termed Irish blackguard. They are so partial to snuff, that a supply of it is often a sufficient inducement for one to accompany a traveller across extensive tracts of mountain or muir."

"The love of intoxicating liquors is a vice which people in a low scale of civilisation are prone to. The Gauls, who drank sparingly of their own beverages, indulged to excess in the produce of the Italian vintage. The Highlanders can enjoy a social glass as much as any persons; but although whiskey is plentiful with them, habitual tipping is extremely rare, and there is a proverb which speaks their contempt of those who meet for the sake of drinking only. The renowned Fingal, who, by the by, delivered his maxims in triads, said, that one of the worst things which could happen to a man was to drink curmi in the morning. Measg, mixture, now pronounced meisg, signifies drunkenness, apparently from the stupefying effects of drinking mixed liquors. A gentleman assured me, that, in the parish of Lairg,

in Ross-shire, where he was formerly resident, there was but one person addicted to drink; and a native of Laggan, Inverness-shire, knew but one individual in that part who was accustomed to intoxication: these characters indulged their depraved tastes in solitude, for they could find no associates. The Highlanders seldom met for a carousal, and when they did assemble, they enjoyed themselves very heartily, the 'lawing,' or bill, being paid by a general contribution, for which a bonnet was passed around the company. If, however, the Highlanders seldom met to drink together, it must be confessed that when they did 'forgather,' they were inclined to prolong their stay, and would occasionally spend days and nights over the bottle. Donald Ross, an old man, full of amusing anecdotes of the gentlemen of Sutherland and the neighbouring counties, used to dwell with particular pleasure on those social treats. The laird of Assynt, on one occasion, having come down to Dunrobin, was accosted by the smith of the village, when just ready to mount his garron and set off. The smith being an old acquaintance, and the laird, like the late Mac Nab and others of true Highland blood, thinking it no derogation from his dignity to accept the gobh's invitation to take *deoch an doras*, a draught at the door, or stirrup-cup, (for every glass had its significant appellation,) and went into the house, where the smith called for the largest jar or graybeard of whiskey, a pitcher that holds perhaps two gallons, meaning, without doubt, to shew the laird that when they parted, it should not be for want of liquor. 'Well,' says Donald, 'they continued to sit and drink, and converse on various matters; and the more they talked, the more subjects for conversation arose, and it was the fourth day before the smith thought of his shop, or the laird of Assynt.' It is customary at meetings of Highland Societies to accompany certain toasts with 'Celtic honours,' that are thus bestowed. The chief or chairman, standing up, gives the toast, and with a slight wave of the hand, repeats three times, *suas e, suas e, suas e*, 'up with it, up with it, up with it,' the whole company also standing, and joining him in three short huzzas. This is repeated, when he then pronounces the word *nish*, now, also three times, with peculiar emphasis, in which he is joined by the company, who dwell a considerable time on the last cheer. As the company sit down, the piper strikes up an appropriate tune.

"The word *aos* in Irish, which at first signified a tree, was applied to a learned person; and *feadha*, woods or trees, became the term applied to prophets or wise men, undoubtedly from their knowledge of the alphabet, or sylvan characters, which were used. The 'Researches' of Mr. Davies have thrown much light on Celtic Antiquities, and in his pages will be found several passages from bardic compositions, which elucidate the tree system of learning. It is well known that various trees and shrubs have been symbolical, or used as tokens; but the learning of the sprigs consisted in arranging, tying, and intertwining them in various ways, thereby altering their expression or import. There is a work which Mr. Davies quotes, in which the author says, 'he loves the sprigs with their woven tops, tied with a hundred knots, after the manner of the Celts, with the artists employed about their mystery.' Small branches of different trees were fastened together, and being 'placed in the tablet of devices, they were read by sages who were versed in science.' The art of tying the sprigs in numerous and intricate

knots was an important part of the mystical studies of the druidical order, and appears to have been known by few. Talliesin, who gloried in belonging to the profession, boasts of this part of his knowledge; his acquaintance with every sprig, and the meaning of the trees, he calls 'understanding his institute.' We thus see that the Celts had a method of conveying their knowledge to the initiated by a sort of hieroglyphic, or symbolical characters, produced by twigs, or branches of various trees; and the characters, which afterwards formed an alphabet, represented those branches and retained the names of different trees."

[To be concluded in our next.]

The Exiles of Palestine: a Tale of the Holy Land. By the Author of "Letters from the East." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Saunders and Otley.

THE time in which a romance is laid is a point that at once tries the taste and the research of the writer. Novelty and association are both required; the ground, though haunted by the past, should be unbroken by the present; and, in these writing days, it is no easy task to find an historical subject worthy of choice, and yet unchosen. The crusades are full of adventure; and, with recollections that come home to every memory, their only drawback is, that the lion-hearted Richard and the noble Saladin are familiar to every reader.

The author before us has been peculiarly happy in a choice of period which, while it has all the advantage of historic interest, yet involves no comparison, and whose ground is new and untouched. Nor has he been less judicious in his choice of place: perhaps not a man in England is so well calculated as the writer of the "Letters from the East" to do justice to the natural beauty and exciting memories of the Holy Land. The scene is at a period when valour took its highest tone from misfortune, and devotion was deepened by despair into fervid enthusiasm. But we will use his own words:

"Almost at the foot of Mount Carmel, there stands a solitary castle, on a rock that juts out into the sea: the walls and towers are in a ruinous state, but still massive enough to afford a strong hold to the Bedouin, as well as a home to the traveller. And this home, 'of a night,' is a romantic and impressive one; the beautiful declivities of the mountain are behind; dark with trees, or covered with the flocks of the shepherd. The waves bathe the walls of the castle on every side, save one, a narrow path that joins it to the main. Many of the apartments are still entire, and very spacious; for here formerly lodged the kings and princes of the crusades. The sun was setting on the gloomy battlements as we rested on our journey beside them; for their shelter is the only one for a long way on the coast. After the expulsion of the Christians, by the capture of Ptolemais or Acre, this noble castle of Pellegrino was left desolate, till a singular instance of daring occurred. Only a few years afterwards, a small and solitary band of knights took possession of it, and defended it with success, for some time, against all the power of the enemy.

"The castle of Pellegrino is a monument of what the enthusiasm of a few men could achieve. As we stood before its ruinous walls we could not help admiring the courage that, in this sea-girt hold, had set at defiance the whole power of the invaders. With great labour they repaired the shattered defences: while the desolate chambers, with their walls

and floors of massive stone, afforded ample lodging for their little band. From the towers they might look forth on many a faded and sacred scene, of mountain, valley, and shore, in defence of which they came to give their life—at least, so they professed—and their deeds did not belie their words. A well of water within the walls supplied their thirst, and incursions to the rich sides of the mountain, or the plain beyond, where hamlets and pastures are still scattered, supplied, no doubt, the demands of hunger."

The characters of the three knights, its defenders, are exceedingly well imagined, and brought into admirable contrast with each other. The serene enthusiasm, the calm resolution, the high religious tone, only softened by his tender love for his sister, in Sir Philip, find their opposite in the equally brave, but more worldly and selfish, De Clifford. The two female characters are similarly well opposed: the strong affection, subdued but not destroyed by earnest devotion, of the meek yet high-minded Isabel, is of another order to the beautiful and passionate Saracen, whose only rule of action is impulse. Lucius is, however, the most original conception; "the quicksand paths that lead from fault to crime" are developed with great truth. The want of dramatic power in the dialogues is our author's chief failing—yet the story requires them but little; and both the narrative and descriptive style are especially flowing and graceful. The scene where the love of gold first awakens in the heart of Lucius the Armenian, will give some idea of a picture afterwards skillfully filled up.

"Unclasping his girdle, he eagerly took from his vest the vessels of gold that he had saved in his flight, and placed them, one by one, on the table. 'Glittering baubles,' he said; 'the hands that have so often clasped you, are now sealed in death, and the forms that have been bowed before your fancied virtue, are food for the vulture.' He stood, regarding them silently for a long time, a thousand thoughts revolving in his mind; those which his own situation excited were bitter and painful in the extreme. A tranquil and luxurious home was suddenly taken from him: the numerous brethren, by whom he was held in high regard and esteem, for his talents and influence, if not for his virtues, were buried in the ruins of their monastery, or else helpless outcasts. Deep distress, like deep poverty, often hardens and corrupts the heart; and so it proved here. The youthful priest had been, during the many years of his profession, careless, gay, and fond of indulgence; loved by his companions of a similar vein, and seldom more than gently reproved by his elders. Prosperity, perhaps, had shrouded the vices of his nature—the few days of famine, of scorn, of friendlessness, produced a rapid and fearful change; and he now stood, a selfish, a heartless, and a lonely man—resolved to seek his own ends through every change of fortune. He saw that the desperate bravery of the knights would probably throw some chances in his way, that might be turned to great advantage; and their commission gratified at once his love of wandering through a land where so many happy hours had been passed, and the desire of fanning the expiring flames of resistance to the Saracens. He preferred, also, to trust to the promises and protection of these men, two of whom, he was aware, were of great wealth, as well as rank, than to seek refuge in Europe, as a houseless and friendless guest. Struggling with the exhaustion that weighed down his frame, he strove to look forward into futurity; but it

was dark and cheerless—and, for the first time, the thirst of gold entered into his soul. 'It can do all,' was the last thought he cherished, as, laying himself on the couch, a deep and long slumber stole over him; 'it can give me friends—power—pleasure—even in the desert.'"

The following scene is too picturesque to be omitted:—

"It was the day of a Christian festival; and it was resolved by the people and their pastor that it should be more than usually splendid, on account of the strangers' arrival. The situation of Aden was peculiarly adapted to give effect to the simple and solemn ceremony: the ground that sloped gently towards it, on each side, was covered thick with trees: in the middle ran a rapid stream, and the dwellings on both of its banks were connected by a bridge of fine stone, of simple and light proportions. The people, the greater part of whom were females, all dressed in white for the festival, were passing in eager groups over the bridge, and along the edge of the water, that rolled on silent and glittering in the sunbeams. The gray mountain steep rose above the body of foliage; and this contrast was heightened by the pure and exquisite piles of snow, that, far above, hung in the cloudless air. There was a rich cultivation on every side; the villagers evidently lived in great comfort, and even competency; for few soils reward the hand of industry so profusely as that of the interior of Lebanon. To be the pastor of such a place was an enviable thing. The church stood on a green bank at the extremity of the dwellings: the cemetery was below in the shadow of the wood. Slowly and sweetly the hymn rose on the air, sung by so many and willing voices, and the procession came forth and passed on in the avenues of the trees, whose broken shadows, trembling in the breeze, were thrown on the forms and faces of the suppliants. The pastor led the way, followed by the chief inhabitants; then came the females—all young women, with garlands of flowers on their brow, and bearing branches of the palm-tree in their hands. They were remarkable for the luxuriant hair, and the fresh and ruddy complexion peculiar to the women of this mountain region. When issuing from the wood, they moved along the brink of the water, the effect was beautiful, the rich and clear tones of their voices rising and falling. It was only during their pause, at times, that the soft rush of the river was heard. The many fugitives, as well as ecclesiastics from Acre, helped to swell the procession. Mingling in the latter, were two figures that did not seem of the people of the village: they were females: the low stature, as well as calm aspect of the first, marked her to be Isabel Audeley. There was another, whose veil had never for a moment been drawn aside. Her looks bent on the ground, and her hands crossed on her breast, she joined not in the ceremony, save by a slow and almost unconscious step. At last the long procession ascended the bank, and entered the church. Two of the soldiers of St. John followed, with an altered demeanour, in which the pride and cruelty of their career seemed to vanish before a holier influence; for the spectacle of this assembly, thus worshipping in the wilderness, was strangely impressive. The pallid and anguished features of so many suppliants, on whom misery fell so suddenly—and on whom poverty, like an armed man, had come; the youthful and elegant forms of women, wasted by the fearfulness of war, and the hands clasped in trembling yet fervent hope, would

have touched the hardest observer. Old men thrust forth from their homes in hamlet and city, childless and companionless, even on the brink of the grave, with none to soothe their passage to it; their dim gaze bent forward, as if even now the king of terrors bade them come. And by their side knelt children, but not their own, cast on the kindness of the stranger."

Many of the descriptions are perfect pictures. We regret we have not room for the scene where the young Saracen enters the tent of the prisoner knight for the purpose of avenging her father's death: it is conceived in the very spirit of poetry. While on the subject of poetry, we must remark on the great beauty of the occasional poetry scattered through these volumes. We extract two or three verses of a piece which must have been written under one of the cedars of Lebanon.

"Look forth—the land is beautiful,
The rose fills Carmel's sacred air;
The cedar trees of Lebanon
Seem natural temples made for prayer.
But each rose wears a deeper dye,
Caught from the battle's crimson rain;
And every lofty cedar's bough
Is drooped above the unburi'd slain.
I see the lances flash below,
I see the banners float above;
I ask the dying and the dead,
Is this the faith of hope and love?
The willows on Moriah's side
Are heavy with the harp no more;
The sword is ploughshare of the land
Which angel footsteps loved of yore."

We must find a place for the prose sketch which doubtless suggested the above lines.

"Felled with an unsparing hand, neglected by a desolate and oppressed people, these famous cedar groves had shrunk gradually away, leaving a naked and melancholy waste, where once was unfading coolness, and the gloom at noon-day, so welcome to the weary. The inhabitant, who once 'made his nest beneath the pleasant branches,' was now compelled to lay his head on the rock: one group was still left, on which the tempest and the lightning had spent their fury for ages; but the trunks were unscathed, the foliage unwithered. Thousands of years ago, the kings of the earth built their palaces and temples from these noble trees, and thought that their glory and beauty were to be for ever; but time had smote them like the thistle on the hill. The people looked on the trees with reverence; and every one cut pieces from the branches, to be treasured as relics, and borne to their various homes; they were about twenty in number, of immense size, being thirty or forty feet in circumference, with divers rows of branches, stretching straight out, as though they were kept by art; some young cedar trees had been planted around by the hands of others, but it was only to grow up and die. The part of the mountain where they stood was a small plain, around which rose the high and snow-covered peaks, whose white mantle no summer took way: it looked like a solitary world; the only thing that triumphed over the wide decay that had come down on city, temple, and forest, was this single and eternal group of cedars: each year saw them put forth their rich and proud foliage, and the same shadows that had sheltered the princes of Tyre and Judah, now waved over the lonely group of Christians. One tree alone of the group had fallen, long since, it was said by some; according to others, but a few years ago; but whether blown down by the storms, or levelled at last by age, it was not easy to decide. Slowly the hand of decay came over it: for, while some of the branches were withering, and put forth no leaves, the rest were yet green and feebly

flourishing; for the struggle for life was still strong in the noble tree."

There is an exquisite episode of a wife abandoned by her husband, whose heart pours its woman's love on a child of the village where she dwells. We regret our limits forbid further extract, particularly of some very sweet lines on the child's death, though the author has been more careless of their polish than his wont. The sultan Melec Seraph's tent is sketched, "profuse in eastern luxury;" and we would point attention to the monastery "of the Martyrs;" to several of the desert scenes; to the interview in the convent between Isabel and Itahie; and though we have carefully avoided any hint of the story, we must inform our younger readers that the *dénouement* is equally new and unexpected.

In conclusion we must say, Mr. Carne has been very successful in the Oriental character given to his story, without losing human interest in the picturesque. We doubt not but the author's pain will be repaid by the author's pleasure—popularity.

The Romance of History—France. By Leitch Ritchie. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. E. Bull.

WE must divide our review into two parts, as we have two opposite opinions to deliver, and to consider Mr. Ritchie in his romantic, and then in his historical, character. We have no hesitation in saying, that, as tales, this collection is the best of the series. The stories are interesting, told with much dramatic effect in, often, very beautiful language, and with an animation which keeps the attention awake. The first three tales are our especial favourites. The manners of the age give a rich and picturesque effect to the scene, while the spirit is just idealised enough to meet our modern conception of romance. The attempts at humour are failures—Mr. Ritchie is either coarse (too common a fault with him, by the by,) or extravagant; but we readily excuse the "King of the Beggars," and the "Magic Wand," in favour of "the Bondsman's Feast" and "the Pilgrim of St. James," which are equally spirited and characteristic. "The Rock of the Fort" must not be omitted, as it is a favourable specimen of the author's lighter powers: the historical incident is told in a very amusing manner. But is not the romance of the history of France a misnomer, as regards great part of these volumes? "The Phantom Fight," and "the Serf," are founded on Flemish history; and the "Dream Girl," a very affected term for a somnambulist, has no sort of historical connexion with the plan; and this is the more to be blamed, as Mr. Ritchie has, after all, left untouched the great mass of the romantic annals of France. The poetical records of Provence, the chivalrous court of Francis I., the eventful contests between the Huguenots and the Catholics, the romantic adventures of Henry IV., the rich field of the wars of the Frondeurs, so full of incident—are all left wholly unnoticed. Our author does not appear to us to have entered *con amore* into his subject; he looks on the past as if he were pointing out its defects in a debating society; and when he talks of Froissart as "a cold, dry writer," he shews how little he is imbued with the spirit of the romance he undertakes to illustrate. He judges of the acts of past ages by that unfair criterion, the opinions of the present; and as his premises are unfair, his conclusions are unjust. His "historical summary" is a flippant collection of prejudice—commonplace

and inelegant in language. Kings of all sorts are an offence in his sight—

"The very name of Nazarene
Is wormwood to his Paimin spleen."

His style is, occasionally, particularly objectionable—*ex. gr.* "Louis XIV. next took it into his head to fall out with the Dutch." The same monarch also sits on the arch of his triumphs, "to snuff up the adulation of the world." A monk gives a sigh "from the very bottom of his bowels:" this seems rather a favourite expression, for it occurs once or twice besides;—a knight, in combat, gives a stroke from "the very bottom of his bowels" also. But we must in fairness observe, that these are only occasional blemishes; for Mr. Ritchie's language is often beautiful, even to poetry. Before we return to do full justice to his great talents for narrative, we must again allude to the false flippancy of his historical summary. The war against the Saxons was carried on by Charlemagne to extermination; Mr. Ritchie calls them "the martyrs of liberty"—license rather: a set of bold idolaters, they were to Europe what the Danes were a century later. Again we repeat, nothing can be more unjust than to judge of ancient times by our present more equitable views: warfare, in those days, was a great and terrible means of civilisation. Out of evil hath worked good; and a nice line of distinction ought to be drawn between our present conviction of the sin and error of bloodshed, and the former fierce spirit which made battle glorious, because, in reality, necessary. Mr. Ritchie has fallen too much into the common cant against conquerors: the dominion of the church is also a perpetually recurring subject of sarcasm. Now, no one can be more thoroughly convinced than ourselves of the evil of this enormous spiritual power; but let it be also remembered, that the priests were in those days the only depositaries of either religion or learning; the only advocates, and, in a great measure, the conservators, of peace—some power was absolutely requisite. The monasteries were places of refuge; and many of the large donations were bestowed with the view that the donors or their children would benefit by the very shelter they endowed. All human institutions are liable to error; and the system of the pontifical power was essentially a human institution. The tide of events always finds its own level; and as soon as this great authority became only a hindrance and an injury, it was destroyed, or weakened—and, alas! with much bloodshed: but who shall read history, and not own that blood has ever been the seal of great change? We have gone rather at length into this subject, because this work is destined for the young; and sweeping conclusions are always bad, more especially for the youthful, who cannot be too soon taught to hesitate in forming an opinion—to balance the good and the evil—and to learn, that the only secret for forming an accurate judgment is to make allowances.

We have now to let our author speak for himself—the time is during the siege of Paris by the Normans.

A spectator would not have been able to conjecture, from the appearance that evening of the little court of Adele, that a struggle was so nearly at hand which, in all probability, would decide the fate of the city. The laugh and the jest went lightly round; lays were sung, and legends recited of the olden time; warriors whispered soft tales in ladies' ears, and ladies blushed and smiled while they listened. Although the formal Vows of the Pheasant had not yet come into fashion, the chiefs

were not slow in promising wonders to their mistresses; and the latter amused themselves with imposing tasks upon their lovers, to be executed in the expected sally. One desired a pebble from the opposite bank of the river; another longed for a branch of a tree which grew near the enemy's camp; and a third charged her servant with an ironical message to one of the Norman leaders, desiring him, during its delivery, to strike three blows upon the Pagan's shield. Adele gave some trifling commission of this kind to almost every one present; and as the Count Odon remarked the air of absolute devotion with which his sister's commands were listened to, a flush of pride rose into his brow. Conscious that the admiring eyes of her brother, whom she herself admired more than any human being, were fixed upon her, she became more wildly gay, and gave more extravagant scope to her imagination. "Listen, sirs," said she; "there is one thing I had forgotten—a very trifle, it is true, and hardly worth the asking; but there may be some one here who will condescend to the task for the sake of Adele." "Name it!—name it!" cried the chiefs, and the circle narrowed round her as they spoke. "There is a tent," she continued, "at the eastern angle of the Norman camp, distinguished from the rest by the splendour of its appearance, and the wide open area that encircles it, guarded by a double wall of huts. Except on particular nights, when the idolatrous fires are blazing, and the heathens gather into this enclosure for the performance of their unholy rites, the sole inhabitants of the tent are an aged woman of lofty stature, and a young child. The former appears to be even as a priestess among this unbelieving people, and either the mother of the infant or a nurse appointed to tend and care for him." Adele paused, and glanced carelessly round among the crowd of admiring hearers. "Speak!" cried they with one voice; "command, we are ready!" "I would that some one," said the spoiled beauty, "would bring me that Pagan boy for a foot-page!" The chiefs were silent; some from surprise, and some in the belief that she had spoken in jest, so madly desperate did the enterprise appear; but the next moment Eriland stepped into the circle. "Madam," said he, with a low obeisance, "if I return from to-morrow's sally a living man, I will lay that infant at your feet!"

The young hero makes his way into the camp.

"Farther on, the tent described by Adele, and on which he had himself often gazed from the city walls, presented a striking and beautiful contrast. It was surrounded by a little grove of flowering shrubs, which filled the air with a delicious fragrance, and a stream, trickling from a fountain of carved stone, wandered murmuring through the green parterre at the entrance. The pace of the adventurer slackened as he approached; and it was at last with noiseless tread and suppressed breathing that he entered the tent, where the silence seemed strange and almost preternatural. No paraphernalia of religion, however—no awe-inspiring gloom, such as he had been accustomed to in the usages of his own church, met his view; the open lattices admitted a softened light through leaves and flowers, and discovered nothing more terrible than a lovely infant sleeping in a cradle of wicker upon the floor. The features of the warrior relaxed at the sight; he gazed upon the little creature with a feeling of joy and tenderness; and taking it up cautiously in his arms, as one robs the nest of a bird, he fled with his prize. At the instant, a

startling scream rang in his ears, and a woman, who had been concealed by the drapery of the tent, rushed after him. Her lofty figure was unbent by the load of years whose mark was on her brow; and she was arrayed in a costume of picturesque extravagance, and crowned with garlands of evergreen shrubs, whose leaves seemed to mock the tresses, as white as snow, with which they were twined. Eriland had hardly time to turn round to gaze upon this strange apparition, when he felt himself wounded by a lance she bore in her hand. Disdaining to combat with a woman, he merely parried, without returning, her furious blows; but finding at length the odds less unequal than he imagined, he was constrained to disarm her. He would then have resumed his flight; but the old woman, seizing on his mantle, with the most passionate entreaties and lamentations, partly in her own language and partly in his, besought his forbearance. 'A Christian and a soldier!' she exclaimed; 'oh, thou who warrest with babes and women, be-think thee of thy honour and thy faith! By the sword of thy father—by the pains of thy mother in travail—by the souls of thy young brothers and sisters—by thy home, thy altar, and thy God, have pity on the gray hairs of my age—have mercy on the child of a nation's hope! He never injured thee nor thine; see, he smiles—yea, even now, he smiles in thy face! Hard-hearted man! does not that holy beam fall like sunshine on thy soul to warm and to melt? Give him back to my arms, and receive the blessing of the aged and the stranger. Give me back the green leaf of promise—the sweet bud of hope and delight! Give back my child—my life of life—my own—my beautiful—my boy, my boy!' and she threw herself at the feet of the warrior, tearing her white hairs, and weeping and lamenting, as if her heart would break. Eriland hesitated. The smiles of the young infant—the tears of the aged woman—the breath of the flowers and shrubs—the coolness of the air—the murmur of the water—all nature, animate and inanimate, conspired to shake his resolution. His soul was touched with pity—his eyes filled with tears; and pressing his trembling lip to the cheek of the babe, he restored it to its nurse, and sprang over the wall of the enclosure. The panic had in the mean time subsided, and it was known that only a single stranger was in the camp. Guards were stationed at every possible avenue of escape, and spies posted on the roofs of the houses, to give notice of the appearance of the prey; while a tumultuous crowd rolled like a stormy flood through the camp, every individual quivering with rage, and hungering and thirsting after vengeance. Eriland had no sooner left the enclosure than he was desecrated; and in a few moments more he saw the gleam of weapons amidst the tents, and heard the near tread of his executioners, who rushed towards him, yelling like famished wolves. The city walls were visible from where he stood, and the tower was still crowded with ladies, the proud banner of St. Martin floating over their heads. A thousand thoughts swept across the heart of the warrior as if at one instant. His dreams of fame—his youth, unripe and unrenowned—his presumptuous love—his obscure and unpitied death! 'Adele!' he exclaimed aloud, looking with straining eyes towards the city—'lovely and beloved! Oh, would that thou couldst see me die! Yet thou wilt guess my fate, and my unstained name will live in thy memory. Farewell, noble banner of France!—long mayest thou wave over strong walls and brave

hearts! Farewell, my true comrades in arms! Farewell the light of day, the song of birds, and the sweet rush of waters! Farewell, my life! and grasping his sword with both hands, the stout cavalier shouted his battle cry, and rushed into the midst of his enemies. At this moment a voice was heard behind, which rose distinct and terrible above the yells of the multitude, and, springing over the wall of the enclosure where Eriland had descended, a gigantic Norman flung himself into the midst of the fray. The people fell back at his command with habitual obedience, conceiving, it is supposed, that he claimed to himself the prerogative of despatching the prisoner; but when they saw that his purpose was to save rather than destroy, they returned with renewed fury to the assault. With entreaties mingled with imprecations and menaces, the giant at first endeavoured to shield his protégé; but when these were unavailing, he had recourse to blows; and they cut their way through the half-yielding, half-resisting mob to the outer wall. Eriland grasped the hand of his unknown friend; and the two warriors looked for a moment in one another's faces with an expression of admiration and esteem. 'The young child,' said the Norman, 'sent thee this rescue.' 'To thee, notwithstanding,' replied Eriland, 'I owe a life;' and jumping over the fortifications, he regained the city."

We can only add, that the rest of the story is equal to these spirited scenes. Mr. Ritchie has a most original invention—a vivid power of creation; and we give him but his due when we say he is by far our best writer of romantic and imaginative tales.

The Life of Titian; with Anecdotes of the distinguished Persons of his Time. By James Northcote, Esq.; R.A. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

MR. NORTHCOTE has been too frequently before the public, both as a painter and a writer, to render it necessary for us to eulogise his various merits. Veteran as he is, his mind seems to retain at least the greatest portion of the freshness and energy of youth. The volumes which he has just produced have not been subjected to any very strict arrangement (a circumstance which is, perhaps, not at all to be regretted); but they contain a great mass of curious and amusing matter, and much food for serious reflection.

When the length of Titian's life, the celebrity he enjoyed, and his constant intercourse with all who were distinguished either by rank or by talent in his time, are considered, it will not appear surprising that Mr. Northcote, in the course of his narrative, has introduced sketches—some very slight, others approximating to a finish—of many persons, of whom every body must be desirous of knowing something. Among these are, Giorgione, the Bellini, Leo X., Bembo, Navagero, Francis I., Aretin (with numerous letters), Algarotti, Tribolo, Benvenuto Cellini, Paul Veronese, Tintoret, Charles V., Alfonso Lombardi, Vasari (with his history and correspondence), Hippolito, Alexander, Catharine, and Giovanni de Medicis, Clement VII., Pordenone, Paris Bordone, Paul III., the Duke of Urbino, Michael Angelo (with many letters), Ludovico Dolce, El Mudo, &c. &c. &c. They will all well repay the perusal. But the most valuable part of the work we take to be (and we wish it had borne a greater proportion to the biographical and historical part), the original remarks by Mr. Northcote himself (an artist of no mean powers, and a judicious and experienced

critic) on art generally, on the peculiar qualities of the Venetian school, and on the style of Titian, its illustrious chief. From these remarks our extracts shall be principally, although not entirely, made.

We trust that our young students in painting will attend to the following sound opinion:

"I will in this place venture to give my opinion, that there is no way so improving to a student, as to finish his pictures to the utmost minuteness in his power; by which means he will acquire a thorough knowledge of the exact forms and character of the parts. If he has a genius for the art, he will soon discover what he may treat slightly or leave out of his work; and if he has none, he will be enabled, by this method, to give such an air of truth to his productions as will pass for merit with a large part of the community, by which he will be secure of employment, and will also have a certain claim to respect. But a careless, and what is often supposed to be a bold manner, when practised by the ignorant, is detestable, and shews a kind of unfeeling assurance, as if the artist said, 'Any thing is good enough for the public!'

"The diligence with which he (Titian) pursued his studies is sufficiently evident from his success. Statesmen and warriors may grow great from unexpected accidents, and from a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, neither procured nor foreseen by themselves; but reputation in the fine arts or the learned world must be the effect of industry and capacity. Titian never lost an hour—always endeavouring to add excellence to excellence."

They may also derive some valuable hints from the subjoined observation:—

"I cannot but think that Titian had a considerable advantage in the improvement of his taste for colouring, from having been in his first studies taught fresco-painting, by which his eye was early inured to that fresh, clear, and unadulterated tone which is unavoidably preserved in all those works that are done without oil. It was by degrees he crept into the knowledge of the use of oil, without having had his eye familiarised by early habit to the heavy, dingy, slimy effect of various oils and megilps; which, as they more and more prevail, soak up and destroy the wholesome freshness and purity of the tints, and reduce them at last to the saturated appearance of an oil-skin umbrella. Artists who paint in water-colours justly wish to give their pictures the force and finish of oil; as those who paint in oil should endeavour to impart to their tints the clear and vivid purity of water-colours. And the clearness of the one, with the depth and solidity of the other, is what Titian possessed the power of uniting beyond any other painter that ever lived."

A third lesson, although of a different nature, may be found in an entertaining anecdote of Alfonso Lombardi, the sculptor, a friend of Titian's, and a youth of great promise:—

"As he grew up, he was considered very handsome, having a very fine-proportioned person, with a healthy and spirited countenance. This undoubtedly was the chief cause of his being idle; and accordingly he seemed to practise the art as if more for his amusement or for a certain vanity only, having no relish for the slow and laborious process of cutting and chiselling marble: and (what is not very uncommon in the youthful period of life) he became a very great fop, and attired himself most fantastically. He used to wear round his neck and on his arms, as well as on different parts of his dress, fine ornaments of gold, and

appeared more like a gallant or high-born courtier, than a studious artist desirous of fame in his profession; and, in truth, when he was thus decked out, he carried it very awkwardly; for his dress was more gaudy and extravagant than that of persons of quality; so that, while he put himself into competition with them, and wished to be taken for a man of wealth and consequence, instead of being admired and respected, he was laughed at and despised by all men of sense, and became the jest of his associates. Alfonso, being thus enamoured of himself, became abandoned to pleasure and to pursuits little befitting a prudent and ingenious artist; and at length, by these habits, lost all the fame he had acquired. He next took it into his head to fall in love, and this with a noble lady. One night, being at a wedding-ball in the palace of a Bolognese count, this young lady happened to be there also; and she by chance became his partner. In the midst of the dance he turned towards her; and, heaving a profound sigh, said, as he looked in her face with what he thought ineffable softness in his eyes—*‘S’ amor non è, che dunque è quel ch’io sento?—If it be not love that I feel, pray then what is it?’* The lady, to put a stop to his impertinence, smiled and answered—*‘E’ sarà qualche pidocchio!—Perhaps it is a louse.’* This answer being overheard by the company, was soon talked of through all the city of Bologna, and he became the jest of the whole town.”

The temporary rivalry of Pordenone with Titian elicits a caustic reflection, the justness of which, however, must be allowed by all.

“How exactly we find the same thing in our days, when scarcely a year passes but we are called upon to bestow our wonder and attention on some new and surprising genius, who makes a prodigious noise for a season, and then is heard no more! The earnest desire of mankind for novelty, and the pleasure it gives to those who fondly hope they have had the sagacity to bring the hidden treasure to light, tempts them to decry the most established reputation, and leads them to suppose that their new-discovered favourite may supply the vacant place; the frequent failures they experience being passed over without making them wiser.”

It is well known that Charles V. made Titian a knight and count of the holy Lateran palace, and of the imperial court and consistory; and that, subsequently, he created him a count palatine. “These honours,” observes Mr. Northcote, “it is the more necessary to recall to the reader’s attention, as they are at this time so totally absorbed and lost in the splendour of his single name—so universally known from his eminent talents—that it seems like a jest even to mention the inferior distinctions bestowed on him by earthly princes; for he was a man endowed by Heaven with such transcendent abilities, that, to use the words of Kneller in speaking of himself, ‘he was one of God Almighty’s noblemen.’”

The anecdote of Charles’s having twice picked up this great artist’s pencil, and presented it to him, saying, “To wait on Titian was service for an emperor,” is well known; but we do not remember to have met with the following:

“Titian had painted the portrait of Charles several times, as I have before observed; but now being called to the court of that prince, he for the last time painted his portrait, just as it then appeared in the latter part of his life; and this picture also much pleased the renowned emperor. Certain it is, that the very first portrait Titian drew of him so struck him with admiration, that he would never after sit on any

other artist; and for every portrait Titian took of him he gave him a thousand crowns in gold. Titian in all painted three portraits of the emperor; and when he last sat to him, at the conclusion of the picture, Charles said, with emphasis,—“This is the third time I have triumphed over death.”

In speaking of some pictures which Titian painted at a mature period of his life, Mr. Northcote observes—and the observation is pregnant with instruction:—

“These pictures are in the possession of his Catholic majesty, and held in high esteem for the vivacity Titian has given to the figures; and in colour they are equal to nature itself. But it is certain that about this time he made a very great alteration in his style of execution from that which he practised in his younger days. For his first pictures are finished with most incredible diligence, so as to bear examining near, and yet look well at a distance also: but the works he did about this time are full of strokes and spots, after a certain bold manner, so that they seem nothing when viewed close, though they look well at a distance, as if perfectly finished. This last manner of his, many painters have endeavoured to imitate, by which they have made very gross and random work. They have been tempted to imagine it done with ease; but in this they are much mistaken, as it is the result of very long practice and vast judgment, earned from experience; and so far from being easy, that it is impossible to do it well without a long life of preparation. And as it demonstrates the great master of the art, the ignorant are captivated, and conceive that it can be performed at will—not apprehending the infinite labour it has cost to acquire this seeming facility. If the painter should be asked how long he was about the picture done in so masterly and free a style, he might give the answer of one of the moderns on a similar occasion, to wit—‘All my life!’”

On the Venetian school generally, and on the style of Titian in particular, the following passage contains much valuable remark:—

“The Venetian painters who fixed the style of their countrymen, were most certainly Giorgione and Titian. Giorgione took the hint of that fine manner of colouring which, as we observed before, became the distinguished characteristic of the Venetian school, from Leonardo da Vinci, the Florentine; and Titian carried it to the greatest possible perfection; but Titian adopted this search into colouring at an early period of life, and (comparatively speaking) knew but little of anything else that might tempt him into other pursuits;—he gave up almost his whole time to improving colouring to the utmost perfection it was capable of receiving; therefore, if Titian is more remarkable as a colourist than as a draftsman, the climate had nothing to do with it. And Michael Angelo, like the great and judicious artist that he was, did not ascribe Titian’s excellence in colouring, or his defects in other parts, to any particular direction of genius which might enable him to succeed in any one part of the art more than in another: no, he well knew that the acquisition of the art, in the whole together, or in the several parts and divisions of it, will always, in the hands of a man properly qualified, bear a just proportion to the application made, and to the advantages of study enjoyed. After praising Titian’s colouring, his remark upon him is—‘It is a misfortune that the painters of Venice have not a better manner of study.’ At the same time, Giorgione, who was a little anterior to Titian, founded a school of painting at Venice, which

school made great progress, from the opportunities they had of painting large *façades* and saloons. As Titian, by living at Venice, had not the facility of examining ancient works, he could not fundamentally acquire a great style, like Michael Angelo; and for that reason he did not bestow on his delineation of forms all that attention which they merited, and applied himself more to the appearance of truth, which depended on the colours of the body, and arrived in that part, by continual exercise of painting and copying nature, to such excellence, that he never has been equalled; and what contributed much to this, was the vanity of the Venetian gentry, who wished to be painted by him, or to have from his hand those exquisite female figures. Contemporary with Titian, the Duke of Mantua employed Mantegna, who established at Modena the first academy that had been in Italy, from which came Bianchi, the master of Antonio Allegri, named Correggio. From the foundation of the Venetian school, a mode of proceeding was adopted, which, though well calculated to give the painter a greater promptness of execution, a more commanding dexterity of hand, and a more chaste and lively colouring, than is to be found in the artists of the Roman or Florentine schools, was also the means of introducing a want of correctness in their compositions, and a neglect of purity in their outlines. Their method was to paint every thing without the preparation of a drawing; whereas the Roman and Florentine painters never introduced a figure of which they had not studied and prepared a model or cartoon. Following the system of his countrymen, Titian painted immediately from nature; and possessed of a correct eye, attuned to the harmony of effect, he acquired a style of colouring perfectly conformable to truth. Satisfied with this identity of imitation, he was little sensible of the select beauty of form, or the adaptation of that characteristic expression, so essential to the higher order of historic painting. In his works of that description, if we look for the fidelity of the historian, he will be found, like other artists of his country, little scrupulous in point of accuracy. He neither presents us with the precise locality of the scene, the strict propriety of the costume, nor the accessories best suited to the subject; attributes so estimable in the works of those painters who consulted the best models of antiquity. * * * As Titian contented himself with a faithful representation of nature, his forms were fine when he found them in his model. If, like Raphael, he had been inspired with the genuine love of the beautiful, it might have led him to have courted it in selected nature, or in her more attractive charms to be found in the polished graces of the antique: the purity of his design thus united with the enchanting magic of his colouring would have stamped him the most accomplished painter that the art has produced. But although Titian cannot with propriety be placed among those artists who have distinguished themselves by the excellence of their choice, and the refinement of their expression, he is not altogether wanting in grandeur or dignity. Like Michael Angelo, he occasionally exaggerated or went beyond his model; but it was rather to render it more tender and fleshy, than, like Buonarrotti, to render it more vigorous and muscular. A general feeling for colour, rather than a correct principle of composition, induced him to make prominent the most beautiful parts of his figures, as affording the finest masses and the boldest relief. His female figures and children are preferable to those of his men; and he has given them an air of

naïveté and ease, which, though not absolutely grace, is nearly allied to it; and it is generally supposed that N. Poussin and the sculptor Flaminio, who excelled in the representation of infantine beauty, formed their idea of it by contemplating the works of Titian. As a colourist, Titian holds an unrivalled dominion over every competitor. No painter has viewed nature with so chaste an eye; and to none were the tender blandishments of her charms more confidentially communicated. In his pictures the tones are so subtly melted as to leave no intimation of the colours which were on his pallet; and it is perhaps in that respect that his system of colouring differs so materially from that of Rubens, who was accustomed to place his colours one near the other, with a slight blending of the tints. He observed, that in nature every object offered a particular surface or character, transparent, opaque, rude, or polished, and that these objects differed in the strength of their tints and the depth of their shadows. It was in this diversity, that he found the generality and perfection of his art. Hence, as Mengs remarks, in imitating nature he took the principal for the whole, and represented his fleshy tones, chiefly composed of demitints, totally by demitints, and divested of demitints those passages in which few were discernible in nature. By these means he arrived at an indescribable perfection of colouring, which approaches to illusion. In invention and composition he confined himself to a representation of what appeared to him to be naturally necessary to the subject; and this strict adherence to individuality prompted him to introduce into his historical pictures, instead of ideal characters analogous to the subject, heads designed from life, with a precision which gave to the most interesting subjects of history the formality of portraiture. That he was capable of occasionally venturing beyond this boundary, he has given proof in his fine picture of St. Pietro Martire, in which his friend and admirer Algarotti asserts, that the most fastidious critic cannot find the shadow of defect. The composition of this celebrated picture is admirable; and though composed of very few figures, they are spiritedly designed, full of action, and marked with a grandeur seldom found in the works of this artist. As a painter of portraits, Titian is indisputably entitled to the highest rank. To the nobleness and simplicity of character which he always gave them, he added what Sir Joshua Reynolds calls 'a senatorial dignity,' a natural and unaffected air, which distinguishes his personages from those of every other artist; and to his transcendent excellence in this branch, he is indebted for a great portion of his fame. To the celebrity of Titian as a painter of history and portraits, is to be added his excellence in landscape painting. Whether it is predominant, or introduced as an accessory, it is always treated by him in the grandest and most picturesque style. Such is the admirable background of his famous picture of St. Pietro Martire, than which it would be difficult to find in the whole range of art a more sublime and impressive accompaniment, so artfully conducive to the terrific effect of the subject."

In the course of his work Mr. Northcote introduces a chapter "on the encouragement of art in England and Italy," which we have marked for extract; but we must defer it until a future number.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XIII. The Western World; Vol. I. The United States. 12mo. pp. 344. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

In our last No. we briefly characterised this new volume of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, to which we now return, for the sake of illustration. The habits of the American Indian are described in a concise, and, at the same time, a very interesting, manner. We omit probably the most beautiful specimen of Indian eloquence, the speech of Logan, since we cannot but presume that it is already well known to our readers; and proceed to quote the accompanying extract from the (we trust genuine) speech of a Pawnee chief, addressed to the President of the United States, as late as 1822. We think we shall be borne out in considering the speech as beautifully pathetic; and the concluding allusion to the future consequences of destroying the buffalo for the sake of traffic with the whites, as a touching appeal, replete with pathos and simplicity.

"My great father, some of your good chiefs, as they are called (the missionaries), have proposed to send some of their good people among us, to change our habits, to make us work, and live like the white people. I will not tell a lie; I am going to speak the truth. You love your country; you love your people; you love the manner in which they live; and you think your people brave. I am like you, my great father: I love my country; I love my people; I love the manner in which we live; and I think myself and my warriors brave. Spare me, then, my father; let me enjoy my country, and pursue the buffalo and the beaver, and other wild animals; and with their skins I will trade with your people. I have grown up, and lived thus long, without working—I hope you will suffer me to die without it. We have plenty of buffalo, beaver, deer, and other wild animals; we have also abundance of horses—we have every thing we want—we have plenty of land, if you will keep your people off it. My father (Major O'Fallon) has a piece of land, on which he lives (Council Bluffs), and we wish him to enjoy it—we have enough without it. We wish him to live near us, to give us good counsel, to keep our ears and eyes open, that we may continue to pursue the right road, the road to happiness. He settles all differences between us and the whites, and between the red skins themselves. He makes the red skins do justice to the whites—he saves the effusion of human blood, and preserves peace and happiness in the land. You have already sent us a father. It is enough. He knows us, and we know him—we have confidence in him—we keep our eye constantly upon him; and since we have heard your words we will listen more attentively to his. It is too soon, my great father, to send these good men among us. We are not starving yet; we wish you to permit us to enjoy the chase until the game of our country be exhausted—until the wild animals become extinct. Let us exhaust our present resources, before you make us toil, and interrupt our happiness. Let me continue to live as I have done; and after I have passed to the Good or Evil Spirit from off the wilderness of my present life, the subsistence of my children may become so precarious as to need and embrace the assistance of those good people. There was a time when we did not know the whites. Our wants were then fewer than they are now; they were always within our control—we had seen nothing which we could not get. Before our intercourse with the whites, who

have caused such a destruction in our game, we could lie down to sleep, and when we awoke, we found the buffalo feeding round our camp; but now we kill them for their skins, and feed the wolves with their flesh, to make our children cry over their bones."

We give the following, wherein the early outbreaking of the American revolt is detailed. Throughout the work, the writer has wisely confined himself to the relation of facts, without obtruding his own political opinions. His readers, therefore, will account this an ostensible warrant, that there is no wish to infuse prejudice by a partial narrative—the sure consequence of an author's endeavouring to make his readers imbibe his own peculiar political notions.

"The assembly, to the number of ninety, met at the time and place appointed. They waited a day for the governor to open the session; but finding he did not appear, they, on the third day, resolved themselves into a provincial congress, and adjourned to Concord, a town about twenty miles distant from Boston. They chose Mr. Hancock president, and appointed a committee to wait on the governor with a remonstrance, in which they apologised for their meeting, by representing the distressed state of the colony, mentioned the grievous apprehensions of the people, asserted that the rigour of the Boston port bill was increased by the manner of its execution, complained of the late laws, and of the hostile preparations on Boston Neck, and adjured him to desist immediately from the construction of a fortress there. The governor was at a loss how to act. He could not recognise the meeting at Concord as a legal assembly, and was sensible of the imprudence of increasing the public irritation by declining to take notice of their remonstrance. He was constrained by the pressure of circumstances to return an answer; and, in that answer, he expressed his indignation at the suspicion that the lives, liberty, or property, of any but avowed enemies were in danger from English troops; and observed that, notwithstanding the hostile dispositions manifested towards them, by withholding almost every necessary accommodation, they had not discovered that resentment which such unfriendly treatment was calculated to provoke. He told them that, while they complained of alterations in their charter by act of parliament, they were themselves, by their present assembling, subverting that charter, and acting in direct violation of their own constitution; he therefore warned them of their danger, and called on them to desist from such unconstitutional proceedings. But the warnings of the governor made no impression on the provincial congress. On the 17th of October, that assembly adjourned to Cambridge, a town about four miles from Boston. They resolved to purchase military stores, and to enlist a number of *minute* men—so named from their engaging to take the field in arms on a minute's warning. But the greater part of the members, although sufficiently zealous in the cause, had no conception of the expense attending such proceedings, and were alarmed at the mention of the most paltry sums. They were in easy circumstances, but had little money; living on the produce of their farms, their expenditure was trifling, and they were utter strangers to large accounts. They were prevailed on, however, at first to vote 750*l.* sterling, and afterwards to add 1500*l.* more, for purchasing warlike stores. By cautious management, their leaders ultimately induced them to grant almost 16,000*l.* sterling, for the purpose of maintaining their liberties. Such was

the sum with which they were to resist the power of the British empire! They appointed a *committee of safety*, with authority to call out the militia when thought necessary for the defence of the inhabitants of the province, and a committee of *supplies*, to purchase ammunition, ordnance, and other military stores. They elected Jedidiah Pribble, Artemas Ward, and Colonel Pomeroy, who had seen some service in the late war, general officers, and appointed them to the chief command of the minute men and militia, if they should be called into actual service. On the 27th of October, the congress adjourned to the 23d of November. On the approach of winter, the governor ordered temporary barracks for the troops to be erected; but he found much difficulty in the execution of his purpose; as, through the influence of the select men and committees, the mechanics were unwilling or afraid to engage in the work, and the merchants declined to execute his orders. The mutual suspicions of the governor and people of Massachusetts Bay were now so strong, that every petty incident increased the irritation. Each party made loud professions of the best intentions; and each watched the other with a jealous eye. In a proclamation, the governor forbade the people to pay any regard to the requisitions, directions, or resolutions of the provincial congress, and denounced that body as an illegal assembly; but the proclamation was disregarded, and the recommendations of congress were revered and promptly obeyed."

In conclusion, we have only to repeat, that we consider this history to be a very judicious and well-executed addition to the Cabinet Library.

The Family Cabinet Atlas. Constructed upon an original plan, and engraved on steel, by Mr. Thomas Starling. To be published in Monthly Parts—not to exceed Twelve. Parts I. to VIII. Bull.

"THE *Family Cabinet Atlas*," says the prospectus, "is designed more particularly to accompany and illustrate the historical and geographical portions of the *Family Library*, the *Cabinet Cyclopaedia*, the *Family Classical Library*, and similar publications, by supplying, in the clearest and most accurate manner, all the information of large and expensive general atlases, in an elegant volume of the same size as those cheap and popular works."

From an inspection of the eight Parts of this publication, it appears to us that the promise held out in the foregoing paragraph has been performed as fully as was practicable in a work of so small a size. To prevent confusion, only the names of the principal places are inserted in the maps, and lists are given of the less important, with their respective latitude and longitude. The plates are throughout engraved with great neatness, and, besides the maps of various countries, present us with "a comparative View of the principal Mountains in the World, with their Altitudes," and "a comparative View of the chief Rivers in the World, with their respective lengths."

The History of Chivalry. By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of "De L'Orme," "Darnley," "Richelieu," &c. *National Library, Vol. IV.* 12mo. pp. 348. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

Of all the works produced by Mr. James, we have had to speak in terms of the highest praise; and their great popularity has confirmed the justice of our eulogy. Nor will the

present publication detract from the author's well-earned fame. On the contrary, it will shew that his ability for historical research is fully equal to his talent for imaginative writing. The volume is, indeed, one of the most valuable and important which has yet been addressed to the interesting exposition of the crusades and chivalry; and, whether we advert to the multitude of curious authorities which have been consulted, to the quantum of new information brought forward, or the excellent arrangement of matter and style, we find it impossible to withhold the tribute of admiration from Mr. James's production.

Having given it this true character, it will readily be felt, that, though only a single volume, it will require more of our attention than could be bestowed upon a hurried perusal; and that, therefore, we have a fair apology for deferring any details till next week. In the meantime, we cordially recommend it.

Herbert Milton, oder Leben der höheren Stände in London, &c. By Von G. Richard. 3 vols. Leipsig.

We merely notice this as a good translation into German of Herbert Milton: it is pleasing to observe our continental neighbours diffusing the knowledge of English works.

Reminiscenze di Carlo Beolchi. 12mo. pp. 236. London, 1830. Rolandi and Co.

THE author of this little volume having taken an active part in the Piedmontese revolution of 1821, and which ended by a renewal of the former yoke, had no other resource except in flight or an ignominious death. Discreetly choosing the first alternative, he proceeded with many others of his disappointed countrymen to Catalonia, where they formed a corps, and greatly distinguished themselves in fighting the battles which ensued on the Bourbon invasion of the peninsula. Again discomfited, the Italian refugees sought an asylum in this country, where they have continued to partake of no small portion of the horrors of exile, and would have continued to do so much longer, were it not for the recent events which seem to shed a new ray of hope on their destiny, if it does not hold out an immediate prospect of returning to Italy. The object of the volume before us, is to describe the author's adventures, from the period of his quitting the shores of his native country, till the breaking up of the corps of which he formed a part; and the task has been performed in a very pleasing manner. The style, though tinged with the sentimentality of *Jacopo Ortis*, (*Ugo Foscolo*), and occasionally somewhat affected, is animated and agreeable. While describing the romantic scenery through which he passed, or the battles in which he took a part, Signor Beolchi loses no fair opportunity of referring to the sufferings of Italy. And, though something less of political matter would render these Reminiscences more amusing to the generality of readers, nevertheless this little volume is well worthy of perusal, were it only on account of the elegance of its language.

Novelle Romantiche, in Prosa e in Versi. Pp. 96. London, 1830. At the Italian Library.

THE *Novelle Romantiche* is a sweet little volume, containing three beautiful tales. The second is touchingly simple. The third, partaking of prose and verse, savours of the German style; that is, the wonderful. The book may be safely placed in the hands of young

people, as there is not an exceptionable sentence throughout.

The Talba; or, the Moor of Portugal: a Romance. By Mrs. Bray, Author of the "White Hoods," &c. 3 vols. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

WE received these volumes too late for detailed review. We can only say, that they open in a very picturesque manner, and are laid during a period full of romantic interest. We like the first chapter much.

The History of the First Revolution in France; comprising the Period from 1787 to 1802. By John Bell, Esq. 8vo. pp. 418. London, 1830. Westley.

WE have gone over this able and excellent history, with which we can truly say we are entirely satisfied, and in every respect. We regret that we cannot immediately render it the tribute of a longer notice; but bidding our time, we cannot allow a week to pass without stating that it is a most meritorious, interesting, and valuable production.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Calculating Boy.—A Sicilian boy, Vincenzo Zuccaro, has lately given repeated proofs of a most extraordinary facility in performing arithmetical computations. He is seven years old, and of good general talents, but is still a mere child, and of no education. The city of Palermo, where he was born, assigned him a pension, which has been subsequently authorised by the government, that he may enjoy the advantage of careful instruction, from which his station in society (he is the son of an itinerant fiddler) would otherwise have perhaps excluded him. The answer to one question, which he solved perfectly correctly, contained no fewer than fourteen figures. He could not enumerate such an elevated quantity, but said the figures one after another as independent sums. He computes arithmetical and geometrical progressions, extracts the square and cube roots, and performs any of the common equations. Another precocious boy, Carlo Pace, who, at the age of eleven, appeared in the extraordinary character of a public improvisatore, and who was placed in one of the royal seminaries, that lack of fortune might not prejudice his improvement, has written a sonnet on Zuccaro. I subjoin it, though it is no great matter, and is generally considered inferior to his extemporaneous effusions: it is, however, a curiosity, as being written by a boy of thirteen on a child of seven.

This is the child! 'e'en this! oh, what surprise
Steals to my bosom and enchains my tongue!
Perhaps an angel 'tis, who left the skies
To live th' inhabitants of earth among.
Things that to know require 'e'en age's might,
Thou sudden seest, and piercest the thick veil.
O shining beam of the eternal light—
O child divine and dear! I bid thee hail!
Nought was the genius, at thy age, whose fame
Makes England proud; and nought that other name
Who but a fulcrum asked to move all earth.
Why did ill stars, alas! deny thee birth
In old heroic times? Incense and wreaths
Had given the bard who now thy praises breathes.

Letter from Naples.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

A. B. LAMBERT, Esq. in the chair. A paper by Mr. Don, lib., F.L.S., on the plant which yields the gum ammoniacum, was read. The author observes, that the gum ammoniacum has held a place in the *materia medica* from a very early period, yet the plant from which it

is obtained has hitherto remained totally unknown. Dioscorides, whose opinion is adopted by all subsequent writers, derives the name ammoniacum from Ammon, or Hammon, the Jupiter of the Libyans, whose temple was situated in the desert of Cyrene, near to which the plant was said to grow: but it appears to the author, that Dioscorides was altogether mistaken as to its native country; and that the name ammoniacum, or armoniicum, as it is indifferently written, is really a corruption of Armeniacum; for it is now ascertained beyond all doubt, that it is a native of the north of Persia; and in ancient authors the name of the apricot is sometimes found written *malum armeniicum*. The author then proceeds to give the essential character and a detailed description of the plant, which he regards as a new genus, and has called it *dorema ammoniacum*; concluding with some observations on the plant which yields the analogous gum, *galbanum*, which he considers also to form a new genus, and proposes for it the name of *galbanum officinale*. The plant which has hitherto been considered as yielding the gum galbanum, namely, the *bubon galb.* of Linnaeus, and of the pharmacopœias, Mr. Don has shewn to be totally different, possessing neither the smell nor taste of galbanum.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

DR. HENDERSON in the chair. Two communications were read, viz. on the different kinds of pine-apples cultivated in the Society's garden at Chiswick. It appeared, that of five hundred pines previously supposed to be of different sorts, only fifty are entitled to that distinction. The meteorological journal kept at the garden was the other communication. The journal was accompanied by remarks, and, upon the whole, was interesting and curious; the table regularly published in the *Literary Gazette*, however, supersedes any analysis: it may be sufficient to observe, that the following is a notation of the quantity of rain which fell during the corresponding months of 1829 and 1830, from which it appears that the harvest season of 1830 has been reckoned a wet one: it was considerably exceeded by that of 1829.

	1829.	1830.
July	3.07	1.46
August	3.71	3.05
September	1.40	2.11
	9.38	7.62

The chairman announced that a course of spring lectures on botany, in connexion with horticulture, would be delivered at the Society's house in Regent Street, and that a fête was intended to be given next June. On the table were placed several varieties of the beet-root: a deep yellow colour seems to be the distinguishing characteristic of that species from which sugar is made.

LONDON PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Ox Monday last, Mr. Churchill, V. P., in the chair. Mr. Levison gave an account of an interesting case, illustrated by a cast, of an enormous development of the organ of amativeness, accompanied by the corresponding feeling, in a girl only four years old, and now in the work-house at Hull. He also exhibited the skull of the murderer Kerpell, and some others, as proofs of the truth of the science of phrenology. A singular case of absence (congenital) of the anterior lobes of the brain, with a similar deficiency of the intellect, was also read.

MR. ST. JOHN LONG.

We have been amused with some personalities aimed at the (declared) Editor of the *Literary*

Gazette, by the *Medical Gazette*, the *Age* newspaper, and others of our gentle craft, in which, it must be confessed, a joke of our own, to a medical friend, has been converted into a solemn truth, and we have been most miraculously horsed and unhorsed. But we would not allude to this subject on our own account: we think something is, in common honesty, demanded from us respecting Mr. Long, lest our total silence should operate to his disadvantage.

We have been accused of being his partisans. We refer to the *Literary Gazette*; and we say that we might, with equal truth, have been called the partisans of a man who pretended to have discovered the longitude, the elixir vitæ, or the philosopher's stone. We did in his case what we do in all others: we mentioned the claims of the party to be able to cure consumption. We inquired of many intelligent patients what were the results of his treatment; and we stated, as stated to us, their answers. The investigation was one of great interest to humanity; and we should have been ashamed, as public journalists anxious to lay every kind of information before our readers,—of pursuing any other course. We gave no opinion whatever; but we should be guilty of falsehood were we not to acknowledge that the testimony of these individuals induced us to entertain a very favourable opinion of Mr. Long's system.

He is now run down, *secundum artem*; and the prejudice against him is so virulently kept alive, that we believe he can have no chance of a fair trial. To be called a quack and a murderer, for months, in almost every periodical journal, is quite enough, with the influence of the press, to procure the legal murder of any victim so designated for universal reprobation. We are not going into the merits or demerits of the question; but we would put it candidly to every just bosom, if this man has had fair play? No highwayman or burglar was ever pre-condemned, as he has been; and though we are well aware that the hostility against him is almost overwhelming, we do fancy we can perceive a re-action in the public sentiment, and people begin to doubt whether he is really a monster, invading the medical world to devour its practitioners, or something of a martyr to persecution. We have had many dangerous quacks; but no other quack was ever singled out as he has been. He offered the proof of his remedy upon a given number of patients, to be furnished by the faculty; but instead of this, he has had the trial of two strange coroner's inquests, and one verdict against him, which every lawyer declares to be against the law. This was the working of popular prejudice;—cry "Mad dog!" and the poor dog has a bad chance. Yet, in spite of his horrible system, a multitude of persons cured by it came forward to express their gratitude,—a matter of no avail, it seems, against evidence to a specific charge:—really these are queer laws, and queer doctrines! There is not a physician, a surgeon, an apothecary, or an accoucheur, in Great Britain, who is not liable to be hanged for murder, on the principles applied to this quack; who is reported to have made (oh, grievous offence!), we do not know whether ten or twenty thousand pounds a-year by killing patients!

Again, we repeat, that we are not deciding, *adhuc sub judice lis est*, whether Long be innocent or guilty; but we are free to say, it appears to us, that his enemies have pursued him with such notable and persevering acrimony,

that there is not a jury in England with whom he would have the fair chance which it is alleged every subject of Britain is entitled to enjoy, however heinous his crimes.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

THE rapid advance of the cholera morbus, which comes from the extremity of India, and the certain fact, that it always follows the migration of large bodies of men, such as the march of armies and caravans, should warn Western Europe of the near invasion of this dreadful scourge. Two Russian divisions, which have advanced to the frontiers of Poland, come from the governments of Koursk and Cherson, where this epidemic rages. M. Moreau de Jonnés, on the 22d November, read before the Academy of Sciences at Paris a report of considerable interest, respecting this new species of plague. "Will the cold," asks M. Moreau de Jonnés, "extinguish the cholera morbus this year? But has cold done so during the fifteen years it has ravaged Asia? Did it even at Orenbourg, under a latitude more northern than Paris? Besides, we forget too easily the memorable plague which desolated Wallachia and Russia from 1769 to 1771. It was imported into Moscow during the autumn, and continued its fearful career during three very severe winters. Will this scourge reach Poland, Germany, and, at last, France? We dare not dwell on these fearful thoughts: we shudder when we remember that the cholera morbus, engendered in India, has already stretched to the north, far beyond the latitude of Paris and the principal states of Europe—and nothing has stopped its progress." M. Moreau de Jonnés adds also some new facts. Already has this pestilence disease thrice advanced towards Europe by different routes. Imported in the year 1819 from Bengal into the Isles of France and Bourbon, it threatened to arrive on our shores by some of the many ships belonging to France or England. Precautions taken at the Cape of Good Hope prevented this misfortune. In 1821 the communication between Bombay and the ports in the Gulf of Arabia, brought the cholera morbus to Bassora: it ascended the Euphrates, crossed Mesopotamia, and following step by step the commercial communications, it arrived in Syria. There it yielded to the cold during the winter, but re-appeared in the spring with redoubled force, and during three years decimated the population. It spread into most of the cities situated on the Mediterranean. In the spring of 1825 it appeared at Bukara, and continued its ravages towards Moscow, where it penetrated on the 28th of September last. M. Moreau de Jonnés is of opinion that in the provinces of the Russian empire which lie between 45° and 57°, the cold of winter will stop the progress of the contagion; but from experience, it is probable that it will re-appear in spring, with all its activity and violence; and he fears its descent into the milder climates of Europe, where its ravages will be more terrible, as the population is more dense, and communications more rapid and more numerous.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITIES.

WE last year adopted the course of giving *monthly returns* of the proceedings of the Universities, instead of casual reports: we now recommence with the term; also bringing up our lee-way, so as to make the whole complete.—Ed.

OXFORD, June 23d.—Commemoration: The Commemoration of Founders and Benefactors was holden in the

theatre. The honorary degree of Doctor in Civil Law was conferred on General Viscount Combermere, Captain Sir T. Fellowes, B. N. C. B., J. S. Duncan, Esq. M.A. late Fellow of New College.

2d.—The degrees of Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity, by accumulation, were conferred on the Rev. W. Carwithen, of St. Mary Hall.

25th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—E. Pops, Grand Compounder, J. C. Connellan, Oriol College; Rev. T. Morgan, S. Lilley, Jesus College; Rev. T. Hutton, Magdalen College; J. Malcolm, Christ Church; Rev. T. Woodruff, St. John's College; S. Hingeston, Lincoln College; Rev. T. Hand, R. Etwall, Rev. W. A. Trenchard, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—A. Fisher, St. Alban Hall; J. Cunningham, T. L. Williams, University College; the Right Hon. Viscount Grimston, R. Ellison, J. Edwards, Christ Church; H. A. Gilbert, Exeter College.

July 1st.—The following degrees were conferred:

Masters of Arts.—T. Tyers, Grand Compounder, New College; J. C. Dowdeswell, Student, W. M. Du Pre, Christ Church; W. Platt, Rev. W. Bannerman, Brasenose College; Rev. J. Mauney, Pembroke College; Rev. W. H. Landon, Worcester College; Rev. C. R. Roper, St. John's College; W. J. B. Angell, Queen's College; Rev. St. V. L. Hammick, E. F. Glanville, Fellow, Exeter College.

Bachelor of Arts.—G. Atkinson, Queen's College.

Oct. 21st.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—Rev. B. S. Claxson, Worcester College.

Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity (by accumulation).—Rev. W. D. Thring, Wadham College.

Bachelor and Doctor in Civil Law.—W. R. Williams, M.A. Michel Fellow of Queen's College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. W. Marsh, Magdalen Hall; Rev. H. Sanders, C. Lushington, Rev. L. B. Brown, Students, Rev. J. J. Marsham, Rev. R. W. Frer, Christ Church; J. E. Jackson, Rev. G. Leigh, Rev. J. Birchall, Brasenose College; C. Neate, Fellow, H. Hoskyns, Oriol College.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. J. A. Robartes, Christ Church, Grand Compounder; E. Power, W. Worsley, Magdalen Hall; J. W. S. Powell, St. Edmund Hall; H. Randolph, Scholar of Balliol College; F. Belson, Scholar, J. T. Wells, University College; J. F. Crouch, Scholar of C. C. College; T. Garner, Worcester College; A. C. Streetfield, W. H. B. Stocker, St. John's College; E. Cockey, Scholar of Wadham College; R. J. Rolles, C. H. Bayly, N. B. Young, Fellows of New College; S. Lysons, H. Dudding, Exeter College.

Oct. 27th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Honorary Master of Arts.—The Hon. F. J. Stapleton, Trinity College.

Masters of Arts.—W. Hutt, Trinity College; R. A. Riddell, Christ College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—A. T. Russell, St. John's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Lendrum, Trinity College; Rev. C. Longhurst, Queen's College; Rev. W. M. Dudley, S. Westbrook, Catharine Hall; G. Carew, Downing College; A. H. F. Luttrell, Pembroke College.

Nov. 3d.—The following degrees were conferred:

Masters of Arts.—G. C. Elwes, Fellow, All Souls' College; W. Mac Ivor, Brasenose College; Rev. S. Harris, N. Goldsmid, Exeter College; W. E. Wall, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. H. Whipham, Trinity College; E. Thrupp, Wadham College; H. K. Seymour, Christ Church College.

Nov. 4th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—The Rev. J. Caine, Grand Compounder, Oriol College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. T. Cornthwaite, T. Collett, Rev. J. Peck, Trinity College; Rev. H. R. Thomas, Jesus College; Rev. W. Annesley, University College; Rev. E. Barlee, St. John's College; Rev. J. Matthew, Balliol College; Rev. J. R. Wood, Christ Church.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. Hutton, Wadham College; J. H. Moran, Magdalen Hall.

Nov. 11th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. Griffith, Jesus College; J. Horne, Exeter College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. Atkinson, Grand Compounder, University College; Viscount Boringdon, Christ Church; G. Williams, Jesus College; R. Smith, Balliol College; R. A. C. Austen, J. T. Graves, Oriol College, incorporated from Trinity College, Dublin.

In a convocation holden the same day, the Rev. E. Bouchier, M.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Rector of Bramfield, Herts, was admitted *in honorem*.

Nov. 11th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—F. Forster, Rev. J. Foley, Fellows, of Wadham College; Rev. H. Brown, Balliol College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. Bingham, Grand Compounder, St. Mary Hall; R. Morgan, Jesus College; H. Crofts, Scholar, University College; B. Harrison, Student, T. Taucrod, W. Cureton, Christ Church; S. Cotes, Wadham College; S. Grimshaw, Brasenose College; E. Owen, Worcester College; J. Carter, Fellow, St. John's College; J. W. Bruce, Exeter College; R. H. Blanshard, Lincoln College; P. Barlow, Queen's College; J. Campbell, Pembroke College; H. Brydges, Oriol College; Hon. F. Bernard, H. W. Wilberforce, Merion College.

Nov. 25th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. E. Osborn, Grand Compounder, Oriol College; J. P. Simonet, St. Edmund Hall; J. Kaye, Brasenose College; R. Seymour, Student, Christ Church; Rev. C. Gilbee, Queen's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. Bird, St. Edmund Hall; E. Greene, Demy, Magdalen College; G. A. Haigh, Uni-

versity College; J. R. Mitford, Christ Church; H. P. Dawson, J. G. Headlam, R. C. Windham, Brasenose College; H. H. Healey, Lincoln College; E. W. Holland, Worcester College; G. E. Gepp, Scholar, Wadham College; T. Birmingham, Trinity College; J. Dobson, J. Hodgson, Scholar, R. Collinson, Queen's College; J. Taylor, R. Haynes, Pembroke College.

Dec. 1st.—The under-mentioned degrees were conferred:—*Bachelor in Divinity.*—Rev. C. Musgrave, Trinity College, Vicar of Halifax and Whitkirk, Yorkshire.

Honorary Master of Arts.—Hon. A. F. Phillips, Trinity College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. Cooper, Rev. C. Bridges, Queen's College; Rev. F. Ellaby, Compounder, Catharine Hall; Rev. J. Lugar, Sidney Sussex College.

Bachelor in Medicine.—G. E. W. Wood, Trinity College.

Bachelor of Arts.—E. S. Bosanquet, Trinity College.

At the above congregation, Mr. J. Brogden, B.A. of Trinity College, was elected Travelling Bachelor, on Mr. Wort's foundation.

CAMBRIDGE, July 6th.—This being Commencement Day, the following Doctors and Masters of Arts were created:—*Doctors in Divinity.*—The Rev. R. N. Adams, Fellow of Sidney Sussex College; the Rev. J. W. Whittaker, late Fellow of St. John's College, Vicar of Blackburn, Lancashire.

Doctors in Physic.—W. J. Bayne, Trinity College; B. G. Babington, Pembroke College; T. Waterfield, Compounder, Christ College; R. Holson, Compounder, Queen's College; C. Phillips, Compounder, Clare Hall; A. Mower, Emmanuel College; T. Elliotson, Jesus College.

Masters of Arts.—W. H. Tucker, J. Chapman, G. Hamilton, King's College; G. Cartmel, Compounder, G. Cooper, W. J. Allen, C. Cotton, C. J. Greene, Pembroke College; J. S. Baker, J. Hale, T. H. Tucker, E. E. Rowsell, Sidney College; W. W. Follett, W. Carus, B. Charlesworth, T. Turner, V. F. Hovenden, O. Lloyd and H. R. Crewe, Compounders, H. E. Goodhart, J. Puleine, R. Ingram, S. Smith, H. J. Shackleton, C. W. Chalklen, W. Gibson, Compounder, C. Earle, F. Leighton, Compounder, J. Neeld, C. Morton, Compounder, P. Smith, A. Clea-by, F. W. Darwall, W. C. Dobbs, G. F. Prescott, E. J. Shepherd, R. Collyer, W. C. Fomereau, C. S. Whitmore, J. Falbot, H. K. Cankrein, R. Appleton, W. Greig, C. M. Long, T. France, W. C. Wallaston, F. Thornhill, C. Johnstone, Compounder, H. Elphinstone, G. Stanfield, F. V. Lockwood, E. C. Cumberkitch, Trinity College; J. Price, R. J. Bartlett, Compounder, B. H. Kennedy, C. Vate, E. Peacock, G. A. Butterton, J. Livesey, J. Hills, J. F. Denham, E. T. Yorke, W. L. Jarrett, H. Thompson, C. De la Cour, W. T. Antrobus, J. Antrobus, W. Bull, F. F. Haslewood, J. W. Lay, D. Mead and T. Spers, Compounders, F. J. Farre, H. Stohhouse, Compounder, W. Paul, E. S. Halsewell, Compounder, T. P. Outram, F. W. G. Barrs, A. H. Barrs, C. Livingston, Compounder, F. Cheere, W. Colville, G. Rideout, T. Everett, C. H. Gaye, J. B. Marsden, E. Dewdney, S. Rees, W. Burroughes, St. John's College; H. White, Downing College; J. S. Stock, H. P. Gordon, R. Twigg, W. Hopkins, W. F. Powell, R. Yaldwin, C. W. Woodley and C. Murray, Compounders, H. Penneck, St. Peter's College; F. D. Gilby, H. Reeks, E. Bley, W. B. Frost, T. Mills, W. Cooper, T. Grosz, W. North, G. W. Livesey, Clare Hall; E. Lindsell, Compounder, H. J. Stevenson, W. H. Henslow, J. Long, Jesus College; T. Newbery, T. Sikors, T. Fitzherbert, J. C. Moore, T. M. Barwick, Compounder, H. Kitchell, T. M. Brooks, T. T. Smith, T. B. Stuart, J. Venn, Compounder, Queen's College; J. Tinkler, F. T. Sogant, G. King, J. C. Homfray, W. Cape, S. Hey, A. Cumbly, G. W. Stewart and H. G. Newland, Compounders, Corpus Christi College; W. R. Colbeck, R. J. Bunch, T. Easton, J. C. Athorpe, Compounder, H. H. Woods, A. Brocas, Emmanuel College; E. Sneyd, S. Prentis, Compounder, J. Cartwright, W. G. Lyall, W. Richardson, J. P. Sill, J. E. Daniel, A. Packe, J. Deans, Compounder, Christ College; W. Smith, H. Owen, C. Hodgson, F. Wintour, T. Dayrell, Magdalen College; H. S. Pinder, S. Dawes, J. D. Eade, W. Howorth, F. G. Burnaby, E. S. Appleyard, W. Kelly, F. Colbold, H. J. Branson, Compounder, St. V. Beechey, Caius College; W. W. Smyth, Compounder, Trinity Hall; T. Jarrett, A. Power, Compounder, J. Wilson, J. Torriano, Compounder, T. P. Wright, J. Gilderdale, J. Mandell, Catharine Hall.

July 3d.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Physic.—J. Harris, Trinity College.

Bachelor of Arts.—W. J. A. Abington, Trinity College.

July 5th.—The under-mentioned degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Civil Law.—J. Vinal, Esq. Compounder, Trinity Hall; Rev. H. M. Grover, St. Peter's College; Rev. P. Osborne, Catharine Hall; Rev. C. Payne, Compounder, Trinity Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. L. Fraser, St. Peter's College; W. J. Barker, Queen's College.

July 8th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—T. Greenwood, St. John's College; Rev. J. P. Voules, Compounder, St. Peter's College; W. Hartley, R. T. Lowe, Christ College.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. Wright, St. John's College; W. H. King, Catharine Hall.

Nov. 3d.—The Rev. George Thackeray, D.D., Provost of King's College, was elected Vice-chancellor of this University for the year ensuing.

The Seatonian Prizes for the present year were on Friday last adjudged to the Rev. R. Parkinson, M.A., of St. John's College, and W. M. Praed, Esq. M.A. Fellow

of Trinity College. Subject of the poem, "the Ascent of Elijah."

Nov. 17th.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Doctor in Physic.*—H. J. H. Bond, Corpus Christi College.

Masters of Arts.—W. G. P. Smith, Trinity College; T. Bros, G. H. Woodhouse, St. John's College.

Licentiate in Physic.—E. A. Domeier, Trinity College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—E. St. John, Downing College.

Bachelors of Arts.—R. Hinde, St. John's College; T. B. Wells, Trinity Hall; C. Orlebar, Christ's College.

The subject of the Norrisian prize essay for the ensuing year is, "The Proof of the Divine Origin of the Gospel derived from the Nature of the Rewards and Punishments it holds out."

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THURSDAY evening.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex took the chair as president of the Society. His Royal Highness appeared in full court dress, a black velvet coat, and three brilliant stars. The reading of Mr. Barlow's paper on astronomical glasses was resumed; and after the ordinary business was terminated, his Royal Highness addressed the fellows. He thanked them for the great honour they had conferred upon him in electing him president, and assured them that he should use every endeavour in his power, not only to advance the interests of science and of the Society, but also of every individual member, who should be alike welcome to him. His house, he informed the meeting, was at present undergoing repairs; but, as soon as it was ready, it was his intention to throw it open, alternately on the forenoons and evenings of Wednesday, for the reception of the fellows and men of science. This, he trusted, would suit the convenience of all; and those who could not do him the pleasure of breakfasting with him, might be able to attend from half-past eight to eleven at night. If he failed in any thing, he hoped they would attribute it to his weakness, and not to a want of zeal in the cause. They would remember that he was yet but young in office; however, he trusted, with the advice and assistance of the council, to give them general satisfaction.

[This address, delivered in a most condescending and gentlemanlike tone, and with great urbanity of manner, was frequently interrupted by plaudits, which were renewed as its close. Both the room of the Antiquaries and that of the Royal Society were crowded as full as they could hold, and a majority of the distinguished scientific and literary characters of the metropolis were present.]

His Royal Highness then partook of coffee in the library up stairs, and mixed in conversation with the fellows in the most familiar manner.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THURSDAY, Mr. Hamilton, V.P. in the chair. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex attended the meeting, and, having subscribed to the statutes, was admitted a member. Lord Jermyn, Sir Roger Gresley, Bart., and J. P. Collier, Esq., were elected members. The secretary commenced the reading of a paper by Mr. Amyott, the treasurer; being a reply to remarks by Mr. Tytler on the death of Richard II.; in which Mr. Amyott endeavoured to shew, from circumstances, that Winton's story of Richard's having escaped from imprisonment, and wandered about as a pauper in Scotland, where he was recognised by a woman who had seen him in Ireland, taken, and kept a prisoner by Albany, and his having been buried at Stirling, was altogether untrue; or that Albany was deceived by some poor maniac, who fancied, and admitted, that he was King Richard.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

DEC. 1.—The reading of Dr. Nolan's second memoir, on the use of the ancient Cycles, was begun at this meeting. The former memoir was devoted to the investigation of the chronology of the Chaldeans: the writer now proceeds to examine the system of the Egyptians, the rivals of that people in antiquity and science. Both these ancient and learned nations equally directed their chronological efforts to the purpose of determining the revolutions and computing the duration of the world, by means of cycles referring to a grand conjunction of the planets; and although their great planetary years differed, as well in numbers as in nature, from each other, both originated alike in the observance of a derangement in the celestial motions, and in the notion of a period when those irregularities would be adjusted. In proceeding to examine the elements of the Egyptian planetary year, as compared with the Chaldean, Dr. Nolan shews that the difference between them (the former consisting of 1461 years, the latter of 1440 years,) arose from the neglect of the system of intercalation by the chronologists of the former nation, and the constant use of it by those of the latter, with the view of securing an agreement between their natural and civil years. He then enters upon the elemental details of the system by which that ancient and ingenious nation, whose antiquities have of late so deeply engaged the attention of antiquaries and the learned in general, computed the great period of the restoration of nature; directing his researches to bear on the fact, that the chief use of the cycles, and the use to which the Egyptians themselves applied them, is that of a graduated scale, by which the principal epochs in their history are to be determined.

A further reading was extracted from Professor Lee's memoir "on the origin of Heathenism." The professor here enters upon the disputed question, whether, and to what extent, the notions of the heathen philosophers were derived from the Jews? Although it may be true that the Hebrew school did not directly supply the facts and notions of the Pagan philosophy, yet the latter cannot on that account prefer any claim to originality, inasmuch as both the Mosaic theology and the philosophic systems of heathenism are evidently alike founded on the principles of an anterior revelation. Were this not an undeniable fact, we could account for the remarkable agreement of heathenism with Judaism upon no other principle than the absurd supposition that the philosophers had the benefit of divine inspiration. The course of the learned writer's argument leads to the conclusion, that there will always be a tendency in revelation to become corrupted by the speculations of philosophy,—that is to say, by the disposition of the human intellect to explain what the Author of revelation has left unexplained. And such, he asserts, is the fact; and he adduces testimony to support his assertion, from the history of the opinions of the Jews, from the earliest to the latest periods of their national history, but particularly as evinced in the Cabbala.

Among the communications laid on the table of the council was a translation of the official report of the audience of the first Ottoman ambassador sent to England in the year 1794. This paper (which we shall have an opportunity of reverting to), though of no great historical interest, is very curious as a specimen of Turkish diplomacy; and it is further interesting from having been translated into

English by a learned foreigner, M. Joseph von Hammer, the author of the "History of the Ottoman Empire." It was accompanied by a letter from M. von Hammer, likewise read at this meeting, containing some account of the historiographer from whom the relation has been obtained, together with a general notice of the series of Turkish official historians.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SIR A. JOHNSTONE, V. P., in the chair. This was the first meeting of the season. The table was covered with donations from nearly thirty individuals: amongst them was the gift of Lord Kingsborough, of a copy of his magnificent work on the Antiquities of Mexico, in seven large folio volumes, of which the first four comprise the plates, mostly coloured, and the remaining three contain the Spanish, Italian, and French texts, with English translations. This work, edited by M. Aglio, comprises all the collections of Mexican hieroglyphics to be met with in the public libraries of Europe. Nine years were occupied in the preparation of the work, and not less than 30,000*l.* has been expended upon its completion by Lord Kingsborough. An interesting paper, by Colonel Tod, entitled "a Comparison of the Hindu and Theban Hercules," was read. The drift of Colonel Tod's essay appeared to be, to prove the Hindu origin of the Grecian Hercules: in support of this opinion he quotes largely from authors of both nations, besides bringing to the inquiry great personal knowledge of the geography and of the present inhabitants of a great part of the country formerly ruled by the *Pandūs*,—five brothers, of whom one, named Baldeva, "the god of strength," is the Hercules of the Hindus, whose attributes and dress are represented to be in accordance with those of the Theban. Indeed this is shewn by a reference to an intaglio in the possession of T. Perry, Esq., which gave rise to Colonel Tod's disquisition. On this is represented Hercules in his lion's hide, resting on his club, and holding in his right hand a figure apparently presenting him with a wreath or crown. Behind the figure of Hercules is a monogram of two letters in a character now unknown, but which Colonel Tod states is the same as that found on all inscribed monuments of the *Pandūs* wherever they colonised.

The dissection of the Society's mummy, noticed in our last, promises much gratification.

THE SOCIETY OF SCHOOLMASTERS.

THE general meeting of this truly excellent Society took place last Saturday; and from the treasurer's report it appeared that no fewer than fifty-two cases of suffering had been relieved within the last twelve months, and at the small expense of 358*l.* "The schoolmaster is abroad;" the phrase has obtained political fame; and we can only express our hope that those who think the schoolmaster's being abroad is of advantage to the community, would, in the simple spirit of fact and truth, remember his despised services, and feel for his distress. The schoolmaster is an important character for good or evil:—Instruction with direction, the greatest of blessings; tuition without that which makes a little learning dangerous, the greatest of curses. There can be no question, therefore, of the advantages of a Society, to overlook, regulate, and assist, this important body of men; and we hope our slight notice of it may not be passed over without producing a beneficial effect. The Society was instituted in 1798, for the relief of distressed masters and

ushers of endowed and boarding-schools, and of their widows and orphans.

"Its income (says the circular of the year) has uniformly been husbanded with the most scrupulous economy; and every precaution has been taken, by a strict investigation into the character and circumstances of each individual petitioner, that no portion of its funds shall be wasted upon the undeserving. Yet still its revenues are extremely limited, and, even if they were increased by the subscription of every schoolmaster in the land, the Society could not confer adequate or permanent assistance, without a far more ample share of public favour than it has hitherto been its good fortune to enjoy. Death has deprived it of nearly all its early and warmest advocates, and the loss of annual subscribers has of late been severely felt. On the respectability or usefulness of their profession, the committee forbear to speak,—nor is it for them, perhaps, to dwell upon its toils, and difficulties, and privations,—nor upon the influence, moral, civil, and religious, which it beneficially exercises upon the community at large. They feel confident, that those especially who can appreciate the blessings which they derive from education, while they reflect upon it the highest honour, will not be unmindful of their obligations to men, who are now, in many instances, old and infirm, poor and friendless, after having faithfully devoted to their important charge the best vigour of their life, and most laborious exercise of their faculties."

We do not know that we can promote a better cause than by making the wide circulation of the *Literary Gazette* subservient to the recommendation of this most laudable Society.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Views in the East; comprising India, Canton, and the Shores of the Red Sea. From original Sketches, by Captain Robert Elliot, R.N. Part IV. Fisher, Son, and Co.

MESSRS. Cotman, Cattermole, and Purser, are the three able draughtsmen to whom Captain Elliot is indebted for the elaboration of his original sketches in the present Number. The views are—"Perawa," a small town in the province of Malwa, the capital of which province, Oojein, "has perhaps more undoubted claim to remote antiquity than any inhabited city in India;" "The Caves of Ellora," described as "the principal, and far the finest range of excavations that are found in India;" and "Shuhur," which is "a strong hill fortress, in the principality of Jeypore, one of the provinces of Rajpootana." In the "historical and descriptive illustration" which accompanies the last-mentioned plate, it is very gratifying to meet with the following passage:—"Since the British conquests and interference in the countries adjoining to Rajpootana, a great change has been wrought in these hitherto distracted nations. Multitudes of people have emerged from the hills and fortresses where they had sought refuge, and have again occupied their ancient and long-deserted villages. In no part of Hindoostan has the alliance of independent states with the British government had a more favourable effect, or the peasantry been more universally sensible of the improvement in their condition, than in Rajpootana. Security and comfort are now established where terror and misery before existed; and the ploughshare is in peace turning up a soil which for many seasons had never been stirred, except by the hoofs of predatory cavalry."

The Spirit of the Plays of Shakespeare. By Frank Howard. Numbers XIX. and XX. Cadell.

THESE two Numbers illustrate "The Comedy of Errors," and "Henry the Sixth, Parts II. and III.," and shew Mr. Howard's usual talent, and his acquaintance with the costume of the times. The latter, however, he no doubt frequently himself feels to be an obstacle in the way of picturesque effect, rather than to facilitate it; and to be more gratifying to the antiquary than to the artist. Our favourite plates

are,—in the Comedy of Errors, “Antipholus taking leave of his father,” “The marriage of Antipholus of Ephesus with Adriana,” and “Antipholus of Syracuse accosted by Adriana and Luciana;” in the Second Part of Henry the Sixth, “Margaret brought by Suffolk to Henry, as his queen,” “Bolingbroke raising the Spirit before the Duchess of Gloster,” and “Gloster discovered dead in his bed;” and in the Third Part of Henry the Sixth, “Lady Elizabeth Grey suing to the King for her late husband’s lands,” and “The murder of King Henry by Gloster.”

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels.
Engraved by W. and E. Finden. Part VIII. Tilt.

AN exquisite Number. We are especially charmed with “Inverloch Castle,” from a drawing by Robson; and “Coningsburgh Castle,” from a drawing by De Wint.

The High-Mettled Racer. Illustrated by Ten Engravings on wood, by G. W. Bonner, from Designs by Robert Cruikshank. Kidd. Of the many admirably characteristic ballads by Dibdin, no one is more full of pathos than his “High-mettled Racer.” It is not impossible that a considerable portion of the interest and sympathy which this affecting little composition always excites, is occasioned by a secret comparison which passes in the mind of the hearer, between the fate of the noble steed, and the similar fate of many a noble but unfortunate human being; who, having started in early life, full of vigour, spirit, and glorious expectation, has been, by the successive oppressions of the world, and perhaps even by the too unrestrained exercise of his own generous virtues, broken down, and compelled, scarcely figuratively, when

“Blind, old, lean, and feeble, to tug round a mill,
Or draw sand—till the sand of his hour-glass stands still!”

Both Mr. R. Cruikshank and Mr. Bonner have shewn great talent in their illustrations of “the decline and fall” of the fine animal whose history they have undertaken.

Devonshire and Cornwall Illustrated.

Part IV. Fisher, Son, and Co.

WHEN we look at the fourteen exceedingly pleasing prints which adorn this *livraison*, we are astonished that the publication can be sold at so cheap a rate. They are all from the pencil of Mr. Thomas Allom, and do him great credit.

Tit-bits; selected by Heath, and published by Ackermann.

AT this epicurean season of the year, tit-bits of all kinds are very pleasant things. It is the appetite for laughter, however, which these tit-bits are intended to gratify; and some of them, such as “Pigs’ Petticoes,” “Collared Beef,” “a Spare-rib of Pork,” &c., are entertaining enough.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Musical Gem; a Souvenir for 1831.
Edited by N. Mori and W. Ball. London. Mori and Lavenu.

THE present volume is embellished by some clever lithographic portraits of the most eminent professors of music, by Gauci and William Sharpe; and the presentation plate, designed and executed by R. J. Hamerton, is extremely pretty. We have Pasta, a most becoming portrait; Paganini, the wildest-looking genius that ever exemplified the poet’s great wits

being near allied to madness; Hummel, and Taglioni. The frontispiece is his most gracious Majesty; and the book is dedicated to Queen Adelaide. The slight memoirs of eminent artists is a species of literature well adapted to such a work; and the songs are as good as the usual run of mediocre songs are,—we speak but of the words. The fac-simile of the last page of Handel’s MS. of the Messiah is very interesting. Neukomm informs us, “that this divine oratorio was written in the incredibly short space of twenty-one days.” It is a strange fact, that almost all truly great works have been written in a hurry.

We could almost quarrel with the musical department, in spite of its containing one or two exceptions to our censure; for, in our opinion, a work of this kind should be formed of none but original productions. “Spirit of Music,” by Miss Smith, is very good for a young lady; but the G sharp in the 9th bar of page 6 ought to have been an A flat. “La Caclucha” is a sweet duet, and may be executed without difficulty: it is called a Spanish melody, or we should certainly have thought it to be of English manufacture. “Rosalie,” composed by Bellini, is simple and pleasing; but the harmonies employed in the fifth and sixth bars might and ought to be greatly improved. “Sympathy,” composed by W. B.: such music as this will get no sympathy from us. “It is the hour,” composed by C. de Beriot, is pleasing; as is also “Accusa i tuoi bei rai,” by Gabusi. “Rouse thee up, Shepherd Boy,” composed by Mde. Malibran, is very well; but the accompaniment wants a little more variety in its harmonies. “The Swiss Maiden’s Song to the Eagle,” by F. Stockhausen, is pretty, and that’s all; for certainly there is nothing of the master about it: the C in the third bar of the bass, page 72, would have been much better A. To us, the greatest attraction in the volume is the spirited Spanish air, “Ay San Anton,” which the fascinating little Vigo has almost made her own.

“Souvenir de l’Opéra,” airs arranged by I. Moscheles, are well done; but the Queen Adelaide Quadrilles are miserably bad.

IN our notice of *The Musical Bijou* (Number 523), we omitted to particularise “the Stranger’s Good Night,” one of Miss Jewsbury’s very prettiest poems; and to quote, as we intended, the following *jeu d’esprit* by Lord Ashdown:—

“To a Lady who accused the Writer of Toryism.
Yes—I confess myself a Tory—
While beauty rules by right divine,
Submission is my pride and glory—
Command is your’s—obedience mine.
Royal prerogatives belong
To all your sex—I’ll tell you why,—
The young and fair can do no wrong,
The old and ugly never die.”

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

AFTER the *Belles Stratagem*, very poorly performed, we were *disennuyed* at this theatre on Thursday, by the production of a neat and clever farce, from the prolific and popular pen of Mr. Planché, called the *Jenkinses*. It is so true a picture of life, that, were it not also so laughable, we should be inclined to say it was too good for farce, and quite equal to pure comedy. The introduction of a spoilt boy (admirably enacted by a Mr. Fenton), takes it out of the higher line, and restores it to its farcical quality. The humour consists of an old retired grocer (Farren), seeking comfort as a boarder in the family of his neighbour, *John Jenkins*

(Cooper); where, as might be expected, his confirmed bachelor habits are tortured by every body and every incident. He is made the confidant of amours, a busy meddler, a seducer, &c. by turns; till human nature can endure no longer, and he bids a hearty farewell to the *Jenkinses*. Farren, Cooper, J. Vining as *Gingham*, (a whiskered traveller to a house in the Manchester trade), Mrs. Orger as *Mrs. John Jenkins*, and Miss Mordaunt as *Miss Georgiana*, were all excellent; and the piece was received throughout with the best testimonies of applause—shouts of laughter, which lasted till the curtain dropped. One scene, in which a table overturned by the boy, discovers *Gingham* lying *perdu*, is not inferior, as a picture, to the famous screen scene in the *School for Scandal*.

COVENT GARDEN.

A BROADLY farcical interlude, called *The Omnibus; or, a Convenient Distance*, was produced here on Monday. It is little more than a series of practical jokes, but they are well strung together; and Power, Keeley, Blanchard, and Bartley, keep the house in a roar from the beginning to the end of them. Part of the subject, especially the blundering servant, is not entirely new to the stage; but it has been mixed up with the incidents in a very humorous paper by Mr. Poole, that appeared some time ago in the “New Monthly Magazine.” The name of the present arranger is unknown to us.

Of the *Fair Penitent*, which has been revived here, we shall say nothing this week, (as we purpose offering some general criticisms upon it in our next), except that, while we must condemn the entire scope of the play, we think the performance of *Callista* one of the highest histrionic efforts of Miss F. Kemble.

To the regret of the lovers of genuine amusement, various untoward circumstances have caused the *Chancery Suit* to be postponed from time to time.

ADELPHI.

THIS house was crammed on Thursday, to greet the return of Mathews; and the treat he furnished to his surrounding friends justified the warmest welcome which he could receive. This little theatre has deservedly been overflowing through its season: how it will manage with this great additional attraction, we know not, unless it can contrive to overflow over an overflow. By the by, we have seen conjurers slip an immense number of coins into a glass which had been filled to a bumper, without causing it to run over: we would recommend to Mathews and Yates to study the process, and apply it to the Adelphi.

VARIETIES.

Parisian School of Law.—A tumultuous scene lately took place in l’Ecole de Droit, at Paris. M. Portes, the professor appointed by an ordinance of the ancient administration, with which he sympathised in opinion, had, nevertheless, taken the oath of allegiance to Louis-Philippe. When he presented himself in the school, to commence his course of lectures, he was received with murmurs and hisses. In vain did he attempt to speak—his voice was drowned in the noise, and he was obliged to withdraw.

Cambridge, Nov. 29th.—Philosophical Society; the very reverend the Dean of Peterborough in the chair. The continuation of Mr. Lowe’s paper “on the natural history of

Madeira and Porto Santo" was read. The total number of phanerogamous plants observed was about 700, of which between 50 and 60 are new; and of ferns 43, of which four or five are new. The general character of the vegetation is of a form intermediate between that in the Canaries and in the south of Europe: and it appears, that if Madeira have given many plants to the Canaries, she has received scarcely one from them in exchange. Several interesting facts were detailed connected with the botanical geography of these islands, and a few particulars alluded to respecting the economical and medicinal properties of certain species. Seventy-one species of land mollusca were observed, of which forty-four are new. A single species only of fresh-water mollusca was found, the *Ancylus fluvialis*, so commonly distributed over Europe. Although Madeira is so near to Porto Santo, Mr. L. noticed only four species of helix (out of sixty collected by him) that were common to the two islands.—The beginning of a paper by Professor Whewell was read, "on the rules proper to be observed in the selection and employment of mathematical symbols of quantity."—After the meeting, the Rev. L. Jenyns laid before the society some observations on the principles of classification in natural history, more particularly with the intent to illustrate the quinary system of Mr. M'Leay, and to point out the exact difference between relations of analogy and relations of affinity. These two relations were stated to have been constantly confounded before the publication of Mr. M'Leay's discoveries, and the defects consequent on such mistakes were pointed out in the various systems hitherto proposed for the arrangement of animals.

Playing Cards.—A new and very handsome appearance has just been given to playing-cards, by Messrs. Reynolds, which is not only beautiful in itself, but likely to be advantageous in use. It consists of enamelling the backs of the cards, with a pretty pattern in gold enamel, which certainly looks well, we had almost said splendid. But it is further stated, that, in consequence of this sort of ornament, the cards are rendered more firm, and less liable to warp: they deal readily, and lie flat, so that, altogether, we think the process an improvement well calculated to reward the ingenuity of its applicants.

Parisian Exhibition.—The gallery of the Luxembourg has been opened with a collection of pictures, exhibited for the benefit of the wounded in the late revolution. Among the principal works are compositions by Guérin, Girardet, Gérard, and others, illustrative of the most striking events in the history of the French empire under Napoleon, now brought forth from the obscurity to which they had been condemned since the restoration of the Bourbons.

Society.—A large establishment has been projected at Paris, for the purpose of enabling any individuals, by the annual payment each of 700 francs (less than £30), to enjoy all the pleasures of social, with all the independence of domestic life. For that sum they are to have lodging, board, clothes, and washing; the use of a library, the daily papers, billiard-rooms, play, conversation, &c. The whole to be under the management of a committee chosen by themselves. The prospectus even holds out the expectation of a country-house, and free admission to the theatres!

Affray at Swan River.—By accounts in the Indian papers, we learn that there has been a battle royal between the settlers and the natives at the new establishment of Swan River.

The quarrel commenced in an attempt at theft by the natives at Perth. The aborigines made a great shew of courage: they dared the settlers to fight; and one of them advanced and quietly knocked down a corporal with his waddie, a stick about two feet and a half long, and an inch in diameter. The chiefs ascended the trees like monkeys, and chattered to (the newspapers say harangued) their tribes from the tops of the branches. In such situations they were shot at with facility; but they feared not the thunder and lightning of the Europeans; and seven of their number were killed. The whole certainly must have been as unique as every thing that is connected with this wonderful settlement.

Snakes.—M. Duverney, one of the professors of the Strasburg Academy, lately read to the French Academy a very curious paper on the anatomical distinctions between venomous and non-venomous snakes; in which he shewed that salivary and lachrymal had been frequently mistaken for venomous glands; and that much of the mortal character of venomous snakes depended upon the position of the fangs.

The Nerves.—By the assistance of a newly invented galvanometer, of a very delicate construction, it has been ascertained that the hypothesis of the existence of electric currents in the nerves, is destitute of foundation.

Inscription.—At the opening of the Archaeological Academy at Rome, Nov. 18th, M. Carlo Fea read a memoir on the unique inscription of Trajan, lately discovered at the distance of about ten miles from Rome, which determines the year in which the aqueduct of the Sabatine or Trajan water was built, and which is partly the same as what is now called the *Acqua Paola*. This inscription, which we annex, bears the date of the year 110 of the vulgar era.

IMP. CÆSAR DIVI
NERVÆ F. NERVA
TRAJANUS AVG.
GERM. DACICUS
PONT. MAX. TR. POT. XIII.
IMP. VI. COS V. P. P.
AQUAM TRAJANAM
PECUNIA SUA
IN URBE PERDUXIT
EMPTIS LOCIS
PER LATITUD. P. XXX.

A Batch of Puns, from a Correspondent.—Among some amateur private theatricals, in a regiment whose head quarters was the Tower, they christened their Prince of Denmark "one of the Tower Hamlets;" and another tragedian, who *squinted* sadly, they cast, for no other qualification, into King Lear!

A baker advertising said,
"I wish none this to heed
Not bred to making bread, because
I need a man to knead,
Mould, set, and in a shop I have
At Leeds, to take the lead."

According to the criminal code of China, they often doom the offender to be tied for many hours, and exposed in a painful position, with his knees pressed up to his chin: "this (said a wag, looking at a print of it) cannot be a *Chin-ease* punishment."

"What say you of my last night's speech?
I was just in the mood;
For (though in a stew all the while)
I spoke through two hours good."
"Say? Sir George—why, then I dare say
You were not under-stew'd."

French Riddle.—As an addition to our *Vaux-hall*, a correspondent sends the following: "Une vraie tête de veau, quand n'est-elle pas une vraie tête de veau?" Solution: "Quand elle est une vraie tête de Vaux."

The French Academy.—The French Academy recently proceeded to fill up the vacancies occasioned by the deaths of Messrs. Fourier, and Segur sen. The number of members present was 27. The candidates were, Messrs. Victor Cousin, B. Constant, Viennet, Tissot, and Keratry. M. Victor Cousin was elected at once, and M. Viennet after a ballot against M. B. Constant.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. L. Dec. 11.]

An Inquiry into the Theory of Colours, with reference to the Newtonian Doctrine, by Mr. Walter Crum, of Glasgow.—Lectures, Practical and Expository, upon the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark: especially intended for the purpose of Domestic Instruction and Devotion, by the Bishop of Chester.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lingard's England, Vol. VIII. 4to. 11. 15s. bds.; 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 4s. bds.—Taylor's Little Library, Vol. III. the Forest, square 18mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Historical Interval, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Carné's Exiles of Palestine, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Jones's Isaiah, translated from Vanderhooght, 12mo. 3s. bds.—Trollope's Sallust, and Cicero's four Orations, with English notes, 12mo. 3s. 6d. sheep.—Collins on the Preparation for the Gospel, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—View of the four Gospels, 12mo. 7s. bds.—Allen's Doctrina Copularum Linguae Latinae, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Plumbe on Vaccination, 8vo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Atherstone's Sea-Kings in England, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Spencer's Syllabic Spelling, 18mo. 3s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Bell's History of the First Revolution in France, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Turner's Scarf, and other Tales, 12mo. 4s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Narrative of Events during the Revolution at Brussels, royal 18mo. 3s. 6d. sewed.—Massillon's Select Sermons, from the French, by R. Morris, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—East India Register for 1831, 12mo. 10s. sewed.—Wickstead's Exchequer of Plea Costs, crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Hobler's Familiar Exercises between an Attorney and his Articled Clerk, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Letters from a Peruvian, in English, 12mo. 3s. bds.; 4s. 6d. silk cover.—The Shew Folks, by Pierce Egan, 12mo. 2s. sewed.—Shipp's Military Bijou, 2 vols. post 8vo. 15s. bds.—Trollope's Excerpta ex Ovidio, with English notes, 12mo. 3s. 6d. sheep.—Jones's (of Nayland) Sermons, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 1s. bds.—Patroni Ecclesiarum, a List of Patrons of Church Dignities, &c. royal 8vo. 11s. bds.—Satan in Search of a Wife, 18mo. 1s. sewed.—Annual Peerage for 1831, 2 vols. 18mo. 11. 8s. bds.—Brey's Talia, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 7s. bds.—Combe's System of Phrenology, third edition, 8vo. 15s. bds.—J. Morrison's General System of Mercantile Book-Keeping, 4to. 10s. 6d. hf.-bd.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

December.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 2	From 36. to 40.	29.44 to 29.66
Friday ... 3	— 34. — 40.	29.56 Stationary
Saturday .. 4	— 34. — 40.	29.63 — 29.74
Sunday ... 5	— 35. — 43.	29.71 — 29.46
Monday ... 6	— 33. — 48.	29.14 — 29.10
Tuesday .. 7	— 44. — 48.	29.12 — 29.14
Wednesday 8	— 40. — 46.	29.16 Stationary

Wind, N.E. and S.E., the latter prevailing. Overcast; mizzling rain at times on the 6th and 7th. Rain fallen, .05 of an inch. **Edinburgh.** CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is out of our plan to give a "sketch of the history of General Monk, Duke of Albemarle, and family, and the reason why the dukedom and marquise became extinct in 1809;" but if our correspondent will apply to the Editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, he will be sure to have any information required.

We cannot insert notices of royal appointments, which we observe are advertisements in the newspapers.

We noticed the matter referred to by R. C. E. A. when the burletta was produced at the Adelphi; and it does not seem to be worth while to try back on such an occasion.

H. C. declined, with thanks. The medal of C. J. D. is well known, and common. It is a satire upon the pajal power.

G—e, who sends "Extract of an unpublished Poem," should have paid the postage. We cannot insert the lines. It is out of our power to comply with the hint of an "Ardent Admirer;" if we could have done so at all, no expense would have prevented; but there are insuperable obstacles in the way of publication.

Our correspondent at Clapham is right in his suspicions; but we do not wish to keep the shameful subject alive. If we did, we could a monstrous tale unfold; but the abortion is dead, and had better be left in its dirt. Among our unavoidable postponements are, Reviews of Shipp's Military Bijou, Nicolas on the State of Historical Literature, and Lingard's History; also a description of Lieut.-Col. Blom's invention of Transportable Houses.

ERRATUM.—P. 715, col. 1, line 20, of Zoological Society, for "spread of the knowledge," read "diffusion of the knowledge;" the vile phrase printed in our report escaped notice.—Ed.

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Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of the First Revolution in France; comprising the Period from 1787 to 1802.
By John Bell, Esq. 8vo. pp. 418. London, 1830. Westley.

NAPOLEON was wont to *aphorise*, that a revolution in France was a revolution throughout Europe. This gasconade, though unwarranted when uttered, and from which succeeding events withheld their sanction, was nevertheless well calculated to gratify Gallic vanity, and the indigenuous taste for grandiloquence. It will be considered to carry with it no deeper meaning, than, that the local success of any principles, whether of good or of evil, naturally kindles the hopes of all who cherish kindred feelings, and, it may be, engenders them sometimes in others, by whom, but for their alien ascendancy, such would never have been naturalised or fostered. That France has not unfrequently taken the lead in Europe, or that some unsettled districts have seized the chance of treading in her steps, none can deny; but that surrounding nations ever do implicit homage to her republican dogmata, was an assumption arising neither from foresight nor conviction, and worthy rather of *Bombastes* than of *Buonaparte*. If it were true, that France, by her example, revolutionised Europe, why, to confirm our view, did not England follow in her wake? there was neither wanting the physical force of a discontented rabble, nor the voice of sedition to halloo them on; nor can we forget, that it did not fail to cry aloud and spare not. The cause was simply, that in England the same despotism was not to be found, nor the same abuses, which in France had burst its bonds. It did not escape the conviction of reason, that from among the long catalogue of grievances which clogged the French people, the only faint parallel that could be traced then, as now, lay in our remnant of the game laws, and the plurality of our benefices. In retracing the events of the French revolution, the loyal subject has to lament the folly and perversity of the monarch, who, though conscious of debilitated power, still doted on the shadow of his tyranny; and the lover of liberty finds not the less reason to shrink back from the frenzy of its advocates, and shudder at the ruin of anarchy. It is the *Immoderates*, the causes and the *odia* of the causes they would advance, who, while right reason gives warning of the necessity, set aside the justice of relieving distress and absterging abuse, would deafen the ear of the rulers to the voice that will not pass by unheard or unheeded. It is the *Immoderates* of the other party who would drown the cry of distress, and the just demand for the removal of abuses, in the uproar of riot and the bloodshed of rebellion. Thus, the one by withholding what ought to be granted, the other by clamouring for too much, with menace and violence, foils his own cause, and strengthens that to which he is opposed. To the one, despotism owes its birth, and monarchy its downfall; while the agency of the other prevents the

door being unbarred for the banishment of evils, lest anarchy rush in; and sooner than yield to threats, misery is suffered to linger on unrelieved. Surely they are little fitted to stem the rush of revolutionary principles, whose monarchical enthusiasm blinds them to its abuses; who, because these are ingrained and inveterate, cling to them with the more obstinate tenacity as sacred and inviolate. They who shrink from the excision of the morbid parts, risk the corruption of the whole, and endanger and weaken the system they would cherish in vigour and security. It is unknown, or rather it is too well known, how the influence of a plain-writing or plain-speaking autocrat sways the discontented and ignorant multitude. By the retention of abuses, though they may be of but partial importance, a government renders its supporters less powerful, and places such levers in the hands of its opponents, as, in critical times, they will not fail to employ for its total subversion. The lower orders, for the most part confined in their comprehension, and obtuse in their perception, cannot be expected to discern or detect the fallacious inductions of their pot-house politicians. They can, however, understand a plain fact; their oracle, aware of this, lays hold of some particular abuse in the government, and, together with the fact, his hearers swallow his inference,—the tyrannical corruption of the whole. He may make the statement, "that no man should receive the public money for doing nothing;" and who shall gainsay him? His inference will go further: he will state indiscriminately that there ought to be no securities. As rewards for past and positive services, they are neither open to attack, nor do they need any defence; where they are *not*, to offer any, requires a hireling. Seldom is it that the operative reads, or hears read, a few lectures upon the rights of man, without going home fully impressed with his own wrongs. It is by no means a difficult task, and therefore common enough for a free speaker, urged by the motive of interest or discontent, to acquire a powerful ascendancy over the rabble, provided his impudence be never known to forsake him, or his effrontery to be abashed; since he cannot be charged with hypocrisy, he will gain the reputation of candour. By attributing the causes of their distress to the objects of their prejudice, he cannot fail of popularity with his hearers. Having once gained this hold, our patriotic mis-leaders of the mob stand forth in matchless notoriety as the advocates of anarchy, and the advertisers of their own blacking. Ignorance is ever the dupe of misrepresentation; yet we trust the further dissemination of knowledge among the lower orders, will, ere long, sweep these strong delusions from their minds, that they may no longer believe in lies. At present, the diffusion of knowledge among the operative classes is scarcely more than nominal; nor can we undertake to deny, that a little learning is dangerous, while it increases the means of imbibing fallacies, yet has not advanced sufficiently to create the power of detecting their subtlety, and distinguishing truth. It is thus

that good, from its weakness, is made to advance, not thwart, the designs of the factious.

We have been led to make these remarks from the perusal of Mr. Bell's book. It is written without having for its object the advocacy of any particular principles, but holds up the magic glass alike to the despot and the demagogue. The style is powerful and concise; and the clearness with which the workings of the political parties is developed, has probably never been surpassed. We quote the annexed passage, containing the closing career of *Mirabeau*!—

"These preparations of the assembly only stimulated the king's desire to escape; and *Mirabeau's* genius was taxed to devise the means. Fresh riots, too, alarmed the court. The prison of Vincennes was attacked by the populace (Feb. 28), as the Bastille had been. *La Fayette* succeeded, however, in quelling the tumult. The servants and retainers of the king, meanwhile, fearing an attack upon the Tuileries, armed themselves to defend the royal person. It was suspected, however, that they designed to carry off the king; and a party of the national guard was employed to disarm them. The belief that the king meditated flight quickened the deliberations of the assembly; and on the very day of the riots, the emigration law was brought forward for discussion. The subject was felt to be surrounded with difficulties. 'Has the assembly a right to fix any man to his native soil?' was asked in many quarters; and the answer was, 'Yes, if the safety of the country require it.' Still, however, it was admitted to be necessary to distinguish between the motives of travellers—between Frenchmen and strangers—between emigrants from political causes and commercial travellers; and how to do so, without establishing inquisitorial powers of the most hateful kind, was a problem which no one could profess to solve. *Chapelier*, however, the president of the committee which had been appointed to prepare a law suited to the emergency, intimated to the assembly that he was prepared to submit one to their notice, declaring, at the same time, that the law to which he alluded violated all their principles. 'Shall I read it?' 'Yes,' 'No,' were shouted from the different sides, till *Mirabeau* demanded to be heard. He defended the right of emigration, as one of the inalienable privileges of man. 'What though that right was abused at the moment; its abuse could never injure the assembly. Contempt was the only feeling which it became the assembly to indulge in towards those who might choose to leave their native country in its hour of danger.' These observations had some weight; but *Chapelier* was finally called on to read the law which the committee had devised. It was simple in the extreme. It merely proposed the creation of a committee of three dictators, to whom should be intrusted the power of pointing out by name, and at their pleasure, those who might be permitted to leave the kingdom. The assembly felt the irony of such an enactment,

and clamoured loudly against its adoption. 'Your murmurs console me,' exclaimed Mirabeau; 'your hearts sympathise with mine, and reject this absurd tyranny. As for myself, I should consider myself freed from every oath towards those who should be infamous enough to admit of a dictatorial commission.' Here he was interrupted by the republicans. 'Yes,' repeated he, 'I swear—' The interruption was renewed. 'This popularity,' he at last succeeded in saying, 'which has been the object of my ambition, and which I have enjoyed as others, is not a frail reed: I will plant it deep in the earth, and make it bud in the soil of justice and reason. I swear to you that, if the law of emigration is passed—I swear to you that I will disobey it!' Applauses followed this burst; but the discussion was continued. Some demanded an adjournment: Mirabeau again requested to be heard. 'By what title does Monsieur Mirabeau play the dictator?' asked one of the deputies; but the question was disregarded, and Mirabeau was listened to. 'I entreat those who interrupt me to remember, that I have all my life opposed tyranny, and that I shall oppose it wherever it appears.'—[He looked to the left side, from which fresh murmurs arose.]—'Silence, you thirty voices!' said he, still addressing himself to the Jacobins. 'If it be desired, I also will vote for the adjournment, providing it be decreed, that from this time to its conclusion no sedition shall take place.' Shouts of applause followed this declaration; the adjournment was unanimously agreed to; but it was Mirabeau's fate never to appear in the assembly again. 'His end was approaching, and these were his last triumphs. Presentiments of death had for some time mingled with his vast projects, and sometimes arrested their course. Yet he was satisfied with his career; he had gained and kept the public esteem; and if he had not done enough for the safety of the state, he had, at least, for his own glory. His last moments were divided between philosophy and gaiety. His pale countenance and deep-sunk eyes spoke plainly of the ravages of disease, and his appearance in the tribune, where he was frequently seized with sudden faintness, caused a general alarm. The excesses of pleasure and business, and the violent emotions he experienced in the assembly, broke down his strong constitution. The baths, also, he was accustomed to use contained a solution of sublimate, and had given a greenish hue to his complexion, which was attributed to poison. The court was terrified, and all parties astonished; and, long before his death, the cause of his dangerous illness was eagerly inquired into. The last time he spoke, he addressed the assembly in five different speeches, and he left it exhausted. He then took to his bed, and never left it but to go to the Pantheon. He begged Cabanis, his attendant, not to call in physicians; but in this he was disobeyed, and, on their arrival, they found death fast approaching. His head was the last part of his body attacked, as if nature permitted his genius to shine on to the last moment. An immense crowd, observing the most profound silence, thronged round his house. The court sent messenger after messenger to ascertain his condition; bulletins of his health were transmitted from mouth to mouth, and spread grief among the people, at every new turn of his disorder. He himself, surrounded by his friends, expressed regret at the interruption of his projects, but seemed proud of his past career. 'Support,' said he, 'the ablest head in France.' The anxiety of the people affected him; and the visit of Bar-

nave, his enemy, who came in the name of the Jacobins, caused him a pleasing emotion. He gave some thoughts to public affairs. The assembly was about to be engaged on the questions of testaments: he therefore called for Talleyrand, and gave him a discourse which he had written on the subject. 'It will be pleasant,' said he, 'to hear a man speak against testaments, who ought to be making his own, and who is no more.' The court, indeed, wished him to make one, and promised to take upon itself the payment of his legacies. In allusion to the supposed projects of England, he observed, 'Pitt will gain more than any other man by my death. That Pitt is the minister of preparatives; he governs by menaces: I would have given him some trouble if I had lived.'—'My friend,' said he to Cabanis, 'I shall die to-day: envelope me in perfumes, crown me with flowers, and surround me with music, so that I may deliver myself peaceably up to sleep.' When his sufferings became intense, he demanded opium. It was refused; he insisted on it with his usual violence. A cup, which his attendants persuaded him contained opium, was handed to him: he drank it, and died immediately (April 20, 1791). The proceedings of the assembly were immediately suspended, a general mourning ordered, and a magnificent funeral prepared. 'We will all attend,' exclaimed the whole assembly. In the church of Saint Genevieve a monument was erected to his memory, with the inscription,—'A grateful country to great men.' It was situated next to that of Descartes. His funeral took place the day after his death. All the authorities, the departments, the municipalities, the popular societies, the assembly, and the army, accompanied the procession; and this orator obtained more honours than ever had been conferred on the pompous funerals which proceeded to Saint Denis. Thus terminated the career of this extraordinary man, who has been greatly praised and greatly blamed, who effected much good and much evil, and whose genius was equally adapted to both. Having vanquished the aristocracy, he turned upon those who contributed to his victory, arrested their course by his eloquence, and commanded their admiration, even while he provoked their hostility."

Were we disposed to indulge in retrospective reverie, a fruitful subject would offer itself, from the speculation of what might have been the progress and event of the French Revolution had the life of Mirabeau been prolonged. He was the only man capable of stifling the fury of the Jacobins; and had such a faction never risen into ascendancy, France might have exulted in triumphant liberty, without shuddering at the excesses by which it was deformed.

We shall probably revert to Mr. Bell's work in a subsequent number.

The Comic Annual. By Thomas Hood, Esq. 12mo. pp. 176. London, 1831. C. Tilt.

We have the true Amphitryon of wit and pun at last—the genuine Momus for our Christmas laugh; and so appropriately near the time, that his volume really resembles an Annual. Most of the others, from their irregular period of appearance, were so out of season, that reading them was like eating mince-pies and plum-pudding at Midsummer. But the propriety of the delay seems to have encouraged strange poaching upon the manor of Hood-cunn-over-grin, in the county of Wi(l)ts; and our author, in his preface, shews how competent he is to be his own game-keeper on his own estate. He has peppered the intruders very prettily;

and as their cases have been legally brought before our high tribunal for judgment, we beg leave to recapitulate the evidence, and pronounce sentence.

Hood v. Hurst and Co.—"I do not intend (said the plaintiff—if such a name could fit so merry a wight, and one who, though his own counsel, had by no means a fool for his client)—I do not intend (said he), like some votaries of freedom, to cast mud on the muddy, or dirt on the dirty; but, while I am on the hustings, I will ask the committee of that uncanid candidate, 'the New Comic,' whether it was quite honest to canvass against me under my own colours, and to pass off the enemy's poll-book as mine? The Code of Honour should be a kind of Coade's cement between man and man—but, to speak technically, some seem bound by it, and some unbound. Mr. Hurst gave me his word, and shook hands thereon, that the delusive title should be altered—and yet that bad title to a good name, the 'New Comic,' is still retained. Surely he feels both the brand and the blush in what Byron calls 'that red right hand.' Were there no other and fitter labels extant than such close parodies of mine? For example, 'the Laughing Hyena,' or 'the Merry Unwise,' or 'the Main Chance?' The Old Brown Bear in Piccadilly is bearish, perhaps—but he is original. The coupling, in advertisement, 'the New Comic' with a volume really mine, is a trick that smacks of the neighbourhood. There is as little difference as distance between the plying of 65, St. Paul's Churchyard, and the plying of the Fulhams and Brentfords close at hand."

In this case our decision is for the plaintiff, on all the counts; and we trust he will find his account in it; for, in the long run,* honesty is the best policy. We have always denounced the paltry trick of imitating the titles or external appearance of popular works, which only affords appearance of the want alike of principle and talent. Marching under false colours, or uttering base and counterfeit coin, may impose on the unwary for a while, but they never succeed in the end. The mode of advertising the new and rival work we consider to be still more indefensible: its obvious object was to mislead purchasers; and we know that it did lead several into error, of which they repented when undeceived, too late to recover their money. Such things disgrace the literary world; and, however comic they may seem to their doers, will never be treated as jokes by the public.

Hood v. Sheridan.—In this case you have heard the same counsel—"Fain would I drop here the steel pen for a softer quill, to speak of an editress who—distinguishing fair from unfair—has acted the perfect brunette towards me, and has brought a heavy charge against me 'for work done.' In the announcement of 'the Comic Offering'—a little book chiefly remarkable for a coat of damson cheese, seeming equally fit, like Sheridan's poor Peruvians, for 'covering and devouring,'—it is insinuated that I am an author unfit for female perusal—I, who have never that respect infringed, which, with me, dwells 'like fringe upon a petticoat.' Miss Sheridan and modesty compel me to declare, that many ladies have deigned to request, for their albums, some little proof of 'the versatility' or prosatity of my pen:—yet, what says the announcement, or rather denounce-

* The only exception we ever saw to this golden rule is in Hood's whimsical frontispiece of "A Day at the Devil's Dyke;" in which old Cloven-foot, in the shape of a mawkin, is leading the hunt such a run, that it is easy to perceive honest perseverance must only make matters worse.

ment—' But shall we permit a clown or pantaloou to enter the drawing-room or boudoir—no, not even under a Hood.' Putting pantomimic people on a par, was clown Grimaldi so very unfit for the drawing-room of Mrs. Serle, or pantaloou Barnes for the boudoir of Miss Bar-net? Is it vulgar to go to Margate by the Harlequin, but genteel by the Columbine—to read 'the Comic' instead of the 'Offering to be Comic'? To put the screw of comparison into my cork model, have I made any drawing less worthy of the drawing-room, than 'Going it in High Style'?—any verse more perverse to gentility than

'Old Bet crying 'Mac-car-rel!' happened to meet,' &c.

Gad a mercy! did Miss Sheridan never read or see a comedy called the School for Scandal? If she has heard of my indelicacy or vulgarity, it must have been from Sir Benjamin Backbite. Mrs. Candour compels me to confess that I am not guilty of either. Joseph Surface would give me credit for morality; and even those Crabtrees, the reviewers, have awarded me the praise of propriety, confessing that though I am merry, my spirits are rectified. Like Sir Peter Teazle, I would willingly resign my character to their discussion; but little Moses has a post-obit on my reputation, and forbids my silence. I confess, besides, that on being so attacked by a perfect stranger, I did at first think it rather hard of her; but having now seen her book, I think it rather soft of her, and shall say no more."

And no more need be said. We find Miss Sheridan guilty of a trespass, with intent to commit defamation; but, in consequence of the punishment she has already received, dis-Miss the cause, in the hope that it will operate as a warning to her to conduct herself better in future. Of all the modes of attracting notice, that of endeavouring to depreciate others, in order to puff yourself, is the most disreputable. A chandler would be ashamed of it; and in literature it is below contempt.

Of Mr. Harrison's respectable production (the *Humourist*), Mr. Hood takes no notice; for it was brought forward and published by that gentleman and Ackermann in an honourable way; and was a fair competitor in the common field. But we are glad to pass from these points to the work before us itself. The dedication this year is almost as good as the last: it is—

"To his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, the great comptroller of all public performers, kindly countenancing plays upon words, as well as plays upon boards—the noble patron of the Italian, as well as of the present English opera—this volume of the Comic Annual, with the Lord Chamberlain's special license, is respectfully and gratefully dedicated," &c. &c.

The vignette—a young clown, with a lantern, riding on the merry-thought of a fowl—is very playful; and the cuts altogether most original and amusing. The first paper, giving accounts of a parish revolution—a parody on the late French revolution, and, in general, on the mode of communicating news according to the most universal and approved newspaper plan—is replete with humour. Stoke Pogis is the scene, and the fifth of November the day: it begins thus:—

"Alarming news from the country—awful insurrection at Stoke Pogis—the military called out—flight of the Mayor.

We are concerned to state, that accounts were received in town, at a late hour last night, of an alarming state of things at Stoke Pogis. Nothing private is yet made public; but report speaks of very serious occurrences. The num-

ber of killed is not known, as no despatches have been received.

"Further particulars.

"Nothing is known yet; papers have been received down to the 4th of November, but they are not up to any thing."

Then we have "Another account"—"From another quarter"—"A later account"—"Fresh intelligence," &c. &c. &c.; from which we take a few of the various particulars.

"From another quarter.

"We are all here in the greatest alarm! a general rising of the inhabitants took place this morning, and they have continued in a disturbed state ever since. Every body is in a bustle, and indicating some popular movement. Seditious cries are heard! the bellman is going his rounds, and on repeating 'God save the king!' is saluted with 'hang the crier!' Organised bands of boys are going about collecting sticks, &c.—whether for barricades or bonfires, is not known; many of them singing the famous Gunpowder hymn, 'Pray remember,' &c. These are features that remind us of the most inflammable times. Several strangers of suspicious gentility arrived here last night, and privately engaged a barn; they are now busily distributing hand-bills amongst the crowd;—surely some horrible tragedy is in preparation!"

"Eleven o'clock.

"The mob have proceeded to outrage—the poor poor-house has not a whole pane of glass in its whole frame! The magistrates, with Mr. Higginbottom at their head, have agreed to call out the military; and he has sent word that he will come as soon as he has put on his uniform. A terrific column of little boys has just run down the High Street—it is said, to see a fight at the Green Dragon. There is an immense crowd in the market-place. Some of the leading shop-keepers have had a conference with the mayor, and the people are now being informed, by a placard, of the result. Gracious heaven! how opposite is it to the hopes of all moderate men—"The mare is obstinate—he is at the Roes and Crown—but refuses to treat."

"Half-past Three.

"The check sustained by the mob proves to have been a reverse; the constables are the sufferers. The cage is chopped to faggots, we hav'n't a pound, and the stocks are rapidly falling. Mr. Wigsby has gone again to the mayor with overtures; the people demand the release of Dobs and Gubbins, and the demolition of the stocks, the pound, and the cage. As these are already destroyed, and Gubbins and Dobs are at large, it is confidently hoped by all moderate men that his worship will accede to the terms.

"Four o'clock.

"The mayor has rejected the terms. It is confidently affirmed that, after this decision, he secretly ordered a post-chaise, and has set off with a pair of post-horses as fast as they can't gallop. A meeting of the principal tradesmen has taken place, and the butcher, the baker, the grocer, the cheesemonger, and the publican, have agreed to compose a provisional government. In the mean time the mob are loud in their joy,—they are letting off squibs, and crackers, and rockets, and devils, in all directions, and quiet is completely restored."

Then comes, to crown the whole, "The Narrative."

"The Narratist of a High Whittness who seed every Think proceed out of a Buck-winder up Fore Pears to Mrs. Humphis.

"O Mrs. Humphis! Littel did I Dram, at my Tim of Life, to see Wat is before me. The hole Parrish is Throne into a pamikin! The

Revelations has reeched Stock Poggis—and the people is riz agin the Kings rain, and all the Pours that be. All this Blessed Mourning Mrs. Griggs and Me as bean siting abscondingly at the tiptop of the Hows crying for lowness. We have lockd our too selves in the back Attical Rome, and nothing can come up to our Hanksiety. Some say it is like the French Plot—sum say sum thing moor arter the Dutch Patten is on the car-pit, and if so we shall Be flored like Brussels. Well, I never did like them Brown holland brum gals! Our Winder overlocks all the High Street, except jest ware Mister Higgins juts out Behind. What a prospectus!—All riotism and hubbub—Their is a lowd spechifying round the Gabble end of the Hows. The Mare is arranging the Populous from one of his own long wuiders.—Poor Man!—for all his fine goold Cheer, who wood Sit in his shews! I hobserve Mr. Tuder's bauld Hed uncommon hactiv in the Mobb, and so is Mister Waggstaff the Constable, considering his rummatiz has onely left one Harm disaffected to shew his loyalness with. He and his men are staving the mobbs Heds to make them Suppurate. They are trying to Custardise the Ringieders But as yet hav Captivated Noboddy. There is no end to accidene. Three unsensible hoddis are Carrion over the way on Three Cheers, but weather Naybers or Gyes, is dubbious. Master Gollop too, is jest gon By on one of his Ant Shuters, with a Bunch of exploded Squibs gone off in his Trowsirs. It makes Mrs. G. and Me tremble like Axle trees, for our Hone nevvies. Wile we ware at the open Winder they slipe out. With sich Broils in the Street who nose what Scraps they may git into. Mister J. is gon off with his muskitry to militate agin the mobb; and I fear without anny Sand Witches in his Cartrich Box. Mrs. Griggs is in the Sam state of Singularity as meself. Onely think, Mrs. H. of too Loan Wiming looken Down on such a Heifervescence, and as Hignorant as the unbiggotted Babe of the state of our Husbandry! To had to our Convexity, the Botcher has not Bean. No moor as the Backer and We shold here Nothing if Mister Higgins hadn't hollowed up Fore Storys. What news he brakes! That wicked Wigsby as refused to Reed the Riot Ax, and the Town Clark is no Scollard! Isn't that a bad Herring! O Mrs. Humphis! It is unpossible to throee ones hies from one End of Stock Poggis to the other, without grate Pane. Nothing is seed but Wivs asking for Huzbinds—nothing is herd but childerin looking for Farthers. Mr. Hatband the Undertacker as jst bean squibed and obligated for aefness to inter his own Hows. Mister Higgins blames the unflexable Stubbleness of the Mare, and says a littel timely Concussion wood have bean of Preventive Servis. Haven nose! For my Part I dont believe all the Concussion on Hearth wood hav prevented the Regolater bein scarified by a Squib and runnin agin the Rockit—or that it could unshatter Pore Master Gollop, or squentch Wider Welshis rix of Haze witch is now Flamming and smocking in two volumes. The ingins as been, but cold not Play for want of Pips, witch is too often the Case with Parrish ingenuity. Wile affares are in these friteful Posturs, thank Haven I have one grate comfit. Mr. J. is cum back on his legs from Twelve to won tired in the extreams with Being a Standing Army, and his Uniformity spatteredashed all over. He says his hone saving was onely thro leaving His retrenchments. Pore Mr. Griggs has cum In after his Wif in a state of grate exaggeration. He says the Boys hav maid a Bone Fire of his garden fence and

Pales upon Pales cant put it out. Several Shells of a bombastic nater as been picked up in his Back Yard and the old Cro's nest as bean Perpetrated rite thro by a Rockit. We hav sent out the Def Shopmun to here wat he can and he says their is so Manny Crackers going he dont no witch report to Belive, but the Fishmongerers has Cotchd and with all his Stock compleatly Guttid. The Brazers next Dore is lickwise in Hashes,—but it is hopped he has assurance enuf to cover him All over.—They say nothink can save the Dwelling ad-journing. O Mrs. H. how greatful ought J and I to hee that our hone Premiss and propperty is next to nothing! The effex of the lit on Bildings is marvelous. The Turrut of St. Magnum Bonum is quit clear and you can tell wat Time it is by the Clock verry planely only it stands! The noise is enuf to Drive won deleterious! Too Specious Conestabbles is persewing littel Tidmash down the Hi Street and Sho grate fermness, but I trembel for the Pelisse. Peple drops in with New News every Momentum. Sum say All is Lost—and the town Criar is missin. Mrs. Griggs is quite retched at herein five littel Boys is throwd off a spirituous Cob among the Catherend Weals. But I hope it wants cobboboration. Another Yuth its sed has had his hies Blasted by sum blowd Gun Powder. You Mrs. H. are Patrimonial, and may suppose how these flying rummers Upsetts a Mothers Sperrits. O Mrs. Humphris how I envy you that is not tossing on the raging bellows of these Flatulent Times, but living under a Mild Dispotic Govinment in such Sequestrated spots as Lonnon and Paddington. May you never go thro such Transubstantiation as I have bean riting in! Things that stood for Sentries as bean removd in a Minut—and the verry effigis of wat is venerablest is now burning in Bone Fires. The Worshipfull chaer is empty. The Mare as gon off clandestiny with a pare of Hossis, and without his diner. They say he complanes that his Corperation did no stik to him as it shold have dun But went over to the other Side. Pore Sole—in sich a case I dont wunder he lost his Stommich. Yisterdy he was at the summit of Pour. Them that hours ago ware enjoying parrish officiousness as been turnd out of there Dignittis! Mr. Barber says in futer all the Perukial Authoritis will be Wigs. Pray let me no wat his Magisty and the Prim Minester think of Stock Poggis's constitution, and believe me conclusively my deer Mrs. Humphris most frendly and trully
BRIDGET JONES.

For variety's sake, we now turn to a clever poetical *jeu-d'esprit*.

"I'm not a Single Man.

"Double, single, and the rub."—Hoyle.
"This, this is solitude."—Byron.

"Well, I confess, I did not guess
A simple marriage-vow
Would make me find all women-kind
Such unkind women now!
They need not, sure, as distant be
As Java or Japan,—
Yet ev'ry Miss reminds me this—
I'm not a single man!

Once they made choice of my base voice
To share in each duet;
So well I danced, I somehow chanced
To stand in every set:
They now declare I cannot sing,
And dance on Bruin's plan;
Me draw!—me paint!—me any thing!—
I'm not a single man!

Once I was asked advice and task'd
What works to buy or not,
And 'would I rend that passage out
I so admired in Scott?
They then could bear to hear one read;
But if I now began,
How they would snub, 'my pretty page,'
I'm not a single man!"

One used to stitch a collar then,
Another hummed a frill;
I had more purses netted then
Than I could hope to fill.
I once could get a button on,
But now I never can,—
My buttons then were bachelor's—
I'm not a single man!

Oh how they hated politics
Thrust on me by papa:
But now my chat—they all leave that
To entertain mamma.
Mamma, who praises her own self,
Instead of Jane or Ann,
And lays 'her girls' upon the shelf—
I'm not a single man!

Ah me, how strange it is the change,
In parlour and in hall,
They treat me so, if I but go
To make a morning call.
If they had hair in papers once,
Bolt up the stairs they ran;
They now sit still in dishabille—
I'm not a single man!

Miss Mary Bond was once so fond
Of Romans and of Greeks;
She daily sought my cabinet,
To study my antiques.
Well, now she doesn't care a dump
For ancient pot or pan;
Her taste at once is modernized—
I'm not a single man!

My spouse is fond of homely life,
And all that sort of thing;
I go to balls without my wife,
And never wear a ring:
And yet each Miss to whom I come
As strange as Genghis Khan,
Knows by some sign, I can't divine,—
I'm not a single man!

Go where I will, I but intrude,
I'm left in crowded rooms,
Like Zimmerman on Solitude,
Or Hervey at his Tombs.
From head to heel, they make me feel,
Of quite another clan;
Compelled to own, though left alone,
I'm not a single man!

Miss Towne the toast, though she can boast
A nose of Roman line,
Will turn up even that in scorn
Of compliments of mine:
She should have seen that I have been
Her sex's partisan,
And really married all I could—
I'm not a single man!

'Tis hard to see how others fare,
Whilst I rejected stand,—
Will no one take my arm because
They cannot have my hand?
Miss Parry, that for some would go
A trip to Hindostan,
With me don't care to mount a stair—
I'm not a single man!

Some change, of course, should be in force,
But, surely, not so much—
There may be hands I may not squeeze,
But must I never touch?—
Must I forbear to hand a chair,
And not pick up a fan?
But I have been myself picked up—
I'm not a single man!

Others may hint a lady's tint
Is purest red and white—
May say her eyes are like the skies,
So very blue and bright,—
I must not say that she has eyes,
Or if I so began,
I have my fears about my ears,—
I'm not a single man!

I must confess I did not guess
A simple marriage-vow
Would make me find all women-kind
Such unkind women now!—
I might be hash'd to death, or smash'd
By Mr. Pickford's van,
Without, I fear, a single tear—
I'm not a single man!"

The poem which follows this is a "May-day Vision," by Miss Isabel Hill, an extremely fanciful and very pretty composition. We regret we have not room for it now, and that we can only say, it is worthy of the best of the company with which it is associated. The "Portrait of a Blind Man" is Hood all over, so that it is no wonder he cannot see.

An "ode to Mr. Vigors, on the publication of the *Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society*," is another of the so-peculiarly-peculiar Hoodisms, and the subject itself is so generally popular, that we are tempted to extract it.

"Give you good den."—Shakespeare.

"So Mr. V.,—no, Vigors—I beg pardon,
You've published your Zoological Garden!
A book of which I've heard a deal of talk,
And your Menagerie—indeed, 'tis had o' me,
But I have never seen your Beast Academy!
Or set my feet
In Bruton Street,
Or ever wander'd in your 'Bird-cage Walk.'
Yet I believe that you were truly born
To be a kind of brutal overseer,
And, like the royal quarterings, appear
Between a lion and a unicorn;
There is a sort of reason about rhyme,
That I have ponder'd many, many a time;
Where words, like birds of feather,
Likely to come together,
Are quite prophetically made to chime;—
So your own office is forestall'd, O Vigors!
Your proper surname having but one single
Appropriate jingle,
—Tigers!

What is your gardening volume?—like old Mawe's!
Containing rules for cultivating brutes,
Like fruits,
Through April, May, or June;

As thus—now rake your lion's manes, and prune
Your tiger's claws;
About the middle of the month, if fair,
Give your chameleons air,
Choose shady walls for owls,
Water your fowls,

And plant your leopards in the sunniest spots;
Earth up your beavers; train your bears to climb;
Thin out your elephants about this time,
And set some early kangaroos in pots;
In some warm shelter'd place
Prepare a hot-bed for the bog race,
Leaving them room to swell;
Prick out your porcupines, and blanch your ermine;
Stick up opossums; trim your monkeys well;
And 'destroy all vermin.'

O tell me, Mr. Vigors! for the fleas
Of curiosity begin to tease—
If they bite rudely, I must crave your pardon—
But if a man may ask,
What is the task

You have to do in this exotic garden?
If from your title one may guess your ends,
You are a sort of Secretary Bird,

To write home words
From ignorant brute beasts to absent friends.
Does ever the poor little coatamondi
Beg you to write to ma'

To ask papa
To send him a new suit to wear on Sunday?
Does Mrs. L. request you'll be so good—
Acting a sort of Urban to Sylvanus—
As write to her 'Two Children in the Wood,'
Address'd, post-paid, to Leo Africanus?
Does ever the great sea-bear Landonensis
Make you amanuensis

To send out news to some old arctic stager—
'Pray write that Brother Bruin on the whole
Has got a head on this day's pole,
And say my Uraa has been made a Major?'
Do you not write dejected letters—very—
Describing England for poor 'Happy Jerry,'
Unlike those emigrants who take in flats,
Throwing out New South Wales for catching sprats?
Of course your penmanship you ne'er refuse,
For 'begging letters' from poor kangaroos;
Of course you manage bills and their acquaintance,
And sometimes pen for Pelican a double
Letter to Mrs. F. and brood in trouble,
Enclosing a small dab, as a remittance;
Or send from Mrs. B. to her old cadger,
Her full-length, done by Harvey, that rare
draughtsman

And skilful craftsman;
A game one too, for he can draw a badger.
Does Doctor Bennett never come and trouble you
To break the Death of Wolf to Mrs. W.?
To say poor Buffalo his last has puff'd,
And died quite suddenly without a will,
Soothing the widow with a tender quill,
And gently hinting, 'would she like him stuff'd?'
Does no old sentimental monkey weary
Your hand, at times, to vent his scribbling itch?
And then your pen must answer to the query
Of Dame Giraffe, who has been told her deary
Died on the spot, and wishes to know *which?*
New candidates, meanwhile, your help are waiting:
To fill up cards of thanks, with due refinement;
For Missis 'Possum, after her confinement;
To pen a note of pretty Poll's dictating,
Or write how Charles the Tenth's departed reign
Disquiets the crown'd crane

And all the royal tigers;
To send a bulletin to brother Asses,
Of Zebra's health, what sort of night he passes;—
Is this your duty, Secretary Vigors?

Or are your brutes but garden-brutes, indeed,
Of the old shrubby breed,
Dragons of holly, peacocks cut in yew?
But no—I've seen your book,
And all the creatures look
Like real creatures, natural and true;

Ready to prowl, to growl, to prey, to fight,
Thanks be to Harvey, who their portraits drew;
And to the cutters praise is justly due;
To Branston always, and to always Wright.
Go on, then, publishing your monthly parts,
And let the wealthy crowd,
The noble and the proud,
Learn of brute beasts to patronise the arts.
So may your household flourish in the Park,
And no long boa go to his long home;
No antelope give up the vital spark;
But all, with this your scientific tome,
Go on as swimmingly as old Noah's ark!"

Our author should surely be made laureate to the Society, and sing in a cage as a Hood-ed crow.

But we are getting out of bounds, and must prune our wings. "Domestic Asides" is a neat piece of point; "the Step-father," and his contrast at page 123, two excellent little essays; and "My Son and Heir," could be written by nobody but our author. "The Supper Superstition" follows:—

"'Twas twelve o'clock by Chelsea chimes,
When all in hungry trim,
Good Mister Jupp sat down to sup,
With wife, and Kate, and Jim.

Said he, 'upon this dainty cod
How bravely I shall sup'—
When, whiter than the table-cloth,
A ghost came rising up!

'O, father dear, O, mother dear,
Dear Kate, and brother Jim—
You know when some one went to sea—
Don't cry—but I am him!

You hope some day with fond embrace
To greet your absent Jack;
But, oh, I am come here to say
I'm never coming back!

From Alexandria we set sail,
With corn, and oil, and figs;
But steering too much Sow', we struck
Upon the Sow and Pigs!

The ship we pump'd till we could see
Old England from the tops;
When down she went with all our hands,
Right in the Channel's chops!

Just give a look in Norey's chart,
The very place it tells;
I think it says twelve fathom deep,
Clay bottom, mix'd with shells.

Well, there we are till 'hands aloft,'
We have at last a call;
The pug I had for brother Jim,
Kate's parrot too, and all.

But, oh! my spirit cannot rest
In Davy Jones's sod,
'Till I've appeared to you and said—
Don't sup on that 'ere cod!

You live on land, and little think
What passes in the sea;
Last Sunday week, at 2 p. m.,
That cod was picking me!

Those oysters, too, that look so plump,
And seem so nicely done,
They put my corpse in many shells,
Instead of only one.

O, do not eat those oysters then,
And do not touch the shrimps;
When I was in my briny grave,
They suck'd my blood like imps!

Don't eat what brutes would never eat,
The brutes I used to pat;
They'll know the smell they used to smell—
Just try the dog and cat!

The spirit fled—they wept his fate,
And cried, *alack, alack!*
At last, up started brother Jim—
'Let's try if Jack was Jack!'

They called the dog, they called the cat,
And little kitten too;
And down they put the cod and sauce,
To see what brutes would do.

Old Tray licked all the oysters up,
Puss never stood at crimps,
But munch'd the cod,—and little Kit
Quite feasted on the shrimps!

The thing was odd, and minus cod
And sauce, they stood like posts:
O, prudent folks, for fear of hoax,
Put no belief in ghosts!"

"The Scrape Book of an Unlucky Man" is very ludicrous; but the volume is, from beginning to end, so full of amusement, that there would be no end to our Review, were we to attempt to be particular. Particular therefore we are not: we only tell all our

readers who love mirth, to buy Hood's *Comic Annual*.

We have given three of the cuts as speci-

mens: the "Step-father" is admirable, and illustrates a capital story: the others will speak for themselves to our holiday readers.



A STEP-FATHER.



GETTING A HOLE HOLYDAY.



"WELL! I NEVER COULD KEEP MY LEGS!"

Memoirs of the Affairs of Greece; containing an Account of the Military and Political Events which occurred in 1823 and following Years: with various Anecdotes of Lord Byron, and an Account of his last Illness and Death. By Julius Millingen, Surgeon to the Byron Brigade at Mesolonghi, &c. 8vo. pp. 338. London, 1831. Rodwell.

THIS is a very amusing volume; anecdotes, personal sketches, and curious customs, form an entertaining *mélange*. The events of a campaign in Greece, and of a month or so with Lord Byron, are sufficiently out of the ordinary run to be continued sources of novelty and entertainment. In his account of the noble poet, Mr. Millingen is exceedingly minute. He informs us that he always wore gloves, drank green tea and gin profusely; and of his self-denial, where his appetite was inclined to risk his figure, gives the following example:

"On dinner being served up, although several dishes of meat were upon the table, Lord Byron did not partake of any; his custom being to eat meat only once a month. Soup, a few vegetables, a considerable portion of English cheese, with some fried crusts of bread and fruit, constituted his daily fare. He ate with great rapidity, and drank freely. There happened to be on the table a roasted capon, the good looks of which so powerfully tempted him, that after wistfully eyeing it, he was on the point of taking a leg; but suddenly recollecting the rule he had imposed on himself, he left it in the dish, desiring his servant to let the capon be kept till the next day, when his month would be out."

The anecdotes we subjoin are the newest we can find; the last days of Byron's life having been so repeatedly before the public.

"During the earlier part of his youth, his then very limited revenues were soon exhausted by his extravagant expenses in London, and especially by his frequenting the gaming-houses. He had borrowed so much from the usurers, that none were to be found humane enough to advance him any further sum, at whatever interest he offered. One morning, after a sleepless night, spent at one of those establishments, in which he had lost all his money, he heard a coach stop before his lodgings, and soon after saw a young lady of rank, who had given him proofs of the most ardent attachment, enter his room. She held a small casket in her hand, and on depositing it on the table, told him, that hearing of the pecuniary misfortunes he had met with, and fearing he might find himself in embarrassed circumstances, she had brought him all her jewels and money, and requested he would accept them as proofs of her affection. 'Go and take back with you,' said Lord B. sternly, 'your trinkets and money. I am not a man to be imposed upon by cant; and you know full well that you would never have brought such things to me, had you supposed me vile enough to accept them.' Mention being once made before him of the frequent errors of judgment into which a person may be led by the appearances of physiognomy, he observed: 'You are young men, and may therefore have occasion to derive benefit from this precept of mine: never give your entire faith to any one whose eyes are gray.' On its being remarked to him, that his own were of that very colour, he added, 'Do not think I consider myself an exception to this, I might say, universal rule: it would have been well for many, who have had to deal with me, had they been guided by it.'"

Narrow Escape from Shipwreck.—"Surrounded by rocks on every side, the sailors thinking their fate inevitable, had lost their courage. Lord Byron's tranquillity of mind was undisturbed. Aware that, should the miserable anchor they had give way, the ship would be dashed to atoms, he had recommended to Lucca, a young Greek of Patras, confided to his benevolence by the youth's mother, to keep himself ready in case of a similar accident, to mount on his back, for he would save him by swimming.

"When I passed to the Chané, where the apartments appropriated to the establishment of the dispensary were, the wife of Hussein Aga, one of the Turkish inhabitants of Mesolonghi, came to me, and imploring my pity, begged me to allow her to remain under my roof, in order to shelter her from the brutality and cruelty of the Greeks. They had murdered all her relations, and two of her boys; and the marks remained on the angle of the wall, against which, a few weeks previously, they had dashed the brains of the youngest, only five years of age. A little girl, nine years old, remained to be the only companion of her misery. Like a timid lamb, she stood by her mother, naked and shivering, drawing closer and closer to her side. Her little hands were folded like a suppliant's; and her large beautiful eyes, so accustomed to see acts of horror and cruelty, looked at me now and then, hardly daring to implore pity. 'Take us,' said she, 'we will serve you, and be your slaves; or you will be responsible before God for whatever may happen to us.' I could not see so eloquent a picture of distress unmoved; and from that day I treated them as relatives. Some weeks after, I happened to mention before Lord Byron some circumstances relative to these individuals, and spoke with so much admiration of the noble fortitude displayed by Husseinina in the midst of her calamities; of the courage maternal love inspired her with on several occasions; of the dignified manner in which she replied to the insults of her persecutors, that he expressed the wish of seeing her and her child. On doing so, he became so struck by Hatajé's beauty, the *naïveté* of her answers, and the spiritedness of her observations on the murderers of her brethren, that he decided on adopting her. 'Banish fear from your mind,' said he to the mother, 'your child shall henceforth be mine. I have a daughter in England: to her I will send you. They are both of the same age; and as she is alone, she will, no doubt, like a companion, who may, at times, talk to her of her father. Do not shudder at the idea of changing your religion; for I insist on your professing no other but the Mussulman.' She seized his hand, kissed it with energy, and raising to heaven her eyes, filled with tears of gratitude, she repeated expressively, 'Allah is great!' He immediately ordered more costly dresses to be made for them than those I had given them; and sent to Hatajé a necklace of sequins. Twice a week I was desired to send them to his house. He would then take the little girl on his knees, and caress her with all the fondness of a father. Nothing could surpass the jealousy of the Mesolonghiot women, when they beheld the manner in which these former objects of their insults were now treated. One day the little girl, with eyes drowned in tears, entered his room; and returning to him her necklace, asked for the clothes she formerly wore. 'They are not like these,' said she; 'but when I wore them, the Mesolonghiots did not tell me they would kill both

me and my mother.' Lord Byron burst into a violent rage, and in order to spite the Mesolonghiot population, ordered the most expensive clothes to be made for Hatajé; and had the intention of covering her, according to the oriental fashion, with golden pieces of money, to parade her on horseback through the principal streets of the town."

We must say that his kindness was more judicious than its display. Speaking of his own death: "'Do you suppose,' inquired his lordship with impatience, 'that I wish for life? I have grown heartily sick of it, and shall welcome the hour I depart from it. Why should I regret it? Can it afford me any pleasure? Have I not enjoyed it to a surfeit? Few men can live faster than I did. I am, literally speaking, a young old man. Hardly arrived at manhood, I had attained the zenith of fame. Pleasure I have known under every form it can present itself to mortals. I have travelled—satisfied my curiosity—lost every illusion: I have exhausted all the nectar contained in the cup of life: it is time to throw the dregs away. But the apprehension of two things now haunts my mind. I picture myself slowly expiring on a bed of torture, or terminating my days like Swift—a grinning idiot! Would to heaven the day were arrived, in which, rushing, sword in hand, on a body of Turks, and fighting like one weary of existence, I shall meet immediate, painless death,—the object of my wishes!'"

We scarcely know whether most to pity or blame such a state of mind. During his illness blisters were proposed.

"When on the point of applying them, Lord Byron asked me, whether it would answer the same purpose to apply both on the same leg. Guessing the motive that led him to ask this question, I told him I would place them above the knees, on the inside of the thighs. 'Do so,' said he; 'for as long as I live, I will not allow any one to see my lame foot.'"

It is but fair to Mr. Millingen to state, that he vindicates himself from the charge brought against him, of being one of the causes of the delay, to which such fatal effects have been ascribed, in bleeding Lord Byron. He concludes, by saying: "The more I consider this difficult question, however, the more I feel convinced, that whatsoever method of cure had been adopted, there is every reason to believe that a fatal termination was inevitable. And here I may be permitted to observe, that it must have been the lot of every medical man to observe, how frequently the fear of death produces it; and how seldom a patient, who persuades himself that he must die, is mistaken. The prediction of the Scotch fortune-teller was ever present to Lord Byron; and, like an insidious poison, destroyed that moral energy which is so useful to keep up the patient in dangerous complaints. 'Did I not tell you,' said he repeatedly to me, 'that I should die at thirty-seven?'"

Never yet was there a sceptic without superstition: witness the next anecdote.

"I was not a little surprised to hear him ask me on the 15th, whether I could not do him the favour of inquiring in the town for any very old and ugly witch? As I turned his question in derision, he repeated to me with a serious air, 'Never mind whether I am superstitious or not; but I again entreat of you to bring me the most celebrated one there is, in order that she may examine whether this sudden loss of my health does not depend on the evil eye. She may devise some means to dissolve the spell.' Knowing the necessity of indulging a patient

in his harmless caprices, I soon procured one, who answered exactly to his description. But the following day, seeing that he did not mention the subject, I avoided recalling it to his memory. It is in the Levant an almost universal practice, as soon as a person falls ill, to have recourse, in the first instance, to one of these professed exorcisers. If their art does not succeed in restoring the patient to health, by destroying the power of fascination, then the medical man is called in. But without this previous preparation, none of his medicines are supposed to be capable of curing the complaint."

We will not enter into the anatomical details of appearances after death, except in one instance.

"The appearance presented by the heart was singular. Its parietes were as collapsed, and of a consistence as flabby, as of those persons who have died of old age."

We certainly are all most ingenious in self-deception: Mr. Millingen winds up by stating, "I am incapable of enumerating the faults of one from whom I received so many marks of kindness, merely to gratify the curiosity of the idle, or the malice of his enemies."

Now our author repeatedly alludes to his noble friend's vanity, pride, affectation, inebriety, betrayal of confidence, his sarcastic spirit, his want of religion: if he does not consider these as faults, pray what does he think them?

We shall proceed to make a cento from the various anecdotes scattered through these pages; but it must be next Saturday.

The Military Bijou; or, the Contents of a Soldier's Knapsack: being the Gleanings of Thirty-three Years' Active Service. By John Shipp. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Whittaker and Co.

Our readers, we do not doubt, will remember the Autobiography of John Shipp. We trust that, in recalling to their recollection the narrative of his life, we shall not fail to create a prejudice in favour of the *Contents of a Soldier's Knapsack*. A series of desultory sketches, written in some parts with humour, in others with good feeling, will, we fear not, with all but the hypercritical, meet with a kind word and a welcome. The frankness and candour of our author's preface battles the designs of censure, and conveys the broadest hint that John Shipp does not write wholly and solely for literary fame, of any man we remember to have met with:—

"But this is a critical period for becoming an author; any attempt in the form of a book having so much to apprehend, so much to dread, in the present 'march of intellect,' where there are so many spies and critical sentinels standing upon the watch-tower of literature, to resist the approach of every new adventurer, as if he were an enemy. But I am like him who sits with a craving stomach by the side of a brook, watching, with eager eye, the nibbling of every little fish, on the hooking of which depends his dinner. If he did not cast in the bait, he could not expect to catch any fish; if I did not attempt to write, I, like him, should have no dinner."

Shipp, however, need not look upon his volumes as altogether a "forlorn hope," which he is advancing against the batteries of criticism; but take heart, that, like the many he has volunteered on, the present will come off with credit; and, what is of more substantial importance, ensure him a beefsteak, and, it

may be, a bottle to boot. We commence by quoting the Soldier's Wife:—

"'Who comes there?' said a sentinel to a person coming near his post. 'A friend,' softly said a timid voice. 'Advance, and give the parole.' The same soft, timid voice said, 'Love.' 'Love,' said the sentinel, 'is not the parole, and you cannot pass. It is more than my life is worth, to permit you to pass.' 'Indeed, this is cruel indeed, not to allow a sergeant's wife to pass, to take perhaps her last farewell. I beseech you to let me pass; ere the morning's battle takes place, let me spend this night in his company. I have travelled forty miles to see him.' 'Pass, friend: all's well!' It proved her last farewell."

There are one or two anecdotes, such as "the Regimental Dog," which will not suffer us to entertain the supposition that "spinning a long yarn" is by any means confined to the navy. We must also take the freedom of observing, that when an author's title-page proclaims the contents of his volumes to be the gleanings of active service, it is unwise to designate any particular anecdote as "a fact." We deprecate this, because some unreasonable people will take the hint that its less marked companions are *not* such. We give the annexed selections as characteristic of Shipp's feelings on some subjects, which cannot but gain him credit, and which, to do him justice, he never loses an opportunity of advocating.

"The Drummed-out Soldier."

"However necessary punishment may be in the army, and that it is necessary is beyond a doubt, still I have ever been of opinion that punishments whereby the delinquent is debased, and held up as a public object of derision and laughter, are injurious. The act of such disgrace is a positive detraction from the respectability of the military profession. No soldier, whatever his offence, ought to be degraded as a common vagabond. What can reflect more discredit on the British soldier than the lowering spectacle of tying a rope round his neck, a placard pinned upon his back, facings and buttons cut off, and the Rogue's March played after him? I say it is a degradation to the honourable profession of arms, and a constitution boasting of its freedom and humanity. If he, the culprit, merits this, he falls beneath the cognizance of the service, and ought to be transferred to the civil authorities, and there his crime be provided for; but never should he be the public gaze or jeer. It is a death-blow to many a young man entering into the service; for very often, and, I fear, too often, the crime so visited is petty theft, which the civil law would punish with a couple of months at the tread-mill."

"Hanging Soldiers."

"However expedient and necessary exemplary punishments may be deemed in the army, to check mutiny or curb the rebellious spirits of soldiers, and nip crime in the bud, every one, on deeply considering the circumstances combined with hanging, will recoil at it. It detracts from the respectability of the profession; it casts a black cloud over it, putting soldiers on a level with the lowest and veriest delinquents of the earth. If a soldier deserves death, let him die like a soldier, not like a pickpocket or housebreaker. Blow him from the mouth of a gun, or let him be shot like a man. Hanging is no example to soldiers; soldiers look upon it as a general disgrace or reflection on the profession. What, permit me to ask my military readers, can be more repugnant to a bold and intrepid soldier, than to see

his comrade in full uniform suspended from a tree? Such sights may, and do, affect soldiers at the time, but they never will view it as justice: it is degrading to them in the extreme. Shooting is more congenial to their modes of thinking, and to mine too. There is something noble in seeing a soldier meeting the offended laws of his country in the same haughty and manly spirit he met his country's foes; but dragging him to the gallows is, I repeat, a slur upon the profession of arms."

We quote one more extract, which we sincerely hope is nothing less than a libel.

"A military chaplain had become so shamefully drunk at the mess on the Saturday night, that three or four of those last remaining were obliged to carry him home. On the following morning, to the astonishment of his dear companions, he took the following text: 'A drunkard shall not enter the kingdom of heaven;' and handled the subject with all the eloquence and pathos of a saint. During the oration, some of the young ones had the greatest difficulty to restrain their risible muscles; and, meeting the reverend gentleman after the sermon, one of them said, 'My dear doctor, you have astonished the whole regiment this morning by the beautiful sermon on drunkenness,—the last subject in the world we should have supposed you would have touched upon.' 'My dear fellow,' calmly replied the divine, 'if you had such a d—d headach as I have, you would preach against it too.'

In conclusion, we give John Shipp a friendly word of caution, to leave off sentimentalising, more especially about rockets and cannon-balls, to relinquish his addiction to grandeur of language, and a too general redundancy of epithets. We have refrained from particularising, and shall regret if our advice does not obviate these defects, and lead him henceforth to study a style more becoming. His object should be to write as the plain, straightforward soldier; in which case, the adventures of his life will not fail to supply literary occupation and emolument to himself, while it affords to the public amusing illustrations of the soldier's habits and hardships.

The Talba; or, the Moor of Portugal: a Romance. By Mrs. Bray, author of "the White Hoods," &c. &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

THE melancholy and romantic history of the unfortunate Ines de Castro is here well wrought into a chronicle of Moorish history. The Talba is a Mahometan expression, similar in meaning to that of philosopher: Mrs. Bray has made a very picturesque personage of hers; and she has also succeeded in giving considerable action and interest to her narrative. The following scene is an animated sketch of a combat to which a young Moor is condemned.

"All was in readiness. Alonso cast a look on Hamet, in which there was something less severe than his usual expression.—'Art thou prepared?' said the king. 'Ay, for life or death!' replied Hamet. 'Then God be thy judge, young man,' said Alonso, as he raised his arm and gave the signal. The trumpet gave one clear and hollow blast. It curdled the blood; for it sounded like the knell of death, to all but the obdurate of heart. Ere the echoes of the surrounding mountains had finished repeating the awful clarion, the barrier was thrown open; and with one bound the bull burst out. With nostrils smoking, as he uttered fearful howlings, he stood gazing around, shook his sides, paved the ground with his broad hoofs, but did not advance to

the combat. He was black in colour; and therefore had he been named Nero. Whilst thus he stood, wild cries arose from the circus. They were strange and mingled; some seemed uttered in joy that the animal shewed little symptoms of being willing for the attack. The more brutal Portuguese, however,—those true lovers of the game, who could forget even humanity in their sports,—greeted the creature with yells, hoots, and hissings; since it was always deemed an infallible mark of cowardice in the bull if he did not instantly attack his foe. Hamet was ready to receive him; his wood-knife in his hand—his eye fixed on his enemy. His fine person drawn to its utmost height, every muscle in his slender limbs seemed to swell and to shew its power, as he stood, 'like a greyhound on the slip,' eager for the hardy encounter."

Dogs are sent in, when "the bull, that had been thus irritated by having the dogs turned out upon him,—a usual practice, whenever the animal shewed any delay in the attack,—now sufficiently convinced all the spectators that such delay was not from want of spirit. With an aspect full of savage fury, he lashed his sides with his broad tail, bellowed, tore up the ground with hoof and horns, and darted forward towards Hamet. The youth, by leaping with an agility alone to be compared to the nimble-footed chamois as it springs from rock to rock, endeavoured, but in vain, to avoid the continued pursuit of the bull,—his eye ever watchful for the moment of attack. No such moment occurred; and it seemed evident that his life would terminate with the time in which he should become spent and breathless, from the violent exertions he made to preserve it. Hassan saw this. He clasped his hands together in agony—he looked up to heaven—he uttered fearful cries, that mingled even with his prayers. 'He will die! he will die!' exclaimed Hassan. 'O for an angel's wing to waft him hence in safety! Mortal aid is there none to save him. But see, prophet of Mecca! what a daring act! He has seized the terrible animal by the horns; he suffers himself to be dragged round the arena. Now he hangs by one hand; he stabs him in the throat; the blood spouts like a fount of waters—but the brute still lives. Look! Hamet falls from his hold—God save thee! He is up again! he is on his feet! O, Allah, how I thank thee! He flies! he flies!—but look! the brute is mad with fury—gored with wounds. See how he tears up the sand. He follows—he follows. How will Hamet escape? He has driven the youth close to the barrier; there is no escape, no hope—he must fall!' 'He falls not, he falls not!' exclaimed Cassim. 'O noble Hamet!' At this instant a loud, continued, and deafening shout of applause shook the arena; for Hamet, bold, active, quick of eye and vigorous of limb, with one bound, at the very instant the bull was about to toss him on his horns, sprang on the animal's back, and leapt over him. He ran forward. Nero had already received more than one stab from the knife. None of them, however, reached any mortal part; still he bled fast, and there was hope, could Hamet but keep him at bay till the creature was somewhat spent by loss of blood, he might even yet despatch him. So great was the interest excited in the breasts of the spectators, that many called out to him to make for the extremity of the arena, under the king's pavilion, as being farthest removed from his enemy.

"The bull had, indeed, turned again to the pursuit; and that with so much fierceness,

the last efforts of his rage, that the sight of it impressed horror. His blood streamed from his flanks; he bounded, rather than ran, forward with dreadful bellowings. He shook his neck and sides, tossed the sand in his career, whilst volumes of smoke arose from his mouth and nostrils. Hamet, as a final effort, determined to spring upon him; and, for that purpose, when within a few yards of the bull, turned to confront him. His foot slipped—he fell—and the knife dropped from his hand. All hope fled; for at this instant he stood close to the barrier, which cut off all retreat, and the wild bull was making towards him, with head bent, to gore him to death with his horns. A cry of horror arose from the arena. Hamet sprang up. There was no escape. Ines de Castro sat immediately above the very spot where the youthful Moor was in so much danger. Quick in feeling and in thought, she tore from her shoulders the crimson mantle in which she was wrapt, and threw it into the arena with so true a hand, that Hamet caught it—cast it over the bull's head as he prepared to gore him—and ere the beast could disentangle himself from the blind thus thrown over him, Hamet recovered his knife, that lay close at his feet, and struck it into the spine. His mighty enemy fell, a convulsed corpse."

There are some very beautiful descriptions of Portuguese scenery: Mrs. Bray sees with the eye of a painter; and one great merit, that of historical accuracy as regards manners, costume, &c., her pages invariably possess. These volumes must add, therefore, to her already high popularity.

The Life of Bruce, the Abyssinian Traveller.
By Major T. B. Head. (*Family Library*, XVII.) 12mo. pp. 535. London, 1830. J. Murray.

A FORTNIGHT ago, on the issue of this new volume of the *Family Library*, we briefly characterised it as most deserving of the attention of all classes of readers, whether for amusement or instruction; and return to it now, not to alter, but to repeat and enforce our verdict. To compress the marrow of Bruce's five volumes into one good thickest little book of 535 pages, with an excellent portrait, woodcuts, and maps, for five shillings, is very like getting the *Iliad* into the nutshell, and very deserving of public reward.

Major Head, too, has performed his task *con amore*. He has dashed on as if he were riding over the Pampas, full of spirit and intelligence; and he has shewn a zealous regard for his subject, worthy of a brother traveller, whose own rough journeys have taught him the difference between an experienced observer and a fire-side critic. Perhaps he displays more acerbity than is required upon Lord Valentia's and Mr. Salt's dissonances from Bruce; but it must also be confessed, that he frequently demonstrates them to be mere cavils or mistakes. Ours, however, is not the office to reconcile controversies; and we shall be content to quote a few passages as specimens of the style and feeling of the "Life."

"When Bruce's work was completed, just before it was printed, and while public attention was eagerly expecting it, Johnson translated and published the travels in Abyssinia of the Jesuit Jereme Lobo. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1789, it is stated that Johnson had declared to Sir John Hawkins, 'that when he first conversed with Mr. Bruce the Abyssinian traveller, he was very much inclined to believe that he had been there; but that he had afterwards altered his opinion!' In Johnson's

preface, accordingly, he, evidently at the expense of Bruce's reputation, extols the Portuguese traveller, as one who 'has amused his reader with no romantic absurdities or incredible fictions. He appears by his modest and unaffected narrative to have described things as he saw them, to have copied nature from the life, and to have consulted his senses, not his imagination. He meets with no basilisks that destroy with their eyes, his crocodiles devour their prey without tears, and his cataracts fall from the rock without deafening the neighbouring inhabitants.' These round, rigmarole sentences were rolled against Bruce, a man who had patiently visited three-quarters of the globe, by Johnson, one of the most prejudiced men of his age, who, himself a traveller, had not temper enough to travel in a hack-chaise to Aberdeen! Peter Pindar amused all people (except Bruce) by his satirical flings, one of which was

'Nor have I been where men, (what loss, alas!)
Kill half a cow, and turn the rest to grass.'

Bruce met these and other similar assaults in a manly way; in the way that all writers, conscious of truth and integrity, ought to meet the misrepresentations or calumnies of the envious and malicious. "He concludes his preface with the following noble and remarkable words:—'I have only to add, that were it probable, as in my decayed state of health it is not, that I should live to see a second edition of this work, all well-founded, judicious remarks suggested, should be gratefully and carefully attended to: but I do solemnly declare to the public in general, that I never will refute or answer any cavils, captious or idle objections, such as every new publication seems unavoidably to give birth to, nor ever reply to those witticisms and criticisms that appear in newspapers and periodical writings. What I have written I have written. My readers have before them, in the present volumes, all that I shall ever say, directly or indirectly, upon the subject; and I do, without one moment's anxiety, trust my defence to an impartial, well-informed, and judicious public.'"

Upon these matters Major Head says well—
"There is surely nothing which, in the opinion of liberal men, can more degrade a country—nothing which, at the great table of the world, more deservedly places it 'below the salt'—than its unreasonably disbelieving an honourable man. A man's opinions may be canvassed, his theories may be opposed, his arguments may be resisted; but, without rhyme or reason, to disbelieve his statements, is at once to sever the band which holds society together; it destroys the allegiance which a well-disposed individual would willingly feel that he owes to public opinion; it tells him that his only defensive weapon is contempt. 'Sir, you are no gentleman!' exclaimed a passionate, irrational man.—'Sir, you are no judge!' was the calm, contemptuous reply."

The following anecdotes and remarks, towards the close of Bruce's life, interest us much.

"After the publication of his travels, Bruce occupied himself in the management of his estate, and of his extensive coaleries. He visited London occasionally, and kept up a correspondence with Daines Barrington and with Buffon. He also employed his time in Biblical literature, and even projected an edition of the Bible, with notes, pointing out numberless instances in which the Jewish history was singularly confirmed by his own observations. He took a deep interest in the French revolution. He had received much personal kindness from Louis XVI., and when intelligence

arrived that the king was stopped in his attempt to escape from Paris, before the 12th of August, 1792, Bruce was so much affected, that his daughter observed him to shed tears. His notions of his own consequence, and of the antiquity of his family, were high, and he had, consequently, the reputation of being a proud man; yet he was in the habit of entertaining, at Kinnaid, with great hospitality, strangers, and those people of distinction who visited him; and, in his own family, he was a delightful companion, entering into the amusements of his children with great delight. His young and amiable daughter used to walk, almost every morning, by his side, while Bruce, who had now grown exceedingly heavy and lusty, rode slowly over his estate to his coal-eries, mounted on a charger of great power and size. At Kinnaid he was often seen dressed in a turban, and reclining in an eastern costume; and in those moments it may easily be conceived that his thoughts flew with eager pleasure to the mountains of Abyssinia—that Ozoro Esther, Ras Michael, Gusho, Powussen, Fasil, Tecla Mariam, were before his eyes, and that, in their society, beloved, respected, and admired, he was once again—Yagoube, the white man! But, although his life at Kinnaid was apparently tranquil, his wounded feelings, respecting his travels, occasionally betrayed themselves. One day, while he was at the house of a relation in East Lothian, a gentleman present bluntly observed, that it was impossible that the natives of Abyssinia could eat raw meat! Bruce said not a word; but, leaving the room, he shortly returned from the kitchen with a piece of raw beef steak, peppered and salted in the Abyssinian fashion. ‘You will eat that, sir, or fight me!’ he said. When the gentleman had eaten up the raw flesh (most willingly would he have eaten his words instead), Bruce calmly observed, ‘Now, sir, you will never again say it is impossible!’ Single-speech Hamilton was Bruce’s first cousin and intimate friend. One evening, at Kinnaid, he said, ‘Bruce, to convince the world of your power of drawing, you need only draw us now something in as good a style as those drawings of yours, which they say have been done for you by Balugani, your Italian artist.’ ‘Gerard,’ replied Bruce, very gravely, ‘you made one fine speech, and the world doubted its being your own composition, but, if you will stand up now here, and make another speech as good, we shall believe it to have been your own.’ These trifling anecdotes sufficiently shew how justly sensitive Bruce was to the insult that had been offered to him. For twenty years, which had elapsed since his return to Europe, he had endured treatment which it was totally out of his power to repel. It is true, he had been complimented by Dr. Blair, and a few other people, on the valuable information which he had revealed; but the public voice still accused him of falsehood, or, what is equally culpable, of wilful exaggeration; and against the gross public an individual can do nothing. Bruce’s career of happiness was at an end—he had survived his reputation; and the only remedy left him was that which a noble Roman is supposed to have prescribed for his own son. ‘What could he do,’ he was asked, ‘against so many?’ he answered . . . ‘Die!’ and this catastrophe—this ‘consummation devoutly to be wished’—we have now the pleasure to relate. The last act of Bruce’s life was one of gentlemanlike, refined, and polite attention. A large party had dined at Kinnaid, and while they were about to depart, Bruce was gaily talking to a young

lady in the drawing-room, when, suddenly observing that her aged mother was proceeding to her carriage unattended, he hurried from the drawing-room to the great staircase. In this effort, the foot which had safely carried him through all his dangers happened to fail him; he fell down several of the steps—broke some of his fingers—pitched on his head—and never spoke again! For several hours every effort was made to restore him to the world; all that is usual, customary, and useless in such cases, was performed. There was the bustle, the hurry, the confusion, the grief unspeakable, the village leech, his lancet, his phial, and his little pill; but the lamp was out—the book was closed—the lease was up—the game was won—the daring, restless, injured spirit had burst from the covert, and was—‘away!’ Thus perished, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, in the healthy winter of his life, in vigour of mind and body, James Bruce, of Kinnaid, a Scotchman, who was religious, loyal, honourable, brave, prudent, and enterprising. He was too proud of his ancestors, yet his posterity have reason to be proud of him. His temper was eager, hasty, and impetuous; yet he himself selected for the employment of his life enterprises of danger, in which haste, eagerness, and impetuosity, were converted into the means of serving science and his country. The eagerness with which he toiled for the approbation of the world, and the pain he suffered from its cruelty and injustice, exclude him from ranking among those great men who, by religion, or even by philosophy, may have learnt to despise both; yet it must be observed, that, had he possessed this equanimity of mind, he would never have undertaken the race which he won. Bruce belonged to that sect—that labouring class, that useful race of men—who are ever ready

‘To set their life upon a cast,
And stand the hazard of the die.’

He was merely a traveller—a knight errant in search of new regions of the world; yet the steady courage with which he encountered danger—his patience and fortitude in adversity—his good sense in prosperity—the tact and judgment with which he steered his lonely course through some of the most barren and barbarous countries in the world, bending even the ignorance, passions, and prejudices of the people he visited to his own advantage—the graphic truth with which he described the strange scenes which he had witnessed, and the inflexible courage with which he maintained his assertions against the barbarous incredulity of his age, most deservedly place him at the top of his own class, where he at least stands—second to no man. His example is well worthy the attention and study of every individual, whose duty or inclination may lead him to attempt to penetrate the yet unknown, dangerous, and uncivilised regions of this world. Four days after his death, his corpse, attended by his tenantry, and by several of the principal men in the county, was deposited in the churchyard of Larbert, in a tomb which Bruce had built for his wife and his infant child. On the south side of the monument there is the following inscription:—

In this Tomb are deposited the Remains of
James Bruce, Esq., of Kinnaid,
Who died on the 27th of April, 1794,
In the 64th year of his age.
His life was spent in performing
Useful and splendid actions.
He explored many distant regions.
He discovered the Sources of the Nile.
He traversed the Deserts of Nubia.
He was an affectionate husband,
An indulgent parent,
An ardent lover of his country.

By the unanimous voice of mankind
His name is enrolled with those
Who were conspicuous
For genius, for valour, and for virtue.

‘The descendants of James Bruce, of Kinnaid, remain, to this day, in their country—unrewarded.’

Some of our friends, perhaps, may be of opinion that we should have presented them with some extracts from the ‘Travels;’ but, as the volume is calculated to find its way into most hands where it has not already done so, we have rather selected what our readers abroad will, we trust, prefer.

The History of Chivalry; being Vol. IV. of the National Library. By G. P. R. James, author of “De L’Orme,” &c. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

HAD this volume been called a History of the Crusades, the title would have given a much juster idea of its contents. It commences, it is true, with a luminous and correct view of the rise of the spirit of chivalry, and does full and deserved justice to its most beneficial influence; but as its entire history, it is incomplete. There are only a few pages after the wars in the Holy Land are brought to a close. Now, the most distinguished knights flourished after that period; those, too, whose example was peculiarly influential on their age—Duguesclin, Sir John Chandos, Bayard, &c., are all dismissed in a few brief sentences. Its rise is traced—but not its empire, nor its decline; and therefore, we repeat, the title is erroneous. As a History of Chivalry, it cannot compete with that of Mills, which embodies the whole of personal adventure, the variety of observance, and the individual sketches which illustrate the subject. Mills’ History of Chivalry, with all its antiquarian errors, forms two of the most delightful volumes we know. But considering the present as a history of the Crusades, we must say, that we think it infinitely superior to Mr. Mills’ work on that subject; its views are much more just, its research more careful, its style much more animated—it has all the information, and none of the heaviness, of its predecessor. Mr. James’s first merit, and that a great one in an historian, is, that he has entered into his subject with the utmost enthusiasm; his second is, that this is united with the most patient investigation, and an excellent judgment in choice of *matériel*—while the whole narrative is set off by a style peculiarly happy in its simplicity and animation. We have not space to enter into the specific differences between his views and those of Mills; but content ourselves with saying, the present author’s are by far the most correct and just. The following is one specimen:—

“One of the historians of the crusades, attributing, perhaps somewhat too much, the spirit of modern politics to an age whose genius was of very different quality, supposes that the course determined on by the pope and his ally was, in fact, principally a shrewd plot to fix Urban firmly in the Vatican, and to forward Boemond’s ambitious views in Greece. It seems to me, however, that such a supposition is perfectly irreconcilable with the subsequent conduct of either. The pope shortly after threw himself into the midst of his enemies, to hold a council on the subject of the crusades; and Boemond abandoned every thing in Europe to carry on the holy war in Palestine. It is much more natural to imagine that the spirit of their age governed both the prelate and the warrior—the enthusiasm of religion the one, and the enthusiasm of chivalry the other.”

We can coincide in the truth of the next remark.

"He who does not grasp the spirit of the age on which he writes, but judges of other days by the feelings of his own, is like one who would adapt a polar dress to the climate of the tropics. Before closing this chapter, one observation, also, must be made respecting the justice of the crusade, which enterprise it has become somewhat customary to look upon as altogether cruel and unnecessary. Such an opinion, however, is in no degree founded on fact. The crusade was not only as just as any other warfare of the day, but as just as any that ever was waged. The object was, the protection and relief of a cruelly oppressed and injured people—the object was, to repel a strong, an active, and an encroaching enemy—the object was, to wrest from the hands of a blood-thirsty and savage people, territories which they themselves claimed by no right but the sword, and in which the population they had enslaved was loudly crying for deliverance from their yoke—the object was, to defend a weak and exposed frontier from the further aggression of a nation whose boast was conquest."

The ensuing observations are excellent.

"Enthusiasm will conquer difficulties, confront danger and death, and change the very nature of the circumstances in which it is placed, to encouragement and hope; but it will not bear to be mingled with less elevated feelings and considerations. The common ambitions and passions of life, cold reasonings, and thoughtful debates, deaden it, and put it out; and amidst the intrigues of interest, or the speculations of selfishness, it is extinguished like a flame in the foul air of a vault."

We select one characteristic anecdote. "One Turk, in particular, signalised himself by an immense slaughter of the crusaders, shewing himself exposed upon the battlements, and plying his terrible bow, which winged death in every direction. The Christians became so fearful of him, that that most imaginative passion, terror, began to invest him with some supernatural defence. The best-aimed arrows proved totally ineffectual, and reports spread rapidly that he might be seen still sending destruction around from his hand, while twenty shafts, each carrying the fate of a common mortal, were sticking unheeded in his flesh. Godfrey of Bouillon, to end the panic that this man occasioned, at length took a crossbow himself, though that machine was considered but a fit weapon for a yeoman, and directing the quarry with a steadier hand than those which had before aimed at the Turkish archer, he sent the missile directly to his heart."

Our author is very minute in his antiquarian details, and corrects a mistake of Mills, who states plate armour was not known until the thirteenth century—it can be traced back as far as the time of Louis le Débonnaire. One of his passing observations we think much to summarise—he thus mentions Henry II.: "After one of the violent fits of passion to which he so often yielded himself, he was taken ill, and concluded a long life of vice and crime, before the altar of the Lord, which he had once caused to be stained with blood."

This we hold to be an unfair mention of one of the greatest, the wisest, and certainly the very best, of our early kings. We must remind Mr. James of his observation touching the injustice of passing judgment on former times according to our modern criterion. Here the better administration of justice, the comparatively flourishing state to which he brought his

kingdom, the great talents he displayed for peace and war, are all merged in a passing censure on his private character, whose vices were those of his age—while his higher qualities were essentially his own. In two instances, also, Mr. James has shewn a leaning to romantic fables, at variance with his generally strict research. He alludes to the tragedy of the Fair Rosamond as if it were a fact, instead of a mere invention; and where Eleonora sucks the poison from the wound of Edward I., instead of treating it as, what it certainly was, a fable, he mentions, that though some historians omit it, yet Camden sanctions it. Now, he must know it was one of those floating stories, told first of one hero, and then of another: for example, it is narrated of Robert Duke of Normandy, and as occurring in the first crusade.

We shall conclude with the following anecdote, which Sir Walter Scott has turned to such admirable dramatic purpose in his tale of the "Talisman," which Mr. James thus mentions:—"The spirit of the whole of this crusade (which I could wish to dwell upon more than any thing else) has been already fully, perfectly, and feelingly displayed, in that most beautiful composition, the 'Talisman;' wherein Sir Walter Scott, however he may have altered some historical facts to suit the purposes of fiction, has given a more striking picture of the human mind in that age—of the character of nations as well as individuals—than any dull chronicle of cold events can furnish."

The incident really took place after a victory of Saladin's.

"The king—Renault de Chatillon, Count of Karac, who had so often broken faith with the Moslems—and the Grand Master of the Temple, whose whole order was in abhorrence amongst the Mussulmans—were taken alive and carried prisoners to the tent of Saladin. That monarch remained for some time on the field, giving orders that the knights of St. John and those of the Temple, who had been captured, should instantly embrace Islamism, or undergo the fate of the cimeter. A thousand acts of cruelty and aggression on their part, had given cause to such deadly hatred; but at the hour of death not one knight could be brought to renounce his creed; and they died with that calm resolution which is in itself a glory. After this bloody consummation of his victory, Saladin entered the tent where Lusignan and his companions expected a similar fate; but Saladin, thirsty himself, called for iced sherbet, and having drunk, handed the cup to the fallen monarch—a sure pledge that his life was secure. Lusignan, in turn, passed it to Renault of Chatillon; but the sultaun, starting up, exclaimed, 'No hospitality for the breaker of all engagements!' and before Chatillon could drink, with one blow of his cimeter Saladin severed his head from his body."

We have now cordially and universally to recommend this volume—to the young it will be invaluable. Just, accurate, and animated, Mr. James has given a picture of the crusades as faithful as it is lively.

Affection's Offering; a Book for all Seasons, but especially designed as a Christmas and New Year's Gift, or Birth-day Present. London, 1831. Tilt.

A PLEASANT little volume for children, containing some well-told tales, and some neat woodcuts. An inducement is held out to youthful essayists, by prizes offered for the best essays on given subjects. The writers must not be more than sixteen years of age. The subjects pro-

posed for next year are: "the Efficacy of Prayer"—"the Wickedness and Folly of indulging in Perverse Tempers"—"on the Advantages of Truth and Sincerity over Falsehood and Duplicity;" to be addressed to the publisher. The prizes are books of various value.

An Epitome of the History of England, from William the Norman to William the Fourth; with the Contemporary Sovereigns of Scotland, France, Russia, Germany, and the Roman Pontiffs. G. Tytler; and A. Miller.

AN exceedingly large sheet, divided into columns, which contain as many dates, and as much information, as it seems possible to compress in the space. The whole is well arranged, and exhibits, at a glance, what it would require a search through many hundreds of volumes to obtain.

The Emperor's Rout. Illustrated by coloured plates. Pp. 38. London, C. Tilt.

IN this pretty little book, that splendid division of entomology, the moths, is treated of after the manner of the butterflies in their celebrated ball. The amusing form of a rout introduces the various species to the knowledge of the young lover of this interesting science; and the plates are faithful representations of many of the individuals who figure in the text. The design has our best word; and the execution will convey more real pleasure than the most perfect account of a human emperor's rout that ever existed.

Massaniello. By James Kenney. Pp. 55. London, E. Moxon.

WE have only to notice the publication of this justly popular opera in a very neat form; Mr. Kenney having already forestalled his honours upon the stage.

Satan in Search of a Wife, &c. &c. By an Eye-witness. Pp. 36. E. Moxon.

ANOTHER piece of *diablerie*. It possesses some humour, and the wood-cuts are very good indeed, both in design and execution.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

MR. BARROW in the chair.—Read minutes of the preceding meeting, viz. a brief account of a Danish voyage of discovery, undertaken last year, and again prosecuted this, in search of some remains of the (supposed) Icelandic colony on the east coast of Old Greenland; and of a detailed statement of the condition and prospects of the Swan River settlement, on the 1st of January, 1830, drawn up by Mr. Barrow, from Governor Stirling's official reports to government, with the botany of the district, contributed by Mr. Brown. Afterwards read.—1. A very long list of donations made to the Society's library, since last meeting. 2. A letter from Dr. Holland, suggesting the propriety of keeping a book for the insertion and classification of geographical desiderata, as they may occur to members, or others willing thus to record them; with a minute of an order of the council directing such a book to be immediately commenced at the Society's office, and requesting contributions to it, whether desultory notices of new matters of fact, or suggestions of subjects of inquiry. 3. A report made by Captain Vidal, R.N., to the Admiralty, and communicated by Mr. Barrow, of the earnest but unsuccessful efforts made by him in the months of June, July, and August last, to dis-

cover a *vigia*, or supposed sunken rock, called Aitkin's rock, off the north-west coast of Ireland, the belief in the existence of which has frequently excited much uneasiness among the ship-owners of Greenock and other northern ports; but which Captain Vidal has most satisfactorily ascertained not only not to lie near any of the points usually assigned to it, but not even to be found within the extreme limits of latitude and longitude indicated by the most remote of them, viz. between 54° 50' and 55° 40' north latitude, and 8° and 13° west longitude, the whole of which space he repeatedly traversed, and examined with a minuteness, as exhibited on his chart, truly admirable. 4. and lastly. A short but very interesting account of an ascent to the summit of the Peak of Teneriffe, made by the late Captain Pearce, R.N., the African traveller, on his voyage to Sierra Leone, in 1825, also communicated by Mr. Barrow, being an extract from a letter received from him at the time. The meeting, from the extreme variety of the subjects thus brought before it, was very interesting, and was concluded by holding a special general meeting, to receive the regulations proposed by the council to be observed in transacting the Society's business, which were confirmed and adopted without comment. Adjourned over the holidays.

LECTURE ON THE MUMMY AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

AN assemblage of about four hundred persons took place on Saturday, to hear a lecture by Dr. Granville, on the opening of a Theban mummy. Sir Gore Ouseley took the chair, *vice* the Duke of Sussex, who was called upon to attend at the British Museum, of which his royal highness becomes a trustee *ex officio*, as President of the Royal Society. The mummy which was to be opened had been presented by Sir John Malcolm to the Royal Asiatic Society; and Dr. Granville had, as a member of that institution, been deputed to comment upon the appearances presented at the opening of the coffin. He set out by remarking how much interest was awakened by researches of this kind: we called into our presence the remains of a being who had been buried perhaps three thousand years; and how powerful were the associations connected with such a reflection: it appeared almost to connect us with fabulous times. Mummies were of the greatest utility to antiquaries in their studies; they had been the means of perpetuating history, and had remained to attest the art and magnificence of former times, while other monuments had passed away like a dream. The lecturer dwelt upon the enthusiasm of Denon, when he was "promenading" in the galleries crowded with the remains of the ancient inhabitants of the long banks of the Nile. The pleasure to be derived from such scenes might be said to be introduced into this great city; and there had been a project of establishing a necropolis, or city of the dead, by two able architects, which was to contain galleries of a similar nature, and which project the doctor recommended to his numerous audience. There was a gentleman, he said, well known to the literary world. (Jeremy Bentham,) who had often expressed his wish to be embalmed after his death.

The outer case, which consisted of two pieces, and was of sycamore, was taken off, and, being placed in an erect position, presented the curious figure of a Theban, in long drapery, with a longitudinal band of hieroglyphics, necklace, and other ornaments. The second coffin had a

more finished repetition of the same portrait, with similar ornaments. Lastly, the inner case, which has erroneously been stated to be made of papier mache, contained the representation of a figure in the inside, holding in its hand the sign of divine life. The external part was beautifully painted and varnished with a variety of emblematic designs. At the feet of the mummy was the figure of the god Apis, by which it was immediately prognosticated that it would be the coffin of a male person. A second partition, moulded over the body as exactly as the former, was divided into two portions, which were held together by a rough suture; and lime was found in the inner side of the covering, which Dr. G. gave as his opinion, had been introduced subsequently to the moulding on of the inner coffin. At this period of the process, Dr. G. entered upon a slight historical account of the discoveries which had been made in modern times with regard to mummies, noticing the researches of Blumenbach, Denon, and more particularly his own, pointing out the curious and entertaining facts which he had been successful in discovering. The preservation of the shape, size, and flexibility of the muscles, by the injection of wax, was particularly alluded to. The mummy was then deprived of its bandages; these were externally retained by a roll, with blue stripes, which was stated to resemble in every point the dress in use at the present day on the spot from which the mummy came. Contrary to their common relative situation, the general envelope came before the rollers. All the cavities and sinuosities of the body were found to be carefully filled up. Lastly, the mummy itself came to view, when it excited some disappointment to find, that, whether for economy or other motives, the body had not undergone the more complete process of embalming, but had merely been dipped in a compound bituminous mixture; in consequence of which all the flesh had been destroyed, the muscles corrugated and inflexible, and the membranous textures entirely obliterated: the intestines were also destroyed. On removing the scalp, the brain was found intact as of one that died yesterday. The *pia mater*, or external membrane of the brain, was perfect. The doctor here discussed the question, as to how the removal of the viscera and of the brain was effected: in the former case, the integuments were too much destroyed to ascertain whether or not the abdomen had been opened; but in the latter, there was only the opening by the nose through which the brain could have been removed; had they been destroyed by caustic substances, the delicate membranes would also have been destroyed. After Dr. Granville had terminated his interesting lecture, some questions were put by the chairman, and others made different suggestions. The hair was not woolly, and of a light colour.

Appendix.—In our account of Kotzebue's voyage, we remarked that the teeth of the mummies of Teneriffe had led to a supposition that the ancient grandees probably lived on vegetables. A peculiarity of structure in the teeth is, however, also characteristic of the Theban mummy, which serves well to distinguish them from those impositions which have in latter times been so frequently got up. Why did the learned doctor not examine the teeth, or allude to this fact? The development of the head, as connected with the moral and intellectual character of the ancient Egyptians, and as serving to establish a magnificent historical parallel between remote ages and present

appearances, would, we think, have deserved the attention of a philosophical mind.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

SIR James South in the chair.—There were read, a communication on the method of determining the declination of two stars with one mural circle, by means of the sum and difference of their altitudes, by Mr. Pond,—observations of occultations, by Sir Thomas Brisbane and Mr. Dunlop,—an account of Capt. Smyth's observatory and instruments at Bedford,—also Capt. King's observations of a comet in the southern hemisphere. Capt. Beetham and the Rev. A. Mead were elected fellows. The president read a letter from Mr. Barrow, of the Admiralty. This communication was in answer to a report on the present state of the *Nautical Almanac*, which had been referred to the Astronomical Society by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.—a circumstance noticed in the *Literary Gazette* some time ago. The letter went on to say, that the writer had been commanded by their Lordships to acquaint the Society that they had directed the Astronomer Royal to carry the several suggestions in the Report into effect, particularly as to the *Nautical Almanac* for 1834. Furthermore, twenty copies of the Society's Report had been commanded by the Lords of the Admiralty to be distributed to the several flag-officers and commodores commanding his Majesty's squadrons at home and abroad. The letter also expressed a desire, on the part of the Lords Commissioners, that the Astronomical Society would accept their thanks for the great pains and labour which had been evidently bestowed on the important subject referred to the consideration of the Society, and for the valuable suggestions offered towards the improvement of navigation, and the general interests of astronomical science.

We may here state, that the address to his Majesty, noticed in our last report, was presented to the King at the levee on Wednesday, by Mr. Davies Gilbert.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.
ROYAL SOCIETY.

HIS Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex in the chair. A mathematical paper, by Mr. Lubbock, was read. After a number of donations were announced, his royal highness intimated that it was his intention to invite the foreign ministers to the Society's meeting-room; and, in order that they, as well as any foreigners distinguished by rank or science, who might accompany them, should be properly accommodated, his royal highness suggested, that the bench next the foreign secretary be appropriated to their use on the occasion. By such a friendly intercourse, the great objects for which the Royal Society was instituted would be materially advanced. The intimation was very cordially received. The royal duke appeared to be in excellent health.

At a meeting of the council, held on Thursday, his royal highness was pleased to nominate Davies Gilbert, Esq., Sir Astley Cooper, Bart., J. W. Lubbock, Esq., Wm. Cavendish, Esq., John Pond, Esq., and George Rennie, Esq., as his vice-presidents. The appointments are severally engrossed on stamped paper, and signed by his royal highness in a fine bold rubric character.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THURSDAY, Hudson Gurney, V.P., in the chair.—The Secretary concluded the reading

of Mr. Amyot's reply to Mr. Tytler's observations respecting the death of Richard II.; and mentioned several circumstances in confirmation of his position, that Richard died in the first year of the reign of Henry IV., and that the Scotch were deceived in the man who personated the deceased king of England, and who lived for years in Scotland, and was buried at Stirling. He noticed the exposure of King Richard's corpse in London, and that Froisart, among other ancient authors, states that his body was seen at St. Paul's by more than 20,000 people—that the Londoners well knew Richard's person—and many must have detected the imposture, if (as had been asserted) the body of any other person had been shewn as that of the king. Mr. Amyot also noticed the marriage of King Richard's widow previous to the death of his representative in Scotland, as an evidence that she must have been convinced of his death having occurred twelve years previous to the Scotch account.

Sydney Smirke, Esq., exhibited to the Society a drawing of the mausoleum of the Gothic king Theodoric, at Ravenna, with a drawing of part of the frieze, from the pattern of which, Mr. S. considered that the zig-zag moulding of the Saxon architecture might have been derived; and also a drawing of an ideal restoration of the building as it stood in the sixth century. A short descriptive paper was read, in which it was stated that the dome was thirty-six feet in diameter, and formed of a single stone; and Mr. Smirke considered, that the want of knowledge to construct a dome of several stones in a concentric form, must have induced the herculean task of hollowing out an immense mass of stone, and working on the other side a regular convex shape.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Extraordinary Steeple-Chase for a Thousand Sovereigns; between Mr. Osbaldistone's "Clasher" and Captain Ross's "Clinker." Engraved by Messrs. Alken and Duncan, from a painting by E. Gill. Ackermann.

Of the various modes which have been invented for the torture of that noble animal, the horse, the steeple-chase is among the most barbarous. In a recent account of one of these scandalous exhibitions of cruelty, it was stated that one of the gallant creatures who are thus tasked beyond their strength, was killed in the field, and that another died on the next morning! Who that has common feeling can read such details without disgust and indignation? The only consoling consideration is, that the riders frequently break their own ribs, legs, and collar-bones. As a striking illustration of the inhumanity of this "sport," the print under our notice is highly meritorious.

The Costumes of the French Pyrenees. Drawn on stone by J. D. Harding, from Original Sketches by J. Johnson, Esq. Part II. Carpenter and Son.

Highly picturesque; those of the "Peasants of the Valley of Ossau" especially. The backgrounds are rendered peculiarly interesting by being local views.

Penmanship.—We have seen two specimens of ornamental penmanship, by Mr. J. P. Hemm, surrounding portraits, in stipple, of their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Sussex and Gloucester. Of Mr. Hemm's "Original Penmanship," we spoke favourably in its appearance; and the works to which we now allude, confirm the

opinion we then expressed of his taste and talent. They are about to be published by Mr. Harding.

DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

MISS KEMBLE is certainly the most unfortunate of fortunate persons. Her extraordinary success was not dreamed of even by her most sanguine friends and admirers. She restored the fortunes of the theatre, and laid the foundation of her own; and now, in the very blossom of her reputation, comes "a chilling blight," as unexpected as her success, but not, like that, deserved. During the whole of her career, we have written but two notices, of any length, upon her performances, because we felt that the observations made upon one would nearly apply to all. In all, the same genius was apparent,—in all, the same defects. The latter, both natural and acquired, have been confirmed, instead of removed, by practice; and the misfortune of the case is this,—that the few existing characters most adapted for the display of Miss Kemble's peculiar style and powers, are either unsuitable to her age and figure, or so worthless and disagreeable in themselves, as to make us lament the waste of such talent upon them. We remarked, some time ago, the exceeding poverty of our stage in tragedies possessing important female characters. Our prince of poets has furnished us with but two or three of any consequence, while of heroes he is profuse. *Cordelia* and *Desdemona*, beautiful as they are, are secondary personages by the side of *Lear* and *Othello*. Few actresses who can look and play *Juliet*, are also fitting representatives of *Lady Macbeth* and *Constance*; and when we bid adieu to Shakespeare, where are we to seek for tragedies which, in these days, will be popular? *Venice Preserved* is the first met with in our rapid descent to mediocrity. The *Gamster* ranks next, perchance, in public estimation; and, with less reason, the play of the *Stranger*; Southern's *Isabella* then "drags its slow length along;" and down we sink at once into the very dregs of Melpomene's chalice.—the *Grecian Daughter* of Murphy, and the *Jane Shore* and *Fair Penitent* of the ridiculously over-rated Rowe! Now, with the exception of *Romeo and Juliet* (and Mr. C. Kemble's exquisite *Mercutio* must also be taken into consideration, when accounting for the attraction, last season, of that tragedy), the plays in which Miss Kemble has, in our opinion, most distinguished herself, are, unfortunately, precisely those which we cannot honestly wish to see attractive on the London stage in the nineteenth century; and if any one will take the trouble to refer to the bills, they will also perceive that the plays in which Miss Kemble has succeeded, have been attractive, as nearly as possible, in proportion to their merits as plays, and not according to the success of her own individual exertions. We believe the account stands thus:—

Romeo and Juliet has been performed	39 nights.
Venice Preserved	24
Gamster	19
Isabella	13
Grecian Daughter	10
Stranger, produced this season and still in its run	8

The *Fair Penitent*, the revival of which has called for these remarks, has now been played three times; and considering, as we do, that *Calista* is decidedly the best of Miss Kemble's performances, we repeat that she is the most unfortunate of fortunate persons. The public will not pay to see dull and

disagreeable plays, because one character is finely performed; and who are to write new tragedies for this fastidious generation? *Two, Virginus* and *Rienzi*,* have succeeded greatly and deservedly, in about ten or a dozen years, and the former alone is likely to keep possession of the stage. What would become of the *Fair Penitent* or the *Grecian Daughter*, were they now to be written and produced? and yet our fathers not only tolerated, but admired them; the greatest of actresses deigned to perform in them; and "next to Shakespeare's" is placed "the honoured bust" of the perpetrator of the former! Yet we are daily told of the dullness and imbecility of modern dramatists. Pshaw! We are sick of the cant. There is more true poetry and dramatic spirit now stirring than has been ever known in England since the days of Shakespeare; and it is the refinement, not the degeneracy, of the times that makes success almost impossible, and, consequently, scares from the attempt not only those who have reputations to gain, but those who have already obtained them. Here, then, is the dilemma in which Miss Kemble is placed. The only new play that has been written for her has failed miserably; and the meagre list of "opening parts," as they are technically termed, she has nearly exhausted. We trust some competent hand will hasten to our aid, and save us from the infliction of *Jane Shore*, *Tancred and Sigismunda*, the *Mourning Bride*, the *Orphan*, and the rest of that whining, rhyming, ranting, ragged regiment.—To return to the *Fair Penitent*. Miss Kemble's *Calista* is a most powerful performance, and bears the stamp of genius upon it far more strongly than any of her previous personations. We have all along felt that her strength was in the storm and the volcano, and in the still more terrible calm and hush that precedes them. The finest and most original points of her *Juliet* are, as we have before pointed out to our readers, the icy coldness of her replies to *Paris* when she meets him in the *Friar's* cell; her scorn and indignation, when counselled by the *Nurse* to forsake *Romeo*; her anticipation of the horrors of the vault; and her management of the final catastrophe. In *Belvidera*, we shall long remember her rush from the stage after her last parting with *Jaffier*: and in *Euphrasia*, her taunts of *Dionysius*, though a little deficient in dignity, still ring in our ears. The part of *Calista* abounds in similar passages; and perhaps nothing was ever given with more truth and force than the lines in which she anticipates the strictures of the "rigidly righteous" on her conduct. The monotonous recitation which disfigures all her tenderness and sorrow is broken through in an instant, when the bitterness of a wounded spirit, or the despair of a rending heart, awakes the sleeping spark within her. Her eyes flash lightnings; her lips seem to shrink, and disclose the clenched and grinding teeth, and her bosom "swells with its freight, for 'tis of aspics' tongues." Her by-play, too, is excellent; she is always in the scene. But then her supporters! Mr. Parry has sadly disappointed us. His *Altamont* is poor indeed. Abbott cannot reconcile us to the heartless *Lothario*; and the talent of C. Kemble is wasted upon the prosing, drivelling *Horatio*. We know of no greater compliment to the genius of Miss Kem-

* The five-act melo dramas of *Bertram* and *Britus*, made by Kean, and expiring with him, are scarcely worth mentioning; but, as they brought money for the time, we may take them into account, as well as Coleridge's *Remorse*, Procter's *Mirandola*, Shiel's tragedies (for which Miss O'Neil accomplished what Kean did for those we have named), and the productions of Miss Mitford.

ble, than the sufferance of this tragedy. That it should be repeated twice vouches far more for her ability than the forty nights' run of *Romeo and Juliet*.

On Tuesday evening Miss Inverarity made her appearance in *Cinderella*, to a bumper house, and with most complete success. It is a triumph of which she may well be proud, for it places her at once at the head of her profession. We trust she will be able to maintain the giddy elevation—and we have great hopes that she will; for, through all the embarrassment of a first appearance on the stage—on such a stage, and in such a character—there were gleams of intelligence which gratified us more by the promise than the mere mechanical ability she exhibited, great and original as we are happy to acknowledge it. Her voice is of a most delicious quality, and her style unexceptionable: she is fair, tall, and her smile is particularly engaging. As an actress, she has, of course, every thing to learn that can be learned; but, fortunately, she possesses that first grand qualification, which no teaching can bestow, and without which all teaching is in vain. We understand, also, that she is yet in her eighteenth year! increasing power, therefore, may be confidently calculated upon—and opera “looks up,” as they say in the city. Mr. Wilson relieved us from some previous apprehensions into which we had lately fallen respecting him: we are most happy to say, that his performance on Tuesday fully justified our first favourable impressions respecting him. He was loudly applauded throughout; as, indeed, was the whole opera, most deservedly. We should mention that Miss Rarity, as we may justly abbreviate her inconvenient name, was rapturously *encored* in the great trial song, which forms the finale, and which, after singing through three long acts, is no trifling exertion, taking the lungs alone into consideration. The opera was announced for repetition on Friday, amidst thunders of applause. We cannot dismiss this subject without noticing the singular fact, that to Covent Garden we are indebted for nearly all the most popular performers of late years. Miss Stephens, Miss Tree, Miss Paton, Miss Love, Mr. Wood, Mr. Sinclair, amongst the vocals; Miss O’Neil, Miss Kemble, Mr. Young, Mr. Macready, Farren, Liston, Jones, amongst the comedians, have all emanated from, or acquired their reputation on, the boards of Covent Garden. Kean and Madame Vestris are the two principal stars that have arisen in the other hemisphere.

DRURY LANE.

By right of custom, and we believe of rank, Drury Lane stands in all columns before Covent Garden; but the *Fair Penitent* and *Cinderella* having the start by time, and demanding so much notice, we are compelled to restrict our account of *Werner*, this week, to the mere fact of its having greatly and justly succeeded, not more from its own intrinsic merits than the admirable acting of Macready, Wallack, and Cooper. We have seldom seen three characters so perfectly conceived and executed in one play. We hail the addition of *Werner* to our poor stock of tragedies, and feel ourselves doubly indebted to Macready, by whose judicious and unpresuming adaptation, we are enabled to place the name of Byron on the roll of modern dramatists, and in the rank, too, such a name should occupy, next to the only English poet who surpasses him in fame,—a station which has too long been claimed for Rowe, by those who ought to have known better.

VARIETIES.

Paper from Wood.—A Mr. Brad, in Upper Provence, has succeeded in producing a good sort of grayish paper, fit for writing upon, or for conversion into a light and serviceable pasteboard, from the fibrous parts of rotten pine wood.

Reform.—A rusty shield addressed the sun, and cried, “O, sun! enlighten me!” To which the sun returned—“O, shield! be- cleanse thyself!”

A new Sect.—A new religious society has been formed at Paris, under the title of “the Society of Saint Simon;” the professed object of which appears to be the extermination of bigotry and superstition, and the establishment of “peace on earth and good-will towards men.” The meetings of the society are held at the Hall Taitbout, and are attended by crowded and brilliant audiences. It having been stated that Madame Malibran was one of the preachers of the society, that lady has addressed a letter to several of the Parisian journals, denying the truth of the assertion.

La Bibliothèque du Roi.—The sub-librarians of the King’s Library at Paris have published, in the *Moniteur*, a complaint of the insufficiency of their salaries, especially as compared with the emoluments enjoyed by the keepers, and other superior officers of that establishment.

Mr. Pentland’s Researches in Bolivia.—M. Arago laid before the Academy of Sciences, on the 12th of July last, the geographical labours of Mr. Pentland in the republic of Bolivia. The author, who has carried on his observations at considerable heights, carefully noted the variations of the chronometer on the mountains, dependent upon the diminution of atmospheric pressure. This important fact had been previously neglected, and the observations of Mr. Pentland will consequently cause an alteration in the position given to all the places where he has been.

Benjamin Constant.—The Paris papers of last week announce the death of the celebrated Benjamin Constant. He was a fine German scholar, and contributed much to introduce the philosophy of Germany into France. We observe, by another paragraph, that the government has decreed the Pantheon to be re-opened for the reception of the ashes of great men, and that M. Constant is to be interred there;—forming, to begin with, an exception to the general rule, that ten years must elapse after the death of the individuals, to enable posterity to judge of the validity of their claim to this national honour.

Population of Poland.—At the beginning of 1829, the kingdom of Poland (i. e. the Russian province so called, of which Warsaw is the metropolis) contained 4,088,289 souls, exclusive of the army. The increase since the year 1825 had therefore been 383,983. The Jewish portion of the inhabitants had been almost universally located in distinct quarters; they amounted to 384,263 individuals. The extent of property insured in the Warsaw Assurance Office was 420,000,000 guildens (33,250,000) in value. Warsaw itself possesses a population of 136,564 souls, independently of a garrison of about 15,000 men; and of this population 30,146 are of the Israelitish faith.

Ancient Pike.—In the year 1497, a pike was caught in standing water, at Heilbronn on the Neckar, which had a copper ring round its head; the ring bore the following inscription in Greek:—“I am the first fish that was launched into this pond, and was thrown in by

Frederic the Second, emperor of the Romans, on the fifth of October, 1230.” It appeared, therefore, that the pike was two hundred and sixty-seven years old when thus caught; it weighed three hundred and fifty pounds; and an exact representation of it exists to this day against one of the gates of Heilbronn.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. 11. Dec. 18.]
The third volume of Colonel Napier’s History of the Peninsular War.—The History and Antiquities of Somersetshire, by the Rev. W. Phelps, A. B., vicar of Meare, and author of “*Calendarium Botanicum*.”—A series of Views in the Mauritius, on stone, by William Rider, from original Drawings by T. Bradshaw, Esq.; with a Memoir of the Island, and Letter-press Descriptions of each View.—A narrative entitled *An Only Son*, by the Author of “*My Early Days*.”

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Loudon’s Gardener’s Magazine, Vol. VI. 8vo. 11. 1s. 6d. bds.—Key to Butler’s Latin Praxis, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Hawthorn on Ventilation, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Trial of the Unitarians, post 8vo. 4s. bds.—Nicolaus’s Observations on Historical Literature, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.; Household Book of Elizabeth of York, 8vo. 11. 1s. bds.—Betham’s Dignities, Feudal and Parliamentary, &c., Vol. 1. 8vo. 15s. bds.—Romance of History, France, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Margate, a Poem, with Cruikshank’s designs, 12mo. 1s. 6d. sewed.—Becker’s German Grammar, 8vo. 1s. 6d. bds.—Mundy’s Life of Admiral Rodney, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 4s. bds.—Green’s British Merchant’s Assistant, royal 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—A Visit to the Zoological Gardens, 12mo. 3s. 6d. sewed.—Hansard’s Parliamentary Debates, Vol. XXV. royal 8vo. 11. 10s. bds.; 11. 13s. 6d. hf. bd.—Hood’s Comic Annual for 1831, 12s. hf. bd. morocco.—The Emperor’s Court, 12mo. 2s. 6d. sewed.—Anecdotes of Napoleon, 3 vols. 18mo. 9s. bds.—Tempest, Gallery of Shakspeare, 12mo. 2s. sewed.—Campbell’s Lays from the East, fcp. 6s. bds.—Logan’s Scottish Gaelic, 2 vols. demy 8vo. 11. 10s. bds.; royal 8vo. 2l. 2s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

December.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	
Thursday . . . 9	From 40.	to 49.	28.94	to 29.90
Friday . . . 10	— 38.	— 42.	28.96	— 29.16
Saturday . . . 11	— 30.	— 40.	29.18	— 29.25
Sunday . . . 12	— 26.	— 39.	29.31	— 29.63
Monday . . . 13	— 26.	— 35.	30.06	— 30.14
Tuesday . . . 14	— 22.	— 41.	30.29	— 30.22
Wednesday 15	— 28.	— 39.	30.36	— 30.38

Wind variable, N.W. prevailing. Alternately clear and cloudy, rain at times; some snow about an hour before noon of the 12th. Rain fallen, 575 of an inch.

Aurora Borealis.—Except that of the 15th, every evening since Friday the northern parts of our horizon have been more or less illumined by the aurora borealis: from midnight of the 11th, till about three in the morning of the 12th, the continued flashing of the immense body of light, which extended over an arc of about 70°, was peculiarly interesting; the coruscations, however, were neither so strong nor so numerous as during the night of the 12th; at times, as many as fifteen were together visible, rolling from the E. by N. to about the same distance westward of the north, and darting in a direction nearly perpendicular to the horizon, to a height of about 40°; though perfectly calm at the time, none of that crackling noise which frequently attends this phenomenon, could be heard. From one till four in the morning of the 14th, the generalised light which covers every part of the visible hemisphere was not inferior to the light reflected from our moon when at her quadrature.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The point of the concluding line, that *Adam* and *Eve* were the first who “*Mac-Admised* the globe,” is very fair; but the rest of the poem will not bear printing.

Our effort to do ample justice this week to Hood’s comicities compels us to postpone many favours, as well as Reviews of new works, conclusions, &c. We regret also to defer our account of Colonel Blom’s Transportable Houses; but as it is illustrated by a wood-engraving, we found it too inconvenient to have it upon this sheet.

In answer to the queries put to us by a correspondent, we have to say, that the siphon is new to the public in its improved state and compass. The principles of the instrument are similar to the German æolium, but may be traced back to the Chinese organ, which has been long known in this country, and consists of a small circle of reeds, with tongues, which vibrate in an aperture when the reeds are blown into with the mouth. The novelty of the present instrument is the mode of application of these tongues or springs, in such a form as to admit of a great increase of power, and an extended compass of six octaves, from double F upwards. Several have been imported, and attempts made here on the organ principle, like the above, with from three to four octaves; but none have come near it in the qualities above described.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL-MALL. Notice to Exhibitors. All Pictures and Works of Art intended for Exhibition and Sale at this Place must be sent to the Gallery on Monday the 10th, and Tuesday the 11th of January next, between the hours of Ten in the morning and Five in the afternoon, after which time no Picture or other Work of Art can be received.

Portraits and Drawings in Water Colours are inadmissible. N.B. No Picture will be received for Sale that is not bona fide the property of the Artist.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

Dr. Warton.—This day is published, a fine PORTRAIT OF DR. WARTON, Head Master of Winchester College, from the original Drawing by Sir Nathaniel Houlston, Bart. The Print is engraved by E. C. Lewis, and will soon become very scarce and valuable, as only a limited number of Proofs will be published. Price One Pound.

Published by R. Ackermann, Junr. 191, Regent Street; T. Butler, Oxford; and Messrs. Johnson and Wheeler, Winchester. This inimitable likeness of Dr. Warton has been universally admired, but none of the friends of Sir Nathaniel could prevail upon him to allow an engraving to be made from this or any of his portraits in his lifetime.

Just published, to be completed in Ten Monthly Parts, price 10s. each.

NUMBERS 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, of a SERIES of PLATES, Illustrations of Travels in Arabia Petraea. By Messrs. DE LA BORDÈRE and LIGNANT.

(The latter travelling for the African Society of London). "Palmyra, the Hauran, and all the Antiquities of Egypt, have been visited and described in works of more or less celebrity. The antiquities of a country so celebrated in ancient history, remains unknown, and in vain have several intrepid travellers succeeded in detailing their importance. They have only been able to convey to us imperfect descriptions, unaccompanied by any representation of the parts explored. Messrs. Leon la Borde and Lignant, not less courageous, but more fortunate than their predecessors, having penetrated into that country, sojourned there in the midst of its ruins, and gathered for their materials sufficient to make us acquainted with them.

"The novelty and importance of the discoveries are not the sole merits of this work. The most careful attention has been paid to its execution, and with not an exception one of the most remarkable descriptions and representations of pictures, que scenery ever offered to the literary and scientific world."—Extract of a Report of the Institute of France.

Sold by Colnaghi, Son, and Co. Print-sellers to their Majesties, Pall Mall East; Molteni and Graves, Pall Mall; M. H. Colnaghi, Cockspur Street; and Hodgkin, Bond Street.

For the Drawing-Room Table, &c. This day is published, price 3s. half-morocco, or 2s. 6s. superbly bound in morocco.

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MUSIC.

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My Fandert, my Fairest, sung by Madam Malibran. Composed by Hummel, the Words by G. Linley, Esq. 2s. O, I remem her well; Ballad. Words by T. H. Bayly, Esq. Composed by Horn, 2s. Yes, by the Waterfall. Words by W. H. Bellamy, Esq. Composed by T. Cooke, 2s. Then is the Hour. Ballad, by J. Blochley, Author of "Love not," 2s. The Gondolier's Song. Composed by Miss Cooke, 2s. Cramer, Addison, and Beale, 201, Regent Street.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

3 vols. foolscap 8vo. 10s. PRACTICAL LECTURES ON THE HISTORICAL BOOKS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. By the Rev. HENRY LINDSAY, M.A. Perpetual Curate of Wimbledon, Surrey. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

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8vo. 12s. 3d edition of ELEMENTS OF RHETORIC; comprising the Substance of the Article in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, with Additions. By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D. Principal of St. Alban's Hall, and late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. John Murray, Albemarle Street, London; and J. Parker, Oxford.

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Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and Lecturer of St. Nicholas. Delivered in the Parish Church of St. Helen, Aberdeen, 6th, 1830, and published at their desire.
Sold by Messrs. Baldwin and Cradock: Rivington and Co.; and Houghton, 101, Bond Street.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.
On Friday, December 24th,
HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL for 1831; containing the only published account of the Parish Revolution at Stoke Pogis.
Charles Tilt, 86, Fleet Street.

A MEMOIR of the LIFE, WRITINGS, and CORRESPONDENCE of JAMES CURRIE, M.D. F.R.S. of Liverpool, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, of the London Medical Society, &c. &c.
Edited by Sir WILLIAM WALLACE CURRIE.
Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE for January, the First Number of a new Volume, will be enriched by a splendid Engraving by Dean, from an exquisite miniature by Holmes, of the beautiful Portrait of Her Serene Highness the Princess Esterhazy.
The Number will also contain Two Plates representing the most fashionable Costumes; and, with the Letter-press, will be equal in attraction and interest to any of its predecessors. Price 3s. 6d.
The Portrait of Lady Durham, from the Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, will embellish the Number for February.
Published by Whittaker and Co. London; Wauch and Innes, Edinburgh; and J. M. Leckie, Dublin.
The Proofs by M. Colnaghi, Cockspur Street.

In January will be published,
THE TEMPLE of MELEKARTHA. In 3 vols. post 8vo.
"He looked, and saw wide territory spread
Before him, towns and rural works between;
Cities of men, with lofty gates and towers,
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war,
Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise."
The Chapters of Vol. I.

1. The Ship and the Galley
2. The venerable Mother of Colonies
3. Fane of a dread Potentate
4. The Mistress of the Sea
5. An Eastern Palace
6. Fountains of Divinity
7. The House of History
8. The Archives of Primeval Times
9. The Dispersion
10. An Exodus
11. The Island of Wealth
12. The Senators
13. The Island of Fertility
14. An Hour of Destiny
15. The Fruits of Pestilence
16. The Hill of Vision
17. The Bloody Ransom
18. Banishment of a Seer
19. Threatening War
20. Conflagration among the Mountains
21. The Destroyer
22. The Land of Poetry.

- The Chapters of Vol. II.*
1. Camp of the Destroyer
 2. Folly and Treason
 3. Rescue of Honour
 4. The Fall of Ambition
 5. The Game of War
 6. A Brunt of Gallies
 7. The Maid of Preternatural Vision
 8. Clash of Arms
 9. The Hosts of the Sky
 10. Fall of the Cruel
 11. Proposition of Sacerdotal Pride
 12. The Splendid Traitor
 13. A Royal Interview
 14. Advice to a Prince
 15. The City of Sages
 16. Commonwealth of Intelligence
 17. The Ethereal Nations
 18. Adventures of a Voyager.

- The Chapters of Vol. III.*
1. A Palace and its Occupants
 2. The Mistress of Nations—the Land of Perseverance
 3. The Hope of the World
 4. Precincts of Ghostly Power
 5. A Pilgrimage of Captives
 6. The Spiritual Chiefs
 7. The Mantle of Strife
 8. The Sects, and Fate of a Peacemaker
 9. First Assault upon Superstition
 10. Further Assaults upon Superstition
 11. The Fiery Pit of Purgation
 12. A Phantom
 13. A Desperate Band
 14. The Triumph of Beneficence
 15. The Anchoress; the Valley of Love
 16. The Devoted Princess
 17. A Royal Marriage
 18. The Seer, and a beautiful Enthusiast
 19. The Invisible Malignants
 20. A Sepulchral Hall, and Celestial Weapon
 21. Encounter with a dread Stranger
 22. The Progeny of the Sun
 23. A Path of Glory
 24. Overthrow and Restoration of an Empire
 25. An Act of Faith.

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No. 727.—AMERICAN EDITION.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1830.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Tales of a Grandfather; being Stories taken from the History of France. 3 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1831, Cadell; London, Whitaker and Co.; Dublin, Cumming.

WE cannot imagine history assuming a more delightful form than it does in these little volumes. An immense body of information is collected, manners and customs are detailed, characters drawn, and events depicted, with that animation and truth,—that vivid colouring, in which Sir Walter Scott has no equal. Historical information is valuable to the young, not only for its intrinsic advantages, but as the best foundation for all other knowledge. It develops the reasoning faculties, by shewing the consequences of conduct, and the gradual steps of improvement; its evils are strongly marked, and therefore warning; while its examples of good are many, and put forth in the most exciting form. Sir Walter Scott has bestowed equal industry and judgment on his work; and his facts are as luminously stated, as their inferences are strikingly suggested. We grudge ourselves even the brief space allotted to these short remarks,—such a work speaks best for itself. Our task of extract is uncommonly easy (there are very few authors of whom we can say it matters little what we select); we can scarcely fail to choose some interesting anecdote, or accurate remark. The commencement of the dedication is, we think, quite beautiful in its simple and touching tone of feeling.

“*To Master John Hugh Lockhart.*”

“My dear boy,—I must no longer treat you as a child; so I now lay aside the pet appellation of Hugh Littlejohn, Esq. and address you by your name. Heaven, at whose pleasure we receive good and evil—and we are bound to receive both with thanks and gratitude—has afflicted you from infancy with a delicacy of constitution. With this misfortune there are often connected tastes and habits the most valuable any man can acquire, but which are indispensable to those who are liable, from indifferent health, to be occasionally confined to the solitude of their own apartment. The hours you now employ in reading are passed happily, and render you independent of the society of others; but will yet prove far more valuable to you in future life, since, if your studies are well directed and earnestly pursued, there is nothing to prevent your rising to be at once an ornament and a benefit to society. It is with great pleasure, my dearest boy, that your parents remark in you early attention to your book, and a marked desire to profit by what you read; nor can I, as one of the number, make a better use of a part of my leisure time than to dedicate it to your advantage, and that of your contemporaries, who, I trust, will play their parts honourably in the world, long after the generation to which your grandfather belongs has mouldered into earth.”

Clovis's Vow.—“St. Martin, of Tours, who

had been active in the general conversion of Gaul, was the principal object of his vows. He endeavoured to propitiate that saint with many promises, and particularly that of dedicating to him a favourite charger, which was perhaps the thing in the world which he loved most dearly. The King of Franks joined battle with Alaric, near Poitiers, where the usual good fortune of Clovis prevailed. He shewed his personal gallantry in the pursuit; and, attaching himself to the person of Alaric, slew him with his own lance, while at the same time he made his escape with difficulty from two desperate Gothic champions, who united to avenge their monarch's death by that of his conqueror. The risk which Clovis had eluded by his own dexterity, and the excellent qualities of his approved charger, endeared the noble animal to him, and he endeavoured to repurchase him at the price of one hundred golden pieces, from the saint to whom the good horse had been pledged by the royal vow. But he was displeased to learn that St. Martin had vindicated his property, and that the steed would not stir from his stable, till redeemed at a higher rate by his secular master. ‘An excellent friend in time of need, this St. Martin,’ said the king, somewhat fretted at the saint's tenacity, ‘but rather difficult to transact business with.’”

It is so much the custom to bring forward instances of the evil of the church's dominion in the darker ages, that we are the more willing to allow room to a picture of the times which shews the need of such authority, and also of its beneficial exertion sometimes.

Philip Augustus married “the Princess Ingerberge of Denmark, with the purpose of obtaining, as part of her fortune, the cession of the pretensions of the descendants of Canute to the throne of England, which might give him a pretence to disturb the heirs of William the Conqueror, now in possession of that kingdom. His marriage took place; but, disappointed at not succeeding in this intended purpose, or displeased with his new bride's person, and determined to annul the marriage, Philip sent the Danish princess to a convent before she had resided two days in his palace. The king's aversion to the unfortunate Ingerberge was so great, that the simplicity of the times supposed that a sense of dislike so sudden and strong could only arise from the effect of magic,—as if any magic could operate more powerfully than the caprices of a self-willed despot. With the same unjust fickleness, Philip employed some of the more subservient prelates about his court to discover cause for a divorce, which was easily found in the usual pretext of too close alliance in blood between the wedded parties. A pedigree was drawn up to favour the plea, in consequence of which, a complainant council of French bishops passed a sentence of divorce between Philip and Ingerberge, within three years after their separation. The king then proceeded to marry Agnes de Merania, daughter to the Duke of Dalmatia. The King of Denmark remonstrated at Rome,

where his complaints found favourable hearing, against the injury and insult offered to his offending daughter. The legate of the pope having taken cognisance of this important case, declared formally that the marriage with Ingerberge remained binding, and admonished the king to put away her rival, Agnes, as one with whom he could have no legal tie. As Philip remained obstinate and impenitent, the pope proceeded to lay his kingdom under an interdict, which, while it lasted, prohibited the performance of divine service of every kind, the administration of the sacraments, the reading the services for the dead, or for marriage or baptism, occasioning thereby an inexpressible confusion in the country where these divine rites were suspended, and all civil affairs, of course, interrupted. Philip, enraged at the perseverance of the pope, revenged himself on the clergy. He seized on their temporal effects, imprisoned the canons of the cathedrals, and raised heavy taxes on all classes, by which he maintained such large bodies of mercenary soldiers, as made resistance impossible on the part of his vassals. At length, finding it difficult to remain in this state of violence, Philip made a compromise with the pope, agreeing that he would become amenable to the obedience of the church, providing his holiness would condescend once more to examine the question of the divorce and marriage. A council was accordingly held at Soissons, for the re-examination of an affair that was extremely simple. Fifteen days were spent by churchmen and canonists in these subtle questions, which rather perplex than enlighten justice,—when, suddenly, a young and unknown speaker took the side of the divorced queen with such persuasive force of truth, that the churchmen conceived they heard themselves addressed by the voice of an angel. The king himself perceived his cause was indefensible, and resolved to take back the Danish princess, as if of his own accord, ere yet he should be compelled to do so by the order of the council. He therefore told the legate abruptly, that he would settle the affair with his wives in his own way. He did so accordingly, with very little ceremony, instantly riding to the convent where the discarded Ingerberge resided, taking her up behind him on the same steed, and proceeding with her in that manner to Paris, where he publicly acknowledged her for his lawful wife. Ingerberge, with the same patient obedience which distinguished her while in the cloister, returned to the world, and lived and died blameless, if not beloved. The fate of Agnes de Merania was more melancholy; she died of a broken heart, at feeling herself reduced from the rank of a royal matron to that of a concubine.”

In those days of ignorance and barbarity, superstition and iron power were concomitant evils—one needed the sway of the other.

Chivalric Lover.—“Thibault, Count of Champagne, a prince of great possessions, was renowned alike as a good knight and as an excellent troubadour, or poet, in which capacity

he had, even during the life of her husband, Louis VIII., selected as the theme of his praise, and the sovereign mistress of his affections, no other than Blanche herself. The adoration of a poet, in those times, had in it nothing that was necessarily hurtful to a lady's reputation; nevertheless, it was said the queen had expressed resentment at the liberty which the Count of Champagne had taken in fixing his affections so high, and in making his admiration so public. It is even surmised, that the severity with which the queen treated the enamoured poet, was so highly resented by him, that his mortification was the cause of his joining the confederates. But a woman of address and beauty knows well how to recover the affections of an offended lover; and if her admirer should be of a romantic and poetical temperament, he is still more easily recalled to his allegiance. It cost the queen but artfully throwing out a hint that she would be pleased to see Thibault at court, and the faithful lover was at her feet, and at her command. On two important occasions the enamoured troubadour disconcerted the plans of his political confederates like a faithful knight, in obedience to the commands of the lady of his affections. Upon one of these occasions, Count Thibault gave private intimation of a project of the malecontents to seize the person of the queen, on a journey from Orleans to Paris. Their purpose, being once known, was easily defeated, by the queen-mother throwing herself and her son into a strong fortress, till a suitable escort was collected to ensure their passage in safety to the capital. On another occasion, the king having called an assembly of his nobles to oppose Peter of Bretagne, who had appeared in open arms, the conspiring nobles agreed to bring each to the rendezvous a party of followers, in apparent obedience to the royal command, which, though it should seem but moderate in regard to each individual prince's retinue, should, when united, form a preponderating force. But this stratagem was also disconcerted by the troubadour Earl of Champagne, who, to please his royal mistress, brought a stronger attendance than all the others put together; so that, as none of the other great vassals dared to take the part of Peter of Bretagne, he was obliged to submit to the royal authority. The Count of Champagne had like to have dearly bought his compliance with the pleasure of his lady-love, instead of pursuing the line of politics of the confederates. He was attacked by the whole confederacy, who, enraged at his tergiversation, agreed to expel him from his country, and confer Champagne upon the Queen of Cyprus, who had some claim to it, as heiress of Thibault's elder brother. Blanche was so far grateful to her devoted lover, that she caused her son to march to his succour, and repel the attack on his territories. Yet she sought to gain something for the crown by this act of kindness, and therefore intimated to the count, that, to defray the expenses of the war, and compensate the claims of his niece, it would be expedient that he should sell to the young king his territories of Blois, Chartres, Chateaudun, and Sanssevre. The count murmured forth some remonstrances, in being required to part with so valuable a portion of his estates. But so soon as Blanche, with a displeased look, reproached him with his disobedience and ingratitude, he fetched a deep sigh, as he replied, 'By my faith, madam, my heart, my body, my life, my land, are all at your absolute disposal!' The crown of France acquired the territory accordingly. It does not appear that the devotions of this infatuated

lover were offensive to Queen Blanche herself, who, as a woman, might be proud of her absolute influence over a man of talents, and, as a politician, might judge it desirable to preserve that influence over a powerful nobleman, when it was maintained at the cheap price of an obliging word or glance. But some of the French courtiers grew impatient of the absurd pretensions of Thibault to the queen's favour. They instigated Robert of Artois, one of the sons of Louis VIII., who was little beyond childhood, to put an affront upon the Count of Champagne, by throwing a soft cream-cheese in his face. Enthusiasm of every kind is peculiarly sensible to ridicule. Thibault became aware that he was laughed at; and as the rank and youth of the culprit prevented the prince being the subject of revenge, the Count of Champagne retired from the court for ever, and in his feudal dominions endeavoured to find consolation in the favour of the muses, for the rigour, and perhaps the duplicity, of his royal mistress. This troubadour monarch afterwards became king of Navarre; and his extravagant devotion to beauty and poetry did not prevent his being held, in those days, a sagacious as well as accomplished sovereign."

The scenes in Louis VIII.'s crusade are very characteristic of the times. The Christians are retreating to Cairo.

"The king himself might have made his retreat in safety by water; but it was no part of his plan to desert his army. He himself quitted his own battalion, and, with Sir Geoffrey de Sergines, joined the rear division—thus continuing his countermarch as far as the town of Casel. In the latter part of his retreat, the Turks came so close upon him, that Sir Geoffrey was obliged to drive them off with strokes of the blade and point of his sword; at length the unfortunate prince was reduced to such a state, that he was obliged to lie down with his head in the lap of a female who had come from Paris: he expected every moment to die in that posture. Walter de Chatillon, with the constancy of a gallant knight, planted himself alone at the door of the house in which the king lay, attacked every infidel who passed, and put them repeatedly to flight. The king, who saw him rush to the attack alone, brandishing his sword and rising in his stirrups, exclaimed, in his hour of distress, 'Ha, Chatillon! gallant knight, where are all our good companions?' The faithful knight was at length overpowered by numbers."

The king is finally captured.

"At first, indeed, the French in their captivity were threatened with a terrific death by torture, unless they would renounce the Christian faith to ensure their personal safety. Such a proposal, under such tremendous threats, was made to the king himself. But when Saint Louis shewed by his firmness that he held such menaces in scorn, the Saracen prince sent a message in a milder tone, demanding to know what ransom the captive monarch was willing to pay, in addition to the surrender of Damietta, which was stipulated as one indispensable condition of his freedom. The king of France replied, that if a reasonable ransom was demanded, he would write to the queen, who was still enclosed within the walls of Damietta, to pay it for him and for his army. The Saracens, whose manners permitted of no admission of women to their councils, asked with surprise to what purpose the queen should be consulted in such an affair. 'Have I not reason?' answered the simple-mannered and gallant-hearted Louis; 'is she not my wife and my companion?' A second message in-

formed the captive monarch that his ransom was fixed by the sultan at a million of golden bezants—equal, says Joinville, to five hundred thousand livres. At once, and without accepting farther to chaffer upon the bargain, 'I will cheerfully give,' said Louis, 'five hundred thousand livres for the ransom of my army; and for my own, I will surrender the town of Damietta to the sultan; for my rank is too high to be valued in money.' The sultan was seized with a generous emulation. 'He is a right generous Frank,' said Touran Shah, 'who does not cheapen our first offer like a merchant or pedlar; tell him I abate my demand in one-fifth, and that four hundred thousand livres shall be a most sufficient ransom.' He also sent garments for the king's use, and seemed disposed to part with him upon liberal terms. But while Touran Shah was disposing of the fate of another, he little knew how near he approached to his own. The discontent of his body-guard of slaves, then called Haleuca, and the same which are now distinguished by the well-known name of Mamelukes, had risen to the highest. They broke out into insurrection, attacked the unfortunate Touran Shah, set fire to his pavilion, and cut that unfortunate prince to pieces. Having committed this murder, they came before the king and the French captives, with their bloody battle-axes and sabres in their hands. 'What will you give me,' said the foremost assassin, who was yet streaming with the blood of Touran Shah, 'who have slain the enemy that sought thy life?' To this Saint Louis returned no answer. The French knights confessed themselves to each other, expecting to be immediately massacred. Yet in the very flushed moment of their king's murder, and while seeming still greedy of more blood, the conspirators felt restraint from the dignified demeanour of their disarmed prisoner. They also remembered that Damietta still held a Christian garrison, which might give them trouble. Under such impressions, they shewed indeed a disposition sufficiently mischievous, yet they entered into new conditions, somewhat similar to those that had been prescribed by the murdered Touran Shah; but stipulating that the king should take an oath, binding him to renounce his baptism and his faith, with the inestimable privileges purchased by them, in case he did not comply with all the articles of the treaty. Louis constantly and magnanimously answered, 'he would rather die a good Christian, than live by taking the impious and sinful oath which they would force upon him.' The patriarch of Jerusalem, who was present at the moment, was immediately seized by the soldiers, and tied to a post, so tightly, that the blood sprung from his hands, while the old man in agony called upon the king to swear boldly whatever the infidels chose, since he would take the sin upon his own soul, rather than endure this horrid torture. But whether the oath was taken or not, Joinville declares he cannot tell. In the meantime the scene suddenly changed, as was not unnatural among such fickle and barbarous men. A mirthful sound of trumpets and kettle-drums was heard before the tent, and King Louis was presented with an invitation from the chiefs of the late conspiracy to become their sultan and sovereign, in room of the murdered Touran Shah. That such a proposal should be started, among other wild plans, by men in the condition of the Mamelukes, slaves, strangers, and foreigners, indifferent to the Mahometan religion, and impressed by the undaunted bravery of their royal captive, was not perhaps so unnatural as if it had been made elsewhere, or by

others. But it does not seem to have been generally embraced, or seriously insisted on. On the contrary, some of the leading emirs were of opinion, that, to atone for the treasonable slaughter of Touran Shah, a good Mahometan, by their hands, it was their duty to put to death Saint Louis and his followers, the mortal enemies of Mahomet and his religion. At length, however, the proposition for mercy prevailed, and a treaty for ransom was carried into execution."

Vow of an English Knight.—"Lord Audley came forward, and besought a boon of the Prince of Wales. 'My lord,' he said, 'I have been the true servant of your father, and of your house; and out of respect for both, I have taken a vow, long since, that when I should be in any battle where the king, your father, or any of his sons, should command, I will myself begin the battle, or die upon the place. May it please you now to permit me to pass to the vanguard, and accomplish my vow!' The prince willingly granted his desire, saying, 'Sir James, God give you grace so to bear yourself, that you shall be acknowledged the best and foremost knight of all, this day!'"

"Lord Audley, who had commenced the battle of Poitiers, had continued, as long as the action lasted, still pressing forward, without stopping to make prisoners, until at length he was nearly slain upon the spot; and he was the first object of the prince's gratitude. Upon this noble knight the prince bestowed, with his highest commendations, a noble gift of five hundred merks of yearly revenue, which Sir James Audley received with suitable expressions of gratitude. When he returned to his own pavilion, the noble knight sent for his brother, and some other friends, and made them bear witness that he transferred to his four faithful squires the gift which the prince had given him; since it had been by their means and steady support, through the whole battle, that he had been able to render the services which the prince had valued so highly."

"The Black Prince learned the generous manner in which Lord Audley had disposed, among his four esquires, of the splendid gift which his bounty had conferred upon him. He sent for him therefore to his presence, and requested to know wherefore he had parted with the gift of his sovereign? and whether his conduct arose from the present not being acceptable to him? Sir James Audley confessed that he had presented to his esquires the gift which his highness's bounty had conferred; but he alleged, that the fidelity of those esquires had been the means of his being able to execute the vow which he had made; and that, by their constant attendance through the bloody day, they had repeatedly saved his life at the imminent risk of their own. 'Wherefore,' said the noble lord, 'it was well my part to transfer to them that bounty which your highness designed for me; especially since, renouncing in their behalf this royal gift, I have still, God be praised! revenues sufficient to maintain my place in your highness's service. But if this should offend your highness, I am right willing that it shall be ordered according to your pleasure.' The Black Prince joyfully accepted an apology so congenial to his feelings. He highly approved of Lord Audley's gift to his esquires, but made a point of pressing upon him an additional gift of four hundred pounds yearly more, which he required him to retain for his own use and behoof."

The ensuing accident, by finally unsettling

the mind of Charles VI., was a fit commencement to the most disastrous period in French history.

"There was, one night, displayed at court a mask of particular splendour, in which the king himself acted a part. Six personages of the highest rank, the king himself being one of them, appeared, for the amusement of the party, disguised in the character of silvans or satyrs. Their dress consisted of canvass coats, pitched over, to which wool or flax was attached in loose flakes, to represent the character which they had assumed. They were linked together with chains, and formed a pageant which excited general curiosity. The Duke of Orleans used the privilege of his rank, to approach the silvans with a torch, in order to discover who the maskers were. Unhappily, their dress being highly inflammable, the whole group was on fire in an instant. Linked together in the manner described, there was little chance of escape; yet the general cry of the perishing group was to save the king, even while they themselves were in the agonies of a death so painful. The Duchess of Berri, who was speaking with the king at the moment when the accident took place, had the presence of mind and resolution to wrap the unhappy monarch in her mantle, and save him from a death, which, in his condition, however painful and horrible, might have been a merciful dispensation. Another of the unhappy maskers plunged himself into a cistern of water, which chanced to be near. The remaining four were so dreadfully burnt, that they all died in great agony."

We have before expressed our opinion of the great value of historical knowledge to the young: it here appears in its most attractive form. We think few presents for the ensuing season will be more agreeable or more useful than the *Tales of a Grandfather*. We give them our most cordial approval.

An Only Son: a Narrative. By the Author of "My Early Days." 12mo. pp. 340. London, 1831. Westley and Davis.

THIS is a very beautifully written and interesting story. It is the history of a boy at once weak and wilful, whose good qualities are checked, and his bad ones developed, by a course of injudicious and harshly exerted authority. His father is one of those severe sectarians whose great principle of duty is to make no allowances; who, considering affection as weakness, crush its outward demonstration, at least; and who injure the cause of the religion they profess, and the virtue they advocate, by mistaking sternness for strength, and repulsive coldness for self-denial. There is an air of simple reality about the scenes which forcibly arrests the reader's attention: the hero's school days are as actual as any Miss Edgeworth ever drew; while the effects of imaginative influences are depicted with singular truth. Robert Earnshaw's character is a fine piece of mental analysis—the child to whose timid temper deception is taught by severity; while his vanity is secretly fostered by the undue value set on his literary acquirements—the worse for being nourished in secret, and left to his own estimate, instead of being made matter of affection, and measured by the open standard of comparison. This child grows into the equally vain and weak youth, yielding to every temptation, shrinking from discovery, and repining at consequences. The whole story is admirably supported throughout; but we think the *dénouement* might have been made more forcible. The hero is just one of those whose vanity

turges on their weakness into faults over which they rather repine than repent. It is individuals of this class, acting solely from impulse, who commit half the crimes, and endure two-thirds of the sufferings, which darken and embitter human life. The quiet non-entity of his latter years is not in keeping with his discontented, and therefore restless, mind. The moral of a weak, vain, and wilful spirit like Earnshaw's, would have been brought out more strongly by shewing that no crime was too great for such a one to be gradually led on to commit. The duel is too much an unlucky chance. We will now proceed to extract a few favourite passages. The following is a curious, but nevertheless true, sketch of deception, begun even in childhood.

"There was a fine garden of early fruits about three miles from our house, the owner of which had invited me to visit it, along with the two sons of a neighbouring farmer. After much persuasion I obtained leave to go, with many emphatic admonitions to return by sunset. My companions were older than I—simple, good-humoured lads. The day was beautiful, and we were as happy as it was long. We fished for minnows—explored the nests of birds and bees, and feasted on the most delicious berries of every variety of colour and flavour. Evening approached all too fast, and regretfully I warned my comrades that it was time to retrace our steps. They detained me, under different pretences, until twilight was setting in, when we departed, laden with fruit and the spoils procured in our rambles. Part of our way lay through a wooded valley, which had a lonesome effect in the declining light. The discourse turned upon ghosts, goblins, and fairies, with whom I boasted an intimate acquaintance. I was listened to with a deference that increased as the road became more solitary. While we proceeded I spoke of the twelve signs of the zodiac, and of the extraordinary power I held over them. Questioned as to what they were like, I described them as wonderful beings, living where the sun went down, in palaces of fire, called azimuth circles. Entering a glade, in the centre of which stood the trunk of a blighted oak, I rested beside it, and informed my friends, who seemed to doubt my description, that, if they had courage to behold them, I would there favour them with a sight of the twelve signs of the zodiac, snorting like mad horses, caparisoned in flame. I began to chant a medley of polysyllables, in imitation of a conjuror muttering a spell; when my terrified companions, imploring me to desist, seconded their entreaties by an offer of all they had gathered at the garden. This I declined, and suggested, instead, an exchange of toys with one of the brothers, who possessed a plaything I greatly coveted, though less expensive than my own. He innocently agreed to the proposed barter, and I put an end to the conjuration, secretly elated by my superior sagacity."

We like the next remark: "Over-severity of punishment always defeats its object, hardening, in place of mollifying, the disposition, on which equitable correction might have the most beneficial operation. It dishonours Penitence by attiring her in the weeds of Meanness, and invests Obduracy with the *toga virilis* of Resolution."

The ensuing scene is beautiful with the poetry of feeling:—

"No marvel that poets have chosen home and the native land, as grateful themes of song. In themselves, the words are full of melody; in their associations they form exquisite music. It is a blessed thing to have a haven of rest

where love lights its beacon and keeps its vigils to greet the returning wanderer, weary of a cheerless pilgrimage by flood or field. God help those for whom every country wears a foreign aspect—who avert their steps from the dwelling of their fathers, banished by the clouds of discord, or the rank weeds of desolation! Pleasant to me, as the face of an early friend, were the broken shores of Pembroke, and the bay of St. Bride's. The vessel touched at Ilfracombe, where my luggage was consigned to the care of Jonathan, who was to make a short stay there with a relation: as it was but two days' journey to Thorncroft, I proceeded direct, and on foot. Spring was in its prime. The morn I started was as rosy as the matin flush of midsummer; the virgin breath of the meadows and gardens, through which the road meandered, gave lightness to the bosom, elasticity to the footstep. The vine-branches were shooting forth their infant foliage, and orchard after orchard, ever and anon, enriched the breeze with a tide of fragrance, inspiring, in the fervour of noon-day, a voluptuous languour. Gladsome to the eye that expatiates on nature is the maternal beauty of the blossoming apple-tree; surpassingly gladsome was it to me, just landed from the waters, in the county of my birth, where I had, from childhood, been encircled by its peaceful glories. The hues of sunset were glowingly interstreaked, varying from the warmest crimson to the tenderest green, and in their wavy irradiations imparted to the western sky the fanciful resemblance of a superb ocean-shell. Tired of travel, I came in sight of the rustic chapel where I used to go up, with our house, to worship. My feet were blistered, my shoes arid with dust. I turned into the cool, grassy burying-ground, to calm the flutter of my spirits, to rest my limbs, and to refresh my soiled apparel, lest a chance encounter with an acquaintance should betray my pedestrian return. The chapel had been whitewashed and repainted, and, peering through its shade of larch and yew, presented a soothing emblem of Christian tranquillity. Time, place, and circumstance, were masters of my mood. I did not wish to dispel the religious awe that solemnised the soul; and from a resistless reverence for those who slept beneath, I refrained from profaning the luxuriant herbage by the taint of the highway. I passed to the lonely spot where, apart from the rest, beneath a weeping willow, was my mother's grave. The shrubs which surrounded it were flourishing—no unseemly weed had permission to vegetate there—the birds nestled in the branches of the overshadowing tree, as secure of protection near the remains of her who was meek and merciful to all the creatures of God. The moss-covered headstone had been displaced by one of recent construction. In addition to the simple consecration to the memory of the departed, it bore the inscription of, 'Blessed are they who die in the Lord.' I bared my brow, pressed my lip and cheek to the name of my parent cut in the cold slab, and prayed that her dove-like spirit might resume its ascendancy over him whom, like her, I loved, but whom, unlike her, I dreaded."

There is too much of theoretic digression in the latter part of the narrative. Like most young men, Mr. Kennedy (we believe the author's name is not meant to be a secret) is sanguine in his expectations, and sweeping in his censure. Such a passage as the following is grandiloquent absurdity: "After the soldier and the tax-gatherer have left the martyr of misrule on the salt shores of misery, the hope of absorption into a boundless ocean of beati-

tude shines the rainbow of the wave which is to obliterate for ever the memory of his woes."

The ensuing is worse, for it is unjust:—

"The capture of Ciudad Rodrigo was denominated 'a brilliant operation.' Of the contending parties at least two thousand perished ere the close of the siege. Many of the wounded died from exposure to the elements at an inclement season. Calamity was throned in funeral state upon the ramparts of the trembling city. It was for national gratitude to overbalance ills inseparable from warfare. Lord Wellington was created a Spanish grandee and an English earl. The British parliament added a yearly pension of £2,000 to keep the titles in countenance. Of the humble instruments of his will, the survivors were made supremely happy by 'a vote of thanks.'"

Mr. Kennedy forgets, that but for the commanding genius of the man who baffled Napoleon's best generals, and, finally, Napoleon himself—that man whose justly earned reward is thus meanly grudged, and whose services are thus depreciated—those very scenes of warfare, all that he holds in such just abhorrence, would, in all human probability, have found their theatre in our own country, and have been acted more bloodily in London than at Ciudad Rodrigo. The whole representation of the Spanish war is singularly unfair: for example, a scene of fearful suffering and aggression is introduced, and the aggressors are British soldiers. Now, in common honesty, it ought to have been stated how rare were such occurrences in our army, and how strictly the Duke of Wellington enforced that discipline which prevented them. These scenes were of daily recurrence among the French troops. The only just view to take is this:—the Peninsular war was one of great bloodshed and suffering; but it was endured in a rightful cause—a lesser evil to prevent a greater. We drove an invader from a foreign land, to prevent his carrying desolation into our own. We have now only to say, that we hold his talents in higher estimation than we do his opinions. The tale itself we think equally beautiful and interesting; the facts have all the simplicity of truth, while the style is invested with the rich colouring of the imagination.

Beauties of the Mind; a poetical Sketch: with Lays Historical and Romantic. By Charles Swain. 12mo. pp. 197. London, 1831. Simpkin and Marshall.

MR. SWAIN possesses one of those minds which, poetical in themselves, imbue all they touch with poetry. A poet's eye sheds its own colouring around; and the passing thought, the slight hint, are developed into beauty by the light of his words. Mr. Swain is especially happy in his historical illustrations; his descriptions are as rich as the moral he deduces is touching: he links human feeling and human pomp well together. The first poem had best be read as a whole "harmonious chain of thought." The two following stanzas are promising specimens.

"For, oh! the bliss to love, and to believe
Ourselves beloved!—to linger o'er each dream
Of happiness we cannot choose but weave;
To breathe but only in the beautiful beam
Of Love's fond, eloquent, delicious eyes!—to deem
One form the paragon of earth! Oh, fair
As moonlight upon lilies of the stream!
Those water-jewels, delicate and rare,
Those chaste and fitting wreaths for Beauty's raven hair.

Alas! there is no chord of human life
Whose natural tone breathes not of wo!—there seems
Even in boyhood, when the world is rife
With buds and birds—with flowers and sunny beams

Along our being's course, where'er it streams,
Some haunting fever of decay—some shade
From whose destructive taint, no aid redems!
Wo, that it reached thy generous heart, sweet maid;
Wo! that so white a breast should be so darkly laid!"

Out of the very beautiful minor poems we select two favourites.

"Truth, Youth, and Age.

Truth. What is Immortality?
Youth. It is the glory of the mind,
The deathless voice of ancient Time;
The light of genius, pure, refined!
The monument of deeds sublime!
O'er the cold ashes of the dead
It breathes a grandeur and a power,
Which shine when countless years have fled,
Magnificent as the first hour!

Truth. What is Immortality?
Age. Ask it of the gloomy waves,
Of the old forgotten graves,
Whereof not one stone remains;
Ask it of the ruined fane,
Temples that have passed away,
Leaving not a wreck to say,
Here an empire once hath stood!
Ask it in thy solitude,
Of thy solemn musing mind,
And, too truly, wilt thou find
Earthly immortality
Is a splendid mockery!"

"Reminiscences.

I know it is not beautiful!
That in the vale below,
Far gayer gifts of summer bloom,
And brighter waters flow;
I know it is not beautiful!
But, oh! unto my heart
It breathes a charm of vanished days,
No other scene impart.
The days once eloquent with tones
They never more may bring,
Sweet as e'er wooed a woman's lip
To Love's delicious spring;
Deep as the distant clarion's breath
Upon the moonlight air,
Inspiring high and glorious deeds,
It were a pride to share!
The form whose beauty imaged forth
The vision of a youthful heart,
Romantic, warm, and deep;
The voice, that music of my mind!—
Are with the spells of yore,
On which the morn may brightly rise,
But never waken more!
No gift of thine, love, meets my gaze,
No token fond and fair—
No, not, to soothe me in my tears,
A single lock of hair:
Thou' st passed, my love, like some pale star
We look in vain to find,
Nor left to cheer my blighted path
One lonely ray behind!
They tell me I am waning fast,
That leaf by leaf I fade—
They bear me forth with wreathed hair,
In jewelled robes arrayed;
They deem the festive dance may woo
My memory from this spot,
But, ah! amidst the courtly crowd,
Thou art the least forgot.
My eyes are wandering fast and far
To other shores away,
My soul is with thee in thy grave!—
How can I then be gay?
I perish in their festive light,
I die amidst their mirth—
Oh! take me to thine arms, dear love,
From this cold, cheerless earth!"

We have only to repeat, that we admire this little volume much: it has grace, truth, and tenderness, told in music; and we cannot dwell on its page without experiencing a feeling of liking and respect towards the author.

Trant's Travels in Greece.

[Second notice:—(see p. 762) Conclusion.]

WE broke off from this interesting volume with a reference to a strange story about the government mail being robbed by order of the president, Capo d'Istria: we now resume our extracts with some other curious incidents.

Upon the president and his party the following extract throws still greater light.

"Shortly after our return to Argos, the nomination of Prince Leopold to the sovereignty of Greece became publicly known; and

this intelligence caused as much dismay to the partisans of the president's family, as it did pleasure to the liberal-minded and intelligent portion of the inhabitants,—the Roumeliots, the Islanders, and the constitutional party, formed the latter; whilst the ignorant Moreots, who were entirely at the beck of Colocotroni, composed the former party, backed by the council miscalled senate, which, as I before observed, contained a body of illiterate men quite devoted to the will of Capo d'Istrias—his words were their words, his wishes their wishes; and in parodying the words of Napoleon, he might with justice exclaim, 'What is the senate?—the senate is me!' Weighty reasons had been urged to bind Colocotroni to the cause of Capo d'Istrias; and many of the Moreots, who were favoured beyond all the other Greeks, lent their wishes to the president. On the other hand, the Roumeliots and Islanders, who were the only Greeks that fought during the war, and merit any praise for their patriotism, having had their services disregarded, and even treated with derision by the president and his parasites, and for months been kept under arms without an ostensible motive, and without pay to save their families from starvation, until, in their despair, they threatened to remunerate themselves by the plunder of the more fortunate Moreots—who saw no hopes of improving their condition but in the arrival of a sovereign, whose first duty would be to act with justice towards his subjects—these hailed the nomination of Prince Leopold with unfeigned delight. The constitutional party also at last found their wishes gratified: all that they required was a prince, who, setting himself above the spirit of faction, would devote his talents solely to the amelioration of their unhappy country; and (without being too subservient to England and France, or, like the president, the mere slave of Russia) maintain Greece on a footing with the allied powers, which would evince her deep feelings of gratitude for their exertions in her favour, and not militate against her independence. Capo d'Istrias well knew, that if a British prince ascended the throne of Greece, his power would terminate; he had long since given up all hopes of imposing upon the clear-sightedness of the British government, who had pierced through the flimsy veil he cast over his designing policy; he knew that the false patriot appeared to them in his true colours; and by an underhand intrigue could he alone hope to counteract the fate which he foresaw awaited him. The senate was called—he pulled the strings of his puppets—and whilst he uttered the words, the obedient machines performed whatever the showman required."

"I had seen enough of Greece (says our intelligent author, towards the close of his stay in that country) to convince me, that although she possesses great capabilities, yet that the future ruler will have a most arduous task to perform in bringing her within the bounds of civilisation. Inveterate habits and prejudices must be weeded from the minds of the people, and their irascible passions calmed; a new impulse must be given to the enterprising spirit of her mariners; a lawless soldiery is to be disbanded and thrown loose upon the country; taxation must be enforced; roads made, and justice administered; and to effect these objects, the new sovereign must be supported by a foreign army, and resolve to govern his subjects with a

'Main de fer et gant de velours.'

The proceedings of Capo d'Istrias's assembly at Argos sufficiently demonstrate the incapacity

of the Greeks generally to understand the advantages of a representative government; and therefore, previous to throwing any power into the hands of the delegates from the people, it would be necessary to form municipalities, and thus initiate them in the secrets of election."

"The misrule of the president, during the last two years, has placed the sovereign in a more difficult position than that of Capo d'Istrias in 1827, inasmuch that, in addition to the vices of the Turkish administration, and to the abuses crept in during the war, he has also to unravel the web of Machiavellian texture with which Capo d'Istrias has entangled the country; and so difficult, or rather hopeless, is this task, that his only chance of succeeding will be in severing it at one blow."

Having devoted so much of this Review to develop the character and position of the most influential man in Greek affairs, we shall only farther make a cento of a few of the most striking passages, as they regard various places and subjects.

Of Constantinople, so altered must it be by recent events, Capt. Trant gives us a very new picture. "So many books (he says) have been published relative to that city, that I am not presumptuous enough to undertake a new version of an oft-told tale. I will only say, that I had the honour of playing at *carté* with the captain pasha; that I saw the members of the sultan's cabinet drinking the health of the king, and of Charles the Tenth, in bumpers of champagne, at the supper-table of Count Guilleminot, on which a large ham was placed; that I was present when Avney Bey, lieutenant-colonel of the cavalry of the guard, and first aide-de-camp to the sultan, requested a lady to waltz with him, and continued dancing during the whole evening; that the Turkish ladies have lowered so much of their veil, that the infidels are now permitted to see part of the forehead, and even the nose; and that Sultan Mahmoud wears boots, spurs, trousers, and gloves, just like a Christian! . . .

"I have often met *arobas* [covered carts] full of laughing young Turkish ladies, driving outside of Constantinople, unattended by a guardian—they were going to enjoy a party of pleasure on the banks of the Bosphorus, or perhaps were merely taking exercise; but during the whole time that I was at Constantinople, I do not recollect seeing any Greek ladies walking or riding about—they remained shut up in their houses, their sole occupation being that of looking through the *jalousies* of their windows to see what was going forward, and who was passing, in the dirtiest street of a place which has not improperly been called 'L'égout de l'Europe.' An English gentleman, who had taken a house in a retired part of Pera, was remonstrated with by a Greek lady—'Your wife will never be able to bear that stupid house,' said she; 'it does not look out on the street.' A few Greek ladies may be met at the houses of the different ambassadors at Constantinople; but they are mostly the wives or daughters of persons attached to the embassies, and cannot be considered as genuine samples of the Grecian fair, who live quite amongst themselves, within the precincts of the Fanar. One advice I would give the Greek ladies is, to take care that the Turks do not overtake them in the march of civilisation. This is an event which once would have been deemed impossible; but when I left Constantinople, the captain pasha was going to give a ball, where they were to be present in galleries; and Mr. Calosso assured me, that when he asked the sultan whether they were to join

in the dance, he only laughed, and said, 'It is not time yet.'"

Touching the *fine arts* we select two short statements.

"I lately heard that the Greek government, notwithstanding their pretended love of the fine arts, have been throwing down part of Tiryns, with the view of employing the stones in a wall round a government farm. If true, this act is most disgraceful; for every one who has been in Greece, well knows that there is no lack of stone in the country. To think that Greeks should wilfully destroy what even Turks had respected, does not say much in favour of their pretensions to civilisation."

"If proper care be taken to form a museum, there is every reason to hope that Greece, instead of having fewer beautiful sculptures than any other country, may possess more. Excavations, properly conducted, would bring a great many interesting marbles to light; and a law having lately been passed, that no works of art shall henceforth be exported, she secures to herself those pieces of sculpture which are daily appearing; but when the government is finally organised, persons should be allowed to excavate, on condition of resigning to the nation whatever it thinks worth retaining."

At a distance, too, the Turkish functionaries seem to have relaxed a little in their strictness. For instance, our countryman visited the Bey at Athens, where, after other ceremonies, &c., Captain T. relates:

"Rum and water was now offered to us by the page; and the bey took repeated draughts, gradually forgetting to mix it with water, until at last it was almost pure spirit. We were quite surprised that he should be so well supplied with this beverage; but the source of his wealth became accidentally disclosed to us.

Mr. Gropius proposed that we should visit a small *kiok* at the top of the house, whence there was an excellent view; and when the secretary conducted us thither, we discovered that it had been converted into a spirit store; shelves full of lemons were ranged round the room; several loaves of English sugar were piled up in one corner; and some dozens of bottles labelled with the word 'Rhum,' in large letters, were on the floor. It is fortunate for the Turks, that Mahomet was ignorant of the various uses of the sugar-cane; but as the prophet had never heard of rum, and that his guardian angel did not reveal its future appearance to him, that spirit was not excluded from the beverage of the true believers, who, availing themselves of the omission, drink rum to excess. Captain Gordon increased the bey's stock, by a present which we knew would be most acceptable to him. A supper, similar to that of the preceding evening, closed our evening's entertainment; and the bey, whose eyes were beginning to glisten, having stretched his mattress on the floor, and retired to rest, we followed his example. Before day-break next morning, the bey commenced smoking his pipe; and shortly afterwards, the officers under his command came to attend his levee,—each making a humble salâm, and then squatting in a circle on the floor, or at the extremity of the divan where we were sitting, coffee and pipes being the succedaneum for conversation."

The following are curious Greek characteristics:—

"Great wealth accrued to the chiefs by the plunder of Tripolizza. The peasants, who knew not the value of precious stones, offered diamonds for sale at one or two shillings each; and a pair of diamond-mounted pistols, worth

fifty thousand piasters, was sold for six thousand. Colocotroni amassed an immense booty here; and from being a penniless Klepht has become the richest man in Greece. The plunder the Greeks at various times acquired not having been drawn from the country, it is evident that there must be a great deal of capital now concealed in Greece: but the Greeks are so afraid of appearing rich, that when they do amass a little money, they immediately bury it, and hide even from their dearest friends where it is concealed. The Turks also buried their money; and the *policari* used never to enter a house without running their ramrods into the floor, in the hopes of finding treasure. A Turkish gentleman, at the commencement of the war, buried a large sum of money in a certain part of his house, which was destroyed during the contest. Being afraid of trusting himself in the power of the Greeks, he was unable to seek for his treasure; but when hostilities ceased, he wrote to some European officers who were stationed near his house, offering them half of his wealth, provided they would dig it up, and transmit the remainder to him. The bargain was made,—the officers easily found the spot indicated,—but the money had already been taken. ‘Fool that I was,’ said the Turk, when he heard of his misfortune; ‘I entrusted my dearest friend with my secret!’ The Greeks are more cautious in keeping a secret, for not even the fear of approaching death will induce them to disclose the site of their hoarded wealth; as an instance which occurred lately near Argos will testify. There was an old Greek, apparently in the greatest misery, who was taken very ill, and in a few days his life was despaired of: his friends assembled round him; and when they acquainted him that there was no hope, said that he ought to make what arrangements he wished relative to his property, and declare whether he had any money concealed. ‘Money!’ exclaimed the wretch; ‘I am so poor, that I have not enough to pay the expenses of my funeral,—I am not worth a single para: how should I get money?’ The relations still urged him to confess, but he resolutely refused compliance. Next day he became worse; and on the following morning, finding that death was at hand, he called one of his relations, told him ‘to search near the large olive-tree in the garden,’ and shortly afterwards expired. Not far from the olive-tree, a jar was found containing two hundred dollars.”

With one anecdote, to illustrate the state of education and of the priesthood, and another quotation on the important subject of the church, we must conclude.

“I was one day speaking to a Greek gentleman respecting the deficiency of their education. ‘To shew you,’ said he, ‘the estimation in which they are held, I will relate to you a story current among the people. ‘There was a merry fellow once who, wishing to expose the ignorance of the priests, led an ass up to the bishop, and respectfully begged that he would confer ordination upon him.’—‘Out upon you!’ said the bishop in a rage, ‘how dare you insult the mysteries of our holy religion by such a proposition?—away with you!’ The man turned round, and was leading the beast away, when the bishop perceived a purse full of gold hanging to his tail. ‘Stop, friend,’ he cried out, ‘I was wrong; bring your animal back; for, although only an ass in front, I see that he will make an excellent priest behind.’”

“It is already contemplated by the liberal Greeks to effect a reform in their churches, and emancipate themselves from the authority

of the patriarch; but much opposition is manifested by the bishops and principal dignitaries of the church, who affect to view any innovation on their religion as sacrilege. Although so perfectly ignorant themselves of what their religion is founded upon, that they only know it by the ceremonies that they perform, they profess to consider any attempt at reform as an heretical invasion. The president having judiciously taken possession of the church lands, disgusted many of the bishops, who view with jealousy any encroachment upon their prerogatives, and are anxious still to hold their investiture from the patriarch, as it only requires a well-furnished purse to ensure their nomination. It, however, is evident, that nothing can be so injudicious as to allow a patriarch nominated by and in the interest of the Porte, to have the spiritual control of the Greek nation; and enlightened men are all of opinion that the Greek church ought to have its chief in Greece, as it is undoubtedly contrary to the canons of the church that their patriarch should be nominated by an infidel. On the other hand, it is feared that this will create a schism, there being three million two hundred and fifty thousand Asiatic Greeks who would recognise the patriarch, whilst Greece could only number seven hundred and fifty thousand. * * *

“No measure could possibly be more conducive to the interests of Greece than encouraging foreigners to become purchasers of government property, on the condition of actual residence. The population of the Greek kingdom being only 750,000, is so inadequate to its extent of territory, that to do justice to the fertility of the soil, and natural advantages of the country, it is absolutely necessary that colonisation should be resorted to; but that this system may not tend to the prejudice of the actual proprietors of land, and to prevent the nation being burdened with the support of strangers, it must be carried on solely at the expense of individuals. * * *

“With the increased demand for articles of luxury would follow a proportionate employment of shipping; and the islanders, instead of seeking service with the Turks and Egyptians, might find employment under their own flag. It appears, however, that the present government is quite averse to the introduction of either French or English settlers; and the president wished to enact that none but Greeks should become purchasers of land; but this the national assembly had the good sense to negative.”

The volume is adorned by engravings, and deserves to be consulted by every one desirous of becoming acquainted with Greece as it is.

Millingen's Memoirs of the Affairs of Greece.

[Second Notice.]

WE proceed, without prefatory remark, to quote the most striking of the many incidental traits with which this volume abounds.

Turkish Generosity.—“The cutter in which Count Gamba had embarked, and which contained the greater part of the money Lord Byron had thought expedient to bring over to Greece, was not equally fortunate in avoiding the enemy; though at last it escaped from their hands in a manner yet more surprising. Towards day-break, having fallen in with the same Turkish frigate, its commander, Mahmood Captain, ordered the Zantico captain on board; and, brandishing his scimitar over his head, asked him whether he dared to say that he was not bound for Mesolonghi. Valsamachi was so terror-struck by his threatening

mien, that, losing all presence of mind, he confessed that he was proceeding to that town. He had scarcely terminated his imprudent confession, than the Turk raised his arm to cut the Ionian's head off, and ordered the cutter to be sunk. ‘Wilt thou destroy,’ cried the Greek, ‘the life of him who saved thine own?’ The Turk suspended his blow, and attentively considering him, soon recognised the person who, some years previous, had saved him after a shipwreck in the Black Sea. He fell on his neck, and embracing him, gave him the promise, that though, for appearance sake, he must lead him to the castles, he would exert all his influence to procure his immediate release. Nothing might have been easier than to prove the cutter to be a fair prize. Although the clearance was for Calamo, he was taken close to Mesolonghi; the captain and crew had owned that they were bound for that place; and, notwithstanding the tale made out by Gamba, its falsehood might have been soon demonstrated by inspecting the ship; where printing presses, cannons with Lord Byron's arms and name, and helmets, could not easily be passed as part of the travelling apparatus of an English gentleman.”

Sketch of Trelawney.—“Though somewhat below the full-grown stature, he was altogether a very handsome man, possessed of great strength and surprising agility. Nature had given him a highly romantic countenance: his wild, haughty, unquiet, scintillating dark eye, denoted his disposition to bold and extraordinary undertakings. In his manners and opinions he seemed to have taken Anastasius for his model: and, to judge from his lofty language, he had a mint of phrases as rich as Don Adriano de Armado; and he entertained for his heroes a veneration as deep as that of Don Quixote himself, for all the giant-killers and liberators of imprisoned virgins who had preceded him. Born of a respectable Cornish family, he embarked when young as a midshipman; but finding that the strictness of naval discipline did not allow much room for indulging romantic dispositions, he quitted the ship on its arrival in the East Indies, and soon after joined the buccaneers, who then infested those seas. Among them he passed his happiest days, meeting continually with the most extraordinary adventures and hair-breadth escapes. He might have yet continued to enjoy a life so congenial to his disposition, had not his companions sought to kill him during a dispute about prize-money. He satisfied his vengeance; but seeing himself closely pursued, the terror he felt was so great, that he did not stop in his flight till he found himself in the country of the Wachabees. The exploits which followed, though not new, were marvellous; the quality atoning for the quantity. At length, in a fit of nostalgia, he determined on returning home, the place of his birth appearing to him then dearer than the three Arabias. His native air soon cured him of this intermittent paroxysm, for he found Cornishmen a tame set of persons. Growing weary of home, he passed over to Italy, where more room was afforded to indulge his oriental habits. He formed there an acquaintance with Lord Byron, who derived no little pleasure from the company of so singular a character. He invited him to accompany him into Spain; but hearing of the disasters the constitutional party had sustained, he proposed going to Greece. Arrived at Cephalonia, Trelawney discovered that Lord Byron was not romantic enough to be his companion; and he started, in consequence, for Peloponnesus; where having

roamed in vain in quest of a hero, he passed over to Athens. There he met with Odysseus; and so powerful is the invisible force of sympathy, that although they could not understand each other's language, they became, in an instant, intimate friends. According to Trelawney, Odysseus was the personification of the *beau idéal* of every manly perfection, mental and bodily. He swore by him, and imitated him in the minutest actions. His dress, gait, air, and address, were not only perfectly similar, but he piqued himself even in being as dirty; having as much vermin, and letting them loose from his fingers in the same dignified manner, as if sparing a conquered enemy. This ridiculous spirit of imitation was, in other respects, very useful to him; for it enabled him to endure the privations and hardships inseparable from the Greek mode of warfare, with as much apparent indifference as his prototype; sleeping on the bare earth with a stone for a pillow, and, in one word, sustaining a total want of every bodily comfort. All this, however, was only when distant from Athens. On his return thither he found ample compensation for the toils of war, in the enjoyments of a numerous harem. The courage which distinguished him in Negropont acquired him the esteem of his friend, and of the palichari. He so rapidly and completely moulded himself to their manners, as to be generally taken for a Roumeliot. This, with his generosity, gained him their affection; and his severity ensured him their obedience. With similar qualities, Trelawney would, most certainly, have risen into notice, had not fortune turned against the friend to whose destinies he had linked his own. Whatever his faults, however, and the blame which his conduct in embracing the party of a rebel and traitor to his country, may draw upon him, every European who knew him in Greece cannot but praise the generous qualities of his heart, and acknowledge him to have been a most entertaining companion: and though, owing, no doubt, to his prolonged stay in oriental countries, his imagination got the better of his veracity, or, as Lord Byron observed of him, 'he could not, even to save his life, tell the truth;' his narrations were so interesting, that whether true or untrue, one could not but listen to them, with as much pleasure as to the wonders of an Arabian tale."

Greek Women.—"Their feet and ankles, which, by the by, rather correspond to Grecian than to modern ideas of beauty, are completely hid by the folds of these trousers, that are tied like a purse just below the knee. This gives a woman, when walking, completely the appearance of a feathered-paw pigeon. This is the more striking, as Grecian coquettes affect as much as possible to imitate the walk of a bird. 'You walk like a goose,' 'like a duck,' (*ὡς χήνα, ὡς πάπυ πικρατίς*) however impertinent in the ear of an English belle, are the most flattering compliments that can be whispered in those of a Greek one."

Voutier's Memoirs.—"The best judgment on this work is contained in the following anecdote, related to me by Mavrocordato. On Voutier's return to Greece, Mavrocordato requested him to favour him with a copy of his Memoirs. Anxious to see in what manner his conduct, during the siege of Mesolonghi, had been represented, he hastened to consult the chapter which relates that event; when, to his great surprise, he perceived that the whole of it had been torn out. The next day, on meeting the author, he asked him why he had given him so imperfect a copy. After stammering for a while, he replied: 'As there are,

in the chapter you allude to, some slight exaggerations, which I thought necessary to insert, in order to place the cause of Greece under a more favourable light, I took the liberty of retrenching those leaves; fearing you might blame me for having allowed my Philhellenism to get so much the better of my veracity.' 'If,' answered Mavrocordato, 'your conscience has, since your return, become so sensitive, I am surprised that you have not begun to revise your work altogether: for that chapter, I am sure could not contain more lies than the rest.'"

Sketch of Mavrocordato.—"The ensemble of his head was excessively fine, being very large in proportion to his body; and its bulk was not a little increased by his bushy jet black hair and prodigious whiskers. His thick eye-brows and huge mustachios gave a wild, romantic expression to his features, which could not but produce a striking effect on a stranger. The expression of his physiognomy was that of a clever, penetrating, ambitious man. His large Asiatic eyes, full of fire and wit, were tempered by an expression of goodness. His looks had not, perhaps, sufficient dignity; for they had a kind of indecision, and timid flutter, which prevented him from looking any one stedfastly in the face. His stature was much below the usual size; and his carriage altogether too un-martial to impart much confidence to a half-civilised people, who prize external appearance so much, and are more, perhaps, than others, influenced by an awe-commanding countenance. The prince also paid too little regard to dress: inasmuch that even the Franks could not refrain from remarking how much to his disadvantage the contrast was between his plain European attire and travelling cap, and the splendid, highly graceful Albanian costume worn by the other chiefs. If nature had neglected Mavrocordato's exterior, she amply compensated him for such omission, by the lavish manner in which she had endowed his mind. Educated at Constantinople, he had devoted his earlier years to the study of Oriental languages. Few persons were more intimately acquainted with Persian and Arabic, of which the court language of the Turks is, in great part, formed. He was an excellent Greek scholar, spoke and wrote French like a native of France, and was tolerably well acquainted with English and Italian. Setting aside his wit and other qualities, which, in private life, rendered him the charm of society, we have only to consider him as a public character, belonging to history. He was, perhaps, the only man in Greece, who united, in an eminent degree, unadulterated patriotism, and the talents which form a statesman. He alone was capable of organising and giving a proper direction to civil administration. This he shewed shortly after his arrival in Peloponnesus, when he drew up a form of government out of the chaos in which every thing then lay. He gave constant proofs of his genius for order, whenever he had the lead of affairs; and few, in any country, ever possessed more than he did, the talent of simplifying the most complicated questions, and rendering them intelligible to the most illiterate. The rapidity and precision with which he despatched business was surprising; and no doubt, the extensive practice he had had, when secretary to Caradja, Hospodar of Wallachia, was now of no small assistance to him. He had been repeatedly accused of retaining too much the principles of a Fanariot education. Incapable of a plain, bold, open conduct, it has been said that he could only advance by crooked ways, and obtain his ends by tricks and cunning.

The untractable, suspicious, and deceitful character of those he had daily to deal with, might render this necessary. It was the current money of the country. No other would pass."

Curious Erasion of the Custom-house Officers.—"The markets of Zante and Cephalonia received from this province their chief supply in cattle, poultry, butter, cheese, honey; the larger portion of these articles being sold on Sessini's account, who sent his wife to the former island to receive the money. He frequently sent her over large sums, but, partly fearing to excite the notice of the Ionian governments, and partly to avoid the custom-house duty, he often concealed his gold in the butter or cheese, which he sent in presents to Madame Sessini. Two of these cheeses were, by some unaccountable mistake, sold to a Zantiot, who felt as delighted on discovering in their interior little mines of gold, as Madame Sessini was vexed on detecting her error. She in vain applied to the police for restitution: it was replied to her representations, that since they were registered at the custom-house as cheeses, they were legally bought as such; and that the loss of the money was a just punishment for the deceit which she had practised so long on the government."

Romance in real Life.—"A few days after this, Jani Souka, a handsome Albanian Greek, who had deserted from Caravansera with his company of a hundred and fifty Lachiots, arrived at the camp. From the beginning of the revolution, he had, on every important occasion, fought against his co-religionaries, and behaved with so much activity and valour, as to gain the entire confidence of Omer Pasha and other Albanian chiefs. He was, in fact, so well treated by them, and enjoyed so much consideration, that the voice of patriotism alone would never have made any impression on his interested mind, had he not at last been caught by the lips of love. While in the Turkish camp, his mistress unexpectedly entered his tent: disguised as an Albanian page, she had fled from Arta, and accompanied one of the capitano's men, whom he had sent to that town on an errand. She entreated her lover, in consideration of the irresistible motive that actuated her, to overlook her imprudence in taking such a step without first consulting him. She could not, she said, exist far from the man she loved. For his sake she had sacrificed every interest and consideration; and representing to him the danger which would inevitably burst upon both their heads, were they to return to Albania, owing to the resentment of her relations, she urged him to join the Greeks. His qualities as a soldier would be as much prized, and as well remunerated, by them as they were by the pasha; and for the remainder of his days, he would enjoy, undisturbed, all the sweets of independence and love.—the only real blessings of this life. Jani Souka took her advice."

State of Medicine in Turkey.—"This gentleman was born at Zagori, a district not far from Ioannina, famous throughout the Levant for its breed of itinerant quacks. The male population consists solely of M.D.'s; Zagoriot and doctor being synonyms; and indeed, the medical profession becomes, in their hands, so lucrative, as entirely to supersede the necessity of any other. An idea of their wealth may be formed from their houses, which are well built, spacious, and the best furnished in Turkey. When at home, they live like gentlemen at large. It may not prove uninteresting to those who wish to ascertain the state of medicine in Turkey, to hear some particulars relative to

the education and qualifications requisite to obtain a degree at this singular university. The first thing taught to the young men is the professional language; a dissonant jargon composed purposely to carry on their business, hold consultations, &c. without being understood by any being in existence but themselves. They are then taught reading sufficiently to decipher the pages of their *ιστοροσφαι*, or manuscript, containing a selection of deceptive formulæ, for all possible diseases incident to human nature. When a candidate has given before the elders proofs of his proficiency in these attainments, they declare him to be *dignus entrare in docto nostro corpore*; and he then prepares to leave Zagori. The Zagorioti generally travel about Turkey in small bands, composed of six or eight different individuals, each of whom has a separate part to perform, like strolling players. One is the signor dottore. He never enters a town but mounted on a gaudy-caparisoned horse, dressed in long robes, with a round hat and neckcloth; never opening his mouth but *ex cathedra*, his movements are performed with due professional gravity, and he is at all times attended by his satellites. One is the apothecary; the second the dragoman; for it is the doctor's privilege not to comprehend a syllable of any other language but the Zagoriot; a third is the herald, who, endued with a surprising volubility of tongue, announces through the streets and in the public squares, the arrival of the incomparable doctor; enumerates the wonderful cures he has performed; and entertains the people to avail themselves of this providential opportunity: for, not only does he possess secrets for the cure of actual diseases, but of insuring against their future attacks. He possesses the happy talent too of ingravidating the barren, and leaves it to their choice to have male or female, &c. &c. He is skilled in the performance of operations for the stone, cataracts, hernia, dislocations, &c. Two others, who pass under the denomination of servants, employ their time in going from house to house in quest of patients; and as, from their menial employment, they are thought to be disinterested, credit is the more easily given to their word. Thus they journey from town to town, hardly ever remaining more than a fortnight in any place. After a tour of five or six years, they return for a while to their families, and divide in equal shares the gains of their charlatanism. On a second journey, they all change parts, in order to escape detection. The dottore yields his dignity to the servant, and does the same offices to him as he was wont to receive; the dragoman becomes herald, the herald apothecary, &c."

Superstition.—"In the evening we supped with Vattino. According to custom, a whole-roasted lamb was brought on the table, and after it had been carved with the yataghan (cutlass) of one of the guests, we helped ourselves with our hands in the best manner we could. The right shoulder-blade of the animal was diligently stripped of the surrounding meat; and then handed to Vattino, as the person then present best qualified to foretell, from its appearances, the foreboding events. Placing it before the candle, he attentively considered the outlines presented by the vascular system of the diaphanous portion of the bone; the whole company waiting in deep silence to his oracular observations. Every one of the *palichari* was horror-struck on seeing the sudden alteration that took place on his physiognomy, and on hearing the following word uttered with a solemn, impressive voice: 'Brethren, the enemy is preparing against us;

—yes—much Greek blood will be spilled—but two considerable tombs will be erected by the Turks.' All the old Cleftes examined it, and assured that Vattino's words were true,—the appearances of their habitual augury being too plain to be mistaken.

There are two faults in our author's style; the first, that it is sometimes too fine; and the second, that it is crowded with professional phrases—utterly unintelligible to two-thirds of his readers. As a whole, it is a very amusing volume.

The Political Life of the Right Hon. George Canning, from his Acceptance of the Seals of the Foreign Department, in September 1822, to the period of his death in August 1827: together with a short Review of Foreign Affairs subsequently to that Event. By Augustus Granville Stapleton, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

SINCE the decease of Mr. Canning, which was affectionately, though briefly, recorded in this journal, no occasion so appropriate as the present has been afforded for offering a worthier tribute to his memory. It were to be wished that ampler space and longer time could have been available for the performance of a duty so mournful and so gratifying; since, whether it be considered in relation to its subject, or to the authentic character of its materials, this is one of the most important contributions to the political history of Europe that have appeared in the present age. The biography of a British minister of state, founded on documents to which his representative alone could give access, and written by a gentleman who filled the confidential and honourable post of his private secretary, would have strong claims to attention, whoever were the individual, and whatever were the period, to which it might relate. How irresistible, then, must claims of that kind be in regard to such a minister as Mr. Canning, and to a period so momentous as that which forms the last, the most laborious, and the most splendid of his political life.

But, important as this work is (and we can, from personal knowledge, vouch for its perfect accuracy in every part), we can this week only give one short extract, as an example of its style and character. That extract, however, is of much interest, not only to the British reader, but to the whole political world.

"It has been more than once asserted in parliament, by persons of consideration, that the government of the Duke of Wellington has been guided by Mr. Canning's principles, and has maintained his 'system' of foreign policy. On the merits or the demerits of the duke's administration various opinions may be entertained. All that we intend to affirm is, that his grace's principles of government were not the same as Mr. Canning's; and that the course of his foreign policy was directly at variance with Mr. Canning's 'system.' To establish this distinction is obviously but an act of justice to both parties, lest the one should carry off the praise, or be made responsible for the faults, which the adherents or enemies of the other may be respectively disposed to attribute to his political measures. In the preceding pages of this work, Mr. Canning's principles of action have been not only stated in his own words, but have been illustrated by examples of their practical application. There is no room, therefore, for any mistake or misrepresentation as to their nature; and, further, a pause in the narration has more than once been made, for the purpose of bringing his measures to the test, by inquiring whether they were

really in accordance with those fixed principles, which he professed to have laid down as the guide of his political conduct. It is now intended to try the measures of the Duke of Wellington's administration by the same test, in order to shew, that, however excellent were the fixed principles of his grace, they were, with respect to our foreign relations, in no way similar to those which were acted upon by Mr. Canning; and that, with respect to measures of internal policy, if there has been a much less marked deviation, and, indeed, in some striking instances, an unexpected conformity, yet in many cases there has occurred a very decided variation. In a brief review of this nature it is not necessary to touch upon every measure of the government, but simply to refer to those which, from their importance, afford the best means of judging of its principles. In the first session after the Duke of Wellington had become the premier, the two leading questions were, the corn bill and the test and corporation acts. On both these measures, Mr. Peel was the organ of the government in the House of Commons."

Mr. Stapleton proceeds to demonstrate, that on both these great measures Mr. Canning's system was abandoned. The Catholic question is next examined, and a powerful light thrown upon its history as a cabinet measure; but we have only time for one extract more.

"When the Duke of Wellington became first minister, he was known to this country and to Europe as belonging to the 'continental school.' His name was attached to the treaties of Vienna; and he was universally believed to have been an admirer of Lord Castlereagh, and an opposer of Mr. Canning's liberal measures. On this subject 'a contrast' had been 'held up' between them, not only in the daily press, but also within the walls of parliament. It was therefore naturally to be expected that the duke would not adhere to Mr. Canning's system of 'neutrality between conflicting principles,' but would return to that of Lord Castlereagh. At the formation of the duke's government, the public were mystified by the continuance of Lord Dudley in the post of foreign secretary, which he had held in Mr. Canning's time, and by the recall of the British ambassador from Lisbon when Don Miguel declared himself king; but the veil was to a certain degree withdrawn, when the duke gave it to be distinctly understood that he had in no way 'pledged himself to abandon his own principles and opinions,' and when the Portuguese charter was overthrown. The preservation of that charter during the continuance of Mr. Canning's and Lord Goderich's administrations, had been with justice ascribed to its supporters receiving the moral countenance of Great Britain, who, in common with the other governments of Europe, recognised Don Pedro as the legitimate sovereign of Portugal. Its subversion being coincident with the appointment of the Duke of Wellington as premier, suspicions arose that the one event contributed to bring about the other. All hope, however, (with those who understood the matter,) of the duke's perseverance in Mr. Canning's system was destroyed, when his grace betrayed such extreme eagerness to seize the opportunity of ridding himself of Mr. Huskisson and his friends, and when Lord Dudley was replaced by Lord Aberdeen, whose inclination towards the holy alliance was supposed to be not less strong than that of the premier himself. This inclination was displayed in the very first speech which his lordship delivered."

"Judging, therefore, of the foreign policy of

the Duke of Wellington's government by what was manifested of its tendency with respect to Portugal, and of the exposition made of it in parliament by the foreign secretary, it is impossible not to conclude that, upon principle, it sided with the ultra-monarchical extreme. That point once established, it follows that the partisans of that extreme must have acquired 'greater confidence than ever' in their own strength. The consequence of such confidence, Mr. Canning had always anticipated would be, to incite that one of the two parties which entertained overweening notions of its own vigour, to such extraordinary efforts for obtaining an increase of power, as would provoke violent resistance, and consequently collision. Collision certainly has taken place, and that in about 'two years' after the system of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen had come into full operation. The question then must be, Is the one the consequence of the other? That Charles X., had he not given his people cause to mistrust his sincerity, by selecting a ministry of the character of M. de Polignac's, and had he not made an unjustifiable and outrageous attack upon the liberties of his people, would have been now seated on the throne of France, with a reasonable prospect of transmitting it to his descendants, is a proposition which few, if any, will deny. Would that appointment and subsequent attack then have been made, if the British government had not thrown the weight of its influence into the ultra-monarchical scale? To this it must be answered, that it is difficult for those individuals to believe that it ever would, who have remarked the following train of singular coincidences."

These are indeed most remarkable; but we can go no farther.

Memoir of an Employé, &c. &c. By E. Scheener, Esq. of the Foreign Office. 8vo. pp. 58. London, 1830.

A VOLUME which very distinctly proves that the writer must have been so intemperate and troublesome in any official situation, as fully to warrant the measures taken to provide for his retirement.

Naval Discipline. Subordination contrasted with Insubordination; or, a View of the Necessity of passing a Law establishing an efficient Naval Discipline on board Ships in the Merchant Service, &c. &c. By Christopher Biden. 8vo. pp. 392. London, 1830. J. M. Richardson.

THE author, late commander of an East India-man, has here treated a subject which, even amid the number of vital questions that agitate the public mind, merits, by its importance, both the earliest and the best attention of our legislators. The disgraceful and painful scenes so lately exhibited in the metropolis and its police and law courts, and which demonstrate so lax, uncertain, and dangerous a state of discipline in our commercial marine, call aloud for definite measures, whether to preserve merchant vessels from being converted into pirates, or generally to promote the interests of the navy. Capt. Biden's work contains much information relative to the past; and, from his facts and reasoning, we think much may be done for the better regulation of the future.

The Companion to the Almanac, or Year-book of General Information, for 1831. 12mo. pp. 240. London. C. Knight.

THE volume before us of this work, published annually under the superintendence of the

Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, is altogether worthy of the best expectations which could be formed of any production of the kind, under the most favourable auspices. By judicious arrangement, compression, and the employment of tables, it is really surprising how much of the latest, and consequently most useful, information is contained in these pages. All recent changes in legal and political matters are carefully noted; and abridgements convey almost every thing necessary to be known respecting commercial subjects, statistics, astronomical phenomena, &c. &c. &c. In short, the whole is a treasury of intelligence, so fit to be referred to in the course of the ensuing year, that we are sure no person in active life could have a better "Companion."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

R. BROWN, Esq. in the chair. Another portion of Mr. Hogg's paper on the classical plants of Sicily was read, of which we at present give no analysis, for the reason stated in a former No. The Secretary announced that his Majesty had graciously signified his intention of becoming the patron of the Society. In pursuance, a deputation, consisting of Lord Stanley, Dr. Maton, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Bicheno, had waited on his Majesty at St. James's palace, for the purpose of obtaining the sign manual to the charter-book of the Society. The deputation was received in a very kind manner by the King. It may not be thought *infra dig.* even by our scientific readers, for whom more particularly these notices are intended, were we to give a brief description of the page of the charter-book in which the royal signature is written. At the top are the royal arms, at the bottom those of the Society, both richly coloured; in the centre an elegant and appropriate circle is formed of sprigs of the *quercus robur* (English oak), *tectona grandis* (teak of India), *eucalyptus robusta* (mahogany tree of New Holland,) and the *pinus strobus* (pine of Canada). These are coloured after nature, and entwined in a very beautiful manner; in the middle of the circle is the royal signature, written in a bold and free style.

The meetings stand adjourned till after the Christmas recess.

TRANSPORTABLE HOUSES.

IN the 721st No. of the *Literary Gazette*, we inserted a short notice from *Le Globe* of the invention by M. Blom (changed by the French printers into Blown) of movable wooden houses. M. Blom is not, as we had supposed, a French engineer, but a lieutenant-colonel of engineers in the service of his Swedish majesty. He is at present in this country, and has obligingly communicated to us a number of particulars respecting his invention, of which the following is an abstract.

It was in the year 1819 that Colonel Blom first carried into execution the ideas which he had conceived as to this mode of building houses. He then constructed a pavilion, consisting of a saloon and two smaller rooms, which answered admirably; and, at the request of the president of the Academy of Agriculture and Industry, at Stockholm, he wrote a paper on the subject, which appeared in the second No. of the seventh volume of the annals of that Society. Since that time, above eighty buildings of the same kind, of different sizes, some of one story, some of two stories, several with upwards of four-and-twenty rooms, have been constructed at Stockholm, under Col. Blom's super-

intendence; besides a great many in the Swedish provinces, from his designs and directions. Others have been transported to Denmark, to Russia, to the United States of America, and elsewhere. In one, which was erected at Stockholm, an English family, that of Admiral Baker, resided during the summer of 1829, and were extremely well satisfied with the accommodation which it afforded.

Although these houses have often been erected on great heights, they have, even in the worst season of the year, resisted the most severe and tempestuous weather much better than the ordinary buildings in their neighbourhood. As wood is not so good a conductor of caloric as stone or brick, they are, by means of stoves, more easily warmed and kept warm than common houses. The expense of constructing them is comparatively trifling. Above all, they can be taken to pieces in a few hours, and removed to any spot that may be desired. Principally intended for the country, they may, nevertheless, be advantageously employed in great cities; and in the formation of new colonies, or in enterprises of discovery, or in scientific expeditions, the benefits resulting from their use would be very extensive.

The general principles of the construction of these buildings, are as follow:—The outer walls (*parois*) are placed perpendicularly, which has the advantage of preventing the sinking of the building, and of allowing the easy descent of water, by its following the direction of the grain of the wood. The different pieces are inserted into one another in grooves. The interior part of these walls is afterwards lined with a wainscoting joined in the same manner. Between the outer wall and the wainscoting is placed a kind of pasteboard, the tenth of an inch thick, to prevent the air from penetrating. The angles are secured by means of screws sunk into the wood. In general, girders are not necessary in the construction of the walls. By means of locked and screwed joints, all currents of air are rendered impossible. There is no need of frames, either for the doors or for the windows. The floor is double, as well as the walls, but is a fourth thicker. The pieces of which it is composed, and which are five or six feet square, or, rather, twelve feet long by six feet wide, are inserted by grooves into the piece which serves for the base of the building. The angles of the base are united by screws. The walls are, in the same way, inserted in it by a groove, so contrived that no damp can penetrate. The solidity of the roof depends principally upon that of the gable. It is double, like the walls, and is lined with semicircular laths, fluted below, in order to be adapted to the planks of the roof, having reverse flutings. The roof is painted in oil, as well as the rest of the house, or well plastered with some other composition which repels damp. If it be not intended frequently to remove the house, it would be still better to line the roof with a kind of pasteboard, laid in lozenges, and which might be imbued with a matter that would render it incombustible.

Such is an abridgment of the description with which we have been favoured by Colonel Blom. How far the introduction, to any extent, of structures of this kind would be feasible or expedient in England, experience alone can shew. It would certainly be very convenient, as well as very amusing, to be enabled to go to a warehouse of ready-made houses, of all sizes, from the hunting-box to the spacious mansion, choose one's own residence, and have it brought home in an hour! Nor would the facility of a change of site be less agreeable.

A house might regularly travel with the family every summer,—one year to Brighton, another to Bath, a third to Scarborough,—and return to town in time for the meeting of the *two Houses*. In purchasing such a house, no charge could justly be incurred for fixtures, seeing that nothing would be fixed. At the expiration of his lease, a farmer might transport his house to another farm, as he now does his plough or his stock. By cunningly contriving to let your house be upon the road on quarter-day, the taxgatherer might be eluded. It would be well, however, to postpone any erection of this nature until the atrocities of the present time have been effectually checked; for a letter from Mr. Swing, notwithstanding the incombustibility of the roof, would be rather apt to disturb the sleep of the tenant of such a building!

Some of the French philosophers seemed to

entertain the opinion that the transition from a northern to a tropical climate would be fatal to these mansions; but it has been demonstrated by fact, that they are capable of enduring the change, as ships are; and that, if properly seasoned, they neither shrink nor crack, so as to become ineligible for residence. From the severe cold of a Swedish winter, to the summer heat, affords a perfectly satisfactory trial in this respect; and not only houses, but columns, churches, and royal palaces, have stood the test.

As this invention (which, by the by, has been known for years in America and the West Indies,) is likely to be practically illustrated in many parts of Europe, and, among other places, in London, by the Swedish Ambassador; we have caused an engraving to be made, as an example of Colonel Blom's talents and ability.

from its boldness, and the wildness of its situation. It has now, however, sunk into comparative insignificance, from the superior architecture of its modern rival, towering far above the ancient bridge. The modern erection is just completed, carriages having passed over it for the first time in August 1830." The site of this structure is certainly one of extraordinary sublimity; and, in contemplating it, the imagination reverts with awe to the mighty convulsions of nature, which originally threw such masses of matter into the grand and grotesque shapes they here assume. Nor are the ingenuity, intrepidity, and perseverance, which have contrived to connect those masses by the comparatively slight and fragile work of human hands, less a just subject of admiration.

Views of Interiors of Churches and other Buildings. Drawn on stone by Mr. Jaime, from Drawings by the Chevalier Bouton. Hull-mandel.

The fine works which he has from time to time exhibited at the Diorama, have rendered the talents of M. Bouton extensively known in this country. The present publication consists of a dozen little views, chiefly of interiors; in most of which we recognise that perfect knowledge of effect, by which M. Bouton's larger productions are so eminently distinguished.

Anatomical Demonstrations, or Colossal Illustrations of Human Anatomy. By Professor Seerig. Translated from the German. Part I. A. Schloss.

"FEARFULLY and wonderfully are we made!" When we look at plates such as these, we are astonished, not that there is an occasional derangement of the multifarious and complicated systems of the human body, but that they should exist for a moment without disorder. We have no doubt that this is a publication which will be highly useful, not merely to the young student, but to the matured surgeon. The list of subscribers—among whom are many of our most distinguished anatomists—is a sufficient warrant of its value. The preface states, with reference to the four plates of which the present Part consists: "The first is copied from the elder Meckel's plate of the Nerves of the Face. The second, with the exception of some alterations which Professor Seerig has thought proper to introduce, is taken from the second plate of Bock's Dissection of the Fifth Cerebral Nerve. The third and fourth plates are derived chiefly, though not exclusively, from Soemmering's works on the Ear and Eye." The publication will be composed of six Parts, to appear from time to time, at short intervals, until completed.



LITERARY AND LEARNED. ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SIR G. STAUNTON, Bart., in the chair. The Church Missionary Society presented a small vocabulary of the *Evo* or *Aku* dialect of Western Africa, compiled by the Rev. John Raban, missionary at Sierra Leone. A few specimens of this dialect are given by Captain Clapperton in the Appendix to his Travels. The people are called *Aku* at Sierra Leone, from their using that word in their salutations. A communication was read from Mr. Mackenzie Beverley, on the zodiac of Dendera. The object of this essay is to analyse Mr. Bentley's treatise on the same subject. The writer is of opinion that Mr. Bentley's drawings of the zodiac are incorrect. He then goes on to describe the originals, critically examining Mr. B.'s mode of reasoning, which he demonstrates to be fallacious, and leading to erroneous conclusions. Mr. Beverley proves that the zodiac of Dendera is neither a Roman nor an Egyptian calendar, but an Egyptian planisphere. He does not consider its date older than 150 B. C., and thus assumes the French savans to be wrong, as well as Mr. Bentley.

FINE ARTS.

THE GLASGOW DILETTANTI SOCIETY.

The third annual festival of this Society was held a fortnight ago; James Smith, Esq. of Jor-

danhill, in the chair. The company consisted exclusively of the members of the Society; and liberal and enlightened sentiments characterised the various eloquent addresses which were delivered by the gentlemen present, in the course of a very agreeable evening. It appears, from a list published in the *Glasgow Courier*, that during the last exhibition, no fewer than sixty-three productions of Scottish artists were sold; upon which the Editor of that able journal remarks:—"The number of pictures contained in the above list, evinces that a taste for the fine arts has now become general in Glasgow; and we hope that the success with which the third West-of-Scotland exhibition has been crowned, will stimulate both its promoters and its exhibitors to continued exertion for an object so truly laudable and patriotic."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Clerical Collage, St. Bees, Cumberland. Drawn by W. Westall, A.R.A. Dickinson.
A VERY pleasing specimen of lithography.

The New Devil's Bridge, on the Pass of the St. Gothard. Drawn from Nature by C. Hullmandel; on stone by W. Walton. Dickinson.

"THE Old Devil's Bridge," says a note at the bottom of the print, "of which remains are perceived under the new one, was always considered one of the greatest curiosities in the Alps,

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TEMPUS FUGIT, ET NON FUGIT.

Tempus fugit.

THE school-boy counts each weary chime,
And chides the lagging wings of Time,
Nor thinks that hour will ever come,
He buds his willing footsteps home.

Tempus non fugit.

It comes at last—ah, happy day!
He hails the long-expected morn;
Satchel and books are flung away,
And rod and rule are laughed to scorn.
His brow, unfurrowed yet by care,
By sorrow yet unscathed his cheek,
His sports his young companions share—
No moody solitude they seek.

If Winter rears his hoary head,
 And trees abroad their branches spread
 Yclad in livery pale;
 If cutting winds, frost-laden, sweep,
 Around the blazing hearth they creep
 To hear the cheerful tale;
 Or gambol round the spacious hall,
 Or deftly ply the snowy ball.
 If genial Summer warms the plain,
 They ramble forth, a blithesome train:
 With them he panting climbs the hill,
 With them he wanders by the rill:
 They gather from the streamlet's bank
 The chaste blue-bell, the osier dank;
 They bask upon the sunny mead,
 Or revel in the cooler shade;
 O'er the brown heath their footsteps bound,
 They shout, and answering all around
 The merry echo rings.
 He deems such happiness before
 Was never felt, nor will be more.
 While day and night in pleasure pass,
 He heeds not Time, his sithie, nor glass;
 Yet when the withered old returns,
 His heart in bitter anguish burns,
 And joy within him dies;
 He weeps to think that Time has wings,
 So rapidly he flies.

KATTE.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.
 SINGERS OF THE ALPS.

UNDER this title, a new and rather extraordinary set of four male performers have commenced a musical entertainment at Willis's Rooms. They are from Styria; and, both in vocal and instrumental music, display some very singular qualities. One of them whistles after a fashion such as we never heard before; and the highest tenor voice is altogether marvellous, dwelling on notes with long-continued freedom, which few voices even of the most famous singers could reach. The conclusion of the concert, in which a mountain echo is introduced, is perfect illusion and also perfect beauty. The whole is a great treat, and well worthy of being visited.

PANORAMA OF QUEBEC.

AMONG the new sights opened for the gratification of the holiday visitors to London, we have to notice a very finely painted panorama of Quebec, by Mr. Burford, which was exhibited on Wednesday, for the first time, in Leicester Square. The wild scenery of North America, the noble river, the peculiar features of the nearer landscape, and the boundaries of distant mountains, are all represented with infinite truth; and the whole is one of the most pleasing efforts of the artist's successful pencil.

DRAMA.
 DRURY LANE.

WERNER is making its way as it deserves to do. The talent of Mr. Macready, both as adapter and performer, has been enthusiastically acknowledged by the public. Mr. Wallack and Mr. Cooper have seldom appeared to more advantage than as *Ulric* and *Gabor*; and Mrs. Faucit's *Josephine* is a most chaste and clever performance. Mr. H. Wallack also merits our commendation for his performance of *Stralenheim*. Mr. W. Bennett's steward is altogether a mistake; and Miss Mordaunt is as unlike *Ida* as can well be imagined; but the latter has little to do, and there is so much to interest and excite the spectator in the other characters,

that when *Idenstein* disappears in the third act, he is forgotten, if not forgiven. The costumes are splendid, particularly the last worn by Mr. Wallack; and the scenery exceedingly appropriate and effective. We anticipate that, after Christmas, *Werner* will draw crowded audiences. Its second representation was followed by a new interlude, *The King's Fire-side*. It is a translation, by Mr. Morton, of *Henri Quatre en Famille*, but not in his usual happy vein. It is however a mere trifle; and the clever acting of two little girls, Miss Poole and Miss Marsball, will most probably keep it alive during the holidays. Farren was admirably dressed as *Henri Quatre*, but did not seem to relish the part. Mrs. Waylett had no song; and Miss Mordaunt nothing to do but to whimper.

COVENT GARDEN.

WE called on Fate, and Fate has heard our prayer. If we are to believe report, Miss Mitford's tragedy of *Inez de Castro* is in rehearsal at this theatre; Mr. and Miss Kemble of course playing the principal parts. We trust it will equal, if not surpass, *Rienzi*. *Cinderella* is going on triumphantly, and Miss Inverarity may already be classed among the most popular of our native songstresses. Mr. Wilson, also, has displayed his fine talent to more and more advantage; so that the opera brings the first overflows of the season to Covent Garden. The pantomimes at all houses are in full preparation.

ADELPHI.

WE last week omitted to notice two novelties produced at this theatre, and since repeated nightly to bumper houses. The first, *Am I to blame?* is a gay and pleasant entertainment, from the pen of Mr. Rodwell; in which the felicity of a domestic circle is endangered by the *penchant* of the husband for a pretty French milliner, and the encouragement which a knowledge of his infidelity affords his friend to assail the affections of his wife. The story is well told, the acting—especially of Mr. and Mrs. Yates—excellent, and the *dénouement* most satisfactorily dramatic. The other piece is one of the diabolical class, called *The Devil's Ducal*, in which also Mrs. Yates's performance is most delightful. She is very ably seconded by Mr. Yates and O. Smith; so that, like *Lancelot Gobbo*, the fiend makes a strong attack upon the inclination of the audience. Mathews, in other scenes of older date, contrives, as usual, to convulse the theatre with laughter.

MADAME VESTRIS, who has taken the Olympic, opens it, newly decorated, on Monday week. Mrs. Glover and Miss Foote assist her at the commencement. Mrs. Glover eventually goes to Tottenham Street, which is to be opened, with material alterations, about the middle of February, by Mr. Macfaren, the author of several dramatic pieces, with Mr. Winston as manager. The question of the extension of the licenses of Mr. Morris and Mr. Arnold, proprietors of the Haymarket and English Opera House, is to be decided by the Lord Chancellor (to whom it has been specially referred by his Majesty) on the 11th of January. An entire revolution appears, therefore, to be on the point of taking place in theatricals. Some distinct legal act has been long required, by which dramatic rights may be defined, established, and protected, in this country, as they are upon the continent.

VARIETIES.

Curious Circumstance.—Under this title we have to mention the discovery of a body of gigantic dimensions on the unfrequented shores of Brora, in the north of Scotland. It is stated to be no less than seven feet in length, and the habiliments were quite foreign to those districts; they consisted of a blue jacket, silk vest, and cambric shirt; but there were no papers that could give origin to correct surmises on the country of the unknown dead!

Greek Calendar.—In *La Revue des Deux Mondes* for May and June, 1830, p. 440, it was announced, that "the Greek Calendar, which is, as is well known, twelve days in arrear of the Gregorian, was going to be abolished." In the *Revue Encyclopedique* for August, p. 491, there is a positive contradiction, in the following words:—"This abolition has not taken place, and it will be yet long deferred, as it is one of those great political and religious questions, which cannot be lightly resolved."

Cambridge Philosophical Society.—On the 13th, the very Rev. the Dean of Peterborough in the chair. Among the presents to the Society were a white rat, presented by the Rev. H. Fardell; a variegated blackbird, by Mr. John Headley; and a beautiful plate of *Napoleonite*, or orbicular Diorite of Corsica, by Captain Smyth, R.N. Some observations were made by Professor Whewell, in continuation of his paper "on the selection and employment of mathematical symbols of quantity." A paper was also read by Professor Henslow, on the "fructification of the *Chara vulgaris*," in which he stated that he had remarked a fact, apparently indicating some affinity between this plant and certain species of the "Arthrodiæ" of Bory.—After the meeting, a machine was exhibited, invented by Professor Airy, for the purpose of shewing the nature of the motion by which an undulation is communicated along a line of particles; and Professor Henslow also exhibited a portion of the stem of a tree-fern from Demerara, and pointed out the resemblance which it bore to the fossil species of these plants, so frequently met with in our coal strata.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

A. von Kotzebue.—Among the dramatic writers of the last hundred years, hardly one, we fancy, could be named in Europe to compare with Kotzebue in fertility. The number of his dramatic pieces alone is 219, in 489 acts, viz. 15 tragedies, in 49 acts; 60 dramas (*schauspiele*), in 174 acts; 73 comedies, in 153 acts; 30 farces, in 53 acts; 41 parodies, preludes, afterpieces, operas, melodramas, &c., in 60 acts. They are specified in *Büchner's Manual of German Dramatic Literature*, since 1761. The number of Kotzebue's prose works, consisting of novels, histories, travels, periodicals, &c. is estimated at thirty volumes octavo, on the most moderate calculation.

Antediluvian Remains.—(*St. Petersburg, Nov. 16.*)—Last May there were discovered in the circle of Daniloff (government of Jaroslaff) the bones of a quadruped which appears to have been of the largest species of antediluvian elephants, and whose length, including the neck and head, may be estimated (judging by these bones) at about thirty-two feet. One of the great teeth (tusks) which was found, and differs from all before seen, is about six and a half feet long, eleven inches in diameter, and weighs about eighty pounds; it is very smooth, resembles externally an ox's horn, is not much bent, and forms a regular arc of a circle; inside was a substance resembling gypsum. One of the grinders is twelve inches long, four inches

thick, and weighs ten and three quarter pounds. The jaws were broken, so that the number of teeth could not be ascertained.

The *Essex Herald* states that the nest of a wagtail, with four perfect eggs, was lately sawn out of a solid elm-tree, at the distance of nine inches from the surface or bark, and that no aperture leading to this curious enclosure could be discovered.

Magnificent Vase of Aventurine.—A short time ago mention was made in the public papers of a costly vase which the Emperor of Russia had presented to Baron Alexander de Humboldt. This vase is now exhibiting in the Hall of Antiques in the Museum at Berlin. The peculiar stone out of which it has been wrought, renders it unique of its kind; as it is not found either in the central or southern countries of Europe, but seems to be an exclusive production of Siberia. The name which the attendant at the museum gives to it, is that of *Aventurine*. From the transparency and variegated colours of its veins, its crystalline fineness of texture, and its high susceptibility of polish, it bears a striking resemblance to the finest sort of agate, "the sardonyx, or onyx;" in substance it is like the former, and in its striata and parti-coloured spots it resembles the latter. For multiplicity and alteration of tints, it is in no respect inferior to the most brilliant opal or jasper of Sicily or the Indies. This rare production of nature, which stands inclusive of the pedestal, eight feet high, shows that Siberia possesses a description of quartz better adapted than any other yet known in a southern climate for works of magnitude; for the block from which it was wrought cannot have contained much short of seventy cubic feet of pure stone. The vase is finely moulded after the antique, and has two superb raised arms of massive gold, carved with much taste.—*Berlin, 30th September.*

Denmark.—The Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries at Copenhagen, whose object is to publish, first, works on ancient northern literature, and then whatever may throw light on the ancient history of the north of Europe, its language, its antiquities, &c.; and under whose auspices a number of the Icelandic Sagas (or ancient fables), with Latin and Danish translations, have appeared; having determined, that from the present year, in order to give its transactions the greatest possible publicity, it would communicate, in a regular journal, an account of its sittings, of its labours, and of the works addressed to it, has accordingly published a *procès-verbal* of the general assembly of the Society on the 15th of April last; by which it appears to have been very actively engaged in prosecuting the interesting purposes of its establishment.

Additions to the British Fauna.—It is not generally known that three distinct species of three-spined sticklebacks, have been constantly confounded under the name of *gasterosteus aculeatus* of Linnæus. Mr. Yarell has fished all three species up in the Thames, near Woolwich. They are distinguished by the distribution of the scales, which in the first extend throughout the whole length of the side. In the second, they reach no farther backwards than the line of the vent; and lastly, in the third species, the lateral scales extend no farther than the ends of the rays of pectoral fins.

Silk from Cobwebs.—At a late meeting of the Society of Arts, a gentleman exhibited some very fine silk which he had obtained from the web of the spider; it possessed considerable strength, and a beautiful metallic lustre. Many species of spider have been tried, and food of a

varied character given to them—the *larvæ* of flies successfully.

Specific Identity of Anagallis arvensis and cœrulea.—The Rev. J. S. Henslow, professor of botany in the University of Cambridge, received last year some specimens and seeds of *Anagallis cœrulea*, gathered in Yorkshire. From these seeds the professor raised a dozen plants, nine of which had blue flowers, and three red.

French Journals.—In a pamphlet lately published in Paris it is asserted, that the sum expended by the old government in the purchase of a portion of the daily press of the French capital, amounted to 4,075,439 francs; and the manner in which that sum was distributed is detailed.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. LII. Dec. 25.]

An Analysis of Archbishop Secker's Lectures on the Church Catechism, by the Rev. R. Lee.—Raphael's Witch, by the Author of "the Prophetic Messenger;" with coloured scenes.—A second edition of Professor Millington's Epitome of the Elementary Principles of Mechanical Philosophy.—A Key to a Complete Set of Arithmetical Ruds, by P. B. Templeton.—Mr. Jones Quain's Two Lectures on the Study of Anatomy and Physiology.—A Collection of Statutes relating to the Town of Kingston-upon-Hull, by William Woolley.—Professor McCulloch is preparing for publication a Theoretical and Practical Dictionary of Commerce and Commercial Navigation.—A Course of Lessons in French Literature, on the plan of his "German Lessons," by Mr. Rowbotham.—The Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, by Thomas Moore, Esq., is nearly ready.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Stapleton's Life of Canning, 3 vols. 8vo. 11. 16s. bds.—Rask's Anglo-Saxon Grammar, by Thorpe, 8vo. 15s. 6d. bds.—Tales of a Grandfather, Fourth Series, Stories from the life of France 3 vols. 18mo. 10s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Morrison's Counsels to Sunday-School Teachers, 32mo. 1s. bds.—Rowlatt's Sermons at the Temple, 8vo. 12s. bds.—James's Sermons on the Sacraments and Sabbath, 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Cadeau, a Musical Annual for 1831, folio, 12s. bds.—White's Naval Researches, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Prometheus of Æschylus, English notes, &c., post 8vo. 5s. bds.—André's French Teacher, 12mo. 7s. sheep.—Billing's First Principles of Medicine, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Vizier's Son, 3 vols. 12mo. 11. 4s. bds.—Bruce's Cypress Wreath, 18mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Taylor's German Poetry, Vol. III. 8vo. 15s. bds.—Bernays's German Prose Anthology, 12mo. 7s. bds.—Horton's Cases and Remedies of Pauperism, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Infant's Daily Sacrifice, 16mo. 5s. bds.—Annals of My Village, crown 8vo. 12s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. November 1830.

Thermometer—Highest	56.75
Lowest	24.25
Mean	41.01791
Barometer—Highest	30.15
Lowest	28.82
Mean	29.56655
Number of days of rain,	16.
Quantity of rain in inches and decimals,	3.01275.
Winds.—6 East—4 West—0 North—3 South—0 North-east—7 South-east—4 South-west—1 North-west.	

General Observations.—Thirteen days might be denominated fine; and the thermometer reached an elevation above any in the same month during the last seven years; while the mean temperature was nearly 4° higher than in November last year. The barometer was generally low, and the mean gave a depression greater than since 1826; the quantity of rain much greater than usually falls in the month—indeed, more than since 1825. Lunar haloes were seen on the nights of the 25th and 27th, and a faint aurora borealis was observed on the 17th, about half-past eleven p.m. The evaporation 0.13125 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Christmas has robbed us of our publishing day this week, and index and title-page so cramped our limits, that we must endeavour to excuse a lame winding-up No. for the fourteenth volume of the *Literary Gazette*; and request our friends and readers to believe that our course will be resumed with unabated energy for 1831. We have nothing but thanks and continued zeal and exertion to offer for the unprejudiced success which attends our labours, and to pledge ourselves to the same impartiality and independence which has procured for our publication so envied an influence, and so extended a popularity.

To Amicus: we do not see the use of Amicus's question; but the answer is, an individual sent by and for us.
ERRATUM.—In the Lecture on the Mummy, at the Royal Institution, in our last, p. 819, col. 2, fourth line of the *Appendix*, for "grandes," read "Guanches."

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